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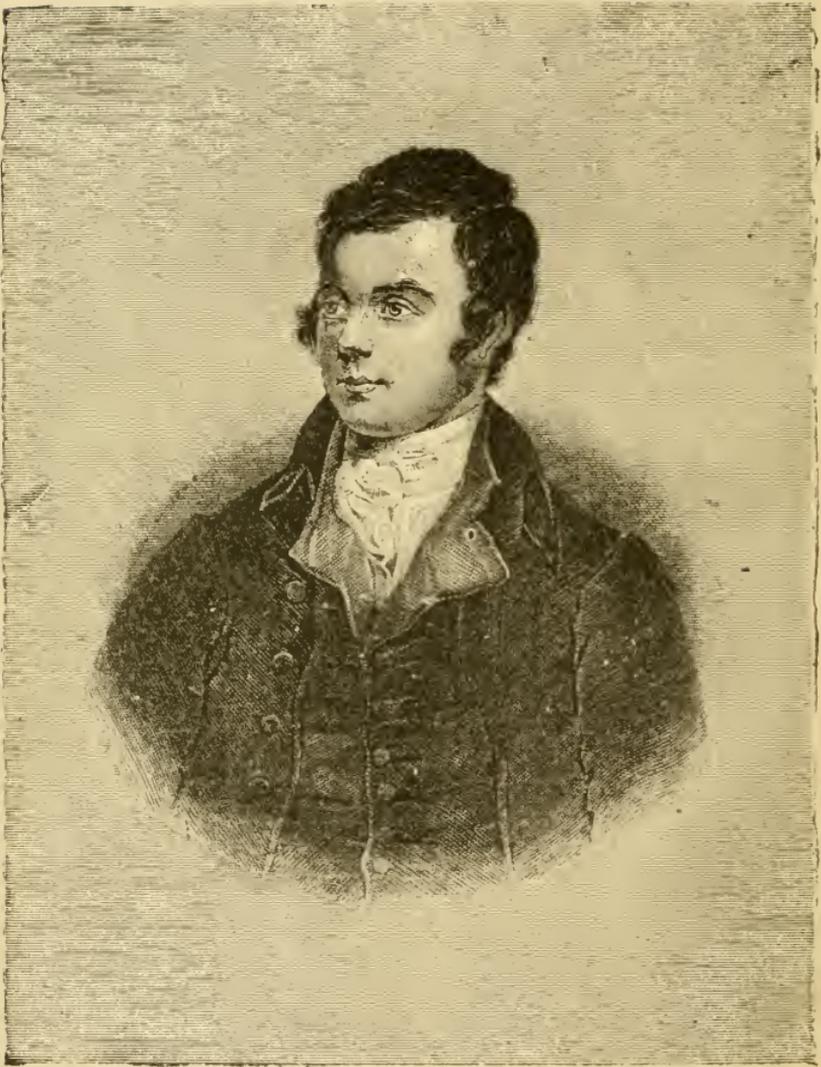
Mr. Hutchison

28 May '03.

N4

Frank
to Jane

Wishing
you health, wealth, and
prosperity



BURNS.

David Hitchcock.
THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT BURNS

EDITED FROM THE

BEST PRINTED AND MANUSCRIPT AUTHORITIES

WITH CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE OF HIS LIFE AND WORKS
AND GLOSSARIAL INDEX

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CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

OF

BURNS'S LIFE AND WORKS.

ALLOWAY.

1759.

January 25.—Robert Burns born at Alloway, parish of Ayr, in a clay-built cottage, the work of his father's own hands. His father, William Burnes (so the family name was always written until changed by the poet), was a native of Kincardineshire, born November 11, 1721. His mother, Agnes Brown, born March 17, 1732, was daughter of a farmer in Carriek, Ayrshire. The poet's parents were married December 15, 1757. William Burnes was then a gardener and farm overseer.

1765—(EAT. SIX).

Sent to a school at Alloway Mill, kept by one Campbell, who was succeeded in May by John Murdoch, a young teacher of uncommon merit, engaged by William Burnes and four of his neighbors, who boarded him alternately at their houses, and guaranteed him a small salary. Two advantages were thus possessed by the poet—an excellent father and an excellent teacher.

MOUNT OLIPHANT.

1766—(SEVEN).

William Burnes removed to the farm of Mount Oliphant, two miles distant. His sons still attended Alloway school. The books used were a *spelling-book*, the *New Testament*, the *Bible*, *Mason's Collection of Prose and Verse*, and *Fisher's English Grammar*.

1768—(NINE).

Murdoch gave up Alloway school. Visiting the Burnes family before his departure, he took with him, as a present, the play of *Titus Andronicus*. He read part of the play aloud, but the horror of the scene shocked and distressed the children, and Robert threatened to burn the book if it was left. Instead of it, Murdoch gave them a comedy, the *School for Love* (translated from the French) and an *English Grammar*. He had previously lent Robert a *Life of Hannibal*. "The earliest composition that I recollect taking any pleasure in," says the poet, "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 in dreadful whirls we hung;
High on the broken wave!'"

He had found these in *Mason's Collection*. The latent seeds of poetry were further cultivated in his mind by an old woman living in the family, Betty Davidson, who had a great store of tales, songs, ghost-stories, and legendary lore.

1770—(ELEVEN).

By the time he was ten or eleven years of age he was an excellent English scholar, "a critic in substantives, verbs, and particles." After the departure of Murdoch, William Burnes was the only instructor of his sons and other children. He taught them arithmetic, and procured for their use *Salmon's Geographical Grammar*, *Derham's Physics and Astro-Theology*, and *Ray's Wisdom of God in the Creation*. These gave the boys some idea of Geography, Astronomy,

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

and Natural History. He had also *Stackhouse's History of the Bible*, *Taylor's Scripture Doctrine of Original Sin*, a volume of *English History* (reigns of James I. and Charles I.). The blacksmith lent the common metrical *Life of Sir William Wallace* (which was read with Scottish fervor and enthusiasm), and a maternal uncle supplied a *Collection of Letters* by the wits of Queen Anne's reign, which inspired Robert with a strong desire to excel in letter-writing.

1772—(THIRTEEN).

To improve their penmanship, William Burnes sent his sons, week about, during the summer quarter, to the parish school of Dalrymple, two or three miles distant. This year Murdoch was appointed teacher of English in Ayr school, and he renewed his acquaintance with the Burnes family, sending them *Pope's Works* and "some other poetry."

1773—(FOURTEEN).

Robert boarded three weeks with Murdoch at Ayr in order to revise his English Grammar. He acquired also a smattering of French, and on returning home he took with him a *French Dictionary* and *French Grammar*, and a copy of *Télémaque*. He attempted Latin, but soon abandoned it.

1774—(FIFTEEN).

His knowledge of French introduced him to some respectable families in Ayr (Dr. Malcolm's and others). A lady lent him the *Spectator*, *Pope's Homer*, and several other books. In this year began with him love and poetry. His partner in the harvest-field was a "bewitching creature" a year younger than himself, Nelly Kilpatrick, daughter of the blacksmith, who sang sweetly, and on her he afterwards wrote his first song and first effort at rhyme, *O, once I loved a bonnie lass*.

1775—(SIXTEEN).

