















THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT BURNS:

*TO WHICH IS PREFIXED*

HIS LIFE,

AS WRITTEN BY HIMSELF,

AND CONTINUED OR COMMENTED ON BY OTHERS.

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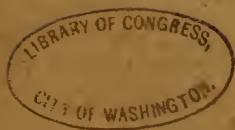
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# ADDRESS

## FOR THE PRESENT EDITION.



OF the works of our Poet, it was said, when but few Editions had appeared, that all which had merit, or were advantageous to his fame had already been published—After editions have shewn the error of that assertion: some of his finest pieces have since appeared: and some then published, might have been suppressed—even now (in the present offering,) late as it is, will be found many excellent pieces which have hitherto escaped the attention or knowledge of Editors.

That there are, which “dying he might wish to blot,” must be acknowledged; among these however, cannot be admitted those which bear on certain classes of character; aberrations of professional men are fair game—that he “lo’ed the lasses too” there can be no doubt; he wrote as though he did, has crav’d forgiveness, and few we trust there will be who will not join in the Amen.—Of those entirely exceptionable the first lines only are given.

The arrangement therefore stands thus

Pieces of first merit, first.

Songs —— follow.

The appendix receives all others.

All which can possibly be deemed exceptionable, yet possessing merit are therein inserted—Those decidedly

exceptionable (or what seldom occurs) without merit or interest, are excluded, except the first line of each ; so that those that wish to shun pieces of certain character, have but to close the book at the appendix. *Or if they will read on,* they have permission to keep their own counsel.

The present edition it is believed, contains at least one hundred and fifty pieces or first lines more than any other edition yet published : we do not say that they are all new ; of that description, few can now be expected,—we offer the present therefore as possessing the greatest number of best pieces ever published.

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THE  
LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS,

AS WRITTEN BY HIMSELF,

AND CONTINUED OR COMMENTED ON BY OTHERS.

---

TO DR. MOORE.

*Mauchline, 2d August, 1787.*

“ SIR,

“ For some months past I have been rambling over the country, but I am now confined with some lingering complaints, originating as I take it, in the stomach. To divert my spirits a little in this miserable fog of *ennui*, I have taken a whim to give you a history of myself. My name has made some little noise in this country ; you have done me the honour to interest yourself 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, excepting in the trifling affair of *wisdom*, I sometimes think I resemble, I have, I say, like him *turned my eyes to behold madness and folly*, and like him too, frequently shaken hands with

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

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

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

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

“ My father was of the north of Scotland, the son of a farmer, and was thrown by early misfortunes on the world at large; where, after many years wanderings and sojournings, he picked up a pretty large quantity of observation and experience, to which I am indebted for most of my little pretensions to wisdom.....I have met with few who understood *men, their manners, and their ways*, equal to him; but stubborn, ungainly integrity, and headlong ungovernable irascibility, are disqualifying circumstances; consequently I was born a very poor man’s son. For the first six or seven years of my life, my father was gardener to a worthy gentleman of small estate in the neighbourhood of Ayr. Had he continued in that station, I must have marched off to be one of the little underlings about a farm-house; but it was his dearest wish and prayer to have it in his power to keep his children under his own eye, till they could discern between good and evil: so with the assistance of his generous master, my father ventured on a small farm on his estate. At those years I was by no means a favourite with any body. I was a good deal noted for a retentive memory, a stubborn sturdy something in my disposition, and an enthusiastic idiot piety.....I say *idiot* piety, because I was then but a child. Though it cost the school-



master 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, elfcandles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantraips, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of poetry ; but had so strong an effect on my imagination, that to this hour in my nocturnal rambles, I sometimes keep a sharp look out in suspicious places ; and though nobody can be more sceptical than I am in such matters, yet it often takes an effort of philosophy to shake off these idle terrors. The earliest composition that I recollect taking pleasure in, was *The Vision of Mirza*, and a hymn of Addison's, beginning, *How are thy servants blest, 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 bag-pipe, 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 modification of spited pride, was like our catechism definition of infinitude, *without bounds or limits*. I formed several connections with other youngsters who possessed superior advantages ; the *youngling* actors who were busy in the rehearsal of parts in which they were shortly to appear on the stage of life, where alas ! I was destined to drudge behind the scenes. It is not commonly at this green age, that our young gentry have a just sense of the immense distance between them and their ragged play-fellows. 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 plough-boy carcase, 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 Two Dogs*. My father was advanced in life when he married ; I was the eldest of seven children, and he, worn out by early hardships was unfit for labour. My father’s spirit was soon irritated, but not easily broken. There was a freedom in his lease in two years more, and to weather these two years we retrenched our expenses. We lived very poorly ; I was a 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 satisfaction, 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 labours of harvest. In my fifteenth autumn, my partner was a bewitching creature, a year younger than myself. My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language, but you know the Scottish idiom ; she was a *bonnie sweet sonsie lass*. In short, she altogether unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that 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 lov'd her....Indeed I did not know myself why I liked so much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from our labours ; why the tones of her voice made my heart-strings thrill like an *Æolian harp* ; and particularly why my pulse beat such a furious ratan when I looked and fingered over her little hand to pick out the cruel nettle-stings and thistles. Among her other love-inspiring qualities, she sung sweetly : and it was her favourite reel to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme. I was not so presumptuous as to imagine that I could make verses like printed ones, composed by men who had Greek and Latin ; but my girl 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 scholar craft than myself.

“ Thus with me began love and poetry : which at times have been my only, and till within the last twelve months, have been my highest enjoyment. My father struggled on

till he reached the freedom in his lease, when he entered on a larger farm, about ten miles farther in the country. The nature of the bargain he made, was such as to throw a little ready money into his hands at the commencement of his lease, otherwise the affair would have been impracticable. For four years we lived 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 gaol, by a consumption, which, after two years promises, kindly stepped in, and carried him away, to *where the wicked cease from troubling, and where 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 *Shakespeare*, *Tull* and *Dickson on Agriculture*, the *Pantheon*, *Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding*, *Stackhouse's History of the Bible*, *Justice's British Gardener's Directory*, *Bayle's Lectures*, *Allan Ramsay's Works*, *Taylor's Scripture Doctrine of Original Sin*, *A Select Collection of English Songs*, and *Harvey's Meditations*, had formed the whole of my reading. The collection of Songs was my *vade mecum*. I pored over them driving my cart, or walking to labour, song by song, verse by verse; carefully noting the true, tender or sublime, from affectation and fustian. I am convinced I owe to this practice, much of my critic-craft such as it is.

“ In my seventeenth year, to give my manners a brush, I went to a county 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 a Presbyterian

country life: for though the will-o-wisp meteors of thoughtless whim were almost the sole lights of my path, yet early ingrained piety and virtue, kept me for several years afterwards within the line of innocence. The great misfortune of my life was to want an aim. I had felt early some stirrings of ambition, but they were the blind gropings of Homer's Cyclops round the walls of his cave. I saw my father's situation entailed on me perpetual labour. The only two openings by which I could enter the temple of fortune, was the gate of niggardly economy, or the path of little chicaning bargain-making. The first is so contracted an aperture I never could squeeze myself into it.....the last I always hated.... there was 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 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 moitié du genre humaine*. My heart was completely tinder, and was eternally lighted up by some goddess or other; and as in every other warfare in this world, my fortune was various; sometimes I was received with favour, and sometimes I was mortified with a repulse. At the plough, scythe, or reap-hook, I feared no competitor, and thus I set absolute want at defiance; and as I never cared farther for my labours than while I was in actual exercise, I spent the evenings in the way after my own heart. A country lad seldom carries on a love adventure without an assistant confidant. I possessed a curiosity, zeal, and intrepid dexterity, that recommended me as a proper second on these occasions, and I dare say, I felt as much pleasure in being in the secret of half the loves of the parish of Tarbolton, as ever did statesman in knowing the intrigues of half the courts of Europe....The very goose-



feather in my hand, seems to know instinctively the well-worn path of my imagination, the favourite theme of my song; and is with difficulty restrained from giving you a couple of paragraphs on the love-adventures of my compeers, the humble inmates of the farm-house, and cottage: but the grave sons of science, ambition, or avarice, baptize these things by the name of Follies. To the sons and daughters of labour and poverty they are matters of the most serious nature; to them the ardent hope, the stolen interview, the tender farewell are the greatest and most delicious parts of their enjoyments.

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

“ Like Proserpine gathering flowers,  
“ Herself a fairer flower.—

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

“ I returned home very considerably improved. My reading was enlarged with the very important addition of 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 composition 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 day-book and ledger.

“ My life flowed on much in the same course till my twenty-third year. *Vive l’amour, et vive la bagatelle*, were my sole principles of action. The addition of two more authors to my library gave me great pleasure ; *Sterne and M. Kenzie....Tristram Shandy and the Man of Feeling* were my bosom favourites....Poesy was still a darling walk for my mind, but it was only indulged in according to the humour of the hour. I had usually half a dozen or more pieces on hand ; I took up one or other as it suited the momentary tone of the mind, and dismissed the work as it bordered on fatigue. My passions, when once lighted up, raged like so many devils, till they got vent in rhyme ; and then the coming 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 Maillie, John Barleycorn*, and songs first, second, and third. Song second was the ebullition of that passion which ended the forementioned school-business.

“ My twenty-third year was to me an important æra. Partly through whim, and partly that I wished to set about doing something in life, I joined a flax-dresser in a neighbouring town, (Irvin) to learn his trade.....This was an unlucky affair. My \* \* \* and to finish the whole, as we were giving a welcoming 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 the field of matrimony, jilted me, with peculiar circumstances of mortification. The finishing evil that brought up the rear of this infernal file, was my constitutional melancholy being increased to such a degree, that for three months, I was in a state of mind scarcely to be envied by the hopeless wretches who have got their mittimus.....*depart from me, ye cursed.*

“ From this adventure I learned something of a town life ; but the principal thing which gave my mind a turn, was a friendship I formed with a young fellow, a very noble character, but a hapless son of misfortune. He was the son of a simple mechanic ; but a great man in the neighbourhood taking him under his patronage, gave him a genteel education, with a view of bettering his situation in life. The patron dying just as he was ready to launch out into the world, the poor fellow in despair went to sea ; where after a variety of good and ill fortune, a little before I was acquainted with him, he had been set ashore 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 a 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 a-new my wildly-sounding lyre with emulating vigour. When my father died, his all went among the hell-hounds that growl 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 neighbouring farm. My brother wanted my hair-brained imagination, as well as my social and amorous madness; but in good sense, and every sober qualification, he was far my superior.

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

"I now began to be known in the neighbourhood as a maker of rhymes. The first of my poetic offspring that saw the light, was a burlesque lamentation on a quarrel between two reverend Calvinists, both of them *dramatis personæ* in my *Holy Fair*. I had a notion myself that the piece had some merit; but to prevent the worst, I gave a copy of it to a friend who was 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 Willies 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

\* *Rob the Rhymmer's Welcome to his bastard child.*

metal. This is the unfortunate story that gave rise to my printed poem, *the Lament*... This was a most melancholy affair, which I cannot yet bear to reflect on, and had very nearly given me one or two of the principal qualifications for a place among those who have lost the chart, and mistaken the reckoning of Rationality. I gave up my part of the farm to my brother; in truth it was only nominally mine; and made what little preparation was in my power for Jamaica. But, before leaving my native country for ever, I resolved to publish my poems. I weighed my productions as impartially as was in my power; I thought they had merit, and it was a delicious idea that I should be called a clever fellow, even though it should never reach my ears... a poor negro driver... or perhaps a victim to that inhospitable clime, and gone to the world of spirits! I can truly say, that *pauvre inconnu* as I then was, I had pretty nearly as high an idea of myself and of my works, as I have at this moment, when the public has decided in their favour. It ever was my opinion, that the mistakes and blunders both in a rational and religious point of view, of which we see thousands daily guilty, are owing to their ignorance of themselves..... To know myself had been all along my constant study. I weighed myself alone; I balanced myself with others; I watched every means of information, to see how much ground I occupied as a man and as a poet: I studied assiduously nature's design in my formation; where the lights and shades in my character were intended. I was pretty confident my poems would meet with some applause; but at the worst, the roar of the Atlantic would deafen 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 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 shew.

\* \* \* \* \*

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

“ R. BURNS.”

\* There are various copies of this letter, in the author's handwriting ; and one of these, evidently corrected, is in the book in which he had copied several of his letters. This has been used for the press, with some omissions, and one slight alteration suggested by Gilbert Burns.

At the period of our poet's death, his brother, Gilbert Burns, was ignorant that he had himself written the foregoing narrative of his life while in Ayrshire; and having been applied to by Mrs. Dunlop for some memoirs of his brother, he complied with her request in a letter, from which the following narrative is chiefly extracted. When Gilbert Burns afterwards saw the letter of our poet to Dr. Moore, he made some annotations upon it, which shall be noticed as we proceed.

Robert Burns was born on the 29th day of January, 1759, in a small house about two miles from the town of Ayr, and within a few hundred yards of Alloway Church, which his poem of *Tam o' Shanter* has rendered immortal\*. The name which the poet and his brother modernized into Burns, was originally Burnes or Burness. Their father, William Burnes, was the son of a farmer in Kincardineshire, and had received the education common in Scotland to persons in his condition of life; he could read and write, and had some knowledge of arithmetic. His family having fallen into reduced circumstances, he was compelled to leave his home in his nineteenth year, and turn his steps towards the south, in quest of a livelihood. The same necessity attended his elder brother Robert. "I have often heard my father," says Gilbert Burns, in his letter to M<sup>rs</sup>. Dunlop, "describe the anguish of mind he felt when they parted on the top of a hill, on the confines of their native place, each going off his several way in search of new adventures, and scarcely knowing whither he went. My father undertook to act as a gardener, and shaped his course to Edinburgh, where he wrought hard when he could get work, passing through a variety of difficulties. Still however he endeavoured to spare something for the support of his aged parent, and I recollect hearing him mention his having sent a bank-note for this purpose, when money of that kind was so scarce in Kincardineshire, that they scarcely knew how to employ it when it ar-

\* This house is on the right hand side of the road from Ayr to Maybole, which forms a part of the road from Glasgow to Port-Patrick. When the poet's father afterwards removed to Tarbolton parish, he sold his lease-hold right in this house and a few acres of land adjoining, to the corporation of shoemakers in Ayr. It is now a country ale-house.

lived." From Edinburgh William Burnes passed westward into the county of Ayr, where he engaged himself as a gardener to the laird of Fairly, with whom he lived two years, then changing his service for that of Crawford of Doonside. At length being desirous of settling in life, he took a perpetual lease of seven acres of land from Dr. Campbell, physician in Ayr, with the view of commencing nursery man and public gardener; and having built a house upon it with his own hands, married in December, 1757, Agnes Brown, the mother of our poet, who still survives. The first fruit of this marriage was Robert, the subject of these memoirs, born on the 29th of January, 1759, as has already been mentioned. Before William Burnes had made much progress in preparing his nursery, he was withdrawn from that undertaking by Mr. Ferguson, who purchased the estate of Doonholm, in the immediate neighbourhood, and engaged him as his gardener and overseer; and this was his situation when our poet was born. Though in the service of Mr. Ferguson, he lived in his own house, his wife managing her family and her little dairy, which consisted sometimes of two, sometimes of three milch cows; and this state of unambitious content continued till the year 1766. His son Robert was sent by him in his sixth year to a school at Alloway Miln, about a mile distant, taught by a person of the name of Campbell; but this teacher being in a few months appointed master of the workhouse at Ayr, William Burnes, in conjunction with some other heads of families, engaged John Murdoch in his stead. The education of our poet, and his brother Gilbert was in common, and of their proficiency under Mr. Murdoch, we have the following account: "With him we learnt to read English tolerably well,\* and to write a little. He taught us too the English grammar. I was too young to profit much by his lessons in grammar, but Robert made some proficiency in it, a circumstance of considerable weight in the unfolding of his genius and character; as he soon became remarkable for the fluency and correctness of his expression, and read the few books that came in his way with much pleasure and improvement; for even then he was a reader when

\* Letter from Gilbert Burnes to Mrs. Dunlop.



he could get a book. Murdoch, whose library at that time had no great variety in it, lent him *The Life of Hannibal*, which was the first book he read, (the school-books excepted) and almost the only one he had an opportunity of reading while he was at school; for *The Life of Wallace*, which he classes with it in one of his letters to you, he did not see for some years afterwards, when he borrowed it from the blacksmith who shod our horses."

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

"The farm was upwards of seventy acres,\* (between eighty and ninety English statute measure) the rent of which was to be forty pounds annually for the first six years, and afterwards forty-five pounds. My father endeavoured to sell his leasehold property for the purpose of stocking his farm, but at that time was unable, and Mr. Ferguson lent him a hundred pounds for that purpose. He removed to his new situation at Whitsuntide 1766. It was I think not above two years after this that Murdoch, our tutor and friend, left this part of the country, and there being no school near us, and our little services being useful on the farm, my father undertook to teach us arithmetic in the winter evenings by candle light, and in this way my two eldersisters got all the education they received. I remember a circumstance that happened at this time, which, though trifling in itself, is fresh in my memory, and may serve to illustrate the early character of my brother. Murdoch came to spend a night with us, and to take his leave when he was about to go into Carrick. He brought us as a present and memorial of him, a small compendium of English Grammar, and the tragedy of *Titus Andronicus*, and by way of passing the evening he began to read the play aloud. We were all attention for some time, till presently the whole party was dissolved in tears. A female in the play (I have but a confused remembrance of it) had her hands chopt off, and

\* The name of this farm is Mount-Oliphant, in Ayr parish.

her tongue cut out, and then was insultingly desired to call for water to wash her hands. At this, in an agony of distress, we with one voice desired he would read no more. My father observed, that if we would not hear it, it would be needless to leave the play with us. Robert replied, that if it was left he would burn it. My father was going to chide him for his ungrateful return to his tutor's kindness; but Murdoch interfered, declaring that he liked to see so much sensibility; and he left *The School for Love*, a comedy (translated I think from the French) in its place\*."

"Nothing," continues Gilbert Burns, "could be more retired than our general manner of living at Loan-house; we rarely saw any body but the members of our own family. There were no boys of our own age, or near it in the neighbourhood. Indeed the greatest part of the land in the vicinity, was at that time possessed by shopkeepers, and people of that stamp, who had retired from business, or who kept their farm in the country at the same time that they followed business in town. My father was for some time, almost the only companion we had. He conversed familiarly on all subjects with us as if we had been men, and was at great pains while we ac-

\* It is to be remembered that the poet was only nine years of age, and the relator of this incident under eight, at the time it happened. The effect was very natural in children of sensibility at their age. At a more mature period of the judgment, such absurd representations are calculated rather to produce disgust or laughter than tears. The scene to which Gilbert Burns alludes, opens thus :

*Titus Andronicus*, Act II. scene 5.

*Enter Demetrius and Chiron, with Lavinia ravished, her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

Why is this silly play still printed as Shakespeare's, against the opinion of all the best critics? The bard of Avon was guilty of many extravagancies, but he always performed what he intended to perform. That he ever excited in a British mind, (for the French critics must be set aside) disgust or ridicule, where he meant to have awakened pity or horror, is what will not be imputed to that master of the passions.

accompanied him in the labours of the farm, to lead the conversation to such subjects as might tend to increase our knowledge, or confirm us in virtuous habits. He borrowed *Salmon's Geographical Grammar* for us, and endeavoured to make us acquainted with the situation and history of the different countries in the world ; while from a book society in Ayr, he procured for us the reading of *Derham's Physico and Astro-Theology*, and *Ray's Wisdom of God in the Creation*, to give us some idea of astronomy and natural history. Robert read all these books with an avidity and industry scarcely to be equalled. My father had been a subscriber to *Stackhouse's History of the Bible*, then lately published by James Meuros in Kilmarnock ; from this Robert collected a competent knowledge of ancient history : for no book was so voluminous as to slacken his industry, or so antiquated as to damp his researches. A brother of my mother who had lived with us some time, and had learnt some arithmetic by our winter evening's candle, went into a bookseller's shop in Ayr, to purchase *The Ready Reckoner, or Tradesman's Sure Guide*, and a book to teach him to write letters. Luckily, in place of *The Complete Letter-Writer*, he got by mistake a small collection of Letters by the most eminent writers, with a few sensible directions for attaining an easy epistolary stile. This book was to Robert of the greatest consequence. It inspired him with a strong desire to excel in letter-writing, while it furnished him with models by some of the first writers in our language.

“ My brother was about thirteen or fourteen, when my father, regretting that we wrote so ill, sent us week about during a summer quarter, to the parish school of Dalrymple, which, though between two and three miles distant, was the nearest to us, that we might have an opportunity of remedying this defect. About this time a bookish acquaintance of my father's procured us a reading of two volumes of Richardson's *Pemela*, which was the first novel we read, and the only part of Richardson's works my brother was acquainted with till towards the period of his commencing author. Till that time too he remained unacquainted with Fielding, with Smollet (two volumes of *Ferdinand Count Fathom*, and two volumes of *Peregrine*



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

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

"During the two last weeks that he was with Murdoch, he himself was engaged in learning French, and he communicated the instructions he received to my brother, who when he returned, brought home with him a French dictionary and grammar, and the *Adventures of Telemachus* in the original. In a little while, by the assistance of these books, he had acquired such a knowledge of the language, as to read and understand any French author in prose. This was considered as a sort of prodigy, and through the medium of Murdoch, procu-

red him the acquaintance of several lads in Ayr, who were at that time gabbling French, and the notice of some families, particularly that of Dr. Malcolm, where a knowledge of French was a recommendation.

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

“ *So I ’ll to my Latin again.*

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

“ The father of Dr. Paterson, now a physician at Ayr, was I believe a native of Aberdeenshire, and was one of the established teachers in Ayr when my father settled in the neighbourhood. He early recognised my father as a

fellow-native of the north of Scotland, and a certain degree of intimacy subsisted between them during Mr. Pater-son's life. After his death, his widow, who is a very genteel woman, and of great worth, delighted in doing what she thought her husband would have wished to have done, and assiduously kept up her attentions to all his acquaintance. She kept alive the intimacy with our family, by frequently inviting my father and mother to her house on Sundays, when she met them at church.

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

so often afflicted through his whole life afterwards. At this time he was almost constantly afflicted in the evenings with a dull head-ache, which at a future period of his life, was exchanged for a palpitation of the heart, and a threatening of fainting and suffocation in his bed, in the night time.

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

“ The seven years we lived in Tarbolton parish (extending from the seventeenth to the twenty-fourth of my brother’s age) were not marked by much literary improvement; but during this time, the foundation was laid of certain habits in my brother’s character, which afterwards became but too prominent, and which malice and envy have taken delight to enlarge on. Though when young he was bashful and awkward in his intercourse with women, yet when he approached manhood, his attachment to their society became very strong, and he was constantly the victim of some fair enslaver. The symptoms of his passion were often such as nearly to equal those of the celebrated Sappho. I never indeed knew, that he, *fainted, sunk, and died away*, but the agitations of his mind and body, exceeded any thing of the kind I ever knew in real life. He had always a particular jealousy of people who were richer than himself, or who had more consequence in life. His love therefore rarely settled on persons of this description. When he selected any



one out of the sovereignty of his good pleasure to whom he should pay his particular attention, she was instantly invested with a sufficient stock of charms, out of the plentiful stores of his own imagination, and there was often a great dissimilitude between his fair captivator, as she appeared to others, and as she seemed when invested with the attributes he gave her. One generally reigned paramount in his affections, but as Yorick's affections flowed out towards Madame de L..... at the remise door, while the eternal vows of Eliza were upon him, so Robert was frequently encountering other attractions, which formed so many underplots in the drama of his love. As these connexions were governed by the strictest rules of virtue and modesty (from which he never deviated till he reached his 23d year) he became anxious to be in a situation to marry. This was not likely to be soon the case, while he remained a farmer, as the stocking of a farm required a sum of money he had no probability of being master of for a great while. He began therefore to think of trying some other line of life. He and I had for several years taken land of my father, for the purpose of raising flax on our own account. In the course of selling it, Robert began to think of turning flax-dresser, both as being suitable to his grand view of settling in life, and as subservient to the flax-raising. He accordingly wrought at the business of a flax-dresser in Irwine for six months, but abandoned it at that period, as neither agreeing with his health nor inclination. In Irwine he had contracted some acquaintance, of a freer manner of thinking and living than he had been used to, whose society prepared him for overleaping the bounds of rigid virtue, which had hitherto restrained him. Towards the end of the period under review (in his 24th year) and soon after his father's death, he was furnished with the subject of his epistle to John Rankin. During this period also he became a free-mason, which was his first introduction to the life of a boon-companion. Yet notwithstanding these circumstances, and the praise he has bestowed on Scotch drink (which seems to have misled his historians) I do not recollect, during these seven years, nor till towards the end of his commencing author (when his growing celebrity occasioned his being often in company) to have

ever seen him intoxicated, nor was he at all given to drinking. A stronger proof of the general sobriety of his conduct need not be required than what I am about to give. During the whole of the time we lived in the farm of Lochlea with my father, he allowed my brother and me such wages for our labour, as he gave to other labourers, as a part of which, every article of our cloathing manufactured in the family was regularly accounted for. When my father's affairs drew near a crisis, Robert and I took the farm of Mossgiel, consisting of 118 acres, at the rent of 90*l.* per annum, (the farm on which I live at present) from Mr. Gavin Hamilton, as an asylum for the family in case of the worst. It was stocked by the property and individual savings of the whole family, and was a joint concern among us. Every member of the family was allowed ordinary wages for the labour he performed on the farm. My brother's allowance and mine was seven pounds per annum each. And during the whole time this family concern lasted, which was four years, as well as during the preceding period at Lochlea, his expenses never in any one year exceeded his slender income. As I was intrusted with the keeping of the family accounts, it is not possible that there can be any fallacy in this statement, in my brother's favour. His temperance and frugality were every thing that could be wished.

“ The farm of Mossgiel lies very high, and mostly on a cold wet bottom. The first four years that we were on the farm were very frosty, and the spring was very late. Our crops in consequence were very unprofitable, and notwithstanding our utmost diligence and economy, we found ourselves obliged to give up our bargain, with the loss of a considerable part of our original stock. It was during these four years that Robert formed his connexion with Jean Armour, afterwards Mrs. Burns. This connexion *could no longer be concealed*, about the time we came to a final determination to quit the farm. Robert durst not engage with a family in his poor unsettled state, but was anxious to shield his partner by every means in his power from the consequences of their imprudence. It was agreed therefore between them that they should make a legal acknowledgment of an irregular and pri-



vate marriage, that he should go to Jamaica to *push his fortune*, and that she should remain with her father till it might please providence to put the means of supporting a family in his power.

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

this advice, subscription bills were printed immediately, and the printing was commenced at Kilmarnock, his preparations going on at the same time for his voyage. The reception however which his poems met with in the world, and the friends they procured him, made him change his resolution of going to Jamaica, and he was advised to go to Edinburgh to publish a second edition. On his return, in happier circumstances, he renewed his connexion with Mrs. Burns, and rendered it permanent by an union for life.

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

This narrative of Gilbert Burns may serve as a commentary on the preceding sketch of our poet’s life by himself. It will be seen that the distraction of mind which he mentions (p. 25.) arose from the distress and sorrow in which he had involved his future wife.....The whole circumstances attending this connexion are certainly of a very singular nature.\*

The reader will perceive, from the foregoing narrative, how much the children of William Burnes were indebted to their father, who was certainly a man of uncommon talents; though it does not appear that he possessed any portion of that vivid imagination for which the subject of these memoirs was distinguished. In page 28, it is observed by our poet, that his father had an unaccountable antipathy to dancing-schools, and that his attending one of these, brought on him his displeasure, and even dislike. On this observation Gilbert has made the fol-

\* In page 25, the poet mentions his—“ skulking from covert to covert, under terror of a jail.”—The “ pack of the law were uncoupled at his heels,” 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!

lowing remark, which seems entitled to implicit credit. —“ I wonder how Robert could attribute to our father that lasting resentment of his going to a dancing-school against his will, of which he was incapable. I believe the truth was, that he about this time began to see the dangerous impetuosity of my brother's passions, as well as his not being amenable to counsel, which often irritated my father; and which he would naturally think a dancing-school was not likely to correct. But he was proud of Robert's genius, which he bestowed more expense in cultivating, than on the rest of the family, in the instances of sending him to Ayr, and Kirk-Oswald schools; and he was greatly delighted with his warmth of heart, and his conversational powers. He had indeed that dislike of dancing-schools which Robert mentions; but so far overcame it during Robert's first month of attendance, that he allowed all the rest of the family that were fit for it, to accompany him during the second month. Robert excelled in dancing, and was for some time distractedly fond of it.”

In the original letter to Dr. Moore, our poet described his ancestors as “ renting lands of the noble Keith's of Marischal, and as having had the honour of sharing their fate. I do not,” continues he, “ use the word *honour* 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 Shakespeare, of Brutus and Cassius, *honourable men*. I mention this circumstance because it threw my father on the world at large.”

This paragraph has been omitted in printing the letter, at the desire of Gilbert Burns, and it would have been unnecessary to have noticed it on the present occasion, had not several manuscript copies of that letter been in circulation. “ I do not know,” observes Gilbert Burns, “ how my brother could be misled in the account he has given of the Jacobitism of his ancestors. I believe the Earl Marischal forfeited his title and estate in 1715,

before my father was born; and among a collection of parish certificates in his possession, I have read one, stating that the bearer had no concern in the *late wicked rebellion*." On the information of one who knew William Burnes soon after he arrived in the county of Ayr, it may be mentioned, that a report did prevail, that he had taken the field with the young Chevalier, a report which the certificate mentioned by his son, was perhaps intended to counteract. Strangers from the North, settling in the low country of Scotland, were in those days liable to suspicions, of having been, in the familiar phrase of the country, "out in the forty-five," (1745) especially when they had any stateliness or reserve about them, as was the case with William Burnes. It may easily be conceived, that our poet would cherish the belief of his father's having been engaged in the daring enterprise of prince Charles-Edward. The generous attachment, the heroic valour, and the final misfortunes of the adherents of the House of Stewart, touched with sympathy his youthful and ardent mind, and influenced his original political opinions.\*

\* There is another observation of Gilbert Burns on his brother's narrative, in which some persons will be interested. It refers to page 18, where the poet speaks of his youthful friends. "My brother," says Gilbert Burns, "seems to set off his early companions in too consequential a manner. The principal acquaintance we had in Ayr, while boys, were four sons of Mr. Andrew M'Culloch, a distant relation of my mother's, who kept a tea-shop, and had made a little money in the contraband trade, very common at that time. He died while the boys were young, and my father was nominated one of the tutors. The two eldest were bred shopkeepers, the third a surgeon, and the youngest, the only surviving one, was bred in a counting-house in Glasgow, where he is now a respectable merchant. I believe all these boys went to the West Indies. Then there were two sons of Dr. Malcolm, whom I have mentioned in my letter to Mrs. Dunlop. The eldest, a very worthy young man, went to the East-Indies, where he had a commission in the army; he is the person whose heart my brother says the *Munny Begum* scenes could not corrupt. The other, by the interest of Lady Wallace, got an ensigncy in a regiment, raised by the Duke of Hamilton, during the American war. I believe neither of them are now (1797) alive. We also knew the present Dr. Pater-son of Ayr, and a younger brother of his now in Jamaica, who were much younger than us. I had almost forgot to mention Dr. Charles, of Ayr, who was a little older than my brother, and with

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

"The cheerful supper done, with serious face,"

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

"SIR,

"I was lately favoured with a letter from our worthy friend, the Rev. William Adair, in which he requested me to communicate to you whatever particulars I could recollect concerning Robert Burns, the Ayrshire poet. My business being at present multifarious and harassing, my attention is consequently so much divided, and I am

whom we had a longer and closer intimacy than with any of the others, which did not however continue in after life."



so little in the habit of expressing my thoughts on paper, that at this distance of time, I can give but a very imperfect sketch of the early part of the life of that extraordinary genius, with which alone I am acquainted.

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

“ In 1765, about the middle of March, Mr. W. Burnes came to Ayr, and sent to the school, where I was improving in writing, under my good friend Mr. Robison, desiring that I would come and speak to him at a certain inn, and bring my writing-book with me. This was immediately complied with. Having examined my writing, he was pleased with it;...(you will readily allow he was not difficult) and told me that he had received very satisfactory information of Mr. Tennant, the master of the English school, concerning my improvement in English, and in his method of teaching. In the month of May following, I was engaged by Mr. Burnes, and four of his neighbours, to teach, and accordingly began to teach the little school at Alloway, which was situated a few yards from the argillaceous fabric above-mentioned. My five employers undertook to board me by turns, and to make up a certain salary, at the end of the year, provided my quarterly



payments from the different pupils did not amount to that sum.

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

“ Gilbert always appeared to me to possess a more lively imagination, and to be more of the wit than Robert. I attempted to teach them a little church-music. Here they were left far behind by all the rest of the school. Robert's ear, in particular, was remarkably dull, and his voice untunable. It was long before I could get them to distinguish one tune from another. Robert's countenance was generally grave, and expressive of a serious, contemplative, and thoughtful mind. Gilbert's face said, *Mirth, with thee I mean to live* ; and certainly, if any person who knew the two boys, had been asked, which of them was the most likely to court the muses, he

would surely have never guessed that Robert had a propensity of that kind.

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

“ In the year 1772, I was appointed (being one of five candidates who were examined) to teach the English school at Ayr; and in 1773, Robert Burns came to board and lodge with me, for the purpose of revising English grammar, &c. that he might be better qualified to instruct his brothers and sisters at home. He was now with me day and night, in school, at all meals, and in all my walks. At the end of one week, I told him, that, as he was now pretty much master of the parts of speech, &c. I should like to teach him something of French pronunciation, that when he should meet with the name of a French town, ship, officer, or the like in the newspapers, he might be able to pronounce it something like a French word. Robert was glad to hear this proposal, and immediately we attacked the French with great courage.

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

“ But now the plains of Mount Oliphant began to whiten, and Robert was summoned to relinquish the pleasing scenes that surrounded the grotto of Calypso, and, armed with a sickle, to seek glory by signalling himself in the fields of Ceres—and so he did; for although

but about fifteen, I was told that he performed the work of a man.

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

“ But still the house affairs would draw her thence,  
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,  
She’d come again, and with a greedy ear,  
Devour up their discourse.....”

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

“ And ev’n his failings lean’d to virtue’s side.”

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

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

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

is to extol what are called heroic actions:—then would the mausoleum of the friend of my youth, overtop and surpass most of the monuments I see in Westminster Abbey.

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

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

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

*Hart-street, Bloomsbury-square,  
London, Feb. 22, 1799.*

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THE scene that opened on our Bard in Edinburgh was altogether new, and in a variety of other respects highly interesting; especially to one of his disposition of mind. To use an expression of his own, he found himself “ suddenly translated from the veriest shades of life,” into the



presence, and indeed, into the society, of a number of persons, previously known to him by report as of the highest distinction in his country, and whose characters it was natural for him to examine with no common curiosity.

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

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



an angel, but speedily assumed the features of a demon, and vanished in a shower of blood.

Though previously a Jacobite and a cavalier, Burns had shared in the original hopes entertained of this astonishing revolution by ardent and benevolent minds. The novelty and the hazard of the attempt meditated by the First or Constituent Assembly, served rather, it is probable, to recommend it to his daring temper; and the unfettered scope proposed to be given to every kind of talents, was doubtless gratifying to the feelings of conscious but indignant genius. Burns foresaw not the mighty ruin that was to be the immediate consequence of an enterprize, which, on its commencement, promised so much happiness to the human race. And even after the career of guilt and of blood commenced, he could not immediately, it may be presumed, withdraw his partial gaze from a people who had so lately breathed the sentiments of universal peace and benignity, or obliterate in his bosom the pictures of hope and of happiness to which those sentiments had given birth. Under these impressions, he did not always conduct himself with the circumspection and prudence which his dependent situation seemed to demand. He engaged indeed in no popular association, so common at the time of which we speak; but in company he did not conceal his opinions of public measures, or of the reforms required in the practice of our government: and sometimes in his social and unguarded moments, he uttered them with a wild and unjustifiable vehemence. Information of this was given to the board of excise, with the exaggerations so general in such cases. A superior officer in that department was authorized to inquire into his conduct. Burns defended himself in a letter addressed to one of the Board, written with great independence of spirit, and with more than his accustomed eloquence. The officer appointed to enquire into his conduct gave a favourable report. His steady friend, Mr. Graham, of Fintry, interposed his good offices in his behalf; and the imprudent gauger was suffered to retain his situation, but given to understand that his promotion was deferred; and must depend on his future behaviour.

This circumstance made a deep impression on the

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

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

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

It was one of the last acts of his life to copy this letter into his book of manuscripts, accompanied by some additional remarks on the same subject. It is not surprising, that at a season of universal alarm for the safety of

the constitution, the indiscreet expressions of a man so powerful as Burns, should have attracted notice. The times certainly required extraordinary vigilance in those entrusted with the administration of the government, and to ensure the safety of the constitution was doubtless their first duty. Yet generous minds will lament that their measures of precaution should have robbed the imagination of our poet of the last prop on which his hopes of independence rested, and by embittering his peace, have aggravated those excesses which were soon to conduct him to an untimely grave.

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

“ Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies.”

Though by nature of an athletic form, Burns had in his constitution the peculiarities and the delicacies that belong to the temperament of genius. He was liable, from a very early period of life, to that interruption in the process of digestion, which arises from deep and anxious thought, and which is sometimes the effect, and sometimes the cause of depression of spirits. Connected with this disorder of the stomach, there was a disposition

to head-ache, affecting more especially the temples and eye-balls, and frequently accompanied by violent and irregular movements of the heart. Endowed by nature with great sensibility of nerves, Burns was, in his corporeal, as well as in his mental system, liable to inordinate impressions ; to fever of body, as well as of mind. This predisposition to disease, which strict temperance in diet, regular exercise, and sound sleep, might have subdued, habits of a very different nature strengthened and inflamed.

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

It happened that at that time a lady with whom he had been connected in friendship by the sympathies of kindred genius, was residing in the immediate neighbourhood. Being informed of his arrival she invited him to dinner, and sent her carriage for him to the cottage where he lodged, as he was unable to walk....“I was struck,” says this lady (in a confidential letter to a friend written soon after) “with his appearance on entering the room. The stamp of death was impressed on his features. He seemed already touching the brink of eternity. His first salutation was, “Well, Madam, have you any commands for the other world.” I replied that it seemed a doubtful case which of us should be there soonest, and that I hoped he would yet live to write my epitaph. (I was then in a poor state of health.) He looked in my face with an air of great kindness, and expressed his concern at seeing me look so ill, with his accustomed sensibility. At table he ate little or nothing, and he complained of having entirely lost the tone of his stomach. We had a long and serious conversation a-

bout his present situation, and the approaching termination of all his earthly prospects. He spoke of his death without any of the ostentation of philosophy, but with firmness as well as feeling....as an event likely to happen very soon, and which gave him concern chiefly from leaving his four children so young and unprotected, and his wife in so interesting a situation....in hourly expectation of lying in with a fifth. He mentioned, with seeming pride and satisfaction, the promising genius of his eldest son, and the flattering marks of approbation he had received from his teachers, and dwelt particularly on his hopes of that boy's future conduct and merit. His anxiety for his family seemed to hang heavy upon him, and the more perhaps from the reflection that he had not done them all the justice he was so well qualified to do. Passing from this subject, he shewed great concern about the care of his literary fame, and particularly the publication of his posthumous works. He said he was well aware that his death would occasion some noise, and that every scrap of his writing would be revived against him to the injury of his future reputation: that letters and verses written with unguarded and improper freedom, and which he earnestly wished to have buried in oblivion, would be handed about by idle vanity, or malevolence, when no dread of his resentment would restrain them, or prevent the censures of shrill-tongued malice, or the insidious sarcasms of envy, from pouring forth all their venom to blast his fame.

“He lamented that he had written many epigrams on persons against whom he entertained no enmity, and whose characters he should be sorry to wound; and many indifferent poetical pieces, which he feared would now, with all their imperfections on their head, be thrust upon the world. On this account he deeply regretted having deferred to put his papers into a state of arrangement, as he was now quite incapable of the exertion.”—The lady goes on to mention many other topics of a private nature on which he spoke.—“The conversation,” she adds, “was kept up with great evenness and animation on his side. I had seldom seen his mind greater or more collected. There was frequently a considerable degree of vivacity in his sallies, and



they would probably have had a greater share, had not the concern and dejection I could not disguise, damped the spirit of pleasantry he seemed not unwilling to indulge.”

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

When brought back to his own house in Dumfries, on the 18th of July, he was no longer able to stand upright. At this time a tremor pervaded his frame ; his tongue was parched, and his mind sunk into delirium, when not roused by conversation. On the second and third day the fever increased, and his strength diminished. On the fourth, the sufferings of this great but ill-fated genius were terminated, and a life was closed in which virtue and passion had been at perpetual variance.

Burns died in great poverty, but the independence of his spirit, and the exemplary prudence of his wife, had preserved him from debt. He had received from his poems a clear profit of about nine hundred pounds. Of this sum, the part expended on his library (which was far from extensive) and in the humble furniture of his house, remained ; and obligations were found for two hundred pounds advanced by him to the assistance of those to whom he was united by the ties of blood, and still more by those of esteem and affection. When it is considered that his expenses in Edinburgh, and on his various journeys, could not be inconsiderable ; that his agricultural undertaking was unsuccessful ; that his income from the excise was for some time as low as fifty, and never rose to above seventy pounds a year ; that his family was large, and his spirit liberal—no one will be surprised that his circumstances were so poor, or that as his health decayed, his proud and feeling heart sunk under the secret consciousness of indigence, and the apprehensions of absolute want. Yet poverty never bent the spirit of Burns to any pecuniary meanness. Neither chicanery nor sordidness ever appeared in his conduct. He carried his disregard of money to a blameable excess. Even in the midst of distress he bore himself loftily to the world, and received with a jealous reluctance every offer of friendly assistance. His printed poems had procured



him great celebrity, and a just and fair recompense for the latter offsprings of his pen, might have produced him considerable emolument. In the year 1795, the Editor of a London newspaper, high in its character for literature and independence of sentiment, made a proposal to him, that he should furnish them once a week with an article for their poetical department, and receive from them a recompense of fifty-two guineas per annum ; an offer which the pride of genius disdained to accept. Yet he had for several years furnished, and was at that time furnishing, the *Museum* of Johnson with his beautiful lyrics without fee or reward, and was obstinately refusing all recompense for his assistance to the greater work of Mr. Thomson, which the justice and generosity of that gentleman was pressing upon him.

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

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS.

BY ROSCOE.

---

REAR high thy bleak majestic hills,  
Thy shelter'd vallies proudly spread,  
And, SCOTIA, pour thy thousand rills,  
And wave thy heaths with blossoms red ;  
But ah ! what poet now shall tread  
Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,  
Since he, the sweetest bard is dead  
That ever breath'd the soothing strain ?

As green thy towering pines may grow,  
As clear thy streams may speed along,  
As bright thy summer suns may glow,  
As gaily charm thy feathery throng ;  
But now, unheeded is the song,  
And dull and lifeless all around,  
For his wild harp lies all unstrung,  
And cold the hand that wak'd its sound.

What tho' thy vigorous offspring rise,  
In arts, in arms thy sons excel ;  
Tho' beauty in thy daughter's eyes,  
And health in every feature dwell ;  
Yet who shall now their praises tell,  
In strains impassion'd, fond and free,  
Since he no more the song shall swell  
To love, and liberty, and thee ?

With step-dame eye and frown severe  
 His hapless youth why didst thou view ?  
 For all thy joys to him were dear,  
 And all his vows to thee were due :  
 Nor greater bliss his bosom knew,  
 In opening youth's delightful prime,  
 Than when thy favouring ear he drew  
 To listen to his chaunted rhyme.

Thy lonely wastes and frowning skies  
 To him were all with rapture fraught ;  
 He heard with joy the tempest rise  
 That wak'd him to sublimer thought ;  
 And oft thy winding dells he sought,  
 Where wild-flowers pour'd their rathe perfume,  
 And with sincere devotion brought  
 To thee the summer's earliest bloom.

But ah ! no fond maternal smile  
 His unprotected youth enjoy'd ;  
 His limbs inur'd to early toil,  
 His days with early hardships tried,  
 And more to mark the gloomy void,  
 And bid him feel his misery,  
 Before his infant eyes would glide  
 Day-dreams of immortality.

Yet, not with cold neglect depress'd,  
 With sinewy arm he turn'd the soil,  
 Sunk with the evening sun to rest,  
 And met at morn his earliest smile.  
 Wak'd by his rustic pipe, meanwhile  
 The powers of fancy came along,  
 And sooth'd his lengthen'd hours of toil  
 With native wit and sprightly song.

Ah ! days of bliss, too swiftly fled,  
 When vigorous health from labour springs,  
 And bland contentment smooths the bed,  
 And sleep his ready opiate brings ;

And hovering round on airy wings  
 Float the light forms of young desire,  
 That of unutterable things  
 The soft and shadowy hope inspire.

Now spells of mightier power prepare,  
 Bid brighter phantoms round him dance ;  
 Let flattery spread her viewless snare,  
 And fame attract his vagrant glance ;  
 Let sprightly pleasure too advance,  
 Unveil'd her eyes, unclasp'd her zone,  
 'Till lost in love's delirious trance,  
 He scorn the joys his youth has known.

