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Poetical Works

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BOSTON:

1857.



David Hutchison.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT BURNS:

INCLUDING

SEVERAL PIECES NOT INSERTED IN DR. CURRIE'S
EDITION: EXHIBITED UNDER A NEW
PLAN OF ARRANGEMENT,

AND PRECEDED BY

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR:

WITH

NOTES, AND A COMPLETE GLOSSARY.

BOSTON:
PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, AND COMPANY.
1857.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE present edition was undertaken by a gentleman with the view of presenting the public with the Poetical Works of Burns more methodically arranged, more copiously illustrated, and less expensive in the purchase, than they have yet appeared.

In comparing it with others, it will be found to possess several advantages.

I. It contains, besides a number of other pieces not inserted in Dr. Currie's edition, "The Jolly Beggars," a cantata replete with humorous description and discrimination of character, and inferior to no poem of the same length in the English language. It likewise comprehends "Holy Willie's Prayer," a piece of satire unequalled for exquisite severity and felicitous delineation.

II. In the editions hitherto published, no regard is paid to method or classification. In this, the poems are disposed according to their respective subjects, and divided into five books.

III. Most of the poetry of Burns, though possessing an energy, a richness, and an ardor, which never fail to strike and captivate the mind, yet appears under great disadvan-

tages to the English reader. Much of the fire, which warms and dazzles a native of Scotland, is to him necessarily lost by the obscurity of the language. To obviate this as much as possible, a considerable number of words have been added to the Glossary, and several of the old definitions have been corrected or enlarged. A new Life, drawn up with care and fidelity, has likewise been prefixed.

Of an edition, thus enlarged and improved, it is unnecessary to say more. Should its utility be acknowledged, the editor will consider his exertions sufficiently rewarded.

LONDON, FEBRUARY 25, 1819.

J. T.

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LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS.

THERE is no poet of the present age more deservedly popular than Burns. Though born in an humble station in life, he raised himself, by the mere exertions of his mind, to the highest pitch of intellectual greatness. The originality of his genius, the energy of his language, and the richness of his imagination, merited the gratitude as well as the admiration of his countrymen. But his highest efforts, in which the tide of human feeling seemed to flow in deep and exhaustless channels, failed to soften the avarice of a mean and selfish aristocracy. Like his native and lonely hills, he was subject to every blast, and exposed naked and bare to every tempest. He was an elevated point, round which the storm clung and gathered; a prominent rock, condemned by nature, as it were, to endure the buffetings of the surge. Yet his rude splendor remained uninjured. Amidst the bitter waters of indigence and sorrow, of drudgery and neglect, he produced those beautiful idylliums which will ever exist for the delight of the world; and which will never be read without an expansion of the understanding and of the heart.

Robert Burns was born on the 25th of January, 1759, in a cottage near the banks of the Doon, about two miles from Ayr. The chief incidents of his life are related, by himself, in a letter to Dr. Moore. In this document, and in several passages of his correspondence, he unfolds the

vicissitudes of his fortune, and the peculiarities of his character, with great strength and clearness. Whoever would do justice to his memory, must copy his sentiments and his language.

“For some months past,” says he, “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 honor to interest yourself very 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, except 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 honors, I there found almost every name in the kingdom; but for me,

‘My ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood.’

Gules, Purple, Argent, &c., quite disowned me.

“My father was of the north of Scotland, the son of a farmer, who rented lands of the noble Keiths of Marischal,

and had the honor of sharing their fate. I do not 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 this country by the name of Club law, where the right is always with the strongest. But those who dare welcome ruin, and shake hands with infamy, for what they sincerely believe to be the cause of their God, or their king, are, as Mark Antony says, in Shakspeare, of Brutus and Cassius, 'honorable men.' I mention this circumstance, because it threw my father on the world at large.

"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 gardener to a worthy gentleman of small estate, in the neighborhood 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 favorite with any body. I was a good deal noted for a retentive memory, a stubborn, sturdy something in my disposition, and an enthusiastic, idiot piety. I say *idiot* 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, cantrips, 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 skeptical 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, O 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 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 infirmitude, 'without bounds or limits.' I formed several connexions with other youngers 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 gentry have a just sense of the immense distance between them and their ragged playfellows. It takes a few dashes into 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 ploughboy carcass, the two extremes of which were often exposed to all the inclemencies of all the 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 for 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 labor. 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 dexterous 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 satis-

faction ; but so did not I ; my indignation yet boils at the recollection of the s——l factor's insolent, threatening letters, which used to set us all in tears.

“This kind of life — the cheerless gloom of a hermit with the unceasing moil 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 labors 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 bonie, sweet, sonsie lass. In short, she, altogether unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion, which, in spite of acid disappointment, gin-horse prudence, and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys, our dearest blessing here below ! How she caught the contagion I cannot tell : you medical people talk 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 labors ; 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 sung sweetly ; and it was her favorite 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 sung 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 moorlands, he had no more scholarcraft 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 further 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 comfortably 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, Tell 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 labor, 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 upon me perpetual labor. 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 contamination 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 a l' adorable moitie de 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 re-

ceived with favor, and sometimes I was mortified with a repulse. At the plough, scythe, or reap-hook, I feared no competitor, and thus I set absolute want at defiance; and as I never cared farther for my labors 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 statesmen 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 favorite 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 sons of science, ambition, or avarice, baptize these things by the name of Follies. To the sons and daughters of labor 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 cosines 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 Thomson'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 compositions of most of my correspondents flattered my vanity. I 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 a 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 favorites. Poesy was still a darling walk for my mind; but it was only indulged in according

to the humor 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; the 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 neighboring 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 this 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 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 had 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

neighborhood 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 every thing. 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, 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 mischief; and the consequence 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 *Ferguson's Scottish Poems*, I strung anew my wildly-sounding lyre with emulating vigor. 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 amongst us, with which, to keep us together, my brother and I took a neighboring farm. My brother wanted my hair-brained imagination, as well as my social and

* This piece, we believe, was afterwards entitled *Address to an illegitimate Child*.

amorous madness; but in good sense, and every sober qualification, he was far my superior.

“I entered on the 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 neighborhood 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 to a friend who was very 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 rhymers. 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 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

* This distraction of mind arose from the misery and sorrow in which he involved Jean Armour, afterwards Mrs. Burns. She was a great favorite of her father. The intimation of a marriage was the first sug-

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 favor. It 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, has 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 the voice of 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

gestion 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. He expressed a wish that the agreement between them should be cancelled. This was communicated to Burns. He felt the deepest anguish of mind. He offered to stay at home, and provide for his wife and family by every exertion in his power. Even this was not approved of; and humble as Jean Armour's station was, and great though her imprudence had been, she was still thought, by her parents, to look forward to a more advantageous connexion than that which now presented itself.

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 applause 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. *Oublie 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 show.”

* This was to oblige him to find security for the maintenance of his twin-children, whom he was not permitted to legitimate by a marriage with their mother

His reception from men of letters, in general, was flattering. Dr. Robertson, Dr. Blair, Dr. Gregory, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Mackenzie, and Mr. Frazer Tytler, perceived and acknowledged his talents. He was an acceptable guest in the gayest and most elevated circles, and received from female beauty and elegance, those attentions above all others most grateful to him. Among men of rank and fashion, he was particularly distinguished by James, earl of Glencairn, who introduced him to the notice and the convivial society of the Caledonian Hunt. But while he was invited into the company of men of virtue and taste, he was also seduced, by pressing solicitations, into the fellowship of those whose habits, without being extremely gross, were yet too licentious and dissolute. The festive indulgences which he enjoyed among them, gradually deprived him of his relish for the temperate and austere virtues. But whatever influence this change produced on his conduct and morals, his understanding suffered no correspondent debasement. He estimated his new friends and associates at their proper value; and manifested great discrimination in appreciating the character of those who imagined themselves men of the first order in the walks of literature and fashion.

“There are few of the sore evils under the sun,” he observes, “give me more uneasiness and chagrin, than the comparison how a man of genius, nay, of avowed worth, is received every where, 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 ‘honor to whom honor 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 the table; yet how will it mortify him to see a fellow, whose abilities would scarcely have made an eight-penny 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 carcass 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?

“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 him. 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.”

The respect and sympathy of Burns dwelt with keener emotion and more intense interest on the fate of Ferguson, than on the intercourse which he held with persons of dis

tion. On the 6th of February, 1787, he addressed a letter to the bailies of Canongate, Edinburgh, requesting permission to erect a monument to his memory. "Gentlemen," said he, "I am sorry to be told that the remains of Robert Ferguson, the so justly celebrated poet, a man whose talents, for ages to come, will do honor to our Caledonian name, lie in your church-yard, among the ignoble dead, unnoticed and unknown. Some memorial, to direct the steps of the lovers of Scottish song, when they wish to shed a tear over the narrow house of the bard who is no more, is surely a tribute due to Ferguson's memory — a tribute I wish to have the honor of paying. I petition you, then, gentlemen, to permit me to lay a simple stone over his revered ashes, to remain unalienable property to his deathless fame."

Burns, in consequence of this application, obtained leave to gratify his desire.* The inscription of the stone is as follows:—

* A correspondent of Burns, in alluding to this transaction, expresses himself in this manner: "So you have obtained liberty from the magistrates to erect a stone over Ferguson's grave? I do not doubt it; such things have been, as Shakspeare says, 'in the olden time;'

'The poet's fate is here in emblem shown,
He asked for bread, and he received a stone.'

It is, I believe, upon poor Butler's tomb that this is written. But how many poor brothers of Parnassus, as well as poor Butler and poor Ferguson, have asked for bread, and been served with the same sauce!

"The magistrates gave you liberty did they? O, generous magistrates! *****, celebrated over the three kingdoms for his public spirit, gives a poor poet liberty to raise a tomb to a poor poet's memory! Most generous! *****, once upon a time, gave that same poet the mighty sum of eighteen pence for a copy of his works. But then it must be considered that the poet was at this time absolutely starving, and besought his aid with all the earnestness of hunger; and over and above he received a *****, worth at least one-third of the value, in exchange, but which, I believe, the poet afterwards very ungratefully expunged."

HERE LIES ROBERT FERGUSON, POET.

Born September 5th, 1751 — Died 16th October, 1774.

No sculptur'd marble here, nor 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.

On the other side of the stone is as follows: —

"By special grant of the managers to Robert Burns, who erected this stone, this burial place is to remain for ever sacred to the memory of Robert Ferguson."

Shortly after paying this mark of respect to the ashes of a kindred genius, he acquired, by the new edition of his poems, a sum of money more than sufficient for his present exigencies. He therefore determined to gratify a desire he had long entertained, of visiting some of the most interesting districts of his native country. For this purpose, he left Edinburgh on the sixth of May; and in the course of his journey was hospitably received at the houses of several gentlemen of worth and learning. After proceeding up the Tweed, through the counties of Roxburgh and Selkirk; penetrating into England as far as Newcastle; and crossing the island to Carlisle, he returned through Anan and Dumfries to Ayrshire, after an absence of six 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 tour to the highlands. From this journey he returned to his relations in his native country, renewing his friendships and extending his acquaintance.

In August, he made another visit to Edinburgh, whence he travelled in company with Mr. Adair, through Linlithgow, Carron, Stirling, the vale of Devon, and Harvieston. In a visit to Mrs. Bruce, of Clackmanan, a lady above ninety, the lineal descendant of that race which gave the Scottish throne its brightest ornament, his feelings were powerfully interested. Though almost deprived of speech by a paralytic affection, she preserved her hospitality and urbanity. She was in possession of the helmet and two-handed sword of her great ancestor, with which she conferred on her two visitors the honor of knighthood, remarking, that she had a better right to confer that title than some people.

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

In the church-yard, two broad flag-stones marked the grave of Robert Bruce, for whose memory Burns had a more than common veneration. He knelt and kissed the stone with sacred fervor, and heartily (*suis ut mos erat*) execrated the worse than Gothic neglect of the first of Scottish heroes. He afterwards returned, with Mr. Adair, to Edinburgh by Kinross, (on the shore of Lochleven,) and Queen's ferry.

These journeys, however, did not satisfy the curiosity of Burns. About the beginning of September, he again set out from the metropolis, on a more extended tour to the highlands, in company with Mr. Nicol, assistant teacher in the high school. After passing through the heart of that mountainous division of their native country, they 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 journey, 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.

Having settled with his publisher, in February, 1788, he found himself master of nearly five hundred pounds, after discharging all his expenses. To his brother Gilbert, who had taken upon him the support of their aged mother, and was struggling with many difficulties in the farm of Mossiel, he immediately advanced two hundred pounds. With the remainder he resolved on settling himself for life in the occupation of agriculture, and took the farm of Ellisland, on the banks of the Nith, six miles above Dumfries, on which he entered at Whitsunday.

When he had in this manner arranged his plans for futurity, his generous heart turned to the object of his attachment; and, listening to no considerations but those of honor and affection, he led her to the altar, and joined with her in a public declaration of marriage. His notice of this event, to Mrs. Dunlop, is truly honorable to his feelings. "When Jean found herself," says he, "as women wish to be who love their lords, as I loved her nearly to distraction, we took steps for a private marriage. Her parents got the hint, and not only forbade me her company and the house, but on my rumored West Indian voyage, got a warrant to put me in jail till I should find security in my about-to-be paternal relation. You know my lucky reverse of fortune. On my eelant return to Mauchline, I was made very welcome to visit my girl. The usual consequences began to betray her; and, as I was at that time laid up a cripple in Edinburgh, she was turned — literally turned out of doors; and I wrote to a friend to shelter her till my return, when our marriage was declared. HER HAPPINESS OR MISERY WAS IN MY HANDS; AND WHO COULD TRIPLE WITH SUCH A DEPOSITE?"

He now 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 resumed at times the occupation of a laborer, and found neither his strength nor his skill impaired. Pleased with surveying the grounds he was about to cultivate, and with rearing a habitation that might give shelter to his wife and children, and, as he fondly hoped, to his own gray hairs, sentiments of independence buoyed up his mind; pictures of domestic content and peace rose on his imagination; and a few days passed away, the most tranquil, and perhaps the happiest he had ever experienced.

His industry, however, was frequently interrupted by visiting 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 was drawn into irregular and intemperate habits. His appointment in the excise, which was completed in autumn, 1789, likewise obstructed his agricultural pursuits. He was unable to reconcile the business of the two occupations. His farm was in a great measure abandoned to his servants, while he was engaged in performing his official duties. He might be seen, now and then, in the spring, directing his plough, a labor 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 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.

Besides his duties in the excise, other circumstances interfered with his attention to his farm. He engaged in the formation and management of a society for purchasing and

circulating books among the farmers of his neighborhood; and occasionally occupied himself in composing songs for the musical work of Mr. Johnson, then in the course of publication. These engagements, though useful and honorable, necessarily contributed to the abstraction of his thoughts, and the neglect of his rural affairs.

The consequences may easily be imagined. Notwithstanding the prudence and good management of Mrs. Burns, he found it necessary, after the expiration of three years and a half, to relinquish his lease. His employment in the excise originally produced fifty pounds per annum. He was now appointed to a new district, the emoluments of which rose to about seventy. Hoping to support himself and his family on this humble income, till promotion should reach him, he removed to a small house in Dumfries, about the end of the year 1791.

His great celebrity made him an object of interest and curiosity to strangers, and few persons passed through Dumfries without an attempt to see him, and to enjoy the pleasure of his conversation. As he could not receive them conveniently at home, these interviews passed at the inns of the town, and often terminated in convivial excesses. Among the inhabitants, also, there were never wanting persons to lead or accompany him to the tavern; to applaud the sallies of his wit; and to witness at once the strength and the degradation of his genius.

In the four years that he lived in Dumfries, he produced many of his beautiful lyrics; and cheerfully consented to give his aid to a collection of original Scottish airs and verses, projected by George Thomson, of Edinburgh. During this time, he made several excursions into the neighboring country. In one of these he passed through Glendenwynes, a beautiful situation on the banks of the Dee, in company with Mr. Syme, and reached Kenmore, where they remained three days at the seat of Mr. Gordon. On leaving Kenmore for Gatehouse, they took the moor-road, where every thing presented a wild and desolate aspect.

The sky appeared to sympathise with the dreariness of the soil. It became lowering and dark. Gleams of sheeted lightning were followed by the awful rolling of thunder. Burns spoke not a word, but seemed wrapped in meditation. In a little while the rain began to fall; and, for three hours, it poured in torrents on the waste. In the midst of this storm, though drenched as it were by the embattled elements, he remained absorbed in thought, wholly inattentive to the descending floods. He was equally regardless of every thing around him during his ride home from St. Mary's isle; and his companion did not venture to disturb him. Next day he produced the celebrated martial hymn, entitled Robert Bruce's Address to his Army, a hymn unparalleled in the annals of modern poetry, and equal to the happiest efforts of the greatest geniuses of antiquity.

Burns had entertained hopes of promotion in the excise; but circumstances occurred which prevented their fulfilment. The events of the French revolution, which interested the feelings of every thinking mind, were commented on by Burns in a manner very different from what might have been expected from an officer under government. Information of his sentiments were given to the board of excise; an inquiry was instituted into his conduct; and, after being reprimanded, he was suffered to retain his situation.

This circumstance made a deep impression on his mind. Fame exaggerated his misfortune, and represented him as actually dismissed from his office; and this report induced gentlemen of much respectability to propose a subscription in his favor. But he refused the offer with great elevation of sentiment, and nobly defended himself against the imputation of having made submission, 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 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 being 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 heart-rending letter into a book which he kept for the purpose of recording such circumstances as he thought worthy of preservation. Upwards of a year before his death, there was an evident decline in his personal appearance; and though his appetite continued unimpaired, he was himself sensible that his constitution was sinking. 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 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 sleep. In the month of June, 1796, he removed to Brow, in Annandale, about ten miles from Dumfries, to try the effects of sea-bathing. Here he was invited to dinner by a lady in the neighborhood; and, as he was unable to walk, she sent her carriage for him to the cottage where he lodged. As he entered her apartment, the stamp of death seemed imprinted on his features. He appeared already touching the brink of eternity. His first salutation was, "Well, madam, have you any commands for the other world?" He ate little, and complained of having entirely lost the tone of his stomach. He spoke of his death without any of the ostentation of philosophy, but with firmness and feeling, as an event likely to happen very soon. His anxiety for his family hung heavy upon him; and when he alluded to their approaching desolation, his heart was touched with pure and unmingled sorrow.

At first he imagined that 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. A tremor pervaded his frame; his tongue was parched, and his mind fell into a 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, which had been embittered by suffering, and insulted by unmerited calumny.

When his death was known, it excited a deep and mournful sensation. It was felt as a loss which no earthly power could replace; as the extinction of a prodigy whose appearance was rare and uncertain. He was lamented, not merely like a common individual, by friends and neigh-

bors, but by a whole country, whose pleasures he had an exclusive capacity to augment.

He left a widow and four sons. The ceremonial of his interment was accompanied with military honors, not only by the corps of Dumfries volunteers, of which he was a member, but by the Fencible infantry, and a regiment of Cinque Port cavalry then quartered in Dumfries. On the same day, by a coincidence singularly touching, Mrs. Burns was delivered of a son, who did not long survive his father.

Burns 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, expressed uncommon capacity. His eyes were large, dark, full of ardor, and animation. His face was well-formed, and his countenance strikingly interesting.

Of his general behavior, every one spoke in the highest terms. It usually bespoke a mind conscious of superior talents, not however unmix'd with the affections which beget familiarity and affability. His conversation was extremely fascinating; rich in wit, humor, whim, and occasionally in serious and apposite reflection. No man had a quicker apprehension of right and wrong, or a stronger sense of what was ridiculous and mean. Neither chicanery nor sordidness ever appeared in his conduct. Even in the midst of distress, while his feeling heart sunk under the secret consciousness of indigence, and the apprehensions of absolute want, he bore himself loftily to the world. He died in the utmost penury, but not in debt; and left behind him a name which will be remembered as long as departed worth and goodness are esteemed among men.

After contemplating the melancholy story of his life, it is impossible not to heave a sigh at the asperity of his fortune, while we reprobate the conduct of those who drew him from the simplicity of humble life, and left him a prey to anxiety and want, to sorrow and despair.

Of his poems, which have been so often printed and so eagerly read, it is unnecessary to enter into a critical examination. All readers of taste and sensibility assign him the first place among the poets of his country; and acknowledge the presence of that "light from heaven" which consecrates and eternizes every monument of genius.

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

THE following trifles are not the production of the poet who, with all the advantages of learned art, and perhaps amid the elegances and idleness of upper life, looks down for a rural theme, with an eye to Theocritus or Virgil. To the author of this, these and other celebrated names, their countrymen, are, at least in their original language, a fountain shut up, and a book sealed. Unacquainted with the necessary requisites for commencing poetry by rule, he sings the sentiments and manners he felt and saw in himself, and his rustic compeers around him, in his and their native language. Though a rhymer from his earliest years, at least from the earliest impulses of the softer passions, it was not till very lately that the applause, perhaps the partiality of friendship, wakened his vanity so far as to make him think any thing of his worth showing; and none of the following works were composed with a view to the press. To amuse himself with the little creations of his own fancy, amid the toil and fatigues of a laborious life; to transcribe the various feelings, the loves, the griefs, the hopes, the fears, in his own breast; to find some kind of counterpoise to the struggles of a world, always an alien scene, a task uncouth to the poetical mind, — these were his motives for courting the muses, and in these he found Poetry to be its own reward.

Now that he appears in the public character of an au

thor, he does it "with fear and trembling." So dear is fame to the rhyming tribe, that even he, an obscure, nameless bard, shrinks aghast at the thought of being branded as an impertinent blockhead, obtruding his nonsense on the world; and, because he can make a shift to jingle a few doggerel Scotch rhymes together, looking upon himself as a poet of no small consequence, forsooth.

It is an observation of that celebrated poet, Shenstone, whose divine elegies do honor to our language, our nation, and our species, that "Humility has depressed many a genius to a hermit, but never raised one to fame!" If any critic catches at the word *genius*, the author tells him, once for all, that he certainly looks upon himself as possessed of some poetic abilities, otherwise his publishing in the manner he has done, would be a manœuvre below the worst character which, he hopes, his worst enemy will ever give him. But to the genius of a Ramsay, or the glorious dawnings of the poor, unfortunate Ferguson, he, with equal unaffected sincerity, declares, that, even in his highest pulse of vanity, he has not the most distant pretensions. These two justly-admired Scotch poets he has often had in his eye in the following pieces; but rather with a view to kindle at their flame, than for servile imitation.

To his subscribers, the author returns his most sincere thanks, — not the mercenary bow over a counter, but the heart-throbbing gratitude of the bard, conscious how much he owes to benevolence and friendship, for gratifying him, if he deserves it, in that dearest wish of every poetic bosom — to be distinguished. He begs his readers, particularly the learned and the polite, who may honor him with a perusal, that they will make every allowance for education and circumstances of life; but, if, after a fair, candid, and impartial criticism, he shall stand convicted of dullness and nonsense, let him be done by as he would in that case do by others; — let him be condemned, without mercy to contempt and oblivion.

DEDICATION
TO THE SECOND EDITION.

TO THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CALEDONIAN
HUNT.

My Lords and Gentlemen:—

A SCOTTISH bard, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his country's service — where shall he so properly look for patronage, as to the illustrious names of his native land; those who bear the honors and inherit the virtues of their ancestors? The poetic genius of my country found me, as the prophetic bard, Elijah, did Elisha — at the plough; and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes, and rural pleasures, of my native soil, in my native tongue; I tuned my wild, artless notes, as she inspired. She whispered me to come to this ancient metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my songs under your honored protection.

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual style of dedication, to thank you for past favors. That path is so hackneyed by prostituted learning, that honest rusticity is ashamed of it. Nor do I present this address with the venal soul of a servile author, looking for a continuation of those favors: I was bred to the plough, and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottish name with you, my illustrious countrymen; and to tell the world that

I glory in the title. I come to congratulate my country that the blood of her ancient heroes still runs uncontaminated; and that from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth, and liberty. In the last place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the great Fountain of honor, the Monarch of the Universe, for your welfare and happiness. When you go forth to waken the echoes, in the ancient and favorite amusement of your forefathers, may Pleasure ever be of your party, and may social Joy await your return! When harassed in courts or camps with the jostlings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured worth attend your return to your native seats; and may domestic Happiness, with a smiling welcome, meet you at your gates! May corruption shrink at your kindling, indignant glance; and may tyranny in the ruler, and licentiousness in the people, equally find you an inexorable foe!

I have the honor to be,
With the sincerest gratitude,
And highest respect,
My Lords and Gentlemen,
Your most devoted, humble servant,

ROBERT BURNS.

Edinburgh, }
April 4, 1787. }

BURNS'S POEMS.



POEMS,
CHIEFLY SCOTTISH.

BOOK I.

MORAL, RELIGIOUS, AND PRECEPTIVE

THE TWA DOGS.

A TALE.

TWAS in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' Auld King Coil,
Upon a bonny day in June,
When wearing thro' 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 Honor's pleasure ;
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Show'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs ;
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for cod.

His locked, letter'd braw brass collar,
Show'd him the gentleman and scholar ;

But tho' he was o' high degree,
 The sient a pride nae pride had he ;
 But wad hae spent an hour caressin',
 Ev'n wi' a tinker-gipsey's messin' :
 At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
 Nae tauted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie,
 But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
 And stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him

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

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

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
 An' unco pack an' thick thegither ;
 Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and snowkit,
 Whyles mice and mondieworts they howkit,
 Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion,
 An' worry'd ither in diversion ;
 Until wi' daffin weary grown,
 Upon a knowe they sat them down,

* Cuthullin's dog in Ossian's Fingal.

And there began a lang digression
About the Lords o' the Creation.

CÆSAR.

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

Our Laird gets in his racked rents,
His coals, his kain, 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 bonie silken purse
As lang's my tail, where, thro' the steeks,
The yellow-letter'd Geordie keeks.

Frae morn to e'en it's nought but toiling,
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;
An' tho' the gentry first are stechin,
Yet e'en the ha' folk fill their pechin
Wi' sauce, ragouts, and sic like trashtric,
That's little short o' downright wastric.
Our Whipper-in, wee blastit wonner,
Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
Better than ony tenant man
His Honor has in a' the lan';
An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
I own its past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they're fasht enough
A cotter howkin in a sheugn,
Wi' dirty stanes begin a dyke,

Boring a quarry, and sic like.
 Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains,
 A smytrie o' wee duddie weans,
 An' nought but his hand darg, to keep
 Them right and tight in thack an' rape.

As when they meet with sair disasters,
 Like loss o' health, or want o' masters,
 Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
 An' they maun starve o' cauld an' hunger;
 But, how it comes, I never kem'd yet,
 They're maistly wonderfu' contented;
 An' buirdly chiels, and clever hizzies,
 Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

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

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

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

LUATH.

'They're nae sae wretched's ane wad think,
 Tho' constantly on poortith's brink:
 They're sae accuston'd wi' the sight,
 The view o't gies them little fright.

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

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

An' whyles twalpenne 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',
 An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on.

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

'That merry day the year begins,
 They bar the door on frosty winds:

The nappy reeks, wi' mantling ream,
 An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
 The luntin pipe, an' sneeshin mill,
 Are handed round wi' right gude will;
 The cantie auld folks crackin crouse,
 The young anes ranting thro' the house
 My heart has been sae fain to see their
 That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
 Sic game is now owre often played.
 There's monie a creditable stock
 O' decent, honest fawsont folk,
 Are riven out, baith root and branch,
 Some rascal's pridfu' greed to quench.
 Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
 In favor 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,
 An' saying *aye* or *no*'s they bid him:
 At operas an' plays parading;
 Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading;
 Or, may be, in a frolic daft,
 To Hague or Calais takes a waft;
 To make a tour, an' tak a whirl,
 To learn *bon ton* an' see the wor'!

There, at Vienna or Versailles,
 He rives his father's auld entrails;
 Or by Madrid he takes the rout

To thrum guitars, and fecht wi' nowt;
 Or down Italian vista startles,
 Wh-re-hunting among groves o' myrtles
 Then bouses drumbly German water
 To mak himsel look fair and fatter,
 An' clear the consequential sorrows,
 Love-gifts of Carnival signoras.
 For Britain's guid! for her destruction!
 Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction.

LUATH.

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

O, would they stay aback frae courts,
 An' please themselves wi' countra sports,
 It wad for every ane be better,
 The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cotter!
 For thae frank, rantin, ramblin billies,
 Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows!
 Except for breakin o' their timmer,
 Or speakin lightly o' their linner,
 Or shootin o' a hare or moor-cock,
 The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will you tell me, Master Cæsar,
 Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure?
 Nae cauld or hunger e'er can steer them,
 The vera thought o't need na fear them.

CÆSAR.

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

It's true, they need nae starve or sweat,
Thro' winter's cauld or simmer's heat ;
They've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes :
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They make enow themsels to vex them ;
An' ay the less they hae to sturt them,
In like proportion less will hurt them.
A country-fellow at the pleugh,
His acres till'n, he's right enough ;
A country girl at her wheel,
Her dizzen'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 uneasy ;
Their days insipid, dull, an' tasteless ;
Their nights unquiet, lang, and restless :
An' e'en their sports, their balls, an' races,
Their galloping thro' public places.
There's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.
The men cast out in party matches,
Then sowther a' in deep debauches ;
Ae night they're mad wi' drink an' wh-ring,
Niest day their life is past enduring.
The ladies, arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great and gracious a' as sisters ;
But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
They're a' run deils an' jades thegither !
Whyles o'er the wee bit cup an' platie,
They sip the scandal potion pretty ;
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks,

Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks,
 Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
 An' cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard.

There's some exception, man an' woman,
 But this is gentry's life in common.

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

THE BRIGS OF AYR

A POEM.

*Inscribed to J. B*****, Esq., Ayr.*

THE simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
 Learning his tuneful trade from every 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, gray, wild-whistling o'er the aill
 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 labor 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 B***** befriends his humble name,
 And hands the rustic stranger up to fame,
 With heart-felt throes his grateful bosom swells,
 The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

* * * * *

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter-hap,
 And thack and rape secure the toil-worn crap;
 Potato-bings are smugged up frae skaith
 Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath;
 The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils,
 Unnumber'd buds an' flowers' delicious spoils,
 Seal'd up, with frugal care, in massive waxen piles
 Are doom'd by man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
 The death o' devils smoor'd wi' brimstone reek;
 The thundering guns are heard on ev'ry side,
 The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide;
 The feather'd field-mates, bound by nature's tie,
 Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie:
 (What warm, poetic heart, but inly bleeds,
 And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)
 Nae mair the 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-land tree

The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
 Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noon-tide blaze,
 While thick the gossanour 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 inspir'd, or haply press'd 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 wandered out, he knew not where nor why ;)
 The drowsy Dungeon-clock † had number'd two,
 And Wallace Tow'r ‡ had sworn the fact was true :
 The tide-swoln Firth, with 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 moon 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 sugh of whistling winds he heard ;
 Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,
 Swift as the Gos † drives on the wheeling hare ;
 Ane on th Auld Brig his airy shape uprears,
 The ither flutters o'er the rising piers
 Our warlock rhym'er instantly descry'd
 The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside.
 (That bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
 And ken the lingo o' the sp'ritual folk ;

* A noted tavern at the Auld Brig end. † The two steeples ‡ The
 goshawk, or falcon.

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 vera wrinkles Gothic in his face:
 He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang,
 Yet toughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
 New Brig was buskit in a braw new coat,
 That he, at Lon'on, frae anc Adams, got;
 In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead,
 Wi' virls an' whirlygigums at the head.
 The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,
 Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch;
 It chanc'd his new-come neebour took his e'e,
 And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he!
 Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
 He, down the water, gives him this guid e'en: —

AULD BRIG.

I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep-shank
 Ance ye were streekit o'er from 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 whigmeleeries 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 wheelbarrows tremble when they meet,
 Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane an' lime,
 Compare wi' bonie Brigs o' modern time?
 There's men o' taste would take the Duckat stream,*

* A noted ford just above the Auld Brig.

Tho' they should cast the very sark and swim,
 Ere they would grate their feelings wi' the view
 O' sic an ugly, Gothic hulk as you.

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride.
 This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide;
 An' tho' wi' crazy cild I'm sair forfaira,
 I'll be a Brig, when ye're a shapeless cairn!
 As yet ye little ken about the matter,
 But twa-three winters will inform you better.
 When heavy, dark, continu'd a'-day rains,
 Wi' deep'ning 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 an' spotting thowes,
 In many a torrent down his sna'broo rowes,
 While crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat,
 Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate;
 And from Glenbuck,† 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 gunlie 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'
 The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't!

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

† The source of the river Ayr. ‡ A small landing-place above the large key.

Gaunt, ghastly, 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 guid Burgh denies protection,
 And soon may they expire, unblest'd with resurrection

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealings,
 Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings!
 Ye worthy Proveses, an' mony a Bailie,
 Wha in the paths of righteousness did toil ay;
 Ye dainty Deacons, and ye douce Conveeners,
 To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners;
 Ye godly Councils wha hae bless'd this town;
 Ye godly Brethren of the sacred gown,
 Wha meekly gae your hurdies to the smiters;
 And (what would now be strange) ye godly writers
 A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon he 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 langer Rev'rend Men, their country's glory,
 In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid story
 Nae langer thrifty Citizens, an' douce,
 Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house;
 But staunrel, corky-headed, graceless gentry;
 The herryment and ruin of the country;
 Men, three parts made by tailors and by barbers,
 Wha waste your wheel-hain'd gear on d—d new Brigs
 and Harbors!

NEW BRIG.

Now haud you there! for faith ye've said enough,
 And muckle mair than ye can make to through.
 As for your Priesthood, I shall say but little,
 Corbies and Clergy are a shot right kittle;
 But under favor o' your langer beard,
 Abuse o' magistrates might weel be spar'd;
 To liken them to your auld warld squad,
 I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
 In Ayr, wag-wits nae mair can hae a handle
 To mouth "a citizen," a term o' scandal:
 Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,
 In all the pomp of ignorant conceit:
 Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' raisins,
 Or gather'd 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 farther clishmaclaver might been said,
 What bloody wars, if sprites had blood to shed.

No man can tell; but all before their sight,
 A fairy train appear'd in order bright:
 Adown the glittering stream they featly danced;
 Bright to the moon their various dresses glanced;
 They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
 The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet:
 While arts of minstrelsy among them rung,
 And soul-ennobling bards heroic ditties sung.
 O, had M'Laughlan,* thairm-inspiring sage,
 Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
 When through his dear Strathspeys they bore with
 Highland rage;
 Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
 The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares;
 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, wreath'd with nodding corn;
 Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show
 By Hospitality with cloudless brow.

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

Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride,
 From where the Feal wild-woody coverts hide;
 Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
 A female form,* came from the tow'rs of Stair;
 Learning and Worth in equal measures trode
 From simple Catrine, their long-lov'd abode;
 Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazel wreath,
 To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
 The broken iron instruments of Death;
 At sight of whom our Sprites forgat their kindling wrath.

THE VISION.

DUAN FIRST.†

THE sun had clos'd the winter day,
 The curlers quat their roaring play,
 An' hunger'd maukin ta'en her way
 To kail-yards green,
 While faithless snaws ilk step betray
 Where she has been.

The thrasher's weary flingin-tree
 The lee-lang day had tired me;
 And when the day had clos'd his e'e,
 Far i' the west,

* The poet here alludes to a Mrs. Stewart, who was then in possession of Stair. She afterwards removed to Afton-lodge, on the banks of the Afton, a stream which he subsequently celebrated in a song entitled "Afton Water." — ED.

† Duan, a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digressive poem. See his *Cath-Loda*, vol. ii. of Macpherson's translation.