About this time Robert was the principal laborer on the farm. From the unproductiveness of the soil, the loss of cattle, and other causes, William Burnes had got into pecuniary difficulties, and the threatening letters of the factor (the landlord being dead) used to set the distressed family all in tears. The character of the factor is drawn in the *Tale of Two Dogs*. The hard labor, poor living, and sorrow of this period formed the chief cause of the poet's subsequent melancholy, frequent headaches, and palpitation of the heart.

1776—(SEVENTEEN).

Spent his seventeenth summer (so in poet's MS. British Museum; Dr. Currie altered the date to *nineteenth*) on a smuggling coast in Ayrshire, at Kirko-wald, on purpose to learn mensuration, surveying, etc. He made good progress, though mixing somewhat in the dissipation of the place, which had then a flourishing contraband trade. Met the second of his poetical heroines, Peggy Thomson, on whom he afterwards wrote his fine song, *Now westlin winds and slaughter ring guns*. The charms of this maiden "overset his trigonometry and set him off at a tangent from the sphere of his studies." On his return from Kirkoswald ("in my seventeenth year," he writes) he attended a dancing school to "give his manners a brush." His father had an antipathy to these meetings, and his going "in absolute defiance of his father's command" (*sic* in orig.) was an "instance of rebellion" which he conceived brought on him the paternal resentment and even dislike. Gilbert Burns dissents altogether from this conclusion: the poet's extreme sensibility and regret for his one act of disobedience led him unconsciously to exaggerate the circumstances of the case. At Kirkoswald he had enlarged his reading by the addition of *Thomson's* and *Shenstone's Works*, and among the other books to which he had access at this period, besides those mentioned above, were some plays of Shakespeare, *Allan Ramsay's Works*, *Hervey's Meditations*, and a *Select Collection of English Songs* ("The Lark," 2 vols.). This last work was, he says, his *vade mecum*; he pored over it driving his cart or walking to labor, and carefully noted the true, tender or sublime from affection and fustian. He composed this year two stanzas, *I dream'd I lay where flowers were springing*.

LOCHLEA.

1777—(EIGHTEEN).

William Burnes and family remove to a larger farm at Lochlea, parish of Tarbolton. Take possession at Whitsunday. Affairs for a time look brighter, and all work diligently. Robert and Gilbert have £7 per annum each as wages from their father, and they also take land from him for the purpose of raising flax on their own account. "Though, when young, the poet was bashful and awkward in his intercourse with women, as he approached manhood his attachment to their society became very strong, and he was constantly the victim of some fair enslaver." (*Gilbert Burns*.) He was in the secret, he says, of half the loves of the parish of Tarbolton.

1778—(NINETEEN).

"I was," he says, "about eighteen or nineteen when I sketched the outlines of a tragedy." The whole had escaped his memory, except a fragment of twenty lines: *All devil as I am, etc.*

1780—(TWENTY-ONE).

The "Bachelors' Club," established at Tarbolton by Robert and Gilbert Burns, and five other young men. Meetings were held once a month, and questions debated. The sum expended by each member was not to exceed threepence.

1781—(TWENTY-TWO).

David Sillar admitted a member of the Bachelors' Club. He describes Burns: "I recollect hearing his neighbors observe he had a great deal to say for himself, and that they suspected his principles (his religious principles). He wore the only tied hair in the parish, and in the church his plaid, which was of a particular color, I think flilemet, he wrapped in a particular manner round his shoulders. Between sermons we often took a walk in the fields; in these walks I have frequently been struck by his facility in addressing the fair sex, and it was generally a death-blow to our conversation, however agreeable, to meet a female acquaintance. Some book he always carried and read when not otherwise employed. It was likewise his custom to read at table. In one of my visits to Lochlea, in the time of a seven supper, he was so intent on reading,—I think *Tristram Shandy*,—that his spoon falling out of his hand made him exclaim in a tone scarcely imitable, 'Alas, Poor Yorick!'" The poet had now added to his collection of books Mackenzie's *Man of Feeling* (which he said he prized next to the Bible) and *Man of the World*, *Sterne's Works*, and Macpherson's *Ossian*. He would appear also to have had the poetical works of Young. Among the fair ones whose society he courted was a superior young woman, bearing the unpoetical name of Ellison Begbie. She was the daughter of a small farmer at Galston, but was servant with a family on the banks of the Cessnock. On her he wrote a "song of similes," beginning *On Cessnock banks there lives a lass*, and the earliest of his printed correspondence is addressed to Ellison. His letters are grave, sensible epistles, written with remarkable purity and correctness of language. At this time poesy was, he says, "a darling walk for his mind." The oldest of his printed pieces were *Winter, a Dirge, the Death of Poor Maillie, John Barleycorn*, and the three songs *It was upon a Lammas Night, Now westlin winds and slaughter ring guns*, and *Behind yon hills where Slinchar flows*. We may add to these *O Tibbie I ha'e seen the day* and *My father was a farmer*. His exquisite lyric, *O-Mary, at thy window be*, was also, he says, one of his juvenile works.

1782—(TWENTY-THREE).

Ellison Begbie refuses his hand. She was about to leave her situation, and he expected himself to "remove a little further off." He went to the town of Irvine. "My twenty third year," he says, "was to me an important era. Partly through whim, and partly that I wished to set about doing something in life, I joined a flax-dresser in a neighboring town to learn his trade, and carry on the business of manufacturing and retailing flax. This turned out a sadly unucky affair. My partner was a scoundrel of the first water, who made money by the mystery of thieving, and to finish the whole, while we were giving a welcoming carousal to the New Year, our shop, by the drunken carelessness of my partner's wife, took fire, and was burned to ashes; and left me, like a true poet, not worth a sixpence."* In Irvine his reading was only increased, he says, by two volumes of *Pamela*, and one of *Ferdinand, Count Fathom*, which gave him some idea of novels. Rhyme, except some religious pieces that are in print, he had given up, but meeting with *Fergusson's Scottish Poems*, he "strung anew his lyre with emulating vigor." He also formed a friendship for a young fellow, "a very noble character," Richard Brown, and with others of a freer manner of thinking and living than he had been used to, "the consequence of which was," he says, "that soon after I resumed the plough, I wrote the *Poet's Welcome*" (to his illegitimate child). But this was not till the summer of 1784. Before leaving Lochlea he became a Freemason.

MOSSGIEL.

1784—(TWENTY-FIVE).

February 13.—William Burnes died at Lochlea in his sixty-fourth year, his affairs in utter ruin. His sons and two grown-up daughters ranked as creditors of their father for arrears of wages, and raised a little money to stock another farm. This new farm was that of Mossgiel,

* From orig. in Brit. Museum. Burns wrote an interesting and affecting letter to his father, from Irvine. Dr. Currie dates it 1781, which we think is an error. The poet's statement is corroborated by his brother's narrative, and the stone chimney of the room occupied by the poet is inscribed, evidently by his own hand, "R. B., 1782." He consoled himself for his loss after this fashion:

"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.

parish of Mauchline, which had been sublet to them by Gavin Hamilton, writer (or attorney) in Mauchline. They entered on the farm in March: "Come, go to, I will be wise," resolved the poet, but bad seed and a late harvest deprived them of half their expected crop. Poetry was henceforth to be the only successful vocation of Robert Burns. To this year may be assigned the *Epistle to John Rankine* (a strain of rich humor, but indelicate), and some minor pieces. In April or May he commenced his acquaintance with "Bonnie Jean"—Jean Armour—an event which colored all his future life, imparting to it its brightest lights and its darkest shadows.