Let friendship pour her brightest blaze,  
 Expanding all the bloom of soul ;  
 And mirth concenter all her rays,  
 And point them from the sparkling bowl ;  
 And let the careless moments roll  
 In social pleasures unconfin'd,  
 And confidence that spurns controul  
 Unlock the inmost springs of mind.

And lead his steps those bowers among,  
 Where elegance with splendour vies,  
 Or science bids her favour'd throng  
 To more refin'd sensations rise :  
 Beyond the peasant's humbler joys,  
 And freed from each laborious strife.  
 There let him learn the bliss to prize  
 That waits the sons of polish'd life.

Then whilst his throbbing veins beat high  
 With every impulse of delight,  
 Dash from his lips the cup of joy,  
 And shroud the scene in shades of night ;  
 And let despair with wizard light,  
 Disclose the yawning gulph below,  
 And pour incessant on his sight  
 Her specter'd ills and shapes of woe :

And shew beneath a cheerless shed,  
 With sorrowing heart and streaming eyes,  
 In silent grief where droops her head,  
 The partner of his early joys ;  
 And let his infants' tender cries  
 His fond parental succour claim,  
 And bid him hear in agonies  
 A husband's and a father's name.

'Tis done, the powerful charm succeeds ;  
 His high reluctant spirit bends ;  
 In bitterness of soul he bleeds,  
 Nor longer with his fate contends.  
 An ideot laugh the welkin rends  
 As genius thus degraded lies ;  
 'Till pitying heaven the veil extends  
 That shrouds the Poet's ardent eyes.

....Rear high thy bleak majestic hills,  
 Thy shelter'd vallies proudly spread,  
 And, SCOTIA, pour thy thousand rills,  
 And wave thy heaths with blossoms red ;  
 But never more shall Poet tread  
 Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,  
 Since he, the sweetest bard is dead  
 That ever breath'd the soothing strain.



THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF LINCOLN'S INN

ESQ.

LONDON

Printed by J. Streater, at the

Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard

1679.

IN A SINGLE VOLUME.

THE SECOND EDITION

WITH ADDITIONS.

AND

A NEW PREFACE

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF LINCOLN'S INN

ESQ.

LONDON

Printed by J. Streater, at the

Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard

1679.

IN A SINGLE VOLUME.

THE SECOND EDITION

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 and simple annals of the Poor.

GRAY.

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 !

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 labour goes,  
*This night* his weekly moil is at an end,  
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,  
Hoping the *morn* in ease and rest to spend,  
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward  
bend.

B

At length his lonely Cot appears in view,  
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;  
 Th' expectant *wee-things*, toddlin, stacher through  
 To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise and glee.  
 His wee-bit ingle, blinkin bonilie,  
 His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty *Wife's* smile,  
 The lisping infant, prattling on his knee,  
 Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,  
 And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,  
 At service out, among 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 shew a braw new gown,  
 Or deposite her fair-won penny-fee,  
 To help her Parents dear, if they in hardship be.

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

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

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

With kindly welcome, *Jenny* brings him ben ;  
 A strappan youth ; he takes the Mother's eye ;  
 Blythe *Jenny* sees the visit's no ill taen ;  
 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' and sae grave ;  
 Weel pleas'd to think her *bairn's* respected like the lave.

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 ev'ning  
 ' gale.'

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—  
 A Wretch ! a Villain ! lost to love and truth !  
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,  
 Betray sweet *Jenny's* unsuspecting youth ?  
 Curse on his perjur'd arts ! dissembling smooth !  
 Are 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,

But now the supper crowns their simple board,  
 The healsome *Parritch*, chief of *Scotia's* food :  
 The soupe their only *Hawkie* does afford,  
 'That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood :  
 The Dame brings forth, in complimental mood,  
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,  
 And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid ;  
 The frugal Wifie, garrulous, will tell,  
 How 'twas a towmond auld, 'sin Lint was i' the bell.

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

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;  
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim :  
 Perhaps *Dundee's* wild warbling measures rise,  
 Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name ;  
 Or noble *Elgin* beets the heav'n-ward flame,  
 The sweetest far of *Scotia's* holy lays :  
 Co' par'd with these, Italian trills are tame ;  
 The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise ;  
 Nae unison hae they with our *Creator's* praise.

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

Perhaps the *Christian Volume* is the theme,  
 How guiltless blood for guilty men 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.

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

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,  
 In all the pomp of method, and of art,  
 When men display to congregations wide,  
 Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the *heart* !  
 The *Pow'r*, incens'd, the Pageant will desert,  
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;  
 But haply, in some *Cottage* far apart,  
 May hear, well-pleas'd, the language of the Soul ;  
 And in His *Book of Life* the Inmates poor enroll.

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.

From scenes like these, old *Scotia's* grandeur springs,  
 That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad :

\* Pope's Windsor Forest.

Princes and Lords are but the breath of Kings,  
 ' An honest man's the noblest work of God :'  
 And *certes*, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,  
 The *Cottage* leaves the *Palace* far behind :  
 What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,  
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,  
 Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin'd !

O *Scotia* ! my dear, my native soil !  
 For whom my warmest wish to Heav'n is sent !  
 Long may thy 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*.

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 raise, her Ornament and Guard !

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## MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

### A DIRGE.

WHEN chill November's surly blast  
 Made fields and forests bare,  
 One evening, as I wand'ring 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.

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.

The Sun that overhangs yon moors,

Out-spreading far and wide,

Where hundreds labour to support

A haughty lordling's pride :

I've seen yon weary winter-sun

Twice forty times return ;

And ev'ry time has added proofs,

That Man was made to mourn.

O Man ! while in thy early years,

How prodigal of time !

Mis-spending all thy precious hours,

Thy glorious, youthful prime !

Alternate Follies take the sway ;

Licentious passions burn ;

Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,

That Man was made to mourn.

Look not alone on youthful prime,

Or Manhood's active might ;

Man then is useful to his kind,

*Supported* is his right :

But see him on the edge of life,

With Cares and Sorrows worn,

Then Age and Want, Oh ! ill match'd pair !

Show Man was made to mourn.

A few seem favorites of Fate,

In pleasures lap carest ;

Yet, think not all the Rich and Great

Are likewise truly blest.

But, Oh ! what crowds in ev'ry land,

All wretched and forlorn,

Thro' weary life this lesson learn,  
That Man was made to mourn.

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

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

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

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

O Death ! the poor man's dearest friend,  
The kindest and the best !  
Welcome the hour, my aged limbs  
Are laid with thee at rest !

The Great, the Wealthy fear thy blow,  
From pomp and pleasure torn;  
But, Oh! a blest relief for those  
That weary-laden mourn!

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## TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

On turning one down, with a plough, in April 1786.

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

Alas! its no thy neebor sweet,  
The bonie *Lark*, companion meet!  
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!  
Wi' spreckl'd breast,  
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet  
The purpling East.

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

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

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,  
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,



Thou lifts thy unassuming head  
                                   In humble guise ;  
 But now the *share* uptears thy bed,  
                                   And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless Maid,  
 Sweet *flow'ret* of the rural shade !  
 By Love's simplicity betray'd,  
                                   And guileless trust,  
 Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid  
                                   Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,  
 On Life's rough ocean luckless starr'd !  
 Unskilful he to note the card  
                                   Of *Prudent Lore*,  
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,  
                                   And overwhelm him o'er !

Such fate to *suffering worth* is 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 every stay but *Heav'n*,  
                                   He, ruin'd, sink !

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

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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.

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## THE TWA DOGS.

### A TALE.

'T WAS in that place o' Scotland's isle,  
That bears the name o' *Auld King Coil*,  
Upon a bonie 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,  
 Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs,  
 But whalpit some place far abroad,  
 Whare sailors gang to fish for Cod.

His locked, letter'd, braw brass collar  
 Shew'd him the gentleman and scholar ;  
 But tho' he was o' high degree,  
 The fient a pride na pride had he,  
 But wad hae spent an hour caressin',  
 Ev'n wi' a tinkler-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,  
 An' stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,  
 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' faithfu' 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 towzie back  
 Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black ;  
 His gaucie tail, wi' upward curl,  
 Hung owre 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 an' snowkit ;  
 Whyles mice and moudiëworts they howkit ;  
 Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion,  
 An' worry'd ither in diversion ;

\* Cuchullan's dog in Ossian's Fingal.

Till tir'd at last wi' mony a farce,  
 They sat them down upon their a—,  
 An' there began a lang digression  
 About the *lords o' the creation*.

## CÆSAR.

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

Our Laird gets in his racked rents,  
 His coals, his kain, an' 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, whare, 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 ev'n the ha' folk fill their pechan  
 Wi' sauce, ragouts, an' sic like trashrie,  
 That's little short o' downright wastrie.  
 Our Whipper-in, wee, blastit wonner,  
 Poor, worthless elf, it eats a dinner,  
 Better than ony tenant man  
 His Honor has in a' the lan' :  
 An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,  
 I own it's past my comprehension.

## LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they're fash't enough ;  
 A cotter howkin in a sheugh,  
 Wi' dirty stanes biggin a dyke,  
 Baring a quarry, an' sic like,  
 Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains,  
 A smyrtie o' wee duddie weans,

An' nought but his han' darg, to keep  
Them right an' tight in thack an' rape.

An' when they meet wi' 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 kend yet,  
They're maistly wonderfu' contented ;  
An' buirdly chieles, an' clever hizzies,  
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

### CÆSAR.

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

I've notic'd, 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 an' threaten, curse an' swear,  
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear ;  
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,  
An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble !

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

### LUATH.

They're no sae wretched's anc wad think ,  
'Tho' constantly on poortith's brink,  
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,  
The view o't gies them little fright.

Then chance and fortune are sae guided,  
They're ay in less or mair provided ;



An' tho' fatigu'd wi' 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 twalpennie worth o' nappy  
Can mak the bodies unco happy ;  
They lay aside their private cares,  
To mind the Kirk and state affairs ;  
They'll talk o' patronage an' priests,  
Wi' kindling fury i' their breasts,  
Or tell what new taxation's comin,  
An' ferlie at the folk in *Lon'on*.

As bleak-fac'd Hallowmas returns,  
They get the jovial, ranting Kirns,  
When *rural life*, of ev'ry station,  
Unite in common recreation ;  
Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth  
Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,  
They bar the door on frosty wins ;  
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,  
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam ;  
The luntin pipe, an' sneeshin mill,  
Are handed round wi' right guid will ;  
The cantie auld folks crackin crouse,  
The young anes ranting thro' the house—  
My heart has been sae fain to see them,  
That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,  
Sic game is now owre aften play'd ;  
There's monie a creditable stock  
O' decent, honest, fawsont folk,  
Are riven out baith root an' branch,  
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,

Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster  
 In favour wi' some gentle Master,  
 Wha blins 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* tak a waft,  
 To mak a tour an' tak a whirl,  
 To learn *bon ton* an' see the worl'.

There, at *Vienna* or *Versailles*,  
 He rives his father's auld entails ;  
 Or by *Madrid* he tak the rout,  
 To thrum guittars an' fecht wi' nowt ;  
 Or down Italian Vista startles,  
 Wh-re hunting amang groves o' myrtles :  
 Then bouses drumlie German water,  
 To mak him sel' look fair and fatter,  
 An' clear the consequential sorrows,  
 Love gifts of Carnival Signioras.

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 and harass'd  
 For gear to gang that gate at last !

O would they stay aback frae courts,  
 An' please themsels wi' countra sports,

It wad for ev'ry 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 Limmer,  
 Or shooting o' a hare or moorcock,  
 The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, master *Cæsar*,  
 Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure ?  
 Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them,  
 The vera thought o't need na fear them.

### CÆSAR.

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

It's true they need na starve or sweat,  
 Thro' Winter's cauld, or Simmer's heat ;  
 They've na 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 acre's till'd, he's right enough ;  
 A country girl at her wheel,  
 Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel :  
 But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst,  
 Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst.  
 They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy ;  
 Tho' deil haet ails them, yet uneasy ;  
 Their days, insipid dull an' tasteless,  
 Their nights, unquiet, lang, and restless.

An' ev'n 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 an' gracious a' as sisters ;  
 But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,  
 They're a' run deils an' jads thegither.  
 Whyles, owre 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 exceptions, man an' woman  
 But this is Gentry's life in common.

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





The wheels o' life gae down-hill, scrievin,  
     Wi' rattlin glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear ;  
 Thou chears the heart o' drooping Care ;  
 Thou strings the nerves o' Labor sair,  
     At's weary toil ;  
 Thou even brightens dark Despair,  
     Wi' gloomy smile.

Aft, clad in massy siller weed,  
 Wi' Gentles thou erects thy head ;  
 Yet humbly kind, in time o' need,  
     The poor man's wine ;  
 His wee drap parritch, or his bread,  
     Thou 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 reckin on a New-year mornin,  
     In cog or bicker,  
 An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,  
     An' gusty suker !

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,  
 An' Ploughmen gather wi' their graith,  
 O rare ! to see thee fizz an' freath,  
     I' th' lugget caup  
 Then *Burnewin* comes on like Death  
     At ev'ry chap.

Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel ;  
 The brawnie, bainie, ploughman chiel  
 Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,  
     The strong forehammer.

Till block an' studdie ring an' reel  
 Wi' dinsome clamour.

When skirlin weanies see the light,  
 Thou maks the gossips clatter bright,  
 How fumbling 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-brie*  
     Cement the quarrel !  
 It's aye the cheapest Lawyer's fee  
     To taste the barrel.

Alake ! that e'er my muse has reason,  
 To wyte her countrymen wi' treason !  
 But monie daily wet their weason  
     Wi' liquors nice,  
 An' hardly, in a winter season,  
     E'er spier her price.

Wae worth that *brandy*, burning trash !  
 Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash !  
 Twins monie a poor, doylt, druken 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,  
 Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,  
     Or foreign gill.

May gravels round his blather wrench,  
 An' gouts torment him, inch by inch,  
 Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch  
     O' sour disdain,

Out owre a glass o' *Whisky Punch*  
Wi' honest men !

O *Whisky* ! soul o' plays an' pranks !  
Accept a Bardie's gratefu' thanks !  
When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks  
Are my poor Verses !  
Thou comes——they rattle i' their ranks  
At ither's a——!

Thee *Ferintosh* ! O sadly lost !  
Scotland lament frae coast to coast !  
Now colic grips, an' barkin hoast,  
May kill us a' ;  
For loyal Forbes' charter'd boast  
Is ta'en awa !

Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise,  
Wha mak the *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 breeks, a scone, an' *whisky gill*,  
An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will,  
Tak a' the rest,  
An' deal't about as thy blind skill  
Directs thee best.

---

### TO A MOUSE.

On turning her up in her Nest, with the Plough, November 1787.

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

I'm truly sorry 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  
                                 An' never miss't !

Thy wee-bit housie, too, in ruin !  
 It's silly wa's the win's are strewin !  
 An' naething, now, to big a new ane,  
                                 O' foggage green !  
 An' bleak Decembar's winds ensuin,  
                                 Baith snell an' 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's 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 schemes o' *Mice* an' *Men*,  
                                 Gang aft a-gley,  
 An' lea'e us nought but grief an' 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 !

---

## 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 ev'ry bough ;  
 The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,  
 Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush,  
 The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,  
 Or deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild-whistling o'er the hill;  
 Shall he, nurst in the Peasant's lowly shed,  
 To hardy Independence bravely bred,  
 By early Poverty to hardship steel'd,  
 And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's field,  
 Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,  
 The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes?  
 Or labour hard the panegyric close,  
 With all the venal soul of dedicating Prose?  
 No ! though his artless strains he rudely sings,  
 And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,  
 He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,  
 Fame, honest Fame, his great, his dear reward.  
 Still, if some Patron's gen'rous care he trace,  
 Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace ;  
 When 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-won crap;  
 Potatoe-bings are snugged up frae skaith  
 Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath;  
 The Bees, rejoicing o'er their Summer-toils,  
 Unnumber'd buds an' flow'rs' delicious spoils,  
 Seal'd up with frugal care in massive, waxen piles,  
 Are doom'd by Man, that tyrant o'er the weak,  
 The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone reek :  
 The thund'ring 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-lang tree :  
 The hoary morns precede the sunny days,  
 Mild, calm, serene, wide-spreads the noon-tide blaze,  
 While thick the gossamour waves wanton in the rays.

'Twas in that season, when a simple Bard,  
 Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,  
 Ae night, within the ancient brugh of *Ayr*,  
 By whim inspired, or haply prest wi' care,  
 He left his bed, and took his wayward rout,  
 And down by *Simpson's*\* wheel'd the left about :  
 (Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,  
 To witness what I after shall narrate ;  
 Or whether, rapt in meditation high,  
 He wander'd out he knew not where 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 :

\* A noted tavern, at the *Auld Brig* end.

† The two steeples.

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 wings is 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 Rhymer instantly descry'd  
The Sprites that owre the *Brigs of Ayr* preside.  
(That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,  
And ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk ;  
Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,  
An' 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 ane *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 neebor took his e'e,  
And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he !  
Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,  
He, down the water, gies him this guideen——

### AULD BRIG.

I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're na sheep-shank,  
Ance ye were streekit owre frae bank to bank !  
But gin ye be a brig as auld as me,  
Tho' faith, that date, I doubt, ye'll never see ;  
There'll be, if that day come, I'll wad a boddle,  
Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle.

\* The gos-hawk, or falcon.

## 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 and lime,  
 Compare wi' bonie Brigs o' modern time?  
 There's men o' taste wou'd tak the *Ducat-stream*\*,  
 Tho' they should cast the vera sark an' swim,  
 Ere they would grate their feelings wi' the view  
 Of sic an ugly, Gothic hulk as you.

## AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!  
 This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide;  
 And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn,  
 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 ye better.  
 When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains,  
 Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;  
 When from the hills where springs the brawling *Coil*,  
 Or stately *Lugar's* mossy fountains boil,  
 Or where the *Greenock* winds his moorland course,  
 Or haunted *Garphal*† draws his feeble source,  
 Arous'd by blustering winds an' spotting thowes,  
 In mony a torrent down the snaw-broo rows;  
 While crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat,  
 Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate;  
 And from *Glenbuck*‡, down to *Ratton-key*§,  
 Auld *Ayr* is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea;  
 Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise!  
 And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies.  
 A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,  
 That Architecture's noble art is lost!

\* A noted ford, just above the Auld Brig.

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

‡ The source of the river of Ayr.

§ A small landing-place above the large key.

## NEW BRIG.

Fine *architecture*, trowth, I needs must say't o't !  
 The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't !  
 Gaunt, 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 sculptures 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 later times, wha held the notion,  
 That sullen gloom was sterling true devotion :  
 Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection,  
 And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection !

## AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealings,  
 Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings !  
 Ye worthy *Proveses*, an' mony a *Bailie*,  
 Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay ;  
 Ye dainty *Deacons*, an' ye douce *Conveeners*,  
 To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners ;  
 Ye godly *Councils*, wha hae blest this town ;  
 Ye godly *Brethren* o' the sacred gown,  
 Wha meekly gae your *hurdies* to the *smilers* ;  
 And (what would now be strange) ye godly *Writers* :  
 A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo,  
 Were ye but here, what would ye say or do !  
 How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,  
 To see each melancholy alteration ;  
 And, agonizing, curse the time and place  
 When ye begat the base, degen'rate race !

Nae 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 staumrel, corky-headed, graceless Gentry,  
 The herryment and ruin of the country ;  
 Men, three-parts made by Taylors and by Barbers,  
 Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d—d *new Brigs*  
 and *Harbours* !

### ! NEW BRIG.

Now haud you there ! for faith ye've said eneugh,  
 And muckle mair than ye can mak to through.  
 As for your Priesthood, I shall say but little,  
*Corbies* and *Clergy* are a shot right kittle :  
 But, under favour o' your langer beard,  
 Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd ;  
 'To liken them to your auld-warld squad,  
 I must needs say, comparisons are odd.  
 In *Ayr*, Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle  
 To mouth ' A Citizen,' a term o' scandal :  
 Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,  
 In all the pomp of ignorant conceit :  
 Men wha grew wise 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 danc'd ;  
 Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd ;  
 They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,  
 The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet :



While arts of Minstrelsy among them rung,  
And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties sung.

O had *M'Lauchlan*\*, thairm-inspiring Sage,  
Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,  
When thro' his dear *Strathspeys* they bore with High-  
land rage ;

Or when they struck old Scotia's melting 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 ev'ry 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.  
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 hazle wreath,  
To rustic Agriculture did bequeath  
The broken, iron instruments of Death,  
At sight of whom our Sprites forgot their kindling wrath.

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

## DESPONDENCY.

## AN ODE.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,  
A burden more than I can bear,

I set me down and sigh :

O life ! thou art a galling load,

Along a rough, a weary road,

To wretches such as I !

Dim-backward as I cast my view,

What sick'ning Scenes appear !

What Sorrows *yet* may pierce me thro',

Too justly I may fear !

Still caring, despairing,

Must be my bitter doom ;

My woes here shall close ne'er,

But with the closing tomb !

Happy ! ye sons of Busy-life,

Who, equal to the bustling strife,

No other view regard !

Ev'n when the wished *end's* deny'd,

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.

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 chrystal well !

Or haply, to his ev'ning thought,

By unfrequented stream,

The ways of men are distant brought,  
A faint-collected dream :  
While praising, and raising  
His thoughts to Heav'n on high,  
As wand'ring, meand'ring,  
He views the solemn sky.

Than I, no lonely Hermit plac'd,  
Where never human footstep trac'd,  
Less fit to play the part,  
The lucky moment to improve,  
And *just* to stop, and *just* to move,  
With self-respecting art :  
But ah ! those pleasures, Loves and Joys,  
Which I too keenly taste,  
The *Solitary* can despise,  
Can want, and yet be blest !  
He needs not, he heeds not,  
Or human love or hate ;  
Whilst I here, must cry here,  
At perfidy ingrate !

Oh ! enviable, early days,  
When dancing thoughtless Pleasure's maze,  
To Care, to Guilt unknown !  
How ill exchang'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* !

ADDRESS  
TO  
**THE UNCO GUID,**  
OR  
**THE 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 cleanest corn that e'er was dight  
May hae some pyles o' caff in ;  
So ne'er a fellow-creature slight  
For random fits o' daffin.

SOLOMON—Eccles. vii. 16.

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

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

Ye see your state wi' theirs compar'd,  
And shudder at the niffer,  
But, cast a moment's fair regard  
What maks the mighty differ ;  
Discount what scant occasion gave,  
That purity ye pride in,

And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)  
Your better art o' hiding.

Think, when your castigated pulse  
Gies now and then a wallop,  
What ragings must his veins convulse,  
That still eternal gallop:  
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,  
Right on ye scud your sea way;  
But, in the teeth o' baith to sail,  
It maks an unco leeway.

See Social-life and Glee sit down,  
All joyous and unthinking,  
Till, quite transmugrify'd, they're grown  
Debauchery and Drinking:  
O would they stay to calculate  
Th' eternal consequences;  
Or your more dreaded h-ll to state,  
D-mnation of expenses!

Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames,  
Ty'd up in godly laces,  
Before ye gie poor *Frailty* names,  
Suppose a change o' cases;  
A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug,  
A treacherous inclination——  
But, let me whisper i' your lug,  
Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

Then gently scan your brother Man,  
Still gentler sister Woman;  
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,  
To step aside is human;  
One point must still be greatly dark,  
The moving *Why* they do it;  
And just as lamely can ye mark,  
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis *He* alone  
Decidedly can try us,  
He knows each chord its various tone,  
Each spring its various bias:

Then at the balance let's be mute,  
 We never can adjust it;  
 What's *done* we partly may compute,  
 But know not what's *resisted*.

## THE VISION.

DUAN FIRST.\*

THE sun had clos'd the winter-day,  
 The Curlers quat their roaring play,  
 An' hunger'd Mankin taen her way  
     To kail-yards green,  
 While faithless snaws ilk step betray  
     Whare she has been.

The Thresher's weary *flingen-tree*,  
 The lee-lang day had tired me;  
 And when the Day had clos'd his e'e  
     Far i' the West,  
 Ben i' the *Spence*, right pensivelie,  
     I gaed to rest.

There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,  
 I sat and ey'd the spewing reek,  
 That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeeke,  
     The auld, clay biggin;  
 And 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 naething,  
 But stringin blethers up in rhyme  
     For fools to sing.

\* *Duan*, a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digressive poem. See his *Cath-Loda*, vol. II. of M'Pherson's Translation.



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

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

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

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

Green, slender, leaf-clad *Holly-boughs*  
Were twisted, gracefu' round her brows,  
I took her for some *Scottish Muse*,  
By that same token ;  
And come to stop those reckless vows,  
Would soon be 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 tost:  
 Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,  
                                 With surging foam;  
 There, distant shone Art's lofty boast,  
                                 The lordly dome.

Here, *Doon* pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods;  
 There, well-fed *Irwine* stately thuds:  
 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 feature stern.

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

His COUNTRY'S SAVIOUR†, mark him well !  
 Bold *Richardton's* ‡ heroic swell ;  
 The Chief on *Sark*§ who glorious fell,  
   In high command ;  
 And *He* whom ruthless fates expel  
   His native land.

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

†† Thro' many a wild, romantic grove,  
 Near many a hermit-fancy'd cove,  
 (Fit Haunts for Friendship or for Love,  
   In musing mood)  
 An *aged Judge*, I saw him rove,  
   Dispensing good.

\* The Wallaces.

† William Wallace.

‡ Adam Wallace of Richardton, cousin to the immortal preserver of Scottish Independence.

§ Wallace Laird of Craigie, who was second in command under Douglas earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought *Anno* 1448. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct and intrepid valour of the gallant Laird of Craigie, who died of his wounds after the action.

\*\* Coilus 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 Coils-field, where his burial-place is still shown.

†† Barskimming, the seat of the 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.

*Brydon'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 heavenly-seeming *Fair*;  
 A whisp'ring throb did witness bear  
   Of kindred sweet,  
 When with an elder Sister's air  
   She did me greet.

' All hail ! my own inspired 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,  
 ' Who, all beneath his high command,  
   ' Harmoniously,  
 ' As Arts or Arms they understand,  
   ' Their labours ply.

\* Catrine, the seat of the late Doctor, and present Professor  
 Srewart.

† Colonel Fullarton.

' They *Scotia's* Race among them share ;  
 ' Some fire the Soldier on to dare ;  
 ' Some rouse the Patriot up to bare  
     ' Corruption's heart ;  
 ' Some teach the Bard, a darling care,  
     ' The tuneful art.

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

' And when the Bard, or hoary Sage,  
 ' Charm or instruct the future age,  
 ' They bind the wild, Poetic rage  
     ' In energy,  
 ' Or point the inconclusive page  
     ' Full on the eye.

' Hence, *Fullarton*, the brave and young ;  
 ' Hence, *Dempster's* zeal-inspired tongue ;  
 ' Hence, sweet harmonious *Beattie* sung  
     ' His " Minstrel lays ;"  
 ' Or tore, with noble ardour stung,  
     ' The *Sceptic's* bays.

' To lower Orders are assign'd  
 ' The humble ranks of Human-kind,  
 ' The rustic Bard, the lab'ring Hind,  
     ' The Artisan ;  
 ' All chuse, as, various they're inclin'd,  
     ' The various man.

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

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

' Some, bounded to a district-space,  
 ' Explore at large Man's infant race,  
 ' To mark the embryotic trace  
     ' Of *rustic Bard* ;  
 ' And careful note each op'ning grace,  
     ' A guide and guard.

' *Of these am I—Coila* my name ;  
 ' And this district as mine I claim,  
 ' Where once the *Campbells*, chiefs of fame,  
     ' Held ruling pow'r :  
 ' I mark'd thy embryo-tuneful flame,  
     ' Thy natal hour.

' With future hope, I oft would gaze,  
 ' Fond, on thy little, early ways,  
 ' Thy 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-mantl'd Earth,  
 ' Warm cherish'd ev'ry flow'ret's birth,  
 ' And joy and music pouring forth,  
     ' In ev'ry grove,  
 ' I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth  
     ' With boundless love.



‘ When ripen’d fields, and azure skies,  
‘ Call’d forth the Reaper’s rustling noise,  
‘ I saw thee leave their ev’ning joys,  
‘ And lonely stalk,  
‘ To vent thy bosom’s swelling rise,  
‘ In pensive walk.

‘ When youthful Love, warm-blushing, strong,  
‘ Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,  
‘ Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,  
‘ Th’ adored *Name*,  
‘ I taught thee how to pour in song,  
‘ To soothe thy flame.

‘ I saw thy pulse’s maddening play,  
‘ Wild-send thee Pleasure’s devious way,  
‘ Misled by Fancy’s meteor-ray,  
‘ By passion driven;  
‘ But yet the *light* that led astray,  
‘ Was *light* from Heaven.

‘ I taught thy manners-painting strains,  
‘ The loves, the ways of simple swains,  
‘ Till now, o’er all my wide domains,  
‘ Thy fame extends;  
‘ And some, the pride of *Coila’s* plains,  
‘ Become thy friends.

‘ Thou canst not learn, nor I can 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 th’ unrivall’d Rose,  
‘ The lowly Daisy sweetly blows;  
‘ Tho’ large, the forest’s Monarch throws  
‘ His army shade,  
‘ Yet green the juicy Hawthorn grows,  
‘ Adown the glade.

• Then never murmur nor repine;  
 ‘ Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;  
 ‘ And trust me, not *Potosi’s* mine,  
     ‘ Nor King’s regard,  
 ‘ Can give a bliss o’ermatching thine,  
     ‘ A rustic Bard.

‘ To give my counsels all in one,  
 ‘ Thy tuneful flame still careful fan  
 ‘ Preserve *the dignity of Man*,  
     ‘ With Soul erect;  
 ‘ And trust, the *Universal Plan*  
     ‘ 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.

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## TO A HAGGIS.

FAIR fa’ your honest, sonsie face,  
 Great Chieftan o’ the Puddin-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 ye fill,  
 Your hurdies like a distant hill,  
 Your *fin* wad help to mend a mill  
     In time o’ need,  
 While thro’ your pores the dews distil  
     Like amber bead.

His knife see Rustic-labour dight,  
 An' cut you up wi' ready slight,  
 Trenching your gushing entrails bright  
     Like onie ditch;  
 And then, O what a glorious sight,  
     Warm-reekin, 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 owre his French *ragout*,  
 Or *olio* that wad staw a sow,  
 Or *fricassee* 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 whip-lash,  
     His nieve a nit ;  
 Thro' bluidy flood or field to dash,  
     O how unfit !

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

Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care,  
 And dish them out their bill o' fare,  
 Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware  
     That jaups in luggies :  
 But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,  
     Gie her a *Huggis* !

THE AULD FARMER'S  
NEW-YEAR MORNING SALUTATION

TO HIS

AULD MARE, MAGGIE.

On giving her the accustomed Ripp of Corn to Hansel in the  
New-Year.

A *GUID New-Year* I wish thee, Maggie!  
Hae, there's a *riph* 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 as white's a daisie,  
I've seen thee dappl't, sleek an' glazie,  
A bonie gray:  
He should been tight that daur't to *raize* thee,  
Ance in a day.

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,  
A *filly* buirdly, steeve, 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' lunnie,  
                                     Ye ne'er was consie ;  
 But hamely, tawie, quiet, an' cannie,  
                                     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.

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hobble,  
 An' wintle like a saumont-cobble,  
 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' skiegh,  
 An' stable-meals at Fairs were driegh,  
 How thou wad prance, an' snore an' skriegh,  
                                     An' tak the road !  
 Town's-bodies ran, an' stood abiegh,  
                                     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,  
                                     Whare'er thou gaed.

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

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

Thou never braing't an' fetch't an' fliskit,  
 But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,  
 An' spread abraid thy weel-fill'd brisket,  
                     Wi' pith an' pow'r,  
 Till spritty knowes wad rair't an' riskit,  
                     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 ken'd my *Maggie* wad na sleep  
                     For that, or Simmer.

In cart or car thou never reestit ;  
 The steystest brae thou wad hae fac't it ;  
 Thou never lap, an' sten't, an' 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 *forv*,  
 A heapit *Stimpert*, I'll reserve ane  
                                 Laid by for you.

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

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EPISTLE

TO

DAVIE, A BROTHER POET.

January—

WHILE winds frae off *Ben-Lomond* blaw,  
 And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,  
     And hing us owre the ingle,  
 I set me down, to pass the time,  
 And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,  
     In hamely, westlin jingle.  
 While frosty winds blaw in the drift,  
     Ben to the chimla lug,  
 I grudge a wee the Great-folk's gift,  
     That live sa bien an' snug:  
     I tent less, and want less  
         Their roomy fire-side;  
     But hanker, and canker,  
         To see their cursed pride.

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 whyles 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 we're hale and fier :  
 ' Mair spier na, nor fear na'\*,  
 Auld age ne'er mind a feg ;  
 The last o't the warst o't,  
 It is only but to beg.

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

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 :

\* Ramsay.

On braes when we please, then,  
 We'll sit and sowth a tune :  
 Sync *rhyme* till't, well time till't,  
 An sing't when we hae done.

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* ay's the part ay,  
 That makes us right or wrang.

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

Then let us chearfu' acquiesce ;  
 Nor make our scanty Pleasures less,  
 By pining at our state :  
 And, ev'n 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 nae other where.

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 !

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 !

All hail ! ye tender feelings dear !  
 The smile of love, the friendly tear,  
 The sympathetic glow !  
 Long since, this world's thorny ways  
 Had numbered out my weary days,  
 Had it not been for you !

Fate still has blest me with a friend,  
 In ev'ry 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* !

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 lisp,  
 Tili ance he's fairly het ;  
 And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,  
 And rin an unco fit :  
 But least then, the beast then,  
 Should rue this hasty ride,  
 I'll light now, and dight now  
 His sweaty, wizen'd hide.

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## SECOND EPISTLE TO DAVIE, A BROTHER POET.

AULD NEEBOR,

I'M three times, doubly owre, your debtor,  
 For your auld-farrant, frien'ly letter :  
 Tho' I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter,  
                   Ye speak sae fair ;  
 For my poor, silly, rhymin clatter,  
                   Some less maun sair.

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle,  
 Lang may your elbuck jink an' diddle,  
 To chear you thro' the weary widdle  
                   O' war'y cares,  
 Till 'bairns' bairns kindly cuddle  
                   Your auld grey hairs.

But, Davie lad, I'm rede,\* ye'e glaikit;  
 I'm tauld the muse ye hae neglekit;  
 An' gif its sae, ye shou'd be lickit;  
                                 Until ye fyke;  
 Sic hand as you shou'd ne'er be faikit,  
                                 Be hain't wha like.

For me, I'm on Parnassus's brink,  
 Ryvin the words, to gar them clink;  
 Whyles daizt wi' love, whyles daizt wi' drink,  
                                 Wi' jads or masons;  
 An' whiles, but ay owre late, I think,  
                                 Braw sober lessons.

O' a' the thoughtless sons o' men,  
 Commend me to the Bardie clan;  
 Except it be some idle plan,  
                                 O' rhymin clink,  
 The devil-haet, that I shou'd ban,  
                                 They ever think.

Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin,  
 Nae cares to gie us joy or grievin;  
 But just the pouch to put the nieve in,  
                                 An' while ought's there,  
 Then hiltie, skiltie, we gae scrivin,  
                                 An' fash nae mair.

Leeze me on rhyme! it's ay a treasure,  
 My chief, amaist 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.

\* The word *rede* which properly signifies to *advise* or *warn*, and is in some editions improperly spelled *red*, is here used for *rad*, a word in universal use all along the border, particularly towards the west, both on the Scots and English side, and signifies *afraid* or *doubtful*, "*I'm rad ye're glaikit*"—I am afraid or doubtful you are foolish or crazy. E.



Haud to the Muse, my dainty Davie ;  
 The warl' may play you mony a shavie ;  
 But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye,  
     Tho' e'er sae poor,  
 Na, e'en tho' limpin wi' the spavie  
     Frae door to door.

---

## THE LAMENT,

OCCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE ISSUE

OF A

## FRIEND'S AMOUR.

Alas ! how oft does Goodness wound itself !  
 And sweet *Affection* prove the spring of Woe !

HOMER.

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

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

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

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

Oh ! can she bear so base a heart,  
So lost to 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 ?

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 !

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

And when my nightly couch I try,  
Sore-harass'd out, with care and grief,  
My toil-beat nerves, and tear-won eye,  
Keep watching 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.

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.

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

---

#### 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.

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

Fain would I say, ' Forgive my foul offence !'  
 Fain promise never more to disobey ;  
 But, should my Author health again dispense,  
 Again I might desert fair Virtue's way ;  
 Again in Folly's path might go astray ;

Again exalt the brute and sink the man ;  
 Then how should I for Heavenly Mercy pray,  
 Who act so counter Heavenly Mercy's plan ?  
 Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran ?

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

---

LYING AT A REVEREND FRIEND'S HOUSE ONE NIGHT,  
 THE AUTHOR LEFT THE FOLLOWING *VERSES* IN THE  
 ROOM WHERE HE SLEPT.

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

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

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

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,  
 In manhood's dawning blush ;  
 Bless him, Thou God of love and truth,  
 Up to a Parent's wish.

The beateous, seraph Sister-band,  
With earnest tears I pray,  
Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand,  
Guide Thou their steps alway.

When soon or late they reach that coast,  
O'er life's rough ocean driven,  
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,  
A Family in Heaven!

---

### THE FIRST PSALM.

THE man, in life where-ever plac'd,  
Hath happiness in store,  
Who walks not in the wicked's way,  
Nor learn's 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.



## EPISTLE

TO

## A YOUNG FRIEND.

May——1786

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,  
A Something to have sent you,  
Tho' it should serve nae ither end  
Than just a kind *memento* ;  
But how the subject theme may gang,  
Let time and chance determine ;  
Perhaps it may turn out a Sang ;  
Perhaps, turn out a Sermon.

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

I'll no say, men are villains a' ;  
The real, harden'd wicked,  
Wha hae nae check but human law,  
Are to a few restricked :  
But Och, mankind are unco weak,  
An' little to be trusted ;  
If *Self* the wavering balance shake,  
It's rarely right adjusted !

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 nae *cash* to spare him.

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

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

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,  
 Assiduous wait upon her;  
 And gather gear by ev'ry wile  
 That's justify'd by Honor:  
 Not for to hide it in a hedge,  
 Not for a train-attendant;  
 But for the glorious privilege  
 Of being *independent*.

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

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-laugh's a poor exchange  
 For Deity offended!

When ranting round in *Pleasure's* ring,  
 Religion may be blinded:  
 Or if she gie a *random sting*,  
 It may be little minded;  
 But when on Life we're tempest-driv'n,  
 A Conscience but a canker—  
 A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,  
 Is sure a noble *anchor*!

Adieu, dear, amiable Youth!  
 Your heart can ne'er be wanting!  
 May Prudence, Fortitude, and Truth  
 Erect your brow undaunting!  
 In ploughman phrase, 'God send you speed,'  
 Still daily to grow wiser;  
 And may ye better reck the *rede*,  
 Than ever did th' Adviser!

---

ON A

## SCOTCH BARD

### GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

A' YE wha live by sowps o' drink,  
 A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,  
 A' ye wha live and never think,  
                     Come, mourn wi' me!  
 Our *billie's* gien us a' a 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 mak her poor, auld heart, I fear,  
                                     In flinders flee:  
 He was her *Laureat* monie a year,  
                                     That's owre the Sea!

He saw Misfortune's cauld *Nor-west*  
 Lang mustering up a bitter blast;  
 A Jillet brak his heart at last,  
                                     Ill may she be!  
 So, took a birth afore the mast,  
                                     An' owre the Sea.

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,  
 On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,  
 Wi' his proud, independent stomach,  
                                     Could ill agree;  
 So, row't his hurdies in a *hammock*,  
                                     An' owre the Sea:

He ne'er was gien to great misguiding,  
Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in ;  
Wi' him it ne'er was *under hiding* ;  
He dealt it free :  
The Muse was a' that he took pride in,  
That's owre the Sea.

*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' owre the sea !

TO A LOUSE,

On seeing one on a Lady's Bonnet at Church.

HA ! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie !  
Your impudence protects you sairrie :  
I canna sae but ye strunt rarely,  
                                    Owre gauze and lace ;  
Tho' faith, I fear, ye dine but sparely  
                                    On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin', blastit wonner,  
Detested, shunn'd, by saunt an' sinner,  
How dare ye set your fit upon her,  
Sae fine a Lady!  
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner,  
On some poor body.

Swiſh, in ſome beggar's haſſet ſquattle ;  
There ye may creep, and ſprawl, and ſprattle  
Wi' iſter kindred, jumping 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'rels, snug and tight ;  
Na faith ye yet ! ye'll no be right  
Till ye've got on it,  
The vera tapmost, tow'ring height  
O' *Miss's bonnet*.

My sooth ! right bauld ye set your nose out,  
As plump an' 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 *Lunardie* ! fie !  
How dare ye do't ?

O, *Jenny*, dinna toss your head,  
An' set yòur 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 oursel's as other see us !*  
 It wad frae monie a blunder free us  
                                   An' foolish notion :  
 What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,  
                                   And ev'n Devotion !



## 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 distress ;  
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 !

---

TO RUIN.

ALL hail ! inexorable lord !  
At whose destruction-breathing word,  
The mightiest empires fall !  
Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,  
The ministers of Grief and Pain,  
A sullen welcome, all !  
With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,  
I see each aimed dart ;  
For one has cut my *dearest* eye,  
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.

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 it's throbbings cease,  
 Cold mould'ring in the clay ?  
 No fear more, no tear more,  
 To stain my lifeless face,  
 Enclasped, and grasped,  
 Within thy cold embrace !

---

## 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 Woe ;  
 The dauntless heart that fear'd no human Pride ;  
 The Friend of Man, to vice alone a foe ;  
 ' For ev'n his failings lean'd to Virtue's side\*.'

\* Goldsmith.

## BURN'S EPITAPH,

BY HIMSELF.

IS there a whim-inspired 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 darkling grubs this earthly hole,  
In low pursuit,  
Know, prudent, cautious, *self-controul*  
Is Wisdom's root.

## DELIA.

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

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

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

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

---

TAM O' SHANTER.

## A TALE.

Of Brown'ys and of Bogillis full in this Buke.

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,  
An' drouthy neebors, neebors meet,  
As market-days are wearin late,  
An' folk begin to tak the gate ;  
While we sit bousing at the nappy,  
An' gettin fou an' unco happy,

We think na on the lang Scots miles,  
 The mosses, waters, slaps, an' styles,  
 That lie between us an' our ha'e,  
 Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,  
 Gath'rin her brows like gath'rin storm,  
 Nursin her wrath to keep it warm.

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

O *Tam* ! hadst thou but been sae wise,  
 As ta'en thy ain wife *Kate's* advice !  
 She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,  
 A bletherin, blusterin, drucken 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 roarin fou on ;  
 That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,  
 Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.  
 She prophesy'd, that, late or soon,  
 Thou wad be found deep drown'd in Doon ;  
 Or catch'd wi' warlocks i' the mirk,  
 By *Alloway's* auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames ! it gars me greet,  
 To think how many counsels sweet,  
 How many lenththen'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 ;  
 An' at his elbow, Souter *Johnny*,  
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony ;  
*Tam* lo'ed him like a vera brither ;  
 They had been fou for weeks thegither.

The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter ;  
 An' ay the ale was growing better :  
 The landlady and *Tam* grew gracious,  
 Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious :  
 The Souter tauld his queerest stories ;  
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus :  
 The storm without might rair and rustle,  
*Tam* did na mind the storm a whistle.

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

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

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

Weel mounted on his grey mare, *Meg*,  
 A better never lifted leg,  
*Tam* skelpit on thro' dub an' mire,  
 Despising wind, an' rain, an' fire ;



Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet;  
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots Sonnet;  
 Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,  
 Lest bogles catch him unawares:  
*Kirk-Alloway* was drawing nigh,  
 Where ghaists an' howlets nightly cry.—

By this time he was cross the ford,  
 Whare in the snaw the chapman snoor'd;  
 An' past the birks an' meikle stane,  
 Whare drucken *Charlie* brak's neck-bane:  
 An' thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,  
 Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;  
 An' near the thorn aboon the well,  
 Whare *Mungo's* mither hang'd hersel.—  
 Before him *Doon* pours a' his floods;  
 The doublin storm roars thro' the woods;  
 The lightnings flash frae pole to pole;  
 Near an' more near the thunders roll:  
 When, glimmering thro' the groanin trees,  
*Kirk-Alloway* seem'd in a bleeze;  
 Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancin;  
 An' loud resounded mirth an' dancin.—

Inspiring, bold *John Barleycorn*!  
 What dangers thou canst mak us scorn!  
 Wi' tippeny, we fear nae evil;  
 Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil!—  
 The swats sae 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, an' hand admonish'd,  
 She ventur'd forward on the light;  
 An', vow! *Tam* saw an unco sight!  
 Warlocks an' witches in a dance;  
 Nae cotillion brent new frae *France*,  
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, an' reels,  
 Put life an' mettle i' their heels;  
 A winnock-bunker i' the east,  
 There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast:  
 A towzie tyke, black, grim, an' large,  
 To gie them music was his charge:

He screw'd the pipes, an' gart them skirl,  
 Till roof an' rafters a' did dirl.—  
 Coffins stood round, like open presses,  
 That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses :  
 And by some dev'lish cantraip slight,  
 Each in its cauld hand held a light—  
 By which heroic *Tam* was able,  
 To note upon the haly table,  
 A murderer's banes in gibbet airns ;  
 Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns ;  
 A thief new-cuttet frae a rape,  
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape ;  
 Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted ;  
 Five scymiters, wi' murder crusted ;  
 A garter which a babe had strangled,  
 A knife, a farther's throat had mangled,  
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft,  
 The grey hairs yet stack to the heft ;  
 (Three lawyers' tongues turn'd inside out,  
 Wi' lies seem'd like a beggar's clout ;  
 And priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck,  
 Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk.)  
 Wi' mair o' horrible an' awfu',  
 Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As *Tammie* glowr'd, amaz'd, an' curious,  
 The mirth an' fun grew fast an' furious :  
 The piper loud an' louder blew ;  
 The dancers quick an' quicker flew :  
 They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,  
 Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,  
 An' coost her duddies to the wark,  
 An' linket at it in her sark !