Ben i' the spence, right pensivelie,
I gaed to rest.

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

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

Had I to guid advice but harkit,
I might, by this, hae led a market,
Or strutted in a bank an' 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 a rhyme-proof
Till my last breath;—

When, click! the string the sneck did draw
And, jee! the door gaed to the wa';
An' by my ingle-lowe I saw,
Now bleezin bright,

A tight, outlandish Hizzie, braw,
Come full in sight.

Ye need nae doubt, I held my whisht;
The infant aith, half-form'd, was crusht
I glow'rd 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;
An' 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 honor.

Down flow'd her robe, a Tartan sheen,
Till half a leg was scrimply seen;
And such a leg! my bonie Jean
Could only peer it;
Sae straught, 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 seem'd, to my astonish'd view,
A well-known land!

Here, rivers in the sea were lost;
There, mountains to the skies were lost;
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 Irvine stately thuds;
Auld hermit Ayr staw thro' his woods,
 On to the shore;
And many a lesser torrent scuds,
 With seeming roar.

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

By stately tow'r or palace fair,
Or ruins 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 features stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,
To see a race* heroic wheel,

* The Wallaces.

And brandish round the deep-dy'd steel
 In sturdy blows ;
 While back-recoiling seem'd to reel
 Their Southron foes.

His Country's Savior,* 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 its ashes lowly laid,
 I mark'd a martial race, portray'd
 In colors strong ;
 Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd,
 They strode along.

Thro' many a wild, romantic grove, ||
 Near many a hermit-fancied cove,
 (F'it haunts for Friendship or for Love,)
 In musing mood,
 An aged Judge, I saw him rove,
 Dispensing good.

* William Wallace. † Adam Wallace, of Richardton, cousin to the immortal preserver of Scottish independence.

‡ Wallace, laird of Cragie, who was second in command, under Douglas, earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought A. D. 1448. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct and intrepid valor of the gallant laird of Cragie, who died of his wounds after the action.

§ Colus, king of the Picts, from whom the district of Kyle is said to take its name, lies buried, as tradition says, near the family-seat of the Montgomeries of Coil's-field, where his burial-place is still shown.

|| Barskimming, the seat of the late Lord Justice Clerk.

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 hand him on,
 Where many a patriot-name on high,
 And hero shone.

DUAN SECOND.

With musing-deep, astonish'd stare,
 I view'd the heav'nly-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 reward
 As we bestow.

"Know, the great Genius of this land
 Has many a light, aerial band.

* Catrine, the seat of the late doctor, and present professor. Stewart

† Colonel Fullarton.

The rustic Bard, the lab'ring hind,
 The Artisan;
 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,
 Blithe 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 — COLLA my name;
 And this district as mine I claim,
 Where once the Campbells, chiefs of fame,
 Held ruling pow'r:
 I mark'd thy embryo tuneful flame,
 Thy natal hour.

“With future hope I oft would gaze,
 Fond, on thy little early ways,

Thy rudely caroll'd 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 thro' 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'rets birth,
 And joy and music pouring forth
 In ev'ry grove,
 I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth
 With boundless love.

“ When ripen'd fields, and azure skies,
 Call'd forth the reapers' 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-shiv'ring 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 pulses madd'ning play,
 Wild send thee pleasure's devious way,

Misled by fancy's meteor ray,
 By passion driv'n;
 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 forests's monarch throws
 His army shade,
 Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,
 Adown the glade.

"Then never murmur nor repine;
 Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;
 And, trust me, not Potosi's mine,
 Nor king's regard,
 Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
 A rustic bard!

"To give my counsels all in one, —
 Thy tuneful flame still careful fan."

Preserve the Dignity of Man,
 With soul erect ;
 And trust, the Universal Plan
 Will all protect !

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



THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

*Inscribed to R. A****, Esq.*

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

I.

MY lov'd, my honor'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 A**** in a cottage would have been ;
 Ah ! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween

II.

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

III.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;
 Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher thro'
 To meet their dad, wi' flichter in noise an glee ;
 His wee bit ingle blinkin bonily,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
 The lispin infant prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary, carking cares beguile,
 An' makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

IV.

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

V.

Wi' joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
 An' each for other's welfare kindly spiers;
 The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
 Each tells the uncous that he sees or hears;
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
 Anticipation forward points the view.
 The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
 Gars auld claes look anaist as weel's the new;
 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

VI.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
 The younkers a' are warn'd to obey;
 "An' mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
 An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play,
 An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
 An' mind your *duty*, duly, morn an' night!
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
 Implore His counsel and assisting might;
 They never sought in vain, that sought the Lord aright!"

VII.

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

VIII.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben,
 A strappan youth; he takes the mother's eye;
 Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But blate an' laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave;
 Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

IX.

O, happy love! where love like this is found;
 O, heart-felt raptures! 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 evening
 gale.

X

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,
 A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth.
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
 Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
 Are honor, virtue, conscience, all 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

XI.

But now the supper crowns their simple board!
 The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food;
 The soup their only hawkie does afford,
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cud:
 The dame brings ferth, in complimental mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck fell,
 An' aft he's press'd, an' aft he ca's it good;
 The frugal wifie garrulous will tell,
 How 'thas a towmond auld, sin 'lint was i' the bell.

XII.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
 The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big Ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride;
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearin thin an' bare;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care;
 And, "Let us worship God!" he says with solemn air

XIII.

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 heav'nward 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,
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

XIV.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
 How Abram was the friend of God on high •
 Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;
 Or, how the Royal Bard did groaning 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.

XV.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
 How HE, who bore in Heav'n the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay his head !
 How His first followers and servants sped
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land
 How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ;
 And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heav'n's
 command.

XVI.

Then, kneeling down, to Heav'n'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,

* Pope's Windsor Forest.

In such society, yet still more dear ;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere

XVII.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
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 !

XVIII.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way ;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest ;
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heav'n 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

XIX.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad ;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the 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 of the wretch of human-kind,
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd!

XX.

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

XXI.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
 That stream'd thro' 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!)
 O never, never Scotia's realm desert;
 But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
 In bright succession rise, her ornament and guard

VERSES.

WRITTEN IN FRIAR'S-CARSE HERMITAGE, ON NITH-SIDE

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

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

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

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

As the shades of evening close,
Beck'ning thee to long repose ;
As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-neuk of ease ;
There ruminatè with sober thought,
On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought ;
And teach the sportive younkers round,
Laws of experience, sage and sound.
Say, Man's true, genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not, Art thou high or low ?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow ?
Did many talents gild thy span ?
Or frugal nature grudge thee one ?
Tell them, and press it on their mind,
As thou thyself must shortly find,
The smile or frown of awful Heav'n
To virtue or to vice is giv'n.
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies ;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to the wretched, vile, and base.

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

Stranger, go ! Heaven be thy guide !
Quod the Beadsman of Nith-side

A PRAYER,

UNDER THE PRESSURE OF VIOLENT ANGUISH.

O 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 distrest;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey thy high behest.

Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath!
O, free my weary eyes from tears,
Or, close them fast in death!

But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design;
Then man my soul with firm resolves
To bear and not repine!

A PRAYER,

IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

O 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 list'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.

I.

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.

II.

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

III.

O Thou, great Governor of all below,
 If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
 Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
 Or still the tumult of the raging sea;

With that controlling pow'r assist ev'n me,
 Those headlong, furious passions to confine;
 For all unfit I feel my pow'rs to be,
 To rule their torrent in th' allowed line;
 O, aid me with thy help, Omnipotence divine!



VERSES,

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

I.

O THOU, dread Pow'r, who reign'st above;
 I know thou wilt me hear,
 When, for this scene of peace and love
 I make my pray'r sincere.

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth
 In manhood's dawning blush;

Bless him, thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish!

v.

The beauteous, seraph sister-band,
With earnest tears I pray,
Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand, —
Guide Thou their steps alway!

VI.

When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driv'n,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A family in heav'n!



A GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

O THOU, who kindly dost provide
For ev'ry creature's want!
We bless thee, God of Nature wide
For all thy goodness lent:

And if it please thee, heav'nly Guide,
May never worse be sent;
But whether granted or denied,
Lord, bless us with content!

Amen

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 in guilt,
Shall to the ground be cast,
And, like the rootless stubble, tost
Before 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.

THE FIRST SIX VERSES OF THE NINETIETH
PSALM.

O THOU, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race!
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling place!

Before the mountains heav'd their heads
Beneath thy forming hand,
Before this pond'rous globe itself
Arose at thy command;

That Pow'r which rais'd, and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time,
Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before thy 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.



EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

I.

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
 A something to have sent you,
 Tho' it should serve no 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.

II.

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,
 And Andrew, dear, believe me,
 Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
 And muckle they may grieve ye !
 For care and trouble set your thought,
 Ev'n when your end's attained ;
 And a' your views may come to nought,
 When ev'ry nerve is strained.

III.

I'll no say men are villains a' ;
 The real, harden'd, wicked,
 Wha hae nae check but human law
 Are to a few restricked —

But och! mankind are unco weak,
 An' little to be trusted;
 If *self* the wav'ring balance shake,
 It's rarely right adjusted!

IV.

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
 Their fate we should na censure
 For still th' important end of life
 They equally may answer;
 A man may hae an honest heart,
 Tho' poortith hourly stare him;
 A man may tak a neebor's part,
 Yet hae na cash to spare him.

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip,
 To haud the wretch in order, —
 But where ye feel your honor grip,
 Let that a' be your border;
 It's slightest touches, instant pause, —
 Debar a' side pretences;
 And resolutely keep its laws,
 Uncaring consequences.

IX.

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

X.

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
 Religion may be blinded;
 Or, if she gie a random sing,
 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!

XI.

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

May, 1786.

BOOK II.

PATHETIC, ELEGIAC, AND DESCRIPTIVE.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A DIRGE.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

A few seem favorites of Fate,
 In Pleasure's lap carest;
 Yet, think not all the rich and great
 Are likewise truly blest.

But oh! what crowds, in ev'ry land,
 Are wretched and forlorn;
 Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
 That man was made to mourn.

VII.

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

VIII.

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

IX.

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

X.

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

XI.

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



A WINTER NIGHT.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!
 How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness 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-liv'd glow'r,
 Far south the lift.

Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r,
Or whirlin drift!

Ae night the storm the steeples rock'd,
Poor Labor sweet in sleep was lock'd,
While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-chock'e,
Wild-eddying swirl,
Or thro' the mining outlet bock'd,
Down headlong hurl.

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

Ilk happing bird, wee helpless thing,
That in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Where wilt thou cow'r thy chitt'ring wing,
An' 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-cote spoil'd,
My heart forgets,
While pitiless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats.

Now Phœbe, in her midnight reign,
Dark-muffled, view'd the dreary plain;
Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
Rose in my soul,

When on my ear this plaintive strain,
 Slow, solemn, stole:—

“Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust!
 And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost!
 Descend, ye chilly, smoth'ring snows!
 Not all your rage, as now united, shows
 More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
 Vengeful malice, unrepenting,
 Than heav'n-illumin'd man on brother man bestows

“See stern Oppression's iron grip,
 Or mad Ambition's gory hand,
 Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
 Wo, want, and murder, o'er a land!

“Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,
 Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
 How pamper'd luxury, flatt'ry by her side,
 The parasite empoisoning her ear,
 With all the servile wretches, in the rear,
 Look o'er proud property extended wide,
 And eyes the simple rustic hind,
 Whose toil upholds the glitt'ring show,
 A creature of another kind,
 Some coarser substance, unrefin'd,
 Plac'd for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below.

“Where, where is love's fond, tender throe
 With lordly Honor's lofty brow,
 The pow'rs you proudly own?
 Is there, beneath love's noble name,
 Can harbor, dark, the selfish aim,
 To bless himself alone?

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

"O ye! who, sunk in beds of down,
 Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
 Think for a moment on his wretched fate,
 Whom friends and fortune quite disown!
 Ill satisfied keen nature's clam'rous call,
 Stretch'd on his straw, he lays himself to sleep,
 While thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall,
 Chill o'er his slumbers piles the drift 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 son's are brothers in distress,
 A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!"

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

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

WINTER.

A DIRGE.

I.

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.

II.

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

III.

Thou Pow’r Supreme, whose mighty scheme
These woes of mine fulfil,
Here, firm, I rest — they must be best,
Because they are thy will !

* Dr. Young.

Then all I want, (O, do thou grant
 This one request of mine!)
 Since to enjoy thou dost deny,
 Assist me to resign.



DESPONDENCY.

AN ODE.

I.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,
 A burden more than I can bear,
 I sit me down and sigh;
 O life, thou art a galling load,
 A long, a rough, a weary road,
 To wretches such as I!
 Dim, backward as I cast my view,
 What sick'ning scenes appear!
 What sorrows yet may pierce me thro',
 Too justly I may fear!
 Still caring, despairing,
 Must be my bitter doom;
 My woes here shall close ne'er,
 But with the closing tomb!

II.

Happy, ye sons of busy life,
 Who, equal to the bustling strife,
 No other view regard!
 Ev'n when the wished end's denied,
 Yet while the busy means are ply'd,
 They bring their own reward:

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

III.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
 Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
 Within his humble cell,
 The cavern wild with tangling roots,
 Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
 Beside his crystal well!
 Or, haply, to his evening 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.

IV.

Then I, no lonely hermit plac'd
 Where never human footstep trac'd,
 Less fit to play the part;
 The lucky moment to improve,
 And just to stop, and just to move,
 With self-respecting art:
 But ah! those pleasures, loves, and joys,
 Which I too keenly taste,
 The Solitary can despise,

Can want, and yet be blest!
 He needs not, he heeds not,
 Or human love or hate,
 Whilst I here, must cry here,
 At perfidy ingrate!

v.

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



TO RUIN.

1

ALL hail! inexorable lord!
 At whose destruction-breathing word
 The mightiest empires fall!
 Thy cruel, wo-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;
 Tho' thick'ning and black'ning
 Round my devoted head.

II.

And thou, grim pow'r, by life abhorr'd,
 While life a pleasure can afford,

Oh! hear a wretch's pray'r!

No more I shrink appall'd, afraid,
 I court, I beg thy friendly aid,

To close this scene of care!

When shall my soul, in silent peace,
 Resign life's joyless day;

My weary heart its throbbings cease,
 Cold mould'ring in the clay?

No fear more, no tear more,

To strain my lifeless face;

Enclasped and grasped

Within thy cold embrace!



LAMENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

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

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

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' many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest;
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

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

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

But as for thee, thou false woman,
My sister and my fae,
Grim Vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword

That 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 wo
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 !

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

THE LAMENT,

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

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

HOME.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

No idly-feign'd poetic pains,
My sad love-lorn lamentings claim;
No shepherd's pipe — Arcadian strains

No fabled tortures, quaint and tame,
 The plighted faith, the mutual flame,
 The oft-attested Pow'rs above;
 The promis'd Father's tender name;
 These were the pledges of my love!

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

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.

IX.

O! 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.

X.

Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set!
 Scenes never, never to return!
 Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
 Again I feel, again I burn;

From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn,
 Life's weary vale I'll wander thro';
 And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
 A faithless woman's broken vow.



LAMENT

OF A MOTHER FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON.

TUNE — "*Finlayston House.*"

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 dishonor'd laid;
 So fell the pride of all my hopes,
 My age's future shade.

The mother linnet, in the brake,
 Bewails her ravish'd young;
 So I, for my lost darling's sake,
 Lament the live-day long.

Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow
 Now, fond, I bare my breast;
 O, do thou kindly lay me low,
 With him I love, at rest!

LAMENT

FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

THE wind blew lollow 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 craigy 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 wi' 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 along.

"Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing,
 The reliques of the vernal quire!
 Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
 The honors of the aged year!
 A few short months, and glad and gay,
 Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e;
 But nocht, in all re-*volving* 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 hald of earth is gane ;
Nae leaf o’ mine shall greet the spring
Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom ;
But I maun lie before the storm,
And ithers plant them in my room.

“I’ve seen sae monie 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 of 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 wo and wild despair !
Awake ! resound thy latest lay,
Then sleep in silence evermair !
And thou, my last, best, only friend,
That fillest an untimely tomb,
Accept this tribute from the bard
Thou brought from fortune’s mirkest gloom.

“In poverty’s low, barren vale,
Thick mists, obscure, involv’d me round
Tho’ oft I turn’d the wistful eye,
Nae ray of fame was to be found:
Thou found’st me, like the morning sun
That melts the fogs in limpid air;
The friendless bard, and rustic song,
Became alike thy fost’ring care.

“Oh! why has worth so short a date?
While villains ripen gray 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 wo!
O, 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 sac sweetly on her knee;
But I’ll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a’ that thou hast done for me”

LINES,

SENT TO SIR JOHN WHITEFORD, OF WHITEFORD, BART.

WITH THE FOREGOING POEM.

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



STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

THICKEST night o'erhangs 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,

Honor'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 CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning ;
The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale ;
The hawthorn trees blow in the dews of the morning,
And wild-scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale :

But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
While the lingering moments are number'd by care ?
No flow'rs gayly springing, nor birds sweetly singing,
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dar'd, could it merit their malice,
A king and a father to place on his throne ?
His right are these hills, and his right are these valleys,
Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find none.

But 'tis not my sufferings, thus wretched, forlorn, —
My brave, gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn ;
Your deeds prov'd so loyal in hot, bloody trial.
Alas ! can I make you no sweeter return !

THE AUTHOR'S FAREWELL TO HIS NATIVE
COUNTRY.TUNE — "*Roslin Castle.*"

I.

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.

II.

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

III.

'Tis not the surging billows' roar,
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore ;
Though death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear .
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound ;

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

IV.

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



FAREWELL TO AYRSHIRE.

SCENES of wo and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew,
Scenes of wo and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu!

Bonie Doon, sae sweet and gloamin,
Fare thee weel before I gang!
Bonie Doon, whare, early roaming,
First I weav'd the rustic sang!

Bow'rs, adieu, whare Love, decoying,
First intrall'd this heart o' mine,
There the safest sweets enjoying,
Sweets that Mem'ry ne'er shall tyne!

Friends, so near my bosom ever,
Ye hae render'd moments dear

But, alas! when forc'd to sever,
Then the stroke, O how severe!

Friends! that parting tear, reserve it,
Tho' 'tis doubly dear to me;
Could I think I did deserve it,
How much happier would I be!

Scenes of wo and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew,
Scenes of wo and scenes of pleasure.
Now a sad and last adieu!



THE FAREWELL TO THE BRETHERN OF ST.
JAMES'S LODGE, TARBOLTON.

TUNE — “ *Good night, and joy be wi' you a'!* ”

I.

ADIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
Dear brothers of the mystic tye!
Ye favor'd, ye enlighten'd few,
Companions of my social joy!
Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing fortune's sliddery ba',
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'.

II.

Oft have I met your social band,
And spent the cheerful, festive night;

Oft, honor'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the suns of light:
And by that hieroglyphic bright,
Which none but craftsmen ever saw!
Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes, when far awa'.

III.

May freedom, harmony, and love,
Unite you in the grand design,
Beneath the Omniscient Eye above,
The glorious Architect divine!
That you may keep the unerring line,
Still rising by the plummet's law,
Till order bright completely shine,
Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

IV.

And you, farewell! whose merits claim,
Justly, that highest badge to wear!
Heav'n bless your honor'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'!

FAREWELL TO ELIZA.

TUNE — "*Gilderoy.*"

I.

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.

II.

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

HIGHLAND MARY.

TUNE — "*Katharine Ogie.*"

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
The castlo 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' many 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!

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



TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

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

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild-woods, thick'ning, green

The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
 Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.
 The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

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



ELEGY ON THE LATE 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 accomplish'd Burnet low.

'Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget?
 In richest ore the brightest jewel set'
 In thee, high Heav'n 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, innix'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.



VERSES,

ON READING, IN A NEWSPAPER, THE DEATH OF JOHN
M'LEOD, ESQ., BROTHER TO A YOUNG LADY, A PAR-
TICULAR FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S.

SAD thy tale, thou idle page,
And rueful thy alarms!
Death tears the brother of ner 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 chords
That Nature finest strung;
So Isabella's heart was form'd,
And so that heart was wrung.

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.

SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RIDDEL, ESQ., OF GLEN
RIDDEL, APRIL, 1794.

No more, ye warblers of the wood, no more,
Nor pour your descant, grating on my soul;
Thou 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 wo,
And soothe the Virtues weeping on this bier:
The Man of Worth, and has not left his peer,
Is in his "narrow house," for ever darkly low.
Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet;
Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet.



VERSES,

ON THE DEATH OF SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR.

THE lamp of day, with ill-presaging glare,
Dim, cloudy, sunk beneath the western wave;
Th' inconstant blast howl'd thro' the dark'ning air
And hollow whistled 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 disclosed a stately form,
In weeds of wo, that frantic beat her breast,
And mixt her wailings with the raving storm.

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,
'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd!
Her form majestic droop'd in pensive wo,
The light'ning of her eye in tears imbu'd.

Revers'd 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 swell'd with honest pride!

“A weeping country joins a widow's tear,
The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry ;

* The King's Park, at Holyrood House, † St. Anthony's Well.
‡ St. Anthony's Chapel.

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 this guardian low.

"My patriot falls! but shall he lie unsung,
While empty greatness saves a worthless name?
No! ev'ry muse shall join her tuneful tongue,
And future ages hear his growing fame.

"And I will join a mother's tender cares,
Thro' future times to make his virtues last,
That distant years may boast of other Blairs!"—
She said, and vanish'd with the sweeping blast.



ADDRESS

TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON, ON CROWNING HIS BUST
AT EDNAM, BOXBURGHSHIRE, WITH BAYS.

WHILE virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Æolian 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!



EPITAPH

FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O YE, whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
 Draw near with pious rev'rence, 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 wo;
 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."*

* Goldsmith

FOR R. A., ESQ.

KNOW thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much lov'd, much honor'd 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, the 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.

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,
O, pass not by!
But, with a frater-feeling strong,
Here heave a sigh.

Is there a man whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
Wild as the wave;
Here pause, — and, thro' the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name!

Reader, attend — whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkly grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit;
Know, prudent, cautious self-control
Is wisdom's root

VERSES

ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD, BORN IN
PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES OF FAMILY DISTRESS.

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

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

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

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

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

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
Unscath'd by ruffian hand;
And from thee many a parent stem
Arise to deck our land.

LINES

OF SCARING SOME WATER-FOWL IN LOCH TURIT, A WILD
SCENE AMONG THE HILLS OF OUGHTERTYRE.

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 billow's shock.

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

The eagle from the clifly brow
Marking you, his prey below,
In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong necessity compels,
But man, to whom alone is giv'n
A ray direct from pitying Heav'n,

Glories in his heart humane,
And creatures for his pleasure slain!

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

Or, if man's superior might
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his 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.



SONNET

WRITTEN ON THE 25TH OF JANUARY, 1793, THE BIRTH-
DAY OF THE AUTHOR, ON HEARING A THRUSH, 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 blithe 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 op'ning 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 Heav'n bestow'd, that mite with thee I'll
 share

ON SENSIBILITY.

TO MY DEAR AND MUCH HONORED FRIEND, MRS. DUN-
 LOP, OF DUNLOP.

SENSIBILITY! how charming,
 Thou, my friend, canst 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 wood-lark 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 wo.

TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST, WITH THE PLOUGH,
NOVEMBER, 1785.

WEE, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie!
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
'Thou need nae start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickerin brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle!

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

I doubt na, whyles but thou may thieve!
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen-icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request:
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
And never miss't!

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

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

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

But, mousie, thou art no thy lane,
 In proving foresight may be vain;
 The best laid scheme o' mice an' men,
 Gang aft a-gley,
 An' 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!
 An' forward, tho' I canna see,
 I guess an' fear!

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

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

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonie gem.

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

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

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns 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 ;
 Unskillful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And whelm him o'er.

Such fate to suff'ring worth is giv'n,
 Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
 By human pride or cunning driv'n
 To mis'ry's brink ;
 'Till, wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
 He, ruin'd, sink !

Ev'n thou who mourn'd 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 weigh't
 Shall be thy doom.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR WATER,*

TO THE NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

My lord, I know your noble ear
 Wo 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-with'ring, waste my foamy streams,
 And drink my crystal tide.

The lightly-jumping, 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 whit'ning stanes amang,
 In gasping death to wallow.

Last day I gat wi' spite and teen,
 As Poet B**** came by,
 That, to a bard, I should be seen
 Wi' half my channel dry ;
 A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
 Ev'n as I was, he shor'd me ;

* Bruar Falls, in Athole, are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful but their effect is much impaired by the want of trees and shrubs.

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, altho' 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 bonie spreading bushes;
 Delighted doubly, then, my lord,
 You'll wander on my banks.
 And listen monie 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
 The mavis mild and mellow;
 The robin pensive autumn cheer,
 In all her looks of yellow:

This, too, a covert shall ensure.
 To shield them from the storm
 And coward maukin sleep secure,
 Low in her grassy form;

Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
To weave his crown 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 words, 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 chequ'ring 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 songster's nest,
The close embow'ring thorn.

So may old Scotia's darling hope,
Your little angel band,

Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
 Their honor'd native land.
 So may, thro' Albion's farthest ken,
 To social flowing glasses,
 The grace be — "Athole's honest men,
 And Athole's bonie lasses!"



VERSES

ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY ME, WHICH A
 FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT AT.

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

Go, live, poor wand'rer of the wood and field,
 The bitter little that of life remains;
 No more the thick'ning 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 shelt'ring rushes whistling o'er thy head,
 The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

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

LINES

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL, OVER THE CHIMNEY-PIECE,
IN THE PARLOR OF THE INN AT KENMORE, TAY-
MOUTH.

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
Th' abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,
My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
Till fam'd Breadalbane opens to my view.
The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
The woods, wild-scatter'd, clothe their ample sides;
Th' outstretching lake, embosom'd 'mong the hills,
The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
The Tay, meand'ring sweet, in infant pride,
The palace rising on his 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 glitt'ring in the noontide beam —

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

Here Poesy might wake her heav'n-taught lyre,
And look thro' 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 he.

scan,

And injur'd Worth forget and pardon man.

* * * * *



LINES

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL, STANDING BY THE FALL OF
 FYERS, NEAR LOCH-NESS.

Among the heathy hills and ragged woods,
 The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods;
 Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
 Where, through a shapeless breach, his stream resounds
 As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
 As deep recoiling surges foam below,
 Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
 And viewless Echo's ear, astonish'd, rends.
 Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless show'rs,
 The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, low'rs.
 Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
 And still below the horrid cauldron boils —

* * * * *

BOOK III.

FAMILIAR AND EPISTOLARY.

TO MISS CRUICKSHANKS,

A VERY YOUNG LADY, — WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF
OF A BOOK, PRESENTED TO HER BY THE AUTHOR.

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

May'st thou long, sweet crimson gem,
Richly deck thy native stem;
Till some evening, sober, calm,
Dropping dews, and breathing balm,
While all around the woodland rings,
And ev'ry bird thy requiem sings;

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



VERSES

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

How pleasant the banks of the clear-winding Devon,
 With green spreading bushes, and flow'rs blooming
 fair ;

But the boniest flow'r on the banks of the Devon
 Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.

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

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

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

TO MISS L—,

WITH BEATTIE'S POEMS AS A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT, 'AN
UARY 1, 1787.

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

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

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



VERSES

TO A YOUNG LADY, WITH A PRESENT OF SONGS.

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

So may no ruffian-feeling in thy breast
 Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among ;
 But peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
 Or love ecstatic wake his seraph song :

Or pity's notes, in luxury of tears,
 As modest want the tale of wo reveals ;
 While conscious virtue all the strain endears,
 And heav'n-born piety her sanction seals.



VERSES

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A COPY OF HIS
 POEMS, PRESENTED TO A LADY, WHOM HE HAD OF-
 TEN CELEBRATED UNDER THE NAME OF CHLORIS.

'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend,
 Nor thou the gift refuse,
 Nor with unwilling ear attend
 The moralizing 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 o'ercast,
 Chill came the tempest's lower ;
 (And ne'er misfortune's eastern blaſ
 Did nip a fairer flow'r ;)

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more,
 Stil. much is left behind;
 Still nobler wealth hast thou in store, —
 The comforts of the mind!

Thine is the self-approving glow,
 On conscious honor's part;
 And, dearest gift of Heav'n below,
 Thine friendship's truest heart.

The joys refin'd of sense and taste,
 With every muse to rove;
 And doubly were the Poet blest,
 These joys could he improve.



TO A YOUNG LADY,

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

THINE be the volumes, Jessy fair,
 And with them take the Poet's prayer;
 That Fate may, in her fairest page,
 With 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,
 And all the treasures of the mind:
 These be thy guardian and reward,
 So prays thy faithful friend, the Bard.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A COPY OF HIS
POEMS, PRESENTED TO AN OLD SWEETHEART, THEN
MARRIED.

ONCE fondly lov'd, and still remember'd 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 the Atlantic roar.



TO J. S****.

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

BLAIR.

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

For me, I swear by sun and moon,
And ev'ry star that blinks aboon,

Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon,
 Just gaun to see you;
 And ev'ry ither pair that's done,
 Mair ta'en I'm wi' you.

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

Just now I've ta'en the fit o' rhyme,
 My barmie noddle's working prime,
 My fancie yerkite up sublime,
 Wi' hasty summon;
 Hae ye a leisure moment's time
 To hear what's comin'?

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

The star that rules my luckless lot,
 Has fated me the russet coat,
 And damn'd my fortune to the groat
 But in requit,
 Has bless'd 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 rede you, honest man, tak tent!
 Ye'll shaw your folly.

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

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

I'll wander on wi' 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,
 Mak's hours, like minutes, hand in hand,
 Dance by fu' light.

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

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

O life! how pleasant in thy morning!
 Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
 Cold, pausing Caution's lessons scorning,
 We frisk away,
 Like school-boys, at th' expected warning
 To joy and play.

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

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,
 For which they never toil'd nor swat ;

They drink the sweet, and eat the fat,
 But care or pain;
 And haply eye the barren hut
 With high disdain.

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

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

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

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

"Gie dreeping roasts to countra lairds
 Till icicles hing frae their beards

Gie fine braw claes to fine Life-Guards,
 And Maids o' Honor;
 And yill an' whiskey gie to Cairds,
 Until they sconner.

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

“While ye are pleas'd to keep me hale,
 I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal,
 Be't water-brose, or muslin-kail,
 Wi' 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.

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

Nae hair-brain'd, sentimental traces
 In your unletter'd nameless faces,

In arioso trills and graces
 Ye never stray ;
 But, gravissimo, solemn basses
 Ye hum away.

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

Whilst I — but I shall haud me there —
 Wi' you I'll scarce gang ony where ;
 Then, Jamie, I shall say nae mair,
 But quat my sang,
 Content wi' you to mak a pair,
 Whare'er I gang.



EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

A BROTHER POET.*

January, — . . .

I.

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

* David Sillar, one of the Club at Tarbolton, and author of a volume of Poems in the Scottish dialect.

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

II.

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

III.

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

* Ramsay

Intended fraud or guile,
 However Fortune kick the ba',
 Has ay some cause to smile;
 And mind still, you'll find still,
 A comfort this nae sma';
 Nae mair then, we'll care then,
 Nae farther can we fa'.

IV.

What tho', like commoners of air,
 We wander out we know not where,
 But either house or hal'!
 Yet nature's charms, the hills and woods,
 The sweeping vales and foaming floods,
 Are free alike to all.
 In days when daisies deck the ground,
 And blackbirds whistle clear,
 With honest joy our hearts will bound,
 To see the coming year:
 On braes when we please, then,
 We'll sit an' sowth a tune;
 Syné rhyme till't, we'll time till't,
 And sing't when we hae done.

V.

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

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

VI.

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

VII.

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

There's wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find na other where.

VIII.

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

IX.

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

X.

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

XI.

O, 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 fairly het;
 And then he'll hileh, and stilt, and jimp,
 An' rin an unco fit:
 But lest then, the beast then,
 Should rue this hasty ride,
 I'll light now, and dight now,
 His sweaty, wizen'd hide.

TO THE SAME.

AULD NEEBOR, —

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, rhymiu' clatter,
 Some less maun sair.

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle ;
 Lang may your elbuck 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, lad, I'm red ye're glaikit ;
 I'm tauld the Muse ye hae negleckit,
 An' gif it's sae, ye sud be licket
 Until ye fyke ;
 Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faikit,
 Be hain't wha like.

For me, I'm on Parnassus' brink,
 Rivin the words tae gar them clink ;
 Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi' drink,
 Wi' jads or masons ;
 An' whyles, but ay 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 tae gie us joy or grievin';
 But just the pouchie put the nieve in,
 An' while nught's there,
 Then hiltie, skiltie, we gae scribevin',
 An' fash nae mair.

Leeze me on rhyme! it's ay a treasure,
 My chief, amang my only pleasure,
 At hame, a-fiel', at wark or leisure,
 The Muse, poor hizzie,
 Tho' rough an raploch be her measure,
 She's seldom lazy.

Haud tae the Muse, my daintie Davie!
 The warl' may play you monie a shavie,
 But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye,
 Tho' e'er sae puir;
 Na, ev'n tho' limp in wi' the spavie
 Frae door to door.

EPISTLE TO J. LAPRAIK,

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD, APRIL 1, 1785.

WHILE briers an' woodbines budding green,
 An' pairicks sraichin loud at e'en,
 An' morning poussie whiddin seen,
 Inspire my Muse,
 This freedom in an unknown frien
 I pray excuse.

On fasteen-e'en we had a rockin,
 To ca' the crack and weave our stockin,
 And there was muckle fun an' jokin
 Ye need na doubt:
 At length we had a hearty yokin
 At sang about.

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 thrill'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
 A' to the life.

I've scarce heard aught describe 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 kent 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,
 An' either douce or merry tale,
 Of rhymes an' sangs he'd made himsel,
 Or witty catches,
 'Tween Inverness and Teviotdale,
 He had few matches.

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

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

I am nae poet, in a sense,
 But just a rhymer, like, by chance
 An' hae to learning nae pretence;
 Yet what tha 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 an' stools,
 If honest Nature made you fools?

 What sairs your grammars?
 Ye'd better taen 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;
 An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
 By dint o' Greek!

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
 That's a' the learning I desire;
 Then, tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire,
 At pleugh or cart,
 My Muse, tho' hamely in attire,
 May touch the heart.

O for a spunk o' Allan's glee,
 Or 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 b'lieve, are few,
 Yet, if your catalogue be fou,
 I'se no insist;
 But gif ye want a friend that's true,
 I'm on your list.

I winna blaw about mysel;
 As ill I like my fauts 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.

There's ae wee faut they whyles lay to me -
 I like the lasses — Gude forgie me!
 For monie a plack they wheedle frae me,
 At dance or fair;
 May be, some ither thing they gie me,
 They weel can spare.

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

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

Awa, ye selfish, warly race,
 Wha think that havins, sense an' grace,
 Ev'n 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 hearts the tide of kindness warms,
 Who hold your being on the terms, —
 “Each aid the others!”
 Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
 My friends, my brothers!

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



TO THE SAME.

APRIL 21, 1785.

WHILE new-ca'd kye rout at the stake,
 An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik,
 This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
 To own I'm debtor
 To honest-hearted, auld Lapraik,
 For his kind letter.

Forjesket sair, with weary legs,
 Rattlin the corn out owre the rigs,
 Or dealing thro' amang the nags
 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 an' mair,
 That, trowth, my head is grown right dizziez,
 And something sair."

Her dowff excuses pat me mad:
 "Conscience!" says I, "ye thowless jad'
 I'll write, an' that a hearty blaud,
 This vera night;
 So dinna ye affront your trade,
 But rhyme it right.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Do ye envy the city gent,
 Behind a kist to lie and skient,
 Or purse-proud, big wi' cent. per cent.,
 And muckle wane,
 In some bit burgh to represent
 A bailie's name?