1785—(TWENTY-SIX).

In January the *Epistle to Davie* completed: *Death and Dr. Hornbook* written about February. *Epistles to J. Lapraik*, April 1, 21, and September 13. *Epistle to W. Simpson* in May. *The Two Herds, or the Holy Tutzie*; this satire was the first of his poetic offspring that saw the light (excepting some of his songs), and it was received by a certain description of the clergy, as well as laity, with a "roar of applause." Burns had now taken his side with the "New Light," or rationalistic section of the church, then in violent antagonism to the "Auld Light," or evangelistic party, which comprised the great bulk of the lower and middling classes. To this year belong *The Jolly Beggars*, *Halloween*, *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, *Man was made to Mourn*, *Address to the Deil*, *To a Mouse*, *A Winter Night*, *Holy Willie's Prayer*, and *The Holy Fair* (early MS. in British Museum), *Epistle to James Smith*, etc.

1786—(TWENTY-SEVEN).

In rapid succession were produced *Scotch Drink*, *The Author's Earnest Cry and Prayer*, *The Two Dogs*, *The Ordination*, *Address to the Unco Guid*, *To a Mountain Daisy*, *Epistle to a Young Friend*, *A Bard's Epitaph*, *The Lament*, *Despondency*, etc. Such a body of original poetry, written within about twelve months,—poetry so natural, forcible, and picturesque, so quaint, sarcastic, humorous, and tender,—had unquestionably not appeared since Shakespeare. Misfortunes, however, were gathering round the poet. The farm had proved a failure, and the connection with Jean Armour brought grief and shame. He gave her a written acknowledgment of marriage, but at the urgent entreaty of her father she consented that this document should be destroyed. The poet was frantic with distress and indignation. He resolved on quitting the country, and engaged to go out to Jamaica as bookkeeper on an estate, and, to raise money for his passage, arranged to publish his poems. Subscription papers were issued in April. In the meantime, in bitter resentment of the perfidy, as he esteemed it, of the unfortunate Jean Armour, he renewed his intimacy with a former love, Mary Campbell, or "Highland Mary," who had been a servant in the family of Gavin Hamilton, and was now dairy-maid at Coilsfield. He proposed marriage to Mary Campbell, was accepted, and Mary left her service and went to her parents in Argyleshire, preliminary to her union with the poet. They parted on the banks of the Ayr, on Sunday, May 14, exchanging bibles and vowing eternal fidelity. No more is heard of Mary until after her death, which took place in October of this year. The poems were published in August, an edition of 600 copies, and were received with enthusiastic applause. The poet cleared about £20 by the volume, took a passage in the first ship that was to sail from the Clyde (nothing is said of Mary accompanying him), and was preparing to embark, when a letter from Dr. Blacklock, offering encouragement for a second edition, roused his poetic ambition, and led him to try his fortune in Edinburgh. Before starting he made the acquaintance of Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop, the most valued and one of the most accomplished of his correspondents.

EDINBURGH.

November 23, 1786.—Burns reaches the Scottish capital, and instantly becomes the lion of the season. He is courted and caressed by the witty, the fashionable, and the learned—by Dugald Stewart, Harry Erskine, Hugh Blair, Adam Ferguson, Dr. Robertson, Lord Monboddo, Dr. Gargory, Fraser Tytler, Lord Glencairn, Lord Eglinton, Patrick Miller (the ingenious laird of Dalswinton), the fascinating Jane, Duchess of Gordon, Miss Burnet, etc. Henry Mackenzie, the "Man of Feeling," writes a critique on the poems in the *Lounger*,—the members of the Caledonian Hunt subscribe for a hundred copies of the new edition,—and the poet is in a fair way, as he says, of becoming as eminent as Thomas à Kempis or John Bunyan.

1787—(TWENTY-EIGHT).

Burns applies for and obtains permission to erect a tombstone in Canongate Churchyard over the remains of Fergusson the poet. In April appears the second edition of the Poems, consisting of 3000 copies, with a list of subscribers prefixed, and a portrait of the poet. In this edition appeared *Death and Dr. Hornbook*, the *Ordination*, and *Address to the Unco Guid*, which were excluded from the first edition, and several new pieces, the best of which are the *Brigs of Ayr* and *Tam Samson's Elegy*. On the 4th of May the poet sets off on a tour with a young friend, Robert Ainslie, in order to visit the most interesting scenes in the south of Scotland. Crossing the Tweed over Coldstream bridge, Burns knelt down on the English side and poured forth, uncovered, and with strong emotion, the prayer for Scotland contained in the two last stanzas of the *Cotter's Saturday Night*. June 4th, he was made an honorary Burgess of the town of Dumfries, after which he proceeded to Ayrshire, and arrived at Mauchline on the 9th of June. "It will easily be conceived," says Dr. Currie, "with what pleasure and pride he was

received by his mother, his brothers, and his sisters. He had left them poor and comparatively friendless; he returned to them high in public estimation, and easy in his circumstances." At this time the poet renewed his intimacy with Jean Armour. Towards the end of the month he made a short Highland tour, in which he visited Loch Lomond and Dumbarton, and returning to Mauchline, we find him (July 25) presiding as Depute Grand Master of the Tarbolton Mason Lodge, and admitting Professor Dugald Stewart, Mr. Alexander, of Ballochmyle, and others, as honorary members of the Lodge. On the 25th of August the poet set off from Edinburgh on a northern tour with William Nicol of the High School. They visited Bannockburn, spent two days at Blair with the Duke of Athole and family, proceeded as far as Inverness, then by way of Elgin, Fochabers (dining with the Duke and Duchess of Gordon), on to Aberdeen, Stonehaven, and Montrose, where he met his relatives the Burneses. Arrived at Edinburgh on the 16th of September. In December made the acquaintance of *Clarinda*, or Mrs. M'Lehose, with whom he kept up a passionate correspondence for about three months. Overset by a drunken coachman, and sent home with a severely bruised knee, which confined him for several weeks. Mr. A. Wood, surgeon "lang sandy Wood," applies to Mr. Graham of Fintry, Commissioner of Excise, and gets Burns' name enrolled among the number of expectant Excise officers. During all this winter the poet zealously assists Mr. James Johnson in his publication, the *Scots Musical Museum*.

1788—(TWENTY-NINE).

Left Edinburgh for Dumfries to inspect Mr. Miller's lands at Dalswinton. Stopped by the way at Mossiel, February 23rd. Poor Jean Armour, who had again loved not wisely, but too well, was living apart, separated from her parents, and supported by Burns. He visited her the day before his departure for Dumfries (apparently February 24th), and it is painful to find him writing thus to *Clarinda*: "I, this morning as I came home, called for a certain woman, I am disgusted with her. I cannot endure her. I, while my heart smote me for the profanity, tried to compare her with my *Clarinda*; 'twas setting the expiring glimmer of a farthing taper beside the cloudless glory of the meridian sun. Here was tasteless insipidity, vulgarity of soul, and mercenary fawning; there, polished good sense, Heaven-born genius, and the most generous, the most delicate, the most tender passion. I have done with her, and she with me."* In less than two months they were married! In this, as in the Highland Mary episode, Burns's *mobility*, or "excessive susceptibility of immediate impressions,"† seems something marvellous, and more akin to the French than the Scotch character. Returned to Edinburgh in March, and on the 13th took a lease of the farm of Ellisland, on the banks of the Nith. On the 19th settled with Creech, the profits of the Edinburgh edition and copyright being about £700, of which the poet gave £180 to his brother Gilbert, as a loan, to enable him to continue (with the family) at Mossiel. In the latter end of April Burns was privately married to Jean Armour, and shortly afterwards wrote on her his two charming songs *Of a' the airts the wind can blaw* and *O, were I on Parnassus Hill!*

ELLISLAND.