Now *Tam*, O *Tam* ! had thae been queans,  
 A' plump an' strappin i' their teens,  
 Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,  
 Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linnen !  
 Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,  
 That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,  
 I wad hae gi'en them aff my hurdies,  
 For ae blink o' the bonie burdies !

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

But *Tam* kend what was what fu' brawlie;  
 There was ae winsome wench an' walie,  
 That night enlisted in the core,  
 (Lang after kend on *Carrick* shore;  
 For monie a beast to dead she shot,  
 An' perish'd monie a bonie boat,  
 An' shook baith meikle corn an' bear,  
 An' 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, an' she was vauntie,—  
 Ah! little kend thy reverend Grannie,  
 That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,  
 Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches),  
 Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cour;  
 Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;  
 To sing how Nannie lap an' flang,  
 (A souple jade she was an' strang),  
 An' how *Tam* stood, like ane bewitch'd,  
 An' thought his very een enrich'd;  
 Ev'n Satan glowr'd, an' fidg'd fu' fain,  
 An' hotch'd an' blew wi' might an' main,  
 Till first ae caper, syne anither,  
*Tam* tint his reason a' thegither,  
 An' roars out, 'Weel done, Cutty-sark!'  
 An' in an instant a' was dark:  
 An' scarcely had he Maggie rallied,  
 When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke;  
 When plunderin 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 skreech an' 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 woefu' woman!  
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,  
An' win the key-stane \* of the brig;  
There at them thou thy tail may toss,  
A running stream they darena cross.  
But ere the key-stane she could make,  
The fient a tale she had to shake!  
For Nannie, far before the rest,  
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,  
An' flew at *Tam* wi' furious ettle;  
But little wist she Maggie's mettle——  
Ae spring brought off her master hale,  
But left behind her ain grey tail:  
The carlin clautht her by the rump,  
An' left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,  
Ilk man and mother's son take heed;  
Whane'er to drink you are inclin'd,  
Or cutty-sarks run i' your mind,  
Think, ye may buy the joy's 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 turning back.

## ADDRESS

## TO THE TOOTH-ACHE.

(Written by the Author at a time when he was grievously tormented by that Disorder.)

MY curse on your envenom'd stang,  
That shoots my tortur'd gums alang,  
An' thro' my lugs gies mony a bang  
Wi' gnawin vengeance;  
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter twang,  
Like racking engines.

A' down my beard the slavers trickle,  
I cast the wee stools owre the meikle,  
While round the fire the hav'rels keckle,  
To see me loup;  
I curse an' ban, an' wish a heckle  
Were i' there doup.

Whan fevers burn, or agues freeze us,  
Rheumatics gnaw, or colics squeeze us,  
Our neebors sympathize, to ease us,  
Wi' pitying moan;  
But thou—the hell o' a' diseases,  
They mock our groan.

O' a' the num'rous human dools,  
Ill har'sts, daft bargains, *cutty-stools*,  
Or worthy friends laid i' the mools,  
Sad sight to see!  
The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools,  
Thou bear'st the gree.

Whare'er that place be, priests ca' hell,  
Whare a' the tones o' mis'ry's yell,  
An' plagues in ranked number tell  
In deadly raw,  
Thou, *Tooth-ache*, surely bear'st the bell  
Aboon them a'!

O ! thou grim mischief-makin chiel,  
 That gars the notes o' discord squeel,  
 Till human-kind aft dance a reel  
   In gore a shoe thick,  
 Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal  
   A TOWMOND'S TOOTH-ACHE !

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### 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.

UPON a simmer Sunday morn,  
 When Nature's face is fair,  
 I walked forth to view the corn,  
 An' snuff the caller air.  
 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.

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

\* Holy Fair is a common phrase in the West of Scotland for a sacramental occasion.



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

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' laughin as she spak,  
 An' taks me by the hauns,  
 ' Ye, for my sake, hae gi'en the feck  
 ' Of a' the ten cammauns  
 ' A screed some day.

' 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 Mauchline *Holy Fair*,  
 ' To spend an hour in daffin :  
 ' Gin ye'll go there, yon runkl'd pair,  
 ' We will get famous laughin  
 ' At them this day.'

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

Here, farmers gash, in ridin graith,  
 Gaed hoddin by their cotters ;  
 There, swankies young, in braw braid-claith,  
 Are springin owre 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.

When by the *plate* we set our nose,  
 Weel heaped up wi' harpence,  
 A greedy glowr 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 carryin dails, some chairs an' stools,  
 An' some are busy bleth'rin  
 Right loud that day.

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 o' tittlin jads,  
 Wi' heaving breast an' bare neck ;  
 An' there, a batch o' wabster lads,  
 Blackguarding frae Kilmarnock  
 For *fun* this day.

Here, some are thinkin on their sins,  
 An' some upo' their claes ;  
 Ane curses feet that fy'ld 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.

O happy is that man, an' blest !  
 Nae wonder that it pride him !  
 Wha's ain dear lass, that he likes best,  
 Comes clinkin down beside him !

Wi' arm repos'd on the chair-back,  
He sweetly does compose him ;  
Which, by degrees, slips round her neck,  
An's loof upon her bosom  
Unkend that day.

Now a' the congregation o'er  
Is silent expectation;  
For M——e speels the holy door,  
Wi' tidings o' d-mn-t-n.  
Should *Hornie*, as in ancient days,  
'Mang sons o' G—d present him,  
The vera sight o' M——e's face,  
To's ain het hame had sent him  
Wi' fright that day.

Hear how he clears the points o' Faith  
Wi' rattlin an' 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 an' gestures,  
O how they fire the heart devout,  
Like cantharidian plasters,  
On sic a day!

But, hark ! the *tent* has chang'd it's voice ;  
 There's peace and rest nae langer ;  
 For a' the *real judges* rise,  
 They canna sit for anger.  
 S—h 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.

What signifies his barren shine,  
Of moral pow'rs an' reason?  
His English style, and 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.

In guid time comes an antidote  
 Against sic poison'd nostrum;  
 For P——s, frae the water-fit,  
     Ascends the holy rostrum;  
 See, up he's got the word o' G—d,  
     An' meek an' mim has view'd it,  
 While *Common-Sense* has ta'en the road,  
     An' aff, an' up the *Cowgate*\*  
                     Fast, fast that day.

Wee M—ll—r niest, the Guard relieves,  
     An' Orthodoxy raibles,  
 Tho' in his heart he weel believes,  
     An' thinks it auld wife's fables:  
 But faith! the birkie wants a Manse,  
     So, cannilie he hums them;  
 Altho' his carnal wit an' sense  
     Like hafflins-wise o'ercomes him  
                     At times that day.

Now, butt an' ben, the Change-house fills,  
     Wi' yill-caup Commentators:  
 Here's crying out for bakes an-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.

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 whisky gill, or penny wheep,  
 Or ony stronger potion,  
 It never fails, on drinkin deep,  
 To kittle up our notion,  
                                     By night or day.

The lads an' lasses, blythely 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 makin observations;  
 While some are cozie i' the neuk,  
 An' formin assignations  
                                     To meet some day.

But now the L—d's ain trumpet touts,  
 Till a' the hills are rairin,  
 An' echoes back return the shouts;  
 Black R—ss—l is na sparín:  
 His piercing words, like Highlan swords,  
 Divide the joints an' marrow;  
 His talk o' H—ll, whare devils dwell,  
 Our vera 'Sauls does harrow\*'  
                                     Wi' fright that day.

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

'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell,  
 How monie stories past,  
 An' how they crowded to the yill,  
 When they were a' dismissit:

\* Shakespeare's Hamlet.

How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups,  
 Among the furms an' benches;  
 An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,  
 Was dealt about in iunches,  
 An' dawds that day.

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.

Wacsucks! for him that gets nae lass,  
 Or lasses that hae naething!  
 Sma' need has he to say a grace,  
 Or melvie his braw claithing!  
 O Wives be mindfu' ance yoursel,  
 How bonie lads ye wanted,  
 An' dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,  
 Let lasses be affronted  
 On sic a day!

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.

How monie hearts this day converts  
 O' Sinners and o' Lasses!  
 Their hearts o' stane gin night are gane,  
 As saft as onie flesh is.



There 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.

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## DEATH

AND

### DOCTOR 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.  
 Great lies and nonsense baith to vend,  
 And nail't wi' Scripture.

But this that I am gaun to tell,  
 Which lately on a night befel,  
 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 na 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 *Cumnock* hills out-owre ;  
 To count her horns, wi' a' my pow'r.  
 I set mysel,  
 But whether she had three or four,  
 I cou'd na tell.

I was come round about the hill,  
 And 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* does forgather,  
 That pat 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 cheeks 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 fley'd.'—Quoth I, ' Guid faith !  
 ' Ye're maybe come to stap my breath ;  
     ' But tent me, billie ;  
 ' I rede 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.'

\* This rencounter happened in seed-time, 1785

‘ Weel, weel !’ says I, ‘ a bargain be’t ;  
 ‘ Comes, gies your hand, an’ sae we’re gree’t :  
 ‘ We’ll ease our shanks an’ tak a seat,  
     ‘ Come, gies your news !  
 ‘ This while \* ye hae been mony a gate,  
     ‘ At mony 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 thread,  
     ‘ An’ choke the breath ;  
 ‘ Folk maun do something for their bread,  
     ‘ An sae maun *Death*.

‘ Sax thousand years are nearhand fled  
 ‘ Sin’ I was to the butching bred,  
 ‘ And mony a scheme in vain’s been laid,  
     ‘ To stap or scar me ;  
 ‘ Till ane Hornbook’s † ta’en up the trade,  
     ‘ And 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* ‡,  
     ‘ And ither chaps,  
 ‘ The weans haud out their fingers laughin,  
     ‘ And pouk my hips.

‘ See, here’s a scythe, and there’s a dart,  
 ‘ They hae pierc’d mony a gallant heart ;  
 ‘ But Doctor *Hornbook*, wi’ his art  
     ‘ And cursed skill,  
 ‘ Has made them baith no worth a f—t,  
     ‘ D-mn’d haet they’ll kill !

\* An epidemical fever was then raging in that country.

† 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*.

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

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

' I drew my scythe in sic a fury,  
 ' I nearhand cowpit wi' my hurry,  
 ' But yet the bauld *Apothecary*  
     ' Withstood the shock ;  
 ' I might as weel hae try'd a quarry  
     ' O' hard whin-rock.

' Ev'n them he canna get attended,  
 ' Altho' their face he ne'er had kend it,  
 ' Just sh— 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' doctors' saws and whittles,  
 ' Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles,  
 ' A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles,  
     He's sure to hae ;  
 ' Their Latin names as fast he rattles  
     ' As A B C,

' Calces o' fossils, earths, and trees ;  
 ' True *Sal-marinum* o' the seas !  
 ' The *Farina* of beans and pease,  
     ' He has 't in plenty ;  
 ' *Aqua-fontis*, what you please,  
     ' He can content ye.

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

' Waes me for *Johnny Ged's-Hole* \* now,'  
 Quoth I, ' if that thae news be true !  
 ' His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,  
     ' Sae white an bonie,  
 ' Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plew ;  
     ' They'll ruin *Johnie* !'

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

' Whare I kill'd ane, a fair strae-death,  
 ' By loss o' blood, or want o' breath,  
 ' This night I'm free to tak my aith,  
     ' That *Hornbook's* skill  
 ' Has clad a score i' their last 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 wife slade cannie to her bed,  
     ' But ne'er spak mair.

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

\* The grave-digger.

‘ A bonie lass, ye kend her name,  
 ‘ Some ill-brewn drink had hov’d her wame,  
 ‘ She trusts hersel, to hide the shame,  
     ‘ In *Hornbook’s* care ;  
 ‘ *Horn* sent her aff to her lang hame,  
     ‘ To hide it there.

‘ That’s just a swatch o’ *Hornbook’s* way,  
 ‘ Thus goes he on from day to day,  
 ‘ Thus does he poison, kill, an’ slay,  
     ‘ An’s weel pay’d 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 speakin 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 strack 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*.

---

## WINTER.

### A DIRGE.

THE Wintry West extends his blast,  
 And hail and rain does blaw :  
 Or, the stormy North sends driving forth  
 The blinding sleet and snaw :



While, tumbling brown, the Burn comes down,  
 And roars frae bank to brae ;  
 And bird and beast, in covert, rest,  
 And pass the heartless day.

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

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

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#### ADDRESS

#### TO EDINBURGH.

EDINA ! *Scotia’s* darling seat !  
 All hail thy palaces and tow’rs,  
 Where once, beneath a Monarch’s feet,  
 Sat Legislation’s sov’reign pow’rs !  
 From marking wildly-scatt’red 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.

\* Dr. Young:

Here Wealth still swells the golden tide,  
As busy Trade his labours 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.

Thy Sons, *Edina*, social, kind,  
With open arms the Stranger hail ;  
Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind,  
Above the narrow, rural vale :  
Attentive still to Sorrow's wail,  
Or modest Merit's silent claim ;  
And never may their sources fail !  
And never envy blot their name !

Thy Daughters bright thy walks adorn,  
Gay as the gilded summer sky,  
Sweet as the dewy, milk-white thorn,  
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy !  
Fair B—— strikes th' adoring eye,  
HEAV'N's beauties on my fancy shine ;  
I see the *Sire of Love* on high,  
And own his work indeed divine !

There, watching high the least alarms,  
Thy rough, rude Fortress gleams afar ;  
Like some bold Vet'ran, 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 th' Invader's shock.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,  
I view that noble, stately Dome,  
Where *Scotia's* kings of other years,  
Fam'd heroes ! had their royal home :

Alas, how chang'd the times to come!  
Their royal Name low in the dust!  
Their hapless Race wild-wind'ring roam!  
Tho' rigid Law cries out, 'twas just!

Wild beats my heart, to trace your steps,  
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,  
Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps  
Old *Scotia's* bloody lion bore:  
Ev'n *I* who sing in rustic lore,  
Haply *my Sires* have left their shed,  
And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar,  
Bold-following where your Fathers led!

*Edina ! Scotia's* darling seat !  
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,  
Where once, beneath a Monarch's feet,  
Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs !  
From marking wildly-scatt'red 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.

THE AUTHOR'S  
**EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER\***,

*To the Right Honourable and Honourable, 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 brughs an' shires,  
 An' doucely manage our affairs  
   In Parliament,  
 To you a simple Bardie's pray'rs  
   Are humbly sent.

Alas ! my roupet Muse is hearse !  
 Your Honors' hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,  
 To see her sittin on her a—  
   Low i' the dust,  
 An' screechin 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.

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 devil blaw ye south,  
   If ye dissemble !

\* This was wrote before the Act anent the Scotch Distilleries,  
 of session 1786 ; for which Scotland and the Author return their  
 most grateful thanks.



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' with 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 warran;  
Thee, aith-detesting, chaste *Kilkerran*;  
An' that glib-gabbet Highland Baron,  
                                    The Laird o' *Graham*;  
An' ane, a chap that's d-mn'd auldfarran,  
                                    *Dundas* his name.

*Erskine*, a spunkie Norland billie,  
True *Campbells*, *Frederick* an' *Ilay* ;  
An' *Livistone*, the bauld *Sir Willie* ;  
An' monie ithers,  
Whom auld *Demosthenes* or *Tully*  
Might own for brithers.

Arouse, my boys! exert your mettle,  
To get auld Scotland back her *kettle*!  
Or faith! I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle,  
Ye'll see't or lang,  
She'll teach you, wi' a reekin whittle,  
Anither sang.

This while she's been in crankous mood,  
Her *lost Militia* fir'd her bluid :  
(Deil na they never cair do guid,  
                                Play'd her that pliskie !)  
An' now she's like to rin red-wud  
                                About her Whisky.





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.

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' sowps o' kail an' brats o' claise,  
 In spite o' a' the thievish kaes  
     That haunt St. *Jamie's* !  
 Your humble Bardie sings an' prays  
     While *Rab* his name is,

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### POSTSCRIPT.

Let half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies,  
 See future wines, rich-clustering, rise ;  
 Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,  
     But blythe an' frisky,  
 She eyes her freeborn, martial boys  
     Tak aff their Whisky.

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' powther;  
 Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither  
     To stan' or rin,  
 Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throurther,  
     To save their skin.

But bring a *Scotchman* 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  
     Twa at a blow.

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him;  
 eath comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him!  
 Wi' bluidy han' 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 steck,  
 An' raise a philosophic reek,  
 An' physically causes seek,  
     In clime an' season,  
 But tell me *Whisky'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* and *Whisky* gang thegither,  
     Tak aff your dram!

## 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 an' 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 taen I'm wi' you.

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

Just now I've taen the fit o' rhyme,  
 My barmie noddle's working prime,  
 My fancy yerkit up sublime  
     Wi' hasty summon:  
 Hae ye a leisure-moment's time  
     To hear what's comin'?

Some rhyme a 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,  
 An' damn'd my fortune to the groat;  
     But, in requit,  
 Has blest me with a random shot  
     O' countra wit.

This while my notion's taen asklent,  
 To try my fate in guid black *prent* :  
 But still the mair I'm that way bent,  
     Something cries, ' Hoolie !'  
 ' I red you, honest man, tak tent !  
     ' Ye'li shaw your folly.

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

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

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

But why o' Death begin a tale ?  
 Just now we're living, sound an' hale ;  
 Then top and maintop croud the sail,  
     Heave *Care* o'er side !  
 And large, before Enjoyment's gale,  
     Let's tak the tide.

This life, sae far's I understand,  
 Is a' enchanted fairy-land,  
 Where Pleasure is the Magic Wand,  
     That, wielded right,  
 Maks Hours like Minutes, hand in hand,  
     Dance by fu' light.

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

When ance *life's day* draws near the gloamin,  
 Then fareweel vacant, careless roamin ;  
 An' fareweel chearfu' 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 lesson 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,  
 Unmindful that the thorn is near,  
     Amang the leaves ;  
 And tho' 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 Hopes does ev'ry sinew brace ;  
 Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race,  
     And seize the prey :  
 Then cannie, in some cozie place,  
     They close the *day*.

And others, like your humble servan',  
 Poor wights ! nae rules nor roads observin ;  
 To 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 remaining,  
     Let's sing our sang.

My pen I here fling to the door,  
 And kneel, ' Ye Pow'rs ! and warm implore,  
 ' Tho' I should wander *Terra* o'er,  
     ' In all her climes,  
 ' Grant me but this, I ask no more,  
     ' 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 of Honor :  
 ' And yill an' whisky gie to Cairds,  
     ' Until they sconner.

' A Title, *Dempster* merits it ;  
 ' A Garter gie to *Willie Pitt* ;  
 ' Gie Wealth to some be-ledger'd Cit,  
     ' In cent. per cent. ;  
 ' But give me real, Sterling Wit,  
     ' And I'm content.

' While Ye are pleas'd to keep me hale,  
 ' I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal,  
 ' Be't *water-brose*, or *muslin-kail*,  
     ' Wi' chearfu' 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-blooded, 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' you do despise  
 The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys,  
     The rattling squad :  
 I see ye 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 with *You* to mak a pair.  
     Whare'er I gang.

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

An Unco Mournfu' Tale.

AS *Mailie*, an' her lambs thegither,  
Was 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 na mend it ;  
He gaped wide, but naething spak,  
At length poor *Mailie* silence brak :

' O thou, whase lamentable face  
Appears to mourn my woefu' case !  
My *dying words* attentive hear,  
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 :  
So may his flock increase, an' grow  
To scores o' lambs, an' packs o' woo' !

\* A neebor herd-callan.

‘ 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 fend themsel ;  
 An’ tent them duly e’en an’ morn,  
 Wi’ teats o’ hay an’ ribs o’ corn.

‘ An’ may they never learn the gaets  
 Of ither vile, wanrestfu’ *fets* !  
 To slink thro’ slaps, an’ reave an’ steal,  
 At stacks o’ pease, or stocks o’ kail.  
 So may they, like their great Forbears,  
 For monie a year come thro’ the sheers :  
 So wives will gie them bits o’ bread,  
 An’ bairns greet for them when they’re dead.

‘ My poor *toof-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’ neist my *yowie*, silly thing,  
 Gude keep thee frae a tether string !  
 O, may thou ne’er forgather up  
 Wi’ ony blastit, moorland toop ;  
 But 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 Mither,  
 Mind to be kind to ane anither.

‘ Now, honest *Hughoc*, dinna fail  
 To tell my Master a’ my tale ;  
 An’ bid hi’ burn this cursed tether,  
 An’ for thy pains thou’se get my blather.’

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 cape-stane of his woes ;  
                     *Poor Mailie’s* dead.

Its no the loss o’ warl’s gear,  
 That cou’d 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 toun she 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 came 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, owre the knowe,  
     For bits o' bread;  
 An' down the briny pearls rowe  
     For *Mailie* dead.

She was nae get o' moorland tips,  
 Wi' tauted 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's* 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 chanter's tune!  
 Come, join the melancholious croon  
     O *Robin's* reed!  
 His heart will never get aboon!  
     His *Mailie's* dead.

---

## ADDRESS TO THE DEIL.

O Prince! O chief of many throned Pow'rs,  
 That led th' embattl'd 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!





The cudgel in my nieve did shake,  
 Each bristl'd hair stook like a stake,  
 When wi' an eldritch, stoor 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 an' 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, fond, keen, an' crouse ;  
 When the best wark-lume i' the house,  
     By cantraip wit,  
 Is instant made no worth a louse,  
     Just at the bit.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,  
 An' float the jinglin icy-board,  
 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.



An' now, auld *Cloots*, I ken ye're thinkin,  
 A certain *Bordie'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 *Mickie-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' yon den,  
     Ev'n for your sake !

---

## A DREAM.

Thoughts, words, and deeds, the Statute blames with reason ;  
 But surely *Dreams* were ne'er indicted Treason.

[*On reading, in the public papers, the Laureate's Ode, with the other parade of June 4, 1786, the author was no sooner dropt asleep, than he imagined himself transported to the Birth-day Levee ; and, in his dreaming fancy, made the following address.*]

GUID-MORNIN to your *Majesty* !  
 May Heaven augment your blisses,  
 On ev'ry new *Birth-day* ye see,  
 A humble *Bardie* wishes !  
 My *Bardship* here, at your *Levee*,  
 On sic a day as this is,  
 Is sure an uncouth sight to see,  
 Among the *Birth-day* dresses  
     Sae fine this day.

I see ye're co. plimented thrang,  
 By many a lord an' 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 you trow ye ne'er do wrang,  
 But ay unerring steady,  
 On sic a day.

For me ! before a Monarch's face,  
 Ev'n *there* I winna flatter ;  
 For neither Pension, Post, nor Place,  
 Am I your humble debtor :  
 So' nae 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.

'Tis very true, my sovereign 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 rest an' clouted,  
 And now the third part of the string,  
 An' less, will gang about it,  
 Than did ae day.

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.

And now ye've gien auld *Britain* peace,  
 Her broken shins to plaister;  
 Your sair taxation does her fleece,  
 Till she has scarce a tester:  
 For me, thank God, my life's a *lease*,  
 Nae *bargain* wearing faster,  
 Or, faith! I fear, that wi' the geese,  
 I-shortly boost to pasture  
                                   I' the craft some day.

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 sake! let nae *saving-fit*  
 Abridge your bonie Barges  
                                   An' Boats this day.

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.

Hail, *Majesty most Excellent*!  
 While Nobles strive to please Ye,  
 Will ye accept a Compliment  
 A simple Bardie gies Ye?  
 Thae bonie Bairntime, Heav'n has lent,  
 Still higher may they heeze Ye  
 In bliss, till Fate some day is sent,  
 For ever to release Ye  
                                   Frae Care that day.



For you, young *Potentate o' W——s*,  
 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.

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 *Agin-court* wha shone,  
 Few better were or braver ;  
 And yet, wi' funny, queer *Sir John †*,  
 He was an unco shaver,  
 For monie a day.

For you, right rev'rend *O———g*,  
 Nane sets the *lawn sleeve* sweeter,  
 Altho' a ribban at your lug  
 Wad been a dress completer :  
 As ye disown yon paughty dog  
 That bears the keys o' Peter,  
 Then, swith ! an' get a wife to hug,  
 Or, trowth ! ye'll stain the Mitre  
 Some luckless day.

Young, royal *Tarry-Erecks*, I learn,  
 Ye've lately come athwart her ;  
 A glorious *Galley ‡*, stem and stern,  
 Weel rigg'd for *Venus'* barter ;  
 But first hang out, that she'll discern,  
 Your hymeneal charter,  
 Then heave abroad your grapple airn,  
 An', large upon her quarter  
 Come full that day

\* King Henry V. † Sir John Falstaff. *Vide* Shakespeare.

‡ Alluding to the News-paper account of a certain Royal Sailor's amour.

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.

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

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TO MISS L———,

*With BEATTIE'S POEMS for a New-Year's Gift.*

JAN. 1. 1787.

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

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

Our Sex with guile and faithless love  
 Is charg'd, perhaps too true;  
 But may, dear Maid, each Lover prove  
 An *Edwin* still to you.

THE following POEM will, by many Readers, be well enough understood; but, for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, Notes are added, to give some account of the principal Charms and spells of that night, so big with Prophecy to the Peasantry in the West of Scotland. The passion of prying into Futurity makes a striking part of the history of Human Nature, in its rude state, in all ages and nations; and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind, if any such should honour the Author with a perusal, to see the remains of it, among the more unenlightened in our own.

## 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.

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

\* Is thought to be a night when Witches, Devils, and other mischief-making beings, are all abroad on their baneful midnight errands; particularly, those aerial people, the Fairies, are said, on that night, to hold a grand Anniversary.

† Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earl 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 favourite haunt of Fairies.

Amang the bonie, winding banks,  
 Where *Doon* rins, wimplin, clear,  
 Where BRUCE \* ance rul'd the martial ranks,  
 An' 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.

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, an' some wi' gabs,  
 Gar lasses hearts gang startin  
 Whyles fast at night.

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

\* 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 *Tocher*, or Fortune ; and the taste of the *custoc*, that is the heart of the Stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the *runts*, are placed somewhere above the head of the door ; and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house, are, according to the priority of placing the *Runts*, the names in question.

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

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

The auld Guidwife's weel-hoordet *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 trimly;  
 Some start awa, wi' saucy pride,  
 An' jump out-owre the chimlie  
 Fu' high that night.

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

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

‡ Burning the nuts is a favourite charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire; and according as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the Courtship will be.

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

Poor Willie, wi' his *bow-kail runt*,  
 Was brunt wi' primsie Maillie ;  
 An' Mary, 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, an' swoor *by jing*,  
 'Twas just the way he wanted  
 To be that night.

Nell had the Fause-house in her min',  
 She pits hersel an' Rob in ;  
 In loving bleeze they sweetly join,  
 Till white in ase they're sobbin ;  
 Nell's heart was dancin at the view ;  
 She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't ;  
 Rob, stownlins, prie'd her bonie mou,  
 Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,  
 Unseen that night.

But Merran sat behint their backs,  
 Her thoughts on Andrew Bell ;  
 She lea'es them gashin at their cracks,  
 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 spell, must strictly observe these directions : Steal out, all alone, to the *kiln*, and, darkening, throw into the *pot* a clue of blue yarn ; wind it in a new



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

Wee Jenny to her Graunie says,  
 ' Will ye go wi' me, Graunie?  
 ' I'll eat the apple \* at the glass,  
 ' I gat frae uncle Johnie :'  
 She fuff't her pipe wi' sic 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.

' Ye little Skelpie-limmer's face!  
 ' I daur you try sic sportin,  
 ' As seek the foul Thief onie place,  
 ' For him to spae your fortune :  
 ' Nae doubt but ye may get a sight!  
 ' Great cause ye hae to fear it;  
 ' For monie a ane has gotten a fright,  
 ' An' liv'd an' di'd deleeret,  
 ' On sic a night.

' Ae Hairst afore the Sherra-moor,  
 ' I mind't as weel's yestreen,  
 ' I was a gilpey then, I'm sure  
 ' I was na past fyfteen:

clew off the old one; and, towards the latter end, something will hold the thread: demand, *who hauds?* i. e. who holds? and 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.

‘ The Simmer had been cauld an’ wat,  
 ‘ An’ stuff was unco green;  
 ‘ An’ ay a rantin kirk we gat,  
 ‘ An’ just on *Halloween*  
 ‘ It fell that night.

‘ Our Stibble-rig was Rab M’Graen,  
 ‘ A clever, sturdy fallow;  
 ‘ His Sin gat Eppie Sim wi’ wean,  
 ‘ That liv’d in Achmacalla:  
 ‘ 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 frightened,  
 ‘ That vera night.’

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 guidman raught down the pock,  
 An’ out a’ handfu’ gied him;  
 Sync bad him slip frae ’mang the folk,  
 Sometime when nae ane see’d him,  
 An’ try’t that night.

He marches thro’ amang the stacks,  
 Tho’ he was something sturtin;  
 The *graiß* he for a *harrow* tak,  
 An’ haurls at his curpin:  
 And ev’ry now an’ then, he says,  
 ‘ Hemp-seed I saw thee,  
 ‘ An’ her that is to be my lass,  
 ‘ Come after me an’ draw thee  
 ‘ As fast this night.’

\* Steal out unperceived, and saw a handful of hemp-seed; harrowing it with any thing you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat, now and then, “Hemp-seed I saw thee, Hemp-seed I saw thee; and him (or her) that is to be my true love, come after me and pou thee.” Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, “Come after me and shaw thee,” that is, show thyself; in which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, “Come after me and harrow thee.”



She turns the key, wi' cannie thraw,  
 An' owre the threshold ventures ;  
 But first on Sawnie gies a ca',  
 Syne bauldly in she enters :  
 A *ratton* rattl'd up the wa',  
 An' she cry'd, L—d preserve her !  
 An' ran thro' midden-hole and a',  
 An' pray'd wi' zeal an' fervour,  
 Fu' fast that night.

They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice ;  
 They hecht him some fine braw ane !  
 It chanc'd the *Stack* he *faddom't thrice* \*,  
 Was timmer-proyt 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 haurlin  
 Aff's nieves that night.

A wanton widow Leezie was,  
 As cantie as a kittlin ;  
 But, Och ! that night, amang the shaws,  
 She gat a fearfu' settlin !  
 She thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,  
 An' owre the hill gaed scribevin,  
 Where *three Laird's lands met at a burn* †,  
 To dip her left sark-sleeve in,  
 Was bent that night.

\* 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, some time near midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it.

Whyles owre 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 hazle,  
 Unseen that night.

Amang the brachens, 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.

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,  
 The *Luggies* three \* are ranged;  
 An' ev'ry time great care is taen,  
 To see them duly changed:  
 Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys  
 Sin' *Mar's-year* did desire,  
 Because he gat the toom dish thrice,  
 He heav'd them on the fire,  
 In wrath that night.

Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks,  
 I wat they did na weary:  
 And unco tales, an' furnie-jokes,  
 Their sports were cheap an' cheary:

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

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.

## A WINTER NIGHT.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,  
 That bide the pelting of this pityless storm!  
 How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,  
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you  
 From seasons such as these——

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN biting *Boreas*, fell and doure,  
 Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r;  
 When *Phabus* gies a short-liv'd glow'r,  
 Far south the lift,  
 Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r,  
 Or whirling drift.

Ae night the Storm the steeples rocked,  
 Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked,  
 While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-choked,  
 Wild-eddying swirl,  
 Or thro' the mining outlet bocked,  
 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.

\* Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the  
*Halloween Supper.*



Ilk happing bird, wee helpless thing!  
That, in the merry months o' Spring,  
Delighted me to hear thee sing,  
What comes o' thee?  
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,  
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 pityless the tempest wild  
Sore on you beats.

Now *Phæbe*, in her midnight reign,  
Dark-muff'd, view'd the dreary plain ;  
Still crouding thoughts, a pensive train,  
Rose in my soul,  
When on my ear this plaintive strain,  
Slow-solemn, stole—

' Blow, blow, ye Winds, with heavier gust !  
 ' And freeze, thou bitter-biting Frost !  
 ' Descend, ye chilly, smothering Snows !  
 ' Not all your rage, as now, united shows  
     ' More hard unkindness, unrelenting,  
     ' Vengeful malice, unrepenting,  
 ' Than heaven-illumin'd Man on brother Man bestows !

• See stern Oppression's iron grip,  
   ' Or mad Ambition's gory hand,  
 • Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,  
   ' Woe, Want, and Murder o'er a land!  
 • E'vn in the peaceful rural vale,  
   ' Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,  
 • How pamper'd Luxury, Flatt'ry by her side,  
   ' The parasite empoisoning her ear,  
   ' With all the servile wretches in the rear,  
 • Looks o'er proud Property, extended wide;  
   ' And eyes the simple, rustic Hind,  
   ' Whose toil upholds the 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 harbour, 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 pray'rs !  
 ' Perhaps, this hour, in Mis'ry's squalid nest,  
 ' She strains your infant to her joyless breast,  
 ' And with a Mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast !

' Oh ye ! who, sunk in beds of down,  
   ' Feel not a want but what yourselves create,  
   ' Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,  
   ' Whom friends and fortune quite disown !  
 ' Ill-satisfy'd, 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 sons are brothers in distress ;  
 ' A Brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss !'

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

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

## A DEDICATION

TO G——N H——LT—N, Esq.

EXPECT na, Sir, in this narration,  
 A fleechin, fleth'rin Dedication,  
 To roose you up, an' ca' you guid,  
 An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid;  
 Because ye're sirnam'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 stopt short,  
 For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do—maun do, Sir, wi' them wha  
 Maun please the Great Folk for a wamefou;  
 For me! sae laigh I need na 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, and that's nae flatt'rin,  
 It's just *sic Poet* an' *sic Patron*.

The Poet, some guid Angel help him,  
 Or else, I fear, some ill ane skelp him!  
 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 shou'd be:

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

Ought he can lend he'll no refus't,  
 'Till aft his guidness is abus'd ;  
 And rascals whyles that do him wrang,  
 Ev'n *that*, he does na mind it lang :  
 As Master, Landlord, Husband, Father,  
 He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that ;  
 Nae *godly symptom* ye can ca' that ;  
 It's naething but a milder feature,  
 Of our poor, sinfu' corrupt Nature :  
 Ye'll get the best o' moral works,  
 'Mang black Gentoos, and Pagan Turks,  
 Or hunters wild on *Ponotaxi*,  
 Wha never heard of Orthodoxy.  
 That he's the poor man's friend in need,  
 'The *Gentleman* in word and deed,  
 It's no thro' terror of D-mn-t-n ;  
 It's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,  
 Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain !  
 Vain is his hope, whase stay an' trust is  
 In *moral* Mercy, Truth and Justice !

No—stretch a point to catch a plack ;  
 Abuse a Brother to his back ;  
 Steal thro' the *winnock* frae a wh-re,  
 But point the Rake that taks the *door* :  
 Be to the Poor like onie whunstane,  
 And haud their noses to the grunstane ;  
 Ply ev'ry art o' *legal* thieving ;  
 No matter—stick to *sound* believing.

Learn three-mile pray'rs, an' 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 o' *Culvin*,  
 For *gumlie dubs* of your ain delvin !  
 Ye sons of Heresy and Error,  
 Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror !  
 When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,  
 And in the fire throws the sheath ;  
 When Ruin, with his sweeping *besom*,  
 Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him ;  
 While o'er the *Harp* pale Mis'ry moans,  
 And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones,  
 Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans !

Your pardon, Sir, for this digression,  
 I maist forgat my *Dedication* ;  
 But when Divinity comes cross me,  
 My readers still are sure to lose me.

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

Then 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 I'll repeat each poor man's *pray'r*,  
 That kens or hears about you, Sir——

' May ne'er Misfortune's gowling 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-honour'd name  
 ' Lang beet his hymeneal flame,  
 ' Till H——t——n's, at least a diz'n,  
 ' Are frae their nuptial labours risen :

‘ Five bonie Lasses round their table,  
 ‘ And sev’n braw Fellows, stout an’ able,  
 ‘ To serve their King an’ Country weel,  
 ‘ By word, or pen, or pointed steel !  
 ‘ May Health and Peace, with mutual rays,  
 ‘ Shine on the ev’ning o’ his days !  
 ‘ Till his wee, curlie *John’s* ier-oe,  
 ‘ When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,  
 ‘ The last, sad, mournful rites bestow !’

}

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

But if (which Pow’rs above prevent)  
 That iron-hearted Carl, *Want*,  
 Attended, in his grim advances,  
 By sad mistakes, and black mischances,  
 While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,  
 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 giv’n,  
 If, in the vale of humble life,  
 The victim sad of Fortune’s strife,  
 I, thro’ the tender-gushing tear,  
 Should recognise my *Master dear*,  
 If friendless, low, we meet together,  
 Then, Sir, your hand—my *Friend* and *Brother* !



## EPISTLE TO J. RANKIN,

Inclusing some Poems.

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

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

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

Think, wicked Sinner, wha ye're skaithing,  
 Is just the *Blue-gown* badge an' claithing  
 O' Saunts; tak that, ye lea'c them naething  
     To ken them by,  
 Frae ony unregenerate Heathen,  
     Like you or I.

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

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

† A *song* he had promised the Author.

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 and sair't the king,  
                                   At *Bunker's Hill*.

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

The poor, wee think was little hurt ;  
 I straikit it a wee for sport,  
 Ne'er thinkin they wad fash me for't ;  
                                   But, Deil-ma-care :  
 Somebody tells the *Poacher-court*  
                                   The hale affair.

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

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,  
 An' by my pouter 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 begun to cry,  
 L—d, I's 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 blethers ?

It pits me aye 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.

---

## EPISTLE TO J. LAPRAIK,

AN OLD SCOTCH BARD.

*April 1, 1785.*

WHILE briers an' woodbines budding green,  
 An' Patricks scaichin loud at e'en,  
 And morning Poussie whiddin seen,  
                                 Inspire my Muse,  
 This freedom, in an *unknown* frien',  
                                 I pray excuse.

On Fasten-een 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 addrest  
                                 To some sweet wife :  
 It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,  
                                 A' to the life.

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

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

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

Then up I gat, an' swoor an aith,  
 Tho' I should pawn my pleugh an 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 eneugh.

I am nae *Poet*, in a sense,  
 But just a *Rhymer*, like, by chance,  
 An' hae to Learning nae pretence,  
                   Yet, what the matter?  
 Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,  
                   I jingle at her.



I winna blaw about mysel,  
 As ill I like my fauts to tell;  
 But friends an' 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 whiles lay to me,  
 I like the lasses—Gude forgie me!  
 For monie a Plack they wheedle frae me,  
     At dance or fair:  
 Maybe 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' *rhyming-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 chear 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 an' 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 long epistle,  
As my auld pen's worn to the gristle:  
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fistle,  
Who am, most fervent,  
While I can either sing, or whistle,  
Your friend and servant

TO THE SAME.

April 21, 1785.

WHILE new-ca'd kye rowte at the stake,  
An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik,  
This hour on e'enins 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 naigs  
                Their ten-hours bite,  
My awkart Muse sair pleads and begs,  
                I would na write.

The tapetless, ramfeez'd hizzie,  
She's saft at best an' something lazy,  
Quo' she, ' Ye ken we've been sae busy  
                'This month an' mair,  
' That trowth, my head is grown right dizzie,  
                ' An' something sair.'

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 o' cartes,  
 ' Roose you sae weel for your deserts,  
     ' In terms sae friendly,  
 ' Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts  
     ' An' thank him kindly ?'

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

Sae I've begun to scrawl, but whether  
 In rhyme, or prose, or baith thegither,  
 Or some hotch-potch that'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 *warf*;  
     She's but a b-tch.

She's gien me monie a jirt an' fleg,  
 Sin I could striddle owre a rig;  
 But, by the L—d, tho' I should beg  
     Wi' lyart 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 you envy the city *Gent*,  
 Behint a kist to lie an sklent,  
 Or purse-proud, big wi cent. per cent.  
                                   An' muckle wame,  
 In some bit Brugh to represent  
                                   A *Bailie's* name?

Or is't the paughty, feudal Thane,  
 Wi' ruffl'd sark an' glancing cane,  
 Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane,  
                                   But lordly stalks,  
 While caps an' 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 o' 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*,  
                                   ' And none but *he*.'

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

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

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

But I'se believe ye kindly meant it,  
 I sud be laith to think ye hinted  
 Ironic satire, sidelins sklentid  
                     On my poor Musie ;  
 Tho' in sic phraisin terms ye've pehn'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 *Ferguson*, the writer-chiel,  
                     A deathless name.

( O *Ferguson* ! thy glorious parts  
 Ill suited law's dry, musty arts !  
 My curse upon your whunstane hearts,  
                                     Ye Enbrugh Gentry !  
 The tythe 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 Bardies o' her ain,  
 Chiels 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 unkend-of isie  
                                     Beside *New Holland*,  
 Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil  
                                     Besouth *Magellan*.

*Ramsay* an' famous *Ferguson*  
 Gie *Forth* an' *Tay* a lift aboon :  
*Yarrow* an' *Tweed*, to monie a tune,  
                                     Owre Scotland rings,  
 While *Irwin*, *Lugar*, *Ayr*, an' *Doon*,  
                                     Naebödy 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 an' burnies shine  
                                     Up wi' the best.

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

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

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

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





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

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

Some *herds*, weel-learn'd upo' the beuk,  
 Wad threap auid 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 deny'd, it was affirm'd;  
 The *herds* an' *hissels* 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 clours an' nicks;  
 An' 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 Lairds 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 fine ane plac'd ;  
 An' some, their *new-light* fair avow,  
                                 Just quite barefac'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 lie'd on  
                                 By word an' write.

But shortly they will cowe the louns !  
 So the *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.

## EPIGRAM

## ON CAPT. FRANCIS GROSE,

THE CELEBRATED ANTIQUARIAN.

*The following Epigram, written in a moment of festivity by Burns, was so much relished by Grose, that he made it serve as an excuse for prolonging the convivial occasion that gave it birth, to a very late hour.*

THE Devil got notice that GROSE was a-dying,  
 So whip! at the summons, old Satan came flying;  
 But when he approach'd where poor FRANCIS lay moan-  
     ing,  
 And saw each bed-post with its burden a-groaning,\*  
 Astonished! confounded! cry'd Satan, by G-d,  
 I'll want 'im, ere I take such a d———ble load.

---

 GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

O THOU, who kindly does provide  
 For ev'ry creatures want;  
 We bless thee, God of nature wide,  
 For this thy goodness lent.

And if it please thee, Heav'nly Guide,  
 May never worse be sent,  
 But whether granted or deny'd,  
 Lord bless us with content.

\* Mr. Grose was exceedingly corpulent, and used to rally himself with the greatest good humour, on the singular rotundity of his figure.

## GRACE AFTER MEAT.

O THOU, in whom we live and move,  
 Who mad'st the sea and shore,  
 Thy goodness constantly we prove,  
 And grateful would adore.

And if it please thee, Pow'r above,  
 Still grant us with such store,  
 The *Friend* we *trust* ; the *Fair* we *love* ;  
 And we desire no more.

## ON THE LATE CAPTAIN GROSE'S

## PEREGRINATIONS THRO' SCOTLAND.

Collecting the Antiquities of that kingdom.

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,  
 Frae Maidenkirke to Johnny Groats,  
 If there's a hole in a' your coats,  
                                 I rede you tent it ;  
 A chiel's amang you, takin notes,  
                                 And, faith ! he'll prent it.

If in your bounds ye chance to light  
 Upon a fine, fat, fodge wight,  
 O' stature short, but genius bright,  
                                 That's he, mark weel—  
 An 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 safe's ! colleaguin  
                                 At some black art.—

\* Vide his Antiquities of Scotland

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chamer,  
 Ye gypsy-gang, that deal in glamor,  
 And you deep-read in hell's black grammer,  
                     Warlocks and witches;  
 Ye'll quake at his conjurin hammer,  
                     Ye midnight b——es.

It's tauld he was a sodger bred,  
 An ane wad rather fa'n than fled;  
 But now he's quat the spurtle-blade,  
                     An dogskin wallet,  
 An taen the——*Antiquarian trade*,  
                     I think they call it.

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets,  
 Rusty airn caps, an' jingling jackets\*,  
 Wad haud the Loudians three in tacketts,  
                     A towmond gude,  
 And parritch pats, an' auld saut-backetts,  
                     Before the flood.

O' Eve's first fire he has ae cinder;  
 Auld Tubal-Cain's fire-shool and fender:  
 That which distinguished the gender  
                     O' Balaam's ass;  
 A broom-stick o' the witch o' Endor,  
                     Weel shod wi' brass.