Or, is't the paughty, feudal thane,
 Wi' ruffled sark an' glancing cane
 Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane,
 But lordly stalks,
 While caps and bonnets aff are taen,
 As by he walks?

"O Thou, wha gies us each guid gift,
 Gie me o' wit an' 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 of hell be rich an' great,"
 Damnation then would be our fate,
 Beyond remead;
 But, thanks to Heav'n! that's no the gate
 We learn our creed:—

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

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

Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' growl,
 Their worthless, neivesfu' of a soul
 May in some future carcass howl,
 The forest 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, an' joys,
 In some mild sphere,
 Still closer knit in friendship's ties
 Each passing year!



TO W. S*****N.

OCHILTREE, MAY, 1785.

I GAH' your letter, winsome Willie;
 Wi' grateful heart I thank you brawlie.
 Tho' I maun say't, I wad be silly,
 An' unco vain,
 Should I believe, my coaxin billy,
 Your flatt'rin strain

But I see believe ye kindly meant it;
 I sud be laith to think ye hinted
 Ironic satire, sidelins sklentid,
 On my poor Music;
 Tho' in sic phraisin terms ye've penn'd it.
 I scarce 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-chief,
 A deathless name.

(O Fergusson! thy glorious parts
 Ill suited law's dry, musty arts!
 My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
 Ye E'nburgh gentry!
 The tithes o' what ye waste at cartes
 Wad stow'd his pantry!)

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

Auld Coila now may fidge fu' fain,
 She's gotten poets o' her ain,
 Chiefs wha their chanters 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 unkenn'd-of isle
 Beside New Holland,
 Or whare wild-meeting ocean's boil
 Besouth Magella's

Ramsay an' famous Fergusson
 Gled Forth an' Tay a lift aboon;
 Yarrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune,
 Owre Scotland rings;
 While Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, an' Doon,
 Nae body sings.

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

We'll sing auld Coila's plains an' fells.
 Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
 Her banks and braes, her dens an' dells,
 Where glorious Wallace
 Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
 Frac Southron billies.

At Wallace's name, what Scottish blood
 But boils up in a spring-tide flood?
 Oft have our fearless fathers strode
 By Wallace's side,
 Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,
 Or glorious died.

O sweet are Coila's haughs an' woods,
 When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
 And jinkin hares, in amorous whids,
 Their loves enjoy,
 While th' o' the braes the cushat croods
 Wi' wailfu' cry!

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

O Nature! a' thy shews an forms
 To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!
 Whether the summer kindly warms,
 Wi' life an' light,
 Or winter howls, in gusty storms,
 The lang, dark night!

The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
 Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,
 Adown some trotting burn's meander,
 An' no think lang!
 O, sweet to stray an' pensive ponder
 A heart-felt sang!

The warly race may drudge an' drive,
 Hog-shouth^{er} jundie, stretch, an' strive,
 Let me fair Nature's face describe,
 And I, wi' pleasure,
 Shall let the busy, grumblin' 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 an' taxes,
 While moorlan' herds like guid fat braxies,
 While *terra firmat* on her axis
 Diurnal turns,
 Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
 IN ROBERT BURNS.

P O S T S C R I P T .

My memory's no worth a preen;
 I had amaist forgotten clean,
 Ye bade me write you what they mean
 By this New Light,*
 'Bout which our herds sae aft hae beer
 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 Lallians,
 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 viewin';
 An' shortly after she was done,
 They gat a new one.

* New Light, a cant phrase, in the West of Scotland, for those religious opinions which Dr. Taylor of Norwich, defended so strenuously.

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

Some herds, weel learn'd upo' the beuk,
 Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk,
 For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a neuk,
 An' out o' sight,
 An' backlins-comin, to the leuk,
 She grew mair bright.

This was denied, it was affirm'd;
 The herds an' hissles were alarm'd;
 The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd an' storm'd,
 That beardless laddies
 Should think they better were inform'd
 Than their auld daddies.

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

This game was play'd in monie lands,
 An' auld light caddies bure sic hands,
 That, faith, the youngsters took the sands
 Wi' nimble shanks,
 Till airds forbade, by strict commands,
 Sic bluidy pranks.

But new-light herds gat sic a cowe,
 Folk thought them ruin'd stick an stowe,
 Till now amaist on ev'ry knowe,
 Ye'll find anc plac'd;
 An' some, their new-light fair avow,
 Just quite bare-fac'd.

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

But snortly they will cowe the louns;
 Some auld-light herds in neebor towns
 Are mind't, in things they ca' balloons,
 To tak a flight,
 An' stay ae month amang the moons,
 An' see them right.

Guid observation they will gie them,
 An' when the auld moon's gaun to lea'e them,
 The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them,
 Just i' their pouch;
 An' when the new-light billies see them,
 I think they'll crouch!

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

EPISTLE TO J. R*****,

ENCLOSING SOME POEMS.

O ROUGH, rude, ready-witted R*****,
 The wale o' cocks for fun and drinkin
 There's monie godly folks are thinkin,
 Your dreams* an' tricks
 Will send you, Korah-like, a sinkin,
 Straight to auld Nick's.

Ye hae sae monie cracks an' cants,
 And in your wicked, drucken rants,
 Ye mak a devil o' the saunts,
 And fill them fou ;
 And then their failings, flaws, an' wants,
 Are a' seen thro'.

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it!
 That holy robe, O dinna tear it!
 Spar't for their sakes wha aften wear it,
 The lads in black ;
 But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
 Rives't aff their back.

Think, wicked sinner, wha ye're skaithing,
 It's just the blue-gown badge an' claithing

* A certain humorous dream of his was then making a noise in the country-side.

O' saunts ; tak that, ye lea'e them naething
 To ken them by,
 Frae ony unregen'rate heathen,
 Like you or I.

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

Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing !
 My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing
 I've play'd mysel a bonie spring,
 An' danc'd my fill !
 I'd better gaen an' sair'd the king,
 At Bunker's Hill !

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

The poor, wee thing was little hurt,
 I straiokit it a wee for sport,
 Ne'er thinkin they wad fash me for't,
 But deil-may-care !
 Somebody tells the poacher-court
 The hale affair.

* A song he had promised the author.

Some auld-us'd hands had taen a note
 That sic a hen had got a shet;
 I was suspected for the plot;
 I scorn'd to lie,
 So gat the whissle o' my groat,
 An' pay't the fee.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,
 An' by my pouthier an' my hail,
 An' by my hen, an' by her tail,
 I vow an' swear!
 The game shall pay, o'er moor an' dale,
 For this, niest year.

As soon's the clockin-time is by,
 An' the wee pouts begin to cry,
 L—d, I'se hae sportin by an' by,
 For my gowd guinea,
 Tho' I should herd the buckskin kye
 For't in Virginia.

Trowth, they had muckle for to blame!
 'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,
 But twa-three draps about the wame,
 Scarce thro' the feathers
 An' baith a yellow George to claim,
 An' thole their bletthers!

It pits me ay as mad's a hare;
 So I can rhyme nor write nae mair
 But pennyworths again is fair,
 When time's expedient
 Meanwhile, I am, respected sir,
 Your most obedient.

TO DR. BLACKLOCK.

ELLISLAND, OCTOBER, 21, 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 ye ay 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 tald mysel, by word o' mouth,
 He'd tak my letter;
 I lippen'd to the chiel in trowth,
 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 guager — peace be here!
 Parnassian queens, I fear, I fear
 Ye'll now disdain me;

* Mr. Heron, author of a History of Scotland, and various other works.

And then my fifty pounds a year
Will little gain me.

Ye glaikit, gleesome, daintie 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 an' twa wee laddies ;
They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies
Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is,
I need nae vaunt,
Bat I'll sned besoms — thraw saugh woodies,
Before they want.

Lord help me thro' this world o' care !
I'm weary, sick o't late and air !
Not but I hae a richer share
Than monie ithers :
But why should ae man better fare,
And a' men brithers ?

Come, Firm Resolve, take thou the van,
Thou stalk o' earl-hemp in man !
And let us mind, fairt 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 !
An' gratefully, my guid auld cockie,
I'm yours for ay.

ROBERT BURNS



TO COLONEL DE PEYSTER.

DUMFRIES, 1796.

MY honor'd Colonel, deep I feel
Your int'rest in the Poet's weal ;
Ah! how sma' heart hae I to speel
The steep Parnassus,
Surrounded thus by bolus pill,
And potion glasses.

O, what a cantie world were it,
Would pain, and care, and sickness spare it ;
And fortune favor worth and merit,
As they deserve :
(And ay a rowth, roast-beef and claret ;
Syne wha wad starve ?)

Dame Life, tho' fiction out may trick her,
And in paste gems and fripp'ry deck her ;
Oh! flick'ring, feeble, and unsicker
I've found her still.

Ay wav'ring like the willow wicker,
 'Tween good and ill.

Then that curst carmagnole, auld Satan,
 Watches, like baudrans by a rattan,
 Our sinfu' saul to get a claut on,
 Wi' felon ire;
 Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on,
 He's aff like fire.

Ah, Nick! ah, Nick! it is na fair,
 First showing us the tempting ware,
 Bright wines and bonie lasses rare,
 To put us daft;
 Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare,
 O' hell's damn'd waft.

Poor man, the fie, aft bizzies by,
 And aft as chance he comes thee nigh,
 Thy auld damn'd elbow yeuks wi' joy,
 And hellish pleasure;
 Already in thy fancy's eye
 Thy sicker treasure.

Soon, heels 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 frae the devil.
 Amen! Amen!



LETTER

TO J—S T—T GL—NC—R.

AULD comrade dear, and brither sinner,
 How's a' the folk about Gl—nc—r?
 How do you this blae eastlin wind,
 That's like to blaw a body blind?
 For me, my faculties are frozen,
 My dearest memler nearly dozen'd!
 I've sent you here my Johnny Simson,
 Twa sage philosophers to glimpse on;
 Smith, wi' his sympathetic feeling,
 An' Reid to common sense appealing.
 Philosophers have fought an' wrangled,
 And meikle Greek an' Latin mangled,
 Till wi' their logic-jargon tir'd,
 An' in the depth of science mir'd,
 To common sense they now appeal
 What wives and wabsters see an' feel:
 But hark ye, friend, I charge you strictly
 Peruse them an' return them quickly;
 For now I'm grown sae cursed douce,
 I pray an' ponder *butt* the house,
 My shins, my lane, I there sit roasting,
 Perusing Bunyan, Brown, and Boston.

Till by an' by, if I haud on,
 I'll grunt a real Gospel groan;
 Already I begin to try it,
 To cast my een up like a pyet,
 When by the gun she tumbles o'er,
 Flutt'ring an' gasping in her gore:
 Sae shortly you shall see me bright,
 A burning an' a shining light.

My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen,
 The ace an' wale of honest men;
 When bending down with auld gray hairs,
 Beneath the load of years and cares,
 May he who made him still support him,
 An' views beyond the grave comfort him.
 His worthy fam'ly far and near,
 God bless them a' wi' grace and gear.

My auld school-fellow, Preacher Willie,
 The manly tar, my mason Billie,
 An' Auchencroft, I wish him joy;
 If he's a parent, lass or boy,
 May he be dad, and Meg the mither,
 Just five-an'-forty years thegither!
 An' no forgetting wabster Charlie,
 I'm tauld he offers very fairly.
 An', L—d, remember singing Sannock,
 Wi' hale breeks, saxpence, an' a bannock;
 And next, my auld acquaintance, Nancy,
 Since she is fitted to her fancy;
 An' her kind stars hae airted till her
 A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller.
 My kindest, best respects I sen' it,
 To cousin Kate, an' sister Janet;
 Tell them frae me, wi' chieles be cautious,

For faith, they'll aiblins fin' them fashious ·
 To grant a heart is fairly civil,
 But to grant a maidenhead's the devil!
 An' lastly, Jamie, for yoursel,
 May guardian angels tak a spell,
 An' steer you seven miles south o' hell
 But first, before you see heav'n's glory,
 May ye get monie a merry story,
 Monie a laugh and monie a drink,
 An' ay enough o' needfu' clink.

Now fare ye weel, an' 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 man:
 Sae I conclude, and quat my chanter,
 Your's, saint or sinner,

ROB THE RANTER



TO MR. MITCHELL,

COLLECTOR OF EXCISE, DUMFRIES, 1796.

FRIEND of the Poet, tried and lea',
 Wha, wanting thee, might beg or steal ·
 Alake, alake, the meikle deil
 Wi' a' his witches
 Are at it, skelpin! jig an' reel,
 In my poor pouches.

I modestly, fu' fain wad hint it,
 That one pound one, I sairly want it

f wi' the hizzie down ye send it,
 It would be kind;
 And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted,
 I'd bear't in mind.

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

POSTSCRIPT

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

But, by that health, I've got a share o't,
 And by that life, I'm promis'd mair o't,
 My hale and weel I'll take a care o't,
 A tentier way;
 Then fareweel folly, hide an' hair o't,
 For ance and aye.

TO THE GUIDWIFE OF WAUCHOPE-HOUSE

N ANSWER TO AN EPISTLE WHICH SHE HAD SENT
THE AUTHOR.

I.

Guidwife :—

I MIND it weel in early date,
When I was beardless, young, and blate,
 And first could thresh the barn;
Or haud a yokin at the pleugh;
An' tho' for foughten sair enough,
 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, an' haivers,
 Wearing the day awa.

II.

Ev'n then, a wish, I mind it's 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 book could make,
 Or sing a sang at least.
The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide
 Amang the bearded bear,

I turn'd the weeder-clips aside,
 An' 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.

III.

But still the elements o' sang,
 In formless jumble, right an' wrang,
 Wild floated in my brain;
 Till on that har'st I said before,
 My partner in the merry core,
 She rous'd the forming strain!
 I see her yet, the sonsie quean,
 That lighted up her jingle,
 Her witching smile, her pauky een,
 That gar't my heart-strings tingle;
 I fir'd, inspir'd,
 At ev'ry kindling keek,
 But bashing, and dashing,
 I feared ay to speak.

IV.

Hail to the set! ilk guid chiel says,
 Wi' merry dance in winter days,
 An' we to share in common;
 The gust o' joy, the balm o' wo,
 The saul o' life, the heav'n below,
 Is rapture-giving woman.
 Ye surly sumpsh, 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.

v.

For you, na bred to barn or 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,
 'Douse hinging o'er my curple,
 Than onie ermine ever lap,
 Or proud imperial purple.
 Fareweel, then, lang hale then,
 An' plenty be your fa'.
 May losses and crosses
 Ne'er at your hallan ca'.

March, 1787.

R. BURNS.

TO J. RANKEN,

ON HIS WRITING TO THE AUTHOR THAT A GIRL WAS
 WITH CHILD BY HIM.

I AM a keeper of the law
 In some sma' points, altho' not a';
 Some people tell me gin I fa',
 Ae way or ither,
 The breaking of ae point, tho' sma',
 Breaks a' thegither.

I hae been in for't ance or twice,
 And winna say o'er far for thrice,
 Yet never met with that surprise
 That broke my rest;
 But now a rumor's like to rise,
 A whaup's i' the nest.



ADDRESS

TO AN ILLEGITIMATE CHILD.

THOU'S welcome, wean, mishanter fa' me,
 If aught of thee, or of thy mammy,
 Shall ever danton me, or awe me,
 My sweet wee lady,
 Or if I blush when thou shalt ca' me
 Tit-ta or daddy.

Wee image of my bonie Betty,
 I fatherly will kiss an' daut thee,
 As dear an' near my heart I set thee,
 Wi' as guid will,
 As a' the priests had seen me get thee,
 That's out o' h-ll.

What tho' they ca' me fornicator,
 An' tease my name in kintry-clatter;
 The mair they tauk I'm kent the better;
 E'en let them clash;
 An auld wife's tongue's a feckless matter
 To gie ane fash.

Sweet fruit o' monie a merry dint,
 My funny tiel is now a' tint,
 Sin' thou came to the warl asklent,
 Which fools may scoff at;
 In my last plack thy part's be in't —
 The better half o't.

An' if thou be what I wad hae thee,
 An' tak the counsel I shall gie thee,
 A lovin father I'll be to thee,
 If thou be spar'd;
 Thro' a' thy childish years I'll e'e thee,
 An' think't weel war'd.

Gude grant that thou may ay inherit
 Thy mither's person, grace, an' merit,
 An' thy poor, worthless daddy's spirit,
 Without his failins;
 'Twill please me mair to hear an' see't,
 Than stocket mailins.



TO A TAILOR,

IN ANSWER TO AN EPISTLE WHICH HE HAD SENT
 AUTHOR.

WHAT ails ye now, ye lousie b—h,
 To thresh my back at sic a pitch?
 Losh man! hae mercy wi' your natch,
 Your bodkin's bauld,
 I did na suffer half sae much
 Frae daddy Auld.

What tho' at times, when I grow crouse,
 I gie their wanes a random pouse,
 Is that enough for you to souse
 Your servant sae?
 Gae, mind your seam, ye prick the louse
 An' jag the flae.

King David, o' poetic brief,
 Wrought 'mang the lasses sic mischief
 As fill'd his after life wi' grief
 An' bloody rants;
 An' yet he's rank'd amang the chief
 O' lang syne saunts.

And, may be, Tam, for a' my cants,
 My wicked rhymes, an' drucken rants;
 I'll gie auld cloven Clooty's haunts
 An unco slip yet;
 An' snugly sit amang the saunts,
 At Davie's hip yet.

But fegs, the session says I maun
 Gae fa' upo' anither plan,
 Than garren lasses cowp the cran,
 Clean heels owre body,
 And sairly thole their mithers' ban
 Afore the howdy.

This leads me on to tell, for sport
 How I did with the session sort —
 Auld Clinkum at the inner port
 Cried three times, "Robin!
 Come hither, lad, an' answer for't,
 Ye're blam'd for jobbin."

Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on,
 An' snoov'd awa' before the session;
 I made an open, fair confession,
 I scorn'd to lie;
 An' syne Mess John, beyond expression,
 Fell foul o' me.

A fornicator loun he call'd me,
 An' said my faut frae bliss expell'd me;
 I own'd the tale was true he tell'd me,
 " But what the matter? "
 Quo' I, " I fear, unless ye geld me,
 I'll ne'er be better."

" Geld you! " quo' he, " and whatfore no,
 If that your right hand, leg, or toe,
 Should ever prove your spir'tual foe,
 You should remember
 To cut it aff, and whatfore no
 Your dearest member."

" Na, na, " quo' I, " I'm no for that:
 Gelding's nae better than 'tis ca't.
 I'd rather suffer for my faut,
 A hearty flewit,
 As sair owre hip as ye can draw't!
 Tho' I should rue it.

" Or gin ye like to end the bother,
 To please us a' I've just ae ither;
 When next wi' yon lass I forgather,
 Whate'er betide it,
 I'll frankly gie her't a' thegither,
 An' let her guide it."

But sir, this pleas'd them warst ava,
 An' therefore, Tam, when that I saw,
 I said "Guid night," and cam awa',
 An' left the session ;
 I saw they were resolved a'
 On my oppression.



TO MR. WILLIAM TYTLER,

WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

REVERED 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 despised and neglected.

Tho' 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 avow'd by my country.

But why of that epocha make such a fuss?

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

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.



EPISTLE

TO R. GRAHAM, ESQ., OF FINTRA.

WHEN Nature her great masterpiece design'd,
 And fram'd her last, best work, the human mind,
 Her eye intent on all the mazy plan,
 She form'd of various parts the various man.

Then first she calls the useful many forth
 Plain, plodding industry, and sober worth

Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth
 And merchandise, whole genus take their birth,
 Each prudent 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, physics, politics, and deep divines:
 Last, she sublimes th' Aurora of the poles,
 The flashing elements 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 labor o'er,
 Half jest, she tried one curious labor more,
 Some spumy, fiery, *ignis fatuus* matter;
 Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter;
 With arch alacrity and conscious glee,
 (Nature may have her whim as well as we,
 Her Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to show it,)
 She forms the thing, and christens it—a poet.
 Creature, though oft the prey of care and sorrow,
 When blest to-day unmindful of to-morrow.
 A being form'd to amuse his graver friends,
 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 frequent all 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,
 Attached him to the generous, truly great,
 A title, and the only one I claim,
 'To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.

Pity the tuneful Muses' hapless train,
 Weak, timid landsmen on life's stormy main!
 Their hearts no selfish, stern, absorbent stuff,
 That neither gives — though humbly takes enough:
 The little fate allows, they share as soon,
 Unlike sage, proverb'd Wisdom's hard-wrung boon.
 The world were bless'd did bliss on them depend —
 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 once, 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 hope for future times.
 Why shrinks my soul half-blushing, half-afraid,
 Backward, abashed to ask thy friendly aid?
 I know my need, I know thy giving hand,
 I crave thy friendship at thy kind command;

But there are such who court the tuneful Nine—
Heavens! should the branded character be mine!
Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows
Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose.
Mark, how their lofty, independent spirit
Soars on the spurning wing of 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 clamorous cry of starving want,
They dun benevolence with shameful front;
Oblige them, patronize 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 piebald jacket let me patch once more;
On eighteen-pence a week I've lived before.
Though, thanks to heaven! I dare even that last shift
I trust, meantime, my boon is in thy gift;
That placed by thee upon the wished-for height,
Where, Man and Nature fairer in her sight,
My Muse may imp her wing or some sublimer flight.

TO THE SAME.

LATE crippled of an arm, and now a leg,
About to beg a pass for leave to beg;
Dull, listless, teas'd, dejected and deprest,
'Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest,)

Will gen'rous Graham list his Poet's wail?
 (It soothes poor Misery heark'ning 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 forest, and one spurns the ground:
 Thou gi'est the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
 Th' envenomed wasp, victorious, guards his cell.
 Thy minions, 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 step-mother, and hard,
 To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard!
 A thing unteachable in the 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 dulness, comfortable fur,
 In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
 He bears th' unbroken blast from ev'ry side:
 Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart,
 And scorpion critics cureless venom dart.

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

His heart by causeless, wanton malice wrung,
 By blockheads' daring into madness stung;
 His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
 By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear.
 Foil'd, bleeding, tortur'd in th' unequal strife,
 The hapless poet flounders on thro' life,
 Till fled each hope that once his bosom fir'd,
 And fled each Muse that glorious once inspir'd,
 Low sunk in squallid, unprotected age,
 Dead, ev'n resentment for his injur'd page,
 He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's rage

So, by some hedge, the gen'rous steed deceas'd,
 For half-starv'd, snarling curs a dainty feast;
 By toil and famine wore to skin and bone,
 Lies senseless of each tuggin bitch's son.

O, Dulness! portion of the truly blest;
 Calm, shelter'd haven of eternal rest!
 Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
 Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams
 If mantling high she fills the golden cup
 With sober, selfish ease they sip it up;
 Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
 They only wonder "some folks" do not starve.
 The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
 And thinks the mallard a sad, worthless dog.
 When disappointment snaps the clue of hope,
 And 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 Muses' mad-cap train,
 Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain;
 In equanimity they never dwell,
 By turns in soaring heav'n 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;)
 O! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish prayer!
 FINTRA, my other stay, long bless and spare!
 Thro' 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



TO THE SAME,

ON RECEIVING A FAVOR.

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 wand'ring spheres,
Only to number out a villain's years!



TO A GENTLEMAN

WHOM THE AUTHOR HAD OFFENDED.

THE friend whom wild from wisdom's way
The fumes of wine infuriate send;
(Nor moony madness more astray;)
Who but deplores that hapless friend?

Mine was the insensate, frenzied part,
Ah! why should I such scenes outlive?
Scenes so abhorrent to my heart!
'Tis thine to pity and forgive

TO A GENTLEMAN

WHO HAD SENT HIM A NEWSPAPER, AND OFFERED TO
CONTINUE IT FREE OF EXPENSE.

KIND sir I've read your paper through,
And faith, to me, 'twas really new !
How guess'd ye, sir, what maist I wanted ?
This monie a day I've grain'd and gaunted,
To ken what French mischief was brewin ;
Or what the drumblie 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 play anither Charles the Twalt ;
If Denmark, any 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 a—ses yet were tax'd;
 The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,
 Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera-girls;
 If that daft buckie, Geordie Wales,
 Was threshing still at hissiess' tails,
 Or if he has grown oughtlins douser,
 And no a perfect kintra cooser;—
 A' this and mair I never heard of,
 An' 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, 1790.



SKETCH,

TO MRS DUNLOP, ON A NEW YEAR'S DAY.

THIS day, Time winds the exhausted chain,
 To run the twelvemonth's length again;
 I see the auld bauld-pated fellow,
 With ardent eyes, complexion sallow,
 Ajust the unimpair'd machine,
 To wheel the equal, dull 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 fair 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 do we hear?
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 woful night. —
Since then, my honor'd, first of friends,
On this poor being all depends;
Let us th' important *now* employ,
And live as those that never die.
Tho' you, with days and honors 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.

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

ON GIVING HER THE ACCUSTOMED RIP OF CORN TO
HANSEL IN THE NEW YEAR.

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

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff, an' crazy,
An' thy auld hide's us white's a daisy,
I've seen thee dappl't, sleek, an' glaizie,
A bonie gray;
He should been tight that daur't to raise thee
Ance in a day.

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

It's now some nine-an'-twenty year
Sin' thou was my guid father's meere
He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
An' fifty mark;

Tho' it was sma', 'twas weel-won gear,
An' thou was stark.

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

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

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

When thou an' I were young an' skeigh,
An' stable meals at fairs were dreigh,
How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' skreigh,
An' tak the road!
Town's bodies ran, an' stood abeigh,
An' ca't thee mad.

When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow,
We took the road ay like a swallow;
At Brooses thou had ne'er a fellow,
For pith an' speed;

But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow
Where'er thou gaed.

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

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

Thou never braindg't, an' fech't, an' fiskit,
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,
An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket,
Wi' pith and pow'r,
Till spritty knowes wad rair't and risket,
An' slypet owre.

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

In cart or car thou never restit;
The steyst brae thou wad hae fac'd 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 nurst;
 They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,
 The vera warst.

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

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

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

THE DEATH AND DYING WORDS OF POOR
MAILIE, THE AUTHIOR'S ONLY PET YOWE.

AN UNCO MOURNFU' TALE.

As Mailie an' her lambs thegither,
Where ae day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,
An' owre she warsl'd in the ditch;
There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
When Hughoc* he came doytin by.

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

“O thou, whase lamentable face,
Appears to mourn my wofu' case!
My dying words attentive hear,
An' bear them to my master dear.

“Tell him, if e'er again he keep
As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
O, bid him never tie them mair
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair.
But ca' them out to park or hill,
An' let them wander at their will;

* A neighbor herd-calla.

So may his flock increase, an' grow
To scores o' lambs, an' packs o' woo'!

“Tell him he was a master kin',
An' ay was guid to me an' mine;
An' now my dying charge I gie him,
My helpless lambs, I trust them wi' him.

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

“An' may they never learn the gaets
Of ither vile wanrestfu' pets!
To slink thro' slaps, an' reve, an' steal,
At stacks o' peas, or stocks o' kail.
So may they, like their great forbears,
For monie a year come thro' the shears;
So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
An' bairns greet for them when they're dead.

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

“An' niest my yowie, silly thung.
Gude keep thee frae a tether-string.

O' may thou ne'er forgather up
 Wi' ony blastit, moorland toop;
 But ay keep mind to moop an' mell
 Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel'!

“ And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath,
 I lea'e my blessin' wi' you baith;
 An' when you think upo' your nither
 Mind to be kin' to ane anither.

“ Now, honest Hughoc, dinna fail,
 To tell my master a' my tale;
 An' bid him burn this cursed tether,
 An', for thy pains, thous'e get my blether.

This said, poor Mailie turn'd her head
 An' clos'd her een amang 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 cap-stane o' 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 neebor dear,
 In Mailie dead.

Thro' a' the town see trotted by him,
 A lang half mile she could descry him;
 Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
 She ran wi' speed;
 A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him
 Than Mailie dead.

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

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

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

Wae worth the man wha first did shape
 That vile, wanchancie thing—a rape!
 It maks guid fellows girn an' gape,
 Wi' chokin' dread;

An' Robin's bonnet wave wi' crape,
For Mailie dead.

O, a' ye bards on bonie Doon!
An' wha on Ayr your chanters tune
Come, join the melancholious croon
O' Robin's reed!

His heart will never get aboon
His Mailie dead!

BOOK IV.

HUMOROUS, SATIRICAL, EPIGRAMMATICAL, AND MISCELLANEOUS.

TAM O'SHANTER.

A TALE.

Of Brownie's and of Bogie's full is this buke.

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate ;
While we set bousing at the nappy,
An' gettin' fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gath'ring her brows, like gath'ring 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 bonie lasses)

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market day thou was na 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 L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton 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 monie counsels sweet,
How monie 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, drouther 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 ay the ale was growing better;
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favors, 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 flow'r, its bloom is shed !
 Or, like the snow-falls in the river,
 A moment white — then melts for ever ;
 Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place ;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
 Evanishing amid the storm !

Nae man can tether time or tide ;
 The hour approaches Tam maun ride ;
 That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
 That dreary hour he mounts his beast in ;
 And sic a night he taks the road in,
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last,
 The rattling 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 gray mare, Meg, —
 A better never lifted leg, —
 Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
 Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
 Whyles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
 Whyles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,
 Whyles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares
 Lest bogles catch him unawares;
 Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
 Where ghaists and houlets 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;
 An' 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 its floods,
 The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole,
 Near and more near the thunders roll;
 When, glimm'ring 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 canst make us scorn!
 Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
 Wi' usquebae, we'll face the devil!
 The swats sac ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
 Fair play, he car'd na 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, vow! Tam saw an unco sight!
 Warlocks and witches in a dance, —
 Nae cotillon brent new frae France,
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
 Put life and 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 his pipes, and gart them skirl
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.

Coffins stood round like open presses,
 That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses
 And, by some devilish cantrip slight,
 Each in its cauld hand held a light,
 By which, heroic Tam was able
 To note, upon the haly table,
 A murd'ers banes in gibbet airns,
 Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns
 A thief, new-cutt'd frae a rape,
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
 Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted,
 Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;
 A garter which a babe had strangled,
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft, —
 The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;
 Three lawyers' tongues turn'd inside out,
 Wi' lies seam'd like a beggar's clout;
 And priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck,
 Lay, stinking, vile, in ev'ry neuk.

Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glow'r'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 cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and rêekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queans,
A' plump and strapping, in their teens ;
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white, seventeen hunder linen !
These brecks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them aff my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonie burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Lowping an' flinging on a crummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But 'Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie ;
There was ae winsome wench and walie,
That night enlisted in the core,
(Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore !
For monie a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd monie a bonie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear.)

Her cutty-sark, o' Paisley harn,
 That while a lassie she had worn,
 In longitude tho sorely scanty,
 It was her best, and she was vauntie.
 Ah! little kenn'd thy rev'rend 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 cow'r;
 Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
 To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
 (A souple jad she was and strang;)
 And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
 And thought his very een enrich'd;
 Ev'n Satan glow'r'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
 And hotch'd, and blew wi' might and main;
 Till first ae caper, syne anither,
 Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
 And roars out, "Weel-done, Cutty-sark!"
 And in an instant a' was dark!
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
 When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
 When plund'ring 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' monie an eldritch screech and hollow!

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

In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!
 Kate soon will be a wofu' 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 dare na 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 aff her master hale,
 But left behind her ain gray tail!
 The carlin clautht her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump!

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
 Ilk man and mother's son take heed:
 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.

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

[The following poem will, by many readers, be well enough understood; but for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, notes are added, to give some account of the principal charms and spells of that night, so big with prophecy to the peasantry in the west of Scotland. The passion of prying into futurity makes a striking part of the history of human nature in its rude state, in all ages and nations; and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind, if any such should honor the author with a perusal, to see the remains of it among the more unenlightened in our own.]

HALLOWEEN.*

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
The simple pleasures of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm than all the gloss of art.

GOLDSMITH.

I.

UPON that night when fairies light,
On Cassilis Downans † dance,
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance;
Or for Colean the rout is taen,
Beneath the moon's pale beams;
There, up the cove, ‡ to stray an' rove

* It is thought to be a night when witches, devils, and other mischief-making beings, are all a-broad on their baneful midnight errands; particularly those aerial people, the fairies, are said on that night to hold a grand anniversary.

† Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighborhood of the ancient seat of the earls of Cassilis.

‡ A noted cavern near Colean-house, called the Cove of Colean, which, as well as Cassilis Downans, is famed in country story for being a favorite haunt for fairies.

Amang the rocks an' streams,
To sport that night.

II.

Amang the bonie, winding banks,
Where Doon rins, wimplin, 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, an' pou their stocks,
An' haud their Halloween,
Fu' blythe that night.

III.

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

IV.

Then first and foremost, thro' the kail,
Their stocks † maun a' be sought ance;

* The famous family of that name, the ancestors of Robert, the great deliverer of his country, were earls of Carrick.

† 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 toucher,

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

v.

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

vi.

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a',
 To pou their stalks o' corn ; *
 But Rab slips out, an' jinks about,
 Behint the muckle thorn :
 He grippet Nelly hard an' fast,

or fortune ; and the taste of the custock, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the runts, are placed somewhere above the head of the door : and the christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house, are, according to the priority of placing the runts, the names in question.

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

Loud skiled a' the lasses;
 But her tap-pickle maist was lost,
 When kiuttlin in the fause-house,*
 Wi' him that night.

VII.

The auld guidwifes's weel-hoarded nits †
 Are round an' round divided,
 An' monie lads' an' lasses' fates
 Are there that night decided:
 Some kindle, couthie, side by side,
 An' burn thegither trinly;
 Some start awa wi' saucy pride,
 An' jump out owre the chinlie,
 Fu' high that night.

VIII.

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 blecz'd owre her, an' she owre him,
 As they wad never mair part!
 Till, fuff! he started up the lum,
 An' Jean had e'en a sair heart,
 To see't that night.

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

† Burning the nuts is a 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

IX.

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

X.

Nell had the fause-house in her min',
 She pits hersel' an' Robin;
 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, stowlins, prie'd her bonie mou,
 Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
 Unseen that night.

XI.

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

* Whoever would, with success, try this spel, must strictly observe these directions: Steal out, all alone, into the kiln, and, darkling, throw

XII.

An' ay she win't, an' ay she swat,
 I wat she made nae jaukin;
 Till something held within the pat,
 Guid L—d, but she was quakin!
 But whether 'twas the Deil himsel',
 Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',
 Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
 She did nae wait on talkin
 To spier that night.

XIII.

Wee Jennie to her graunie says,
 "Will ye go wi' me, graunie?
 I'll eat the apple* at the glass,
 I gat frae uncle Johnnie:"
 She fuff't her pipe wi' sick a lunt,
 In wrath she was sae vap'rin,
 She notic't na, an aizle brunt
 Her braw new worset apron
 Out thro' that night.

XIV.

"Ye little skelpie limmer's face,
 How daur you try sic sportin,
 As seek the foul thief onie place,
 For him to spae your fortune?"

into the pot a clue of blue yarn; wind it in a new clue off the old one and, towards the latter end, something will hold the thread. Demand, Wha hauds? i. e., Who holds? An answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the christian and surname of your future spouse.

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

Nae doubt but ye may get a sight!
 Great cause ye have to fear it,
 For monie a uno has gotten a fright,
 An' lived an' died deleeret,
 On sic a night.

XV.

"Ae haerst afore the Sherra-moor,
 I mind't as weel's yestreen,
 I was a gilpey, then, I'm sure
 I was nae past fyfteen;
 The simmer had been cauld an' wat,
 An' stuff was unco green;
 An' ay a rantin kirn we gat,
 A' just on Halloween
 It fell that night.