In June the poet went to reside on his farm, his wife remaining at Mauchline until a new house should be built at Ellisland. Formed the acquaintance of Captain Riddel of Glenriddel, a gentleman of literary and antiquarian tastes, who resided at Friars Carse, within a mile of Ellisland. On 28th June wrote *Verses in Friars Carse Hermitage*, August 5, the poet at Mauchline made public announcement of his marriage before the Kirk Session, at the same time giving "a guinea note for behoof of the poor."‡ In December conducted Mrs. Burns to the banks of the Nith. *I hae a wife o' my ain!*

1789—(THIRTY).

Visited Edinburgh in February, and received about £50 more of copyright money from Creech. August 18, son born to the poet, named Francis Wallace. About the same time received appointment to the Excise. October 16, the great bacchanalian contest for the Whistle took place at Friars Carse in presence of the poet. On the 20th of October (as calculated, and indeed proved by Mr. Chambers) the sublime and affecting lyric, *To Mary in Heaven*, was composed. Met Grose the antiquary at Friars Carse, and afterwards wrote the humorous poem *On Captain Grose's Perigrinations*. In December was written the election ballad *The Five Carlines*.

1790—(THIRTY-ONE).

January 2.—Writes to Gilbert that his farm is a ruinous affair. On the 14th, addressing his friend Mr. Dunbar, W. S., relative to his Excise appointment, he says: "I found it a very convenient business to have £50 per annum; nor have I yet felt any of those mortifying circumstances in it I was led to fear." The duties were hard; he had to ride at least 200 miles every week, but he still contributed largely to the *Scots Musical Museum*, wrote the elegy *On Captain Matthew Henderson* (one of the most exquisite of the poet's productions), and in autumn produced *Tam O'Shanter*, by universal assent the crowning glory and masterpiece of its author.

* From the original, published in "Banffshire Journal."

† So defined by Byron, who was himself a victim to this "unhappy attribute." See "Don Juan," canto xvi. 97.

1791—(THIRTY-TWO).

In February wrote *Lament of Mary Queen of Scots*, and *Lament for James Earl of Glencairn*. In March had his right arm broken by the fall of his horse, and was for some weeks disabled from writing. In this month also occurred an event which probably caused deeper pain than the broken arm. First, as Mr. Chambers says, "we have a poor girl lost to the reputable world;" (this was "Anna with the golden locks," niece to the hostess of the Globe Tavern;) "next we have Burns seeking an asylum for a helpless infant at his brother's; then, a magnanimous wife interposing with the almost romantically generous offer to become herself its nurse and guardian.* April 9, a third son born to the poet, and named William Nicol. At the close of the month the poet sold his crop at Ellisland, "and sold it well." Declined to attend the crowning of Thomson's bust at Ednam, but wrote verses for the occasion. In November made a short visit—his last—to Edinburgh, and shortly afterwards wrote his inimitable farewell to Clarinda, *Ae fond kiss and then we sever*. The fourth stanza of this song Sir Walter Scott said contained "the essence of a thousand love tales."

DUMFRIES.

At Martinmas (Nov. 11), the poet having disposed of his stock and other effects at Ellisland, and surrendered the lease of the farm to Mr. Miller the proprietor, removed with his family to the town of Dumfries. He occupied for a year and a half three rooms of a second floor on the north side of Bank Street (then called the Wee Vennel). On taking up his residence in the town, Burns was well received by the higher class of inhabitants and the neighboring gentry. One of the most accomplished of the latter was Mrs. Walter Riddel *nee* Maria Woodley, then aged only about eighteen. This lady, with her husband, a brother of Captain Riddel of Glenriddel, lived on a small estate about four miles from Dumfries, which in compliment to the lady they called Woodley Park (now Goldielea).

1792.—(THIRTY-THREE).

February 27.—Burns behaved gallantly in seizing and boarding a smuggling brig in the Solway. The vessel, with her arms and stores, was sold by auction in Dumfries, and Burns purchased four caronades or small guns, for which he paid £3. These he sent, with a letter, to the French Convention, but they were retained at Dover by the Custom-house authorities. This circumstance is supposed to have drawn on the poet the notice of his jealous superiors. He warmly sympathized with the French people in their struggle against despotism, and the Board of Excise ordered an inquiry into the poet's political conduct, though it is doubtful whether any reprimand was ever given him. In September, Mr. George Thomson, Edinburgh, commenced his publication of national songs and melodies, and Burns cordially lent assistance to the undertaking, but disclaimed all idea or acceptance of pecuniary remuneration. On the 14th of November he transmitted to Thomson the song of *Highland Mary*, and next month one of the most arch and humorous of all his ditties, *Duncan Gray cam here to woo*.

1793.—(THIRTY-FOUR).

The poet continues his invaluable and disinterested labors for Mr. Thomson's publication. In July he makes an excursion into Galloway with his friend Mr. Sime, stamp distributor, and according to that gentleman (though Burns's own statement on the subject is different), he composed his national song, *Scots wha hae*, in the midst of a thunderstorm on the wilds of Kenmure. The song was sent to Thomson in September, along with one no less popular, *Auld Lang Syne*. At Whitsuntide the poet removed from the "Wee Vennel" to a better house (rent £8 per annum) in the Mill-Hole Brae (now Burns Street), and in this house he lived till his death. His widow continued to occupy it till her death, March 26, 1834.

1794.—(THIRTY-FIVE).

At a dinner-party at Woodley Park, on one occasion the poet, like most of the guests, having exceeded in wine, was guilty of some act of rudeness to the accomplished hostess which she and her friends resented very warmly. A rupture took place, and for nearly a twelvemonth there was no intercourse between the parties. During this interval Burns wrote several lampoons on Mrs. Riddel, wholly unworthy of him as a man or as a poet. April 4, Captain Riddel of Glenriddel died unreconciled to Burns, yet the latter honored his memory with a sonnet. August 12, another son born to the poet, and named James Glencairn. During this autumn and winter Burns wrote some of his finest songs, inspired by the charms of Jane Lorimer, the "Chloris" of many a lyric. In November he composed his lively song, *Contented wi' little and cantie wi' mair*, which he intended as a picture of his own mind; but it is only, as Mr. Chambers says, the picture of one aspect of his mind. Mr. Perry of the *Morning Chronicle*,

* Mrs. Burns was much attached to the child, who remained with her till she was seventeen years of age, when she married a soldier, John Thomson of the Stirling Militia. She is still living, and strongly resembles her father. Poor Anna the mother felt deeply the disgrace; she, however, made a decent marriage in Leith, but died comparatively young, without any family by her husband.

wishes to engage Burns as a contributor to his paper, but the "truly generous offer" is declined, lest connection with the Whig journal should injure his prospects in the Excise. For a short time he acted as supervisor, and thought that his political sins were forgiven.