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

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

\* Vide his Treatise on Ancient Armour and Weapons.



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

---

EXTEMPORE VERSES.

ON DINING WITH LORD DAER.

*Mossgiel, October 25th*

THIS wot all ye whom it concerns,  
 I, rhymer Rab, alias BURNS,  
     October twenty-third,  
 A ne'er to be forgotten day !  
 Sae far I sprachl'd 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 honour'd jorum,  
 When mighty Squireships o' 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 !  
 An' such a LORD—lang Scotch ells twa ;  
 Our PEERAGE he looks o'er them a',  
     As I look o'er my sonnet.

But, O ! for Hogarth's magic pow'r,  
 To shew Sir Bardie's willyart glowr,  
     An' how he star'd an' stammer'd !  
 When goavan's he'd been led wi' branks,  
 An' stumpan on his ploughman shanks,  
     He in the parlour hammer'd.

To meet good Stuart little pain is,  
 Or Scotia's sacred Demosthenes,  
     Thinks I, they are but men!  
 But Burns, my Lord—Guid G—d! I doited!  
 My knees on ane anither knoited,  
     As faltering I gaed ben!

I sidling shelter'd in a neuk  
 An' at his Lordship staw a leuk,  
     Like some portentous omen;  
 Except GOOD SENSE, an 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 well's another:  
 Nae honest, worthy man need care,  
 To meet wi' NOBLE, youthfu' DAER,  
     For he but meets a BROTHER.

DEAR SIR,

I NEVER spent an afternoon among great folks with half that pleasure as when in company with you. I had the honour of paying my devoirs to that plain, honest, worthy man, the Professor. I would be delighted to see him perform acts of kindness and friendship, though I were not the object, he does it with such a grace.—I think his character, divided into ten parts, stands thus—four parts Socrates—four parts Nathaniel—and two parts Shakespeare's Brutus.

The foregoing verses were really extempore, but a little corrected since. They may entertain you a little, with the help of that partiality with which you are so good as favour the performances of,

DEAR SIR,

Your very humble servant,

*Wednesday morning.*

ROBERT BURNS.

## VERSES.

*Written in Friars-Carse Hermitage, on Nith-Side.*

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

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

As Youth and Love, with sprightly dance,  
Beneath thy morning star advance,  
Pleasure with her siren air  
May delude the thoughtless pair ;  
Let Prudence bless Enjoyment's cup,  
Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up. †

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

As the shades of ev'ning close,  
Beck'ning thee to long repose ;  
As Life itself becomes disease,  
Seek the chimney-nook of ease.  
There ruminate with sober thought,  
On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought ;  
And teach the sportive youngers 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 be wretched, vile and base.

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

}

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

## ODE, SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF MRS. — OF —.

DWELLER in yon dungeon dark,  
 Hangman of creation, mark !  
 Who in widow weeds appears,  
 Laden with unhonoured 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.

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

## EPODE.

And are they of no more avail,  
 Ten thousand glitt'ring pounds a-year ?  
 In other 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.

---

**ELEGY ON CAPT. MATTHEW HENDERSON,**

*A GENTLEMAN who held the Patent for his Honors 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 Heav'nly Light !

O DEATH ! thou tyrant fell an' bloody !  
 The meikle devil wi' a woodie  
 Haur! thee hame to his black smiddie,  
                                   O'er hurcheon hides,  
 An' like stock-fish come o'er his studdie  
                                   Wi' thy auld sides !

He's gane, he's gane ! he's frae us torn,  
 The ae best fellow e'er was born !  
 Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel' shall mourn  
     By wood an' 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 o' sailing years,  
     Where Echo slumbers !  
 Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,  
     My wailing numbers !

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens !  
 Ye hazly 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 grassy blade  
 Droops wi' a diamond at his head,  
 At e'en, when beans their fragrance shed,  
     I' th' rustling gale,  
 Ye maukins, whiddin thro' the glade,  
     Come join my wail.

Mourn, ye wee songster's o' the wood ;  
 Ye grouse that crap the heather bud ;  
 Ye curlews calling thro' a clud ;  
     Ye whistling plover ;  
 And mourn, ye whirring pairrick brood ;  
     He's gane for ever !





Mourn him, thou Sun, great source of light !  
 Mourn, Empress of the silent Night !  
 An' you, ye twinkling starnies bright,  
                     My Matthew mourn !  
 For through 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 crost 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 o' worth !  
 An' 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 nae 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 passeth 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 sye pathetic 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, an' fun an' fire,  
 And ne'er gude wine did fear, man;  
 This was thy billie, dam, an' sire,  
 For Matthew was a queer man.

If ony whiggish whingin sot,  
 To blame poor Matthew dare, man;  
 May dool an' sorrow be his lot,  
 For Matthew was a rare man;

---

## LAMENT

### OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

NOW Nature hangs her mantle green  
 On every blooming tree,  
 And spreads her sheets o' daisies white  
 Out o'er the grassy lea:  
 Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,  
 And glads the azure skies;  
 But nought can glad the weary wight  
 That fast in durance lies.

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

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

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

But as for thee, thou false woman,  
My sister and my fae,  
Grim vengeance yet shall wet a sword  
That thro' thy soul shall gae:  
The weeping blood in woman's breast  
Was never known to thee;  
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe  
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son! my son! may kinder stars  
Upon thy fortune shine:  
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,  
That ne'er wad blink on mine!

God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,  
 Or turn their hearts to thee :  
 And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,  
 Remember him for me !

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 flow'rs that deck the spring,  
 Bloom on my peaceful grave.

---

### TO ROBERT GRAHAM, OF FINTRY, Esq.

LATE cripp'l'd 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 generous Graham list to 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 forests, and one spurns the ground :  
 Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,  
 The envenom'd wasp, victorious guards his cell.—  
 Thy minions, kings defend, controul devour,  
 In all th' omnipotence of rule and power.—  
 Foxes and statesmen, subtle wiles ensure ;  
 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 world's skill,  
 An 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 Amalthæa'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 squalid, unprotected age,  
 Dead, even resentment, for his injur'd page,  
 He heeds or feels no more the ruthless Critic's rage ! }

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

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,  
 But 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 pray'r !  
*Fintry*, 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 !

## LAMENT

## FOR JAMES EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills  
 By fits the sun's departing beam  
 Look'd on the fading yellow woods  
 That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream :  
 Beneath a craigy steep, a Bard,  
 Laden with years and meikle pain,  
 In loud lament bewail'd his lord,  
 Whom death had all untimely taen.

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,  
 Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years ;  
 His locks were bleached white with time,  
 His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears ;  
 And as he touch'd his trembling harp,  
 And as he tun'd his doleful sang,  
 The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,  
 To echo bore the notes along.

" Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing,  
 " The relics of the vernal quire !  
 " Ye woods, that shed on a' the winds  
 " The honours of the aged year !  
 " A few short months, and glad and gay,  
 " Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e ;  
 " But nocht in all revolving time,  
 " Can gladness bring again to me.

" I am a bending aged tree,  
 " That long has stood the wind and rain ;  
 " But now has come a cruel blast,  
 " And my last hold of earth is gane ;  
 " Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,  
 " Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom ;  
 " But I maun lie before the storm,  
 " And ithers plant them in my room.

“ I’ve seen sae mony changefu’ years,  
“ On earth I am a stranger grown ;  
“ I wander in the ways of men,  
“ Alike unknowing and unknown :  
“ Unheard, unpitied, unreliev’d,  
“ 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 flower amang our barons bold,  
“ His country’s pride, his country’s stay :  
“ In weary being now I pine,  
“ For a’ the life of life is dead,  
“ And hope has left my aged ken,  
“ On forward wing for ever fled.

“ Awake thy last sad voice, my harp !  
“ The voice of woe and wild despair !  
“ Awake, resound thy latest lay,  
“ Then sleep in silence evermair !  
“ And thou, my last, best, only friend,  
“ That fillest an untimely tomb,  
“ Accept this tribute from the Bard  
“ Thou brought from Fortune’s mirkest gloom.

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

“ O ! why has worth so short a date ?  
“ While villains ripen grey with time !  
“ Must thou, the noble, gen’rous, great,  
“ Fall in bold manhood’s hardy prime !

- " Why did I live to see that day  
 " A day to me so full of woe?  
 " 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 sae sweetly on her knee;  
 " But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,  
 " An' a' that thou hast done for me!"
- 

LINES, SENT TO SIR JOHN WHITEFORD OF WHITE-  
 FORD, BART. WITH THE FOREGOING POEM.

THOU, who thy honour as thy God rever'st,  
 Who, save thy *mind's reproach*, nought earthly fear'st,  
 To thee this votive off'ring I impart,  
 The tearful tribute of a broken heart.  
 The *Friend* thou valued'st, I, the *Patron*, lov'd;  
 His worth, his honour, 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.

---

ADDRESS

TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON,

*On crowning his BUST, at Ednam, Roxburghshire,*  
*with BAYS.*

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

While Summer with a matron grace  
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,  
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace  
The progress of the spiky blade :

While Autumn, benefactor kind,  
By Tweed erects his aged head,  
And sees, with self-approving mind,  
Each creature on his bounty fed :

While maniac Winter rages o'er  
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,  
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,  
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows.

So long, sweet Poet of the year,  
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won ;  
While Scotia, with exulting tear,  
Proclaims that *Thomson* was her son.

---

## ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE

LIMP BY ME, WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT AT.

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

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

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

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.

---

EPITAPH

ON J—N B——Y, WRITER, D——s.

HERE lies J—n B——y, *honest man* !  
 Cheat him, Devil, if you can.

---

THE WHISTLE.

A BALLAD.

As the authentic *prose history* of the WHISTLE is curious, I shall here give it.—In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our James the Sixth, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony Whistle, which, at the commencement of the orgies, he laid on the table ; and whoever was last able to blow it, every body else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the Whistle as a trophy of victory.—The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the Courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany ; and challenged the Scots Bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority.—After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lowrie of Maxwellton, ancestor to 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 October, 1790, at Friars-Carse, the Whistle was once more contended for as related in the Ballad, by the present sir Robert Lowrie 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 carried off the hard won honours 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 an’ 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 old coins ;  
And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines.

Craigdarroch began, with a tongue smooth as oil,  
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil;  
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,  
And once more, in claret, try which was the man.

“ By the gods of the ancients !” Glenriddel replies,  
“ Before I surrender so glorious a prize,  
“ I’ll conjure the ghost of great Rorie More†,  
“ And bumper his horn with him twenty times o’er.”

\* See Ossian’s Carac-thura.

† See Johnson’s tour to the Hebrides.

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:  
In the bands of old friendship and kindred to set,  
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.

Gay pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er;  
Bright Phœbus ne'er witness'd so joyous a core,  
And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn,  
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn.

Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the night,  
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,  
Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,  
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,  
No longer the warfare, ungodly would wage;  
A high ruling elder to wallow in wine!  
He left the foul business to folks less divine.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end;  
But who can with Fate and Quart Bumpers contend?  
Though Fate said,—a hero should perish in light;  
So uprose bright Phœbus—and down fell the knight.

Next uprose our Bard, like a prophet in drink :—  
 “ Craigdarroch, thoul’t 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 !”

---

THE HUMBLE PETITION

OF BRUAR WATER\*

TO THE NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

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

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

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

Last day I grat wi' spite an' teen,  
As poet Burns came by,  
That, to a bard, I should be seen  
Wi' half my channel dry :  
A panegyric rhyme, I ween,  
Even as I was he shor'd me,  
But had I in my glory been,  
He, kneeling, wad ador'd me.

Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,  
In twisting strength I rin :  
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,  
Wild-roaring o'er a lin :  
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 mony a grateful bird  
Return your tuneful thanks.

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

This too, a covert shall ensure,  
To shield them from the storms ;  
And coward maukins sleep secure,  
Low in their grassy forms :

The shepherd here shall make his seat,  
To weave his crown of flow'rs ;  
Or find a sheltering safe retreat,  
From prone descending show'rs.

And here, by sweet endearing stealth,  
Shall meet the loving pair,  
Despising worlds with all their wealth  
As empty idle care :  
The 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, grey ;  
Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,  
Mild-chequering thro' the trees,  
Rave to my darkly-dashing stream,  
Hoarse-swelling on the breeze.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,  
My lowly banks o'erspread,  
And view, deep-bending in the pool,  
Their shadows' wat'ry bed :  
Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest  
My craggy 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 honour'd native land !  
So may thro' Albion's farthest ken,  
To social flowing glasses,  
The grace be—" Athole's honest men,  
" And Athole's bonie lasses !"

ON 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 sheltering rock,  
Bide the surging billow's shock.

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

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

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

Or, if man's superior might  
Dare invade your native right,



On the lofty ether borne,  
 Man with all his pow'rs you scorn;  
 Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,  
 Other lakes and other springs;  
 And the foe you cannot brave,  
 Scorn at least to be his slave.

---

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, thro' 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 caldron boils——

---

ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD, BORN IN PE-  
 CULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES OF FAMILY-DISTRESS,

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

November hirples o'er the lea,  
 Chill on thy lovely form;  
 And gane, alas! the shelt'ring tree,  
 Should shield thee, from 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 woe and want,  
 Who heals life's various stounds,  
 Protect and guard the mother plant,  
 And heal her cruel wounds.

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

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



### TAM SAMSON'S\* ELEGY.

An honest man's the noblest work of God—

POPE.

HAS auld Kilmarnock seen the Deil ?  
 Or great M'——y † thrawn his heel !  
 Or R———n, ‡ again grown weel,  
                                 To preach an' read ?  
 ' Na, waur than a' !' cries ilka chiel,  
                                 ' 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 favourite with the Million. *Vide* the ORDINATION.

‡ Another Preacher, an equal favourite with the Few, who was at that time ailing. For him see also the ORDINATION, stanza IX.

Kilmarnock lang may grunt an' grane,  
 An' sigh an' sob, an' greet her lane,  
 An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, an' wean,  
                     In mourning weed ;  
 To Death she's dearly paid the kane,  
                     Tam Samson's dead !

The Brethren o' the mystic *level*  
 May hing their head in wofu' bevel,  
 While by their nose the tears will revel,  
                     Like ony bead ;  
 Death's gien the Lodge an unco devel,  
                     Tam Samson's dead !

When Winter muffles up his cloak,  
 And binds the mire 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 of a' the Core,  
 To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,  
 Or up the rink like *Jehu* roar,  
                     In time o' need ;  
 But now he lags on Death's *hog-score*,  
                     Tam Samson's dead !

Now safe the stately Sawmont sail,  
 And Trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,  
 And Eels weel kend for souple tail,  
                     And Geds for greed,  
 Since dark in Death's *fish-creel* we wail  
                     Tam Samson's dead !

Rejoice, ye birring Paitricks a' ;  
 Ye cootie Moorcocks, crouselly craw ;  
 Ye Maukins, cock your fud fu' braw,  
                     Withouten dread ;  
 Your mortal Fae is now awa',  
                     Tam Samson's dead !

That woefu' 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 return'd!  
     Tam Samson's dead!

In vain Auld-age his body batters;  
 In vain the Gout his ancles fetters;  
 In vain the burns cam down like waters,  
     An acre-braid!  
 Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin clatters,  
     'Tam Samson's dead!'

Owre mony a weary hag he limpit,  
 An' ay the tither shot he thumpit,  
 Till coward Death behint him jumpit,  
     Wi' deadly feide;  
 Now he proclaims, wi' tout o' Trumpet,  
     Tam Samson's dead!

When at his heart he felt the dagger,  
 He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger,  
 But yet he drew the mortal trigger  
     Wi' weel-aim'd heed!  
 'L—d, five!' he cry'd, 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 wrate in Rhyming blether,  
     *Tam Samson's dead!*

When August winds the heather wave,  
 And Sportsmen wander by yon grave,  
 Three vollies let his mem'ry crave  
     O' pouter an' lead,  
 Till Echo answer frae her cave,  
     Tam Samson's dead!

Heav'n rest his saul, whare'er he be !  
 Is th' wish of mony mae than me :  
 He had twa fauts, or maybe three,  
     Yet what remead ?  
 Ae social, honest man want we :  
     Tam Samson's dead.

### THE EPITAPH.

*Tam Samson's* weel worn clay here lies,  
 Ye canting Zealots, spare him !  
 If honest Worth in Heaven rise,  
 Ye'll mend or ye win near him,

### PER CONTRA.

Go, Fame, an' 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'!

---

### A FRAGMENT.

*Tune, Gillicrankie.*

WHEN *Guilford* good our Pilot stood,  
 An' did our hellim thraw, man,  
 Ae night, at tea, began a plea,  
     Whithin *America*, man :  
 Then up they gat the maskin-pat,  
 And in the sea did jaw, man ;  
 An' did nae less, in full Congress,  
 Than quite refuse our law, man.

\* *Killie* is a phrase the country-folks sometimes use for *Kilmarnock*.

Then thro' the lakes *Montgomery* takes,  
 I wat he was na slaw, man ;  
 Down *Lowrie's burn* he took a turn,  
 And *Carleton* did ca', man :  
 But yet, whatreck, he, at *Quebec*,  
*Montgomery*-like did fa', man,  
 Wi' sword in hand, before his band,  
 Amang his en'mies a', man.

Poor *Tammy Gage* within a cage  
 Was kept at *Boston-ha'*, man ;  
 Till *Willie Howe* took o'er the knowe  
 For *Philadelphia*, man :  
 Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin  
 Guid Christian bluid to draw, man ;  
 But at *New-York*, wi' knife an' fork,  
 Sir Loin he hacked sma', man.

*Burgoyne* gaed up, like spur an' whip,  
 Till *Fraser* brave did fa', man ;  
 Then lost his way, ae misty day,  
 In *Saratoga* shaw, man.  
*Cornwallis* fought as lang's he dought,  
 An' did the Buckskins claw, man ;  
 But *Clinton's* glaive frae rust to save  
 He hung it to the wa', man.

Then *Montague*, an *Guilford* too,  
 Began to fear a fa', man ;  
 An' *Sackville* doure, wha stood the stoure,  
 The German Chief to thraw, man :  
 For Paddy *Burke*, like ony Turk,  
 Nae mercy had at a', man ;  
 An' *Charlie Fox* threw by the box,  
 An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

Then *Rockingham* took up the game ;  
 Till Death did on him ca', man :  
 When *Shelburne* meek held up his cheek,  
 Conform to Gospel law, man :



Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,  
 They did his measures thraw, man,  
 For *North* an' *Fox* united stocks,  
 An' bore him to the wa', man.

Then Clubs an' Hearts were *Charlie's* cartes,  
 He swept the stakes awa', man,  
 Till the Diamond's Ace, of *Indian* race,  
 Led him a fair *faux pas*, man :  
 The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,  
 On *Chatham's Boy* did ca', man ;  
 An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew,  
 ' Up, Willie, waur them a' man !'

Behind the throne then *Grenville's* gone,  
 A secret word or twa, man ;  
 While sice *Dundas* arous'd the class  
 Be-north the Roman wa', man :  
 An' *Chatham's* wraith, in heav'nly graith,  
 (Inspired Bardies saw, man)  
 Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, ' *Willie*, rise !  
 ' Would I hae fear'd them a', man !'

But, word an' blow, *North, Fox, and Co.*  
 Gowff'd *Willie* like a ba', man,  
 Till *Suthron* raise, an' coost their claise  
 Behind him in a raw, man :  
 An' *Caledon* threw by the drone,  
 An' did her whittle draw, man ;  
 An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood,  
 To mak' it guid in law, man.

\* \* \* \* \*

### EPITAPH FOR R. A. ESQ.

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

*On reading, in a NEWSPAPER, the DEATH of J——  
M'L——, Esq. Brother to a YOUNG LADY, a particu-  
lar FRIEND of the AUTHOR'S.*

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

Sweetly deckt 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 blossom's there shall blow,  
And fear no withering blast;  
There Isabella's spotless worth  
Shall happy be at last.



## LINEs.

Written Extempore 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 fair,  
'Till slave and despot be but things which were.

## LINES WRITTEN IN A HERMITAGE.

Thou whom chance may hither lead,  
Be thou clad in russet weed,  
Be thou deckt in silken stole,  
'Grave these maxims 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 ever lour.  
Happiness is but a name,  
Make content and ease thy aim.  
Ambition is a meteor-gleam :  
Fame, an idle restless dream :  
Peace, the tend'rest flow'r of spring ;  
Pleasures, insects on the wing.  
Those that sip the dew alone,  
Make the butterflies thy own ;  
Those that would the bloom devour,  
Crush the locusts, save the flower.  
For the future be prepar'd,  
Guard wherever thou canst guard ;  
But thy utmost duly done,  
Welcome what thou canst not shun.  
Follies past give thou to air,  
Make their *consequence* thy care :  
Keep the name of man in mind,  
And dishonor not thy kind.  
Reverence with lowly heart  
Him whose wond'rous work thou art ;  
Keep his goodness still in view,  
Thy trust and thy example too.  
Stranger go ! heaven be thy guide !  
*Quod* the Beadesman of Nith-side.

*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 flowers blooming  
fair ;

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

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

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

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



## 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 unmingl'd and agony pure.

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

---

### EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

An honest man here lies at rest,  
 As e'er God with his Image blest,  
 The friend of man, the friend of truth ;  
 The friend of age, and guide of youth :  
 Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,  
 Few heads with knowledge so inform'd :  
 If there's another world, he lives in bliss ;  
 If there is none, he made the best of this.

---

### A VISION.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,  
 Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,  
 Where th' 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.

\* *Variation.* To join yon river on the Strath.

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

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

Had I a 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 slumb'ring dead to hear ;  
 But oh, it was a tale of woe,  
 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.†

\* *Variation.* Now looking over firth and fauld,  
 Her horn the pale-fac'd Cynthia rear'd ;  
 When, lo, in form of minstrel auld,  
 A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd.

† This poem, an imperfect copy of which was printed in Johnson's Museum, is here given from the poet's MS with his last corrections. The scenery so finely described is taken from nature. The poet is supposed to be musing by night on the banks of the river Cleuden, and by the ruins of Lincluden-Abby, founded in the twelfth century, in the reign of Malcolm IV, of whose present situation the reader may find some account in Pennant's tour in Scotland, or Grose's antiquities of that division of the island. Such a time and such a place are well fitted for holding converse with aerial beings. Though this poem has a political bias, yet it may be presumed that no reader of taste, whatever his opinions may be, would forgive its being omitted. Our poet's prudence suppressed the song of *Libertie*, perhaps fortunately for his reputation. It may be questioned whether even in the resources of his genius, a strain of poetry could have been found worthy of the grandeur and solemnity of this preparation.



## TO MISS CRUIKSHANKS,

A VERY YOUNG LADY.

*Written on the blank leaf of a book presented to her by  
the author.*

BEAUTEOUS rose-bud, young and gay,  
 Blooming on thy early May,  
 Never may'st thou, lovely flow'r,  
 Chilly shrink in sleety show'r !  
 Never Boreas' hoary path,  
 Never Eurus' pois'nous breath,  
 Never baleful stellar lights,  
 Taint thee with untimely blights !  
 Never, never repule 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 ev'ning, 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 honours round,  
 And resign to parent earth  
 The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.



A MOTHER'S LAMENT,

## 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 fear'd thy fatal fatal blow,  
 Now, fond I bare my breast,  
 O, do thou kindly lay me low,  
 With him I love at rest.

---

## POEM,

Addressed to Mr. Mitchell, Collector of Excise, Dumfries, 1796.

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

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

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



But thee Theocritus, wha matches ?  
 They're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches ;  
 Squire Pope but busks his skinklin 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 eallan !  
 There's ane ; come forrit, honest Allan !  
 Thou need na jouk behind the hallan,  
                   A chiel sae clever ;  
 The teeth o' time may gnaw Tamtallan,  
                   But thou's for ever.

Thou paints auld nature to the nines,  
 In thy sweet Caledonian lines ;  
 Nae gowden stream thro' myrtles twines, ●  
                   Where Philomel,  
 While nightly breezes sweep the vines,  
                   Her griefs will tell !

In gowany glens thy burnie strays,  
 Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes !  
 Or trots by hazelly 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.

## THE GUIDWIFE OF WAUCHOPE-HOUSE.\*

Addressed to Burns, Feb. 1787.

MY canty, witty, rhyming ploughman,  
 I haffins doubt it is na true, man,  
 That ye between the stilts was bred,  
 Wi' ploughmen school'd, wi' ploughmen fed.  
 I doubt it sair, ye've drawn your knowledge  
 Either frae grammar-school, or college.  
 Guid troth, your saul and body baith  
 War' better fed, I'd gie my aith,  
 Than theirs who sup sour milk and parritch,  
 An' bummil thro' the single caritch.  
 Whaever heard the ploughman speak,  
 Could tell gif Homor was a Greek?  
 He'd flee as soon upon a cudgel,  
 As get a single line of Virgil.  
 An' then sae slee ye crack your jokes  
 O' Willie Pitt an' Charlie Fox.  
 Our great men a sae weel describe,  
 An' how to gar the nation thrive,  
 Ane maist wad swear ye dwelt amang them,  
 An' as ye saw them, sae ye sang them.  
 But be ye ploughman, be ye peer,  
 Ye are funny blade I swear.  
 An' tho' the cauld, I ill can bide,  
 Yet twenty miles, an' mair, I'd ride,  
 O'er moss, an' muir, an' never grumble,  
 Tho' my auld yad shou'd gae a stumble,  
 To crack a winter-night wi' thee,  
 An' hear thy sangs an' sonnets slee.  
 A guid saut herring, an' a cake  
 Wi' sic a chiel a feast wad make.  
 I'd rather scour your rumming yill,  
 Or eat o' cheese an' bread my fill,  
 Than wi' dull lairds on turtle dine,  
 An' ferlie at their wit an' wine.

\* This poem is introduced merely as a necessary prelude to the answer, which could not with propriety be left out. E.

O, gif I kend but whare ye baide,  
 I'd send to you a marled plaid;  
 'Twad haud your shoulders warm and braw,  
 An' douse at kirk, or market shaw.  
 Far south, as weel as north, my lad,  
 A' honest Scotsmen lo'e the *maud*.  
 Right wae that we're sae far frae ither;  
 Yet proud I am to ca' ye brither.

Your most obed. E. S.

---

## THE ANSWER.

GUIDWIFE,

I MIND it weel in early date,  
 When I was beardless young an' blate,  
     An' first cou'd thresh the barn,  
 Or haud a yokin at the pleugh,  
 An' tho' fu' foughten sair enough  
     Yet unco proud to learn.

When first amang the yellow corn  
 A man I reckon'd was;  
 An' with the lave ilk merry morn  
     Could rank my rig and lass;  
     Still sheering and clearing  
     The tither stoked raw;  
     With clavers and haivers  
     Wearing the time awa':

Ev'n then a wish (I mind its power)  
 A wish, that to my latest hour  
     Shall strongly heave my breast,  
 That I for poor auld Scotland's sake  
 Soms useful plan or book could make,  
     Or sing a sang at least.

The rough bur-thistle spreading wide  
 Amang the bearded bear,  
 I turn'd my weeding heuk 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 no higher praise.

But still the elements o' sang  
 In formless jumble, right an' wrang,  
     Wild floated in my brain ;  
 Till on that hairst I said before,  
 My partner in the merry core,  
     She rous'd the forming strain.

I see her yet, the sonsy quean,  
     That lighted up my jingle ;  
 Her pauky smile, her kittle een,  
     That gar't my heart-strings tingle.  
     So tiched, bewitched,  
     I rav'd aye to mysel ;  
     But bashing and dashing,  
     I kend na how to tell.

Hale 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 of woe,  
 The saul o' life, the heav'n below,  
     Is rapture-giving woman.

Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name,  
     Be' mindfu' o' your mither :  
 She, honest woman, may think shame  
     That ye're connected with her.  
     Ye're wae men, ye're nae men,  
     That slight the lovely dears :  
     To shame ye, disclaim ye,  
     Ilk honest birkie swears.

For you, na bred to barn and byre,  
 Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,  
     Thanks to ye for your line.  
 The marl'd plaid ye kindly spare,  
 By me should gratefully be ware :  
     'Twad please me to the Nine.

I'd be mair vantie o' my hap,  
 Douse hingin o'er my curple,  
 Than ony ermine ever lap,  
 Or proud imperial purple.  
 Farewell then, lang hale then,  
 An' plenty be your fa';  
 May losses and crosses  
 Ne'er at your hallan ca'.

### THE SILLER GUN\*.....A POEM.

AE bonnie mornin', clear and sunny,  
 Our trades wha like ay to be funny,  
 And spend a wee flight o' their money  
     On Usquabæ;  
 Forgather'd for their siller gunny  
     To shute, that day.

Wi' hat as black as ony raven,  
 Weel powther'd wiggie, beard new shaven,  
 An ilka kind o' cleeding havin  
     In trim array;  
 Furth cam ilk ane, some cheap years saving,  
     To wear that day.

Fair fa' them, honest edgie carls,  
 Lang may they live ay free o' quarrels,  
 And tipple ay frae gude tight barrels;  
     For by my certie,  
 They were as braw as ony Earls,  
     And e'en right hearty.

Nae feck o' fowk could boast mae dainties,  
 Albeit our Lairds, now rack their renties,  
 Whilk gars our canty cock-a-benties,  
     Wear hodden gray;  
 Yet ilka journeyman and prentice  
     Was snod that day.

\* The Siller-gun was present<sup>d</sup> to the tradesmen in Scotland,  
 to be shot for every year.

For as they gaed along the causey  
Wi' ilka thing sae trig an' gaucy,  
They staw the heart o' monie a lassie  
Right blate away,  
Which gart them wha afore were saucy  
Look doylt that day.

As generals aft their troops convene;  
To see they a' be trig and clean ;  
Sae now the dinlin drums I ween  
                        Were beat to arms,  
And honest fowk were deav'd bedeem  
                        Wi' wars alarms.

Syne auld and young o' ilka lallan  
Were a' in order made to fall in,  
And ay the mair to keep the saul in  
And banish wae,  
The bonnie bells made sic devallin'  
Wi' joy that day.

Hech, sirs, what crouds were gathered roun'  
To see them daiker through the town—  
Lad, lass and wean, wives, black and brown,  
Wi' age grown gray,  
Cam, fidging fain, to gie their boon  
O praise that day.

E'n blythe to see them tightly drest,  
Auld *Ephs* was there among the rest,  
And while wi' joy her sides she prest,  
Like mony mae,  
Her approbation was exprest  
In words like thae.

Wow, but it gars ane's heart loup light  
To see auld folks sae cleanly dight,  
E'en now our Geordie looks as tight  
As the first time  
His blooming haffet's bless'd my sight  
When in his prime.

But silence on ilk lassie's part  
 Spak mair than words could ere impart,  
 Deep sighs, the language o' the heart,  
     Will oft reveal  
 A flame which a' th' pow'r of art  
     Could ne'er conceal.

Wi' fiddles playing, colours fleeing,  
 And mony a thing weel wordy seeing,  
 Down to the Craig's a' weel agreeing,  
     They gaed awa ;  
 'Twa'd made ane laugh, tho' they'd been deeing,  
     To see them a'.

As fierce, I trow, as ony gled  
 Ilk deacon march'd afore his trade,  
 Auld chiels wha had to arms been bred  
     Lang e'er Belleisle,  
 'Them a' like ony sodgers led  
     In rank and file.

Ilk ane had guns, there's mony trimmer,  
 For maist o' them, I'd lay a brimmer,  
 Had na been shot this mony a simmer,  
     They gied sic dunts ;  
 And some through fear had bits o' timmer  
     Instead o' flints.

Ither's (for need maks mony a fen)  
 Fill'd up their touch-hole's wi' a pin,  
 And as in twenty, there was ten  
     Worm-eaten stocks,  
 Sae here and there a rozet end  
     Held on their locks.

And then to shaw what diff'rent stands  
 Twiest him that gets and gies commands,  
 Swords that unsheath'd sin Preston Pans  
     Neglected lay,  
 Were now brought out to deck the hands  
     O chiefs that day.

Ye wha hae been at Hallow fair  
An' seen the plays that happen'd there,  
Or, aiblins read its frolics rare  
In Rabbie's lay,  
Can only now wi' it compare  
The sports that day.

Like ony camp a'round a hill  
Were Booricks made wi' meikle skill,  
Pang'd to the e'e wi' mony a gill  
O' a' kind liquor,  
Where fowk might coz'ly crack their fill,  
Or bend the bicker.

Snug in thae tents where fowk could see,  
On divet seats, kuir'd wi' a tree,  
Auld birkies innocently slee  
Upo' their doup,  
Were e'en as blythe as blythe could be,  
Wi' cap an' stoup.

Pleas'd they'd recount wi' meikle joy  
How aft they'd been at sic a ploy,  
Wi' a' their names, their eild employ  
And youthful play,  
Wha'd ever won this tirley toy  
Sin Jamie's day.

And mony a crack and weel warl'd tale  
'Bout bald forbears, whilk ne'er does fail  
Baith saul and body to regale  
Wi' matchless pow'r  
Wad through the lee lang day prevail  
Till a' was owre.

When wives or ither cares perplex us,  
When senseless gilligawkies vex us,  
Or waesuck eild, and poortith gecks us  
Wi' ragged duds,  
Deil haet sae weel frae grief protects us  
As reeming scuds.

Here rowth o' ginge-bread stans were seen,  
 Where lasses dancing unco keen,  
 Aft winking wi' their pawkie e'en,  
     Sic glances gie  
 As gart some wanton fellows green  
     For night that day.

When some auld-farran nackie billie  
 Hands to his joe wi' mony a gillie,  
 Wha shaws her breast as white's a lily  
     And leggies tight,  
 Gosh, could a priest restrain his willie  
     In sic a plight.

Sae to the whins frae 'mang the thrang  
 Whiles ane or twa or sae wad gang,  
 Whare tales o' love and eke a sang  
     Shot time away,  
 And youngsters got what they did lang  
     For mony a day.

Amang the lave was kintry Johny  
 Wi' his joe, Meg, as braw as ony,  
 She thought, nae doubt, hersel' as bonnie  
     As ony there,  
 But lang or night her cockernony  
     Was touzled sair.

She, silly, simple, hame-bred hizzie  
 Had never seen a rakish phizzy,  
 Sae took frae chiels wha were right bizzy  
     O' usquabæ,  
 Till lack a nie, baith sick and dizzy,  
     Wae she that day.

At times like this, when chiels are skairin,  
 Wi' ilka ane they meet a fairin,  
 They'll never stop to cry for mair in  
     O' liquor dear,  
 But women fowk should ay be sparin  
     O siccan gear.



For owre the mind when drink presides,  
To pranks of sin and shame it guides,  
In wisdom's ways it never prides,  
                    But brings to light  
A thousand fauts which reason hides  
                    Clear out o' sight,

By this time now, wi' mony a dunner,  
The guns were rattlin aff like thunner ;  
Auld fowks wi' joints maist dug asunner,  
                    Were in dismay,  
For shouter-blades got mony a lunner  
                    Frae guns that day.

Hech, sic a weary wark was there  
'Tween mad ambition and base fear ;  
It seldom fails, be't far or near,  
                    That mony a score  
Are keen o' trades which nature ne'er  
                    Design'd them for.

Ae fellow there, poor silly calf,  
Held out his gun, as't been a staff,  
Turn'd back his head, tho' haff an' haff,  
                    He was. they say,  
And panting, cry'd, sirs, is she aff,  
                    Wi' fear that day.

Anither chiel, wae worth the loon,  
Rampag'd and curs'd like a dragoon,  
But leaning on his hunkers down,  
                    To let her aff,  
He fil'd his breeks, which did confound  
                    And mak them laugh.

Poor gowk, ne'er us'd wi' wars alarms,  
Or taught to handle fire-arms,  
His fears foresaw a thousand harms  
                    Approaching fast,  
Till nature veiling a' her charms  
                    Gie'd way at last.

To crown the hale, about the gloamin  
The Siller Gun was won by no man :\*  
Warse deeds hae gi'en to mony a Roman  
Eternal fame ;  
But prodigies are grown sae common  
They've tint the name.

Proud wi' their luck afore, tho' douce  
And quaint as ony half-fell'd mouse,  
E'en now the Taylor craw'd sae crouse,  
I'll gie my aith,  
Had ony ane cry'd, ' Prick the louse,'  
There had been skaith.

Syne hame they gaed like magic spell,  
Some stouter'd owre, and ithers fell;  
While mony a ane the muse could tell,  
Like new spain'd weans,  
Could neither gang unheld themsels  
Nor stan' their lanes.

But should the canty muscy reel  
Owre a' the pranks o' ilka chiel,  
She'd may-be tramp on some sair heel  
O' dool and wae,  
Whase nieves wad aiblins gar her squeel  
For that some day.

As in the course of some campaign  
The grun is cover'd o'er wi' slain,  
Sae now in Barleycornian strain  
Ye eith might view  
Ahint the lave some fellows fain  
To lye and spew.

Ithers again, just haff an' haff,  
Ay nichrin out the tither gaff,  
Dang mony a hat and wiggie aff  
In wanton play,  
Till, peace be here, wi' nieve and staff  
They fought that day.

\* It was won by a taylor.

As sparks frae flames their greatness rear,  
 Aft daffin leads to bluidy weir;  
 It chanc'd a dainty souter here  
                                 Like Crispin dress'd,  
 Had a' the robes which princes wear  
                                 At birth-day feast.

This day, tho' nought could happen droller,  
 Bred the poor souter meikle dolour;  
 A taylor-fellow, nae great scholar,  
                                 Wi' mony a bann,  
 Took honest Crispin by the collar,  
                                 And thus began.

*Taylor....*Ye guid for naething souter hash,  
 Tho' powther decks your carrot pash,  
 Tell me, I say, sin' griev'd I fash  
                                 Withouten charter,  
 What right ye hae to wear this sash,  
                                 Or star and garter?

*Crispin....*Let gang your grips, or by my saul,  
 Were I but ance within my stall,  
 By a' that's gude, my peggin awl,  
                                 Ye devil's buckie,  
 Should jag and tear you spaul frae spaul,  
                                 Like onie chuckie.

It sets ye weel indeed to jeer,  
 Or question me for what I wear,  
 I represent king Crispin here,  
                                 While, fye for shame,  
 Your lousy craft to manhood ne'er  
                                 Could yet lay claim.

*Taylor....*King Crispin, wale o' ilka loun  
 That ever robb'd or rul'd a town;  
 I mind to hear, like some baboon  
                                 That apes its betters,  
 He claim'd pretensions to a crown  
                                 An' deed in fetters.



Nor cou'd ye ken wi' nicest care  
Wha won or wha was licket there;  
Pell-mell they fought, foul play or fair  
Was a' the same,  
An' friens an' faes lay every where  
Baith blin' and lame.

To comfort thae inch thick o' glar,  
His e'en japann'd and chafts a char,  
Be thankfu', sirs, it is na war,  
(Quo' Yaedam Bryen)  
A lievin' dog is better far  
Than a dead lyon.

Let ane, tho' crooked, tak a chappin,  
He'll think there's few mair tight or strappin,  
Fu' crouselly will he cock his tappin  
Like man o' weir,  
Wha fresh had but a gun been snappin  
Would swat wi' fear.

Sae was't that day, for rowth o' thae  
Wha wanting drink, nae mettle hae,  
Here mony a fearfu' lunner gae  
But dread or shame,  
Till they wi' ribs baith black and blae  
Were draggled hame.

When fowk are in a merry pin  
Weel fortify'd wi' Highland Gin,  
They'll eithly thole a weel pay'd skin,  
Like leather tough,  
And neither care nor sorrow fin  
For lang eneugh.

But soon as sober sense returns,  
Yestreen's debauch the drunkard mourns,  
His feckless body aft he turns  
The pain to lay;  
Sair griev'd baith head and heart-ache burns  
Wi' him niest day.

## WRITTEN IN A SOLITARY INN, IN SELKIRK.

Auld chuckie *Reekie's* \* sair distrest,  
 Down droops her ance weel burnish't crest,  
 Nae joy her bonie buskit nest  
                                     Can yield ava,  
 Her darling bird that she loe's best  
                                     Willie's awa !

O Willie was a witty wight,  
 And had o' things an unco' slight ;  
 Auld Reekie ay he keep it tight,  
                                     And trig an' braw :  
 But now they'll busk her like a fright  
                                     Willie's awa !

The stiffest o' them a' he bow'd,  
 The bauldest o' them a' he cow'd ;  
 They durst nae mair than he allow'd  
                                     That was a law :  
 We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd,  
                                     Willie's awa !

Now gawkies, tawpics, gowks and fools,  
 Frae colleges and boarding schools,  
 May sprout like simmer puddock-stools  
                                     In glen or shaw ;  
 He wha could brush them down to mools  
                                     Willie's awa !

The breth'ren o' the Commerce-Chaumert†  
 May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour ;  
 He was a dictionar and grammar  
                                     Amang them a' ;  
 I fear they'll now make mony a stammer  
                                     Willie's awa !

\* Edinburgh.

† The Chamber of commerce of Edinburgh, of which Mr. C. was Secretary.



Nae mair we see his levee door  
 Philosophers and Poets pour,\*  
 And toothy critics by the score  
                                     In bloody raw !  
 The adjutant o' a' the core  
                                     Willie's awa !

Now worthy G\*\*\*\*\*y's latin face,  
 T\*\*\*\*\*r's and G\*\*\*\*\*'s modest grace ;  
 M'K\*\*\*\*\*e, S\*\*\*\*\*t, such a brace,  
                                     As Rome ne'er saw ;  
 They a' maun meet some ither place,  
                                     Willie's awa !

Poor Burns—e'en Scotch drink canna quicken,  
 He cheeps like some bewildered chicken,  
 Scar'd frae it's minnie and the cleckin  
                                     By hoodie-craw ;  
 Grief's gien his heart an unco kickin',  
                                     Willie's awa !

Now ev'ry sour-mou'd girnin' blellum,  
 And Calvin's fock, are fit to fell him ;  
 And self-conceited critic skellum  
                                     His quill may draw ;  
 He wha could bawlie ward their bellum  
                                     Willie's awa !

Up wimpling stately Tweed I've sped,  
 And Eden scenes on chrystal Jed,  
 And Ettrick banks now roaring red  
                                     While tempests blaw ;  
 But every joy and pleasure's fled  
                                     Willie's awa !

\* Many literary gentlemen were accustomed to meet at Mr. C—'s house at breakfast. Burns often met with them there when he called, and hence the name of *Levee*.

May I be slander's common speech ;  
 A text for infamy to preach ;  
 And lastly, streekit out to bleach  
     In winter snaw ;  
 When I forget thee ! WILLIE CREECH,  
     Tho' far awa !

May never wicked fortune touzle him !  
 May never wicked man bamboozle him !  
 Until a pow as auld's Methusalem !  
     He canty claw !  
 Then to the blessed, New Jerusalem  
     Fleet wing awa !

---

EPITAPH

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

HERE Sowter \*\*\*\* 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.

---

EPISTLE TO J. LAPRAIK.

Sept. 13th. 1785.

GUID speed an' furdur to you Johny,  
 Guid health, hale han's, an' weather bony ;  
 Now when ye're nickan down fu' cany  
     The staff o' bread,  
 May ye ne'er want a stoup o' brany  
     To clear your head.

May boreas never thresh your rigs,  
 Nor kick your rickles aff their legs,  
 Sendin' the stuff o'er muirs an' haggs  
     Like drivin' wrack ;  
 But may the tapmast grain that wags  
     Come to the sack

I'm bizzie too, an' skelpin' at it,  
But bitter, daudin showers hae wat it,  
Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it  
                Wi' muckle wark,  
An' took my jocteleg an' whatt it,  
                Like ony clark.

It's now twa month that I'm your debtor,  
For your braw, nameless, dateless letter,  
Abusin' me for harsh ill nature  
On holy men,  
While deil a hair yoursel ye're better,  
But mair profane,

But let the kirk-folk ring their bells,  
Let's sing about our noble sels ;  
We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills  
To help, or roose us,  
But browster wives an' whiskie stills,  
*They* are the muses.

Your friendship sir, I winna quat it,  
An' if ye mak objections at it,  
Then han' in nieve some day we' ll knot it,  
An' witness take,  
An' when wi' Usquabae we've wat it  
It winna break.

But if the beast and branks be spar'd  
Till kye be gaun without the herd,  
An' a' the vittel in the yard,  
Be thekit right,  
I mean your ingle-side to guard  
Ae winter night.

Then muse-inspirin' aqua-vitæ  
Shall make us baith sae blythe an' witty,  
Till ye forget ye 're auld an' gatty,  
An' be as canty  
As ye were nine year less than thretty,  
Sweet ane an' twenty !

But stooks are cowpet wi' the blast,  
 An' now the sinn keeks in the west,  
 Then I maun ring amang the rest  
                                 An' quat my chanter ;  
 Sae I subscribe mysel in haste,  
                                 Your's, Rab the Rantér.\*,



ON SEEING HIS FAVOURITE WALKS DESPOILED,  
 OF THEIR WOOD.

AS on the banks o' wandering Nith,  
 Ae smiling simmer morn I stray'd,  
 And trac'd its bonny howms and haughs,  
 Where linties sang, and lambkins play'd,

I sat me down upon a craig,  
 And drank my fill o' Fancy's dream ;  
 When from the eddying deep below  
 Uprose the Genius of the stream.

Dark like the frowning rock his brow,  
 And troubled like his wintry wave ;  
 And, deep as sugh, the boding wind  
 Among his caves, the sigh he gave.