XVI.

"Our stibble-rig was Rab M'Graem,
 A clever, sturdy fellow;
 He's sin' gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,
 That lived in Aehmacalla:
 He gat hemp-seed,* I mind it weel,
 An' he made unco light o't;
 But monie a day was by himsel',
 He was sae sairly frightet
 That vera night."

* Steal out, unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp-seed, harrowing it with anything you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat, now and then, "Hemp-seed, I saw thee; hemp-seed, I saw thee; and him (or her) that is to be my true-love, come after me, and 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 nae, and shaw thee," that is, show thyself; in which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, "Corie after me, and harrow thee."

XVII.

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

XVIII.

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

XIX.

He whistl'd up Lord Lennox's march,
 To keep his courage cheery;
 Although his hair began to arch,
 He was sae fley'd an' eerie;
 Till presently he hears a squeak,
 An' then a grane an' gruntle:
 He by his shouther gae a keek,
 An' tumbl'd wi' a wintle
 Out owre that night.

XX.

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

XXI.

Meg fain wad to the barn hae gaen,
 To winn 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,
 An' twa red cheekit apples,
 To watch, while for the barn she sets
 In hopes to see Tam Kipples
 That vera night.

XXII.

She turns the key wi' cannie thraw,
 And owre the threshold ventures;

* 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 etting 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.

But first on Sawnie gies a ca',
 Syne bauldly in she enters;
 A ratton rattled up the wa',
 An' she cried, L—d, preserve her!
 An' ran thro' midden-hole an' a',
 An' pray'd wi' zeal an' fervor,
 Fu' fast that night.

XXIII.

They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice:
 Then hecht him some fine brow ane
 It chanc'd the stack he faddom'd thrice*
 Was timber-propt for thrawin:
 He taks a swirlie, auld moss oak,
 For some black, grousome carlin;
 An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke,
 Till skin in blypes cam haulin,
 Aff's nieves that night.

XXIV.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
 As canty as a kittlen;
 But och! that night, amang the shaws,
 She got a fearfu' settlin!
 She thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,
 An' owre the hill gaed screevin,
 Whare three lairds' lands met at a burn,†

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

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

To dip her left sark-sleeve in,
Was bent that night.

XXV.

Whyles o'er a linn the burnie plays,
As thro' the glen it wimpl't;
Whyles round a rocky scar it strays;
Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazel,
Unseen that night.

XXVI.

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

XXVII.

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
'The luggies three* are ranged,

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

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

XXVIII.

Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks,
 I wat they did na weary;
 An' unco tales, an' funnie jokes,
 Their sports were cheap an' cheery.
 Till butter'd so'ns,* wi' fragrant lunt,
 Set a' their gabs a-steerin';
 Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
 They parted aff careerin',
 Fu' blythe that night.



THE JOLLY BEGGARS.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVO.

WHEN lyart leaves bestrow the yird,
 Or wav'ring like the Bauckie-bird, †
 Bedim cauld Boreas' blast;
 When hail-stanes drive wi' bitter skyte,

* Sowins, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the **Hallow**
 een supper.

† The old Scotch name for the Bat.

And infant frosts begin to bite,
 In hoary cranreuch drest ;
 Ae night at e'en a merry core
 O' randie, gangrel bodies,
 In Poosie-Nansie's held the splore,
 To drink their orra duddies :
 Wi' quaffing and laughing,
 They ranted and they sang ;
 Wi' jumping and thumping,
 The vera girdle rang.

First niest the fire, in auld red rags,
 Ane sat weel brac'd wi' mealy bags,
 And knapsack a' in order ;
 His doxy lay within his arm,
 Wi' usquebae an' blankets warm —
 She blinket on her sodger :
 An' ay he gives the tousie drab
 The tither skelpin kiss,
 While she held up her greedy gab
 Just like an a'mous dish.
 Ilk smack still did crack still,
 Just like a cadger's whip,
 Then, stagg'ring and swagg'ring
 He roar'd this ditty up : —

AIR.

TUNE — "*Soldier's Joy.*"

I.

I AM a son of Mars, who have been in many wars.
 And show my cuts and scars wherever I come

This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
 When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.
 Lal de daudle, &c.

II.

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

III.

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.

IV.

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 us'd in scarlet to follow a drum.
 Lal de daudle, &c

V.

What tho' with hoary locks, I must stand the winter
 shocks,
 Beneath the woods and rocks oftentimes for a home,

When the t'other bag I sell, and the t'other bottle tell,
I could meet a troop of hell at the sound of the drum.

Lal de daudle, &c

RECITATIVO.

He ended; and the kebars sheuk
Aboon the chorus roar;
While frightened rattans 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.

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 lal, &c.

II.

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.

III.

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 risked the *body* —
 'Twas then I prov'd false to my sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c

v.

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

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

v.

But the peace it reduc'd me to beg in despair,
 'Till I met my auld boy at Cunningham fair;
 His rags regimental they flutter'd so gaudy,
 My heart it rejoic'd at my sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c

VI.

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

Sing, Lal de lal, &c

 RECITATIVO.

'Then niest outspak a raucle carlin,
 Wha kent sae 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 waefu' woody!
 Wi' sighs and sobs she thus began
 To wail her braw John Highlandman

AIR.

TUNE — “*O, an' ye were dead, guidman.*”

I.

A Highland lad my love was born,
 The Lalland 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

II.

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

III.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,
 An' liv'd like lords an' ladies gay;

Wi' hand on haunch, an' 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't.*"

I.

Let me ryke up to dight that tear
 An' go wi' me to be my dear,
 An' then your ev'ry care an' fear
 May whistle o'er 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.

II.

At kirns and weddings we'se be there,
 And O! sae nicely's we will fare;
 We'll bouse about till daddie Care
 Sing whistle o'er the lave o't.
 I am, &c.

III.

Sae merrily the banes we'll pyke,
 An' sun oursels about the dyke

An' at our leisure, when we like,
 We'll whistle o'er the lave o't.
 I am, &c.

IV.

But bless me wi' your heav'n o' charms,
 An' while I kittle hair on thairms,
 Hunger, cauld, an' a' sic harms,
 May whistle o'er the lave o't.
 I am, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird,
 As weel as poor Gut-scraper;
 He taks the fiddler by the beard,
 And draws a rusty rapier.
 He swoor by a' was swearing worth,
 To speet him like a pliver,
 Unless he would, from that time forth,
 Relinquish her for ever.

Wi' ghastly e'e, poor tweedle-dee
 Upon his hunkers bended,
 And pray'd for grace, wi' ruefu' face,
 And sae the quarrel ended.
 But though his little heart did grieve,
 When round the tinker press'd her,
 He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve,
 When thus the Caird address'd her. —

AIR.

TUNE — "*Clout the Caudron.*"

I.

My bonie lass, I work in brass,
 A tinker is my station;
 I've travell'd round all Christian ground
 In this, my occupation.
 I've taen the gold, I've been enroll'd
 In many a noble squadron;
 But vain they search'd, when aff' I march'd
 To go and clout the caudron.
 I've taen the gold, &c.

II.

Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,
 Wi' a' his noise and cap'rin,
 And tak a share wi' those that bear
 The budget and the apron.
 And by that stowp! my faith and houp,
 And by that dear Keilbaigie,*
 If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,
 May I ne'er weet my craigie.
 And by that stowp, &c.

RECITATIVO.

The Caird prevail'd — th' unblushing fair
 In his embraces sunk,
 Partly wi' love o'ercome sae sair,
 An' partly she was drunk.

* A peculiar sort of whiskey, so called, a great favorite with Peosie Nansie's clubs.

Sir Violina, wi' an air
 That show'd a man of spunk,
 Wish'd unison between the pair,
 An' made the bottle clunk
 To their health that night.

But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft
 That play'd a dame a shavie,
 The fiddler rak'd her fore and aft,
 Behint the chicken cavie.
 Her lord, a wight o' Homer's * craft,
 Tho' limpin wi' the spavie,
 He hirpl'd up, and lap like daft,
 And shor'd them dainty Davie,
 O' boot that night.

He was a care-defying blade,
 As ever Bacchus listed;
 Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,
 His heart she ever miss'd it.
 He had nae wish but — to be glad;
 Nor want, but — when he thirsted!
 He hated nought, but — to be sad;
 And thus the Muse suggested
 His sang that night.

AIR.

TUNE — “*For a' that, and a' that.*”

1.

I am a Bard of no regard
 Wi' gentle folks, an' a' that;

* Homer is allowed to be the oldest ballad-singer on record.

But Homer-like, the glowran 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 ane, I've twa behin',
 I've wife enough for a' that.

II.

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.

III.

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.

IV.

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

V.

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

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

RECITATIVO

So sung the bard — and Nansie's wa's
 Shook wi' a thunder of applause,
 Re-echo'd from each mouth:
 They toom'd their pocks, an' pawn'd their duds,
 They scarcely left to co'er their fuds
 To quench their lowan drouth.

Then owre again, the jovial thrang
 The poet did request,
 To loose his pack, an' wale a sang,
 A ballad o' the best:
 He, rising, rejoicing,
 Between his twa Deborahs,
 Looks round him, an' found them
 Impatient for the chorus.

AIR

TUNE. — "*Jolly mortals, fill your glasses.*"

I.

See the smoking bowl before us!
 Mark our jovial, 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.

ii.

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.

iii.

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.

iv.

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

v.

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

VI.

Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets!
 Here's to all the wand'ring 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.

 DEATH AND DR. HORNBOOK.

A TRUE STORY.

SOME books are lies frae end to end,
 And some great lies were never penn'd:
 Ev'n ministers, they hae been kenn'd,
 In holy rapture,
 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 h-ll
 Or Dublin city;
 That e'er he nearer comes oursel'
 'S a muckle pity.

The Clachan yill had made me canty,
 I was nae fou, but just had plenty;

I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay
 To free the ditches;
 An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushes, kenn'd ay
 Frae ghaists an' witches.

The rising moon began to glow'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,
 An' todlin down on Willie's mill,
 Setting my staff wi' a' 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 shouter,
 Clear dangling hang;
 A three-tae'd leister on the ither
 Lay, large an' lang.

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

“Guid e’en,” quo’ I; “Friend! hae ye been mawin
When ither 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 spak right howe — “My name is Death!

But be na flej’d.” Quo’ I, “Guid faith!

Ye’re may be 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, gie’s your hand, an’ sae we’re gree’t,

We’ll ease our shanks, an’ tak a seat;

Come, gie’s your news;

This whyle † ye hae been monie a gate,

At monie a house.”

“Ay, ay!” quo’ he, an’ shook his head,

“It’s e’en a lang, lang time, indeed,

Sin’ I began to nick the tread,

An’ choke the breath:

* This rencontre happened in seed time, 1785.

† An epidemical fever was then raging in that country.

Folk maun do something for their bread,
An' sae maun Death!

“Sax thousand years are near hand fled
Sin' I was to the butchering bred,
An' monie a scheme in vain's been laid
 To stap or scar me;
Till ane Hornbook's* taen up the trade,
 An' faith, he'll waur me!

“Ye ken Jock Hornbook, i' the Clachan,
Deil mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan!
He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan,†
 An' ithar chaps,
The weans haud out their fingers laughin,
 An' pouk my hips.

“See, here's a scythe, and there's a dart,
They hae pierc'd monie a gallant heart;
But Doctor Hornbook, wi' his art,
 And cursed skill,
Has made them baith no worth a f—t,
 D—nn'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-may-care,
It just play'd dirl on the bane,
 But did nae mair.

* This gentleman, Dr Hornbook, is, professionally, a brother of the sovereign order of the Ferula, but, by intuition and inspiration, is at once an apothecary, surgeon, and physician.

† Buchan's Domestic Medicine.

"Hornbook 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 near haud cowpit wi' my hurry ;
 But yet the bauld Apothecary
 Withstood the shock ;
 I might as weel hae tried a quarry
 O' hard whin rock.

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

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

"Calces o' fossils, earth, 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 o’ capons ;
 Or mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
 Distill’d *per se* ;
 Sal alkali o’ midge-tail-clippings,
 And monie mae.”

“ Wae’s me for Johnny Ged’s Hole * now,”
 Quo’ I, “ if that the news be true !
 His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,
 Sae white an’ bonie,
 Nae doubt they’ll rive it wi’ the pleugh ;
 They’ll ruin Johnny ! ”

The creature grain’d an eldrietch laugh,
 And says, “ Ye need na yoke the pleugh ;
 Kirkyards will soon be till’d enough,
 Tak ye nae fear :
 They’ll a’ be trench’d wi’ monie 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 claith,
 By drap an’ pill.

“ An honest wabster to his trade,
 Whase wife’s twa nieves were scarce weel bred,
 Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
 When it was sair ;

* The grave-digger.

The wife slade cannie to her bed,
But ne'er spak mair.

“A countra laird had taen the batts,
Or some curmurring in his guts;
His only son for Hornbook sets,
An' pays him well:
The lad, for twa guid gimmer pets,
Was laird himsel'.

“A bonie lass, ye kenn'd her name,
Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame,
She trusts hersel', to hide her shame,
In Hornbook's care:
Horn sent her aff to her lang hame,
To hide it there.

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

“But hark! I'll tell you of a plot,
Tho' dinna ye be speaking o't;
I'll nail the self-conceited sot
As dead's a herrin;
Niest time we meet, I'll wad a groat,
He gets his fairin!”

But just as he began to tell,
The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell,

Some wee short hour ayont the twal,
 Which rais'd us baith;
 I took the way that pleas'd mysel',
 And sae did Death.



A DREAM.

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

[On reading, in the public papers, the Laureat's Ode, with the other parade of June 4, 1786, the author was no sooner dropt asleep, than he imagined himself transported to the birth-day levee; and in his dreaming fancy, made the following address.]

I.

GUID morning to your Majesty!
 May heav'n augment your blisses,
 On every new birth-day ye see,
 An humble poet wishes!
 My bardship here, at your levee,
 On sic a day as this is,
 Is sure an uncooth sight to see,
 Among the birth-day dresses
 Sae fine this day.

II.

I see ye're complimented thrang,
 By monie a lord and lady;
 "God save the king!" 's a cuckoo sang,
 That's unco easy said ay;
 The Poets, too, a venal gang

Wi' rhymes weel-turn'd and ready,
 Wad gar ye trow ye ne'er do wrang,
 But ay unerring steady,
 On sic a day.

III.

For me! before a monarch's face,
 Ev'n there I winna flatter;
 For neither pension, post, nor place,
 Am I your humble debtor;
 So, nae reflection on your grace,
 Your kingship to bespatter;
 There's monie waur been o' the race
 And aiblins ane been better,
 Than you this day.

IV.

'Tis very true, my sov'reign king,
 My skill may weel be doubted;
 But facts are chiels that winna ding,
 An' downa be disputed:
 Your royal nest, beneath your wing,
 Is e'en right reft an' clouted,
 And now the third part o' the string,
 An' less, will gang about it
 Than did ae day.

V.

Far be't frae me that I aspire
 To blame your legislation,
 Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,
 To rule this mighty nation!
 But faith! I muckle doubt, my Sire,
 Ye've trusted ministration
 To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,

Wad better fill'd their station,
 Than courts yon day.

VI.

And now ye've gien auld Britain peace,
 Her broken shins to plaster;
 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 wi' the geese,
 I shortly boost to pasture,
 I' the craft some day.

VII.

I'm no mistrusting Willie Pitt,
 When taxes he enlarges,
 (An' Will's a true guid fallow's get,
 A name not envy spairges,)
 That he intends to pay your debt,
 An' lessen a' your charges;
 But, G-d's sake! let nae saving-fit
 Abridge your bonie barges
 An' boats this day.

VIII.

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

IX.

Hail, Majesty most excellent!

While nobles strive to please ye,
Will ye accept a compliment

A simple Poet gies ye?

Thae bonie bairn-time, 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.

X.

For you, young potentate o' Wales,

I tell your Highness fairly,

Down pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,

I'm tauld ye're driving rarely;

But some day ye may gnaw your nails,

An' curse your folly sairly,

That e'er ye brak Diana's pales,

Or rattl'd dice wi' Charlie,

By night or day.

XI.

Yet aft a ragged cowte's been known

To mak a noble aiver;

So ye may doucely fill a throne,

For a' their clish-ma-claver:

There him * at Agincourt wha shone,

Few better were or braver;

And yet, wi' funny, queer Sir John,†

He was an unco shaver,

For monie a day.

* King Henry V † Sir John Falstaff. Vide Shakspeare.

XII.

For you, right rev'rend O—— —,
 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! an' get a wife to hug,
 Or, trowth! ye'll stain the mitre
 Some luckless day.

XIII.

Young, royal Tarry Breeks, I learn,
 Ye've lately come athwart her;
 A glorious galley,* stem an' stern,
 Weel rigg'd for Venus' barter;
 But first hang out, that she'll discern
 Your hymeneal charter,
 Then heave aboard your grapple airn,
 An' large upo' her quarter,
 Come full that day.

XIV.

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

* Alluding to the newspaper account of a certain royal sailor's amour

XV.

God bless you a'! consider now,
 Ye're unco muckle dautet;
 But ere the course o' life be thro'
 It may be bitter sautet:
 An' I hae seen their coggie fou,
 That yet hae tarrow'd at it;
 But or the day was done, I trow,
 The laggen they hae clautet,
 Fu' clean that day.

 SCOTCH DRINK.

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

SOLOMON'S PROVERBS, xxxi. 6, 7

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

O thou, my Muse! guid auld Scotch Drink,
 Whether thro' wimpling worms thou jink

Or, richly brown, ream o'er the brink,
 In glorious facm,
 Inspire me, till I lisp and wink,
 To sing thy name.

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

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

Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin';
 Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin',
 When heavy dragg'd wi' pine and grievin';
 But oil'd by thee,
 The wheels o' life gae down-hill, scrievin',
 Wi' rattlin' glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear;
 Thou cheers the heart o' drooping Care;
 Thou strings the nerves of Labor sair,
 At's weary toil;
 Thou even brightens dark Despair
 Wi' gloomy smile.

Aft, clad in massy silver weed,
 Wi' Gentles thou erects thy head;

Yet humbly kind in time o' need,
 The poor man's wine,
 His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
 Thou kitchens fine.

Thou art the life o' public haunts;
 But thee, what were our fairs and rants?
 Ev'n godly meetings o' the saunts,
 By thee inspir'd,
 When gaping they besiege the tents
 Are doubly fir'd.

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

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,
 An' ploughmen gather wi' their graith,
 O rare! to see the fizz an' freath
 I' the lugget caup!
 Then Burnewin comes on like death
 At ev'ry chaup.

Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel;
 The brawnie, bainie, ploughman chiel',
 Brings hard owrc'hip, with sturdy wheel,
 The strong forehammer,
 Till block an' studdie ring an' reel
 Wi' dinsome clamor.

When skirlin weanies see the light,
 Thou maks the gossips clatter bright,

How funlin' cuifs their dearies slight;
 Wae worth the name!
 Nae howdie gets a social night,
 Or plack frae them.

When neebors anger at a plea,
 An' just as wud as wud can be,
 How easy can the barley bree
 Cement the quarrel;
 It's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee,
 To taste the barrel.

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

Wae worth that brandy, burning trash,
 F'ell source o' monie a pain an' brash!
 Twins monie a poor, doylt, drunken hash,
 O' half his days;
 An' 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,
 W' bitter, deathfu' wines to mell,
 Or foreign gill.

May gravels round his blather wretch,
 An' gouts torment him inch by inch,

Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
 O' sour disdain,
 Out owre a glass o' whiskey-punch
 Wi' honest men.

O Whiskey! soul o' plays an' pranks!
 Accept a Bardie's humble thanks!
 When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks
 Are my poor verses!
 Thou comes — they rattle i' their ranks
 At ither's a——s!

Thee, Ferintosh! O sadly lost!
 Scotland, lament frae coast to coast!
 Now colic grips, and barkin hoast,
 May kill us a';
 For loyal Forbes' chartered boast
 Is ta'en awa'!

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

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

THE AUTHOR'S EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER*
 TO THE 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 an' Squires,
 Wha represent our burghs an' shires,
 An' douccly manage our affairs
 In parliament;
 To you a simple Poet's prayers
 Are humbly sent.

Alas! my roudet Muse is hearse!
 Your honors' hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,
 To see her sittin on her a—e,
 Low i' the dust,
 An' sciechin out prosaic verse,
 An' like to brust!

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

* This was written before the act anent the Scotch distilleries, of session 1786; for which Scotland and the author return their most grateful thanks.

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

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

In gath'ring votes you were na slack;
 Now stand as tightly by your tack;
 Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back,
 An' hum an' haw;
 But raise your arm, an' tell your crack
 Before them a'.

Paint Scotland greeting owre her thrissle;
 Her muchkin stoup as toom's a whistle;
 An' d-mn'd excisemen in a bussle,
 Seizin a stell,
 Triumphant crushin't like a mussel
 Or lampit shell.

Then on the tither hand present her,
 A blackguard smuggler right behind her,
 An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie vintner,
 Colleaguin join,
 Picking her pouch as bare as winter,
 Of a' kind coin.

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

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

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

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

Dempster, a true-blue Scot I'se warrant;
 Thee, aith-detesting, chaste Kilkerran;*
 An' that glib-gabbet Highland Baron,
 The Laird o' Graham;†

* Sir Adam Ferguson. † The present Duke of Montrose — (1800.)

An' strive wi' a' your wit an' lear,
 To get remead.

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

Tell yon guid bluid o' auld Bockonnock's,
 I'll be his debt twa mashlum bannocks,
 An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnocks,*
 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 need na fear their foul reproach,
 Nor erudition;
 Yon mixtia-maxtie, queer hotch-potch,
 The Coalition.

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

* A worthy old hostess of the author's, in Mauchline, where he sometimes studied politics over a glass of guid auld Scotch drink.

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

God bless your honors a' your days,
 Wi' soups o' kail, an' brats o' claise,
 In spite o' a' the thievish kaes,
 That haunt Saint Jamie's!
 Your humble Poet sings an' prays
 While Rab his name is.

P O S T S C R I P T .

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

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

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

Till skelpt — 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,
An' there's the foe!
He has na thought but how to kill
T'wa at a blow!

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him ;
Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him ;
Wi' bluidy hand a welcome gies him :
An' when he fa's,
His latest draught o' breathin' lea'es him
In faint huzzas!

Sages their solemn een may steek,
An' raise a philosophic reek,
An' physically causes seek,
In clime an' season ;
But tell me Whiskey's name in Greek,
I'll tell the reason!

Scotland, my auld respected mither !
Tho' whyles ye moistify your leather,
Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather,
Ye tine your dam ;
(Freedom an' Whiskey gang thegither !
Tak aff your dram.

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL.

O Prince! O Chief of many-throned Pow'rs,
That led th' embattled Seraphim to war.

MILTON.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
 The stars shot down wi' sklentint' 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 stour, quaick—quaick—
 Amang the springs,
 Awa ye squatter'd, like a drake,
 On whistling wings.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lang syne, in Eden's bonie yard,
 When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
 An' a' the saul of love they shar'd
 The raptur'd hour ;
 Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird,
 In shady bow'r :

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

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
 Wi' reekit duds, an' reestit gizz,
 Ye did present your smoutie phiz
 'Mang better folk,
 An' sklented on the Man of Uz
 Your spitefu' joke ?

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,
 An' brak him out o' house an' hall,
 While scabs an' blotches did him gall,
 Wi' bitter claw,
 An' lows'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked Scawl,
 Was warst ava ?

But a' your doings to rehearse,
 Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce,
 Sin' that day Michael* did you pierce,
 Down to this time,

Wad ding a Lalland tongue, or Erse,
 In prose or rhyme.

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

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

ON THE LATE CAPTAIN GROSE'S PEREGRI-
 NATIONS THROUGH SCOTLAND,

COLLECTING THE ANTIQUITIES OF THAT KINGDOM.

HEAR! land o' cakes, and brither Scots.
 Frae Maidenkirke to Johnny Groat's,
 If there's a hole in a' your coats,
 I rede ye tent it:
 A chiel's amang you taking notes,
 And, faith, he'll prent it.

If in your bounds ye chance to light,
 Upon a fine, fat, fodgeg wight,

O' stature short, but genius bright,
 . That's he — mark weel;
 And wow! he has an unco slight
 O' cauk and keel.

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

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or cham'er,
 Ye gipsey-gang that deal in glamor,
 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 ane wad rather fa'n than fled;
 But now he's quat the spurtle blade,
 And dog-skin wallet,
 And taen the — antiquarian trade,
 I think they call it.

He has a fouth o' al. nick-nackets!
 Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets,†
 Wad had the Lothians three in tackets,
 A towmont guid;
 And paraitch-pats, and auld saut-buckets,
 Before the flood.

* Vide his Antiquities of Scotland † Vide his Treatise on Ancient
 Armor and Weapons.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder;
 Auld Tubal Cain's fire-shool and fender;
 That which distinguished the gender
 O' Balaam's ass;
 A orcom-stick o' the witch of Endor,
 Weel shod wi' brass.

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

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

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

LINES

WRITTEN IN A WRAPPER, ENCLOSING A LETTER TO
CAPTAIN GROSE, TO BE LEFT WITH MR. CARDONNEL,
ANTIQUARIAN.

TUNE — “*Sir John Malcolm.*”

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 Highland bodies?
Igo, and ago,
And eaten like a wether-haggis?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he to Abram's bosom gane?
Igo, and ago,
Or hauden Sarah by the wane?
Iram, coram, dago.

Where'er he be, the Lord be near him!
Igo, and ago,
As for the Deil, he daur na 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 hae 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's coronation!
 Iram, coram, dago.



EPIGRAM ON CAPTAIN GROSE.

THE Deil 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 moan
 ing,
 And saw each bed-post with its burden a-groaning,
 Astonish'd! confounded! cried Satan, "By G—d,
 I'll want 'im, ere I take such a d——ble load."*

* Mr. Grose was exceedingly corpulent, and used to rally himself, with the greatest good humor, on the singular rotundity of his figure. This epigram, written by Burns in a moment of festivity, was so much relished by the antiquarian, that he made it serve as an excuse for prolonging the convivial occasion that gave it birth, to a very late hour.

LINES

ON AN INTERVIEW WITH 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 spreckled 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 even join'd the honor'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.

But oh, for Hogarth's magic power!
 To show Sir Bardy's willyart glow'r,
 And how he star'd and stammer'd,
 When goavan, as if led wi' branks,
 An' stumpin on his ploughman shanks,
 He in the parlor hammer'd.

I, sliding, shelter'd in a nook,
 An' at his Lordship steal't a look
 Like some portentous omen.
 Except good sense and social glee,
 An' (what surpris'd 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.



THE INVENTORY.

IN 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 an' gear, an' a' my graith,
 To wh'ch I'm clear to gie my aith.

Imprimis, then, for carriage cattle,
 I hae four brutes o' gallant mettle,
 As ever drew afore a pettle.
 My Lan'-afore's * a guid auld *has-been*,
 An' wight an' wilfu' a' his days seen.
 My Lan'-ahin's † a weel gaun fillie,
 That aft has borne me hame frae Killie ‡
 An' your auld burro' monie a time,
 In days when riding was nae crime;
 But ance, when in my wooing pride,
 I, like a blockhead, boost to ride,
 The wilfu' creature sae I pat to,
 (L—d pardon a' my sins, an' that to!)
 I play'd my fillie sic a shavie,
 She's a' bedevil'd wi' the spavie.
 My Furr-ahin'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 Cowt o' Cowt's 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, an' twa are feckly new;
 Ane auld wheel-barrow, mair for token,
 Ae leg an' baith the trams are broken;
 I made a poker o' the spin'le,
 An' my auld mither brunt the trin'le.

* The fore-horse on the left-hand, in the plough.

† The hindmost on the left-hand, in the plough.

‡ Kilmarnock

§ The hindmost horse on the right-hand, in the plough.

For men, I've three mischievous boys,
 Tun deils for rantin and for noise ;
 A gaudsmēn ane, a thrasher t'other,
 Wee Davoc hauds the nowt in fother.
 I rule them as I ought, discreetly,
 An' aften labor them completely ;
 An' ay on Sundays, duly, nightly,
 I on the questions targe them tightly ;
 Till, faith ! wee Davoc's turn'd sae gleg,
 Tho' scarcely langer than your leg,
 He'll screed you aff Effectual Calling,
 As fast as onie in the dwelling.
 I've nane in female servan' station,
 (L—d, keep me ay frae a' temptation !)
 I hae na wife ; and that my bliss is,
 An' ye hae laid na tax on misses ;
 An' 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 mair than I wanted ;
 My sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess,
 She stares the daddie in her face,
 Enough of aught ye like but grace ;
 But her, my bonie, sweet, wee lady
 I've paid eneugh for her already ;
 An' gin ye tax her, or her mither,
 B' the L--d, ye'se get them a' thegither

And now, remember, Mr. Aiken,
 Nae kind of license out I'm takin'
 Frae this time forth, I do declare,
 I'se ne'er ride norse nor hizzie mair ;
 Thro' dirt an' dub for life I'll paddle.
 Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle !

My travel a' on foot I'll shank it,
I've sturdy bearers, Gude be thankit.

The kirk an' you may tak you that,
It puts but little in your pat :
Sae dinna put me in your buke,
Nor for my ten white shillings luke.

This list, wi' my ain hand I wrote it,
Day and date as under notit ;
Then, know all ye whom it concerns,
Subscripsi huic, ROBERT BURNS.

Mossgiel, Feb. 22, 1786.



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 an' lace ;
Tho' faith, I fear ye dine but sparely
 On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin, blastit wonner,
Detested, shunn'd, by saunt and sinner,
How dare ye set your fit upon her,
 Sae fine a lady ?
Gae somewhere else, and seek your dinner
 On some poor body !

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle:
 There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle
 Wi' ither kindred jumpin cattle,
 In shoals and nations:
 Whare horn nor bane ne'er dare unsettle
 Your thick plantations.

Now haud ye there, ye're out o' sight,
 Below the fatt'rils, snug an' 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 gray as onie grozet;
 O 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 flainen toy;
 Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
 On's wyliecoat;
 But Miss's fine Lunardi! fie,
 How dare you do't?

O, Jenny, dinna toss your head,
 An' 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!

O, wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
 To see oursels as ithers see us!
 It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
 And foolish notion;
 What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
 And ev'n Devotion!



ADDRESS TO THE TOOTH-ACHE.

MY curse upon thy venom'd stang,
 That shoots my tortur'd gums along;
 An' thro' my lugs gies monie a twang,
 Wi' gnawing vengeance!
 Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
 Like racking engines!

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
 Rheumatics gnaw, or colic squeezes,
 Our neighbor's sympathy may ease us,
 Wi' pitying moan;
 But thee, thou hell o' a' diseases,
 Ay mocks our groan!

A down my beard the slavers trickle!
 I throw 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 rack'd i' the mools,
 Sad sight to see!
 The tricks of knaves, or fash o' fools,
 Thou bear'st the gree.

Where'er that place be priests ca hell,
 Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell,
 And ranked plagues their numbers tell,
 In dreadfu' raw,
 Thou, Toothache, surely bear'st the bell
 Amang them a'!

O 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 townmond's Toothache!

TO A HAGGIS.

F^AIR fa' your honest, sonsie face
 Great chieftain o' the puldin-race!
 Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
 Painch, tripe, or thairm.
 Weel are ye wordy of a grace
 As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there you fill,
 Your hurdies like a distant hill,

Your pin wad help to mend a mill
 In time o' need,
 While thro' your pores the dews distil
 Like amber bead.

His knife see rustie labor dight,
 An' cut you up wi' ready slight,
 Trenching your gushing entrails bright,
 Like onie ditch ;
 And then, O what a glorious sight,
 Warm-reeking, rich !

Then horn for horn they stretch an' strive,
 Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive ;
 Till a' their weel-swallow'd kytes belyve
 Are bent like drums ;
 Then auld guidman, maist like to rive,
 Bethankit hums.

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

Poor Devil ! see him owre his trash,
 As feckless as a wither'd rash,
 His spindle-shank, a guid whiplash,
 His nieve a nit ;
 Thro' bloody flood or field to dash,
 O how unfit !

But mark the rustic, haggis-fed,
 The trembling earth resounds his tread ;

Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
 He'll mak it whistle;
 An' legs an' arms, an' heads will sned,
 Like taps o' thistle.

Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care,
 And dish tæm out their bill o' fare,
 Auld Scotland wants na skinking ware
 That jaups in luggies;
 But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,
 Gie her a Haggis!



THE HOLY 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.

I.

UPON a simmer Sunday morn,
 When Nature's face is fair,
 I walked forth to view the corn,
 An' snuff the caller air:

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

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

II.

As lightsomely I glow'r'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 i' the fashion shining
 Fu' gay that day.

III.

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

IV.

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

“Ye, for my sake, hae gien the feck
 Of a’ the ten commands
 A screed some day

v.

“My name is Fun — your cronie dear
 The nearest friend ye hae ;
 An’ this is Superstition here,
 An’ that’s Hypocrisy.
 I’m gaun to —— Holy Fair,
 To spend an hour in daffin ;
 Gin ye’ll go thare, yon runkl’d pair,
 We will get famous laughin’
 At them this day.”

vi.

Quoth I, “With a’ my heart, I’ll do’t,
 I’ll get my Sunday sark on,
 An’ meet you on the holy spot:
 Faith, we’se hae fine remarkin’!”
 Then I gaed hame at crowdie time,
 An’ soon I made me ready ;
 For roads were clad, frae side to side,
 Wi’ monie a weary body,
 In droves that day.

vii.

Here farmers gash, in ridin’ graith,
 Gaed hoddin by their cotters ;
 There, swankies, young, in braw braid cloth,
 Are springin’ o’er the gutters ;
 The lasses, skelpin barefit, thrang,
 In silks an’ scarlets glitter ;

Wi sweet-milk cheese, in monie a whang,
 An' furls bak'd wi' butter
 Fu' crump that day.

VIII.

When by the plate we set our nose,
 Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,
 A greedy glow'r Black Bonnet throws,
 An' we maun draw our tippence.
 Then in we go to see the show —
 On ev'ry side they're gath'rin',
 Some carrying dales, some chairs an' stool,
 And some are busy blethrin
 Right loud that day.

IX.

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
 An' screen our countra gentry,
 There racer Jess, an' twa-three wh-res,
 Are blinkin at the entry ;
 Here sits a raw of tittlin' jades,
 Wi' heaving breast and bare neck,
 An' there a batch of wabster lads,
 Blackguarding frae K——ck,
 For fun this day.

X.

Here some are thinking on their sins,
 An' some upo' their claes ;
 Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins,
 Anither sighs an' prays.
 On this hand sits a chosen swatch,
 Wi' screw'd-up, grace-proud faces

On that a set o' chaps at watch,
 Thrang winkin on the lasses,
 To chairs that day.

XI.

O happy is the man an' blest!
 Nae wonder that it pride him!
 Whase 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.

XII.

Now a' the congregation o'er
 In silent expectation;
 For —— speels the holy door,
 Wi' tidings o' damnation.
 Should Hornie, as in ancient days,
 'Mang sons o' G-d present him,
 The very sight o' ——'s face,
 To's ain het hame had sent him,
 Wi' fright that day.

XIII.

Hear how he clears the points o' faith
 Wi' rattlin an' wi' thumpin'!
 Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
 He's stampin', an' he's jumpin'!
 His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd-up snout,
 His eldritch squeel and gestures,

O, how they fire the heart devout,
 Like cantharidian plasters,
 On sic a day.

XIV.

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

XV.

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

XVI.

In guid time comes an antidote
 Against the poison'd nostrum;
 For ——, frae the water-fit,
 Ascends the holy rostrum.
 Sae, up he's got the Word o' G-d,
 An' meek an' mir has view'd it

While Common Sense has taen the road,
 An' aff, an' up the Cowgate,*
 Fast, fast, that day

XVII.