1795—(THIRTY-SIX).

In January the poet composed his manly and independent song, *For 'a that and 'a that*. His intercourse with Maria Riddel is renewed, and she sends him occasionally a book, or a copy of verses, or a ticket for the theatre. He never relaxes his genial labors for the musical works of Johnson and Thompson, and he writes a series of election ballads in favor of the Whig candidate, Mr. Heron. He joins the Dumfriesshire corps of Volunteers, enrolled in the month of March, and writes his loyal and patriotic song, *Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?* also his fine national strain, *Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon*, and one of the best of his ballads, *Last May a braw wooer*. The poet's health, however, gives way, and premature age has set in.

1796.—(THIRTY-SEVEN).

The decline of the poet is accelerated by an accidental circumstance. One night in January he sat late in the Globe Tavern. There was deep snow on the ground, and in going home he sank down, overpowered by drowsiness and the liquor he had taken, and slept for some hours in the open air. From the cold caught on this occasion he never wholly recovered. He still, however, continued his song-writing, and one of the most beautiful and most touching of his lyrics was also one of his latest. This was the song beginning *Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear*, written on Jessy Lewars, a maiden of eighteen, sister to a brother exciseman, who proved a "ministering angel" to the poet in his last illness. In May, another election called forth another ballad, *Wha will buy my trogin?* And about the middle of June we find the poet writing despondingly to his old friend Johnson, and requesting a copy of the *Scots Musical Museum* to present to a young lady. This was no doubt the copy presented to Jessy Lewars, June 26, inscribed with the verses, *Thine be the volumes, Jessy fair*. As a last effort for health, Burns went on the 4th of July to Brow, a sea-bathing hamlet on the Solway. There he was visited by Maria Riddel, who thought "the stamp of death was imprinted on his features." He was convinced himself that his illness would prove fatal, and some time before this he had said to his wife, "Don't be afraid; I'll be more respected a hundred years after I am dead, than I am at present." Mrs. Riddel saw the poet again on the 5th of July, when they parted to meet no more. On the 7th he wrote to his friend Alexander Cunningham to move the Commissioners of Excise to continue his full salary of £50 instead of reducing it, as was the rule in the case of excisemen off duty, to £35. Mr. Findlater, his superior officer, says he had no doubt this would have been done had the poet lived. On the 10th Burns wrote to his brother as to his hopeless condition, his debts, and his despair; and on the same day he addressed a request to his father-in-law, stern old James Armour, that he would write to Mrs. Armour, then in Fife, to come to the assistance of her daughter, the poet's wife, during the time of her confinement. His thoughts turned also to his friend Mrs. Dunlop, who had unaccountably been silent for some time. He recalled her interesting correspondence: "With what pleasure did I use to break up the seal! The remembrance adds yet one pulse more to my poor palpitating heart. Farewell!" Close on this dark hour of anguish came a lawyer's letter urging payment—and no doubt hinting at the serious consequences of non-payment—of a haberdasher's account. This legal missive served to conjure up before the distracted poet the image of a jail with all its horrors, and on the 12th he wrote two letters—one to his cousin in Montrose begging an advance of £10, and one to Mr. George Thomson imploring £5. "Forgive, forgive me!" He left the sea-side on the 18th, weak and feverish, but was able the same day, on arriving at his house in Dumfries, to address a second note to James Armour, reiterating the wish expressed six days before, but without eliciting any reply: "Do for Heaven's sake, send Mrs. Armour here immediately." From this period he was closely confined to bed (according to the statement of his widow), and was scarcely "himself" for half an hour together. He was aware of this infirmity, and told his wife she was to touch him and remind him when he was going wrong. One day he got out of his bed, and his wife found him sitting in a corner of the room with his bedclothes about him; she got assistance, and he suffered himself to be gently led back to bed. The day before he died he called very quickly and with a hale voice, "Gilbert! Gilbert!" On the morning of the 21st, at daybreak, death was obviously near at hand, and the children were sent for. They had been removed to the house of Jessy Lewars, and her brother, in order that the poet's dwelling might be kept quiet, and they were now summoned back that they might have a last look of their illustrious father in life. He was insensible, his mind lost in delirium, and, according to his eldest son, his last words were "That d—dascal, Matthew Pen!"—an execration against the legal agent who had written the dunning letter. And so ended this sad and stormy life-drama, and the poet passed, as Mr. Carlyle has said, "not softly but speedily into that still country where the hail-storms and fire-showers do not reach, and the heaviest-laden wayfarer at length lays down his load." On the evening of Sunday, the 24th of July, the poet's remains were removed from his house to the Town Hall, and next day were interred with military honors.

THE POEMS OF ROBERT BURNS

THE TWA DOGS.

A TALE.

TWAS 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 Honour'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,
Where 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—næ pride had he ;
But wad hae spent an hour caressin,
Ev'n wi' a tinkler-gipsej's messin.
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie.
Nae tawted dyke, tho' e'er sae duddie,
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
An' stroan't on stanes and hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
Wha for his friend and comrade had him,
An' 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 dike.
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
Ay gat him friends in ilka place ;
Hi' breast was white, his touzie back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black :
His gawcie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung owre his hurdies wi' a swirl.

Næ doubt but they were fain o' ither,
An' unco pack an' thick thegither :
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and snowkit :
Whyles mice and moudieworts they howkit ;

THE TWA DOGS.

Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion,
 An' worry'd ither in diversion ;
 Until wi' daflin weary grown,
 Upon a knowe they sat them down,
 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 lived 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, and such like trastric,
 That's little short o' downright wastrie.
 Our Whipper-in, wee blastit wonner,
 Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
 Better than ony tenant man
 His Honour has in a' the lan :
 An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in
 I own it's past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they're fash't enough :
 A cotter howkin in a sheugh,
 Wi' dirty stanes biggin a dyke,
 Baring a quarry, and siclike,
 Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains,
 A smytrie 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 and hunger ;
 But, how it comes. I never kend yet,
 They're maistly wonderfu' contented ;
 An' buirdly chiels, an' clever hizzies,
 Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But then to see how ye're negleckt,
 How huff'd, an' cuff'd an' disrespeckit !

Lord, man, an' genty 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 noticed on our Laird's court day,
 An' mony a time my heart's been wae,
 Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
 How they maun thole a factor's snash :
 He'll stamp 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 ane wad think :
 Tho' constantly on poortith's brink ;
 They're sae accustomed wi' the sight,
 The view o't gies them little fright.

Then chance an' fortune are sae guided,
 They'r 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 twapennie 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 taxations comin,
 An' ferlie at the folk in Lun'on.

As bleak-fac'd Hallowmass returns,
 They get the jovial ranting kirns,
 When rural life, o' 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 winds ;
 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 barked wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
 Sic game is now owre aften played.

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, aiblins, thrang a parliamentin,
 For Britain's guid his saul indentin—

CÆSAR.

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

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

LUATH.

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

O would they stay aback frae courts,
 An' please 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 breaking o' their timmer,
 Or speaking lightly o' their limmer,
 Or shootin o' a hare or moor-cock,
 The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk.