" And came ye here, my son, he cried,  
 To wander in my birken shade,  
 To muse some favourite Scottish theme,  
 Or sing some favourite Scottish maid ?

\* *Rab the Rantér*—It is very probable that the poet thus named himself after the *Border Piper*, so spiritedly introduced in the popular son of *Maggie Lauder* :

" For I'm a piper to my trade,  
 My name is *Rab the Rantér* ;  
 The lasses loup as they were daft,  
 When I blaw up my chanter."

There was a time, its nae lang syne,  
Ye might hae seen me in my pride;  
When a' my banks sae bravely saw  
Their woody pictures in my tide;

When hanging beech and spreading elm  
Shaded my stream sae clear and cool,  
And stately aiks their twisted arms  
Threw broad and dark across the pool;

When, glinting through the trees, appear'd  
That wee white cot aboon the mill,  
And peacefu' rose its ingle reek  
That slowly curled up the hill.

But now the cot is bare and cauld,  
Its branchy shelters lost and gane,  
And scarce a stunted birk is left,  
To shiver in the blast its lanc."

"Alas! said I, what ruefu' chance  
Has twin'd ye o' your stately trees?  
Has laid your rocky bosom bare?  
Has stripp'd the cleading o' your braes?

Was it the bitter eastling blast  
That scatters blight in early spring,  
Or was't the wilfire scorch'd their boughs?  
Or canker-worm wi' secret sting?"

"Nae eastlin blast, the sprite replied,  
It blew na here sae fierce and fell;  
And on my dry and halesome banks  
Nae canker-worms get leave to dwell.

Man!—cruel man!—the Genius sigh'd,  
As through the cliffs he sank him down,  
The worm that gnaw'd my bonny trees,  
That reptile wears a ducal crown!"

## TO A LADY,

With a present of a pair of Drinking Glasses.

FAIR Empress of the Poet's soul,  
And Queen of Poetesses;  
Clarinda, take this little boon,  
This humble pair of glasses.—

And fill them high with generous juice,  
As generous as your mind ;  
And pledge me in the generous toast—  
“ *The whole of human kind !*”

“ *To those who love us !*”—second fill ;  
But not to those whom we love ;  
Lest we love those who love not us !——  
‘ A third—“ *to thee and me, love !*”

---

TO TERRAUGHTY,\*

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

HEALTH to the Maxwell's vet'ran Chief !  
Health, ay unsour'd by care or grief :  
Inspir'd, I turn'd Fate's sybil leaf,  
                    This natal morn,  
Fsee thy life is stuff o' prief,  
                    Scarce quite half worn.—

This day thou metes threescore eleven,  
And I can tell that bounteous Heaven  
(The second sight, ye ken, is given  
                    To ilka Poet,)  
On thee a tack o' seven times seven  
                    Will yet bestow it.

\* Mr. Maxwell, of Terraughty, near Dumfriess.



If envious buckies view wi' sorrow  
 Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow,  
 May desolation's lang-teeth'd harrow,  
                                     Nine miles an hour,  
 Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah,  
                                     In brunstane stoure—

But for thy friends, and they are mony,  
 Baith honest men and lasses bonie,  
 May couthie fortune, kind and cannie,  
                                     In social glee,  
 Wi' mornings blythe and e'enings funny  
                                     Bless them and thee!

Fareweel, auld birkie! Lord be near ye,  
 And then the Deil he daur na steer ye:  
 Your friends ay love, your faes ay fear ye:  
                                     For me, shame fa' me,  
 If neist my heart I dinna wear ye  
                                     While BURNS they ca' me.

---

## MONODY,

ON A LADY FAMED FOR HER CAPRICE.

HOW cold is that bosom which folly once fired,  
 How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glis-  
                                     tened;  
 How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired,  
 How dull is that ear which to flattery so listened.  
 If sorrow and anguish their exit await,  
 From friendship and dearest affection removed;  
 How doubly severer, Eliza thy fate,  
 Thou diedst unwept, as thou livedst unloved.

Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you,  
 So shy, grave and distant, ye shed not a tear:  
 But come, all ye offspring of folly so true,  
 And flowers let us cull for Eliza's cold bier.

We'll search through the garden for each silly flower,  
 We'll roam through the forest for each idle weed;  
 But chiefly the nettle so typical shower,  
 For none e'er approached her but rued the rash deed.

We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay;  
 Here vanity strums on her idiot lyre;  
 There keen indignation shall dart on her prey,  
 Which spurning contempt shall redeem from his ire.



### THE EPITAPH.

Here lies now a prey to insulting neglect,  
 What once was a butterfly, gay in life's beam:  
 Want only of wisdom denied her respect,  
 Want only of goodness denied her esteem.



### TO ROBERT GRAHAM, Esq. OF FINTRY,

On receiving a Favour.

I CALL no goddess to inspire my strains,  
 A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns;  
 Friend of my life! my ardent spirit burns,  
 And all the tribute of my heart returns,  
 For boons accorded, goodness ever new,  
 The gift still dearer, as the giver you.

Thou orb of day! thou other paler light!  
 And all ye many sparkling stars of night;  
 If aught that giver from my mind efface;  
 If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace;  
 Then roll to me, along your wandering spheres,  
 Only to number out a villain's years!

WRITTEN IN A WRAPPER INCLOSING A LETTER TO  
CAPT. GROSE, TO BE LEFT WITH MR. CARDONNEL,  
ANTIQUARIAN.

*Tune—*‘ SIR JOHN MALCOM.’

KEN ye ought o’ Captain Grose?

*Igo, & ago.*

If he’s among his friends or foes?

*Iram, coram, dago.*

Is he South, or is he North?

*Igo, & ago.*

Or drowned in the river Forth?

*Iram, coram, dago.*

Is he slain by Highland bodies?

*Igo, & ago.*

And eaten like a wether-haggis!

*Iram, coram, dago.*

Is he to Abram’s bosom gane?

*Igo, & ago.*

Or haudin Sarah by the wame?

*Iram, coram, dago.*

Where’er he be, the Lord be near him!

*Igo, & ago.*

As for the deil he daur na steer him,

*Iram, coram, dago.*

But please transmit th’ inclosed letter,

*Igo, & ago.*

Which will oblige your humble debtor,

*Iram, coram, dago.*

So may ye hae auld stanes in store,

*Igo, & ago.*

The very stanes that Adam bore,

*Iram, coram, dago.*

So may ye get in glad possession ;

*Igo, & ago.*

The coins o' Satan's coronation !

*Iram, coram, dago.*

THE FOLLOWING POEM WAS WRITTEN TO A GENTLEMAN WHO HAD SENT HIM A NEWS-PAPER, AND OFFERED TO CONTINUE IT FREE OF EXPENSE.

KIND Sir, I've read your paper through,  
And faith, to me, 'twas really new !  
How guessed ye, Sir, what maist I wanted ?  
This mony a day I've grain'd and gaunted,  
To ken what French mischief was brewin ;  
Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin ;  
That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,  
If Venus yet had got his nose off ;  
Or how the collieshangie works  
Atween the Russians and the Turks ;  
Or if the Swede, before he halt,  
Would 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— yet were tax'd ;

The news o' princes, dukes and earls,  
 Pimps, sharpers, bawds and opera-girls ;  
 If that daft buckie, Geordie Wales,  
 Was threshin still at hizzies tails,  
 Or if he was grown oughlins douser,  
 And no a perfect kintra cooser.  
 A' this and mair I never heard of ;  
 And but for you I might despair'd of.  
 So gratefu' back your news I send you,  
 And pray, a' gude things may attend you !

---

## TWO STANZAS,

COMPOSED AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN,

One of the oldest of his printed pieces.

I dream'd I lay where flowers were springing,  
 Gaily in the sunny beam ;  
 List'ning to the wild birds singing,  
 By a falling, chrystal stream :  
 Straight the sky grew black and daring ;  
 Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave ;  
 Trees with aged arms were warring,  
 O'er the swelling drumlie wave,  
 Such was my life's deceitful morning,  
 Such the pleasures I enjoyed ;  
 But lang or noon, loud tempests storming  
 A' my flow'ry bliss destroy'd.  
 Tho' fickle fortune has deceiv'd me,  
 She promis'd fair and perform'd but ill ;  
 Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me,  
 I bear a heart shall support me still.

At a meeting of the Dumfrieshire 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 Heav'n that we found,  
 For their fame it shall last while the world goes round.  
 The next in succession, I'll give you the King,  
 Whoe'er would betray him, on high may he swing;  
 And here's the grand fabric our free Constitution,  
 As built on the base of the great Revolution;  
 And longer with Politics, not to be cramm'd,  
 Be Anarchy curs'd, and be tyranny damn'd;  
 And who would to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,  
 May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial.



TO GAVIN HAMILTON, Esq. Mauchline.

(Recommending a boy)

*Mosgaville, May 3, 1786.*

I HOLD it, Sir, my bounden duty  
 To warn you how that Master Tootie,  
     Alias Laird M'Gaun,\*  
 Was here to hire yon lad away  
 'Bout whom ye spak the tither day,  
     An' wad hae don't aff han':

\* *Master Tootie* then lived in Mauchline: a dealer in Cows. It was his common practice to cut the nicks or markings from the horns of cattle, to disguise their age.--He was an artful, trick-contriving character; hence he is called a *Snick-drawer*. In the Poet's "*Address to the Deil*," he styles that august personage an *auld, snick-drawing dog*!



But lest he learn the callan tricks,  
 As faith I muckle doubt him,  
 Like scrapin' out auld Crummie's nicks,  
 An' tellin lies about them;  
 As lieve then I'd have then,  
 Your clerkship he should sair,  
 If sae be, ye may be  
 Not fitted otherwhere.

Altho' I say't, he's gleg enough,  
 An' bout a house that's rude an' rough,  
     The boy might learn to *swear*;  
 But when wi' *you*, he'll be sae taught,  
 An' get sic fair *example* straight,  
     I hae nae ony fear.  
 Ye'll catechise him every quirk,  
 An' shore him weel wi' *hell*;  
 An' gar him follow to the *kirk*——  
     —Ay when ye gang *yoursel*,  
 If ye then, maun be then  
 Frae hame this comin Friday,  
 Then please sir, to lea'e sir,  
 The orders wi' your lady.

My word of honor I hae gien,  
 In Paisley John's that night at e'en,  
     To meet the *Warld's worm*;  
 To try to get the twa to gree,  
 An' name the airles\* an' the fee,  
     In legal mode an' form:  
 I ken he weel a *Snick* can draw,  
 When simple bodies let him;  
 An' if a *Devil* be at a',  
 In faith he 's sure to get him.  
 To phrase you an' praise you,  
 Ye ken your Laureat scorns:  
 The pray'r still, you share still,  
 Of grateful MINSTREL BURNS.

\* *The Airles*—Earnest money.

## LINES

WRITTEN AND PRESENTED TO MRS. KEMBLE,

On seeing 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.



## LOUIS WHAT RECK I BY THEE.

LOUIS what reck I by thee,  
 Or Geordie on his ocean:  
 Dyvor, beggar louns to me,  
 I reign in Jeanie's bosom.

Let her crown my love her law,  
 And in her breast enthrone me:  
 Kings and nations, swith awa!  
 Reif randies I disown ye!



## VERSES,

WRITTEN UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF FERGUSSON,  
 THE POET.

Curse on ungrateful man, that can be pleas'd,  
 And yet can starve the author of the pleasure.  
 O thou my elder brother in misfortune,  
 By far my elder brother in the muses,  
 With tears I pity thy unhappy fate!  
 Why is the bard unpitied by the world,  
 Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures?

## 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 darkening air,  
 And hollow whistled in the rocky cave.

Lone as I wandered 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'd 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 startling eye.

The paly moon rose in the livid east,  
 And 'mong the cliff's disclos'd a stately form,  
 In words of woe that frantic beat her breast,  
 And mix'd her wailings with the raging storm.

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,  
 'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd :  
 Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe,  
 The lightning of her eye in tears imbued.

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 !

\* The King's Park, at Holyrood-house.

† St. Anthony's Well.

‡ St. Anthony's Chapel.

" A weeping country joins a widow's tear,  
 " The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry ;  
 " The drooping arts surround their patron's bier,  
 " And grateful science heaves the heartfelt sigh.—

" I saw my sons resume their ancient fire ;  
 " I saw fair freedom's blossoms richly blow :  
 " But ah how hope is born but to expire !  
 " Relentless fate has laid their guardian low.—

" My patriot falls, but shall he lie unsung,  
 " While empty greatness saves a worthless name !  
 " No ; every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue,  
 " And future ages hear his growing fame.

" And I will join a mother's tender cares,  
 " 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.—



## SKETCH OF A STANZA TO LIBERTY.

THEE, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,  
 Thee, famed for martial deed and sacred song,  
 To thee I turn with swimming eyes ;  
 Where is that soul of freedom fled ?  
 Immingled with the mighty dead !  
 Beneath that hallowed turf where WALLACE lies !  
 Hear, it not, WALLACE, in thy bed of death !  
 Ye babbling winds, in silence weep ;  
 Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,  
 Nor give the coward secret breath.—  
 Is this the power in freedom's war  
 That wont to bid the battle rage ?  
 Behold that eye which shot immortal hate,  
 Crushing the despot's proudest bearing,

That arm which, nerved with thundering fate,  
 Braved usurpation's boldest daring !  
 One quenched in darkness like the sinking star,  
 And one the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age.



## HIC JACET WEE JOHNNY.

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



## ON 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 ware ye at the Sherra-muir,  
 " And did the battle see, man ?"  
 I saw the battle, sair and tough,  
 And reekin-red ran mony a sheugh,  
 My heart for fear gae 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 blude outgush'd,  
 And mony 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 broad swords clash'd,  
 And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,  
 'Till fey men† died awa, man.

\* Bouk—dead body.

† Fey men—enemies.

But had you seen the philibegs,  
 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 Dunblane, in my ain sight,  
 " They took the brig wi' a' their might,  
 " And straught to Stirling winged their flight ;  
 " But cursed lot ; the gates were shut ;  
 " And mony a huntit, poor red-coat  
 " For fear amaist did swarf, man."

My sister Kate cam up the gate  
 Wi' crowdie unto me, man :  
 She swoor she saw some rebels run  
 Frae Perth unto Dundee, man :  
 Their left-hand general had nae skill,  
 The Angus lads had nae good will  
 That day their neebers blood to spill ;  
 For fear, by foes, that they should lose  
 Their cogs o' brose ; all crying woes,  
 And so it goes you see, man ;

They've lost some gallant gentlemen,  
 Amang the Highland clans, man ;  
 I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,  
 Or fallen in whiggish hands, man :  
 Now wad ye sing this double fight,  
 Some fell for wrang, and some for right ;  
 But mony bade the world gude night ;  
 Then ye may tell, how pell and mell,  
 By red claymores and musket's knell,  
 Wi' dying yell the tories fell,  
 And whigs to hell did flee, man.



## 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 th' accomplish'd Burnet low.

Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget ;  
In richest ore, the brightest jewel set !  
In thee high Heaven above, was truest shown,  
As by his noblest work the Godhead best is known.

In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves ;  
Thou chrystal streamlet with thy flowery shore,  
Ye woodland choir that chant your idle loves,  
Ye cease to charm ; Eliza is no more.

Ye heathy wastes immix'd with reedy fens,  
Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stor'd,  
Ye rugged cliffs o'erhanging dreary glens,  
To you I fly, ye with my soul accord.

Princes whose cumb'rous pride was all their worth,  
Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail ?  
And thou sweet excellence ! forsake our earth,  
And not a muse in honest grief bewail.

We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,  
And virtue's light that beams beyond the spheres ;  
But like the sun eclips'd at morning tide,  
Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears.

The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,  
That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care :  
So deckt the woodbine sweet yon aged tree,  
So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare.

## POEM ON LIFE.

ADDRESSED TO COLONEL DE PEYSTER.

MY honored colonel, deep I feel  
Your interest in the poet's weal;  
Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel  
The steep Parnassus,  
Surrounded thus by bolus pill,  
And potion glasses.

O what a canty warld 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 would starve?)

Dame life, tho' fiction out may trick her,  
And in paste gems and frippery deck her;  
Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker  
I've found her still,  
Ay wavering like the willow wicker,  
'Tween good and ill.

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

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

Poor man the flie, aft bizzes bye,  
 And aft as chance he comes thee nigh,  
 Thy auld damned elbow yeuks wi' joy,  
                                     And hellish pleasure ;  
 Already in thy fancy's eye,  
                                     Thy sicker treasure.

Soon heels o' gowdie ! in he gangs,  
 And like a sheep-head on a tangs,  
 Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs  
                                     And murdering 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 !



#### ON VIEWING THE PALACE

### OF HOLY-ROOD-HOUSE,

THE RESIDENCE OF THE KINGS OF SCOTLAND.

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,  
     Though rigid law cries out, " 'twas just."

Wild beats my heart, to trace your steps,  
 Whose ancestors in days of yore,  
 Through hostile ranks, and ruin'd gaps,  
 Old Scotia's bloody lion bore.

E'en 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.



### JOHN BARLEYCORN\*, A BALLAD

THERE were 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 show'rs began to fall ;  
 John Barleycorn got up again,  
 And sore surpris'd them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,  
 And he grew thick and strong,  
 His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,  
 That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn 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 colour sicken'd more and more,  
He faded into age ;  
And then his enemies began  
To shew their deadly rage.

They've taen a weapon, long and sharp,  
And cut him by the knee ;  
Then ty'd him fast upon a cart,  
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,  
And cudgell'd him full sore ;  
They hung him up before the storm,  
And turn'd him o'er an o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit  
With water to the brim,  
They heaved in John Barleycorn,  
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,  
To work him farther woe,  
And still, as signs of life appear'd,  
'They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame,  
The marrow of his bones ;  
But a miller us'd him worst of all,  
For he crush'd him 'tween 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 woe ;  
'Twill heighten all his joy :  
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,  
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,  
 Each man a glass in hand ;  
 And may his great posterity  
 Ne'er fail in old Scotland !

---

### IMPROMPTU, ON MRS. —'S BIRTH-DAY.

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 suns no pleasure know ;  
 Night's horrid car drags, dreary, slow :  
 My dismal months no joys are crowning,  
 But spleeny English, hanging, drowning.

Now Jove for once be mighty civil,  
 To counterbalance all this evil ;  
 Give me, and I've no more to say,  
 Give me Maria's natal day !  
 That brilliant gift 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.

---

### ANSWER TO A SUPERVISOR'S MANDATE.

SIR, as your mandate did request,  
 I send you here a faithfu' list,  
 My horses, servants, carts and graith,  
 To which I'm free to take my aith.  
 Imprimis, then for carriage cattle,  
 I hae four brutes o' gallant mettle,  
 As ever drew before a pettle.  
 My *hand-afore*, a guid auld has been,  
 And wight and wilfu' a' his days seen ;



My *hand-a-hin*, a gude brown filly,  
 Wha aft has borne me safe frae Killie ;  
 And your auld borough mony a time,  
 In days when riding was nae crime :  
 My *fur-a-hin*, a guid, gray beast,  
 As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd :  
 The fourth, a Highland Donald hasty,  
 A d-mn'd red-wud, Kilburnie blastie.  
 For-by a cowte, of cowtes the wale,  
 As ever ran before a tail ;  
 An' he be spar'd to be a beast,  
 He'll draw me fifteen pund at least.

Wheel carriages I hae but few,  
 Three carts, and twa are feckly new ;  
 An auld wheel-barrow, mair for token,  
 Ae leg and baith the trams are broken ;  
 I made a poker o' the spindle,  
 And my auld mither brunt the trundle.  
 For men, I've three mischievous boys,  
 Run-deils for rantin and for noise ;  
 A gadsman ane, a thresher tother.  
 Wee Davoc hauds the nowte in fother.  
 I rule them as I ought discreetly,  
 And often labour them completely,  
 And ay on Sundays duly nightly,  
 I on the questions tairge them tightly,  
 'Till faith wee Davoc's grown sae gleg,  
 (Tho' scarcely langer than my leg)  
 He'll screed you off *effectual calling*,  
 As fast as ony in the dwelling.

I've nane in female servant station,  
 Lord keep me ay frae a' temptation !  
 I hae nae wife, and that my bliss is,  
 And ye hae laid nae tax on misses ;  
 For weans I'm mair than weel contented,  
 Heaven sent me ane mair than I wanted ;  
 My sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess,  
 She stares the daddie in her face,  
 Enough of ought ye like but grace.

}

But her, my bonny, sweet, wee lady,  
 I've said enough for her already,  
 And if ye tax her or her mither,  
 By the L—d ye'se get them a' thegither !

And now, remember, Mr. Aiken,  
 Nae kind of licence out I'm taking.  
 Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle,  
 E'er I sae dear pay for a saddle ;  
 I've sturdy stumps, the Lord be thank it !  
 And a' my gates on foot I'll shank it.

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

ROBERT BURNS.



## SKETCH. NEW YEAR'S DAY.

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

THIS day, Time winds th' exhausted chain,  
 To run the twelvemonth's length again :—  
 I see the old, bald-pated fellow,  
 With ardent eyes, complexion sallow,  
 Adjust th' 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? what do we here?  
 Or why regard the passing year?  
 Will time, amus'd with proverb'd lore,  
 Add to our date one minute more?  
 A few days may—a few years must—  
 Repose us in the silent dust.  
 Then is it wise to damp our bliss?  
 Yes—all such reasonings are amiss!  
 The voice of nature loudly cries,  
 And many a message from the skies  
 That something in us never dies:  
 That on this frail, uncertain state,  
 Hang matters of eternal weight;  
 That future-life in worlds unknown  
 Must take its hue from this alone:  
 Whether as heavenly glory bright,  
 Or dark as misery's woeful night—  
 Since then, my honor'd, first of friends,  
 On this poor being all depends;  
 Let us th' important *now* employ  
 And live as those who never die.  
 Tho' you with days and 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.

---

### EPITAPH 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 d——d!

TO MR. M<sup>r</sup> ADAM, OF CRAIGEN-GILLAN,

In answer to an obliging letter he sent in the commencement of  
my poetic career.

SIR, o'er a gill I gat your card,  
I trow it made me proud ;  
See wha taks notice o' the bard !  
I lap and cry'd fu' loud.

Now deil-ma-care about the jaw,  
The senseless, gawky million ;  
I'll cock my nose aboon them a',  
I'm roos'd by Craigen-Gillan !

'Twas noble, Sir ; 'twas like yoursel,  
To grant your high protection :  
A great man's smile ye ken fu' well,  
Is ay a blest infection.

Tho' by his\* banes wha in a tub  
Match'd Macedonian Sandy !  
On my ain legs thro' dirt and dub,  
I independent stand ay.—

And when those legs to gude, warm kail,  
Wi' welcome canna bear me ;  
A lee dyke-side, a sybow-tail,  
A barley-scone shall cheer me.

Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath  
O' mony flow'ry simmers !  
And bless your bonie lasses baith,  
I'm tald they're loosome kimmers !

And God bless young Dunaskin's laird,  
The blossom of our gentry !  
And may he wear an auld man's beard,  
A credit to his country.

\* Diogenes.

## ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RUISSEAUX\*.

NOW Robin lies in his last lair,  
 He 'll gabble rhyme, nor sing nae mair,  
 Cauld poverty wi' hungry stare,  
                                     Nae mair shall fear him ;  
 Nor anxious fear, nor cankert care  
                                     E'er mair come near him.

To tell the truth, they seldom fash't him,  
 Except the moment that they crush't him ;  
 For sune as chance or fate had husht 'em  
                                     Tho' e'er sae short,  
 Then wi' a rhyme or song he lash't 'em  
                                     And thought it sport.—

Tho' he was bred to kintra wark,  
 And counted was baith wight and stark,  
 Yet that was never Robin's mark  
                                     To mak a man ;  
 But tell him, he was learn'd and clark,  
                                     Ye roos'd him then !

## TO A YOUNG LADY.

WITH A PRESENT OF BOOKS.

THINE be the volumes Jessy fair,  
 And with them take the poet's prayer ;  
 That fate may in her fairest page,  
 With every kindest, best presage,  
 Of future bliss, enrol thy name :  
 With native worth, and spotless fame,  
 And wakeful caution still aware  
 Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare ;

\* *Ruisseaux*—a play on his own name.

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*.

## POETICAL ADDRESS TO Mr. Wm. TYTLER,

WITH THE PRESENT OF THE BARD'S PICTURE.

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.



## CALEDONIA.

*Tune*—"Caledonian Hunt's delight."

THERE was once a day, but old Time then was young,  
 That brave Caledonia, the chief of her line,  
 From some of your northern deities sprung,  
 (Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine ?)  
 From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,  
 To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would :  
 Her heavenly relations there fixed her reign,  
 And pledged their godheads to warrant it good.

A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,  
 The pride of her kindred, the heroine grew :  
 Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore,—  
 "Whoe'er shall provoke thee th' encounter shall rue !"  
 With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,  
 To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn,  
 But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort,  
 Her darling amusement the hounds and the horn.

Long quiet she reigned ! till thitherward steers  
 A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand : \*  
 Repeated successive for many long years,  
 They darken'd the air and they plunder'd the land ;  
 Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,  
 They conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside :  
 She took to her hills and her arrows let fly,  
 The daring invaders they fled or they died.

\* The Romans.

The fell Harpy-raven took wing from the north,  
 The scourge of the seas and the dread of the shore ;\*  
 The wild Scandinavian boar issued forth  
 To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore :†  
 O'er country and kingdoms their fury prevail'd,  
 No arts could appease them, no arms could repel ;  
 But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,  
 As Largs well can witness and Loncartie tell.‡

The Camelion-savage disturb'd her repose,  
 With tumult, disquiet, rebellion and strife ;  
 Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose,  
 And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life :§

The Anglian lion the terror of France,  
 Oft prowling ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver flood ;  
 But, taught by the bright Caledonian lance,  
 He learned to fear in his own native wood.

Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd and free,  
 Her bright course of glory forever shall run ,  
 For brave Caledonia immortal must be ;  
 I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun :  
 Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll chuse,  
 The upright is Chance, and old time is the base,  
 But brave Caledonia's the hypotenuse ;  
 The ergo she'll match them, and match them always.



### THE LAZY MIST.

The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,  
 Concealing the course of the dark winding rill ;  
 How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,  
 As autumn to winter resigns the pale year.

\* The Saxons.

† The Danes.

‡ Two famous battles in which the Danes or Norwegians were defeated.

§ The Highlanders of the isles.

The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,  
 And all the gay foppery of summer is flown;  
 Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,  
 How quick time is flying, how keen fate pursues;  
 How long I have liv'd—but how much liv'd in vain;  
 How little of life's scanty span may remain:  
 What aspects, old time, in his progress has worn;  
 What ties, cruel fate, in my bosom has torn.  
 How foolish, or worse, 'till our summit is gain'd!  
 And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how  
     pain'd!  
 This life 's not worth having with all it can give,  
 For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

---

## EXTEMPORE,

ON THE LATE MR. WILLIAM SMELLIE.

To Crochallan came  
 The old cock'd hat, the grey surtout, the same;  
 His bristling beard just rising in its might,  
 'Twas four long nights and days to shaving-night,  
 His uncomb'd grizzly locks wild staring, thatch'd,  
 A head for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd,  
 Yet tho' his caustic wit was biting, rude,  
 His heart was warm, benevolent and good.

---

## POETICAL INSCRIPTION,

FOR AN ALTAR TO INDEPENDENCE.

THOU of an independent mind  
 With soul resolv'd, with soul resign'd;  
 Prepar'd pow'rs 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.

}

## SENT TO A

## GENTLEMAN WHOM HE HAD OFFENDED.

THE friend whom wild from wisdom's way,  
 The fumes of wine infuriate send ;  
 (Not moony madness more astray)  
 Who but deplores that hapless friend ?

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

---

A verse composed and repeated by BURNS, to the Master of the house, on taking leave 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.

---

## SONNET, ON THE DEATH OF MR. RIDDEL.

No more, ye warblers of the wood, no more,  
 Nor pour your descant grating on my ear :  
 Thou young-eyed spring, thy charms I cannot bear ;  
 More welcome were to me grim winter's wildest roar.

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

## SONNET, ON HEARING A THRUSH SING

ON THE MORNING OF HIS BIRTH-DAY.

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 carrol clears his furrowed brow,

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

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

Yet come thou child of poverty and care,  
 The mite high heav'n bestow'd, that mite with thee I'll  
 share.

---

 EXTEMPORE.

ON REFUSING TO DINE WITH MR. S\*\*E,

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.

---

 TO MR. S\*\*E,

WITH A PRESENT OF A DOZEN OF PORTER.

O HAD the malt thy strength of mind,  
 Or hops the flavour of thy wit ;  
 'Twere drink for first of human kind,  
 A gift that e'en for S\*\*e were fit.

## SENT WITH A COPY OF HIS POEMS

## TO AN OLD SWEETHEART.

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 th' Atlantic's roar.

---

 TO THE OWL.

Sad bird of night, what sorrow calls thee forth,  
 To vent thy plaints thus in the midnight hour ?  
 Is it some blast that gathers in the north,  
 Threat'ning to nip the verdure of thy bow'r ?

Is it, sad owl, that autumn strips the shade,  
 And leaves thee here, unshelter'd and forlorn ?  
 Or fear that winter will thy nest invade ?  
 Or friendless melancholy bids thee mourn ?

Shut out, lone bird, from all the feather'd train,  
 To tell thy sorrows to th' unheeding gloom ;  
 No friend to pity when thou dost complain,  
 Grief all thy thought, and solitude thy home.

Sing on, sad mourner ! I will bless thy strain,  
 And pleas'd in sorrow listen to thy song :  
 Sing on, sad mourner ! to the night complain,  
 While the lone echo wafts thy notes along.

Is beauty less, when down the glowing cheek  
 Sad, piteous tears, in native sorrows fall ?  
 Less kind the heart when anguish bids it break ?  
 Less happy he who lists to pity's call ?



Ah no, sad owl ! nor is thy voice less sweet,  
 That sadness tunes it, and that grief is there ;  
 That spring's gay notes unskill'd, thou canst repeat ;  
 That sorrow bids thee to the gloom repair :

Nor that the treble songsters of the day,  
 Are quite estrang'd, sad bird of night ! from thee ;  
 Nor that the thrush deserts the evening spray,  
 When darkness calls thee from thy reverie.—

From some old tow'rs, thy melancholy dome,  
 While the gray walls and desert solitudes,  
 Return each note, responsive to the gloom  
 Of ivied coverts and surrounding woods ;

There hooting ; I will list more pleas'd to thee,  
 Than ever lover to the nightingale ;  
 Or drooping wretch, oppress'd with misery,  
 Lending his ear to some condoling tale.



### TO DR. BLACKLOCK.

Wow, but your letter made me vauntie !  
 And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie ?  
 I ken'd it still your wee bit jauntie,  
                     Wad bring ye to :  
 Lord send you 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 trouth,  
                     And bade nae better.

But aiblins honest master Heron,  
 Had at the time some dainty fair one,  
 To ware his theologic care on,  
                     And holy study ;  
 And tired o' sauls to waste his lear on,  
                     E'en tried the body.

But what d'ye think, my trusty fier,  
 I'm turn'd a gauger—Peace be here !  
 Parnassian queens, I fear, I fear,  
                                   Ye'll now disdain me,  
 And then my fifty pounds a year  
                                   Will little gain me.

Ye glaiket, gleesome, dainty damies,  
 Wha by Castalia's whimplin streamies,  
 Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies.  
                                   Ye ken, ye ken,  
 That strang necessity supreme is  
                                   'Mang sons o' men.

I hae a wife and twa wee laddies,  
 They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies ;  
 Ye ken yoursel my heart right proud is,  
                                   I need na vaunt,  
 But I'll sned besoms—thraw saugh woodies,\*  
                                   Before they want.

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

Come FIRM RESOLVE take thou the van,  
 Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man !  
 And let us mind faint heart ne'er wan  
                                   A lady fair :  
 Wae 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.

\* To twist withes.



## ON SEEING

## THE BEAUTIFUL SEAT OF LORD G.

What dost thou in that mansion fair?  
Flit G——— and find  
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,  
The picture of thy mind!

---

## EPITAPH ON FERGUSSON.

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.

## SONGS.



### THE FAREWELL, TO THE BRETHERN

OF ST. JAMES'S LODGE, TARBOLTON.

*Tune, ' Goodnight and joy be wi' you a."*

ADIEU ! a heart-warm, fond adieu !

Dear brothers of the *mystic tye* !

Ye favour'd, ye *enlighten'd* few,

Companions of my social joy !

Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,

Pursuing fortune's slidd'ry ba',

With melting heart and brimful eye,

I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'.

Oft have I met your social band,

And spent the cheerful festive night ;

Oft, honour'd with supreme command,

Presided o'er the *sons o' light* :

And by that *hieroglyphic* bright,

Which none but *craftsmen* ever saw !

Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write

Those happy scenes when far awa' !

May freedom, harmony and love,

Unite you in the *grand design*,

Beneath th' omniscient eye above,

The glorious *Architect* divine !

That you may keep th' *unerring line*,

Still rising by the *plummet's law*,

Till *order* bright completely shine,

Shall be my prayer when far awa'

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



## 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 fallow.  
 In poortith I might mak a fen:  
 What care I in riches to wallow,  
 If I mauna marry Tam Glen.

There's Lowrie the Laird o' Dumeller,  
 "Gude day to you," brute! he comes ben;  
 He brags and he blows 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 gude hunder marks ten:  
 But, if its 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 Hallowe'en I was waukin  
 My droukit-sark sleeve, as ye ken ;  
 His likeness cam up the house staukin,  
 And the very grey breeks o' Tam glen !

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



### COUNTRY LASSIE.

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

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

For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,  
 I dinna care a single flie ;  
 He loes sae well his craps and kye  
 He has nae love to spare for me :  
 But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,  
 And weel I wat he lo'es me dear :  
 Ae blink o' him I wad na 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' wilfu' 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 pcor Robie and I,  
 Light is the burden love lays on ;  
 Content and love brings peace and joy,  
 What mair hae queens upon a throne ?



### 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 glimmering planet fix  
 My worship to its ray ?

## THE POSIE.

O LUVE will venture in, where it daur na weel be  
seen,

O luve will venture in where wisdom ance has been ;  
But I will down yon river rove, amang the wood sae  
green,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE.

WILT thou be my dearie ;  
When sorrow wrings the 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 chuse me ;  
Let me, lassie, quickly die,  
Trusting that thou lo'es me.  
Lassie, let me quickly die,  
Trusting that thou lo'es me.

## A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALKS.

A ROSE-bud by my early walks,  
Adown a corn-inclosed 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,  
 Awak the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany 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  
 Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,  
 And bless the parent's evening ray  
 That watch'd thy early morning.

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### BESS AND HER SPINNING WHEEL.

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

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,  
 And echo cons the doolfu' tale ;  
 The lintwhites in the hazel braes,  
 Delighted rival ither's lays :

The craik amang the clover hay,  
 The paitrick whirrin o'er the ley,  
 The swallow jinkin round my shiel,  
 Amuse me at my spinnin wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell and less to buy,  
 Aboon distreess, below envy,  
 O wha wad leave this humble state,  
 For a' the pride of a' the great?  
 Amid their flaring, idle toys,  
 Amid their cumb'rous dinsome joys,  
 Can they the peace and pleasure feel  
 Of Bessy at her spinnin wheel!



## O WHAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN.

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

If angry fate is sworn my foe,  
And suffering I am doom'd to bear !  
I careless quit aught else below,  
But spare me, spare me Lucy dear.

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

---

### A RED, RED ROSE.

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

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

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

And fare thee weel, my only luv !  
And fare thee weel, a while !  
And I will come again, my luv,  
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

## SONG.

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

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

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



## EVAN BANKS.

SLOW spreads the gloom my soul desires,  
The sun from India's shore retires ;  
To Evan Banks, with temp'rate ray,  
Home of my youth, he leads the day.  
Oh banks to me forever dear !  
Oh streams whose murmurs still I hear !

All, all my hopes of bliss reside  
Where Evan mingles with the Clyde.

And she, in simple beauty drest,  
Whose image lives within my breast ;  
Who trembling heard my parting sigh,  
And long pursued me with her eye ;  
Does she, with heart unchang'd as mine,  
Oft in the vocal bowers recline ?  
Or where yon grot o'erhangs the tide,  
Muse while the Evan seeks the Clyde ?—

Ye lofty banks that Evan bound !  
Ye lavish woods that wave around,  
And o'er the stream your shadows throw,  
Which sweetly winds so far below ;  
What secret charm to mem'ry brings,  
All that on Evan's border springs ?  
Sweet banks ! ye bloom by Mary's side :  
Blest stream ! she views thee haste to Clyde.—

Can all the wealth of India's coast  
Atone for years in absence lost ?  
Return, ye moments of delight,  
With richer treasures bless my sight !  
Swift from this desert let me part,  
And fly to meet a kindred heart !  
Nor more may ought my steps divide  
From that dear stream which flows to Clyde.—



### PATRIOTIC SONG—*Unfinished.*

HERE 'S a health to them that 's awa,  
Here 's a health to them that 's awa ;  
And wha winna wish gude luck to our cause,  
May never gude luck be their fa' !  
It 's gude to be merry and wise,  
It 's gude to be honest and true,  
It's gude to support Caledonia's cause,  
And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here 's a health to them that 's awa,  
 Here 's a health to them that 's awa ;  
 Here 's a health to Charlie, the chief o' the clan,  
 Altho' that his band be sma'.  
 May liberty meet wi' success !  
 May prudence protect her frae evil !  
 May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,  
 And wander their way to the devil !

Here 's a health to them that 's awa,  
 Here 's a health to them that 's awa,  
 Here 's a health to Tammie, the Norland laddie,  
 That lives at the lug o' the law !  
 Here 's freedom to him, that wad read,  
 Here 's freedom to him, that wad write !  
 There 's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,  
 But they wham the truth wad indite.

Here 's a health to them that 's awa,  
 Here 's a health to them that 's awa,  
 Here 's Chieftain M'Leod, a chieftain worth gowd,  
 Tho' bred amang mountains o' snaw !

\* \* \* \*

## SONG.

Now bank an' brae are claith'd in green,  
 An' scatter'd cowslips sweetly spring,  
 By Girvan's fairy haunted stream  
 The birdies flit on wanton wing.  
 To Cassillis' banks when e'ening fa's  
 There wi' my Mary let me flee,  
 There catch her ilka glance of love  
 The bonie blink o' Mary's e'e !

The cheil wha boast o' world's walth,  
 Is aften laird o' meikle care ;  
 But Mary she is a' my ain,  
 Ah, fortune canna gie me mair !

Then let me range by Cassillis' banks,  
Wi' her the lassie dear to me,  
And catch her ilka glance o' love,  
The bonie blink o' Mary's e'e!

---

## THE BONIE LAD THAT'S FAR AWA.

O HOW can I be blythe and glad,  
Or how can I gang brisk and braw,  
When the bonie lad that I lo'e best  
Is o'er the hills and far awa?

Its no the frosty winter wind,  
Its no the driving drift and snaw;  
But ay the tear comes in my e'e,  
To think on him that's far awa.

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

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

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

---

## SONG.

Out over the Forth I look to the north,  
But what is the north and its Highlands to me?  
The south nor the east gie ease to my breast,  
The far foreign land, or the wild rolling sea.

But I look to the west, when I gae to rest,  
 That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be ;  
 For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,  
 The lad that is dear to my babie and me.



## LINES ON A PLOUGHMAN.

As I was a wand'ring ae morning in spring,  
 I heard a young Ploughman sae sweetly to sing,  
 And as he was singin' thir words he did say,  
 There 's nae life like the Ploughman in the month o'  
 sweet May.—

The lav'rock in the morning she 'll rise frae her nest,  
 And mount to the air wi' the dew on her breast,  
 And wi' the merry Ploughman she 'll whistle and sing,  
 And at night she 'll return to her nest back again.



## WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T,

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

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

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

Wha I wish were Maggot's meat,  
 Dish'd up in her winding sheet,  
 I could write—but Meg wad see 't—  
 Whistle o'er the lave o't—



## I 'LL AY CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

I 'll ay ca' in by yon town,  
 And by yon garden green, again ;  
 I 'll ay ca' in by yon town,  
 And see my bonie Jean again.

Ther 's nane sall ken, there 's nane sall guess,  
 What brings me back the gate again,  
 But she my fairest faithfu' lass,  
 And stownlins we sall meet again.

She 'll wander by the aiken tree,  
 When trystin-time draws near again ;  
 And when her lovely form I see,  
 O haith; she 's doubly dear again !

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 YOUNG JOCKEY.

YOUNG Jockey was the blythest lad  
 In a' our town or here awa ;  
 Fu' blythe he whistled at the gaud,  
 Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha' !  
 He roos'd my e'en sae bonie blue,  
 He roos'd my waist sae genty sma ;  
 An' ay my heart came to my mou,  
 When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,  
 Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw ;  
 And o'er the lee I leuk fu' fain  
 When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'.  
 An' ay the night comes round again,  
 When in his arms he taks me a' ;  
 An' ay he vows he 'll be my ain  
 As lang as he has breath to draw.

## M'PHERSON'S FAREWEL.

FAREWEL ye dungeons dark and strong,  
The wretch's destinie !

M'Pherson's time will not be long,  
On yonder gallows tree.

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,  
Sae dauntingly gaed he ;  
He play'd a spring and danc'd it round,  
Below the gallows tree.

Oh, what is death but parting breath ?—

On mony a bloody plain  
I 've dar'd his face, and in this place  
I scorn him yet again !

Sae rantingly, &c.

Untie these bands from off my hands,  
And bring to me my sword ;  
And there's no a man in all Scotland,  
But I 'll brave him at a word.

Sae rantingly, &c.

I 've liv'd a life of sturt and strife ;  
I die by treacherie :  
It burns my heart I must depart  
And not avenged be.

Sae rantingly, &c.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,  
And all beneath the sky !

May coward shame distain his name,  
The wretch that dares not die !

Sae rantingly, &c.



## SONG.

Powers celestial, whose protection  
Ever guards the virtuous fair,  
While in distant climes I wander,  
Let my Mary be your care :

Let her form sae fair and faultless,  
Fair and faultless as your own ;  
Let my Mary's kindred spirit,  
Draw your choicest influence down.

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

---

### YOUNG PEGGY.

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

Her lips more than the cherries bright,  
A richer die has grac'd them,  
They charm th' admiring gazer's sight  
And sweetly tempt to taste them :  
Her smile is as the ev'ning mild,  
When feather'd pairs are courting,  
And little lambkins wanton wild,  
In playful bands disporting.

Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,  
Such sweetness would relent her,  
As blooming spring unbends the brow,  
Of surly, savage winter.

Detraction's eye no aim can gain  
Her winning pow'rs to lessen :  
And fretful envy grins in vain,  
The poison'd tooth to fasten.

Ye pow'rs of Honor, Love, and Truth,  
From ev'ry ill defend her ;  
Inspire the highly favor'd youth  
The destinies intend her :  
Still fan the sweet connubial flame  
Responsive in each bosom ;  
And bless the dear parental name  
With many a filial blossom.



### 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 lawping thy screaming forbear,  
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,  
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills ;  
Their daily I wander as noon rises high,  
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green vallies below,  
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow ;  
There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,  
The sweet scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy chrystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,  
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides ;  
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,  
As gathering sweet flowerets 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.

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### 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 so wild,  
And I were ne'er so 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 ;  
Gie me the hour o' gloamin grey,  
It maks my heart sae cheery, O,  
To meet thee on the lea-rig,  
My ain kind dearie, O.

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### DOWN THE BURN DAVIE.

AS down the burn they took their way,  
And thro' the flowery dale ;  
His cheek to hers he aft did lay,  
And love was ay the tale.

With " Mary, when, shall we return,  
Sic pleasures to renew ?"  
Quoth Mary, " Love, I like the burn,  
And ay shall follow you."

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## WHEN WILD WAR'S DEADLY BLAST, &c.

*Air*—" THE MILL MILL O."

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,  
And gentle peace returning,  
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,  
And mony a widow mourning ;  
I left the lines and tented field,  
Where lang I'd been a lodger,  
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,  
A poor and honest sodger.

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

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

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,  
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,  
O ! happy, happy may he be,  
That's dearest to thy bosom :



My purse is light, I've far to gang,  
And fain wad be thy lodger ;  
I've serv'd my king and countra 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—  
Synne pale like ony lily ;  
She sank within my arms and cried,  
Art thou my ain dear Willie ?  
By him who made you 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 mailin 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.

## TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU lingering star, with less'ning ray,  
That lov'st to greet the early morn,  
Again thou usher'st in the day  
My Mary from my soul was torn.

O Mary! dear departed shade!  
Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,  
Can I forget the hallowed grove,  
Where by the winding Ayr we met,  
To live one day of parting love!

Eternity will not efface,  
Those records dear of transports past;  
Thy image at our last embrace;  
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,  
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;  
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,  
'Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,  
The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,  
'Till too, too soon the glowing west,  
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,  
And fondly broods with miser care;  
Time but the impression deeper makes,  
As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary dear departed shade!  
Where is thy blissful place of rest?  
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

## FAIR JENNY.

“ *Tune*—“ SAW YE MY FATHER ?”

Where are the joys I have met in the morning,  
That danc'd to the lark's early song ?  
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,  
At evening the wild woods among ?