Wee ——, niest, the guard relieves,
 An' Orthodoxy raibles,
 Tho' in his heart he weel believes,
 An' thinks it auld wives' faibles;
 But, faith! the birkie wants a manse,
 So, cannily he hums them,
 Altho' his carnal wit an' sense
 Like hafflins ways o'ercomes him,
 At times that day.

XVIII.

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

XIX.

Leeze me on drink! it gies us mair
 Than either school or college;
 It kindles wit, it waukens lair,
 It pangs us fou o' knowledge:

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

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

XX.

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

XXI.

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

XXII.

A vast, unbottom'd boundless pit,
 F'll'd fou o' lowin brunstane,

Wha's ragin flame, an' scorchin heat,
 Wad melt the hardest whunstane!
 The half-asleep start up wi' fear,
 An' think they hear it roarin,
 When presently it does appear
 'Twas but some neebor snorin,
 Asleep that day.

XXIII.

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

XXIV.

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

XXV.

Waesucks! for him that gets no lass
 Or lasses that hae naething!

Sma' need has he to say a grace,
 Or melvie his braw claething'
 O wives, be mindfu' ance yoursel'
 How bonie lads ye wanted!
 An' dinna, for a kebbuck heel,
 Let lasses be affronted,
 On sic a day!

XXVI.

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

XXVII.

How monie heats this day converts,
 O' sinners and o' lasses!
 Their hearts o' stane, gin night are gane,
 As saft as onie flesh is.
 There's some are fou o' love divine;
 There's some are fou o' brandy;
 An' monie jobs that day begin,
 May end in Houghmagandie,
 Some ither day.

THE ORDINATION.

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

I.

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

II.

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

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

III.

Mak haste an' turn King David owre,
 An' lilt wi' holy clangor ;
 O' double verso come gie us four,
 An' skirl up the Bangor :
 This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure,
 Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her
 For heresy is in her power,
 And gloriously she'll whang her
 Wi' pith this day.

IV.

Come, let a proper text be read,
 An' touch it aff wi' vigor,
 How graceless Ham * leugh at his Dad,
 Which made Canaan a nigger ;
 Or Phineas † drove the murdering blade,
 Wi' whore-abhorring rigor ;
 Or Zipporah, ‡ the scalding jade,
 Was like a bluidy tiger
 I' the inn that day

V.

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 ;

* Genesis, ch. ix. ver. 22.

† Numbers, ch. xxv. ver. 8.

‡ Exodus, ch. iv ver 25

Especial, rams that cross the breed,
 Gie them sufficient threshin,
 Spare them nae day.

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

Lang patronage, wi' rod o' airn
 Has shor'd the kirk's undoin,
 As lately F-nw-ck, sair forfairn,
 Has proven to its ruin:
 Our Patron, honest man! Glencairn,
 He saw mischief was brewin,

And, like a godly elect bairn,
 He's wal'd us out a true ane,
 And sound this day.

IX.

Now R—— harangue nae mair,
 But steek your gab for ever;
 Or try the wicked town of Ayr,
 For there they'll think you clever;
 Or, nae reflection on your lear,
 Ye may commence a shaver!
 Or to the Netherton repair,
 An' turn a carper weaver
 Aff' hand this day.

X.

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

XI.

See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes,
 She's swingein' through the city;
 Hark how the nine-tail'd cat she plays!
 I vow it's unco pretty:
 There, Learning, wi' his Greekish face,
 Grunts out some Latin ditty;

An' Common Sense is gaun, she says,
 To mak to Jamie Beattie
 Her plaint this day.

XII.

But there's Morality himsel',
 Embracing a' opinions;
 Hear, how he gies the tither yell,
 Between his twa companions;
 See, how she peels the skin an' fell,
 As ane were peelin' onions!
 Now there — they're packed aff to hell,
 An' banished our dominions,
 Henceforth this day.

XIII.

O happy day! rejoice, rejoice!
 Come bouse about the porter!
 Morality's demure decoys
 Shall here nae mair find quarter
 M'——, R——, are the boys,
 That heresy can torture;
 They'll gie her on a rape a hoise,
 An' cove her measure shorter
 By the head some day.

XIV.

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,
 An' here's for a conclusion:
 To every new-light mother's son,
 From this time forth, Confusion;

If mair they deave us with their din
 Or Patronage intrusion,
 We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin,
 We'll rin them aff in fusion,
 Like oil, some day

ADDRESS

TO THE UNCO GUID, OR RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

My son, these maxims make a rule,
 And lump them ay thegither:
 The rigid righteous is a fool,
 The rigid wise anither.
 The cleannest corn that e'er was dight
 May hae some pyles o' caff in;
 So ne'er a fellow-creature slight
 For random fits o' duffin.

SOLOMON. — Eccles. ch. vii., ver. 13

I.

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

II.

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 mischance^s.

III.

Ye see your state wi' their's compar'd,
 And shudder at the niffer;
 But cast a moment's fair regard,
 What makes 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.

IV.

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

V.

See social life and glee sit down,
 All joyous and unthinking,
 Till quite transmogrify'd they're grown
 Debauchery and drinking;
 O would they stay to calculate
 Th' eternal consequences;

Or, your m^ore dreaded hell to state,
 Damnation of expenses!

VI.

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.

VII. .

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

VIII.

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

THE TWA HERDS.*

O 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 gaed gospel horn a blast,
 These five-and-twenty simmers past,
 O' dool to tell,
 Hae had a bitter, black out-cast
 Atween themsel'.

O M——y, man, and wordy R——ll,
 How could you raise so vile a bustle,
 Ye'll see how new-light herds will whistie,
 And think it fine;
 The L—d's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle
 Sin' I hae min'.

O, sirs! whae'er wad hae expeckit,
 Your duty ye wad sae negleckit,
 Ye, wha were ne'er by lairds respeckit
 To wear the plaid,

* This piece was among the first of our author's productions which he submitted to the public, and was occasioned by a dispute between two clergymen, near Kilmarnock.

But by the brutes themselves eleckit
To be their guide.

What flock wi' M——y's flock could rank?
Sae hale and hearty ev'ry shank,
Nae poison'd, sour, Arminian stank
He let them taste;
Frae Calvin's well, ay clear, they drank,
O sic a feast!

The thummart wil'-cat, brock, and tod,
Weel kenn'd his voice thro' a' the wood,
He smelt their ilka hole and road,
Baith out and in,
And weel he lik'd to shed their bluid,
And sell their skin.

What herd like R——ll 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!—O do I live to see't!
Sic famous twa should disagreeet,
An names, like villain, hypocrite,
Ilk ither gien,

While new-light herds, wi' laughin spite,
Say neither's lyin'!

A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld,
There's D——n deep, and P——s shaul,
But chiefly thou, apostle A—d,
We trust in thee,
That thou wilt work them, hot 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.

D——e has been lang our fae,
M——ll has wrought us meikle wae,
And that curs'd rascal ca'd M——e,
And baith the S——s,
That aft hae made us black and blae,
Wi' vengefu' paws.

Auld W——w lang has hatch'd mischief,
We thought ay death wad bring relief,
But he has gotten, to our grief,
Ane to succeed him;
A chiel wha'll soundly buff our beef,
I meikle dread him.

And monie a ane that I could tell,
Wha fain would openly rebel,
Forbye turn-coats amang oursel';
There S—h for ane

I doubt he's but a gray nick quill,
 An' that ye'll fin'.

O! a' ye flocks, o'er a' the hills,
 By mosses, meadows, moors, and fells,
 Come join your counsels and your skills
 To cowe the lairds,
 And get the brutes the pow'r themsels
 To choose their herds.

Then Orthodoxy yet may prance,
 And Learning in a woody dance,
 And that fell cur, ca'd Common Sense,
 That bites sae sair,
 Be banish'd o'er the sea to France;
 Let him bark there.

Then Shaw's and D'rymple's eloquence,
 M'—ll's close nervous excellence,
 M'—s pathetic, manly sense,
 And guid M'—h,
 Wi' S—th, wha thrc' the heart can glance,
 May e pack aff.

THE CALF.

TO THE REV. MR. —, ON HIS TEXT, MALACHI, CH.
IV. V. 2 — “AND THEY SHALL GO FORTH, AND GROW
UP, LIKE CALVES OF THE STALL.”

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

And should some patron be so kind,
As 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
Should ever be your lot,
Forbid it, ev'ry heav'nly Power,
You e'er should be a stot!

Tho' when some kind, connubial deat,
Your but-and-ben adorns,
The like has been, that you may wear
A noble head of horns!

And in your lug, most rev'rend 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!"



HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER.

O THOU, wha in the heavens dost dwell,
 Wha, as it pleases best thyself,
 Sends ane to 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 an' grace,
 A burnin' an' a shinin' light,
 To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,
 That I should get such exaltation?
 I, wha deserve sic just damnation,
 For broken laws,
 Five thousand years 'fore my creation,
 Thro' Adam's cause.

When frae my mither's womb I fell,
 Thou might hae plung'd me into hell,

To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,
 In burnin' lake,
 Whare damned devils roar and yell,
 Chain'd to a staik.

Ye! I am here, a chosen sample,
 To show thy grace is great an' ample;
 I'm here a pillar in thy temple,
 Strong as a rock,
 A guide, a buckler, an' example
 To a' thy flock.

O Lord, thou kens what zeal I bear,
 When drinkers drink, and swearers swear,
 And singin' here, and dancin' there,
 Wi' great an' sma':
 For I am keepit by thy fear,
 Free frae them a'.

But yet, O Lord! confess I must,
 At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust;
 An' sometimes, too, wi' warldly trust
 Vile self gets in!
 But thou remembers we are dust,
 Defil'd in sin.

* * * * *

Besides I farther maun allow,
 Wi' Lizzie's lass, three times I trow;
 But, Lord, that Friday I was fou,
 When I came near her,
 Or else, thou kens, thy servant true
 Wad ne'er hae steer'd her.

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,
 An' public shame.

Lord, mind G—n H——n's deserts,
 He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at carts,
 Yet has sae monie takin' arts,
 Wi' grit an' sma',
 Frae God's ain priest the people's hearts
 He steals awa'.

An' whan he chasten'd him therefor,
 Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,
 An' set the world in a roar
 O' laughin' at us ;
 Curse thou his basket and his store,
 Kail an' potatoes.

Lord, hear my earnest cry an' pray'r,
 Against that presbyt'ry o' Ayr ;
 Thy strong right hand, Lord, make it bare,
 Upo' their heads !
 Lord, weigh it down, an' dinna spare,
 For their misdeeds.

O Lord, my God, that glib-tongu'd A——n,
 My very heart an' saul are quakin',
 To think how we stood sweatin', shakin',
 An' d——d wi' dread,
 While he, wi' hinging lips and snakin',
 Held up his head.

Lord, in the day of vengeance try him,
 Lord, visit them wha did employ him,
 An' 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;
 An' a' the glory shall be thine.
 Amen, Amen.



EPITAPH ON HOLY WILLIE.

HERE Holy Willie's sair-worn clay
 Takes up its last abode;
 His saul has taen 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's 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 gien 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.



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.

* This poem was written a short time after the publication of Dr. M'Gill's Essay.

Dr Mac,* Dr. Mac, you should stretch on a rack,
 To strike evil-doers wi' terror,
 To join faith and sense upon onie pretence,
 Is heretic, damnable error.

Town of Ayr, Town of Ayr, it was mad, † declare,
 To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing ;
 Provost John is still deaf to the church's relief,
 And orator Bob ‡ is its ruin.

D'rymple mild, † D'rymple mild, tho' your heart's like
 a child,
 And your life like the new-driv'n snaw,
 Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan must hae ye,
 For preaching that three's ane and twa.

Rumble John, § Rumble John, count 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

Singet Sawney, ¶ Singet Sawney, are ye herding the
 penny,
 Unconscious what evils await?

* Dr. M'Gill.

† Mr. D—m—le.

‡ Mr. M'K—y.

† R—t A—k—n.

§ Mr. R—ss—ll.

¶ Mr. M—v.

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;
T'io' ye can do little skaith, ye'll be in at the death;
An' 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 hae made but toom
roost,
In hunting the wicked lieutenant;
But the Doctor's your mark, for the Lord's haly ark,
He has cooper'd, and caw'd a wrang pin in't.

Poet Willie,§ Poet Willie, gie the Doctor a volley,
Wi' your liberty's chain, and your wit;
O'er Pegasus's side ye ne'er laid astride,
Ye but smelt, man, the place where he sh-t.

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 hae a calf's head o' sma' value.

* Mr. A—d.

† Mr. G—t, of O—l—e.

‡ Mr. Y—g, of C—n—k.

§ Mr. P—b—s, of Ayr.

|| Dr. A. M—ll.

Barr Steenie,* Barr Steenie, what mean ye? what
mean ye?

If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,
Ye may hae some pretence to havins and sense,
Wi' people wha ken ye nae 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 sku'l,
When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor;
The timmer is scant, when ye're taen for a saint,
Wha should swing in a rape for an hour.

Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons, seize your sp'ritual guns,
Ammunition you never can need;
Your hearts are the stuff, will be powther enough,
'And your skulls are store-houses 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 tho' she were tipsie,
She could ca' us nae waur than we are.

* S—n Y—g, of B—r.

† Mr. S—d.

‡ Mr. S—h, of G—n.

§ An Elder in M—e.

LETTER TO JOHN GOUDIE, KILMARNOCK,

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS ESSAYS.

O GOUDIE! terror o' the whigs,
 Dread o' black coats and rev'rend wigs,
 Soor Bigotry, on her last legs,
 Girnin looks back,
 Wishing the ten Egyptian plagues
 Wad seize you quick.

Poor gapin', glowrin' Superstition,
 Waes me! she's in a sad condition:
 Fly, 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,
 An' gasps for breath!

Enthusiasm's past redemption,
 Gaen in a galloping consumption,
 Not a' the quacks, wi' a' their gumption,
 Will ever mend her;
 Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption
 Death soon will end her.

'Tis yo' and Taylor* are the chief
 Wha are to blame for this mischief;
 But gin the Lord's ain focks gat leave,
 A toom tar barrel
 An' twa red peats wad send relief,
 An' end the quarrel.



A DEDICATION TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

EXPECT na, sir, in this narration,
 A fléeching, fleeth'rin' dedication,
 To rouse you up, an' ca' you guid,
 An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid,
 Because ye're surnam'd like His Grace,
 Perhaps related to the race;
 Then, when I'm tir'd — and sae are ye,
 Wi' monie a fulsome, sinfu' lie,
 Set up a face, how I stop short,
 For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do — maun do, sir, wi' them wna
 Maun please the great folk for a wamefou;
 For me, sae laigh I needna bow,
 For, Lord be thankit! I can plough;
 And when I downa yoke a naig,
 Then, Lord be thankit! I can beg;
 Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatt'rin',
 It's just sic Poet, an' sic Patron.

* Dr. Taylor, of Norwich

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

The Patron, (Sir, ye maun forgie me,
 I winna lie, come what will o' me,)
 On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be,
 He's just — nae better than he 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;
 Aught 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 not mind it lang:
 As master, landlord, husband, father,
 He does nae 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,
 t's nae thro' terror o' damnation:
 It's just a carnal inclination.

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

No—stretch a point to each a plack;
 Abuse a brother to his back,
 Steal thro' a winnock frae a wh-re,
 But point to the rake that takes the door;
 Be to the poor like onie whunstone,
 And haud their noses to the grunstone;
 Ply ev'ry art o' legal thieving:
 No matter, stick to sound believing.

Learn three-mile prayers, and half-mile graces,
 Wi' weel-spread looves, an' lang wry faces;
 Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan,
 And damn a' parties but your own:
 I'll warrant, then, ye're nae deceiver,
 A steady, sturdy, staunch believer.

O ye wha leave the springs of C-iv-n,
 For gumlie duds of your ain delvin!
 Ye sons of heresy and error,
 Ye'll some day squeel in quakin 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 forgot my Dedication!

But when Divinity comes cross me,
My readers still are sure to lose me.

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

Then patronize them wi' your favor,
And your petitioner shall ever —
I had amaist said, *ever pray*,
But that's a word I need na say ;
For prayin I hae little skill o't ;
I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't ;
But ise repeat each poor man's pray'r,
That kens or 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 K——'s far honor'd name,
Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
Till H——s, at least a dizen,
Are frae their nuptial labors risen ;
Five bonie lasses round their jable,
And seven braw fellows, stout an' able
To serve their king and country weel,
By word, or pen, or pointed steel !
May health and peace, with mutual rays,
Shine on the evening o' his days ;
Till his wee curlie John's ier-oe

When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
The last, sad mournful rites bestow!"

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
Wi' complimentary effusion;
But whilst your wishes and endeavors
Are blest wi' fortune's smiles and favors,
I am, dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,
Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which powers above prevent):
That iron-heartéd carl, Want,
Attended in his grim advances,
By sad mistakes and black mischances,
While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him
Make you as poor a dog as I am,
Your humble servant then no more;
For who would humbly serve the poor?
But, by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n!
While recollection's pow'r is given,
If, in the vale of humble life,
The victim sad of Fortune's strife,
I, thro' the tender gushing tear,
Should recognize my master dear,
If friendless, low, we meet together,
Then, Sir, your hand — my friend and brother,

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MR. JOHN RANKEN.

AE day, as death, that grousome carl,
Was drivin' to the tither warl'
A mixtie-maxtie motley squad,
And monie 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 himself to see the wretches,
He mutters, glow'ring at the b——es,
“ Ay G—, I'll not be seen behint them,
Nor 'mang the sp'ritual corps present them,
Without, at least, ae honest man,
To grace this damn'd infernal clan.”
By Adamhill a glance he threw,
“ L—d G—d ! ” quoth he, “ I have it now ;
There's just the man I want, in faith :
And quickly stopped Ranken's breath.

LINES

WRITTEN BY BURNS, WHILE ON HIS DEATH-BED, TO
THE SAME.

HE who of Ranken sang, lies stiff and dead,
And a green grassy hillock hides his head;
Alas! alas! a devilish change indeed!

 EXTEMPORE.

[At a meeting of the Dumfriesshire Volunteers, held to commemorate the anniversary of Rodney's victory, April 12th, 1782, Burns was called upon for a song, instead of which he delivered the following lines extempore.]

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 the first trial.

EXTEMPORE,

ON THE LATE MR. WILLIAM SMELLIE

To Crochallan came *

The old cock'd hat, the gray 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, tho' his caustic wit was biting, rude,
 His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.



TO MR. S**E,

ON REFUSING TO DINE WITH HIM, AFTER HAVING BEEN
 PROMISED THE FIRST OF COMPANY, AND THE FIRST
 COOKERY.

No more of your guests, be they titled or not,
 And cook'ry the first in the nation;
 Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
 Is proof to all other temptation.
December, 17, 1795.

* Mr. Smellie and Burns were both members of a club in Edinburgh called the Crochallan Fencibles.

TO MR. S**E,

WITH A PRESENT OF A DOZEN OF PORTER.

O HAD the malt thy strength of mind,
Or hops the flavor of thy wit,
'Twere drink for first of human kind,
A gift that e'en for S**e were fit.

Jerusalem Tavern, Dumfries.

EXTEMPORE,

WRITTEN IN ANSWER TO A CARD FROM AN INTIMATE
OF BURNS'S, INVITING HIM TO SPEND AN HOUR AT
A TAVERN.

THE king's most humble servant,
Can scarcely spare a minute ;
But I'll be wi' ye, by-an'-by,
Or else the Deil's be in it.

EXTEMPORE,

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S POCKET-BOOK.

GRANT me, indulgent Heav'n! 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.



LINES

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.



LINES

WRITTEN UNDER THE PICTURE OF THE CELEBRATED
 MISS BURNS.

CEASE, ye prudes, your envious railing,
 Lovely Burns has charms — confess '
 True it is, she had one failing;
 Had a woman ever less?

LINES,

ON BEING ASKED WHY GOD HAD MADE MISS DAVIS SO
LITTLE, AND MISS ——— SO LARGE ;— 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.



LINES

WRITTEN AND PRESENTED TO MRS. KEMBLE, ON SEE-
ING HER IN THE CHARACTER OF YARICO.

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 !
Dumfries Theatre, 1794.

LINES

WRITTEN ON WINDOWS OF THE GLOBE TAVERN,
DUMFRIES.

THE graybeard, old Wisdom, may boast of his treasures,
Give me with gay Folly to live;
I grant him his calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures.
But Folly has raptures to give.

I MURDER hate by field or flood,
Tho' glory's name may screen us;
In wars at home I'll spend my blood —
Life-giving war of Venus.

The deities that I adore,
Are social Peace and Plenty:
I'm better pleas'd to make one more
Than be the death of twenty.

MY bottle is my holy pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and doo,
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
An' ye drink it, ye'll find him out.

IN politics if thou would'st mix,
 And mean thy fortunes be;
 Bear this in mind — be deaf and blind —
 Let great folks hear and see.

LINES

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW, AT THE KING'S-ARMS TAVERN,
 DUMFRIES.

YE men of wit and wealth, wi' a' this sneering
 'Gainst poor Excisemen, give the cause a hearing:
 What are your landlord's rent-rolls? taxing legers:
 What premiers, what? even Monarch's mighty gaugers:
 Nay, what are priests? those seeming godly wise men
 What are they, pray? but spiritual Excisemen.

A VERSE,

PRESENTED BY THE AUTHOR, TO THE MASTER OF A
 HOUSE, AT A PLACE IN THE HIGHLANDS, WHERE HE
 HAD BEEN HOSPITABLY ENTERTAINED.

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

EPIGRAM.

[Burns, accompanied by a friend, having gone to Inverary at a time when some company were there on a visit to the Duke of Argyll, finding himself and his companion entirely neglected by the innkeeper, whose whole attention seemed to be occupied with the visitors of his Grace, expressed his disapprobation of the incivility with which they were treated, in the following lines.]

WHOE'ER he be that sojourns here,
 I pity much his case,
 Unless he comes 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 an anger.



EPIGRAM

ON ELPHINSTONE'S TRANSLATION OF MARTIAL'S EPIGRAMS.

O THOU whom Poetry abhors,
 Whom Prose has turned out of doors,
 Heard'st thou that groan?—proceed no further,
 'Twas laurell'd Martial roaring, Murder

VERSES

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 when we tirded at your door,
Your porter dought na hear us ;
Sae may, should we to hell's yetts come,
Your billy Satan sair us !



EPITAPH

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

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

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

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



ON WEE JOHNNY

Hic jacet wee Johnnie.

WHOE'ER thou art, O reader, know
 That Death has murder'd Johnny!
 An' here his body lies fu' low —
 For saul, he ne'er had ony.



FOR G. H., ESQ.

THE poor man weeps — here G——n sleeps,
 Whom canting wretches blam'd:
 But with such as he, where'er he be,
 May I be sav'd or damn'd!

ON A WAG IN MAUCLINE.

LAMENT him, Mauchline husbands a',
 He aften did assist ye:
 For had ye staid whole weeks awa',
 Your wives, they ne'er had miss'd ye.

Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye pass
 To school in bands thegither,
 O tread ye lightly on the grass, —
 Perhaps he was your father'



ON JOHN DOVE,

INN-KEEPER, MAUCLINE.

HERE lies Johnny Pidgeon;
 What was his religion,
 Whae'er desires to ken,
 To some other warl'
 Maun follow the carl,
 For here Johnny Pidgeon had nane.

Strong ale was ablution,
 Small beer persecution,
 A dram was *memento mori*;
 But a full flowing bowl
 Was the saving his soul,
 And Port was celestial glory.

ON WALTER S——.

Sic a reptile was Wat,
 Sic a miscreant slave,
 That the worms even d——d him,
 When laid in his grave.

“In his flesh there’s a famine,”
 A starv’d reptile cries ;
 “And his heart is rank poison,”
 Another replies.

ON A HENPECKED COUNTRY SQUIRE.

As father Adam first was fool’d,
 A case that’s still too common,
 Here lies a man a woman rul’d—
 The Devil rul’d the woman !

EPIGRAM ON SAID OCCASION.

O 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.

Ev'n as he is, cauld in his graff,
 The swap we yet will do't;
 Tak thou the Carlin's carcass aff, —
 Thou'se get the saul o' boot!

ANOTHER.

ONE Queen Artemisa, as old stories tell,
 When depriv'd of her husband she loved so well,
 In respect for the love and affection he'd show'd
 her,
 She reduc'd him to dust, and she drank up the powder.

But Queen N*****, of a diff'rent complexion,
 When call'd on to order the fun'ral direction,
 Would have eat her dead lord, on a slender pre-
 tence, —
 Not to show her respect, but — to save the ex-
 pense!

ON THE DEATH OF A LAP-DOG NAMED ECHO.

IN wood and wild, ye warbling throng,
 Your heavy loss deplore;
 Now half extinct your pow'rs of song,
 Sweet Echo is no more!

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

IMPROMPTU ON MRS. —'S BIRTH-DAY,

4TH NOVEMBER, 1793.

OLD Winter, with his frosty beard,
Thus once to Jove his prayer preferr'd:
What have I done, of all the year,
To bear this hated doom severe?
My cheerless sons 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 will so enrich me,
Spring, Summer, Autumn, cannot match me.
'Tis done, says Jove;—so ends my story
And Winter once rejoic'd in glory.

MONODY,

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 ately
 glisten'd!

How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tir'd!
 How dull is that ear which to flatt'ry so listen'd!

If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
 From friendship and dearest affection remov'd;
 How doubly severer, Eliza, thy fate,
 Thou diest 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 flow'rs let us cull for Eliza's cold bier.

We'll search thro' the garden for each silly flower,
 We'll roam thro' the forest for each idle weed;
 But chiefly the nettle, so typical, shower,
 For none e'er approach'd her but ru'd 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.



ODE,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. ——— OF ———

DWELLER in yon dungeon dark,
 Hangman of creation! mark
 Who in widow-weeds appears,
 Laden with unhonor'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 those hands, ne'er stretch'd to save,
 Hands that took — but never gave.
 Keeper of Mammon's iron chest,
 Lo! there she goes, unpitied and unblest!
 She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest.

 ANTISTROPHE.

PLUND'RER of armies, lift thine eyes,
 (Awhile forbear, ye tott'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, hellward plies.

 EPODE.

AND are they of no more avail,
 Ten thousand glitt'ring pounds a year?
 In other worlds can Mammon fail,
 Omnipotent as he is here?
 O, 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

THE HEN-PECKED HUSBAND.

CURS'D be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
 The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife,
 Who has no will but by her high permission,
 Who has not sixpence but in her possession;
 Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell,
 Who dreads a curtain lecture worse than hell.
 Were such the wife had fallen to my part,
 I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart;
 I'd charm her with the magic of a switch,
 I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse b—h.



ELEGY ON THE YEAR 1788

FOR lords or 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!
 O Eighty-eight! in thy sma' space
 What dire events hae taken place!
 Of what enjoyment thou hast reft us!
 In what a pickle thou hast left us!

The Spanish empire's tint a head,
 An' my auld toothless Bawtie's dead;

The toolzie's teugh 'tween Pitt and Fox,
 An' our guidwife's wee birdy-cocks;
 The ane is game, a bluidy devil,
 But to the hen-birds unco civil;
 The tither's dour, has nae sic breedin',
 But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden!

Ye ministers, come, mount the pulpit!
 An' cry till ye be hoarse an' rupit;
 For Eighty-eight, he wish'd you weel,
 An' gied you a' baith gear an meal:
 E'en monie a plack, an' monie a peck,
 Ye ken yoursels, for little feck!

Ye bonie lasses, dight your een,
 For some o' you hae tint a frien';
 In Eighty-eight, ye ken, was taen
 What ye'll ne'er hae to gie again!

Observe the very nowt an' sheep,
 How dowff an' dowie now they creep;
 Nay, ev'n the yirth itsel' does cry,
 For Embro' wells are grutten dry.

O Eighty-nine! thou's but a bairn,
 An' no owre auld, I hope, to learn!
 Thou beardless boy, I pray tak care,
 Thou now has got thy daddy's chair,
 Nae hand-cuff'd, muzzl'd, half-shackl'd regeert,
 But, like himself, a full, free agent:
 Be sure ye follow out the plan
 Nae waur than he did, honest man!
 As muckle better as you can.

January 1, 1789.

TAM SAMSON'S * ELEGY.

An honest man's the noblest work of God.

POPE.

HAS auld K—— seen the Deil?
 Or great M——† thrawn his heel?
 Or R——‡ again grown weel,
 To preach an' read?
 "Na, waur than a'!" cries like a chiel,
 Tam Samson's dead!

K—— lang may grunt an' grane,
 An' sigh, an' sab, an' greet her lane,
 An' clead her bairns, man, wife, an' wea,
 In mourning weed;
 To death she's dearly paid the kame:
 Tam Samson's dead!

The brethren of the mystic level,
 May hing their head in wofu' bevel,
 While by the nose the tears will revel,
 Like onie bead;
 Death's gien the lodge an unco devel:
 Tam Samson's dead!

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

† A certain preacher, a great favorite with the million. Vide the Ordination, stanza ii.

‡ Another preacher, an equal favorite with the few, who was at that time ailing. For him, see also the Ordination, stanza ix.

When Winter muffles up his cloak,
 And binds the mire up like a rock;
 When to the loughs 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, or draw, or wick a bore,
 Or up the rink like Jehu roar,
 In time of need;
 But now he lags on death's hog-score.
 Tam Samson's dead!

Now safe the stately sawmont sail,
 And trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,
 And eels well kenn'd for souple tail,
 And geds for greed,
 Since dark in Death's fish-creel we wail
 Tam Samson dead!

Rejoice, ye birring pairicks a';
 Ye cootle muircocks, crousely craw,
 Ye maukins, cock your fud fu' braw,
 Withouten dread;
 Your mortal fae is now awa':
 Tam Samson's dead!

That wofu' morn be ever mourn'd,
 Saw him in shootin' graith adorn'd,
 While pointers round impatient burn'd,
 Frae couples freed;
 But, och! he gaed, and ne'er returned:
 Tam Samson's dead!

In vain auld age his body batters ;
 In vain the gout his ancles fetters !
 In vain the burns come down like waters
 An acre braid !
 Now every auld wife, greetin. clatters,
 Tam Samson's dead !

Owre many a weary hag he limpit,
 An' ay the tither shot he thumpit,
 Till coward Death behind him jumpit,
 Wi' deadly feide ;
 Now he proclaims, wi' tout o' trunipet,
 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 deed ;
 "L—d, five!" he cried, an' owre did stagger :
 Tam Samson's dead !

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

There low he lies, in lasting rest ;
 Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast
 Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest
 To hatch an breed
 Alas ! nae mair he'd them molest !
 Tam Samson's dead !

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

Heav'n rest his saul, where'er he be!
 Is the wish o' monie mae than me:
 He had twa faults, or may be three,
 Yet what remead?
 Ae social honest man want we;
 Tam Samson's dead!

* * * * *



THE EPITAPH.

TAM SAMSON'S weel-born clay here lies;
 Ye canting zealots spare him!
 If honest worth in heaven rise,
 Ye'll mend or ye won near him.

PER CONTRA.

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



ELEGY ON CAPTAIN MATTHEW HENDERSON

A GENTLEMAN WHO HELD THE PATENT FOR HIS HONOR
 IMMEDIATELY FROM ALMIGHTY GOD.

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

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

* Kilmarnock.

He's gane, he's gane! he's frae us torn,
 The ae best fellow e'er was born!
 'Thee, Matthew, Nature's self shall mourn,
 By wood and wild,
 Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,
 Frae man exil'd.

Ye hills, near neebors 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'lly shaws and briery 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 lee;
 Ye stately foxgloves fair to see;
 Ye woodbines hanging bonilie,
 In scented bow'rs;
 Ye roses on your thorny tree,
 The first o' flow'rs

At dawn, when ev'ry glassy blade
 Droops with a diamond at his head,
 At ev'n, when beans their fragrance shed
 I' the rustling gale,
 Ye maukins whiddin thro' the glade,
 Come, join my wail.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood ;
 Ye grouse that crap the heather bud ;
 Ye curlews calling thro' a clud ;
 Ye whistling plover ;
 And mourn, ye whirring pairick brood ;
 He's gane for ever !

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled wans,
 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 craiks, at close o' d'
 'Mang fields o' flow'ring clover gay ;
 And when ye wing your annual way
 Frae our cauld shore,
 Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay
 Wham we deplore.

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bow'r,
 In some auld tree, or eldritch tow'r,
 What time the moon, wi' silent grow'r
 Sets up her horn,
 Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour,
 Till waukrife morn !

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains !
 Oft have ye heard my canty strains :
 But now, what else for me remains
 But tales of wo ?
 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 thro' your orbs he's taen his flight,
 Ne'er to return.

O 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 o' 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 nobler 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 staunch, without a stain,
Like the unchanging blue, man!
This was a kinsman o' thy 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 onie whiggish, whingin sot,
 To blame poor Matthew dare, man;
 May dool and sorrow be his lot,
 For Matthew was a rare man

ON A SCOTCH BARD,

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

A' YE wha live by soups o' drink,
 A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,
 A' ye wha live, and never think,
 Come mourn wi' me!
 Our billie's gien us a' the jink,
 An' owre the sea.

Lament him, a' ye rantin' core,
 Wha dearly like a random splore,
 Nae mair he'll join the merry roar,
 In social key;
 For now he's taen anither shore,
 An' owre the sea.

The bonie lasses weel may wiss him,
 And in their dear petitions place him

The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him,
 Wi' tearfu' e'e;
 For weel I wat they'll sairly miss him
 That's owre the sea.

O Fortune! they hae room to grumble!
 Hadst thou taen aff some drowsy bummle,
 Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble,
 'Twad been nae plea;
 But he was gleg as onie wumble,
 That's owre the sea.

Auld, cantie Kyle may weepers wear,
 An' stain them wi' the saut, saut tear;
 'Twill make her poor auld heart, I fear,
 In flinders flee;
 He was her laureate monie a year,
 That's owre the sea.

He saw misfortune's cauld nor-west
 Lang must'ring up a bitter blast;
 A jillet brak his heart at last,
 Ill may she be!
 So, took a birth afore the mast,
 An' owre the sea.

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,
 On scarce a belly-fu' o' drummock,
 Wi' his proud, independent stomach,
 Could ill agree;
 So, row't his hurdies in a hammock,
 An' owre the sea.

He ne'er was gien to great msguiding,
 Yet coin his pouches wan na bide in;

Wi' him it ne'er was under hading
 He dealt it free:
 The Muse was a' that he took pride in,
 That's owre the sea.

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
 An' hap him in a cozie biel:
 Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel,
 An' fou o' glee;
 He wad na wrang'd the vera Deil,
 That's owre the sea.

Fareweel, my rhyme-composing billie!
 Your native soil was right ill-willie,
 But may ye flourish like a lily,
 Now bonilie!
 I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie,
 Tho' o'er the sea.

ON PASTORAL POETRY.

HAIL, Poesie! thou nymph reserv'd!
 In chase o' thee, what crowds hae swerv'd
 Frae common sense, or sunk enerv'd
 'Mang heaps o' clavers;
 And och! o'er aft thy joes hae starv'd,
 'Mid a' thy favors!

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 till him rives
 Horatian fame:
 In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
 Ev'n Sappho's flame.

But thee, Theocritus! wha matches?
 They're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches:
 Squire Pope but busks his skinlin patches
 O' heathen tatters:
 I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,
 That ape their betters.

In this braw age o' 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 is ane, a Scottish callan!
 There's ane;—come forrit, honest Allan!
 Thou need na jouk behint the hallan,
 A chiel sac clever;
 The teeth o' Time may gnaw Tamtallan,
 But thou's for ever.