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

CÆSAR.

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

It's true, they need na starve or sweat,
Thro' winter's cauld, or simmer's heat ;
They've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes :
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themselves 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 dizen'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, an' 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' whoring.
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 ower the devil's pietur'd beuks ;
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
An' cheat like ony unhung'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-clock 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.

SCOTCH DRINK.

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

SOLOMON'S PROVERBS, XXXI. 6, 7.

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

O thou, my Muse ! guid auld Scotch Drink,
 Whether thro' wimplin worms thou jink,
 Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink,
 In glorious faem,
 Inspire me, till I lisp an' wink,
 To sing thy name !

Let husky Wheat the haughs adorn,
 An' Aits set up their awnie horn,
 An' Pease an' Beans at een or morn,
 Perfume the plain,
 Leeze me on thee, John Barleycorn,
 Thou King o' grain !

On the aft Scotland chows her cood,
 In souple scones, the wale o' food !
 Or tumblin in the boiling flood
 Wi' kail an' beef ;
 But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
 There thou shines chief.

Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin ;
 Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin,
 When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin ;
 But oil'd by thee,
 The wheels o' life gae down-hill, scrievin,
 Wi' rattlin glee.

Thou clear the head o' doited Lear :
 Thou cheers the heart o' drooping Care ;
 Thou strings the nerves o' Labour sair,
 At's weary toil :
 Thou even brightens dark Despair
 Wi' gloomy smile.

Aft, clad in massy, siller weed,
 Wi' Gentles thou erects thy head ;
 Yet humbly kind, in time o' need,
 The poor man's wine,

His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
Thou kitchens fine.

Thou art the life o' public haunts ;
But thee, what were our fairs and rants ?
Ev'n godly meetings o' the saunts,
By thee inspir'd,
When gaping they besiege the tents,
Are doubly fir'd.

That merry night we get the corn in !
O sweetly, then, thou reams the horn in!
Or reekin on a New-Year mornin
In cog or bicker,
An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,
An' gusty sucker !

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

Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel ;
The brawnie, banie, 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 fumblir' cuifs their dearies slight,
Wae worth the name !
Nae Howdie gets a social night,
Or plack frae them.

When neebors anger at a plea,
An' just as wud as wud can be :
How easy can the barley-bree
Cement the quarrel !
It's aye the cheapest Lawyer's fee,
To taste the barrel.

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

Wae worth that brandy, burning trash !
Feli source o' monie a pain an' brash !
Twins monie a poor, doylt, druken hash,
O' hash his days ;
An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
To her warst faes.

THE AUTHOR'S EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER

Ye Scots, wha wish auld Scotland well,
 Ye chief, to you my talk 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 grateful thanks !
 When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks
 Are my poor verses !
 Thou comes—they rattle i' their ranks
 At ither's a--s !

Thee, Ferintosh ! O sadly lost !
 Scotland, lament frae coast to coast !
 Now colic-grips, 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 Whisky Stells their prize !
 Haud up thy han', Deil ! ance, twice, thrice !
 There, seize the blinkers !
 An' bake them up in brunstane pies
 For poor damn'd drinkers.

Fortune ! if thou but gie me still
 Hale breeks, a scone, and Whisky gill,
 An' rowth o' ryme to rave at will,
 Tak' a' the rest,
 An' deal't about as thy blind skill
 Directs thee best.

THE AUTHOR'S EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER

**TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE AND HONOURABLE THE SCOTCH REPRESENTA-
 TIVES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.**

Dearest of Distillation ! iast 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 prayers
 Are humbly sent.

Alas ! my roupet muse is hearse ;
Your Honours' heart wi' grief 'twad pierce,
To see her sitting 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 since 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 !

Does ony great man glunch an' gloom ?
Speak out, an' never fash your thumb !
Let posts an' pensions sink or soom

Wi' them wha grant 'em :
If honestly they canna come,
Far better want 'em.

In gath'ring votes you were na slack ;
Now stand as tightly by your tack ;
Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back,
An' hum an' haw ;

But raise your arm, an' tell your crack
Before them a'.

Paint Scotland greetin owre her thrissle ;
Her mutchkin stoup as toom's a whissle ;
An' damn'd Excisemen in a bussle,
Seizin a Stell,

Triumphant crushin't like a mussel
Or lampit shell.

Then on the tither hand present her,
A blackguard Smuggler right behind her,
An' check-for-chow, a chuffie Viintner,
Colleaguin join,

Picking her pouch as bare as Winter
Of a' kind coin.

Is there, that bears the name o' Scot,
But feels his heart's bluid rising hot,
To see his poor auld Mither's pot

Thus dung in staves,
An' plunder'd o' hindmost groat
By gallowes knaves ?

Alas ! I'm but a nameless wight,
Trode i' the mire out o' sight !

But could I like Montgomerie's fight,
 Or gab like Boswell,
 There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight,
 An' tie some hose well.

God bless your Honors, can ye see't,
 The kind, auld, cantie Carlin greet,
 An' no get warmly to your feet,
 An' gar them hear it ?
 An' tell them, wi' a patriot-heat,
 Ye winna bear it !

Some o' you nicely ken the laws,
 To round the period an' pause,
 An' with rhetoric clause on clause
 To make 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 damn'd auldfarran,
 Dundas his name.

Erskine, a spunkie Norland billie ;
 True Campbells, Frederick an' Ilay ;
 An' Livingstone, 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 reeking whittle,
 Anither sang.

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

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

For God sake, Sirs ! then speak her fair,
 An' straik her cannie wi' the hair,
 An' to the *muckle house* repair,
 Wi' instant speed,

An' strive, wi' a' your wit and lear,
To get remead.

Yon ill-tongu'd tinkler, Charlie Fox,
May taunt you wi' his jeers an' mocks ;
But gie him't het, my hearty cocks !

E'en cove the cadie !
An' send him to his dicing-box
An' sportin lady.

Tell yon guid bluid o' auld Bæconnock's
I'll be his debt twa mashlum bonnocks,
An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's
Nine times a-week,
If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks,
Wad kindly seek.

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

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

An' now, ye chosen Five-and-Forty,
May still your Mither's heart support ye ;
Then, though a Minister grow dorty,
An' kick your place,
Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty,
Before his face.

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.

POSTSCRIPT.

LET half-starved slaves, in warmer skies,
See future wines, rich-clust'ring rise ;
Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
But blythe and frisky,
She eyes her free-born, martial boys,
Tak aff their Whisky.

What tho' their Phœbus kinder warms,
While fragrance blossoms an' beauty charms !
When wretches range, in famish'd swarms,
The scented groves,

THE HOLY FAIR.

Or hounded forth, dishonour arms
In hungry droves.

Their gun's a burden on their shoulder ;
They downa bide the stink o' powther ;
Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither
To stan' or rin,
Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throwther,
To save their skin.

But bring a Scotsman frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Say, such is royal George's will,
An' there's the foe,
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow.

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him ;
Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him ;
Wi' bluidy han' a welcome gies him ;
An' when he fa's,
His latest draught o' breathin lea'es him
In faint huzzas.

Sages their solemn een may steek,
An' raise a philosophic reek,
An' physically causes seek,
In clime an' season ;
But tell me Whiskey's name in Greek,
I'll tell the reason.