No more a' winding the course of yon river,  
And marking sweet flow'rets so fair ;  
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,  
But sorrow and sad-sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaken our vallies,  
And grim surly winter is near ?  
No, no, the bees humming round the gay roses,  
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,  
Yet lang, lang too well have I known,  
All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,  
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,  
Nor hope dare a comfort bestow :  
Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,  
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.



## SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

WILLIE Wastle dwelt on Tweed,  
The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie,  
Willie was a wabster gude,  
Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony bodie ;  
He had a wife was dour and din,  
O Tinkler Madgie was her mither ;  
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 colour ;  
 Five rusty teeth forbye a stump,  
 A clapper tongue wad deave a miller ;  
 A whiskin beard about her mou,  
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither ;  
 Sic a wife, &c.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hein shinn'd,  
 Ae limpin 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 baudrans by the ingle sits,  
 An' wi' her loof her face a washin ;  
 But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,  
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion ;  
 Her walie nieves like midden-creels,  
 Her face wad fyle the Logan-water ;  
 Sic a wife as Willie had,  
 I wad na gie a button for her.



### SONG—TUNE—*Logan Water.*

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

Again the merry month o' May,  
 Has made our hills and vallies gay ;

The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,  
 The bees hum round the breathing flowers :  
 Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,  
 And evening's tears are tears of joy :  
 My soul delightless, a' surveys,  
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,  
 Amang her nestlings sits the thrush ;  
 Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,  
 Or wi' his 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 of state,  
 That brethren rouse to deadly hate !  
 As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,  
 Sae may it on your heads return !  
 How can your flinty hearts enjoy,  
 The widow's tears the orphan's cry ;  
 But soon may peace bring happy days  
 And Willie hame to Logan braes !

---

### SONG.

'T WAS na her bonie blue e'e was my ruin ;  
 Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoing :  
 'T was the dear smile when naebody did mind us,  
 'T was the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me.  
 Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me ;  
 But tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever,  
 Queen she shall be in my bosom for ever.

Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,  
 And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest :  
 And thou 'rt the angel that never can alter.  
 Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.

## SHE SAYS SHE LO'ES ME BEST OF A'.

SAE flaxen were her ringlets,  
 Her eyebrows of a darker hue,  
 Bewitchingly o'er-arching  
 Twa laughing een o' bonie blue.  
 Her smiling sae wyling,  
 Wad make a wretch forget his woe;  
 What pleasure, what treasure,  
 Unto these rosy lips to grow:  
 Such was my Chloris' bonie face,  
 When first her bonie face I saw,  
 And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,  
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion;  
 Her pretty ancle is a spy  
 Betraying fair proportion,  
 Wad make a saint forget the sky.  
 Sae warming, sae charming,  
 Her faultless form and gracefu' air;  
 Ilk feature—auld nature  
 Declar'd that she could do nae mair:  
 Her's are the willing chains o' love,  
 By conquering beauty's sovereign law;  
 And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,  
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,  
 And gaudy shew at sunny noon;  
 Gie me the lonely valley,  
 The dewy eve, and rising moon  
 Fair beaming, and streaming,  
 Her silver light the boughs amang;  
 While falling, recalling,  
 The amorous thrush concludes his sang:  
 There dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove  
 By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,  
 And hear my vows o' truth and love,  
 And say thou lo'es me best of a'.



SONG—TUNE—*Humours of Glen.*

Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,  
 Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume,  
 Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,  
 Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom :  
 Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,  
 Where the blue bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen :  
 For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,  
 A listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny vallies,  
 And cauld CALEDONIA's blast on the wave ;  
 Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,  
 What are they ? The haunt o' the tyrant and slave ;  
 The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,  
 The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain ;  
 He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,  
 Save Love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.

---

 LORD GREGORY.

O MIRK, mirk is this midnight hour,  
 And loud the tempest's roar.  
 A wae fu' wanderer seeks thy tower,  
 Lord Gregory ope thy door.

An exile frae her father's ha',  
 And a' for loving thee ;  
 At least some pity on me shaw,  
 If love it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,  
 By bonie Irwine-side,  
 Where first I own'd that virgin-love  
 I lang, lang had denied.

How aften didst thou pledge and vow,  
 Thou wad for ay be mine :  
 And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,  
 It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,  
 And flinty is thy breast :  
 Thou dart of heav'n that flashest by,  
 O wilt thou give me rest !

Ye mustering thunders from above  
 Your willing victim sec !  
 But spare, and pardon my fause love,  
 His wrangs to heaven and me

---

### MY NANIE'S AWA.

Now in her green mantle blythe nature arrays,  
 And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,  
 While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw ;  
 But to me its delightless—my Nanie's awa.

'The snaw-drap and prinrose our woodlands adorn,  
 And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn ;  
 They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,  
 They mind me o' Nanie—and Nanie's awa.

'Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dewes of the lawn,  
 The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,  
 And thou mellow mavis that hails the night fa',  
 Give over for pity—my Nanie's awa.

Come autumn sae pensive, in yellow and grey,  
 And soothe me wi' tidings o' nature's decay :  
 The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,  
 Alane can delight me—now Nanie's awa.

---

### BALLAD—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 e'en,  
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, himself for the laird,  
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers :  
I never loot on that I kend 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 go near her !  
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,  
Guess ye how, the jad ! I could bear her, could bear  
her,  
Guess ye how, the jad ! I could bear her.

But a' the niest week as I fretted wi' care,  
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,  
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there,  
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock.  
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,  
Least neebors might say I was saucy ;  
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,  
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,  
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,  
Gin she had recover'd her hearin,  
And how her new shoon fit her auld shackl't feet,  
But, heavens ! how he fell a swearin, a swearin,  
But, heavens ! how he fell a swearin.

He begged, for Gudesake ! I wad be his wife,  
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow :  
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life  
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,  
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

## MEG O' THE MILL.

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 claute o' siller,  
 And broken the heart o' the barley Miller.

The Miller was strappin, the Miller was ruddy:  
 A heart like a lord and a hue like a lady:  
 The laird was a widdiefu', bleerit knurl;  
 She's left the gude-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's fix'd on a mailin!  
 A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle,  
 But, gie me my love, and a fig for the warl!

---

 SONG.

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

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

## AULD ROB MORRIS.

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

She 's fîesh as the morning, the fairest in May ;  
 She 's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay ;  
 As blythe 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 unaunna 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 a 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 !

---

 THE BANKS O' DOON.

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

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

---

### WAE IS MY HEART.

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

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

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

---

### FAIR ELIZA. A GAELIC AIR.

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



Thee, dear maid, have I offended?  
The offence is loving thee :  
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,  
Wha for thine wad gladly die !  
While the life beats in my bosom,  
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe :  
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,  
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.

---

## MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

MUSING on the roaring ocean,  
Which divides my love and me ;  
Wearying heaven in warm devotion,  
For his weel 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 !

## SONG. COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

NOW westlin winds, and slaught'ring guns  
Bring autumn's pleasant weather ;  
The moorcock springs, on whirring wings,  
Amang the blooming heather :  
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,  
Delights the weary farmer ;  
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,  
To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells ;  
The plover loves the mountains ;  
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells ;  
The soaring hern the fountains :  
Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves  
The path of man to shun it ;  
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,  
The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,  
The savage and the tender ;  
Some social join, and leagues combine ;  
Some solitary wander :  
Avaunt, away ! the cruel sway,  
Tyrannic man's dominion ;  
The sportman's joy, the murd'ring cry,  
The flutt'ring, gory pinion ;

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

We 'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,  
While the silent moon shines clearly ;  
I 'll grasp thy waist, and fondly press 't,  
Swear how I love thee dearly :

Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,  
 Nor autumn to the farmer,  
 So dear can be as thou to me,  
 My fair, my lovely charmer !

---

SONG.

JOCKY 'S ta'en the parting kiss,  
 O'er the mountains he is gane :  
 And with him is a' my bliss,  
 Nought but griefs with me remain.

Spare my luv ye winds that blaw,  
 Plashy sleets and beating rain !  
 Spare my luv thou feathery snaw,  
 Drifting o'er the frozen plain.

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

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

---

SHE 'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

SHE 'S fair and fause that causes my smart,  
 I loed her meikle and lang ;  
 She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart  
 And I may e'en gae hang.  
 A coof cam in wi' rowth o' gear,  
 And I hae tint my dearest dear,  
 But women is but world's gear,  
 Sae let the bonnie lassie gang.

Whae'er ye be that women love,  
 To this be never blind,  
 Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,  
 A woman has't by kind:  
 O woman lovely, woman fair;  
 An angel form's faun to thy share,  
 'Twad been o'er meikle to gien thee mair,  
 I mean an angel mind.

---

SONG—TUNE—*Corn Rigs are bonnie.*

It was upon a lammas night,  
 When corn rigs are bonnie,  
 Beneath the moon's unclouded light,  
 I held awa to Annie:  
 The time flew by wi' tentless heed,  
 'Till 'tween the late and early;  
 Wa' sma' persuasion she agreed,  
 To see me thro' the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,  
 The moon was shining clearly!  
 I set her down wi' right good will,  
 Amang the rigs o' barley;  
 I 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 blessing 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 blythe wi' comrades dear ;  
I hae been merry drinkin ;  
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gaer ;  
I hae been happy thinking :  
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,  
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,  
That happy night was worth them a'  
Amang the rigs o' barley.

## CHORUS.

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

---

SONG.

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

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

'Tis not the surging billows roar,  
'Tis not that fatal deadly shore ;  
Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,  
The wretched have no more to fear :

But round my heart the ties are bound,  
 That heart transpierc'd with many a wound !  
 These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,  
 To leave the bonnie banks of *Ayr*.

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

---

### O, WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL.

O WERE I on Parnassus' hill  
 Or had of Helicon my fill ;  
 That I might catch poetic skill,  
     To sing how dear I love thee.  
 But Nith maun be my Muse's well,  
 My muse maun be thy bonnie sell ;  
 On Corsincon I 'll glowr 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 coudna sing, I coudna say,  
     How much, how dear, I love thee.  
 I see thee dancing o'er the green,  
 Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,  
 Thy tempting lips, thy roguish e'en—  
     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.



Tho' I were doomed to wander on,  
 Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,  
 'Till my last weary sand was run ;  
 'Till then—and then I love thee.

---

### THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,  
 The flower's decay'd on Catrine lee,  
 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 while,  
 And ay the wild-wood echoes rang,  
 Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle.

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

---

### THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

DOES haughty Gaul invasion threat ?  
 Then let the loons beware, sir,  
 There's wooden walls upon our seas,  
 And volunteers on shore sir.  
 The Nith shall run to Corsincon,  
 And Criffel sink in Solway,  
 E'er 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 loon  
 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  
 But deil a foreign tinkler loon  
 Shall ever ca' a nail in 't.  
 Our fathers blude the kettle bought,  
 And wha wad dare to spoil it ;  
 By heaven the sacrilegious 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 hang'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.

---

### SONG.

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

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

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

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

---

### A MAN'S A MAN, FOR A' THAT.

IS there for honest poverty,  
Wha hangs his head and a' that ?  
The coward slave we pass him by,  
And dare be poor for a' that.  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Our toils obscure, an' a' that,  
The rank is but the guinea stamp,  
The man's the gowd, for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,  
Wear hodden grey, and a' that ?  
Gie fools their silk, and knaves their wine,  
A man's a man, for a' that.  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Their tinsel show, an' a' that ;  
An honest man, though ne'er sae poor,  
Is chief 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 cuif for a' that.  
For a' that, and a' that,  
His ribband, star, and a' that ;  
A man of independent mind,  
Can look, and laugh at a' that.

The king can mak' a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, and a' that,  
An honest man's aboon his might,  
Gude faith he manna fa' that !  
For a' that, and a' that,  
His dignities and a' that !  
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,  
Are grander far than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,  
As come it shall for a' that ;  
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,  
Shall bear the gree, and a' that ;  
For a' that, and a' that,  
It's coming yet, for a' that ;  
Whan man to man, the warld o'er,  
Shall brothers be, and a' that.



### CHARMING NANCY.

Some sing of sweet Mally, some sing of fair Nelly,  
And some call sweet Susie the cause of their pain :  
Some love to be jolly, some love melancholy,  
And some love to sing of the Humours of Glen.  
But my only fancy, is my pretty Nancy,  
In venting my passion, I'll strive to be plain,  
I'll ask no more treasure, I'll seek no more pleasure,  
But thee, my dear Nancy, gin thou wert my ain.

Her beauty delights me, her kindness invites me,  
Her pleasant behaviour is free from all stain,  
Therefore my sweet jewel, O do not prove cruel,  
Consent my dear Nancy, and come be my ain :  
Her carriage is comely, her language is homely,  
Her dress is quite decent when ta'en in the main ;  
She's blooming in feature, she's handsome in stature,  
My charming dear Nancy, O wert thou my ain.

Like Phœbus adorning the fair ruddy morning,  
 Her bright eyes are sparkling, her brows are serene,  
 Her yellow locks shining, in beauty combining,  
 My charming, sweet Nancy, wilt thou be my ain?  
 The whole of her face is with maidenly graces  
 Array'd like the gowans, that grow in yon glen,  
 She's well shap'd and slender, true hearted and tender,  
 My charming, sweet Nancy, O wert thou my ain!

I'll seek thro' the nation for some habitation,  
 To shelter my jewel from cold, snow, and rain,  
 With songs to my deary, I'll keep her ay cheary,  
 My charming, sweet Nancy, gin thou wert my ain,  
 I'll work at my calling to furnish thy dwelling,  
 With ev'ry thing needful thy life to sustain,  
 Thou shalt not sit single, but by a clear ingle,  
 I'll marrow thee, Nancy, when thou art my ain.

I'll make true affection the constant direction  
 Of loving my Nancy while life doth remain:  
 Tho' youth will be wasting, true love shall be lasting,  
 My charming sweet Nancy, gin thou wert my ain.  
 But what if my Nancy should alter her fancy,  
 To favor another be forward and fain,  
 I will not compel her, but plainly I'll tell her,  
 Begone thou false Nancy, thou'se ne'er be my ain.



### SONG—TUNE—*Jo Janet.*

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

“ One of two must still obey,  
 “ Nancy, Nancy,  
 “ Is it man or woman, say,  
 “ My spouse Nancy?”

If 'tis still the lordly word,  
Service and obedience ;  
I'll desert my sov'reign lord,  
And so good b'ye allegiance.

“ Sad will I be, so bereft,  
“ Nancy, Nancy,  
“ Yet I'll try to make a shift,  
“ My spouse Nancy.”

My poor heart then break it must,  
My last hour I'm near it :  
When you lay me in the dust,  
Think, think how you will bear it.

“ I will hope and trust in heaven,  
“ Nancy, Nancy ;  
“ Strength to bear it will be given,  
“ My spouse Nancy.”

Well, sir, from the silent dead,  
Still I'll try to daunt you ;  
Ever round your midnight bed  
Horrid sprites shall haunt you.

“ I'll wed another, like my dear,  
“ Nancy, Nancy ;  
“ Then all hell will fly for fear,  
“ My spouse Nancy.



### HIGHLAND MARY.—TUNE—*Catharine Ogie.*

YE banks, and braes, and streams around,  
The castle o' Montgomery,  
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers  
Your waters never drumlie !  
Their simmer first unfauld her robes,  
And there the langest tarry ;  
For there I took the last fareweel  
O' my sweet Highland Mary.



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

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

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



### 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 blythest bird upon the bush,  
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

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

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

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,  
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down ;  
And lang e're witless Jeanie wist,  
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream,  
The moon-beam 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 what her ail might be,  
Or what wad mak her weel again.

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

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

O Jeanie fair, I loe thee dear ;  
O canst thou think to fancy me !  
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,  
And learn to tent the farms wi' me.

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

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

---

### SCOTTISH SONG.

O BONIE was yon rosy brier,  
 That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man ;  
 And bonie she, and ah, how dear !  
 It shaded frae the e'enin sun.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew  
 How pure, amang the leaves sae green ;  
 But purer was the lover's vow  
 They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,  
 That crimson rose, how sweet and fair !  
 But love is far a sweeter flower  
 Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,  
 Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine ;  
 And I the world, nor wish, nor scorn,  
 Its joys and griefs alike resign.

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### SONG—TUNE—" *Deil tak the wars.*"

MARK yonder pomp of costly fashion,  
 Round the wealthy, titled bride :  
 But when compar'd with real passion,  
 Poor is all that princely pride.  
 What are their showy treasures ?  
 What are their noisy pleasures ?

The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art :  
 The polish'd jewel's blaze,  
 May draw the wond'ring gaze,  
 And courtly grandeur bright,  
 The fancy may delight,  
 But never, never can come near the heart.

But did you see my dearest Chloris,  
 In simplicity's array ;  
 Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,  
 Shrinking from the gaze of day.  
 O then, the heart alarming,  
 And all resistless charming,  
 In Love's delightful fetters she chains the willing soul :  
 Ambition would disown  
 The world's imperial crown,  
 Even Av'rice would deny,  
 His worshipp'd deity,  
 And feel thro' every vein Love's rapture roll.

---

## ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

How can my poor heart be glad,  
 When absent from my sailor lad ;  
 How can I the thought forego,  
 He's on the seas to meet the foe :  
 Let me wander, let me rove,  
 Still my heart is with my love ;  
 Nightly dreams and thoughts by day  
 Are with him that's far away.

### CHORUS.

On the seas and far away,  
 On stormy seas and far away ;  
 Nightly dreams and thoughts by day  
 Are ay with him that's far away.

When in summer's noon I faint,  
 As weary flocks around me pant,

Hap'ly in this scorching sun  
 My sailor's thundering at his gun :  
 Bullets, spare my only joy !  
 Bullets spare my darling boy !  
 Fate do with me what you may,  
 Spare but him that's far away !

On the seas, &c.

At the starless midnight hour,  
 When winter rules with boundless power ;  
 As the storms the forests tear,  
 And thunders rend the howling air,  
 Listening to the doubling roar,  
 Surging on the rocky shore,  
 All I can—I weep and pray,  
 For his weal that's far away.

On the seas, &c.

Peace thy olive wand extend,  
 And bid wild war his ravage end,  
 Man with brother man to meet,  
 And as a brother kindly greet :  
 Then may heaven with prosp'rous gales,  
 Fill my sailor's welcome sails,  
 To my arms their charge convey,  
 My dear lad that's far away.

On the seas, &c.

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## SONG OF DEATH.

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

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

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



### JESSIE—TUNE—" *Bonie Dundee.*"

TRUE hearted was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,  
 And fair are the maids on the banks o' the Ayr,  
 But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river,  
 Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair :  
 To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all over ;  
 To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain,  
 Grace, beauty, and elegance fetter her lover,  
 And maidenly modesty fixes the chain,

O fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning,  
 And sweet is the lily at evening close ;  
 But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,  
 Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.  
 Love sits in her smile, a wizzard ensnaring ;  
 Enthron'd in her een he delivers his law :  
 And still to her charms she alone is a stranger,  
 Her modest demeanor's the jewel of a'.



### SONG.

BY Allan-stream I chanc'd to rove,  
 While Phœbus sank beyond Benleddi,  
 The winds were whispering thro' the grove,  
 The yellow corn was waving ready :



I listen'd to a lover's sang,  
And thought on youthfu' pleasures mony ;  
And ay the wild-wood echoes rang—  
O dearly do I lo'e thee Annie.

O happy be the woodbine bower,  
Nae nightly bogle mak it eerie ;  
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,  
The place and time I met my dearie !  
Her head upon my throbbing breast,  
She, sinking said, " I'm thine forever !"  
While mony a kiss the seal imprest,  
The sacred vow we ne'er should sever.

The haunt o' spring 's, the primrose brae,  
The simmer joys the flocks to follow ;  
How cheery thro' her shortening day,  
Is autumn in her weeds o' yellow ;  
But can they melt the glowing heart,  
Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure,  
Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart,  
Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure.

---

### THE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.

'T WAS even—the dewy fields were green,  
On every blade the pearls hang ;  
The Zephyr wantoned round the bean,  
And bore its fragrant sweets along :  
In every glen the mavis sang,  
All nature listening seemed the while,  
Except when green-wood echoes rang  
Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward strayed,  
My heart rejoiced in nature's joy,  
When musing in a lonely glade,  
A maiden fair I chanced to spy ;

Her look was like the morning's eye,  
Her air like nature's vernal smile,  
Perfection whispered passing by,  
Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!

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

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

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

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### 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 empurpled bands:

These, their richly gleaming waves,  
 I leave to tyrants and their slaves;  
 Give me the stream that sweetly laves  
     The banks by Castle Gordon.

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

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



SONG—TUNE—*The king of France he rode a race.*

Amang the trees where humming bees  
 At buds and flowers were hinging, O  
 Auld Caledon drew out her drone,  
 And to her pipe was singing; O  
 'Twas Pibroch, sang, strathspey, or reels,  
 She dir'd them aff, fu' clearly, O  
 When there cam a yell o' foreign squeels,  
 That dang her tapsalteerie, O—

Their capon craws and queer ha ha's,  
 They made our lugs grow eerie, O  
 The hungry bike did scrape and pike  
 'Till we were wae and weary O;

But a royal ghaist wha ance was cas'd  
 A prisoner aughteen year awa,  
 He fir'd a fiddler in the North  
 That dang them tapsalteerie, O.

---

SONG—TUNE—*Braes o' Balquhiddar,*

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

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

I'll kiss thee, &c.

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

I'll kiss thee, &c.

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

I'll kiss thee, &c.

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SONG—TUNE—*The Weaver and his Shuttle, O.*

My Father was a Farmer upon the Carrick border O,  
 And carefully he bred me in decency and order, O  
 He bade me act a manly part, though I had ne'er a far-  
 thing, O  
 For without an honest manly heart, no man was worth  
 regarding, O.

Then out into the world my course I did determine, O  
Tho' to be rich was not my wish, yet to be great was  
charming, O

My talents they were not the worst, nor yet my educa-  
tion: O

Resolv'd was I, at least to try, to mend my situation, O.

In many a way, and vain essay, I courted fortune's favor;  
O

Some cause unseen, still stept between, to frustrate each  
endeavour; O

Sometimes by foes I was o'erpower'd; sometimes by  
friends forsaken; O

And when my hope was at the top, I still was worst mis-  
taken, O.

Then sore harass'd, and tir'd at last, with fortune's vain  
delusion; O

I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams, and came to this  
conclusion; O

The past was bad, and the future hid; its good or ill un-  
tryed; O

But the present hour was in my pow'r, and so I would  
enjoy it, O.

Nor help, nor hope, nor view had I; nor person to be-  
friend me; O

So I must toil, and sweat and broil, and labor to sustain  
me, O

To plough and sow, to reap and mow, my father bred me  
early; O

For one, he said, to labor bred, was a match for fortune  
fairly, O.

Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor, thro' life I'm  
doom'd to wander, O

Till down my weary bones I lay in everlasting slumber: O

No view nor care, but shun whate'er might breed me  
pain or sorrow; O

I live to day, as well 's I may, regardless of to-morrow;  
O.

But cheerful still, I am as well, as a monarch in a palace, O  
 Tho' fortune' frown still haunts me down, with all her wonted malice ; O  
 I make indeed, my daily bread, but ne'er can make it farther ; O  
 But as daily bread is all I need, I do not much regard her, O.

When sometimes by my labor I earn a little money, O  
 Some unforeseen misfortune comes generally upon me ; O  
 Mischance, mistake, or by neglect, or my good-natur'd folly ; O  
 But come what will, I've sworn it still, I'll ne'er be melancholy, O.

All you who follow wealth and power with unremitting ardor, O  
 The more in this you look for bliss, you leave your view the farther ; O  
 Had you the wealth Potosi boasts, or nations to adore you, O  
 A cheerful honest hearted clown I will prefer before you, O.

---

### SONG.

○ 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 gae mad,  
 O whistle and I'll come to you my lad.  
 O whistle, &c.

But warily tent when ye come to court me,  
 And come nae unless the back-yett be a jee ;\*  
 Syne up the back-style,† and let nae body see,  
 And come as ye were na comin to me.  
 O whistle, &c.

\* *Yett*, a gate—a *jee*, a little open. E.

† *Style*, steps to go over a fence where a footpath crosses. E



At kirk, or at market whene'er ye meet me,  
 Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd nae a flie ;  
 But steal me a blink o' your bonie black e'e,  
 Yet look as ye were na lookin at me.

O whistle, &c.

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

O whistle, &c.



SONG—TUNE—*Deil tak the wars.*

SLEEP'ST thou, or wak'st thou fairest creature ;  
 Rosy morn now lifts his eye,  
 Numbering ilka bud which nature  
 Waters wi' the tears o' joy ;  
 Now through the leafy woods,  
 And by the reeking floods ;  
 Wild nature's tenants, freely, gladly stray ;  
 The lintwhite in his bower  
 Chants o'er the breathing flower :  
 The lav'rock to the sky  
 Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,  
 While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

Phœbus gilding the brow o' morning,  
 Banishes ilk darksome shade,  
 Nature gladdening and adorning ;  
 Such to me my lovely maid,  
 When absent frae my fair,  
 The murky shades o' care  
 With starless gloom o'er cast my sullen sky ;  
 But when, in beauty's light,  
 She meets my ravish'd sight,  
 When through my very heart  
 Her beaming glories dart ;  
 'Tis then I wake to life, to light and joy.

## OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH!

OH open the door, some pity to shew,  
 Oh, open the door to me Oh,  
 Tho' thou hast been false, I 'll ever prove true,  
 Oh, open the door to me, Oh.

Could 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.

SONG—AIR—*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 creepin alang,  
 Wi' a cog o' gude 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 good humour are coin in my pouch,  
 And my Freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare  
 touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',  
 A night o' gude fellowship sowthers it a' :  
 When at the blythe end of our journey at last,  
 Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past.

Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way;  
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae:  
Come ease, or come travail; come pleasure or pain;  
My warst word is—"Welcome and welcome again!"

---

## THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED TO ME.

WHEN January winds were blawing cauld,

As to the north I bent my way,  
The darksome night did me enfauld,

I kend na where to lodge till day:

By my good luck a lass I met,  
Just in the middle of my care,

And kindly she did me invite,  
To walk into a chamber fair.

I bow'd fu' low to this sam' maid,  
And thank'd her for her courtesie;

I bow'd fu' low to this fair maid,  
And bade her make a bed for me:

She made the bed both large and wide,  
Wi' her twa white hands she spread it down;

She put the cup to her rosy lip,  
And drank, "Young man, now sleep ye sound."

She snatch'd the candle in her han',  
And frae my chamber went wi' speed;

But I call'd her quickly back again,  
To lay some mair beneath my head.

A cod she laid beneath my head,  
And served me with due respect;

Syre to salute her wi' a kiss,  
I flang my arms about her neck.

"Haud aff your han's, young man," said she,

"And dinna sae uncivil be;

"Gif ye hae ony luve for me,

"O wrang na my virginity!"

Her hair was like the links o' gowd,  
Her teeth were like the ivory,  
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,  
The lass that made the bed to me.

I kiss'd her o'er and o'er again,  
And ay she wist na what to say ;  
I laid her 'tween me and the wa',  
The lassie thought na lang till day.  
Her bosom was the driven snaw,  
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see,  
Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,  
The lass that made the bed to me.

Upon the morrow when we raise,  
I thank'd her for her courtesie ;  
But ay she sigh'd and cry'd, " Alas !  
" Alas ! young man, ye 've ruin'd me."  
I look'd her in her bonny face,  
While the tear stood twinklin' in her e'e ;  
And said, Sweet lassie dinna cry,  
Ye ay shall mak the bed to me.

She took her mither's Holland sheets,  
And made them a' in sarks to me ;  
Blythe and merry may she be,  
The lass that made the bed to me ;  
The braw lass made the bed to me,  
The bonnie lass made the bed to me,  
I'll ne'er forsake till the day I die,  
The lass that made the bed to me.

---

### FOR THE SAKE OF SOMEBODY.

MY heart is sair I dare na tell,  
My heart is sair for somebody ;  
I could wake a winter night  
For the sake of somebody.

Oh-hon ! for somebody !  
Oh-hey ! for somebody !  
I could range the world around,  
For the sake o' somebody.

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

---

### PHILLIS THE FAIR—TUNE—*Robin Adair*.

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

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

Down in a shady walk,  
Doves cooing were,  
I mark'd the cruel hawk  
Caught in a snare :

So kind may fortune be,  
 Such make his destiny !  
 He who would injure thee,  
 Phillis the fair.

---

### BEWARE O' BONIE ANN.

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

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

---

### THE GARDENER WI' HIS PAIDLE.

WHEN rosy May comes in wi' flowers,  
 To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers ;  
 Then busy, busy are his hours,  
 The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

The chrystal waters gently fa' ;  
 The merry birds are lovers a' ;  
 The scented breezes round him blaw,  
 The gard'ner wi' his paidle.



When purple morning starts the hare  
 To steal upon her early fare ;  
 Then thro' the dews he maun repair,  
 The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

When day expiring in the west,  
 The curtain draws of nature's rest ;  
 He flies to her arms he lo'es best,  
 The gard'ner wi' his paidle.



### MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

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

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



### SONG—TUNE—*My Nannie O.*

Behind yon hills where Lugar flows,  
 'Mang moors and mosses many, O,  
 The wint'ry sun the day has clos'd,  
 And I'll awa to Nannie, O.

The westlin wind blows lowd an' shrill ;  
 The night's baith mirk 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' yeung ;  
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O :  
 May ill befa' the flattering tongue  
 That wad beguile my Nannie, O.

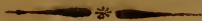
Her face is fair, her heart is true,  
 As spotless as she's bonnie, O ;  
 The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,  
 Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,  
 An' few there be that ken me, O ;  
 But what care I how few they be,  
 I'am 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 troubles me,  
 My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

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

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



FRAGMENT—TUNE—*Gallawater.*

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

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

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

---

### BONNIE BELL.

THE smiling spring comes in rejoicing,  
And surly winter grimly flies!  
Now chrystal clear are the falling waters,  
And bonnie blue are the sunny skies;  
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,  
The ev'ning gilds the ocean's swell;  
All creatures joy in the sun's returning,  
And I rejoice in my bonnie Bell.

The flow'ry spring leads sunny summer,  
And yellow autumn presses near,  
Then in his turn comes gloomy winter,  
'Till smiling spring again appear.  
Thus season dancing, life advancing,  
Old time and nature their changes tell,  
But never ranging, still unchanging  
I adore my bonnie Bell.

---

### HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

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 possest ;  
 But the sweet, yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,  
 The langer ye hae them—the mair they 're carest.

Then hey, &c.



## THE LOVELY 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 blins her e'e :

Drumofsie moor, Drumofsie day,

A waefu' day it was to me ;

For there I lost my father dear,

My father dear and brethren three,

Their winding sheet the bluidy clay,

Their graves are growing green to see ;

And by them lies the dearest lad

That ever blest a woman's e'e !

Now wae to thee thou cruel lord,

A bluidy man I trow thou be ;

For mony a heart thou hast made sair,

That ne'er did wrong to thine or thee.

## 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, e'en,  
Twa lovely e'en o' bonnie blue.

'Twas not her golden ringlets bright ;  
Her lips like roses, wat wi' dew,  
Her heaving bosom, lily-white—  
It was her e'en sae bonnie 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 e'en sae bonnie blue.

But spare to speak, and spare to speed ;  
She'll aiblins listen to my vow ;  
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead  
To her twa e'en sae bonnie blue.



## STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

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

Chrystal 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 deny'd 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 !

---

### BANKS OF CREE.

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

'Tis not Maria's whispering call ;  
'Tis but the balmy breathing gale,  
Mixt with some warbler's dying fall  
The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear !  
So calls the woodlark in the grove,  
His little, faithful mate to cheer,  
At once '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,

---

### THE BANKS OF NITH.

THE Thames flows proudly to the sea,  
Where royal cities stately stand ;  
But sweeter flows the Nith to me,  
Where Cummins ance had high command :  
When shall I see that 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 gayly bloom;  
How sweetly wind thy sloping dales  
Where lambkins wanton thro' the broom !  
Tho' wandering, now must be my doom,  
Far from thy bonnie banks and braes,  
May there my latest hours consume,  
Amang the friends of early days !

---

### THE DAY RETURNS, MY BOSOM BURNS.

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.

---

### RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

RAVING winds around her blowing,  
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing,  
By a river hoarsely roaring,  
Isabella stray'd deploring.  
“ Farewell, hours that late did measure  
“ Sunshine days of joy and pleasure ;

" Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow,  
 " Cheerless night that knows no morrow.  
 " O'er the past too fondly wandering,  
 " On the hopeless future pondering ;  
 " Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,  
 " Fell despair my fancy seizes.  
 " Life, thou soul of every blessing,  
 " Load to misery most distressing,  
 " O how gladly I 'd resign thee,  
 " And to dark oblivion join thee !"

---

### CRAGIE-BURN WOOD.

SWEET fa's the eve on Cragie-burn,  
 And blythe awakes the morrow,  
 But a' the pride o' spring's return  
 Can yield me nocht but sorrow.

I see the flowers and spreading trees,  
 I hear the wild birds singing ;  
 But what a weary wight can please,  
 And care his bosom wringing.

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,  
 Yet dare na for your anger ;  
 But secret love will break my heart,  
 If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me,  
 If thou shalt love anither,  
 When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,  
 Around my grave they 'll wither.

---

### SONG.

It was the charming month of May,  
 When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay,  
 One morning, by the break of day,  
 The youthful, charming Chloe ;

From peaceful slumber she arose,  
 Girt on her mantle and her hose,  
 And o'er the flowery mead she goes,  
 The youthful, charming Chloe.

## CHORUS.

Lovely was she by the dawn,  
 Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe;  
 Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,  
 The youthful, charming Chloe.

The feather'd people, you might see  
 Perch'd all around on every tree,  
 In notes of sweetest melody  
 They hail the charming Chloe;

'Till, painting gay the eastern skies,  
 The glorious sun began to rise,  
 Out-rivall'd by the radiant eyes  
 Of youthful, charming Chloe.

Lovely was she, &c.

SONG—AIR—*Could Kail.*

COME let me take thee to my breast,  
 And pledge we ne'er shall sunder;  
 And I shall spurn as vilest dust  
 The world's wealth and grandeur:  
 And do I hear my Jeanie own,  
 That equal transports move her?  
 I ask for dearest life alone  
 That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,  
 I clasp my countless treasure;  
 I'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share,  
 Than sic a moment's pleasure:

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

---

## ADDRESS TO THE WOOD-LARK.

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' disdaining.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,  
 And heard thee as the careless wind ?  
 Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd,  
 Sic notes o' woe could wauken.

Thou tells o' never-ending care ;  
 O' speechless grief, and dark despair :  
 For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair !  
 Or my poor heart is broken !

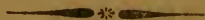
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## SONG.

FAREWELL thou stream that winding flows  
 Around Maria's dwelling !  
 Ah cruel mem'ry ! spare the throes  
 Within my bosom swelling :  
 Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain  
 And still in secret, languish,  
 To feel a fire in ev'ry vein,  
 Yet dare not speak my anguish.

The wretch of love, unseen, unknown,  
 I fain my crime would cover :  
 The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,  
 Betray the hopeless lover.  
 I know my doom must be despair,  
 Thou wilt, nor canst relieve me ;  
 But oh, Maria hear one prayer,  
 For pity's sake forgive me.

The music of thy tongue I heard,  
 Nor wist while it enslaved me ;  
 I saw thine eyes yet nothing fear'd,  
 'Till fears no more had sav'd me.  
 The unwary sailor thus aghast,  
 The wheeling torrent viewing ;  
 'Mid circling horrors yields at last  
 To overwhelming ruin.



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 blythely wad I bide the stour,  
 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 wad gladly die !  
 Or canst thou break that heart of his,  
 Whase only faut is loving thee !

If love for love thou wilt na gie,  
 At least be pity to me shown;  
 A thought ungentle canna be  
 The thought o' Mary Morison.

---

SONG—TUNE—*I had a horse.*

O Poortith cauld, and restless love,  
 Ye wreck my peace between ye!  
 Yet poortith a' I could forgive,  
 An' 'twere na' for my Jeanie.  
 O why should fate sic pleasure have,  
 Life's dearest bands untwining?  
 Or why 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,  
 An sae in love as I am?

O why, &c.

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

O why, &c.



## MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

O MEIKLE thinks my luve o' my beauty,  
 And meikle thinks my luve o' my kin;  
 But little thinks my luve 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 luve wi' the siller,  
 He can na hae luve to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luve's an airle-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 fre me like a knotless thread,  
 And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

SONG—TUNE—*Jockey's grey breeks.*

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

## CHORUS.

And maun I still on Menie doat,  
 And bear the scorn that's in her e'e!  
 For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,  
 An' it winna let a body be!

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

And maun I still, &c

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.

And maun I still, &c.

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

And maun I still, &c.

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

And maun I still, &c.

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

And maun I still, &c.

Come Winter, with thine angry howl,  
 And raging bend the naked tree ;  
 Thy gloom will soothe my chearless soul,  
 When nature all is sad like me !

And maun I still, &c.

---

## SONG.

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

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

---

### FRAGMENT.

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

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

---

### SONG—TUNE—*Banks of Bayna.*

YESTREEN I had a pint o' wine,  
A place where body saw na' ;  
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine  
The gowden locks of Anna.  
The hungry Jew in wilderness  
Rejoicing o'er his manna,  
Was naething to my hinny bliss  
Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs tak the east and west;  
Frae Indus to Savannah !  
Gie me within my straining grasp  
The melting form of Anna.

There I'll despise imperial charms,  
 An Empress or Sultana,  
 While dying raptures in her arms  
 I give and take with Anna!

Awa thou flaunting god o' day!  
 Awa thou pale Diana!  
 Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray  
 When I'm to meet my Anna.  
 Come, in thy raven plumage, night,  
 Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a';  
 And bring an angel pen to write  
 My transports wi' my Anna!

---

### THE BONNIE WEE THING.

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

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

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

Bonnie wee, &c.

---

### BALLAD.

To thee, lov'd Nith, thy gladsome plains,  
 Where late wi' careless thought I rang'd,  
 Though prest wi' care and sunk in woe,  
 To thee I bring a heart unchang'd—

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

---

### GALLA WATER.

THERE 'S braw braw lads, on Yarrow braes,  
That wander thro' the blooming heather;  
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettric shaws,  
Can match the lads o' Galla water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,  
Aboon them a' I loe him better;  
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,  
The bonie lad o' Galla water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,  
And tho' I hae na meikle tocher;  
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,  
We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,  
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;  
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,  
O that's the chiefest warld's treasure !

---

### SONG.

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 Jenny for siller an' lan' !

Bad luck on the pennie, &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 blude it is frozen,  
O, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man !

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

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

---

### O MAY THY MORN.

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

And dear, &c.

An here's to them, that, like oursel,  
 Can push about the jorum;  
 And here's to them that wish us weel,  
 May a' that's gude watch o'er them;  
 And here's to them, we dare na tell,  
 The dearest o' the quorum.

And here's to, &c.

---

### WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,  
 And Rob and Allan cam to see;  
 Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang night,  
 Ye wad na find in Christendie.

We are na fou, we're nae that fou  
 But just a drappie in our e'e;  
 The cock may crawl, 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 mony a night we 've merry been,  
 And mony mae we hope to be !

We are na fou, &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 na fou, &c.

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

We are na fou, &c.



### WHERE BRAVING ANGRY, &c.

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 marked its beam,  
 With art's most polish'd blaze.

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

SONG—TUNE—*Gilderoy*.

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

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

---

 THEN GUIDWIFE COUNT THE LAWIN.

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

Then guidwife count the lawin, the lawin, the lawin,  
 Then guidwife count the lawin, and bring a coggie mair.

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

Then guidwife count, &c.

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

Then guidwife count, &c.

## WANDERING WILLIE.

Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,  
 Now tired with wandering, haud awa hame ;  
 Come to my bosom my ae only dearie,  
 And tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Loud blew the cauld winter winds at our parting :  
 It was na the blast brought the tear in my e'e :  
 Now welcome the simmer, and welcome my Willie,  
 The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Ye hurricanes rest in the cave o' your slumbers,  
 O how your wild horrors a lover alarms :  
 Awaken ye breezes, row gently ye billows,  
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But if he's forgotten his faithfulest Nanie,  
 O still flow between us, thou wide roaring main ;  
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,  
 But dying believe that my Willie's my ain !



## SONG.

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 forever ;  
 For Nature made her what she is,  
 And never made anither.

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

The Deil he could na scaith thee,  
 Or aught that wad belang thee ;  
 He'd look into thy bonie face,  
 And say " I canna wrang thee."

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

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

---

### SONG.

SCOTS, wha hae wi' WALLACE bled,  
 Scots, whom BRUCE has aften led :  
 Welcome to your gory bed,  
 Or to victorie.

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

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

Wha for SCOTLAND's king and law  
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
 FREE-MAN stand, or FREE-MAN fa',  
 Let him follow me !

By oppression's woes and pains !  
 By your sons in servile chains !  
 We will drain our dearest veins,  
 But they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !  
 Tyrants fall in every foe !  
 LIBERTY's in every blow !  
 Let us DO or DIE !

## 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'd the gowans fine ;  
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot  
 Sin auld lang syne.  
 For auld &c.

We twa hae paidlet i' the burn,  
 Frae mornin sun till dine :  
 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 guide wille-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.

---

 SONG.

Thou hast left me ever, Jamie, thou hast left me ever,  
 Thou hast left me ever, Jamie, thou hast left me ever,  
 Aften hast thou vow'd that death, only should us sever,  
 Now thou's left thy lass for ay—I maun see thee never,  
 Jamie.

I'll see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie, thou hast me forsaken,  
 Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie, thou hast me forsaken;  
 Thou canst love anither jo, while my heart is breaking:  
 Soon my weary e'en I'll close—never mair to waken,  
     Jamie,  
         Ne'er mair to waken.



SONG.—TUNE—*Rothemurche*.

CHORUS.

Fairest maid on Devon banks,  
 Chrystal Devon, winding Devon,  
 Wilt thou lay that frown aside,  
 And smile as thou wert wont to do.

Full well thou knowest I love thee dear,  
 Couldst thou to malice lend an ear!  
 O did not love exclaim, "Forbear,  
 "Nor use a faithful lover, so."

Fairest maid, &c.

'Then come, thou fairest of the fair,  
 'Those wonted smiles, O let me share;  
 And by thy beauteous self I swear,  
 No love but thine my heart shall know.

Fairest maid &c.



SONG.

'Tho' cruel fate should bid us part,  
 As far 's the pole and line;  
 Her dear idea round my heart  
 Should tenderly entwine.

'Tho' mountair, frown and desarts howl,  
 And oceans o'ar between;  
 Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,  
 I still would ve my Jean.



## SONG.

O raging fortune's withering blast  
 Has laid my leaf full low ! O  
 O raging fortune's withering blast  
 Has laid my leaf full low ! O  
 My stem was fair, my bud was green,  
 My blossom sweet did blow ; O  
 The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild,  
 And made my branches grow ; O  
 But luckless fortune's northern storms  
 Laid a' my blossoms low, O  
 But luckless fortune's northern storms  
 Laid a' my blossoms low, O.

SONG—TUNE—*I am a man unmarried.*

O once I lov'd a bonny lass,  
 Ay, and I love her still,  
 And whilst that honor warms my breast  
 I'll love my handsome Nell.

Fal la de ral, &c.

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

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

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

She dresses ay sae clean and neat,  
 Both decent and genteel :  
 And then there's something in her gair,  
 Gars ony dress look weel

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

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

Fal la! de ral, &c.

---

### MY BONNIE MARY,

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

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

---

### FRAGMENT.

MY Mary, dear departed shade !  
 Where is thy place of heavenly rest ?  
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?  
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

## SONG, EXTEMPORE.

O WHY the deuce should I repine,  
 And be an ill foreboder ;  
 I 'm twenty three, and five feet nine,  
 I 'll go and be a sodger.

I gat some gear wi' meikle care,  
 I held it weel thegither ;  
 But now its gane, and something mair,  
 I 'll go and be a sodger.

\* \* \* \* \*

FRAGMENT—TUNE—*Donald Blue.*

O LEAVE novels, ye Mauceline belles,  
 Ye 're safer at your spinning-wheel ;  
 Such witching books, are baited hooks  
 For rakish rooks like Rob Mossgiel.  
 Sing tal lal lay, &c.

Your fine *Tom Jones* and *Grandisons*,  
 They make your youthful fancies reel,  
 They heat your brains, and fire your veins,  
 And then you 're prey for Rob Mossgiel.

Beware a tongue that 's smoothly hung ;  
 A heart that warmly seems to feel ;  
 That feeling heart but acts a part,  
 'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossgiel.

The frank address, the soft caress,  
 Are worse than poisoned darts of steel,  
 The frank address and politesse,  
 Are all finesse in Rob Mossgiel.

\* \* \* \* \*

For he 's far aboon Dunkel the night  
 Maun white the stick and a' that.

FRAGMENT—AIR—*Hughie Graham.*

O were my love yon lilack fair,  
 Wi' purple blossoms to the spring :  
 And I, a bird to shelter there,  
 When wearied on my little wing,  
 How I wad mourn, when it was torn  
 By autumn wild, and winter rude !  
 But I wad sing on wanton wing,  
 When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

---

 SENSIBILITY.

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 woe.

---

 SONG—TUNE—*Cauld kail in Aber deen.*

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

## CHORUS.

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

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

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.

---

 BLYTHE WAS SHE.