Thou paints auld Nature to the nines,
 I 'thv sweet Caledonian lines;

Nae gowden stream thro' myrtles twines,
 Where Philomel,
 While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
 Her griefs will tell!

In gowany glens thy k-ernie strays,
 Where bonie lasses bleach their claes;
 Or trots by haz'lly shaws and braes,
 Wi' hawthorns gray,
 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.

PROLOGUE.

**SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE, ELLISLAND, ON NEW-YEAR
 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 by, abroad why will ycu 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 deutes 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 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 sly, dry, 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, tho' not least, in love, ye youthful fair,
 Angelic forms, high Heav'n's peculiar care !
 To you auld Bald-pate smoothes his wrink'ed 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 endeavors,
 With grateful pride we own your many favors ·
 And howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it,
 Believe our glowing bosoms tru'v fee' it.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. WOODS, ON HIS BENEFIT NIGHT, MON
DAY, APRIL 16, 1787.

WHEN, by a gen'rous public's kind acclaim,
That dearest meed is granted — honest fame;
When here your favor is the actor's lot,
Nor ev'n the man in private life forgot;
What breast so dead to heav'nly virtue's glow,
But heaves impassion'd with the grateful throe?

Poor is the task to please a barb'rous throng,
It needs no Sidon's powers in Southron's song;
For 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 honor'd to appear!
Where ev'ry science, ev'ry 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 pendant dream,
Here holds her search by heav'n-taught reason's beam,
Here History paints, with elegance and force,
The tide of Empire's fluctuating course;
Here Douglas forms wild Shakspeare into plan,
And Harley* rouses all the god in man.

* The Man of Feeling, written by Mr. M'Kenzie.

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.

O Thou, dread Power! whose empire-giving hand
Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honor'd land!
Strong may she glow with all her ancient fire;
May ev'ry 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 draw on worlds to be no more.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN,

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS, SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE
ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT.

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;
Amid this mighty fuss, just let me mention,
The Rights of Woman merit some attention.

First, in the sexes' intermix'd connection,
One sacred right of Woman is *protection*.
The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,
Helpless must fall before the blast 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! those 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 flutt'ring female hearts the nearest,
 Which ev'n 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 a 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!



ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE, ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT
 DECEMBER 4, 1795, AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES.

STILL anxious to secure your partial favor,
 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 slyly 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 pause — and sentimental tears —
 With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence,
 Rouse from his sluggish slumbers, fell Repentance?
 Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand
 Waving on high the desolating brand,
 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, sir, 'tis my fix'd belief,
 That Misery's another word for Grief;
 I also think — so may I be a bride!
 That so much laughter's 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 desp'rate 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.



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 honor 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 simple as he looks,
 Do but try to develop his hooks and his crooks,
 With his depths and his shallows, his good and his
 evil,
 A l in all, he's a problem must puzzle the devil

On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labors,
 That, like th' old Hebrew walking-stuck, eats up its
 neighbors;
 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 that 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

INSCRIPTION

FOR AN ALTAR TO INDEPENDENCE, AT KERROUGHTRY
THE SEAT OF MR. HERON, WRITTEN IN SUMMER, 1795.

THOU of an independent mind,
With soul resolv'd, with soul resign'd ;
Prepar'd Pow'r'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



ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH

I.

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

II.

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

III.

Thy sons, Edina, social, kind,
 With open arms the stranger hail !
 Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind
 Above the narrow rural vale ;
 Attentive still to Sorrow's wail,
 Or modest Merit's silent claim ;
 And never may their sources fail !
 And never Envy blot their name.

IV.

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn
 Gay as the gilded summer sky,
 Sweet as the dewy, milk-white thorn,
 Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy !
 Fair B—— strikes the adoring eye !
 Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine,
 I see the Sire of love on high,
 And own his work indeed divine !

V.

There, watching high the least alarms,
 Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar ;

Like some bold vet'ran, gray in arms,
 And mark'd with many a seamy scar;
 The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
 Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,
 Have oft withstood assailing war,
 And oft repell'd the invader's shock.

VI.

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.

VII.

Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,
 Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
 Thro' hostile ranks, and ruin'd gaps,
 Old Scotia's bloody lion bore:
 Ev'n I, who sing in rustic lore,
 Haply my sires have left their shed,
 And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar,
 Bold following where your fathers led!

VIII.

Edina! Scotia's darling seat!
 All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
 Where, once beneath a monarch's feet,
 Sat legislation's sov'reign pow'rs!

From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter in thy honor'd shade.

BOOK V.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

A VISION.

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

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

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

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

By heedless chance I turn'd my eyes,
And by the moonbeam, shook, to see

A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attir'd as minstrels wont to be.

Had I statue been o' stane,
His darin' look had daunted me :
And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,
The sacred posy — Libertie !

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

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

* The scenery, so finely described in this poem, is taken from nature. The poet is supposed to be musing, by night, on the banks of the Cluden, near the ruins of Linteluden Abbey, of which some account is given in Pennant's Tour and Grose's Antiquities. It is to be regretted that he suppressed the song of Libertie. From the resources of his genius, and the grandeur and solemnity of the preparation, something might have been anticipated, equal, if not superior, to the Address of Bruce to his Army, to the Song of Death, or to the fervid and noble description of the Dying Soldier in the Field of Battle.

BANNOCK BURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY

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

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

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

Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa'?
 Caledonian! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
 By your sons in servile chains!
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be — shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Forward! let us do, or die!

SONG OF DEATH.

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

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

Now gay with the bright setting sun;

Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties

Our race of existence is run!

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

Go, frighten the coward and slave;

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

No terrors hast thou to 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 proud field of honor — our swords in our hands,

Our king and our country to save —

While Victory shines on life's last ebbing sands

O! who wou'd not rest with the brave!

IMITATION

OF AN OLD JACOBITE SONG.

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

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

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

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



THE LASS OF INVERNESS.

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,
 Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
 For e'en and morn she cries, Alas!
 And ay the saut tear blin's her e'e.

Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,
 A wae fu' 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 o'e!

Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
 A bluidy man I trow thou be;
 For monie a heart thou hast made sair,
 That ne'er did wrong to thine or thee.



THE ABSENT WARRIOR.

TUNE — "*Logan Water.*"

O LOGAN! sweetly didst thou glide,
 That day I was my Willie's bride;
 And years sinsyne have 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 valleys gay;

'The birds rejoice in leafy bow'rs,
The bees hum round the breathing flow'rs ;
Blithe Morning lifts his rosy eye,
And Evening's tears are tears of joy ;
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush ;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile ;
But I, wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O, wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate !
As ye make monie a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return !
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry ?
But soon may peace bring happier days,
And Willie, hame to Logan braes

THE WARRIOR'S RETURN.

AIR — "*The Mill, Mill, O.*"

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

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

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia's haine again,
I cheery on did wander.

I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonie glen,
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill and trystin' thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted.

Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom!

My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain would be thy lodger;
I've serv'd my king and country lang
Take pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier was than ever;
Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never.

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

She gaz'd — she redden'd like a rose —
Syn'e 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'se ne'er be parted.

Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,
 A mailen plenish'd fairly;
 And come, my faithful 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 honor.

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.



LORD GREGORY.

O Mirk, mirk is this midnight hour,
 And loud the tempest's roar;
 A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tow'r —
 Lord Gregory, ope thy door.

An exile frae her father's ha',
 And a' for loving thee;
 At least some *pity* on me show,
 If *love* it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the *grove*,
 By bonie Irwine side,
 Where first I own'd that virgin-love
 I lang, lang had denied.

How aften didst thou pledge and vow,
 Thou waç for ay be mine!
 And my fond heart, itsel' sæ true,
 It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
 And flinty is thy breast:
 Thou dart of Heaven, that flashest by
 O wilt thou give me rest?

Ye mustering thunders from above,
 Your willing victim see!
 But spare, and pardon my fause love,
 His wrangs to Heaven and me!



OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH!

WITH ALTERATIONS.

OH, open the door, some pity show,
 Oh, open the door to me, oh!
 Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true;
 Oh, open the door to me oh!

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
 But caulder 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!

THE ENTREATY.

TUNE — “*Let me in this ae night.*”

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet?
 Or art thou wakin, I would wit?
 For Love has bound me hand and foot,
 And I would fain be in, jo.

CHORUS.

O let me in this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night;
 For pity's sake, this ae night,
 O rise and let me in, jo.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
 Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet;
 Tak pity on my weary feet,
 And shield me frae the rain, jo.
 O let, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws,
 Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
 The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
 Of a' my grief and pain, jo.
 O let, &c.

THE ANSWER.

O TELD na me o' wind and rain,
 Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain!
 Gae back the gate ye cam again,
 I winna let you in, jo.

CHORUS.

I tell you now this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night;
 And ance for a', this ae night,
 I winna let you in, jo

The snelliest blast, at mirkest hours,
 That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
 Is nocht to what poor she endures
 That's trusted faithless man, jo.
 I tell, &c.

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.
 I tell, &c

The bird that cham'd his summer-day,
 Is now the cruel fowler's prey ;
 Let witless, trusting woman say
 How aft her fate's the same, jo.
 I tell, &c

THE FORLORN LOVER.

TUNE — “ *Let me in this ae night.* ”

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

CHORUS.

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

Around me scowls a wint'ry sky,
 That blasts each bud of hope and joy.
 And shelter, shade, nor home have I,
 Save in those arms of thine, love.
 O wert, &c.

Cold, alter'd Friendship's cruel part,
 To poison Fortune's ruthless dart —
 Let me not break thy faithful heart,
 And say that fate is mine, love.
 O wert, &c.

But dreary tho' the moments fleet
 O let me think we yet shall meet
 That only ray of solace sweet
 Can on thy Chloris shine, love.
 O wert, &c.



THE DREARY NIGHT.

TUNE — "*Cauld Kail in Aberdeen*."

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

CHORUS.

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

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

POORTITH CAULD.

TUNE — "*I had a Horse.*"

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

CHORUS.

O why should Fate sic pleasure have
 Life's dearest bands untwining?
 Or why sae sweet a flower as Love,
 Depend on Fortune's shining?

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

Her een sae bonie blue betray
 How she repays my passion;
 But prudence is her o'erword ay,
 She talks of rank and fashion.
 O why &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,
 And sic a lassie by him?
 O wha can prudence think upon,
 And sae in love as I am?
 O why, &c.

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

CLARINDA.

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 glimm'ring planet fix
My worship to its ray?

ISABELLA.

TUNE — "*M'Grigor of Rero'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 wand'ring,
 On the hopeless future pond'ring;
 Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
 Fell despair my fancy seizes.
 Life, thou soul of ev'ry blessing,
 Load to mis'ry most distressing,
 O, how gladly I'd resign thee,
 And to dark oblivion join thee!"

 WANDERING WILLIE.

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
 Here awa, there awa, haud away hame;
 Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
 Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
 Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e;
 Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,
 The simmer to nature, my Willie to me!

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
 How your dread howling a lover alarms!
 Wauken, ye breezes; row gently, ye billows,
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms

But oh! if he's faithless, and minds na his Nanie,
 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 PARTING KISS.

JOCKEY'S taen the parting kiss,
 O'er the mountains he has gane;
 And with him is a' my bliss:
 Nought but griefs with me remain.

Spare my luv, ye winds that blaw,
 Plashy sleet and beating rain!
 Spare my luv, thou feath'ry 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 blithe his wauk'ning bo

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



THE ROARING OCEAN.

TUNE — “*Druimion dubh.*”

Musing on the roaring ocean,
 Which divides my love and me;
 Wearying Heav'n, 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.

FAIR ELIZA.

A GAELIC AIR.

TURN again, thou fair Eliza,
 Ae kinck blink, before we part,
 Rew on thy despairing lover;
 Canst thou break his faithful 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, hae I offended?
 The offence is loving thee!
 Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
 Wha for thine would gladly die?
 While the life beats in my bosom,
 Thou shall mix in ilka throe;
 Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
 Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

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

ELIZA.

TUNE — "*Nancy's to the Greenwood,*" &c.

FAREWELL, thou stream that winding flows
 Around Eliza's dwelling!
 O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes
 Within my bosom swelling.
 Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
 And yet in secret languish,
 To feel a fire in ev'ry vein,
 Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
 I fain my griefs would cover;
 The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
 Betray the hapless lover.
 I know thou doom'st me to despair,
 Nor wilt nor canst relieve me;
 But oh, Eliza, hear one prayer,
 For pity's sake, forgive me.

The music of thy voice I heard,
 Nor wist, while it enslav'd me;
 I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
 Till fears no more had sav'd me:
 Th' unwary sailor thus aghast,
 The wheeling torrent viewing;
 'Mid circling horrors, sinks at last
 In overwhelming ruin.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
 The flow'rs decay'd on Catrine lea;
 Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
 But Nature sicken'd on the e'e.

Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
 Hersel' in beauty's bloom the whyle,
 And ay the wild-wood echoes rang,
 Farewell the braes o' Ballochmyle.

Low in your win'try beds, ye flow'rs,
 Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
 Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bow'rs,
 Again ye'll charm the vocal air:

But here, alas! for me, nae mair
 Shall birdie charm, or flow'ret smile,
 Farewell the bonie banks of Ayr,
 Farewell, farewell! sweet Ballochmyle.



GLOOMY DECEMBER.

ANCE mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December.
 Ance mair I hail thee, wi' sorrow and care;
 Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
 Parting wi' Nancy, oh! ne'er to meet mair!

Fond lovers' parting is sweet, painful pleasure;
 Hope beaming mild on the soft, parting hour;
 But the dire feeling, O farewell for ever!
 Is anguish unmingled, and agony pure.

Wild as the Winter now tearing the forest,
 Till the last leaf 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.



DEPARTURE OF NANCY.

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,
 You distant isle will often hail:
 "E'en here I took the last farewell;
 'There, latest mark'd her vanish'd sail."

Along the solitary shore,
 While flitting sea-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,
O tell me, does she muse on me?

MY NANIE'S AWA.

TUNE — “*There'll never be peace,*” &c.

Now in her green mantle blithe Nature arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw;
But to me it's delightless — my Nanie's awa.

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn;
They pain my sad bosom so sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o' Nanie — and Nanie's awa.

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn o' the gray-breaking dawn,
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night-fa',
Give over, for pity — my Nanie's awa.

Come, Autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and gray,
And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay:
The dark, dreary Winter, and wild-driving snaw
Alane can delight me — now Nanie's awa.

BANKS O' DOON.

YE banks and braes o' bonie Doon
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care?

Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flow'ring thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed, never to return.

Oft hae I rov'd my bonie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause lover stole my rose,
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.



THE DISCONSOLATE LOVER.

Now Spring has clad the groves in green,
And strew'd the lea wi' flowers;
The furrow'd waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers:

While ilka thing in nature join
Their sorrows to forego,
O why thus all alone are mine
The weary steps of wo!

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 flowret'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 withering blast,
My youth and joy consume.

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs,
And climbs the early sky,
Winnowing blithe her dewy wings,
In morning's rosy eye;
As little reekt I sorrow's pow'r,
Until the flow'ry snare
O' witching love, in luckless hour,
Made me the thrall o' care.

O, had my fate been Greenland snows,
Or Afric's burning zone.

Wi' men and nature leagu'd my foes,
 So Peggy ne'er I'd known!
 The wretch whase doom is, "Hope nae mair,"
 - What tongue his woes can tell?
 Within whase bosom, save despair,
 Nae kinder spirits dwell.

CRAGIE-BURN.

TUNE — "*Cragie-Burn Wood.*"

SWEET fa's the eve on Cragie-Burn,
 And blithe 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 yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
 Around my grave they'll wither.

THE CHEERLESS SOUL.

TUNE — "*Jockey's Gray 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.

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

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
 Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks;
 But life to me's a weary dream,
 A dream of ane that never wauks.

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

The sheep-herd 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,
 Blithe waukens by the daisy's side,

And mounts and sings on flittering wings,
 A wo-worn ghaist, I hameward glide.

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
 And, raging, bend the naked tree,
 Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless sou,
 When Nature all is sad like me!

MARY MORISON.

TUNE — “*Bide ye yet.*”

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

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 you the toast of a' the town,
 I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
 “Ye are na Mary Morison.”

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
 Wha for thy sake would gladly die?
 Or canst thou break that heart of his,
 Whase only fault 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.

FAIR JENNY.

TUNE — “*Saw ye my father?*”

WHERE are the joys that I've 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 valleys,
 And grim, sarly Winter is near?
 No, no! the bees humming round the gay roses,
 Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
 Yet long, long too well have I known

All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Nor hope dare a comfort bestow:
Come then, enamor'd and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my wo.



ADDRESS TO THE WOOD-LARK.

TUNE—“*Where'll bonie Ann lie?*” Or, “*Loch Eroch-
side.*”

O STAY, sweet-warbling wood-lark, stay,
Nor quit for me the trembling spray;
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
Thy soothing, fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art;
For surely that wad touch her heart,
Wha kills me wi' disdainin'.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind?
Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd,
Sic notes o' wo could wauken.

'Thou tells of never-ending care;
O' speechless grief and dark despair;
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair
Or my poor heart is broken!

FRAGMENT,

IN WITHERSPOON'S COLLECTION OF SCOT'S SONGS.

AIR — "*Hughie Graham.*"

O WERE my love yon lilac fair,
Wi' purple blossoms to the spring;
And I a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing:

How wad I mourn when it was torn
By autumn wild, and winter rude!
But I wad sing on wanton wing,
When youthful May its bloom renew'd.*

"O gin my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysel' a drap o' dew
Into her bonie breast to fa'!

"O, there beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night;
Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till fley'd awa by Phœbus' light."

* These stanzas were prefixed by Burns.

ADDRESS TO A LADY.

OH, wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder 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



THE AULD MAN.

BUT lately seen in gladsome green,
The woods rejoice the day;
Thro' gentle show'rs the laughing flow'rs
In double pride were gay.

But now our joys are fled
 On winter blasts awa ;
 Yet maiden May, in rich array,
 Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow, nae kindly thowe
 Shall melt the snaws of age ;
 My trunk of eild, but buss or bield,
 Sinks in Time's wint'ry rage.
 Oh, age has weary days,
 And nights o' sleepless pain ;
 Thou golden time o' youthful prime,
 Why com'st thou not again ?



JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

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

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither
 And monie a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither ;

Now we maun totter down, John
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson my jo.



AULD LANG SYNE.

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

CHORUS.

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

We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu't the gowans fine ;
 But we've wander'd monie a weary foot,
 Sin' auld lang syne.

For auld, &c.

We twa hae paidl't i' tne burn,
 Frae mornin' sun till dñe ,
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
 Sin' auld lang syne.

For auld, &c

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
 And gie's a hand o' thine;
 And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught,
 For auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
 And surely I'll be mine;
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.



HOPELESS LOVE.

TUNE — "*Liggeram Cosh.*"

BLITHE hae I been on yon hill,
 As the lambs before me;
 Careless ilka thought and free,
 As the breeze flew o'er me:

Now nae longer sport and play,
 Mirth nor 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 but 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.



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 Commons ance had high command!

When shall I see that honor'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' wand'ring now, must be my doom,
 Far from thy bonie banks and braes,
 May there my latest hours consume,
 Amang the friends of ear.y days!

BANKS OF CREE.

HERE is the glen, and here the bow'r,
 All underneath the birchen shade;
 The village bell has told the hour:
 O what can stay my lovely maid?

'Tis not Maria's whisp'ring call;
 'Tis but the balmy-breathing gale,
 Mixt with some warbler's dying call,
 The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear!
 So calls the wood-lark, in the grove,
 His little faithful mate to cheer:
 At once 'tis music — and 'tis love.

And art thou come? and art thou true?
 O welcome, dear to love and me!
 And let us all our vows renew,
 Along the flow'ry banks of Cree.



CASTLE GORDON.

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 empurpl'd 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 his 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 shelt'ring cave,
Where waters flow and wild woods wave,
 By bonie Castle Gordon.

AFTON WATER.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise:
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild-whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear;
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
Far mark'd by the courses of clear, winding rills;
There daily I wander, as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There, oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how gently it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides:
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As, gath'ring 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 SACRED VOW.

TUNE — "*Allan Water.*"

By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove,
 While Phæbus sank below Benleddi;*
 The winds were whisp'ring through the grove,
 The yellow corn was waving ready:

I listen'd to a lover's sang,
 And thought on youthfu' pleasures monie;
 And ay the wild-wood echoes rang —
 O, dearly do I love thee, Annie!

O, happy be the woodbine bow'r,
 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 monie a kiss the seal imprest,
 The sacred vow we ne'er should sever

The haunt o' Spring's the primrose brae,
 The Summer joys the flocks to follow;
 How cheery, through her short'ning day,
 Is Autumn in her weeds o' yellow:

* A mountain west of Strath-Allan, 3000 feet high.

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 ?



THE RIGS O' BARLEY

TUNE — "*Corn rigs are bonie.*"

It was upon a Lammas night,
 When corn rigs are bonie,
 Beneath the moons unclouded light,
 I held awa to Annie :
 The time flew by 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,
 Amang 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,
 Amang the rigs o' barley !

I lock'd her in my fond embrace ;
 Her heart was beating rarely ;
 My blessings on that happy place
 Amang the rigs o' barley !

But, by the moon and stars so bright,
 That shone that hour so clearly;
 She ay shall bless that happy night,
 Amang the rigs o' barley!

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

CHORUS.

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
 Corn rigs are bonie;
 I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
 Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

 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
 Wi' 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 wearie, O,
 I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
 To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
 At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
 Along the burn to steer, my jo:
 Give me the hour o' gloamin' gray,
 It maks my heart sae cheerie, O,
 To meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O.



THE LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE.

'Twas ev'n — the dewy fields were green,
 On ev'ry blade the pearls hang;
 The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
 And bore its fragrant sweets along:
 In ev'ry glen the mavis sang,
 All nature list'ning seem'd the while,
 Except where greenwood echoes rang,
 Amang the braes o' Ballochmyle.

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 bonie lass o' Ballochmyle.

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

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep
 Where fame and honors 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 ev'ry day have joys divine,
 Wi' the bonie lass o' Ballochmyle.

BONIE LESLEY.

O SAW ye bonie Lesley,
As she gaed o'er the border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

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

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

The Deil he could na scaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonie face,
And say, "I canna wrang thee."

The Pow'rs 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 hae a lass
There's nane again sae bonie.

BONIE 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 bonie Jean.

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

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

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
The flow'r and pride of a' the glen ;
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
And wanton nagies 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' bonie Jean.

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

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

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

O Jeanie fair! I lo'e thee dear;
O canst thou think to fancy me?
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

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

Now what could artless Jenny do?
She had na will to say him na
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was ay betwæen them twa.

DAINTY DAVIE.

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

CHORUS.

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

The crystal waters round us fa,
The merry birds are lovers a' ;
The scented breezes round us blaw,
A-wandering wi' my Davie.
Meet me, &c.

When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then thro' the dews I will repair,
To meet my faithfu' Davie.
Meet me, &c.

When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,
I flee to his arms I lo'e best,
And that's my ain dear Davie.

CHORUS.

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



TO JEANIE.

AIR — "*Cauld Kail.*"

COME, let me take thee to my breast,
And pledge we ne'er shall sunder;
And I shall spurn, as vilest dust,
The world's wealth and grandeur.

And do I hear my Jeanie own,
That equal transports move her?
I ask for dearest life, alone,
That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' all thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure;
I'll seek næ mair o' heaven to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure:

And by thy een, sae bonie blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever:
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never.

CLOUDEN KNOWES.

TUNE — “ *Ca’ the Yowes to the knowes.* ”

CHORUS.

Ca’ the yowes to the knowes,
 Ca’ them whare the heather grows,
 Ca’ them whare the burnie rows,
 My bonie dearie.

Hark, the mavis’ evening sang,
 Sounding Clouden’s woods amang;
 Then a-faulding let us gang,
 My bonie dearie.
 Ca’ the, &c.

We’ll gae down by Clouden side,
 Thro’ the hazels spreading wide,
 O’er the waves that sweetly glide
 To the moon sae clearly,
 Ca’ the, &c.

Yonder Clouden’s silent tow’rs,
 Where at moonshine midnight hours,
 O’er the dewy bending flowers,
 Fairies dance sae cheery.
 Ca’ the, &c.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
 Thou’rt to love and heaven sae dear,

Nocht of ill may come thee near
 My bonie dearie.
 Ca' the, &c.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
 Thou hast stown my very heart;
 I can die — but canna part,
 My bonie dearie.
 Ca' the, &c.



LOVELY NANCY.

TUNE — “*The Quaker's Wife*.”

THINE am I, my faithful fair,
 Thine, my lovely Nancy;
 Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
 Ev'ry roving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,
 There to throb and languish:
 Tho' 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 sky
 Nature's gay adorning.

TO CHLORIS.

TUNE — "*My lodging is on the old ground.*"

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

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

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

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

The shepherd, in the flowery glen,
In shepherd's phrase will woo;
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true?

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

LASSIE WI' THE LINTWHITE LOCKS.

TUNE — "*Rothemurche's Fant.*"

CHORUS.

LASSIE wi' the lintwhite locks,
 Bonie lassie, artless lassie,
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
 Wilt thou be my dearie, O?

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

And when the welcome simmer showe
 Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
 We'll to the breathing woodbine bowe
 At sultry noon, my dearie, O.
 Lassie, &c.

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

And when the howling wintry blast
 Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
 Enclasp'd to my faithfu' breast,
 I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O
 Lassie, &c.

CHLORIS.

O BONIE was yon rosy brier,
 'That blooms sae far frae haunts o' man;
 And bonie she, and ah, how dear!
 It shaded frae the e'enin' sun.

Yon rose-buds in the morning dew,
 How pure among 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.

 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 Jenny fair,
On trembling string or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
That tents thy early morning.

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



THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

CHORUS.

BONIE lassie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,
Bonie lassie, will ye go to the birks of Aberfeldy?

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 Aberfeldy.

Bonie lassie, &c.

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

Bonie lassie, &c.

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

Bonie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flow'rs,
While o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And, rising, weets, wi' misty show'rs,
The birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonie lassie, &c.

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

Bonie lassie, &c.

THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

TUNE — "*This is no my ain House.*"

CHORUS.

O THIS is no my ain lassie,
 Fair tho' the lassie be ;
 O weel ken I my ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her e'e.

I see a form, I see a face,
 Ye weel may wi' the fairest place ;
 It wants, to me, the witching grace,
 The kind love that's in her e'e.

O this, &c.

She's bonie, blooming, straight and tall,
 And lang has had my heart in thrall ;
 And ay it charms my very saul,
 The kind love that's in her e'e.

O this, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
 To steal a blink by a' unseen ;
 But gleg as light are lovers' een,
 When kind love is in the e'e.

O this, &c.

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.

O this, &c.

CONSTANCY.

TUNE — "*My love is lost to me.*"

O, WERE I on Parnassus' hill!
 Or had of Helicon my fill;
 That I might catch poetic skill,
 To sing how dear I love thee.

But Nith maun be my Muse's well,
 My Muse maun be thy bonie 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 could na sing, I could na say
 How much, how dear I love thee.

I see thee dancmg 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 ay I muse and sing thy name,
 I only live to love thee.

Though 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.



PEGGY'S CHARMS.

TUNE — "*N. Gow's Lamentation for Abercairny.*"

WHERE braving angry winter's storms,
The lofty Ochels 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 power!
The tyrant Death, with grim control,
May seize my fleeting breath;
But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must be a stronger death

JESSY.

TUNE — “ *Here’s a health to them that’s aica, hiney.* ”

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 lovers meet,
 And soft as their parting tear — Jessy!

Altho’ thou maun never be mine,
 Altho’ even hope is denied;
 ’Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
 Than aught in the world beside — Jessy!
 Here’s &c.

I mourn thro’ the gay, gaudy day,
 As hopeless I muse on thy charms;
 But welcome the dream o’ sweet slumber,
 For then I am lock’d in thy arms — Jessy.
 Here’s &c.

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.
 Here’s &c.

THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE.

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

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



WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE ?

WILT thou be my dearie ?
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
O wilt thou let me cheer thee ?
By the treasure of my soul,
And 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 na be my ain,
Say na thou'lt refuse me :

If it winna, canna be,
Thou for thine may choose me,

Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me :

Lassie, let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.



THE BLISSFUL DAY.

TUNE — “ *Seventh of November.* ”

THE day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet,
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet :
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line ;
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
Heaven gave me more—it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,
Or nature aught of pleasure give ;
While joys above, my mind can move,
For thee, and thee alone, I live !

When that grim foe of life below
 Comes in between to make us part;
 The iron hand that breaks our band,
 It breaks my bliss — it breaks my heart.



LOVELY JEAN

TUNE — “*Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey.*”

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,
 I dearly like the west;
 For there the bonie lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best.
 There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
 And monie 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 bonie flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green;
 There's not a bonie bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

LUCY.

O, WAT ye wha's in yon town,
Ye see the e'enin' sun upon?
The fairest dame is 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 blithe on yon town,
And on yon bonie braes of Ayr;
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.

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

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

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

If angry fate is sworn my foe,
 And suffering I am doom'd to bear,
 I careless quit all else below,
 But spare me, spare me, Lucy dear

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



BLITHE PHEMIE

CHORUS.

BLITHE, blithe and merry was she,
 Blithe by the banks of Ern;
 And blithe was she but an' ben,
 And blithe in Glenturit glen.

By Oughtertyre grows the aik,
 On Yarrow banks the birken shaw
 But Phemie was a bonier lass
 Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw
 Blithe, &c.

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

Her bonie face it was as meek
 As onie lamb upon a lea;
 The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet,
 As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.
 Blithe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
 And o'er the Lowlands I hae been;
 But Phemie was the blithest lass
 That ever trod the dewy green.
 Blithe, &c.



CHARMING NANNIE.

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

The westlin wind blaws loud an' shrill;
 The night's baith murk and rainy, O.
 But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal
 An' owre the hills to Nannie, O.

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

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

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome ay to Nannie, O

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

Our auld guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, O;
But I'm as blithe that hauds his pleugh,
An' has nae care but Nannie, O.

Come weal, come wo, I care na by,
I'll tak what heaven will sen' me, O
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live an' love my Nannie, O.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

A FRAGMENT.

CHORUS.

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

There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
 In ev'ry hour that passes, O;
 What signifies the life o' man,
 An' twere na for the lasses, O?
 Green grow, &c.

The warly race may riches chase,
 An' riches still may fly them, O;
 An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
 Green grow, &c.

But gie me a cannie hour at e'en,
 My arms about my dearie, O;
 An' warly cares, an' warly men,
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.
 Green grow, &c.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;
 The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,

He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

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



THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

NÆ gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,
Shall ever be my Muse's care ;
Their tales a' are empty show,
Gie n.e my Highland lassie, O.

CHORUS.

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

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

Within, &c.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
And I maun cross the raging sea ;

ANNA.

TUNE — "*Banks of Bana.*"

YESTREEN I had a pint o' wine,
A place where body saw na;
Yestreen lay on this breast of mine
The raven locks of Anna.

The hungry Jew, in wilderness,
Rejoicing o'er his manna,
Was naething to my honey bliss
Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs, take the east and west,
Frae Indus to Savannah;
Gie me within my straining grasp
The melting form of Anna.

Then I'll despise imperial charms,
An empress or sultana;
While dying raptures, in her arms,
I give and take with 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, withdraw a'!
And bring an angel-pen to write
My transports wi' my Anna!

THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

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

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
 And meet below my theekit cot;
 The scented birk and hawthorn white
 Across the pool their arms unite,
 Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
 And little fishes' caller rest;
 The sun blinks kindly in the biel,
 Where blithe I turn my spinning-wheel

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

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
 Aboon distress, below envy,

O 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 feel
 Of Bessy at her spinning-wheel?



THE COUNTRY LASSIE.

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;
 Blithe Bessie in the milking shiel,
 Says, I'll be wed, come o't what will;
 Out spak a dame in wrinkled eild,
 O' guid advisement comes nae ill.

Its ye nae woers monie 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 bonie hen,
 It's plenty beets the luv'er's fire.

For Johnnie, o' the Buskie-glen,
 I dinna care a single flie;
 He lo'es sac weel his craps and kye,
 He has no luv'e to spare for me

But blithe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,
 And weel I wat he lo'es me dear;
 Ae blink o' him I wad nae gie
 For Buskie-glen and a' his gear.

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

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

TAM GLEN.

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

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,
 In poortith I might make a fen';
 What care I in riches to wallow,
 If I maun marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drumeller,
 "Guid day to you, brute," he comes ben
 He brags an' he blaw o' his siller,
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

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

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

Yestreen, at the Valentine's dealing,
 My heart to my mou gied a sten;
 For thrice I drew ane without failing,
 And thrice it was written Tam Glen.

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

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

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
 O-hon! for somebody!
 O-hey! for somebody!
 I could range the world around,
 For the sake o' somebody.

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



O WHISTLE, &c.

CHORUS.

O WHISTLE, and I'll come to you, my lad;
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
 Tho' father, and mither, and a' should go mad,
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

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

O whistle, &c.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
 Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd na a flie:
 But steal me a blink o' your bonie black e'e,
 Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.
 Yet look, &c.

O whistle, &c.

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

O whistle, &c



ANE-AND-TWENTY.

TUNE — “*The Moudiewort.*”

CHORUS.

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

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

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

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
 Tho' I mysel' hae plenty, Tam!
 But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,
 I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam,
 An' O, &c



THE YOUNG LASSIE.

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

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

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

My auld auntie Katie upon me taks pity;
 I'll do my endeavor 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.



THE MERCENARY LOVER.

TUNE—“*Balinamona Ora.*”

AWA wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
 The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms;
 O gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,
 O gie 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 for me.

Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows,
 And withers the faster, the faster it grows;
 But the rapturous charm o' the bonie green knowes,
 Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonie white yowes,
 Then hey, &c.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
 The brightest o' beauty may cloy when possess't!
 But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,
 The langer ye hae them, the mair they're carest,
 Then hey, &c.

MEG O' THE MILL.

AIR — “ *O bonie lass, will you lie in a barrack?* ”

O KEN ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
 An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
 She has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller,
 And broken the heart o' the barley Miller,

The Miller was strappan, the Miller was ruddy!
 A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady;
 The laird was a widdiefu' bleerit knurl;
 She's left the guid fellow, and taen the churl.

The Miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving;
 The laird did address her wi' matter mair moving
 A fine pacing horse, wi' a clear chained bridle
 A whip by her side, and a bonie side-saddle

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing;
 And wae on the love that is fix'd on a mailen!
 A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle,
 But, gie me my love, and a fig for the war

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

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

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



AULD ROB MORRIS.

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

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

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

O had she but been of lower degree,
 I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me;
 O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
 As now my distraction no words can express.

TO TIBBIE.

TUNE — “*Invercald's Reel.*”

CHORUS.

O TIBBIE, I hae seen the day,
 Ye would nae been sae shy;
 For laik o' gear ye lightly 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.

O Tibbie, &c.

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

O Tibbie, &c.

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

O Tibbie, &c.

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

O Tibbie, &c.

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

O Tibbie, &c.

But Tibbie, lass, tak my advice,
 Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice,
 The deil a one wad spier your price,
 Were ye as poor as I.

O Tibbie, &c.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
 I wad nae gie her in her sark,
 For thee wi' a' thy thousand mark:
 Ye needna look sae high.
 O Tibbie, &c.

DUNCAN GRAY.

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

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 bleer't and blin',
 Spak o' louping o'er 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 go — to France for me!
 Ha, ha, &c.

How it comes let doctors tell,
 Ha, ha, &c.
 Meg grew sick — as he grew well,
 Ha, ha, &c.
 Something in her bosom wrings;
 For relief a sigh she brings;
 And O, her een, they spak 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 cantie baith;
 Ha, ha, &c.