Scotland, my auld, respected Mither !
Tho' whyles ye moistify your leather,
Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather,
Ye tine your dam ;
Freedom and Whisky gan thegither !
Tak aff your dram !

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 risin' sun, owre Galston muirs,
Wi' glorious light was glintin ;
The hares were hirplin down the furrs,
The lav'rocks they were chantin
Fu' sweet that day.

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

The twa appear'd like sisters twin,
 In feature, form, an' claes ;
 Their visage wither'd, lang an' thin,
 An' sour as ony slacs :
 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 han's.
 " Ye, for my sake, hae gi'en the feck
 Of a' the ten comman's
 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 remarkin !"
 Then I gaed hame at crowdie time,
 An' soon I made me ready ;
 For roads were clad, frae side to side,
 Wi' monie a wearie bodie,
 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 guttèrs.
 The lasses, skelpin barefit, thrang,
 In silks an' scarlets glitter ;

THE HOLY FAIR.

Wi' sweet-milk cheese, in monie a whang.
 An' farls, bak'd wi' butter,
 Fu' crump that day.

When by the plate we set our nose,
 Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,
 A greedy 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 whores,
 Are blinkin at the entry.
 Here sits a raw o' titlin jades,
 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 fyl'd his shins,
 Anither sighs an' prays :
 On this hand sits a chosen swatch,
 Wi' screw'd up, grace-proud faces ;
 On that, a set o' chaps, at watch,
 Thrang winkin on the lasses
 To chairs that day.

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 Moodie speels the holy door,
 Wi' tidings o' damnation.
 Should Hornie, as in ancient days,
 'Mang sons o' God present him,
 The verra sight o' Moodie's face,
 To's ain het hame had sent him
 Wi' fright that day.

Hear how he clears the points o' faith
 Wi' rattlin and wi' thumpin !

Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
 He's stampin an' he's jumpin !
 His lengthen'd chin, his turned-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 its voice ;
 There's peace an' rest nae langer :
 For a' the real judges rise,
 They canna sit for anger.
 Smith 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, an' gesture fine,
 Are a' clean out o' season.
 Like Socrates or Antonine,
 Or some auld pagan Heathen,
 The moral man he doth define,
 But ne'er a word o' faith in
 That's right that day.

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

Wee Miller, neist, the Guard relieves,
 An' orthodoxy raibles,
 Tho' in his heart he weel believes,
 An' thinks it auld wives' fables :
 But, faith ! the birkie wants a Manse,
 So, cannillie 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, and 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 gi'es us mair
 Than either School or College :
 It kindles Wit, it waukens Lair,
 It pangs us fou o' Knowledge.
 Be't whisky gill or penny wheep,
 Or ony stronger potion,
 It never fails, on 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 Lord's ain trumpet tc its,
 Till a' the hills are rairin,
 An' echoes back return the shouts ;
 Black Russel is na spairin :
 His piercing words, like Highlan swords,
 Divide the joints an' marrow ;
 His talk o' Hell, where devils dwell,
 Our very " sauls does harrow "
 Wi' fright that day !

A vast, unbottom'd, boundless pit,
 Fill'd fou o' lowin brunstane,
 Wha's ragin flame, an' scorchin heat,
 Wad melt the hardest whun-stane !
 The half asleep start up wi' fear,
 And think they hear it roarin,
 When presently it does appear,
 'Twas but some neighbor 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' dismiss't :
 How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups,
 Amang the furms and benches ;
 An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps.
 Was dealt about in lunches,
 An' 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' gi'es them't like a tether,
 Fu' lang that day.

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

Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattling tow,
 Begins to jow and croon ;
 Some swagger hame, the best they dow,
 Some wait the afternoon.
 At slaps the billies halt a blink,
 Till lasses 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 ony flesh is.
 There's some are fou o' love divine,
 There's some are fou o' brandy ;
 An' monie jobs that day begin,
 May end in Houghmagandie
 Some ither day.

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,
 A rousing whid, at times, to vend,
 And nail't wi' Scripture.

But this that I am gaun to tell,
 Which lately on a night befell,
 Is just as true's the Deil's in hell
 Or Dublin city :
 That e'e' he nearer comes oursel
 's a muckle pity.

The Clachan yill had made me canty,
 I wasna fou, but just had plenty ;
 I stacher'd v' byles, 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
 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 did forgather,
 That pat me in an eerie swither ;
 An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther,
 Clear-dangling, harg ;
 A three-taed 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-een," quo' I ; "Friend ! hae ye a beer
 When ither folk are busy sawin ?"
 It seem'd to make a kind o' stan',
 But naething spak ;
 At length, says I, "Friend, whare ye gau',
 Will ye go back ?"

It spak right hove—"My name is Death,
 But be na fley'd."—Quoth I, "Guid faith,
 Ye're maybe come to stop my breath ;
 But tent me, billie :

I red ye weel, tak car o' skaith,
 See, there's a gully !"

"Gudeman," quo' he, "put up your whittle,
 I'm no designed to try its mettle ;
 But if I did, I wad be kittle
 To be mislear'd,
 I wad na mind it, no that spittle
 Out-owre my beard."

"Weel, weel !" says I, "a bargain be't ;
 Come, gies your hand, an sae we're greet ;
 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."

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 damn’d dirt.

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

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

THE BRIGS OF AYR.

A POEM.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN BALLANTINE, ESQ., AYR.

THE simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
Learning his tuneful trade from ev’ry bough ;
The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush ;
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush ;
The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
Or deep-ton’d plovers, grey, wild-whistling o’er the hill.
Shall he, nurst in the Peasant’s lowly shed,
To hardy independence bravely bred,
By early poverty to hardship steel’d,
And train’d to arms in stern Misfortune’s field ;
Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes ?
Or labour hard the panegyric close,
With all the venal soul of dedicating Prose ?
No! though his artless strains he rudely sings,
And throws his hand uncouthly o’er the strings,
He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,
Fame, honest fame, his great, his dear reward.
Still, if some Patron’s gen’rous care he trace,
Skill’d in the secret, to bestow with grace ;
When Ballantyne befriends his humble name
And hands the rustic Stranger up to fame,
With heartfelt throes his grateful bosom swell
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
 O' coming Winter's biting, frosty breath ;
 The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils,
 Unnumber'd buds and flow'rs, delicious spoils,
 Seal'd up with frugal care in massive waxen piles,
 Are doom'd by man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
 The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone reek :
 The 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 noontide 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 inspir'd, 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, wi' sullen-sounding roar,
 Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore :
 All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e ;
 The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree :
 The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
 Crept, gently-crusting, owre the glittering stream.—

When, lo ! on either hand the list'ning Bard,
 The clanging sigh 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,
 And ev'n the vera deils they brawly ken them.)
 Auld Brig appear'd o' ancient Pictish race,
 The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face :

He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang,
 Yet, teughly 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' thiefless sneer to see his modish mien,
 He, down the water, gies him this guid-een :—

AULD BRIG.

I doubt na, Frien', ye'll think ye're nae 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.

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 of taste wou'd tak the Ducat-stream,
 Tho' they should cast the vera sark and swim,
 Ere they would grate their feelings wi' the view
 O' sic an ugly, Gothic hulk as you.