Blythe, blythe and merry was she,  
 Blythe was she but and ben :  
 Blythe by the banks of Ern,  
 And blythe in Glenturet glen.

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

Blythe, &c.

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

Blythe, &c.

Her bonie face it was as meek  
 As ony lamb upon a lee ;  
 The evening sun was ne'er sac sweet  
 As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e ;  
 Blythe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,  
 And o'er the Lowlands I hae been ;  
 But Phemie was the blythest lass  
 That ever trode the dewy green.  
 Blythe, &c.

---

**TIBBIE**—TUNE—*Inverald's Reel.*

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, I hae, &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, I hae, &c.

But sorrow tak him that 's sae mean,  
 Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,  
 Wha follows ony saucy quean  
 That looks sae proud and high.  
 O Tibbie, I hae, &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, I hae, &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, I hae, &c.



But, Tibbie, lass tak my advice,  
 Your daddies gear maks you sae nice ;  
 The deil a ane wad spier your price,  
 Were ye as poor as I.

O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

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

O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

---

## LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

### CHORUS

Lassie wi' the lint-white 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 wi', &c.

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

Lassie wi', &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 wi', &c.

And when the howling wintry blast  
 Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest ;  
 Enclasped to my faithfu' breast,  
 I'll comfort thee, my dearie O.

Lassie wi', &c.

## O, FOR ANE AND TWENTY TAM!

An O, for ane and twenty Tam!

An hey, sweet ane and twenty, Tam!

I'll learn my kîn a rattlin sang,

An I saw ane and twenty Tam.

THEY snool me sair, and haud me down,

And gar me look like bluntie, Tam;

But three short years will soon wheel roun',

And then comes ane and twenty Tam.

An O, for ane, &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.

And O, for ain, &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, for ane, &c.

---

 SONG.

## 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!

ALTHOUGH thou maun never be mine,

Although even hope is denied;

'Tis sweeter for thee despairing

Than aught in the world beside—Jessy!

Here's a health, &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 lockt in thy arms—Jessy!

Here's a health, &c.

G G

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 a health, &c.

---

## I LOVE MY JEAN.

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

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

---

## SONG—TUNE—*Bonnie Dundee.*

IN Mauchline there dwells six proper young Belles,  
 The pride of the place and its neighbourhood a'  
 Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess,  
 In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a' :

*Miss Miller* is fine, *Miss Markland*'s divine,  
*Miss Smith* she has wit, and *Miss Betty* is braw ;  
 There's beauty and fortune to get wi' *Miss Morton*,  
 But *Armour*'s the jewel for me o' them a'.

## 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 scattered cowslips bedeck the green dale :

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

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

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

## DUNCAN GRAY.

DUNCAN GRAY cam here to woo,

*Ha, ha, the wooing o't,*

On blythe yule night when we were fu',

*Ha, ha, the wooing o't.*

Maggie coost her head fu' high,

Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,

Gart poor Duncan stand abiegh ;

*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' lowpin 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 gae to—France for me !

*Ha, ha, &c.*

How it comes, let doctors tell,

*Ha, ha, &c.*

Meg grew sick—as he grew heal,

*Ha, ha, &c.*

Something in her bosom wrings,

For relief a sigh she brings ;

And 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 smorr'd his wrath ;

Now they 're crouse and canty baith.

*Ha, ha, the wooing o't.*

### SONG—TUNE—*Duncan Gray.*

LET not woman e'er complain,

Of inconstancy in love ;

Let not woman e'er complain,

Fickle man is apt to rove ;

Look abroad through nature's range,

Nature's mighty law is change ;

Ladies would it not be strange,

Man should then a monster prove ?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies ;

Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow :

Sun and moon but set to rise,

Round and round the seasons go :

Why then ask of silly man,  
 To oppose great nature's plan?  
 We'll be constant while we can—  
 You can be no more you know.

---

SONG—TUNE—*If he be a Butcher neat and trim,*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush  
 Th t sings in Cessnock banks unseen,  
 While his mate sits nestling in the bush ;  
 An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

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

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

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

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

### GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O.

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

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

The 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.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,  
 My arms about my dearie, O;  
 An' warly cares, an' warly men,  
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!

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!

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears  
 Her noblest work she classes, O;  
 Her prentice han' she try'd on man,  
 An' then she made the lasses, O!  
 Green grow the rashes, O, &c.

---

SONG—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 is no, &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 is no, &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 is no, &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'c.

O this is no, &c.



## ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG 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 were 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.



## SONG—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 through the driving sleet ;  
 Tak pity on my weary feet,  
 And shield me frae the rain, jo.

O let me in, &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 me in, &c.



### HER ANSWER.

O TELL na me o' wind and rain,  
 Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain,  
 Gae back the gate ye cam again,  
 I winna let you in, jo.

#### 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 snellest blast, at mirkest hours,  
 That round the pathless wand'rer pours,  
 Is nocht to what poor she endures  
 That's trusted faithless man, jo.

I tell you now, &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 you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd his summer-day,  
 Is now the cruel fowler's prey ;  
 Let witless, trusting, women say  
 How aft her fate's the same, jo.

I tell you now, &c.

## WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER DOOR.

WHA is that at my bower door ?  
 O wha is it but Findlay ;  
 Then gae your gate ye'se nae be here !  
 Indeed maun I, quo' Findlay.  
 What maks ye sae like a thief ?  
 O come and see, quo' Findlay ;  
 Before the morn ye 'll work mischief ;  
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Gif I rise and let you in ?  
 Let me in, quo' Findlay ;  
 Ye 'll keep me waukin wi' your din ;  
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.  
 In my bower if ye should stay ?  
 Let me stay, quo' Findlay ;  
 I fear ye 'll bide till break o' day ;  
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Here this night if ye remain,  
 I 'll remain quo' Findlay ;  
 I dread ye 'll learn the gate again ;  
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay ;  
 What may pass within this bower,  
 Let it pass, quo' Findlay ;  
 Ye maun conceal 'till your last hour ;  
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay !

---

## MY MARY'S FACE.

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

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

---

SONG.

NAE gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,  
 Shall ever be my muse's care;  
 Their title's a' are empty show;  
 Gie me my highland lassie O.

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.

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

Within the glen, &c.

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

Within the glen, &c.

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

Within the glen, &c.

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

Within the glen, &c.



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

Farewell the glen, &c.

---

### 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, dainty Davie,  
 There I'll spend the day wi' you  
 My ain dear dainty Davie.

The chrystal 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 loe best,  
 And that's my ain dear Davie.

Meet me, &c.

---

### SONG—TUNE—*Morag.*

O WHA is she that loe's me,  
 And has my heart a keeping ?  
 O sweet is she that loe's me,  
 As dews o' summer weeping,  
 In tears the rose buds steeping.

## CHORUS.

O that 's the lassie o' my heart,  
 My lassie ever dearer,  
 O that 's the queen o' woman kind,  
 And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie,  
 In grace and beauty charming,  
 That e'en thy chosen lassie,  
 Ere while thy breast sae warming,  
 Aad ne'er sic powers alarming.

O that 's, &c.

If thou hadst heard her talking,  
 And thy attentions plighted,  
 That ilka body talking,  
 But her by thee is slighted;  
 And thou art all delighted,

O that 's &c.

If thou hast met this fair one;  
 When frae her thou hast parted,  
 If every other fair one,  
 But her thou hast deserted,  
 And thou art broken hearted.—

O that 's &c.



## AY WAKING, O!

AY waking, O!  
 Waking ay and wearie,  
 Rest I canna get  
 For thinking on my dearie.  
*O this love, this love!*  
 Life to me how dreary!  
 When I sleep I dream;  
 O! when I wake I 'm eerie.  
*O this love, this love!*

Long, long the night,  
 Heavy comes the morrow,  
 While my soul's delight  
 Is on her bed of sorrow.

H H

Can I cease to care,  
 Can I cease to languish,  
 While my darling fair  
 Is on the couch of anguish?  
*O this love, this love,*

Long, long the night,  
 Heavy comes the morrow,  
 While my soul's delight  
 Is on her bed of sorrow.  
 Ev'ry hope is fled,  
 Ev'ry fear is terror;  
 Slumber ev'n I dread,  
 Ev'ry dream is horror.  
*O this love, this love !*

Long, long the night,  
 Heavy comes the morrow,  
 While my soul's delight  
 Is on the bed of sorrow.  
 Hear me powers divine !  
 Oh, in pity hear me !  
 Take aught else of mine,  
 But my Chloris spare me !  
 Spare, O spare my Love !

---

### HARK THE MAVIS, &c.

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

Ca' the ewes to the knowes,  
 Ca' them where the heather grows,  
 Ca' them where the burnie rows,  
 My bonnie, bonnie, dearie.  
 Ca' them where the burn rows,  
 My bonnie dearie.

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

Ca' the ewes, &c.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,  
Where at moon-shine mid-night hours,  
O'er the dewy bending flowers  
Fairies dance sae cheery.

Ca' the ewes, &c.

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

Ca' the ewes, &c.

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

Ca' the ewes, &c.

---

### ON A BANK OF FLOWERS, &c.

ON a bank of flowers, in a summer day,  
For summer lightly drest,  
The youthful blooming Nelly lay,  
With love and sleep opprest ;  
When Willie, wand'ring through the wood,  
Who for her favour oft had sued ;  
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,  
And trembled where he stood.

Her closed eyes, like weapons sheath'd,  
Were seal'd in soft repose ;  
Her lips, still as she fragrant breath'd,  
It richer dy'd the rose.

The springing lilies sweetly prest,  
 Wild, wanton kiss'd her rival breast;  
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,  
 His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes, light waving in the breeze,  
 Her tender limbs embrace;  
 Her lovely form, her native ease,  
 All harmony and grace:  
 Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,  
 A faltering ardent kiss he stole;  
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,  
 And sigh'd his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake,  
 On fear-inspired wings;  
 So Nelly, starting, half awake,  
 Away affrighted springs:  
 But Willie follow'd,— as he should,  
 He overtook her in the wood;  
 He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid  
 Forgiving all, and good.



### FAREWELL, DEAR MISTRESS, &c.

FAREWELL, dear 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,  
 Alas! shall thy poor wanderer 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 happy, glorious day;  
 And ne'er shall glimmering planet fix  
 My worship to its ray.



**BONIE LASSIE**—AIR—*The Birks of Abergeldie.*

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 chrystal streamlet plays;  
 Come, let us spend the lightsome days  
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonie lassie, will ye go,  
 Will ye go, will ye go,  
 Bonie lassie will ye go  
 To the birks of Aberfeldy?  
 The little birdies blythely sing,  
 While o'er their heads the hazels hing,  
 Or lightly flit on wanton wing  
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonie lassie, will ye go,  
 Will ye go, will ye go,  
 Bonie lassie, will ye go  
 To the birks of Aberfeldy?  
 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, will ye go,  
 Will ye go, will ye go,  
 Bonie lassie, will ye go  
 To the birks of Aberfeldy,



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

Bonie lassie, will ye go  
 Will ye go, will ye go,  
 Bonie lassie, will ye go  
 To the birks of Aberfeldy?

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.



### NOW SPRING HAS CLAD, &c.

NOW Spring has clad the grove 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 woe!

The trout within yon wimpling burn  
 That glides a silver dart,  
 And safe beneath the shady thorn  
 Defies the angler's art:  
 My life was ance that careless stream,  
 That wanton trout was I;  
 But love, wi' unrelenting beam,  
 Has scorch'd my fountains dry.

The little flow'ret's peaceful lot,  
 In yonder cliff that grows,  
 Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,  
 Nae ruder visit knows,  
 Was mine—'till love has o'er me past  
 And blighted a' my bloom;  
 And now beneath the withering blast  
 My youth and joy consume.

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs,  
 And climbs the early sky,  
 Winnowing blythe her dewy wings  
 In morning's rosy eye :  
 As little reckt I sorrow's power,  
 Until the flowery snare  
 Of witching love, in luckless hour,  
 Made me the thrall of care.

O had my fate been Greenland snows,  
 Or Afric's burning zone,  
 Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes,  
 So Peggy ne'er I 'd known !  
 The wretch whase doom is " hope nae mair,"  
 What tongue his woes can tell ;  
 Within whase bosom, save Despair,  
 Nae kinder spirits dwell !



### FRAGMENT—TUNE—*Daintie Davie.*

THERE was a lad was born in Kyle,  
 But what'n a day o' what'n a style  
 I doubt its hardly worth the while  
 To be sae nice wi' *Robin*.

Robin was a rovin' boy,  
 Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin' ;  
 Robin was a rovin' Boy,  
 Rantin' rovin' Robin.

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane  
 Was five and twenty days begun,  
 'Twas then a blast o' Janwar Win'  
 Blew hansel in on *Robin*.

The gossip keckit in his loof,  
 Quo' scho wha lives will see the proof,  
 This waly boy will be nae coof,  
 I think we'll ca' him *Robin*.

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

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

Guid faith quo' scho I doubt you Sir,  
 Ye gar the lasses \* \* \* \*  
 But twenty fauts ye may hae waur  
 So blessin's on thee, *Robin* !

*Robin* was, &c.

## HUNTING SONG.

THE heather was blooming; the meadows were mawn  
 Our lads gaed a hunting, ae the day at the dawn,  
 O'er moors and o'er mosses and mony a glen,  
 At length they discovered a bonie moor-hen,

I rede you beware at the hunting, young men :  
 I rede you beware at the hunting, young men :  
 Tak some on the wing, and some as they spring,  
 But cannily steal on a bonie moor-hen.

Sweet brushing the dew from the brown heather bells,  
 Her colors betray'd her on yon mossy fells :  
 Her plumage out-lustred the pride o' the spring,  
 And O ! as she wantoned gay on the wing.

I rede, &c.

Auld Phoebus himsel, as he peep'd o'er the hill ;  
 In spite at her plumage he tryed his skill ;  
 He levell'd his rays where she bask'd on the brae—  
 His rays where outshone, and but mark'd where she lay.

I rede, &c.

They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill ;  
 The best of our lads wi' the best o' their shill ;  
 But still as the fairest she sat in their sight,  
 Then, whirr ! she was over, a mile at a flight,—

I rede, &c.

## UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

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

Cold blaws the wind frae east to west,  
 The drift is driving sairly !  
 Sae loud and shrill's I hear the blast,  
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

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

## JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

John Anderson my jo, John, when we were first acquant ;  
 Your locks were like the raven, your bonnie brow was  
     brent ;  
 But now your brow is beld, John, your locks are like the  
     snaw ;  
 But blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson my jo.  
 John Anderson my jo, John, we clamb the hill thegither ;  
 And mony a canty day John, we've had wi' ane anither :  
 Now we moun totter down, John, but hand in hand we'll  
     go ;  
 And sleep thegither at the foot, John Anderson my jo.

## THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.

THERE'S a youth in this city, it were a great pity  
 That he from our lasses should wander awa ;  
 For he's bonie and braw, weel-favor'd with a',  
 And his hair has a natural buckle and a'.  
 His coat is the hue of his bonnet sae blue ;  
 His fecket is white as the new-driven snaw ;  
 His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae,  
 And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'.  
     His coat is the hue, &c.

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

# APPENDIX.



## 'THE JOLLY BEGGARS.

### A CANTATA.

#### RECITATIVO.

WHEN lyart leaves bestrow the yird,  
Or wavering like the Bauckie-bird,  
Bedim cauld Boreas' blast ;  
When hailstanes drive wi' bitter skyte,  
And infant frosts begin to bite,  
In hoary cranreuch drest ;  
Ae night at e'en a merry core  
O' randie, grangrel bodies,  
In Poosie-Nansie's held the splore,  
To drink their orra duddies : \*  
Wi' qauffing and laughing,  
They ranted and they sang ;  
Wi' jumping and thumping,  
The vera girdle rang.

First niest the fire in auld red rags,  
And sat, weel brac'd wi' mealy bags,  
And knapsack a' in order !  
His doxy lay within his arm,  
Wi' usquebae an' blankets warm,  
She blinkit on her sodger :  
An' ay he gies the tozie drab  
The tither skelpin kiss,  
While she held up her greedy gab  
Just like an aumos dish.

\* *Orra duddies*, supernumerary old clothes.



Ilk smack still, did crack still,  
 Just like a cadger's whip,  
 Then staggering and swaggering  
 He roar'd this ditty up—

AIR—TUNE—*Soldier's foy.*

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.

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

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

And now tho' 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.

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

RECITATIVO.

He ended; and the kebars sheuk,  
 Aboon the chorus roar;  
 While frighted rattons backward leuk,  
 And seek the benmost bore;

A fairy fiddler frae the neuk,  
 He skirl'd out encore !  
 But up arose the martial chuck,  
 And laid the loud uproar.

AIR—TUNE—*Soldier Laddie.*

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

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

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

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

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

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

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

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

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

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

And now I have liv'd—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.

The niest outspak a raucle carlin,  
 Wha kent fu' weel to cleek the sterling,  
 For mony pursie she had hooked,  
 And had in mony a well been ducked.  
 Her dove had been a Highland laddie,  
 But weary fa' the waefu' woodie !  
 Wi' sighs and sobs she thus began  
 To wail her braw John Highlandman.

**AIR—TUNE—***O an ye were dead gudeman.*

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.

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

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

Sing, hey, &c.

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

Sing, hey, &c.

They banish'd him beyond the sea,  
 But ere the bud was on the tree,  
 Adown my cheeks the pearls rang,  
 Embracing my John Highlandman:

Sing, hey, &c.

But oh ! they catch'd him at the last,  
 And bound him in a dungeon fast ;  
 My curse upon them every one,  
 They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, &c.

And now a widow I must mourn  
 The pleasures that will ne'er return ;  
 No comfort but a hearty cann,  
 When I think on John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, &c

RECITATIVO.

A pigmy scraper wi' his fiddle  
 Wha us'd at trysts and fairs to driddle,  
 Her strappan limb and gawsy middle  
                                   He reach'd nae higher,  
 Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle,  
                                   An' blawn't on fire.

Wi' hand or 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 owre the lave o't.*

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

CHORUS.

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

At kirns an' weddings we'se be there,  
 An' O ! sae nicely we will fare ;  
 We'll bouse about till Daddie Care,  
 Sing, whistle owre the lave o't.

I an, &c.

ae merrily's the banes we'll pyke,  
 An' sun oursels about the dyke,  
 An' at our leisure when ye like,  
 We'll whistle owre the lave o't.

I am, &c.

But bless me wi' your heaven o' charms.  
 And while I kittle hair on thairms,  
*Hunger, could an' a' sic harms,*  
 May whistle owre the lave o't.

I am, &c.

#### RECITATIVO.

Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird,  
 As weel as poor Gutscraper;  
 He tak's the fiddler by the beard,  
 And draws a roosty rapier.—  
 He swoor by a' was swearing worth,  
 To speet him like a pliver,  
 Unless he would fra' 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 so the quarrel ended.  
 But tho' his little heart did grieve,  
 When round the tinker prest her,  
 He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve,  
 When thus the Caird address'd her.

#### AIR—TUNE—*Clout the Caudron.*

My bonny lass I work in brass,  
 A tinker is my station;  
 I've travelled round all Christian ground  
 In this my occupation.  
 I've ta'en the gold, I've been enroll'd  
 In many a noble squadron;  
 But vain they search'd, when off I march'd  
 To go and clout the caudron.

I've ta'en the gold, &c.

Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,  
 Wi' a' his noise and caprin,  
 An' tak' a share wi' those that bear  
 The *budget* an' the *apron*.  
 An' *by* that stowp! my faith an' houe,  
 An' *by* that dear Keilbaigie,  
 If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,  
 May I ne'er weet my craigie,  
 An' 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.  
 Sir Violino with 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' limping wi' the spavie,  
 He hirpl'd up, and lap like daft,  
 An' shor'd them Dainty Daivie  
 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 no 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.*

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

## CHORUS.

For a' that, an' a' that,  
 An' twice as muckle's a' that ;  
 I've lost but ane, I've twa belin',  
 I've *wife enough* for a' that.

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

For a' that, &c.

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

For a' that, &c.

In raptures sweet, this hour we meet  
 Wi' mutual love, an' a' that ;  
 But for how lang the *flic may stang*,  
 Let *inclination* law that.

For a' that, &c.

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

For a' that, &c.

## RECITATIVO.

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

Then owre again, the jovial thrang,  
 The poet did request,  
 To lowse 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.*

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.

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

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

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

Life is all a *variorum*,

We regard not how it goes ;  
Let them cant about *decorum*,  
Who have characters to lose.

A fig, &c.

Here 's to budgets, bags and wallets !

Here 's to all the wand'ring train !

Here 's our ragged *brogs* and *callets* !

One and all cry out, Amen !

A fig, &c.



## 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,

Whan thousands thou has 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 plunged me in hell,

To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,

In burnin lake,

Whar damned devils roar and yell,

Chain'd to a stake.

Yet 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.

But yet, O L—d! confess I must,  
 At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust,  
 An' sometimes too, wi' worldly trust  
     Vile self gets in;  
 But thou remembers we are dust,  
     Defil'd in sin.

O L—d! yestreen, thou kens, wi' Meg,  
 Thy pardon I sincerely beg,  
 O! may it ne'er be a livin' plague,  
     To my dishonour,  
 An' I'll ne'er lift a lawless leg  
     Again upon her.

Besides, I farther maun allow,  
 Wi' Lizie's lass, three times I trow:  
 But, L—d 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 shou'd turn,  
     'Cause he' sae *gifted*;  
 If sae, thy han' maun e'en be born,  
     Until thou lift it.

L—d bless thy chosen in this place,  
 For *here* thou hast a *chosen race*;  
 But G—d confound their stubborn face,  
     And blast their name,  
 Wha bring thy elders to disgrace,  
     And public shame.

L—d mind G——n H——n's deserts,  
 He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at carts,  
 Yet has sae mony takin arts,  
                     Wi' grit an' sma',  
 Frae G—d's an' priests the people's hearts  
                     He steals awa'.

An' whan we chasten'd him therefore,  
 Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,  
 As set the warld in a roar  
                     O' laughin' at us;  
 Curse thou his basket and his store.  
                     Kail an' potatoes.

L—d hear my earnest cry and pray'r,  
 Against that presbyt'ry o' Ayr;  
 Thy strong right hand, L—d make it bare,  
                     Upo' their heads,  
 L—d weigh it down, and dinna spare,  
                     For their misdeeds.

O L—d my G-d, that glib-tongu'd A--n.  
 My very heart an' saul are quakin',  
 To think how we stood sweatin', shakin',  
                     An' pi—d wi' dread,  
 While he wi' hingin' lips and snakin',  
                     Held up his head.

L—d in the day of vengeance try him.  
 L—d visit them wha did employ him,  
 And pass not in thy mercy by 'em,  
                     Nor hear their pray'r;  
 But for thy people's sake destroy 'em  
                     And dinna spare.

But L—d 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.

## TO THE REV. JOHN M'MATH,

Inclosing a copy of Holy Willie's prayer, which he had requested

WHILE at the stook the shearers cow'r

To shun the bitter blaudin' show'r,

Or in gulravage rinnin scow'r

To pass the time,

To you I dedicate the hour

In idle rhyme.

My musie, tir'd wi' mony a sonnet

On gown, an' ban', an' douse black bonnet,

Is grown right eerie now she's done it,

Lest they should blame her,

An' rouse their holy thunder on it

And anathem her.

I own 'twas rash, an' rather hardy,

That I, a simple countra bardie,

Shou'd meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy,

Wha, if they ken me,

Can easy, wi' a single wordie,

Louse hell upon me.

But I gae mad at their grimaces,

Their sighan, cantan, grace-prood faces,

Their three-mile prayers, an' hauf-mile graces,

Their raxan conscience,

Whaws greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces

Waur nor their nonsense.

There's *Gaun*, miska't waur than a beast,

Wha has mair honor in his breast

Than mony scores as guid's the priest

Wha sae abus't him.

An' may a bard no crack his jest

What way they've use't him.

See him, the poor man's friend in need,

The gentleman in word an' deed,

An' shall his fame an' honor bleed

By worthless skellums,

An' not a muse erect her head

To cove the blellums?





In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs,  
 In spite o' undermining jobs,  
 In spite o' dark banditti stabs  
     At worth an' merit,  
 By scoundrels, even wi' holy robes,  
     But hellish spirit.

O Ayr, my dear, my native ground,  
 Within thy presbytereal bound  
 A candid lib'ral band is found  
     Of public teachers,  
 As men, as christians too renown'd,  
     An' manly preachers.

Sir, in that circle you are nam'd ;  
 Sir, in that circle you are fam'd ;  
 An' some, by whom your doctrine 's blam'd,  
     (Which gies you honor)  
 Even Sir, by them your heart 's esteem'd,  
     An' winning manner.

Pardon this freedom I have ta'en,  
 An' if impertinent I've been,  
 Impute it not, good Sir, in ane  
     Whase heart ne'er wrang'd ye.  
 But to his utmost would befriend  
     Ought that belang'd ye.



### EPITAPH ON HOLY WILLIE.

HERE Holy Willie's sair worn clay  
 Takes up its last abode ;  
 His saul has ta'en some other way,  
 I fear, the left hand road.

Stop ! there he is as sure's a gun,  
 Poor silly body see him ;  
 Nae wonder he's as black's the grun,  
 Observe wha's standing wi' him.

Your brunstane devilship I see  
 Has gotten him there before ye ;  
 But ha'd your nine tail cat a wee ;  
 Till ance you've heard my story.

Your pity I will not implore,  
 For pity ye have nane ;  
 Justice, alas ! has gi'en him o'er,  
 And mercy's day is gaen.

But hear me, Sir, dei'll as ye are,  
 Look something to your credit ;  
 A coof like him wou'd stain your name,  
 If it were kent ye did it.

## LINES

Written on windows of the Globe Tavern, Dumfries.

I MURDER hate by field or flood,  
 Tho' glory's name may screen us ;  
 In wars at hame I'll spend my blood,  
 Life-giving wars 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 a holy pool,  
 That heals the wounds o' care an' dool,  
 And pleasure is a wanton trout,  
 An' ye drink it, ye'll find him out.

---

IN politics if thou wou'd'st mix,  
 And mean thy fortunes be ;  
 Bear this in mind, be deaf and blind,  
 Let great folks hear and see.

## EPIGRAM.

BURNS, accompanied by a friend, having gone to Inverary at a time when some company were there on a visit to his Grace the Duke of Argyll, finding himself and his companion entirely neglected by the Inn-keeper, 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 come to wait upon  
The Lord their God, his grace.  
There's naething here but Highland pride,  
And Highland scab and hunger;  
If Providence has sent me here,  
'Twas surely in an anger.

TO DR. MAXWELL.

## ON MISS JESSY STAG'S RECOVERY

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

## THE TWA HERDS, OR HOLY TOOLZIE.

O A' ye pious godly flocks,  
Well fed on pastures orthodox,  
Wha now will keep you frae the fox,  
Or worrying tykes,  
Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks,  
About the dykes.

The twa best herds in a' the wast,  
That e'er gae gospel horn a blast,  
These five and twenty summers past,  
O ! dool to tell,  
Hae had a bitter black out-cast  
Atween themsel.







O ! a' ye flocks, o'er a' the hills,  
 By mosses, meadows, moors, and fells,  
 Come join your counsel and your skills,  
                     To cow the lairds,  
 And get the brutes the power themsells,  
                     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 Dalrymple's eloquence,  
 M'———ll's close nervous excellence,  
 M'Q——e's pathetic manly sense,  
                     And guid M'———h,  
 Wi' S——th wha thro' the heart can glance,  
                     May a' pack aff.

---

ANSWER TO A

TRIMMING LETTER FROM A TAYLOR.

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

What though at times when I grow crouse,  
 I gi'e their wames a random pouce,  
 Is that enough for you to souse  
                     Your servant sae ?  
 Gae mind your seam, ye prick thé 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 maybe, 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 heals owre body,  
 And sairly thole their mither's ban,  
     Afore the howdy.

This leads me on, to tell for sport,  
 How I did wi' the Session sort—  
 Auld Clinkum at the Inner port  
     Cry'd three times, "Robin!"  
 "Come hither lad, and 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 furnicator 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 sp'ritual foe,  
     " You shou'd remember  
 " To cut it aff, an' 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 gi' 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 ' Gude night', and cam awa,  
     And left the Session ;  
 I saw they were resolved a'  
     On my oppression.



## ON MISS J. SCOTT.

OF ECCLEFECHAN.

OH ! had each Scot of ancient times,  
 Been JEANY SCOTT, as thou art,  
 The bravest heart on English ground,  
 Had yielded like a coward.

## THE ORDINATION.

For sense they little owe to Frugal Heaven.—  
To please the mob they hide the little giv'n.

KILMARNOCK Wabsters, fidge an' claw;  
An' pour your creeshie nations;  
An' ye wha leather raz 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.

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 her tail,  
An' set the bairns to daud her  
Wi' dirt this day.

Mak haste an' turn king David owre,  
An' lilt wi' holy clangor;  
O' double verse 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 pow'r,  
And gloriously she'll whang her  
Wi' pith this day.

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

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

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

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

Lang *Patronage*, wi' rod o' airn,  
 Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin,  
 As lately *F-nw-ck*, sair forfairn,  
 Has proven to its ruin :  
 Our Patron, honest man ! Gl\*\*\*\*\*,  
 He saw mischief was brewin ;  
 And like a godly elect bairn,  
 He's wal'd us out a true ane,  
                                     And found this day.

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,  
 And turn a Carpet-weaver  
 Aff-hand this day.

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 :  
 And ay' 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.

See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes  
 She 's swingein thro' the city ;  
 Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays !  
 I vow its unco pretty :  
 There, learning, with his Greekish faee,  
 Grunts out some Latin ditty ;  
 And Common Sense is gaun, she says,  
 To mak to *Jamie Beattie*  
 Her plaint this day.

But there 's Morality himsel,  
 Embracing all opinions ;  
 Hear, how he gies the tither yell,  
 Between his twa companions ;  
 See, how she peels the skin an' fell,  
 As ane were peelin onions !  
 Now there—they're packed aff to hell,  
 And banish'd our dominions,  
 Henceforth this day.

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 hoyse,  
 And cow her measure shorter  
 By th' head some day

Come, bring the tither mutchklin in  
 And 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 fuslon  
 Like oil, some day.

## THE CALF,

TO THE REV. MR. ———

*On his text, MALACHI, ch. iv. ver. 2. "And they shall go forth,  
 and grow up, like CALVES of the stall,"*

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

And should some Patron be so kind,  
 As bless you wi' a kirk,  
 I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find,  
 Ye're still as great a *Sirk*.

But, if the Lover's raptur'd hour  
 Shall ever be your lot,  
 Forbid it, every heavenly Power,  
 You e'er should be a *Stot* !

Tho' when some kind, connubial Dear,  
 Your but-and-ben adorns,  
 The like has been that you may wear  
 A noble head of *horns*,

And in your lug, most reverend J——,  
 To hear your 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* !'

---

### IMITATION OF AN OLD BALLAD.

I HAE a wife o' my ain,  
 I'll partake wi' nae-body ;  
 I'll tak cuckold frae nane,  
 I'll gie cuckold to nae-body.

I hae a penny to spend,  
 There—thanks to nae-body ;  
 I hae naething to lend,  
 I'll borrow frae nae-body.

I am nae-body's lord,  
 I'll be slave to nae-body ;  
 I hae a gude braid sword,  
 I'll tak dunts frae nae-body.

I'll be merry and free,  
 I'll be sad for nae-body ;  
 If nae-body care for me,  
 I'll care for nae-body.

---

### EPITAPH ON D—— C——.

HERE lies in earth a root of Hell,  
 Set by the Diel's ain dibble ;  
 This worthless body damn'd himsel,  
 To save the Lord the trouble.

L L

## LETTER TO JOHN GOUDIE,

KILMARNOCK,

## ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS ESSAYS.

O GOUDIE! terror of the Whigs,  
Dread of black coats and rev'rend wigs,  
Soor Bigotry, on her last legs,  
Girnin' looks back,  
Wishin' the ten Egyptian plagues  
Wad seize you quick.

Poor gapin', glowrin' Superstition,  
Waes me! she's in a sad condition;  
Fy, bring Black-Jock, her state physician,  
To see her w-ter;  
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 chappel,  
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 you 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.

## ELEGY ON THE YEAR 1788.

## A SKETCH.

FOR lords or kings I dinna mourn,  
 E'en let them die—for that they 're born;  
 But oh! prodigious to reflect!  
 A *Torromont*, Sirs, is gane to wreck!  
 O *Eighty-eight*, in thy sma' space  
 What dire events ha'e taken place!  
 Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us!  
 In what a pickle thou hast left us!

The Spanish empire's tint a head,  
 An' my auld toothless Bawtie's dead;  
 The tulzie's sair 'tween Pitt and Fox,  
 And 'tween our Maggie's twa wee cocks;  
 The tane is game, a bluidie devil,  
 But to the hen-birds unco civil;  
 The tither's something dour o' treadin,  
 But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden—

Ye ministers come mount the poupit,  
 An' cry till ye be haerse an' roupet,  
 For *Eighty-eight* he wish'd you weel,  
 An' gied you a' baith gear an' meal;  
 E'en mony a plack, and mony a peck,  
 Ye ken yoursels, for little feck!—

Ye bonie lasses dight your e'en,  
 For some o' you ha'e tint a frien';  
 In *Eighty-eight*, ye ken, was ta'en  
 What ye 'll ne'er ha'e to gie again.

Observe the very nowt an' sheep,  
 How dowf and daviely they creep;  
 Nay, even the yirth itsel does cry,  
 For E'nburgh wells are grutten dry.

O *Eighty-nine*, thou's but a bairn,  
 An' no o'er auld, I hope, to learn!  
 Thou beardless boy, I pray tak care,  
 Thou now has got thy Daddy's chair,

Nae hand-cuff'd mizl'd hap-shackl'd *Regent*,  
 But, like himsel, a full free agent.  
 Be sure ye follow out the plan  
 Nae waur than he did, honest man!  
 As muckle better as you can.

}

## THE DEAN OF FACULTY.

### A NEW BALLAD.

DIRE was the hate at old Harlaw,  
 That Scot to Scot did carry;  
 And dire the discord Langside saw,  
 For beauteous, hapless Mary:  
 But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot,  
 Or were more in fury seen, Sir,  
 Than 'twixt *Hal* and *Bob* for the famous job—  
 Who should be *Faculty's Dean*, Sir.—

This *Hal* for genius, wit, and lore,  
 Among the first was number'd;  
 But pious *Bob*, 'mid learning's store,  
 Commandment tenth remember'd,—  
 Yet simple *Bob* the victory got,  
 And wan his heart's desire;  
 Which shews that heaven can boil the pot,  
 Though the devil p—s in the fire.—

Squire *Hal* besides had this in case  
 Pretensions rather brassy,  
 For talents to deserve a place  
 Are qualifications saucy;  
 So their worships of the Faculty,  
 Quite sick of merit's rudeness,  
 Chose one who should owe it all d' ye see,  
 To their gratis grace and goodness.—

As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight  
 Of a son of Circumcision,  
 So may be, on this Pisgah height,  
*Bob's* purblind mental vision:

Nay, *Bobby's* mouth may be open'd yet  
 Till for eloquence you hail him,  
 And swear he has the Angel met  
 That met the ass of Balaam.—

\* \* \* \* \*

—♦—  
 EPITAPH

ON A HENPECK'D 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*,  
 An' a been weel content.

—♦—

ADDRESS

TO AN ILLEGITIMATE CHILD.

THOU 'S welcome wean, mishanter fa' me,  
 If ought 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 bonny Betty,  
 I, fatherly will kiss and dant thee,  
 As dear an' near my heart I set thee  
                                     Wi' as gude will  
 As a' the priests hath seen me get thee  
                                     That 's out o' hell.



What tho' they ca' me fornicator,  
 An' tease my name in kintry clatter :  
 The mair they taulk 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' mony a merry dint,  
 My funny toil 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 ha'f o't.

An' if thou be what I wad hae thee,  
 An' tak the counsel I sall 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 mailens.



## EPITAPH ON A WAG IN MAUCHLINE.

LAMENT 'm 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 his grass,  
 Perhaps he was your father.

## 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 ae woman ever less?

SONG—TUNE—*The big belly'd bottle.*

NO churchman an' I for to rail and to write,  
 No statesman nor soldier to plot or to fight,  
 No sly man of business contriving a snare,  
 For a big-belly'd bottle 's the whole of my care.

The peer I don't envy, I give him his bow;  
 I scorn not the peasant, tho' ever so low;  
 But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,  
 And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse;  
 There centum per centum, the cit with his purse;  
 But see you—the crown how it waves in the air,  
 There a big belly'd bottle still eases my care.

The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;  
 For sweet consolation to church I did fly;  
 I found that old Solomon proved it fair,  
 That a big-belly'd bottle 's a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make;  
 A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;  
 But the pursy old landlord just waddled up stairs,  
 With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

"Life's cares they are comforts"—a maxim laid down  
 By the bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black  
 gown;

And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair;  
For a big-belly'd bottle 's a heaven of care.

*A Stanza added in a Mason Lodge.*

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

---

## LINES

Written on a window, at the King's Arms Tavern, Dumfries.

YE men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering,  
'Gainst poor Excisemen? give the cause a hearing;  
What are your landlords rent-rolls? taxing ledgers:  
What premiers, what? even Monarchs mighty gaigers:  
Nay, what are priests? those seeming godly wisemen:  
What are they pray? but spiritual Excisemen.

---

## VERSES TO J. RANKEN,

AE day, as Death, that gruesome carl,  
Was driving to the tither warl'  
A mixtie-maxtie motley squad,  
And mony a gilt-bespotted lad;  
Black gowns of each denomination,  
And thieves of every rank and station,  
From him that wears the star and garter,  
To him that wintles in a halter:  
Asham'd himsel to see the wretches,  
He mutters glow'rin at the bitches,  
"By God I'll not be seen behint them,  
"Nor 'mang the sp'ritual core present them,  
"Without, at least ae honest man,  
"To grace this d——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, i' faith,"  
 And quickly stoppit *Ranken's* breath.



## 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 i' the wast,  
 That what is no sense must be nonsense.

Dr. Mac, Dr. Mac, you should stretch on a rack,  
 To strike evil doers wi' terror ;  
 To join faith and sense upon ony pretence,  
 Is heretic, damnable error.

Town of Ayr, town of Ayr, it was mad I declare,  
 To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing ;  
 Provost John is still deaf to the church's relief,  
 And orator Bob is its ruin,

Drymple mild, Drymple mild, tho' your heart's like a  
 child,  
 And your life like the new driven snaw,  
 Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan must have ye,  
 For preaching that three's ane and twa.

Rumble John, Rumble John, mount the steps wi' a groan.  
 Cry the book is wi' heresy cramm'd ;  
 Then lug out your ladle, deal brimstone like adle,  
 And roar every note of the damn'd.

Simper James, Simper James, leave the fair Killie  
 dames,  
 There's a holier chance in your view ;  
 I'll lay on your head, that the pack ye'll soon lead,  
 For puppies like you there's few.

Singet Sawney, Singet Sawney, are ye herding the penny,  
 Unconscious what evils await ;  
 Wi' a jump, yell and howl, alarm every soul,  
 For the soul thief is just at your gate.

Daddy Auld, Daddy Auld, there's a tod in the fauld,  
 A tod meikle waur than the Clerk ;  
 Tho' ye can do little skaith, ye'll be in at the death,  
 And gif ye canna bite, ye may bark.

Davie Bluster, Davie Bluster, if for a saint ye do muster,  
 The corps is so nice of recruits ;  
 Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood you might boast,  
 If the ass was the king of the brutes.

Jamy Goose, Jamy Goose, ye ha'e made but toom roose,  
 In hunting the wiched Lieutenant ;  
 But the doctor's your mark, for the L—d's haly ark,  
 He has cooper'd and cawd a wrang pin in't.

Poet Willie, Poet Willie, gie the Doctor a volly,  
 Wi' your *liberty's chain* and your wit ;  
 O'er Pegasus' side ye ne'er laid a stride,  
 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.

Barr Steennie, Barr Steennie, 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, even your face will allow,  
 And your friends they dare grant you nae mair.

Muirland Jock, Muirland Jock, when the Lord makes a  
 rock

To crush common sense for her sins,  
 If ill manners were wit, there's no mortal so fit  
 To confound the poor Doctor at ance.

Holy Will, Holy Will, there was wit i' your skull.  
 When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor ;  
 The timmer is scant, when ye're ta'en 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 storehouses o' lead.

Poet Burns, Poet Burns, wi' your priest-skelping turns,  
 Why desert ye your auld native shire ;  
 Your muse is a gipsie, e'en tho' she were tipsie,  
 She cou'd ca' us nae waur than we are.

---

### THE HENPECK'D 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.

---

### EPITAPH FOR

### THOS. H. KENNEDY, NOW OF NEW YORK\*

As Tam the chapman on a day,  
 Wi' Death forgether'd by the way,  
 Weel pleas'd, he greets a wight sae famous,  
 And Death was nae less pleas'd wi' Thomas,  
 Wha cheerfully lays down the pack,  
 And there blows up a hearty crack,  
 His social friendly honest heart,  
 Sae tickled Death they could na part,  
 Sae after viewing knives an garters  
 Death takes him hame to gae him quarters.

\* Mr. Kennedy was formerly a travelling pedlar in Scotland, and an intimate friend of our author ;—had been sick when the above epitaph was wrote.



## THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

THE LAST SONG WRITTEN BY OUR AUTHOB,  
ADDRESSED TO HIS WIFE.

TUNE—*Hi Titty Tatty.*

I'm wearing awa, Jean,  
Like snaw when its thaw Jean,  
I'm wearing awa,  
To the Land o' the Leal.

There's nae sorrow there, Jean,  
There's nae could nor care, Jean,  
The day is ay fair,  
In the Land o' the Leal.

Ye've been leal an' true, Jean,  
Your task's ended now, Jean,  
An' I'll welcome you,  
To the Land o' the Leal.

Our bonny bairn's there, Jean,  
She was baith gude an' fair Jean;  
An' we grudg'd her sair,  
To the Land o' the Leal.

Dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,  
My soul lang's to be free, Jean;  
An' angels wait on me,  
In the Land o' the Leal.

Then farewel my ain Jean:  
This world's care's vain, Jean;  
We'll meet an' ay be fain,  
In the Land o' the Leal.

## JOHN ANDERSON, MY JOE,

IMPROVED BY ROBERT BURNS.

JOHN Anderson, my joe, John, I wonder what you mean,  
 To rise so soon in the morning, and sit up so late at e'en,  
 Ye'll blear out a' your e'en, John, and why should you do  
     so,  
 Gang sooner to your bed at e'en, John Anderson, my joe.

John Anderson, my joe, John, whan nature first began  
 To try her canny hand, John, her master work was *man* ;  
 And you amang them a' John, sae trig frae tap to toe,  
 She prov'd to be nae journey-work, John Anderson, my  
     joe.

John Anderson, my joe, John, ye were my first conceit;  
 And ye need nae think it strange, John, tho' I ca' ye trim  
     and neat;  
 Tho' some folk say ye're auld, John, I never think ye so,  
 But I think ye're ay the same to me, John Anderson my  
     joe.

John Anderson, my joe, John, we've seen our bairns'  
     bairns,  
 And yet, my dear John Anderson, I'm happy in your  
     arms,  
 And sae are ye in mine, John—I'm sure ye'll ne'er say no,  
 'Tho' the days are gane that we have seen, John Ander-  
     son, my joe.

John Anderson, my joe, John, what pleasure does it gie,  
 To see sae many sprouts, John, spring up 'tween you an'  
     me,  
 And ilka lad and lass, John, in our footsteps to go,  
 Make perfect heaven here on earth, John Anderson, my  
     joe.

John Anderson, my joe, John, when we were first acquaint,  
Your locks were like the raven, your bonnie brow was brent,  
But now your head 's turn'd bald, John, your locks are like the snow,  
Yet, blessing on your frosty pow, John Anderson, my joe.

John Anderson my joe, John, frae year to year we've past,  
And soon that year maun come, John, will bring us to our last :  
But let na that affright us, John, our hearts were ne'er our foe.  
While in innocent delight we liv'd, John Anderson, my joe.

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

# GLOSSARY.

THE *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English dipthong *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 dipthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scottish dipthong *ae*, always, and *ea*, very often, sound like the French *e* masculine. The Scottish dipthong *ey*, sounds like the Latin *ei*.