THE BRAW WOOER.

TUNE — “*The Lothian Lassie.*”

LAST May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
 And sair wi' his love he did deave me!
 I said there was naething I hated like men;
 The deuce gae wi'm to believe me, believe me,
 The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me.

He spak o' the darts in my bonie black een,
 And vow'd for my love he was dying;
 I said he might die when he liked, for Jean;
 The Lord forgie me for lying, for lying,
 The Lord forgie 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 might hae waur offers, waur offers,
 But thought I might hae 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 tryste o' Dalgarnock;
 And wha but my fine, fickle lover was there!
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shether I gaed him a blink,
 Lest neebors might say I was saucy;
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin, fu' couthie and sweet,
 Gin she had recover'd her hearin',
 And how her new shoon fit her auld shackl't feet?

But, heavens! how he fell a-swearin', a-swearin,
 But, heavens! how he fell a-swearin'.

He begg'd, for Gude-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.



WILLIE'S WIFE.

WILLIE WASTLE dwalt on Tweed,
 The spot they ca'd it Linkumoddie;
 Willie was a wabster guid,
 Cou'd stown a clue wi' onie bodie:
 He had a wife was dour and din,
 O Tinkler Madgie was her mother.

CHORUS.

Sic a wife as Willie had!
 I wad na gie a button for her.

She has an e'e — she has but ane,
 The cat has twa the very color;
 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, &c.

She's bough-hough'd, she's hein-shinn'd,
 Ae limp' leg, a hand-breed shorter
 She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
 To balance fair in ilka quarter:
 She has a hump upon her breast,
 The twin o' that upon her shouther.
 Sic a wife, &c.

Auld baudron 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, &c

A PECK O' MAUT.

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

CHORUS.

We are na fou, we're na that fou,
 But just a drappie in our e'e;
 The cock may craw, the day may daw,
 And ay we'll taste the barley bree

Here are we met, three merry boys,
 Three merry boys, I trow, are we:

And monie a night we've merry been,
 And monie mae we hope to be!

We are, &c.

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

We are, &c.

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

We are, &c.

THE LAWIN.

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

CHORUS.

Then, guidwife, count the lawin, the lawin, the
 lawin;

Then guidwife, count the lawin, and bring a coggie
 mair.

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
 And semple folk maun fecht and fen'.

But here we're a' in ae accord,
 For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.
 Then, guidwife, &c.

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

HONEST POVERTY.

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 gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin gray, and a' that?
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show and a' that:
 The honest man, tho' 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 ribbon, 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 mauna 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,
Its coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that.

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR,

BETWEEN THE DUKE OF ARGYLE AND THE EARL
OF MAR.

“O CAM ye here the fight to shun,
Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?
Or were ye at the Sherra-muir,
And did the battle see, man?”
I saw the battle sair and tough,
And reeking red ran many a sheugh;
My heart, for fear, gacd 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 slaw, man;
They rush'd, and push'd, and bluid outgush'd,
And monie a bouk did fa' man;
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanced 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 Phillibegs,
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.

“O 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 Dumblane, in my ain sight,
 They took the brig wi' a' their might,
 And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight;
 But, cursed lot! the gates were shut,
 And monie 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 gen'ral had nae skill,
 The Angus lads had nae good will
 That day their neebors' bluid 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 fall'n in whiggish hands, man:
 Now wad ye sing this double fight,
 Some fell for wrang, and some for right
 But monie 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.



CONTENTMENT.

TUNE — "*Lumps o' Pudding.*"

CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
 Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
 I gie them a skelp, as they're creeping alang,
 Wi' a cog o' guid swats, and an auld Scottish sang

I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought;
 But man is a sodger, and life is a faught:
 My mirth and guid humor 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' good fellowship sowthers it a':
 When at the blithe end o' our journey at last,
 Wha the devil ever thinks o' the road he has past?

Blind chance, let her snapper 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!"

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

APRIL, 1795.

TUNE — “*Push about the Jorum.*”

DOES haughty Gaul invasion threat?
 Then let the louns beware, sir;
 There's wooden walls upon our seas,
 And volunteers on shore, sir.
 The Nith shall run to Corsincon,*
 And Criffel † sink in Solway,
 Ere we permit a foreign foe
 On British ground to rally!
 Fall de rall, &c.

O let us not, like snarling tykes,
 In wrangling be divided;
 Till, slap! come in an unco loun,
 And wi' a rung decide it.
 Be Britain still to Britain true,
 Amang oursels united;
 For never, but by British hands,
 Maun British wrangs be righted.
 Fall de rall, &c.

The kettle o' the kirk and state,
 Perhaps a claut may fail in't;

* A high hill at the source of the Nith.

† A well-known mountain at the mouth of the Solway.

But deil a foreign tinkler loun
 Shall ever ca' a nail in't.
 Our fathers' bluid the kettle bought
 And wha wad dare to spoil it?
 By heav'n! the sacreligious dog
 Shall fuel be to boil it!
 Fall de rall, &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 d—n'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.
 Fall de rall, &c.

CALEDONIA.

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 liunet, aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
 And could 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 o' his Jean



COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE.

TUNE — “ *Gin a Body meet a Body* ”

GIN a body meet a body,
 Comin' thro' the rye;
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need a body cry?
 Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,
 Nane, they say, hae I!
 Yet a' the lads they smile at me,
 When comin' thro' the rye.
 Amang the train there is a swain
 I dearly lo'e mysel';
 But whaur his hame, or what his name,
 I dinna care to tell.

Gin a body meet a body,
 Comin' frae the town

Gin a body greet a body,
 Need a body frown?
 Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,
 Nane, they say, hae I!
 Yet a' the lads they smile at me,
 When comin' thro' the rye.
 Amang the train there is a swain
 I dearly lo'e mysel';
 But whaur his hame, or what his name,
 I dinna care to tell.

THE WHISTLE.

A BALLAD.

As the authentic prose history of "The Whistle" is curious, I shall here give it.

In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our James VI., there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony Whistle, which, at the commencement of the orgies, he laid on the table; and whoever was last able to blow it, every body else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the Whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany; and challenged the Scots Bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority.

After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lawrie, of Maxwelton, ancestor of the present worthy baronet of that name; who, after three days, and three nights' hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table,

"And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill."

Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert before-mentioned, afterwards lost the

Whistle to Walter Riddel, of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir Walter's.

On Friday, the 16th of October, 1790, at Friars-Carse, the Whistle was once more contended for, as related in the ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lawrie, of Maxwellton; Robert Riddel, Esq., of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the Whistle, and in whose family it had continued; and Alexander Ferguson, Esq., of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert; which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honors of the field.

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 remain'd;
Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,
The jovial contest again have renew'd.

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of flaw,
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law ;
And trusty Glenriddel, so skill'd in eld 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 turn'd his back on his foe or his friend,
Said, Toss down the Whistle, the prize of the field,
And, knee-deep in claret, he'd die, or he'd yield.

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 over, the claret they ply,
And ev'ry new cork is a new spring of joy ;

* See Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides.

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 apiece 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 ancestors 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?
Tho' fate said—a hero should 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 struggled for freedom with Bruce,
Shall heroes and patriots ever produce.
So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay;
The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!”

JOHN BARLEYCORN.*

A BALLAD.

THERE vent three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high,
An' they hae sworn a solemn oath,
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And showers began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surprised 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 enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale,
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

* This is partly composed on the plan of an old song known by the same name.

His color 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:
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgelled 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 wo;
And still as signs of life appeared,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller used him worst of all.
For he crush'd him between two stones.

And they hae taen his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

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 wo ;
'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 auld Scotland!

GLOSSARY.

THE *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong *oo*, is commonly spelled *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scottish language, is marked *oo*, or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scottish words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute, after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scottish diphthongs, *æ*, always, and *ea*, very often, sound like the French *e* masculine. The Scottish diphthong *ey* sounds like the Latin *ei*.

A.

A', all, every one, the whole.
 Aback, away, aloof.
 Abeigh, at a shy distance.
 Aboon, above, up, in the regions of heaven.
 Abroad, abroad, in sight, at large.
 Abreed, in breadth.
 Ae, one.
 Aff, off.
 Aff-hand, extempore, immediately.
 Aff-loof, unpremeditated.
 Afere, before, sooner than.
 Aft, oft.

Aften, often, frequently, many times.
 Aglee, off the right line, oblique, wrong.
 Aiblins, perhaps.
 Aik, the oak.
 Air, early, soon.
 Airl-penny, earnest-money a piece of money for confirming a bargain.
 Airt, quarter of the heavens to direct.
 Airn, iron.
 Aith, an oath.
 Aits, oats.
 Aiver, an old horse.
 Aizle, a hot cinder.

Alake, alas !
 Alane, alone, solitary, single,
 without company.
 Akwart, awkward, inelegant,
 untaught.
 Amaist, almost, nearly.
 Amang, among, mingled
 An', and, if. [with.
 Ance, once, one time.
 Ane, one ; and.
 Anent, over against, con-
 cerning.
 Anither, another, one more.
 Ase, ashes, the remains of
 burnt coals.
 Asklent, askint, aslant.
 Asteer, abroad, stirring.
 Athart, athwart, wrong.
 Aught, possession ; as, in a'
 my *ought*, in all my pos-
 session.
 Auldfarren, or Auldfarrent,
 sagacious, cunning, pru-
 dent.
 Auld lang syne, olden time,
 days of other years.
 Auld, old, ancient, advanced
 in years.
 Auntie, an aunt.
 Ava', at all, of all, of any.
 Awa' away, absent.
 Awfu', awful, terrible.
 Awn, the beard of barley,
 oats, &c.
 Awnie, bearded.
 Ayont, beyond, at a distance,
 out of the reach of.

B.

BA', ball.
 Backets, ashboards, a square
 wooden vessel for carrying
 coals to the fire, a kind of
 box for holding salt.
 Backlins comin', coming
 back, returning.
 Bad, did bid.
 Baide, endured, did stay.
 Bailie, a magistrate in Scot-
 land, answering to an al-
 derman in England.
 Baggie, dimin. of bag, a fa-
 miliar term used to signify
 the belly.
 Bainie, having large bones,
 stout.
 Bairn, a child.
 Bairntime, a family of chil-
 dren, a brood.
 Baith, both ; likewise.
 Bake, a small cake or biscuit.
 Ban, to swear, to make an ir-
 reverent exclamation ; re-
 proach, censure.
 Bane, bone.
 Bang, to beat, to strive, to
 excel.
 Bardie, dimin. of bard.
 Barefit, barefooted, without
 shoes or stockings.
 Barmie, of, or like barm.
 Batch, a crew, a gang.
 Batts, botts, small worms in
 the entrails of horses.

- Baudrons, & cat.
 Bauld, bold, intrepid.
 Bawk, a strip of land left unploughed, two or three feet in width; a ridge, a bank.
 Baws'nt, having a white stripe down the face.
 Be, to let be, to give over, to cease.
 Bear, barley.
 Beastie, dimin. of beast.
 Beet, to add fuel to fire.
 Beld, bald, without hair on the head.
 Belyve, by-and-by.
 Ben, into the spence or parlor.
 Benmost, innermost.
 Benlomond, a noted mountain in Dumbartonshire.
 Bethankit, grace or short prayer after the time or act of eating.
 Beuk, a book.
 Bicker, a kind of wooden dish, a short race.
 Bie, or Bield, shelter.
 Bien, wealthy, plentiful.
 Big, to build.
 Biggin, building; a house.
 Biggit, built.
 Bill, a bull.
 Billie, a brother, a young fellow.
 Bing, a heap of grain, potatoes, &c.
- Birk, birch.
 Birken-shaw, Birchen-wood-shaw, a small wood.
 Birkie, a clever fellow.
 Birring, the noise of partridges, &c., when they spring.
 Bit, crisis, nick of time.
 Bizz, a bustle; to buzz.
 Blae, livid.
 Blastie, a shrivelled dwarf, a term of contempt.
 Blastit, blasted.
 Blate, bashful, sheepish.
 Blather, bladder.
 Blaud, a flat piece of any thing; to slap.
 Blaw, to blow, to boast.
 Blecrit, bleared, sore with rheum.
 Bleert and blin', bleared and blind.
 Bleezing, blazing, flaming.
 Blellum, an idle, talking fellow.
 Blether, to talk idly; nonsense.
 Bleth'rin, talking idly.
 Blink, a little white, a smiling look; to look kindly, to shine by fits.
 Blinker, a term of contempt.
 Blinkin, smirking, ogling.
 Blithe, or Blythe, cheerful.
 Blue-gown, one of those beggars who get annually, on the king's birth-day, a

- blue cloak or gown, with a badge.
- Bluid, blood.
- Bluntie, snivelling.
- Blype, a shred, a large piece.
- Boek, to vomit, to gush intermittently.
- Boeked, gushed, vomited.
- Bodle, an old copper coin, of the value of pennies Scots, or one-third of an English penny.
- Bogles, spirits, hobgoblins.
- Bonie, or Bony, handsome, beautiful.
- Bonnock, a kind of thick cake of bread, a small jannack or loaf made of oatmeal.
- Boord, a board.
- Boortree, the shrub elder, planted much of old in hedges of barn-yards, &c.
- Boost, behooved, must needs.
- Bore, a hole in the wall.
- Botch, blotch, an angry tumor.
- Bouk, body, a person.
- Bousing, drinking, quaffing.
- Bow-kail, cabbage.
- Bcw-hough'd, applied to the lower part of the thighs, when crooked or bent outwards.
- Brackens, fern.
- Brae, a declivity, a precipice, the slope of a hill.
- Braid, broad, plain.
- Bragin't, reeled forward.
- Braik, a kind of harrow, an instrument used in husbandry.
- Brainge, to run rashly forward.
- Brak, broke, made insolvent.
- Branks, a kind of wooden curb for horses.
- Brash, a sudden illness.
- Brats, coarse clothes, rags, &c.
- Brattle, a short race, hurry, fury.
- Braw, fine, handsome.
- Brawlyt, or Brawlie, very well, finely, heartily.
- Braxie, a morbid sheep.
- Breastie, dimin. of breast.
- Breastit, did spring up or forward.
- Breckan, fern.
- Breef, an invulnerable or irresistible spell.
- Brecks, breeches.
- Brent, smooth.
- Brewin, brewing.
- Brie, juice, liquid.
- Brig, a bridge.
- Brunstane, brimstone.
- Brisket, the breast, the bosom.
- Brither, a brother.
- Brock, a badger.
- Brogue, a hum, a trick.
- Broo, broth, liquid, water.

- Brose, a kind of pottage, made by pouring boiling water or broth on oat-meal, which is stirred while the water is poured; a race at country weddings, who shall first reach the bridegroom's house, on returning from church, so called, perhaps, from brose being allotted to the victor.
- Brownie, a spirit, supposed, till lately, to haunt old houses, particularly those attached to farms, and sometimes to do the drudgery of the servants during the night.
- Brugh, a burgh.
- Bruilzie, a broil, a combustion.
- Brunt, did burn, burnt.
- Brust, to burst, burst.
- Buchan-bullers, the boiling of the sea among the rocks on the coast of Buchan.
- Bucksin, an inhabitant of Virginia.
- Bught, a pen.
- Bughtin-time, the time of collecting the sheep in the pens to be milked.
- Buirdly, stout made, broad made.
- Bum-clock, a humming beetle that flies in the summer evenings.
- Bumming, humming, as bees.
- Bummler, to blunder; a dolt, a stupid person.
- Bummler, a blunderer.
- Bunker, a window-seat.
- Burdies, dimin. of birds.
- Bure, did bear.
- Burn, water, a rivulet.
- Burnie, dimin. of burn.
- Buskie, bushy.
- Buskit, dressed finely, decorated.
- Busks, dresses.
- Busle, a bustle; to bustle.
- Buss, shelter.
- But, Bot, with, without.
- But an' ben, the country kitchen and parlor.
- By himsel', lunatic, distracted.
- Byke, a bee-hive, a crowd.
- Byre, a cow-house.

C.

- CA', to call, to name, to drive.
- Ca't, or Ca'd, called, driven, calved.
- Cadger, a carrier.
- Cadie, or Caddie, a person, a young fellow.
- Caff, chaff.
- Caird, a tinker.
- Cairn, a loose heap of stones.

- Calf-ward, a small enclosure for calves.
 Callan, a boy.
 Caller, fresh, sound, refreshing.
 Canie, or Cannie, gentle, mild, dexterous.
 Cannilie, dexterously, gently.
 Cantie, or Canty, cheerful, merry.
 Cantrip, a charm, a spell.
 Caprin, capering, skipping merrily.
 Cap-stane, cope-stone, key-stone.
 Careerin, cheerfully.
 Carl, an old man.
 Carl-hemp, the largest stalk of hemp, firmness of mind.
 Carlin, a stout old woman.
 Cartes, cards.
 Caudron, a caldron.
 Cauk and keel, chalk and red clay.
 Cauld, cold.
 Caup, a wooden drinking vessel.
 Cavie, a coop or pen for poultry.
 Cawd, driven.
 Cesses, taxes.
 Chanter, a part of a bagpipe.
 Chap, a person, a fellow, a blow.
 Chaup, a stroke, a blow.
 Cheekit, cheeked.
 Cheep, a chirp; to chirp.
 Chiel, or Cheel, a young fellow.
 Chimla, or Chimlie, a fire-grate, a fire-place.
 Chimla-lug, the fireside.
 Chittering, shivering, trembling.
 Chockin, choking.
 Chow, to chew; Check-for-chow, side-by-side.
 Chuffie, fat-faced.
 Clachan, a small village about a church, a hamlet.
 Claise, or Claes, clothes.
 Claith, cloth.
 Claithing, clothing.
 Claivers, nonsense; not speaking sense.
 Clap, clapper of a mill.
 Clarkit, wrote.
 Clash, an idle tale, the story of the day.
 Clatter, to tell little idle stories; an idle story.
 Claught, snatched at, laid hold of.
 Claut, to clean, to scrape; a heap, a great quantity, abundance.
 Clauted, scraped.
 Claver clover.
 Clavers, idle stories.
 Claw, to scratch.
 Claw'd, scratched.
 Claymore, a sword, a weapon

- used either in cutting or thrusting.
- Cleed, to clothe.
- Cleeds, clothes.
- Cleck, to lay hold of after the manner of a hook, to seize at all events.
- Cleckit, having caught.
- Clinkin, jerking, clinking.
- Clinkumbell, he who rings the church bell.
- Clips, shears.
- Clishmaclaver, idle conversation.
- Clock, to hatch; a beetle.
- Clockin, hatching.
- Cloot, the hoof of a cow, sheep, &c.
- Clottie, an old name for the Devil.
- Clour, a bump, or swelling, after a blow.
- Clout, to beat, to strike; a blow, a cuff.
- Cluds, clouds.
- Clunk, to guggle in the manner of a bottle when it is emptying.
- Coaxin, wheedling; flattery.
- Coble, a fishing boat.
- Cockernony, a lock of hair tied upon a girl's head, a cap.
- Cockie, dimin. of cock.
- Coft, bought.
- Cog, a wooden dish.
- Coggie, dimin. of cog.
- Coila, from Kyle, a district of Ayrshire, so called from Coil, or Coilus, a Pictish monarch.
- Collie, a general, and sometimes a particular name for country curs.
- Collieshangie, quarrelling.
- Commaun, command.
- Cood, the eud.
- Coof, a blockhead, a ninny.
- Cookit, appeared and disappeared by fits.
- Cooser, a horse kept for mares.
- Coost, did cast.
- Coot, the ancle, or foot.
- Cootie, a wooden kitchen dish; fowls whose legs are clad with feathers are said to be *cootie*.
- Corbies, a species of the crow.
- Core, corps, party, clan.
- Corn't, fed with oats.
- Cotter, the inhabitant of a cot-house or cottage.
- Couthie, kind, loving.
- Cove, a cave.
- Cowe, to terrify, to keep under, to lop; a fright, a branch of furze, broom, &c.
- Cowp, to barter, to tumble over; a gang.
- Cowpit, tumbled.
- Cowrin, cowering, stooping.

- Cowt, a colt, a young horse.
- Cozie, snug.
- Coziely, snugly.
- Crabbit, crabbed, fretful, sour.
- Crack, to converse; conversation.
- Crackin, conversing.
- Craft, or Croft, in old husbandry, a field near a house.
- Craigie, dimin. of crag, the throat, the neck.
- Craiks, birds, incessant calls or cries.
- Crambo-clink, or Crambo-jingle, rhymes, doggerel verses.
- Crank, the noise of an ungreased wheel.
- Crankous, fretful, captious.
- Cranreuch, the hoar frost.
- Crap, or Crop, the produce of land; to crop.
- Craw, a crow of a cock; a rook.
- Creel, a kind of osier basket; To have one's wits in a *creel*, to be crazed, to be fascinated.
- Creeshie, greasy.
- Cronic, or Crony, an intimate acquaintance.
- Crood, or Croud, to coo, as a dove.
- Crooks, old ewes that have given over bearing.
- Croon, a hollow, continued moan; to make a noise like the continued roar of a bull, to hum a tune.
- Crooning, humming.
- Crouchie, crook-backed.
- Crouse, cheerful, courageous.
- Crouselly, cheerfully, courageously.
- Crowdie, a composition of oat-meal and boiled water, sometimes from the broth of beef, mutton, &c.
- Crowdie-time, breakfast-time.
- Crowlin, crawling, creeping.
- Crummock, a cow with crooked horns.
- Crump, hard and brittle; — spoken of bread.
- Crunt, a blow on the head with a cudgel.
- Cuif, a blockhead, a ninny.
- Cummock, a short staff with a crooked head.
- Curchie, a courtesy.
- Curler, a player at a game on the ice, practised in Scotland, called *curling*.
- Curlic, curled; one whose hair falls naturally in ringlets.
- Curling, a well known game on the ice.
- Curmurring, murmuring; a slight rumbling noise.
- Curpin, the crupper.

Cushat, the dove, or wood-pigeon.

Cutty, short; a spoon broken in the middle, a light woman.

Cutty-stool, a stool on which culprits sit when making public satisfaction in the kirk, for having committed fornication.

D.

DADDIE, a father.

Daezt, stupified, deprived of vigor or sensibility.

Daffin, merriment, foolishness.

Daft, merry, giddy, foolish.

Daimen, rare, now and then.

Daimen-icker, an ear of corn now and then.

Dainty, pleasant, good humored, agreeable.

Dales, plains, valleys.

Danton, to intimidate, to subdue.

Dam, urine, piddle.

Darklins, darkling, being in the dark, void of light.

Daud, to thrash, to abuse.

Daur, to dare, to defy.

Daurt, dared, defied.

Daurg, or Daurk, a day's labor.

Davoc, David.

Dawd, a large piece

Dawtit, or Dautet, fondled, caressed.

Dearies, dimin. of dears.

Dearthfu', dear.

Deave, deafen.

Deil-ma-care, no matter for all that.

Deleerit, delirious.

Describe, to describe.

Devle, a stunning blow.

Diddle, to shake, to jog.

Dight, to wipe, to clean corn from chaff; cleaned from chaff.

Dights, clean.

Din, sallow.

Ding, to worst, to push.

Dinna, do not.

Dirl, a slight tremulous stroke or pain.

Dizzen, or Diz'n, a dozen.

Doited, stupified, hebetated.

Dolt, stupified, crazed; a stupid fellow.

Donsie, unlucky.

Dool, sorrow; to sing *dool*, to lament, to mourn.

Doos, doves.

Dorty, saucy, nice, discontented.

Douce, or Douse, sober, wise, prudent.

Doucely, soberly, prudently.

Dought, was, or were able.

Doup skelper, one who strikes the tail.

Doup, the backside.

- Dour, sullen, obstinate.
 Doure, stout, durable, sullen,
 stubborn.
 Douser, more prudent.
 Dow, am, or are able, can.
 Dowff, pithless, wanting
 spirit
 Dowie, worn with grief, fa-
 tigue, &c., half asleep.
 Downa, am, or are not able,
 cannot.
 Doylt, stupid.
 Drap, a drop; to drop.
 Drapping, dropping.
 Draunting, drawling.
 Dreep, to ooze, to drop.
 Dreigh, tedious, long about
 it.
 Dribble, drizzling; slaver.
 Driddle, to be diligent insig-
 nificantly.
 Drift, a drove.
 Droddum, the beech.
 Drone, part of a bagpipe.
 Drop-rumpl't, that droops at
 the crupper.
 Droukit, drenched, wet.
 Drouth, thirst, drought.
 Drucken, drunken.
 Drumly, muddy, thick, ob-
 scure.
 Drummock, meal and water
 mixed raw.
 Drunt, pet, sour humor.
 Dub, a small pond.
 Duds, rags, clothes.
 Duddie, ragged.
- Dung, worsted, pushed,
 driven, exhausted.
 Dunted, beaten, boxed
 Dush, to push, as a ram, &c
 Dusht, pushed by a ram, ox,
 &c.
- E.
- E'e, the eye.
 Een, the eyes.
 E'enin', evening, the close
 of the day.
 Eeric, frightened, dreading
 spirits.
 Eild, old age.
 Elbuck, the elbow.
 Eldritch, ghastly, frightful.
 En', end.
 Enbrugh, Edinburgh.
 Eneugh, enough.
 Especial, especially.
 Ettle, to try, to attempt, to
 endeavor.
 Eydent, diligent, industri-
 ous.
- F.
- FA', fall, lot; to fall.
 Fa's, does fall; water-falls.
 Faddom't, fathomed.
 Fae, a foe, an enemy.
 Faem, foam.
 Faiket, unknown, unem-
 ployed.
 Fairin, a present at fair-time

- Fallow**, fellow.
Fand, did find
Farl, a cake of bread.
Fash, trouble, care; to trouble, to care for.
Fashionous, troublesome.
Fasht, troubled.
Fastern E'en, Fasteens Even.
Fauld, a fold; to fold.
Faulding, folding.
Faut, fault.
Fawsont, decent, seemly.
Feal, a field; smooth.
Fearfu', frightful.
Fear't, frightened.
Feat, neat, spruce.
Fecht, to fight; a struggle, of whatever kind.
Fechtin, or **Fetchin**, fighting.
Feck, many, plenty.
Fecket, waistcoat.
Feckfu', large, brawny, stout.
Feckless, puny, weak, silly, trifling.
Feckly, weakly.
Feg, a fig.
Feide, feud, enmity.
Fell, keen, biting; the flesh immediately under the skin, a field pretty level on the side or top of a hill.
Fen, successful struggle, fight.
Fend, to live comfortably.
Ferlic, or **Ferly**, to wonder; a wonder, a term of contempt.
Fetch, to pull by fits.
Fetch't, pulled intermittent.
Fey, foe. [ly.
Fidge, to fidget.
Fiel, soft, smooth.
Fient, fiend, a petty oath.
Fier, sound, healthy; a brother, a friend.
Fisle, to make a rustling noise, to fidget; a bustle.
Fit, a foot.
Fizz, to make a hissing noise, like fermentation.
Flainen, flannel.
Fleech, to supplicate, or entreat, in a flattering manner.
Fleech'd, supplicated.
Fleechin, supplicating.
Fleesh, a fleece.
Fleg, a kick, a random blow.
Flether, to decoy by fair words.
Fletherin, flattering.
Flewit, a smart blow.
Fley, to seare, to frighten.
Flichter, to flutter, as young nestlings, when their dam approaches.
Flinders, shreds, broken pieces.
Flingin-tree, a piece of timber hung by way of partition between two horses in a stable, a flail.

- Flisk, to fret at the yoke.
 Fliskit, fretted.
 Flitter, to vibrate, like the wings of small birds.
 Flittering, fluttering, vibrating.
 Flunkie, a servant in livery.
 Foord, a ford.
 Forbears, forefathers, ancestors.
 Forbye, besides.
 Forfain distressed, worn out, jaded.
 Forfoughten, fatigued.
 Forgather, to meet, to encounter with.
 Forge, to forgive.
 Forjesket, jaded with fatigue.
 Forrit, forward.
 Fother, fodder.
 Fou, full, drunk.
 Foughten, troubled, harassed.
 Fouth, plenty, enough, more than enough.
 Fow, a bushel, &c., also a pitchfork.
 Frae, from.
 Freath, froth.
 Frien', friend.
 Fu', full.
 Fud, the scut or tail of the hare, coney, &c.
 Fuff, to blow intermittently.
 Fuff't, did blow.
 Funnie, full of merriment.
 Fur, a furrow.
- Furm, a form, bench.
 Fyke, trifling cares; to piddle, to be in a fuss about trifles, to agitate.
 Fyle, to soil, to dirty, to pollute.
 Fyl't, soiled, dirtied, polluted.
- G.
- GAB, the mouth; to speak boldly or pertly.
 Gaberlunzie, an old man.
 Gadsman, a ploughboy, the boy that drives the horses in the plough.
 Gae, to go.
 Gaed, went.
 Gaen, or Gane, gone.
 Gaet, or Gate, way, manner, road.
 Gang, to go, to walk.
 Gangrel, strolling wandering, roving.
 Gar, to make, to force.
 Gar't, forced.
 Garten, a garter.
 Gash, wise, sagacious, talkative; to converse.
 Gashin, conversing.
 Gaucy, jolly, large.
 Gaun, going.
 Gawky, half-witted, foolish, romping.
 Gear, riches, goods of any kind.

- Geck, to toss the head in wantonness or scorn.
- Ged, a pike.
- Gentles, great folks.
- Geordie, a guinea.
- Get, a child, a young one.
- Ghaist, a ghost.
- Gie, to give.
- Gied, gave.
- Gien, given.
- Giftie, dimin. of gift.
- Giglets, playful girls.
- Gillie, dimin. of gill.
- Gilpey, a half-crown, a half-informed boy or girl, a romping lad, a hoiden.
- Gimmer, an ewe from one to two years old.
- Gin, if, against.
- Gipsey, a young girl.
- Girdle, a round plate of iron for toasting cakes over the fire.
- Girn, to grin, to twist the features in rage, agony, &c.
- Girning, grinning.
- Gizz, a periwig.
- Glaikit, inattentive, foolish.
- Glaive, a sword.
- Glaizie, glittering, smooth, like glass.
- Glaum'd, aimed, snatched.
- Gleg, sharp, ready.
- Gleib, glebe.
- Glen, dale, deep valley.
- Gley, a squint; to squint.
- Glib-gabbet, that speaks smoothly and readily.
- Glint, to peep.
- Glinted, peeped.
- Glintin, peeping.
- Gloamin, the twilight.
- Glowr, to stare, to look; a stare, a look.
- Glowr'd, looked, stared.
- Glowran, staring.
- Goavan, looking or staring awkwardly.
- Gowan, the flower of the daisy, dandelion, hawk-weed, &c.
- Gowany; Gowany Glens, daisied dales.
- Gowd, gold.
- Gowff, the name of *golf*; to strike, as the bat does the ball at golf.
- Govff'd, struck.
- Gowk, a cuckoo, a term of contempt.
- Gowl, to howl.
- Gowling, howling.
- Graff, a grave.
- Grain, or Grane, a groan; to groan.
- Grain'd and Graunte^d, groaned and grunted.
- Graining, groaning.
- Graip, a pronged instrument for cleansing stables.
- Graith, accoutrements, furniture, dress.
- Grannie, a grandmother.

- Grape, to grope.
 Grapit, groped.
 Grat, wept, shed tears.
 Great, intimate, familiar.
 Gree, to agree; To bear the
gree, to be decidedly vic-
 tor.
 Gree't, agreed.
 Greet, to shed tears, to
 weep.
 Greetin, crying, weeping.
 Grippet, caught, seized.
 Groat; To wet the whistle
 of one's *groat*, to play a
 losing game.
 Grousome, loathsome, grim.
 Grozet, a gooseberry.
 Grumph, a grunt; to grunt.
 Grumphie, a sow.
 Grun', ground.
 Grunstane, a grindstone.
 Gruntle, the phiz, a grunting
 noise.
 Grunzie, the mouth.
 Grushie, thick, of thriving
 growth.
 Gude, the Supreme Being;
 good.
 Guid, good.
 Guid-morning, good morn-
 ing.
 Guid-e'en, good evening.
 Guidman and Guidwife, the
 master and mistress of the
 house; Young *guidman*, a
 man newly married.
 Guidfather, a father-in-law.
- Guidmother, a mother-in-
 law.
 Gully, or Gullie, a large
 knife.
 Gumlie, muddy, turbid.
 Gumption, understanding,
 judgment.
 Gusty, tasteful.
- H.
- HA', hall.
 Ha'-Bible, the great Bible
 that lies in the hall.
 Hae, to have.
 Haen, had.
 Haet; Fient *haet*, a petty
 oath of negation, nothing.
 Haffet, the temple, the side
 of the head.
 Hafflins, nearly half, partly.
 Hag, a scar or gulf in mosses
 or moors, an ugly old wo-
 man.
 Haggis, a kind of pudding
 boiled in the stomach of a
 cow or sheep.
 Hain, to spare, to save.
 Hain'd, spared.
 Hairst, harvest.
 Haith, a petty oath.
 Haivers, nonsense; speaking
 without thought.
 Hal', or Hald, an abiding
 place.
 Hale, whole, tight, healthy
 Haly, holy.

- Hallan, a particular partition wall in a cottage, or more properly a seat of turf at the outside.
- Hallowmas, Hallow-eve, the 31st of October.
- Hame, home.
- Hamey, homely, affable.
- Hameward, homeward.
- Han', or Haun', hand.
- Hap, an outer garment, mantle, plaid, &c.; to wrap, to cover, to hap.
- Happer, a hopper.
- Happing, hopping.
- Hap-step-an'-loup, hop-skip-and-leap.
- Harkit, hearkened.
- Harn, very coarse linen.
- Hash, a fellow that neither knows how to dress nor act with propriety.
- Hastit, hastened.
- Haud, to hold.
- Haughs, low-lying rich lands, valleys.
- Haurl, to drag, to peel.
- Haurlin, peeling.
- Haverel, a half-witted person, one who talks foolishly.
- Havins, good manners, decorum, good sense.
- Hawkie, a cow, properly one with a white face.
- Healsome, healthful, wholesome.
- Heapit, heaped.
- Hearse, hoarse.
- Hear't, hear it.
- Heartie, dimin, of heart.
- Heather, heath.
- Hech! oh! strange!
- Hecht, promised; to foretell something that is to be got or given; foretold; the thing foretold; offered.
- Heckle, a board in which are fixed a number of sharp pins, used in dressing hemp, flax, &c.
- Heeze, to elevate, to raise.
- Helim, the rudder or helm.
- Herd, to tend flocks; one who tends flocks.
- Herrin, a herring.
- Herry, to plunder, most properly to plunder birds' nests.
- Herryment, plundering, devastation.
- Hersel', herself; also, a herd of cattle of any sort.
- Het, hot.
- Heugh, a crag, a coal-pit.
- Hide and Hair, the carcass and hide, the whole.
- Hilch, to hobble, to halt.
- Hilchin, halting.
- Hiltie-skiltie, in rapid succession.
- Himself, himself.
- Hiney, honey.
- Hing, hang.