## A

A', All	Amang, among
Aback, away, aloof	An', and, if
Abeigh, at a shy distance	Ance, once
Aboon, above, up	Ane, one
Abread, abroad, in sight	Anent, over against
Ae, one	Anither, another
Aff, off; <i>Aff loof</i> , off hand, un-	Ase, ashes
premeditated	Asklent, askint, slanting
Afore, before	Asteer, abroad, stirring
Aft, oft	Athort, athwart
Aften, often	Aught, as in <i>a' my aught</i> , in all
Agley, off the right line, wrong	my possession
Aiblins, perhaps	Auld, old
Ain, own	Auldfarran, or auld farrant, sa-
Airn, iron	gacious, cunning, prudent
Airl-penny, earnest-money	Auld lang syne, long ago, in for-
Aith, an oath	mer times
Aits, oats	Ava, at all
Aiver, an old horse	Awa', away
Aizle, a small spark of fire, a	Awfu', awful
hot cinder	Awn, the beard of barley, oats
Alake, alas	&c.
Alane, alone	Awnie, bearded
Akwart, aukward	Ayont, behind

## B

Ba', ball	Bairntime, a family of children
Backlins, comin', coming back,	a brood
returning	Baith, both
Bad, did bid	Ban, to swear, a minced oath
Baide, endured, did stay	Bannock, a kind of thick cake of
Baggie, the belly	bread
Bainie, having large bones, stout	Bane, bone
Bairn, a child	Bang, to beat, to strive

- Bardie, diminutive of bard  
 Barefit, barefooted  
 Barmie, of, or like barm or yest  
 Batch, a crew, a gang  
 Batts, botts, a disease in horses  
 Baudrons, a cat  
 Bauld, bold  
 Bawk, bank, a narrow stripe of  
     grass between ploughed lands, or ridges  
 Baws'nt, having a white stripe  
     down the face  
 Bear, barley  
 Beastie, diminutive of beast  
 Beet, to add fuel to fire  
 Beld, bauld headed  
 Belyve, bye and by  
 Ben, into the parlour  
 Benlomond, a noted mountain  
 Bethankit, an expression of  
     thankfulness  
 Beuk, a book  
 Bicker, a kind of wooden dish,  
     a short race  
 Bield, shelter  
 Bien, snug, 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, pota-  
     toes, &c.  
 Birk, birch  
 Birkie, a waggish clever fellow  
 Birring, the noise of partridges,  
     &c. when they spring  
 Birkin--Shaw, Birchen--Wood,  
     from Birch a tree, and Shaw  
     a small wood  
 Bit, *just at the bit*, crisis, nick of  
     time  
 Bizz, a bustle, to buzz  
 Blastic, a shrivelled dwarf, a  
     term of contempt  
 Blastit, blasted  
 Blate, bashful, sheepish  
 Blather, bladder  
 Blaud, a large piece of any thing,  
     a slap with the hand  
 Baudin' driving like a snow  
     storm  
 Blaw, to blow, to boast  
 Bleezing, blazing  
 Bleert and Blin, bleered and  
     blind  
 Bleerit, bleered, rheum in the  
     eyes  
 Blellum, idle talking fellow  
 Blether, to talk idly nonsense  
 Bleth'rin, talking idly  
 Blink, a quick smiling glance of  
     the eye, to shine by fits  
 Blinker, a term of contempt  
 Blinkin', smirking  
 Bluntie, snivelling  
 Blue gown, one of those beggars  
     who get annually on the king's  
     birth-day, a blue cloak or  
     gown, and badge, which gives  
     them credit with the public  
 Blude, blood  
 Blype, a shred, a large piece  
 Bock, to vomit, to gush inter-  
     mittently  
 Bocked, gushed, vomited  
 Bodle, a small copper coin  
 Bonnie, or bonny, handsome,  
     beautiful  
 Bogles, spirits, hobgoblins  
 Boor-tree, the shrub-elder  
 Boost, an instrument for mark-  
     ing sheep or cattle &c. with  
     the owner's cypher, or other  
     mark  
 To Boost with, verb active of  
     boose, a penn or stall for cat-  
     tle, &c.  
 Botch, an angry tumour  
 Bousing, drinking  
 Bouk, vomiting, gushing  
 Bow-kail, cabbage  
 Bowt, bended, crooked  
 Brackens, fern  
 Brae, a declivity, a precipice,  
     the slope of a hill

Braid, Broad	Brust, to burst, burst
Braik, a kind of harrow	Buchan-bullers, the boiling of the sea among the rocks on the coast of Buchan
Brainge, to run rashly forward	Buckskin, an inhabitant of Virginia
Braign't, reeled forward	Bughtin-time, the time of collecting the sheep in the pens to be milked
Brak, broke made insolvent	Bught, a pen
Branks, a kind of wooden curb for horses	Buirdly, stout made, broad built
Brash, a sudden illness	Bum-clock, a humming beetle that flies in the summer evenings
Brats, coarse clothes, rags, &c.	Bumming, humming as bees
Brattle, a short race, hurry, fury	Bumme, to blunder
Braw, fine, handsome	Bummler, a blunderer
Brawlyt, or brawlie, very well, finely, heartily	Bunker, a window seat
Braxie, decease in sheep	Burdies, dimin. of birds
Breastie, dimin. of breast	Bure, did bear
Breastit, did spring up or forward	Burnewin, i. e. burn the wind, a blacksmith
Breef, an invulnerable or irresistible spell	Burnie, dimin. of burn
Brecks, breeches	Burn, or Burnie, a water, a rivulet
Brent, smooth	Buskie, bushy
Brewin, brewing	Buskit, dressed
Brie, juice, liquid	Busle, a bustle, to bustle
Brig, a bridge	Buss, a bush
Brunstane, brimstone	But, bot, without
Brisket, the breast, the bosom	But an' ben, the country kitchen and parlour
Brither, a brother	By himself, lunatic, distracted
Brock, a badger	Byke, a bee-hive
Brogue, a hum, a trick	Byre, a cow house
Broo, broth, liquid, water	
Broose, a race at country weddings	
Brugh, a burgh	
Brulzie, a broil, a combustion	
Brunt, did burn, burnt	

## C

CA', to call to name, to drive	Calf-ward, a small enclosure for calves
Ca't or Ca'd, called, driven, calved	Callan, a boy
Cadger, a carrier	Caller, fresh sound, refreshing
Cadie, or caddie, a person a young fellow	Cannie, gentle, mild, dextrous
Caff, chaff	Cannilie, dextrously, gently
Caird, a tinker	Cantie, or Canty, cheerful, merry
Cairn, a loose heap of stones	Cantraip, a charm, a spell



- Cap-stane, cope stone, key stone  
 Careerin, the act of making merry  
 Carl, an old man  
 Carlin, a stout old woman  
 Cartes, cards  
 Caudron, a caldron  
 Cauk and keel, chalk and red clay  
 Cauld, cold  
 Caup a wooden drinking vessel  
 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 firegrate, fire-place  
 Chimla-lug, the fire-side  
 Chittering, shivering, trembling  
 Chockin, choaking  
 Chow, to chew; *cheek for chow*, side by side  
 Chuffie, fat faced  
 Clachan, s small village about a church, a hamlet  
 Claise, or claes, cloaths  
 Claith, cloth  
 Claithing, cloathing  
 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 stories, an idle story  
 Claught snatched at, laid hold of  
 Claut, to clean, to scrape  
 Clauted, scraped  
 Claw, to scratch  
 Glad, cloathed  
 Cleckit, having caught  
 Clinkin, jerking, clinking  
 Clinkumbell, who rings the church bell  
 Clips, sheers  
 Clishmaclaver, idle conversation  
 Clock, to hatch, a beetle  
 Clockin, hatching  
 Cloot, the hoof of a cow, sheep, &c.  
 Clootie, the Devil, commonly represented cloven-footed  
 Clour, a bump or swelling after a blow  
 Cluds, clouds  
 Coaxin, wheedling  
 Coble, a fishing boat  
 Cockernony, a lock of hair tied upon a girl's head, a cap  
 Coft, bought  
 Cog, a wooden dish  
 Coggie dimin. of cog  
 Coila, from Kyle, a district of Ayrshire, so called, saith tradition, from Coil, or Coilus, a Pictish monarch  
 Collishangie, quarreling  
 Collie, a certain species of dogs  
 Commaun, command  
 Cood, the cud  
 Coof, a blockhead a ninny  
 Cookit, appeared, and disappeared by fits  
 Coost, did cast  
 Coot, the ankle or foot  
 Cootie, a wooden kitchen dish—  
*also those 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 cove  
 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  
 Cow'r, cower, to stoop under a shelter

- Cowrin, shrinking with fear  
 Cowte, a colt  
 Cozie, anug  
 Cozily, snugly  
 Crabbit crabbed, fretful  
 Crack, conversation, to converse  
 Cracking, conversing  
 Craft, or croft, a field near a house, *in old husbandry*  
 Craiks, cries or calls incessantly, a bird  
 Crambo-clink, or crambo-jingle, rhymes, doggrel verses  
 Crank, the noise of an ungreased wheel  
 Crankons, fretful, captious  
 Cranreuch, the hoar frost  
 Crap, a crop, to crop  
 Craw, a crow of a cock, a rook  
 Creel, a basket; *to have one's wits in a creel*, to be craz'd, to be fascinated  
 Creeshie, greasy  
 Crood, or croud, to coo as a dove  
 Croon, a hollow and 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  
 Crously, cheerfully, courageously  
 Crowdie, a composition of oatmeal, and cold water  
 Crowdietime, breakfast time, as we say mush-time, when something better than mush is expected  
 Crowlin, crawling  
 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 curtsey  
 Curler, a player at a game on the ice, practised in Scotland called curling  
 Curlie, curled, whose hair falls naturally in ringlets  
 Curling a well known game on ice  
 Curmurring, murmuring, a slight rumbling noise  
 Curpin, a crupper  
 Cushat, the dove, or wood pigeon  
 Cutty, short, a spoon broken in the middle

## D

- DADDIE, a father  
 Daffin, merriment, foolishness  
 Daft, merry, giddy, foolish  
 Daimen, rare, now and then, *daimen-icker*, an ear of corn now and then  
 Dain'y, pleasant, good humour-ed, agreeable  
 Dales, plains, vallies  
 Darklins, darkling  
 Daud, to thrash, to abuse  
 Daur, to dare  
 Daurt, dared  
 Daurg, or daurk, a day's labour  
 Davoc, David  
 Dawd, a large piece  
 Dawtit, or dawtet, fondled, caressed  
 Dearies, dimin. of dears  
 Dearthfu', dear  
 Deave, to deafen  
*Deil-ma-care!* no matter! for all that!  
 Deleerit, delirious  
 Describe, to describe  
 Dight, to wipe, to 'clean corn from chaff  
 Dight, cleaned from chaff

Binna, do not	Downa, am or are not able, can not
Ding, to worst, to push	Doylt, stupid
Dirl, a slight tremulous stroke or pain	Drap, a drop, to drop
Dizzen, or diz'n, a dozen	Dropping, dropping
Doited, stupified,	Dreep, to ooze to drop
Dolt, stupified, crazed	Dreigh, tedious, long about it
Donsie, weakness in body or mind	Driddle, drizzling, slaver
Dool, sorrow, <i>to sing dool</i> , to lament, to mourn	Drift, a drove
Doos, doves	Droddum, the breech
Dorty, saucy, nice	Drone, part of a bag-pipe
Douce, or douse, sober, wise, prudent	Droop, rumpl't, that droops at the crupper
Doucely, soberly, prudently	Droukit, wet
Dought, was or were able	Draunting, drawling
Doup, backside	Drouth, thirst, drought
Doup-skelper, one that strikes the tail	Drucken, drunken
Doure, stout, durable, stubborn, sullen	Drumly, muddy
Dour and din, sullen, and slow	Drummock, meal and water, mixed raw
Douser, more prudent	Drun, pet, sour humour
Dow, am or are able, can	Dub, a small pond
Dowff, pithless, wanting force	Duds, rags, clothes
Dowie, worn with grief fatigue, &c. half asleep	Duddie, ragged
	Dung, worsted, pushed, driven
	Dunt, boxt
	Dush, to push at a ram, &c
	Dusht, pushed by a ram, ox, &c.

## E

E'E, the eye	En', end
Een, the eyes	ENBRUGH, EDINBURGH
E'enen, evening	Eneugh, enough
Eerie, frightened, dreading spirits	Especial, especially
Eild, old age	Ettle, to try, attempt
Elbuck, the elbow	Eydent, diligent
Eldritch, ghastly, frightful	

## F

FA', fall, lot to fall	Fairin, a fairing, a present
Fa's, does fall, water-falls	Fallow, fellow
Faddom't fathomed	Fand, did find
Fae, a foe	Farl, a cake of bread
Faem, foam	Fash, trouble, care, to trouble, to care for
Faiket, unknown	

- Fasht, troubled  
 Fastereen-een, Fasten's Even  
 Fould, a fold, to fold  
 Faulding, folding  
 Faut, fault  
 Fawsont, decent, seemly  
 Feal, a turf or sod  
 Fearfu' frightful  
 Fear't, frighted  
 Feat, neat, spruce  
 Fecht, to fight  
 Fechtin, fighting  
 Feck, many, plenty  
 Fecket, waistcoat  
 Feckfu', large, brauny, stout  
 Feckless, puny, weak, silly  
 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  
 Fend, to live comfortably  
 Fen, subsisting with some difficulty  
 Feil, soft smooth  
 Ferlie, or ferly, to wonder; a wonder, a term of contempt  
 Fetch, to bring  
 Fetch't, brought, or did bring  
 Fidge, to fidget  
 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  
 Fittie-lan, the near horse of the hindmost pair in the plough  
 Fizz, to make a hissing noise, like fermentation  
 Flainen, flannel  
 Fleech, to supplicate in a flattering manner  
 Fleechin, supplicating  
 Fleech'd, supplicated  
 Fleesh, a fleece  
 Fleg, a kick, a random blow  
 Flether, to decoy by fair words  
 Fletherin, flattering  
 Fley, to scare, to frighten  
 Flichter, to flutter, as young nestlings, when their dam approaches  
 Flickering, to meet, to encounter with  
 Flinders, sherds, 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  
 Forbye, besides  
 Forfairn, distressed, worn out, jaded  
 Forfoughten, fatigued  
 Forgather, to meet, to encounter with  
 Forgie, to forgive  
 Forjesket, jaded with fatigue  
 Fother, fodder  
 Fou', full, drunk  
 Foughten, troubled, harrassed  
 Fouth, plenty, enough, or more than enough  
 Fow, a bushel, &c. also a pitchfork  
 Frae, from  
 Freath, froth  
 Fricn', friend  
 Fu' full  
 Fud, the scut, or tail of the hare, cony, &c.  
 Fuff, to blow  
 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  
 Fyle, to soil, to dirty  
 Fyl't, soiled, dirtied

## G

- GAB, the mouth, to speak bold-ly, or pertly  
 Gaber-lunzie, an old man  
 Gadsma, plough-boy, the boy that drives the horses in the plough  
 Gae, to go ; gaed, went ; gaen, gane, gone, going  
 Gaet or gate, way, manner, road  
 Gang, to go, to walk  
 Gar, to make, to force to  
 Gar't, forced to  
 Garten, a garter  
 Gash, wise, sagacious, talkative to converse  
 Gashin, conversing  
 Gaucy, jolly, large  
 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  
 Gilie dimin. of gill  
 Gilpey, a half grown, half informed boy or girl, a romping lad, a hoyden  
 Gimmer, an ewe from one to two years old  
 Gin, if, against  
 Gipsey, a travelling vagabond, term of contempt  
 Girn, to grin, to twist the features in rage, agony, &c.  
 Girning, grinning  
 Gizz, a periwig  
 Glaikit, inattentive, foolish  
 Glaive, a sword  
 Gawky, half witted, foolish  
 Glaizie, glittering, smooth like a glass  
 Glaum'd, aimed, snatched  
 Gleek, sharp, ready  
 Gleib, glebe  
 Glen, dale, deep, valley  
 Gleg, sharp, ready  
 Gley, a squint, to squint ! off at a side, wrong  
 Glig-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  
 Glowred, looked, stared  
 Gowan, wild daisy  
 Gowany glens, daisied, dales  
 Gowd, gold  
 Gowff ; to strike as the bat does the ball, at golf  
 Gowff'd, struck  
 Gowk, a cuckoo, a term of contempt  
 Gowl, to howl  
 Grane, or grain, a groan, to groan  
 Grain'd, groaned  
 Graining, groaning  
 Grained and Gaunted, groaned, and grunted  
 Graip, a dung-fork  
 Graith, harness for draught cattle  
 Grannie, grandmother  
 Grape, to grope  
 Grapit, groped  
 Grat, wept, shed tears  
 Grat, intimate, familiar  
 Gree, to agree ; to bear the gree, to be decidedly victor  
 Gree't, agreed  
 Greetin, crying, weeping

Gripet, caught, seized	Guid, good
Groat, four pence sterling	Guid-mornin, good morrow
Grounsome, loathsomely, grim	Guid-ee'n, good evening
Grozet, a goosberry	Guidman and guidwife, the mas-
Grumph, a grunt, to grunt	ter and mistress of the house ;
Grumphie, a sow	young guidman, a man newly
Grun', ground	married
Grunstane, a grindstone	Guidfather, Guidmother, father-
Gruntle, the phiz, a grunting	in-law, and mother-in-law
noise	Gulravage, running in a confus-
Grunzie, mouth	ed manner, like boys when
Grushie, thick, of thriving	leaving school
growth	Gully, or gullie, a large knife
GUDE, THE SUPREME BEING ;	Gumlie, muddy
good	Gusty, tasteful

## H

HA' hall	Han', or Haun, hand
Ha' bible, the great bible that	Hap, an outer garment, mantle,
lies in the hall	plaid, &c.
Hae, to have	to wrap, to cover, to hap
Haen, had the participle	Happer, hopper
Hact, fient head, a petty oath,	Happing, hopping
of negation, nothing	Hap step an' loup, hop skip and
Haffet, the temple, the side of	leap
the head	Harkit, hearkened
Hafflins nearly half, partly	Harn, very coarse linen
Hag, a scar, or gulf in mosses	Hash, a fellow that neither
and moors	knows how to dress nor act
Haggis, a kind of pudding boil-	with propriety
ed in the stomach of a cow or	Hastit, hastened
sheep	Haud, to hold
Hain, to spare, to save	Haughs ; low lying, rich lands ;
Hain'd spared	valleys
Hairst, harvest	Haur, to drag, to peel
Haith, a petty oath	Haurlin, peeling
Haivers, nonsense, speaking	Haverel, a half-witted person,
without thought	half-witted
Hal', or hald, an abiding place	Havins, good manners, decorum
Hale, whole, tight, healthy	with good sense
Hame, home	Hawkie, a cow, properly one
Hallan, a partition wall in a cot-	with a white face
tage	Heapit, heaped
Hallowmas, Hallow-eve, the 31st	Healsome, healthful, wholesome
of October	Hearse, hoarse
Haly, holy	Hear't, hear it
Hamely, homely, affable	Heather, heath



Hech ! oh ! strange	Hog-shouther, a kind of horse
Hecht, promised, or making one to expect	play, by jostling with the shoulder; to jostle
Hecht, offered	Hool, outer skin or case, a nut-shell, pease swad
Heckle, a well known instrument for dressing hemp or flax	Hoolie, slowly, leisurely
Heeze, to elevate, to raise	Hoolie ! take leisure, stop
Helm, the rudder or helm	Hoord, a hoard ; to hoard
Herd, to tend flocks, one who tends flocks	Hoordet hoarded
Herrin, a herring	Horn, a spoon made of horn
Herry, to plunder, most properly to plunder birds nests	Hornie, one of the many names of the devil
Herrymment, plundering devastation	Host, or hoast, to cough
Hersel, herself, also a herd of cattle, of any sort	Hostin, coughing
Het, hot	Hotch'd, turned topsey-turvey, blended, mixed
Heugh, a crag, a coal-pit	Houghmagandie, fornication
Hilch, a hobble, to halt	Houlet, or Howlet, an owl
Hilchin, halting	Housie, dimin. of house
Himsel, himself	Hove, to heave, to swell
Hing, to hang	Hov'd, heaved, swelled
Hiney, honey	Howdic, a midwife
Hirple, to walk crazily, to creep	Howe, hollow, a hollow or dell
Hirsel, so many cattle as one person can attend	Howebackit sunk in the back, spoken of a horse, &c.
Hishie, dry, chapt, barren	Howff, a place of resort
Hitcht, a loop, a knot	Howk, to dig
Hizzie, hussy, a young girl	Howkit, digged
Hoddin, humble dress	Howkin, digging
Hoddin Gray, a kind of coarse cloth	Hoy, to urge
Hog-score, a kind of distance	Hoy't, urged
line, in curling, drawn across the rink	Hoyse, a pull upwards
	Hoyte, to amble crazily
	Hughoc, dimin. of Hugh
	Hurcheon, a hedgehog
	Hurdies the lions, the crupper
	Hushion, cushion

## I

I', in	niggardly
Icker, an ear of corn	Ingine, genius, ingenuity
Ier-oe, a great grand-child	Ingle, fire, fire-place
Ilk, or Ilka, each, every	Ise, I shall or will
Ill-willie, illnatured, maliciously,	Ither, other, one another

## J

- JAD, Jade ; also a familiar term among country folks for a giddy young girl  
 Jauk, to dally, to trifle  
 Jaukin, trifling, dallying  
 Jaup, a jerk of water ; to as agitated water  
 Jaw, coarse raillery, to pour out, to shut, to jerk as water  
 Jillet, a jilt, a giddy girl  
 Jimp, to jump, slender in the waist, handsome  
 Jink, to dodge, to turn a corner, a sudden turning, a corner  
 Jinker, that turns quickly, a gay sprightly girl, a wag  
 Jinkin, dodging  
 Jirt, a jerk  
 Jocteleg, a folding knife  
 Jouk, to stoop, to bow the head to  
 Jow, to jow, a verb which includes both the swinging motion and pealing sound of a large bell  
 Jundie, to justle

## K

- KAE, a daw  
 Kail, colewort, a kind of broth  
 Kail-runt, the stem of colewort  
 Kain, fowls, &c. paid as rent by a farmer  
 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, kend or ken't, knew  
 Kennin, a small matter  
 Kenspeckle, well known  
 Ket, carrion of any kind  
 Kiaugh, carking, anxiety  
 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, &c.  
 Kintra, country  
 Kintra-cooser, country stallion  
 Kirn, the harvest supper, a churn  
 Kirsan, to christen, to baptize  
 Kist, chest, a shop, counter  
 Kitchen, any thing that eats with bread, to serve for soup, gravy, &c.  
 Kith, kindred  
 Kitule, to tickle, ticklish, difficult  
 Kittlin, a young cat  
 Kuittle, a kind embrace, to hug  
 Kuittlin embracing, hugging  
 Knaggie, like knags, or points of rocks  
 Knappin, hammer, a hammer for breaking stones  
 Knowe, a small round hillock  
 Knurl, dwarf  
 Kye, cow  
 KYLE, a district in Ayrshire  
 Kyte, the belly  
 Kythe to discover, to shew one's self

## L

- LADDIE, dimin. of lad  
 Laggen, the angle between the side and bottom of a wooden dish

## N N

Laigh, low	Lilt, a ballad, a tune, to sing
Lairing wading and sinking in snow, mud, &c.	Limmer, a kept mistress, a strumpet
Laith, loath	Limp't, limped, hobbled
Laithfu', bashful, sheepish	Link, to trip along
Lallans, Scottish dialect	Linkin, tripping
Lambie, dimin. of lamb	Linn, a waterfall
Limpit, a kind of shellfish	Linn, a precipice
Lan', land, estate	Lint, flax, lint i' the bell, flax in flower
Lane, lone, my lane, thy lane, &c. myself alone	Lintwhite, a linnet
Lanely, lonely	Loan, or loanin, the place of milking
Lang, long, to think lang, to long, to weary	Loof, the palm of the hand
Lap, did leap	Loot, did let
Lave, the rest, the remainder, the others	Looves, plural of loof
Laverock, the lark	Loun, a fellow; a ragamuffin, a woman of easy virtue
Lawlan, lowland	Loup, jump, leap
Lawn, shot, reckoning bill	Lowe, a flame
Lea'e, to leave	Lowin, flaming
Leal, loyal, true faithful	Lowrie, abbreviation of Lawrence
Lear, lare, learning	Lowse, to loose
Lea-rig, grassy ridge	Lows'd, loosed
Leesome, pleasant	Lug, the ear, a handle
Lee-lang, live-long	Lugget, having a handle
Leeze me, a phrase of congratulatory endearment, I am happy in thee, or proud of thee	Luggie, a small wooden dish with a handle
Leister, a gig, or three prong'd barb'd dart for striking fishes	Lum, the chimney
Leugh, did laugh	Lunch, a large piece of cheese, flesh, &c.
Leuk, a look, to look	Lunt, a column of smoke, to smoke
Libbet, gelded	Luntin, smoaking
Lift, sky	Lyart, of a mixed colour, grey
Lightly, sneeringly, to sneer at	

## M

MAE, more in number  
 Mailen, farm  
 Mair, more in quantity  
 Maist, most, almost  
 Maistly, mostly  
 Mak, to make  
 Makin, making  
 Mallie, Molly  
 Mang, among

Manse, the parsonage house, where the minister lives  
 Mantelee, a mantle  
 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	Mind't, mind it, resolved, in-
Mashlum, meslin, mixed corn	tending
Mask, to mash as malt, &c.	Minnie, mother, dam
Maskin-pat, a tea-pot	Mirk, or mirkest, dark, darkest
Maukin, a hare	Misca, to abuse, to call names
Maun, must	Misca'd, abused
Mavis, the thrush	Mislear'd, mischievous, unman-
Maw, to mow	nerly
Mawin, mowing	Misteuk, mistook
Meere, a mare	Mither, a mother
Meickle much	Mixtie-maxtie, confusedly mix-
Melancholious, mournful	ed
Melder, corn, or grain of any	Moistify; to moisten
kind sent to the mill to be	Mony, or monie, many
ground	Moop, to nibble as a sheep
Mell, to meddle. Also a mallet	Moorlan, of or belonging to
for pounding barley in a stone	moors
trough	Morn, the next day, to-morrow
Melvie, to soil with meal	Mou, the mouth
Men', to mend	Moudiwort, a mole
Mense, good manners, decorum	Mousie, dimin. of mouse
Menseless, ill-bred, rude, impu-	Muckle, or mickle, great, big,
dent	much
Messin, a small dog	Musie, dimin. of muse
Midden, a dunghill	Muslin-kail, broth composed
Midden-hole, a gutter at the	simply of water, shelled barley
bottom of a dunghill	and greens
Mim, prim, affectedly	Mutchkin, an English pint
Min', mind, remembrance	Mysel, myself

## N

NA', No, not, nor	Nievefu', handful
Nae, no, not any	Niffer, an exchange, to exchange,
Naething, or naithing, nothing	to barter
Naig, a horse	Niger, a negro
Nane, none	Nine-tailed-cat, hangman's whip
Nappy, ale, to be tipsy	Nit, a nut
Negleckit, neglected	Norland, of or belonging to the
Neebor, neighbour	north
Neuk, nook	Noisc't, noticed
Neives, or Nieve, fists	Nowte, black cattle
Niest, next	

## O

- O', Of  
 Ochels, name of mountains  
 O haith, O faith ! an oath  
 Ony, or onie, any  
 Or, is often used for ere, before  
 O't, of it  
 Ourie, shivering, drooping
- Oursel, or oursels, ourselves  
 Outlers, cattle not housed  
 Ower, over, too  
 Ower-hip, a way of fetching a  
 blow with the hammer over  
 the arm

## P

- PACK, intimate, familiar, twelve  
 stone of wool  
 Painch, a tripe  
 Pairrick, a partridge  
 Pang, to cram  
 Parlie, speech  
 Parritch, oatmeal pudding a well  
 known Scotch dish  
 Pat, did put, a pot  
 Pattle, or pettle, a plough-staff  
 Paughty, proud, haughty  
 Pauky, 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, &c.  
 Philibegs, short petticoats worn  
 by the Highlandmen  
 Phraise, fair speeches, flattery,  
 to flatter  
 Phraisin, flattery  
 Pickle, a small quantity  
 Pine, pain uneasiness  
 Pit, to put  
 Placad, a public proclamation, to  
 publish publicly  
 Plack, an old Scotch coin, the  
 3d part of a Scotch penny, 12  
 of which make an English  
 penny
- Plackless, pennyless, without  
 money  
 Platie, dimin. of plate  
 Plew, or pleugh, a plough  
 Pliskie, a trick  
 Poind, to seize on cattle, or take  
 the goods, as the laws of  
 Scotland allow for rent  
 Poortith, poverty  
 Pou, to pull  
 Pouk, to pluck  
 Poussie, a hare, or cat  
 Pout, a polt, a chick  
 Pou't, did pull  
 Pouthery, like powder  
 Pow, the head, the skull  
 Pownie, a little horse  
 Powther, or pouthier, powder  
 Preen, a pin  
 Prent, printing  
 Prie, to taste  
 Prie'd, tasted  
 Prief, proof  
 Prig, to cheapen, to dispute  
 Priggin, cheapening  
 Primsie, demure, precise  
 Propone, to lay down, to pro-  
 pose  
 Proveses, provosts  
 Pund, pound, pounds  
 Pyle, a pyle o' caff, a single  
 grain of chaff.

## Q

QUAT, to quit  
Quak, to quake

Quey, a cow from one to two  
years old

## R

RAGWEED, herb ragwort	Restricked, restricted
Raible, to rattle nonsense	Rew, repent
Rair, to roar	Rief, Reef, plenty
Raize, to madden, to inflame	Rief randies, sturdy beggars
Ram-feeze'd, disordered by over-	Rig, a ridge
fatigue	Rin, to run, to melt ; rinin, run-
Ram-stam, thoughtless, forward	ning
Raploch, properly a coarse cloth,	Rink, the course of the stones, a
but used as an adnoun for	term in curling on ice
coarse	Rip, a handful of unthreshed
Rarely, excellently, very well	corn
Rash, a rush, rash-buss, a bush	Riskit, made a noise like the
of rushes	tearing of roots
Ratton, a rat	Rood, stands likewise for the
Raucle, rash, stout, fearless	plural roods
Raught, reached	Roon, a shred
Raw, a row	Roose, to praise, to commend
Rax, to stretch	Roun', round, in the circle of
Rax'd, stretched	neighbourhood
Ream, cream, to cream	Roupet, hoarse, as with a cold
Reamin, brimful, frothing	Routhie, plentiful
Reave, rove	Routh o' gaer, plenty of goods
Reck, to heed	Runkled, wrinkled
Rede, counsel, to counsel	Row, to roll, to wrap
Red-wat-shod, walking in blood	Row't, rolled, wrapped
over the shoe tops	Rowte, to low to bellow
Red-wud, stark mad	Rowth, plenty
Ree, half drunk, fuddled	Rowtin, lowing
Reek, smoke	Rozet, rosin
Reekin, smoking	Rung, a cudgel
Reekit, smoked, smoky	Runt, the stem of colwort or
Remead, remedy	cabbage
Requite, requited	Runkled, wrinkled
Rest, to stand restive	Ruth, a woman's name, the book
Restit, stood restive, stunted,	so called ; sorrow
withered	



## S

- SAE, so  
 Saft, soft  
 Sair, to serve, a sore  
 Sairly, or sairlye, a sore  
 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  
 Scar, to scare, a scare  
 Scaith, to damage, to injure, in-  
   jury  
 Scaud, to scald  
 Scauld, to scold  
 Scaur, apt to be scared  
 Scawl, a scold  
 Scon, a kind of bread  
 Sconner, a loathing, to lothe  
 Scaich, to scream, as a hen,  
   partridge, &c.  
 Screed, to tear, a rent  
 Scribe, to glide swiftly along  
 Scievin, gleesomely, swiftly  
 Scrimp, scant  
 Scrimpet, scanty  
 See'd, did see  
 Seizen, 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, send it  
 Servan', servant,  
 Settlin, settling; to get a setlin,  
   to be frighted into quietness  
 Sets, sets off, goes away  
 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  
 Shaver, a humourous wag, a bar-  
   ber  
 Shaw, to shew, a small wood in  
   a hollow place  
 Shearers, reapers  
 Sheep-shank, to think one's self  
   nae sheep-shank to be conceited  
 Sherra-moor, sherriff-moor, the  
   famous battle fought in the  
   Rebellion. A. D. 1715  
 Shough, a ditch, a trench, a  
   sluice  
 Shiel, a shed  
 Shill, shrill  
 Shog, a shock, a push off at one  
   side  
 Shool, a shovel  
 Shoon, shoes  
 Shore, to offer, to threaten  
 Shor'd, offered  
 Shouter, the shoulder  
 Sic, such  
 Sicker, sure, steady  
 Sidelins, sidelong, slanting  
 Siller, silver, money  
 Simmer, summer  
 Sin, a son  
 Sin', since  
 Skaith, to damage, to injure, in-  
   jury  
 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, walking smartly  
 Skiegh, proud, nice, high mettled  
 Skinklin, a small portion  
 Skirling, shrieking, crying

- Skirl, to shriek, to cry shrilly  
 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  
 Slae, sloe  
 Slade, did slide  
 Slap, a gate, a breach in a fence  
 Slaw, slow  
 Slee, sly, sleest, slyest  
 Sleekit, sleek, sly  
 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  
 Smootie, smutty, obscene, ugly  
 Smytrie, a numerous collection of small individuals  
 Snapper, stumble  
 Snash, abuse, Billingsgate  
 Snaw, snow, to snow  
 Snaw-broo, melted snow  
 Snawie, snowy  
 Sned, to lop, to cut off  
 Sneshin, snuff  
 Sneshin-mill, a snuff-box  
 Snell, bitter, biting  
 Sneck-drawing, trick-contriving  
 Sneck, the latchet of a door  
 Snool, one whose spirit is broken with oppressive slavery; to submit tamely, to sneak  
 Snoove, to go smoothly and constantly, to sneak  
 Snook, to scent or snuff, as a dog horse, &c.  
 Snowkit, scented, snuffed  
 Sonsie, having sweet engaging looks; lucky, jolly  
 Soom, to swim  
 Sooth, truth, a petty oath  
 Sough, a sigh, a sound dying on the ear  
 Sowans, a dish made of the farina of oats extracted by means of the acitous fermentation and afterwards sweetened by repeated washings, boiled up to the consistence of a pudding, and eaten with milk, &c.  
 Souple, flexible, swift  
 Souter, a shoemaker  
 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  
 Spae, to prophesy, to divine  
 Spaul, a limb  
 Spairge, to dash, to soil, as with mire.  
 Spates, swollen streams  
 Spaviet, having the spavin  
 Speat, a sweeping torrent, after rain or thaw  
 Speel, to climb  
 Spence, the country parlour  
 Spier, to ask, to inquire  
 Spier't, inquired  
 Splatter, a splutter, to splutter  
 Spleughan, a tobacco-pouch  
 Splore, a frolic, noise, a riot  
 Sprattle, to scramble  
 Spreckled, spotted, speckled  
 Spring, a quick air in music, a Scottish reel  
 Sprit, a tough-rooted plant, something like rushes  
 Sprittie, full of sprits  
 Spunk, fire, mettle, wit  
 Spunkie, mettlesome, fiery; will-o-wisp, or ignis fatuus  
 Spurtle, 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

- Squeel, a scream, a screech, to Stooked, made up in shocks as  
 scream corn  
 Stacher, to stagger Stoor, sounding hollow, strong  
 Stack, a rick of corn, hay, &c. & hoarse  
 Staggie, dimin. of stag Stot, an ox  
 Stalwart, strong, stout Stoup, or stowp, a kind of jug  
 Stant', to stand; stan't, did stand or dish with a handle  
 Stane, a stone Stoure, dust, more particularly  
 Stank, did stink, a pool of stand- dust in motion  
 ing water  
 Stap, stop Stowlns, by stealth  
 Stark, stout Stown, stolen  
 Startle, to run as cattle stung by Stoyte, stumble  
 the gadfly Strack, did strike  
 Staumrel, a blockhead, half wit- death, to die in bed  
 ted Stralk, did strike  
 Staw, did steal, to surfeit Straikit, stroked  
 Stech, to cram the belly Strappan, tall and handsome  
 Stechin, cramming Straught, straight  
 Steek, to shut, a stich Streek, stretched, to stretch  
 Steer, to molest, to stir Striddle, straddle  
 Steeve, firm, compacted Stroan, to spout, to piss  
 Stell, a still Studdie, an anvil  
 Sten, to rear as a horse Stumpie, dimin. of stump  
 Sten't, reared Strunt, spirituous liquor of any  
 Stents, tribute, dues of any kind kind; to walk sturdily  
 Stey, steep steyest, steepest Stuff, corn or pulse of any kind  
 Stibble, stubble, stibble-rig, the Start, trouble, to molest  
 reaper in harvest who takes Sturtin, frightened  
 the lead Sucker, sugar  
 Stick an stow, totally, a together Sud, should  
 Stilt, a crutch, to halt, to limp, Sugh, the continued rushing  
 to halt noise of wind or water  
 Stimpart, the eighth part of a Suthron, southern, an old name  
 Winchester bushel for the English nation  
 Stirk, a cow or bullock a year Swarf, swoon  
 old Swaird, sword  
 Stock, a plant or root of cole- Swall'd, swelled  
 wort, cabbage, &c. Swank, stately, jolly  
 Stockin' stocking; throwing the Swankie or swanker, tight strap-  
 stockin', when the bride and pling young fellow or girl  
 bridegroom are put into bed, Swap, an exchange, to barter  
 and the candle out, the former Swat, did sweat  
 throws a stocking at random Swatch, a sample  
 among the company, and the Swats, drink, good ale  
 person whom it strikes is the Sweaten, sweating  
 next that will be married Sweer, extremely averse  
 Stook, a shock of any kind of Swoor, did swear  
 grain Swinge, to beat, to whip

Swirlie, knaggy, full of knots      Swither, to hesitate in choice, an  
 Swirl, a curve, an eddying blast,      irresolute wavering in choice  
     or pool, a knot in wood      Syne, since, ago, then  
 Swith, get away

## T

TACKETS, a kind of nails for driving into the heels of shoes	Themsel, themselves
Tae, a toe ; <i>three tae'd</i> , having three prongs	Thick, intimate, familiar
Tairge, target	Thieveless, cold, dry, <i>spoken of a person's demeanor</i>
Tak, to take ; takin, taking	Thir, these
Tamtallan, the name of a mountain	Thirl, to thrill
Tangle, a sea weed	Thirled, thrilled, vibrated
Tap, the top	Thole, to suffer, to endure
Tapetless, heedless, foolish	Thowe, a thaw, to thaw
Tarrow, to murmur at one's allowance	Thowless, slack, lazy
Tarrow't, murmured	Thrang, throng, a crowd
Tarry breeks, a sailor	Thrapple, throat, windpipe
Tauld, or tald, told	Thraw, to sprain, to twist, to contradict
Taupie, a foolish thoughtless young person	Thrawin, twisting, &c.
Tauted, or tautie, matted together, <i>spoken of hair or wool</i>	Thrawn, sprained, twisted
Tawie, that allows itself peaceably to be handled, <i>spoken of a horse, cow, &amp;c.</i>	Threap, to maintain by dint of assertion
Teat, a small quantity	Threshin, thrashing
Tedding, spreading after the mower	Threteen, thirteen
Ten-hours-bite, a slight feed to the horses while in the yoke, in the forenoon	Thristle, thistle
Tent, a field pulpit, hed caution, to take heed	Through, to go on with, to make out
Tentie, heedful, cautious	Throuther, pell-mell, confusedly
Tentless, heedless	Thud, to make a loud intermittent noise
Teugh, tough	Thumpit, thumped
Thack, thatch, thack an' rape, clothing necessities	Thysel, thyself
Thae, these	Till't, to it
Thairms, small-guts, fiddle-strings	Timmer, timber
Thankit, thanked	Tine, to lose ; tint, lost
Thegither, together	Tinkler, a tinker
	Tint, the gate, lost the way
	Tip, a ram
	Tippence, two-pence
	Tirl, to make a slight noise, to uncover
	Tirlin, uncovering
	Tither, the other
	Tittle, to whisper
	Tittlin, whispering

Tocher, marriage portion	Trow, to believe
Tod, a fox	Trowth, truth, a petty oath
Toddle, to totter, like the walk of a child	Trysted, appointed; to tryste, to make an appointment
Toddlin, tottering	Try't, tried
Toom, empty	Tug, a piece of rope making part of a horses' branks or halter to serve as a bridle rein, or to hitch two horses together in a plough &c.
Toop, a ram	Tulzie, a quarrel, to quarrel, to fight
Toun, a hamlet, a farm-house	Twa, two
Tout, the blast of a horn, or trumpet, to blow a horn, &c.	Twa-three, a few
Tow, a rope	'Twad, it would
Towmond, a twelve-month	'Twal, twelve; twal-pennie worth, a small quantity, a penny worth
Towzie, rough, shaggy	N B. One penny English, is 12d Scots
Toy, a very old fashion of female head-dress	Twin, to part
Toyte, to totter like old age	Tyke, a dog
Transmugrify'd, transmigrated, metamorphosed	
Trashrie, trash	
Trickie, full of tricks	
Trig, spruce, neat	
Trimly, excellently	
Trews, trowsers	

## U

UNCO, strange, uncouth, very, very great, prodigious	Unweeting, unwotting, unknowing
Uncos, news	Unsicker, unsure, unsteady
Unken'd, unknown	Urchin, a hedge-hog
Unskaith'd, undamaged, unhurt	Upo', upon

## V

VAP'RIN, vapouring	Virl, a ring round a column, &c
Vera, very	

## W

WA', wall; wa's walls	Waft, the cross thread that goes from the shuttle through the web
Wabster, a weaver	Waifu', wailing
Wad, would, to bet, a bet	Wair, to lay out, to expend
Wadna, would not	Wale, choice, to choose
Wae, woe, sorrowful	Wal'd, chose, chosen
Waft, woof	Walie, ample, large, jolly; also
Waesucks! or waes me, alas! O the pity!	



- an interjection of distress  
 Wame, the belly  
 Wamefou', a belly full  
 Wanchansie, unlucky  
 Wanerestfu', restless  
 Wark, work  
 Wark-lume, a tool to work with  
 Warl or warld, world  
 Warlock, a wizzard.  
 Warly, worldly, eager on amassing wealth  
 Warren, a warrant, to warrant  
 Warst, worst  
 Warstl'd, or warsl'd, wrestled  
 Warstle, wrestling, struggle  
 Wastrie, prodigality  
 Wa, wet ; I wat, I wot, I know  
 Water-brose, brose made of meal and water simply, without the additions of milk, butter, &c.  
 Wattle, a twig, a wand  
 Wauble, to swing, to reel  
 Waught, draught  
 Waukit, thickened as fullers do cloth  
 Waukrife, not apt to sleep  
 Waur, worse, to worst  
 Waur't, worsted  
 Wean, r weanie, a child  
 Wearie, or Weary ; many a wearie body, many a different person.  
 Weason, the windpipe  
 Weaving the stocking, knitting  
 Wee, little ; wee things, little ones ; wee bit, a small matter  
 Weel, well ; weelfare, welfare  
 Weet, rain, wetness  
 Wierd, fate  
 We'se, we shall  
 Wha, who  
 Whaizle, to wheze  
 Whalpit, whelped  
 Whang, a leathern string, a piece of cheese, bread, &c. to give the strappado  
 Whare, where, where'er, where-ever  
 Wheep, to fly nimbly, to jerk ; penny-wheep, small-beer  
 Whase, whose  
 Whatreck, nevertheless  
 Whid, the motion of a hare, running but not frightened, a lie  
 Whiddlin, running as a hare or coney  
 Whigmeleeries, whims, fancies, crochets  
 Whingin, crying, complaining, fretting  
 Whirligigums, useless ornaments, trifling appendages  
 Whistle, a whistle, to whistle  
 Whisht, silence, to hold one's whisht, to be silent  
 Whisk, to sweep, to lash  
 Whiskit, lashed  
 Whitter, a hearty draught of liquor  
 Whun-stane, a whin-stone  
 Whyles, whiles sometimes  
 Wi', with  
 Wick, to strike a stone in an oblique direction, a term in curling  
 Wicker, willow (the smaller sort)  
 Wiel, a small whirl-pool  
 Wifie, a dimin. or endearing term for wife  
 Wimple, to meander  
 Wimpl't, meandered  
 Wimplin, waving, meandering  
 Win, to wind, to winnow  
 Win't, wind, as a bottom of yarn  
 Win' wind ; win's winds  
 Winna, will not  
 Winnock, a window  
 Winsome, hearty, vaunted gay  
 Wintle, a staggering motion ; to stagger, to reel  
 Winze, an oath  
 Wiss, to wish  
 Withoutten, without  
 Wizen'd, hide bound, dried, shrunk  
 Wonner, a wonder, a contemptuous appellation



Wons, dwells	Wumble, a wimble, an auger
Woo', wool	Wraith, a spirit, a ghost; apparition exactly like a living person, whose appearance is said to forebode the person's approaching death
Woo, to court, to make love to	Wrang, wrong, to wrong
Woodie, a withe	Wreeth, a drifted heap of snow
Woer-bab, the garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loops	Wyle, beguile
Wordy, worthy	Wyliecoat, a child's flannel night gown
Worset, worsted	Wyte, blame, to blame
Wow, an exclamation of pleasure or wonder	
Wrack, to teaze, to vex	
Wud-mad, distracted	

## Y

Ye this pronoun is frequently used for thou	or field
Yearns, longs much	Yill, ale
Yearlins, born in the same year, coevals	Yird, earth
Year, is used for both singular and plural, years	Yakin, a journey at the plough &c. a spell of work done at one time before the horses or cattle are unhitched:
Yell, barrén, that gives no milk	Yont, beyond
Yerk, to lash, to jerk	Yoursel, yourself
Yerkit, jerked, lashed	Yowe, an ewe
Yestreen, yesternight	Yowie, dimin. of yowe
Yett, a gate, such as is usually at the entrance into a farm yard	Yule, Christmas.

THE END.







Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: March 2009

## **PreservationTechnologies**

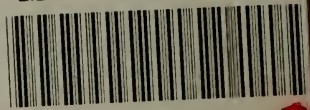
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