- Hirple, to walk crazily, to creep.
- Hirplin, walking crazily.
- Hirsel, so many cattle as one person can attend.
- Histie, dry, chapt, barren.
- Hitch, a loop, a knot.
- Hizzie, huzzy, a young girl.
- Hoddin, the motion of a sage countryman riding on a cart horse; humble.
- Hog-score, a kind of distance line, in curling, drawn across the rink.
- Hog-shouther, a kind of horse-play, by justling with the shoulder; to justle.
- Hool, outer skin or case, a nut-shell, peas-cod.
- Hoolie, slowly, leisurely.
- Hoolie! take leisure! stop!
- Hoord, a hoard; to hoard.
- Hoordit, hoarded.
- Horn, a spoon made of horn.
- Hornic, one of the many names of the Devil.
- Host, or Hoast, to cough.
- Hostin, coughing.
- Hosts, coughs.
- Hotch'd, turned topsy-turvey, blended, mixed.
- Houghmagandie, fornication.
- Houp, hope.
- Housie, dimin. of house.
- Hove, to heave, to swell.
- Hov'd, heaved, swelled.
- Howdie, a midwife.
- Howe, hollow; a hollow or dell.
- Howe-backit, sunk in the back; spoken of a horse, &c.
- Howff, a landlady, a house of resort.
- Howk, to dig.
- Howkit, digged.
- Howkin, digging.
- Howlet, or Houlet, an owl.
- Hoy, to urge.
- Hoy't, urged.
- Hoyse, a pull upwards.
- Hoyte, to amble crazily.
- Hughoc, dimin of Hugh.
- Hunkers, the ham, the hinder part of the thigh.
- Hurcheon, a hedgehog; a term of slight anger.
- Hurdies, the loins, the crupper.
- Hushion, a cushion, stockings without feet.

I.

- I', in.
- Icker, an ear of corn.
- Ier-oe, a great-grand-child.
- Ilk, or Ilka, each, every.
- Ill-willie, ill-natured, malicious, niggardly.
- Ingine, genius, ingenuity.
- Ingles, fire, fire-place.

f'se, I shall or will.
 [ther, other, one another.

J.

JAD, jade; also, a familiar term among country folks for a giddy young girl.

Jag, to prick, to pierce.

Jauk, to dally, to trifle.

Jaukin, trifling, dallying.

Jauntie, dimin. of jaunt.

Jaup, a jerk of water; to jerk, as agitated water.

Jaw, coarse raillery; to pour out, to shut, to jerk, as water.

Jillit, a jilt, a giddy girl.

Jim, to jump; slender in the waist, handsome.

Jink, to dodge, to turn a corner; a sudden turning a corner.

Jinker, one who turns quickly, a gay sprightly girl, a

Jinking, dodging. [wag.

Jirk, a jerk.

Jo, or Joe, a sweetheart, a favorite.

Joeteleg, a kind of knife.

Jouk, to stoop, to bow the head.

Jow; To *jow*, a verb which includes both the swinging motion and pealing sound of a large bell.

Jundie, to justle.

K.

KAB, a daw.

Kail, colewort, a kind of broth.

Kail-runt, the stem of colewort.

Kain, fowls, &c., paid as rent by a farmer.

Kaiugh, carking anxiety.

Kebars, rafters.

Kebbuck, a cheese.

Keek, a peep; to peep.

Kelpies, a sort of mischievous spirits, said to haunt fords and ferries at night, especially in storms.

Ken, to know.

Ken'd, or Kent, knew.

Kinnin, a small matter.

Kenspeckle, well known.

Ket, matted, hairy; a fleece of wool.

Kilt, to truss up the clothes.

Kimmer, a young girl, a gossip.

Kin, kindred.

Kin', kind.

King's-hood, a certain part of the entrails of an ox,

Kintra, country. [&c.

Kintra-coozer, a country stallion.

Kirn, the harvest supper, a churn; to churn.

Kirsen, to christen, or baptize

- Kist, a chest, a shop counter.
- Kitchen, any thing that is eaten with bread, to serve for soup, gravy, &c.
- Kith, kindred.
- Kittle, to tickle; ticklish, likely.
- Kittlin, a young cat.
- Kiuttle, to cuddle.
- Kiuttlin, cuddling.
- Knaggie, like nags or points of rocks.
- Knappin-hammer, a hammer for breaking stones.
- Knowe, a small round hillock.
- Knurl, a dwarf.
- Kye, cows.
- Kyle, a district of Ayrshire.
- Kyte, the belly.
- Kythe, to discover, to show one's self.
- L.
- LADDIE, dimin. of lad.
- Laggen, the angle between the side and bottom of a wooden dish.
- Laigh, low.
- Lairing, wading and sinking in snow, mud, &c.
- Laith, loath.
- Laithfu', bashful, sheepish, modest.
- Lalland, a native of the lowlands of Scotland.
- Lallans, Scottish dialect.
- Lambie, dimin. of lamb.
- Lampit, a kind of shell-fish.
- Lan', land, estate.
- Lane, lone; My *lane*, thy *lane*, &c.
- Lanely, lonely.
- Lang, long; To think *lang*, to long, to weary.
- Lap, did leap.
- Lave, the rest, the remainder, the others.
- Laverock, the lark.
- Lawin, shot, reckoning, bill.
- Lawlan', Lowland.
- Lea, pasture, ground unploughed.
- Lea'e, to leave.
- Leal, loyal, true, faithful.
- Lea-rig, grassy ridge.
- Lear, (pronounced *lare*,) learning.
- Lee-lang, live-long.
- Leesome, pleasant.
- Leeze me, a phrase of congratulatory endearment: I am happy in thee, or proud of thee.
- Leister, a three-pronged dart for striking fish.
- Leugh, did laugh.
- Leuk, a look; to look.
- Libbet, gelded.
- Lie'n, lying.
- Lift, sky.
- Lightly, sneeringly; to sneer at.

- Lilt**, a ballad, a tune; to sing.
Limmer, a kept mistress, a strumpet.
Limp't, limped, hobbled.
Link, to trip along.
Linkin, tripping.
Linn, a water-fall, a precipice.
Lint, flax; **Lint i' the bell**, flax in flower.
Lintwhite, a linnet.
Lippen'd, trusted, put confidence in.
Loan, or **Loanin**, the place of milking.
Loof, the palm of the hand.
Loot, did let.
Looves, plural of loof.
Loun, a fellow, a ragamuffin, a woman of easy-virtue.
Loup, jump, leap.
Lowe, a flame.
Lowin, flaming.
Lowrie, abbreviation of Lawrence.
Lowse, to loose.
Lows'd, loosed.
Lug, the ear, a handle.
Luggie, a small wooden dish with a handle.
Lum, the chimney.
Lunch, a large piece of cheese, flesh, &c.
Lunt, a column of smoke; to smoke.
Luntin, smoking.
- Lyart**, of a mixed color, gray.
- M.**
- MAE**, more.
Mair, more.
Maist, most, almost.
Maistly, mostly.
Mak, to make.
Makin, making.
Mailen, a farm.
Mallie, Molly.
'Mang, among.
Manse, the parsonage house, where the minister lives.
Manteele, a mantle.
Mark, or **Merk**, an ancient Scottish silver coin, in value thirteen pence and one-third of a penny sterling.
Mark, marks. [This and several other nouns, which in English require an s to form the plural, are, in Scotch, like the words sheep, deer, the same in both numbers.]
Mar's year, the year 1715.
Mashlum, or **Meslin**, mixed corn.
Mask, to mash, as malt, &c., to infuse.
Maskin-pat, a tea-pot.
Mauken, a hare.
Maun, must.

- Mavis, the thrush.
 Maw, to mow.
 Mawin, mowing.
 Meere, a mare.
 Meickle, or Meikle, much
 Melancholious, mournful.
 Melder, corn, or grain of any
 kind, sent to the mill to be
 ground.
 Mell, to meddle; also, a
 mallet for pounding barley
 in a stone trough.
 Melvie, to soil with meal.
 Men', to amend, to reform,
 to change from worse to
 better.
 Mense, good manners, deco-
 rum.
 Menseless, ill bred, rude, im-
 pudent.
 Messin, a small dog.
 Midden, a dung-hill.
 Midden-creels, baskets for
 holding dung.
 Midden-hole, a gutter at the
 bottom of a dunghill.
 Mid, prim, affectedly meek.
 Min', mind, remembrance.
 Mind't, mind it, resolved, in-
 tending.
 Minnie, mother, dam.
 Mirk, dark.
 Mirkest, darkest.
 Misca', to abuse, to call
 Misca'd, abused. [names.
 Mislear'd, mischievous, un-
 mannerly.
 Misteuk, mistook.
 Mither, a mother.
 Mixtie-maxtie, confusedly
 mixed.
 Moil, labor.
 Moistify, to moisten.
 Monie, or Mony, many.
 Moop, to nibble, as a sheep.
 Moorlan', of or belonging to
 moors.
 Morn, the next day, to-mor-
 row.
 Mottie, full of motes or small
 particles of matter.
 Mou, the mouth.
 Moudiewort, a mole.
 Mousie, dimin. of mouse.
 Muckle, or Mickle, great,
 big, much.
 Music, dimin. of muse.
 Muslin-kail, broth composed
 simply of water, shelled
 barley, and greens.
 Mutchkin, an English pint.
 Mysel', myself.

N.

- NA, no, not, nor.
 Nae, no, not any.
 Naething, or Naithing, no-
 thing.
 Naig, a horse.
 Nane, none.
 Nappy, ale; to be tipsy.
 Natch, to lay hold of vio-
 lently.

Needor, a neighbor.
 Negleckit, neglected.
 Neuk, nook.
 Niest, next in order, or next in time.
 Nieve, the fist.
 Nievefu', a handful, a small quantity.
 Nieffer, an exchange; to exchange, to barter.
 Niger, a negro.
 Nine-tailed-cat, a hangman's whip.
 Nit, a nut.
 Norland, of or belonging to the north.
 Notic't, noticed, observed.
 Nowte, black cattle.

O.

O', of.
 Ochils, name of mountains.
 O haith! O faith! an oath.
 Onie, or Ony, any.
 Or is often used for *ere*, before.
 Orra, superfluous, unwanted.
 O't, of it.
 O'ightlins, in the least degree.
 Ourie, shivering, drooping.
 Oursel', or Oursels, ourselves.
 Outlers, cattle not housed.
 Owre, over, too.
 Owre-hip, a way of fetching

a blow with a hammer over the arm.

P.

PACK, intimate, familiar; twelve stone of wool.
 Paidel, to paddle, to play in water.
 Painch, the paunch.
 Paitrick, a partridge.
 Pang, to cram.
 Parle, speech.
 Parritch, oat-meal pudding, a well-known Scotch dish.
 Pat, did put; a pot.
 Pattle, or Pettle, a plough-staff.
 Paughty, proud, haughty.
 Pawky, or Pawkie, cunning, sly.
 Pay't, paid, beat.
 Pech, to fetch the breath short, as in an asthma.
 Pechan, the crop, the stomach.
 Peelin, peeling.
 Pet, a domesticated sheep, a great favorite.
 Pettle, to cherish; a plough-staff.
 Philabegs, short petticoats, worn by Highlandmen.
 Phraise, fair speeches, flattery; to flatter, to wheedle.
 Phraisin, flattery.

- Pibroch, a Highland war-song, adapted to the bag-pipe.
- Pickle, a small quantity.
- Pine, pain, uneasiness.
- Pit, to put.
- Placard, a public proclamation.
- Plack, an old Scotch coin, the third part of a Scotch penny, twelve of which make an English penny.
- Plackless, penniless, without money.
- Plaid, an outer loose garment.
- Platie, dimin. of plate.
- Pleugh, or Plew, a plough.
- Pliskie, a trick, a mischief.
- Pock, a bag, a small sack.
- Poind, to seize on cattle, or take the goods, as the laws of Scotland allow, for rent.
- Poortith, poverty, indigence.
- Pou, to pull.
- Pouch, a pocket.
- Pouchie, dimin. of pouch.
- Pouk, to pluck.
- Pouse, to push, to penetrate.
- Poussie, a hare, a cat.
- Pout, a poult, a chick.
- Pou't, did pull.
- Pouther, or Powther, powder.
- Pouthery, like powder.
- Pow, the head, the skull.
- Pownie, a little horse.
- Preen, a pin, a pointed short piece of wire.
- Prent, print.
- Prie, to taste.
- Prie'd, tasted.
- Prief, proof.
- Prig, to cheapen, to dispute.
- Priggin, cheapening.
- Prinsic, demure, precise.
- Propone, to lay down, to propose.
- Provost, the first magistrate of a royal borough, answering to Lord Mayor in England.
- Provoses, plural of Provost.
- Pund, pound, poun ls.
- Pyle; A *pyle o' cal.*, a single grain of chaff.

Q.

- QUAK, to quake.
- Quat, quit.
- Quey, a cow from one to two years old.

R.

- RAGWEED, herb ragwort.
- Raible, to rattle nonsense, to talk foolishly.
- Rair, to roar.
- Raize, to madden, to inflame.
- Ram-feeze'd, fatigued, over-spread.

- Ram-stam, thoughtless, forward.
- Randie, turbulent, irregular, unsettled.
- Rantie, merry, cheerful, jovial.
- Raploch, properly a coarse cloth, but used as an adjective for coarse.
- Rarely, excellently, very well.
- Rash, a rush.
- Rash-buss, a bush of rushes.
- Ratan, a throb, a pulsation.
- Ratton, a rat.
- Raucle, rash, stout, fearless.
- Raught, reached.
- Raw, a row.
- Rax, to stretch.
- Rax'd, stretched, levied.
- Ream, cream; to cream.
- Reamin, brimful, frothing.
- Reave, rove.
- Reck, to heed.
- Rede, counsel; to counsel.
- Red-wat-shod, walking in blood over the shoe-tops.
- Red-wud, stark-mad.
- Ree, half-drunk, fuddled.
- Reck, smoke; to smoke.
- Reekin, smoking.
- Reekit, smoked, smoky.
- Remead, remedy, alternative.
- Requite, required.
- Rest, to stand restive.
- Restit, stood restive, stunted, withered.
- Restrieked, restricted.
- Rew, repetn.
- Rief, or Reef, plenty.
- Rief-randies, sturdy beggars.
- Rig, a ridge.
- Rin, to run, to melt.
- Rink, the course of the stones; a term in curling on the ice.
- Rinnin, running.
- Ripp, a handful of unthrashed corn.
- Riskit, made a noise like the tearing of roots.
- Rockin, a term derived from those primitive times, when neighbors met alternately at one another's houses, to spend the evening; the females, that they might enjoy the gossip, without the imputation of idleness, brought their *rocks*, or distaffs, with them.
- Rood, stands likewise for the plural *roods*.
- Roon, a shred.
- Roose, to praise, to commend; applause.
- Roun, round, in the circle of neighborhood.
- Roupet, hoarse as with a cold.
- Routhie, plentiful.

Row, to roll, to wrap.
 Row't, rolled, wrapped.
 Rowte, to low, to bellow.
 Rowth, or Routh, plenty.
 Rowtin, lowing.
 Rozet, rosin.
 Rung, a cudgel.
 Runkléd, wrinkled.
 Runt, the stem of colewort
 or cabbage.
 Ruth, a woman's name, the
 book so called, sorrow.

S.

SAE, SO.
 Saft, soft.
 Sair, to serve; a sore.
 Sairly, or Sairlie, sorely.
 Sair't, served.
 Sark, a shirt.
 Sarkit, provided in shirts.
 Saugh, the willow.
 Saul, soul.
 Saumont, salmon.
 Saunt, a saint.
 Saut, salt.
 Saw, to sow.
 Sawin, sowing
 Sax, six. [injury.
 Scaith, to damage, to injure;
 Scar, to scare; a scar.
 Scaud, to scald.
 Scauld, to scold.
 Scone, a kind of bread.
 Sconner, a loathing; to
 loathe.

Seraich, to scream as a hen,
 partridge, &c.
 Screed, to tear; a rent.
 Serieve, to glide swiftly
 along.
 Srieivin, gleesomely, swiftly.
 Scrimp, to scant.
 Scrimpet, did scant; scanty.
 See'd, did see.
 Seizin, seizing.
 Sel', self; A body's *sel'*, one's
 self alone.
 Sell't, did sell.
 Sen', to send.
 Sen't, I, he, or she sent, or
 did send; sent it.
 Servan', servant.
 Session, an inferior spiritual
 court, of the kirk of Scot-
 land, consisting of an as-
 sembly of elders, who sit
 in judgment, and pro-
 nounce sentence on Chris-
 tian delinquents.
 Settlin, settling; To get a
settlin, to be frightened
 into quietness.
 Sets; *Sets* off, goes away.
 Shackl'd, distorted, deform-
 ed.
 Shaird, a shred, a shard.
 Shangan, a stick cleft at one
 end, for putting the tail of
 a dog, &c., into, by way of
 mischief, or to frighten
 him away.
 Shave, a trick, any thing

- done to cheat jocosely or to divert.
- Shaver, a humorous wag, a barber.
- Shavie, dimin. of shave.
- Shaw, to show; a small wood in a hollow place.
- Shearer, a reaper, one employed in cutting down corn.
- Sheen, bright, shining.
- Sheep-shank; To think one's self nae *sheep-shank*, to be conceited.
- Sherra-moor, Sheriff-moor, the field where the famous battle of that name was fought in the rebellion of 1715.
- Sheugh, a ditch, a trench, a Shiel, a shed. [sluice.]
- Shill, shrill.
- Shog, a shock, a push off at one side.
- Shool, a shovel.
- Shoon, shoes.
- Shore, to offer, to give, to threaten.
- Shor'd, offered.
- Shouter, the shoulder.
- Sie, such.
- Sicker, sure, steady.
- Sidelins, sidelong, slanting.
- Siller, silver, money.
- Simmer, a summer.
- Signet, singed, scorched, despicable.
- Sin, a son.
- Sin', since.
- Sinny, sunny.
- Sinsyne, since.
- Skaith. See Scaith.
- Skellum, a worthless fellow.
- Skelp, to strike, to slap, to walk with a smart tripping step; a smart stroke.
- Skelpi-limmer, a technical term in female scolding.
- Skelpin, stepping, walking, eager, warm.
- Skiegh, or Skeigh, proud, nice, high-mettled.
- Skinklin, a small portion.
- Skirl, to shriek, to cry shrilly.
- Skirling, shrieking, crying.
- Skirl't, shrieked.
- Sklent, slant; to run aslant, to deviate from truth.
- Sklented, ran, or hit in an oblique direction.
- Skreigh, a scream; to scream.
- Skyrin, shining, making a great show.
- Skyte, force, violence.
- Slade, did slide.
- Slae, a sloe.
- Slap, a gate, a breach in a fence.
- Slaw, slow.
- Slee, sly.
- Sleest, slyest.
- Sleekit, sleek, sly, cunning.

- Sliddery, slippery.
- Slype, to fall over, as a wet furrow from the plough.
- Slypet, fell.
- Sma', small.
- Smeddum, dust, powder, mettle, sense.
- Smiddy, a smithy.
- Smoor, to smother.
- Smoor'd, smothered.
- Smoutie, smutty, obscene, ugly.
- Smytric, a numerous collection of small individuals.
- Shaking, the champing of a dog's teeth when he aims at his prey.
- Snapper, stumble.
- Snash, abuse, Billingsgate.
- Snaw, snow; to snow.
- Snaw-broo, melted snow.
- Snawie, snowie.
- Sneck, latch of a door.
- Sned, to lop, to cut off.
- Sneeshin, snuff.
- Sneeshin-mill, a snuff-box.
- Snell, bitter, biting.
- Snick-drawing, thick contriving.
- Snick, the latchet of a door.
- Snool, one whose spirit is broken with oppressive slavery; to submit tamely, to sneak, to oppress.
- Snoove, to go smoothly and constantly, to sneak.
- Snowk, to scent or snuff, as a dog, horse, &c.
- Snowkit, scented, snuffed.
- Sodger, a soldier.
- Sonsic, having sweet engaging looks, lucky, jolly.
- Soom, to swim.
- Sooth, truth, a petty oath.
- Sough, a sigh, a sound dying on the ear.
- Souple, flexible, swift.
- Souter, a shoemaker.
- Sowens, a dish made of oatmeal, the seeds of oatmeal soured, &c., boiled up till they make an agreeable pudding.
- Sowp, a spoonful, a small quantity of any thing liquid.
- Sowth, to try over a tune with a low whistle.
- Sowther, solder; to solder, to cement.
- Spac, to prophesy, to divine.
- Spairge, to dash, to soil as with mire.
- Spaul, a limb.
- Spavic, the spavin.
- Spaviet, having the spavin.
- Speat, or Spate, a sweeping torrent, after rain or thaw
- Speel, to climb.
- Speet, to spit, to thrust through.
- Spence, the country parlor.
- Spier, to ask, to inquire

- Spier't, inquired.
- Splatter, a splutter; to splutter.
- Spleuchan, a tobacco-pouch.
- Splore, a frolic, a noise, a riot.
- Sprattle, to scramble.
- Spreckled, spotted, speckled, clambered.
- Spring, a quick air in music, a Scottish reel.
- Spirit, a tough-rooted plant, something like rushes.
- Sprittle, full of spirits.
- Spunk, fire, mettle, wit.
- Spunkie, nettlesome, fiery; will-o'-wisp, or ignis fatuus.
- Sputtle, a stick used in making oat-meal pudding, or porridge, a notable Scotch dish.
- Squad, a crew, a party.
- Squatter, to flutter in water, as a wild duck, &c.
- Squattle, to sprawl, to struggle.
- Squeel, a scream, a screech; to scream.
- Stacher, to stagger.
- Stack, a rick of corn, hay, &c.
- Staggie, dimin. of stag.
- Stalwart, strong, stout.
- Stan', to stand.
- Stan't, did stand.
- Stane, a stone.
- Stank, did stink; a pool of standing water.
- Stap, stop.
- Stark, stout.
- Startle, to run, as cattle stung by the gad-fly.
- Staukin, stalking, walking with a stately step.
- Staumrel, a blockhead; half-witted.
- Staw, did steal, to surfeit.
- Stech, to cram the belly.
- Stechin, cramming.
- Steck, to shut; a stick.
- Steer, to molest, to stir.
- Steeve, firm, compacted.
- Stell, a still.
- Sten, to rear, as a horse.
- Sten't, reared.
- Stents, tribute, dues of any kind.
- Stey, steep.
- Steyest, steepest.
- Stibble, stubble.
- Stibble-rig, the reaper in harvest who takes the lead.
- Stick-an'-stow, totally, altogether.
- Stilt, a crutch; to halt, to limp.
- Stimpart, the eighth part of a Winchester bushel.
- Stirk, a cow or bullock a year old.
- Stock, a plant or root of cabbagewart, cabbage, &c.

- Stockin, stocking; Throwing the *stockin*; when the bride and bridegroom are put into bed, and the candle out, the former throws a stocking at random among the company, and the person whom it strikes is the next that will be married.
- Stoked, made up in shocks, as corn.
- Stoor, sounding hollow, strong, and hoarse.
- Stot, an ox.
- Stoup, or Stowp, a kind of jug, or dish, with a handle.
- Stoure, dust, more particularly dust in motion.
- Stowlins, by stealth.
- Stown, stolen.
- Stoyte, to stumble.
- Strack, did strike.
- Strae, straw; To die a fair *strae* death, to die in bed.
- Straik, did strike.
- Straikit, stroked.
- Strappan, tall and handsome.
- Straught, straight.
- Streek, stretched; to stretch.
- Striddle, to straddle.
- Stroan, to spout, to piss.
- Strunt, spirituous liquor of any kind; to walk sturdily.
- Studdie, an anvil.
- Stumpic, dimin. of stump.
- Stuff, corn or pulse of any kind.
- Sturt, troubled; to molest.
- Sturtin, frightened.
- Sucker, sugar.
- Sud, should.
- Sugh, the continued rushing noise of wind or water.
- Suthron, southern; an old name for the English nation.
- Swaird, sword.
- Swall'd, swelled.
- Swankie, or Swanker, a tight strapping young fellow or girl.
- Swap, an exchange; to barter.
- Swarf, swoon.
- Swat, did sweat.
- Swatch, a sample.
- Swats, drink, good ale.
- Sweatin, sweating.
- Sweer, lazy, averse; Dead-sweer, extremely averse.
- Swoor, swore, did swear.
- Swinge, to beat, to strike, to whip.
- Swirl, a curve, an eddying blast, or pool, a knot in wood.
- Swirlie, knaggy, full of knots.
- Swith! get away!
- Swither, to hesitate in choice;

- an irresolute wavering in choice.
- Syne, since, ago, then.
- T.
- TACKETS**, a kind of nails for driving into the heels of shoes.
- Tae**, a toe; *Three-taed*, having three prongs.
- Tairge**, to examine; a target.
- Tak**, to take.
- Takin**, taking.
- Tamtallan**, the name of a mountain.
- Tangle**, a sea-weed.
- 'Tap**, the top.
- 'Tapeless**, heedless, foolish.
- Tarrow**, to murmur at one's allowance.
- Tarrow't**, murmured.
- Tarry-breeks**, a sailor.
- Tartan**, a kind of cloth checkered with stripes of various colors.
- Tauld**, or **Tald**, told.
- Taupie**, a foolish, thoughtless young person.
- Tauted**, or **Tautie**, matted together; spoken of hair or wool.
- Tawie**, that allows itself peaceably to be handled; spoken of a horse, cow, &c.
- Teat**, a small quantity.
- Tedding**, spreading after the mower.
- Ten-hours-bite**, a slight feed to the horses, while in the yoke, in the forenoon.
- Tent**, a field pulpit, heed, caution; to take heed.
- Tentie**, heedful, cautious, wary.
- Tentless**, heedless.
- Teugh**, tough.
- Thack**, thatch; *Thack an'* rape, clothing, necessaries.
- Thae**, these.
- Thairms**, small guts, fiddle-strings.
- Thankit**, thanked.
- Theekit**, thatched.
- Thegither**, together.
- Themsel'**, themselves.
- Thick**, intimate, familiar.
- Thieveless**, cold, dry, spited; spoken of a person's demeanor.
- Thir**, these.
- Thirl**, to thrill.
- Thirled**, thrilled, vibrated.
- Thole**, to suffer, to endure.
- Thowe**, a thaw; to thaw.
- Thowless**, slack, lazy.
- Thrang**, to throng; a crowd.
- Thrapple**, throat, windpipe.
- Thraw**, to sprain, to twist, to contradict.
- Thrawin**, twisting, &c.
- Thrawn**, sprained, twisted,

- contradicted ; contradic-
tion.
- Wreap, to maintain by dint
of assertion.
- 'Whin, thrashing.
- Threteen, thirteen.
- Thistle, thistle.
- Through, to go on with, to
make out.
- Throuther, pell-mell, confus-
edly.
- Thud, to make a loud inter-
mittent noise ; a blow pro-
ducing a dull, heavy
sound.
- Thumpit, thumped.
- Thysel', thyself.
- Till't, to it.
- Timmer, timber.
- Timmer-propt, propped with
timber.
- Tine, to lose.
- Tint, lost ; *Tint* the gate, lost
the way.
- Tinkler, a tinker.
- Tip, a ram.
- Tippence, two-pence.
- Tirl, to make a slight noise,
to uncover.
- Tirlin, uncovering.
- Tither, the other.
- Tittle, to whisper.
- Tittling, whispering.
- Tocher, marriage portion.
- Tod, a fox.
- Toddle, to totter, like the
walk of a child.
- Toddlin, tottering.
- Toom, empty.
- Toop, a ram.
- Toun, a hamlet, a farm-
house.
- Tout, the blast of a horn or
trumpet ; to blow a horn,
&c.
- Touzie, rough, shaggy.
- Tow, a rope.
- Towmond, a twelvemonth.
- Toy, a very old fashion of fe-
male head-dress.
- Toyte, to totter, like old age.
- Trams, shafts.
- Transmogrify'd, transmigra-
ted, metamorphosed.
- 'Trashtric, trash.
- Trews, trowsers.
- Trickie, full of tricks, play-
ful.
- Trig, spruce, neat.
- Trimly, excellently.
- Trow, to believe.
- Trowth, truth, a petty oath.
- Trysted, appointed ; **To**
tryste, to make an ap-
pointment.
- Try't, tried.
- Tug, raw hide, of which in
old times plough-traces
were frequently made.
- Tulzie, a quarrel ; to quar-
rel, to fight.
- Twa, two.
- Twa-three, a few.
- 'Twad, it would

Twal, twelve; *Twal* penny-worth, a small quantity, a pennyworth.

Twin, to part.

Tyke, a dog

U.

Unco, strange, uncouth, very, very great, prodigious.

Uncos, news.

Unfauld, unfold.

Unkenn'd, unknown.

Unsicker, unsure, unsteady.

Unskaith'd, undamaged, unhurt.

Unweeting, unwitting, unknowing.

Upo', upon.

Urchin, a hedgehog.

V.

VAP'RIN, vapping, bullying, bragging.

Vauntie, vain, proud.

Vera, very.

Vir, a ring round a column, &c.

W.

WA', wall.

Wa's, walls.

Wabster, a weaver

Wad, would; to bet; a bet, a pledge.

Wadna, would not.

Wae, woe; sorrowful.

Waesucks! or Waes m^o alas! O the pity!

Waft, the cross thread that goes from the shuttle through the web, woof.

Waifu', wailing.

Wair, to lay out, to expend.

Wale, choice; to choose.

Wal'd, chose, chosen.

Walie, ample, large, jolly; also, an interjection of distress.

Wame, the belly.

Wamefou, a belly-full.

Wanchancie, unlucky, ill-omened, inauspicious.

Wanrestfu', restless, uneasy.

Wark, work.

Wark-lume, a tool to work with.

Warl, or Warld, world.

Warlock, a wizard.

Warly, worldly, eager on amassing wealth.

Warran, a warrant; to warrant.

Warst, worst.

Warstl'd, or Warsl'd, wrestled.

Wastrie, prodigality.

Wat, wet; I *wat*, I *wot*, I know.

Water-brose, brose made of

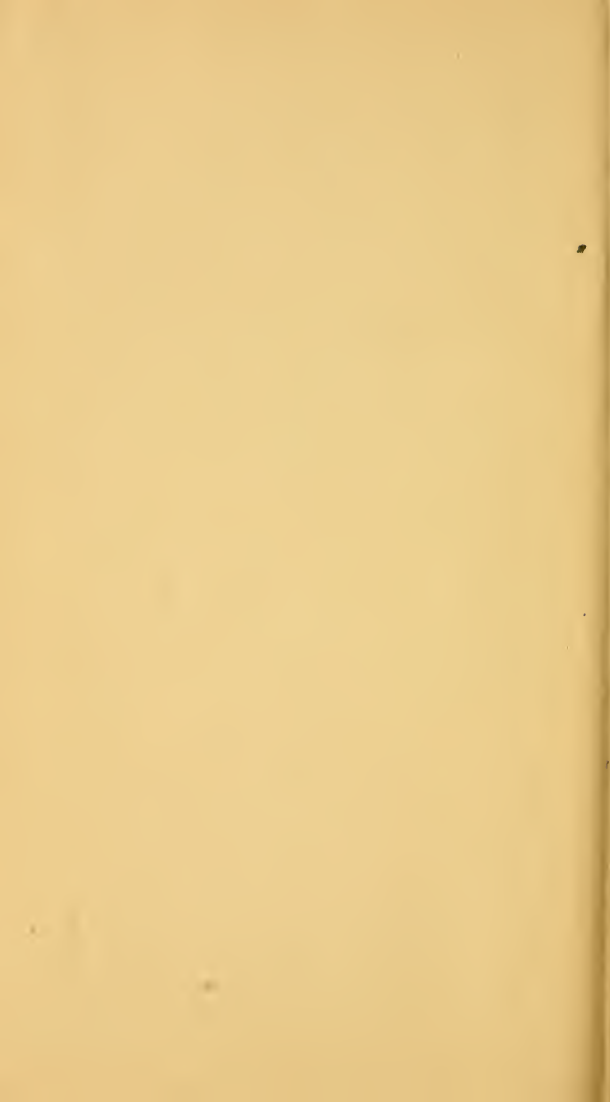
- meal and water simply, without the addition of milk, butter, &c.
- Wattle, a twig, a wand.
- Wauble, to swing, to reel.
- Waight, a draught.
- Waukit, thickened, as fullers do cloth.
- Waukrife, not apt to sleep.
- Waur, worse; to worst.
- Waur't, worsted.
- Wean, or Weanie, a child.
- Wearic, or Weary; Monie a *wearly* body, many a different person.
- Weason, weasand.
- Weaving the stocking. See Throwing the stocking, (page 518.)
- Wee, little.
- Wee things, little ones.
- Wee bit, a small matter.
- Weel, well.
- Weelfare, welfare.
- Weet, rain, wetness.
- Weird, fate.
- We'se, we shall.
- Wha, who.
- Whaizle, to wheeze.
- Walpit, whelped, brought forth.
- Whang, a leathern string, a piece of cheese, bread, &c.; to give the strappado.
- Whare, where.
- Whare'er, wherever.
- Whase, whose.
- Whatreck, nevertheless.
- Whaup, the curlew, a kind of water-fowl.
- Wheep, to fly nimbly, to jerk; Penny-*wheep*, small-beer.
- Whid, the motion of a hare running but not frightened, a lie.
- Whidden, running, as a hare or coney.
- Whigmeleeries, whims, fancies, crotchets.
- Whingin, crying, complaining, fretting.
- Whirligigums, useless ornaments, trifling appendages.
- Whirrin', whirring; the sound made by the flight of the partridge, &c.
- Whisht, silence; To hold one's *whisht*, to be silent.
- Whisk, to sweep, to lash.
- Whiskin, large, sweeping.
- Whiskit, lashed.
- Whistle, a whistle; to whistle.
- Whitter, a hearty draught of liquor.
- Whunstane, a whinstone.
- Whyles, whiles, sometimes.
- Wi', with.
- Wick, to strike a stone in an oblique direction; a term in curling.
- Wicker, willow, (the smaller sort.)

- Widdiefu', wrathful, angry, raging; one deserving the gallows.
- Widdle, struggle, bustle, effort.
- Wiel, a small whirlpool.
- Wife, a diminutive or endearing term for wife.
- Wilfu', willing, full of will.
- Wilyart, bashful, reserved, timid.
- Wimble, to meander, to run very irregularly.
- Wimpl't, meandered.
- Wimplin, waving, meandering.
- Win, to wind, to winnow.
- Win', wind.
- Win's, winds.
- Win't, winded, as a bottom of yarn.
- Winna, will not.
- Winnock, a window.
- Winsome, hearty, vaunted, gay.
- Wintle, a staggering motion; to stagger, to reel.
- Winze, an oath.
- Wiss, to wish, to have a strong desire.
- Withouten, without.
- Witless, simple, easily imposed on.
- Wizen'd, hide-bound, dried, shrunk.
- Wonner, a wonder, a contemptuous appellation.
- Wons, dwells, resides.
- Woo', wool.
- Woo, to court, to make love to.
- Woddie, a rope, more properly one made of withes or willows, a halter, a gallows.
- Wooer-hab, the garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loops.
- Wordy, worthy.
- Worset, worsted.
- Wow! an exclamation of pleasure or wonder.
- Wrack, to tease, to vex.
- Wraith, a spirit, a ghost, an apparition exactly like a living person, whose appearance is said to forbode the person's approaching death.
- Wrang, wrong; to wrong, to injure.
- Wreeth, a drifted heap of snow.
- Writers, attornies, lawyers.
- Wud, mad, distracted, wild.
- Wumble, a wimble, an instrument for boring holes.
- Wyle, beguile.
- Wyliecoat, a flannel vest.
- Wyte, blame; to blame, to accuse.

Y.

YE; this pronoun is frequently used for thou.
Year is used both for singular and plural years.
Yearlings, born in the same year, coevals.
Yearns, longs much, desires earnestly.
Yell, barren, that gives no milk.
Yerk, to lash, to strike, to jerk.

Yerkit, jerked, lashed, struck.
Yestreen, yesternight, the night before.
Yett, a gate, such as is usually at the entrance into a farm-yard or field.
Yill, ale.
Yird, earth.
Yokin, yoking; a bout.
Yont, beyond.
Yoursel', yourself.
Yowe, an ewe.
Yowie, dimin. of yowe.
Yule, Christmas.





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