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk ! puff'd up wi' windy pride !
 This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide ;
 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 Gärpal draws his feeble source,
 Arous'd by blust'ring winds an' spotting thowes ;
 In mony a torrent down his snaw-broo rowes ;
 While crashing ice, borne on the soaring spate,
 Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate ;
 And from Glenbuck, down to the Ratton-key,
 Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea ;
 Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise !
 And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies.

A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
That Architecture's noble art is lost !

NEW BRIG.

Fine Architecture, trowth, I needs must say't o't.
The Lord be thankit that we've tint the gate o't !
Gaunt, ghaistly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
Hanging with threat'ning jut, like precipices ;
O'er arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
Supporting roofs, fantastic, stony groves :
Windows and doors in nameless 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 gie your hurdies to the smiters ;
And (what would now be strange) ye godly Writers :
A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo,
Were ye but here, what would ye say or do !
How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
To see each melancholy alteration ;
And agonizing, curse the time and place
When ye begat the base, degen'rate race !
Nae 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 Tailors and by Barbers,
Wha waste you weel-hain'd gear on damn'd new Brigs and
Harbours !

NEW BRIG.

Now haud you there ! faith ye've said enough,
 And muckle mair than ye can mak to through :
 As for your Priesthood, I shall say but little,
 Corbies and Clergy are a shot right kittle :
 But, under favour o' your langer beard,
 Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd :
 To liken them to your auld-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 wi' 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 Highland rage,
 Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
 The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares ;
 How would his Highland lug been nobler fir'd,
 And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd !
 No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,
 But all the soul of Music's self was heard ;
 Harmonious concert rung in every part,
 While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.

The Genius of the Stream in front appears,
 A venerable Chief, advanc'd in years ;
 His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
 His manly leg with garter tangle bound.
 Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
 Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring ;
 Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy,
 And Summer with his fervid-beaming eye :
 All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,
 Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn,
 Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,
 By Hospitality with cloudless brow ;

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

THE ORDINATION.

For sense, they little owe to frugal Heav'n—
 To please the mob, they hide the little giv'n.

KILMARNOCK Wabsters, fidge and claw,
 An' pour your creeshie nations ;
 Au' ye wha leather rax an' draw,
 Of a' denominations ;
 Swik 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.

Or Phineas drove the murdering blade,
 Wi' whore-abhorring rigour ;
 Or Zipporah, the scauldin jad,
 Was like a bluidy tiger
 I' th' Inn that day.

Curst Common-sense, that imp o' hell,
 Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder ;
 But Oliphant off made her yell,
 An' Russel sair misca'd her ;
 This day M'Kinlay take the flail,
 An' he's the boy will blaud her !
 He'll clap a shangan on her ail,
 An' set the bairns to daud her
 Wi' dirt this day.

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

Mak haste an' turn King David owre,
 An' lilt w' 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.

Now auld Kilmarnock, cock thy tail,
 An' toss thy horns fu' cauty ;
 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 an' wale,
 No gi'en by way o' deainty,
 But ilka day.

And o'er the thairms be tryin ;
 Oh rare ! to see our elbucks wheep,
 And a' like lamb-tails flyin
 Fu' fast this day !

Nae mair by Babel 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 !

Which made Canaan a niger :

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

Now Robinson barangue 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 tarn a Carpet-weaver
 Aff-hand this day.

Mutrie and you were just a match,
 We never had sic twa drones :
 Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk
 watch,
 Just like a winkin baudrons :
 And 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 it's unco pretty !

There, Learning, with his Greekish
 face,
 Grunts out some Latin ditty ;
 And Common-sense is gaun, she says,
 To mak to Jamie 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 !
 No there, they're packed aff to hell,
 And banish'd our dominions,
 Henceforth this day.

O happy day ! rejoice, rejoice !
 Come bouse about the pcrter !
 Morality's demure decoys
 Shall here nae mair find quarter :
 M'Kinlay, Russel are the boys
 That heresy can torture ;
 They'll gie her on a rape a hoise,
 And cove her measure shorter
 By th' head some day

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

THE CALF.

TO THE REV. MR. JAMES STEVENS, ON HIS TEXT, MALACHI, CH. 17. VER. 2.

“ And ye shall go forth, and grow up as calves of the stall.”

RIGHT, Sir ! your text I'll prove it
 true,
 Tho' Heretics may laugh ;
 For instance, there's yoursel just now,
 God knows, an unco Calf !

And should some Patron be so kind,
 As bless you wi' a kirk,
 I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find,
 Ye're still as great a Stirk.

But, if the Lover's raptur'd hour
 Shall ever be your lot,
 Forbid it, ev'ry 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
James,
To hear you roar and rowte,
Few men o' sense will doubt your
claims
To rank among 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 !”

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL.

O Prince ! O Chief of many throned Pow'rs,
That led th' embattled Seraphim to war —MILTON.

O THOU ! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clottie,
Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,
Clos'd under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
T'o scaud poor wretches !

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

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

Whyles, ranging like a roarin lion,
For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin ;
Whyles on the strong-wing'd Tempest
flyin,

Tirlin the kirks ;
Whyles in the human bosom pryin,
Unseen thou lurks.

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

When twilight did my Grannie sum-
mon,
To say her pray'rs, douce, honest
woman !
Aft yont the dyke she's heard you
bummin,
Wi' eerie drone ;

Or, rustlin, thro' the boortrees comin,
Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
The stars shot down wi' sklentim
light,

Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright.
Ayont the lough ;
Ye like a rash-buss, stood in sight,
Wi' waving sugh.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
Each brist'ld hair stood like a stake,
When wi' an eldritch, stoor quaick,
quaick,

Amang the springs,
Awa ye squattered like a drake.
On whistling wings,

Let warlocks grim, an' wither'd hags,
Tell how, wi' you on ragweed nags,
They skin the muirs, an' dizzy crags,
Wi' wicked speed ;
And in kirk-yards renew their leagues,
Owre howkit dead,

Thence, contra wives, wi' toil an'
pain,
May plunge an' plunge the kirn in
vain ;

For, oh ! the yellow treasure's taen
By witching skill ;
An' dawtit, twal-pint Hawkie's gae
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
By cantrip wit,
Is instant made no worth a louse,
Just at the bit.

When thowes dissolve the sawy
hoord,
An' float the jinglin icy-boord,
Then, Water kelpies haunt the foord,
By your direction,
An' nighted Trav'lers are allur'd
To their destruction.

An' aft your moss-traversing Spunkies
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is:
The bleezin, curst, mischievous mou
kies
Delude his eyes,
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
Ne'er mair to rise.

When Masons' mystic word an' grip,
In storms an' tempests raise you up,
Some cock or cat your rage maun
stop,
Or, strange to tell!
The youngest Brother ye wad whip
Aff straicht to hell.

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

Then you, ye auld snick-dawing
dog!
Ye came to Paradise incog.
An' play'd on man a cursed brogue,
(Black be you fa!)
An' gied the infant warld a shog,
Maist ruin'd a'.

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
Wi' reekit duds, an' reestit gizz,
Ye did present your smoutie phiz,
'Mang better folk,
An' sklentod on the man of Uz
Your spiteful joke!

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,
An' brake him out o' house and hall,
While scabs an' blotches did him gall,
Wi' bitter claw,
An' lows'd his ill-tongued wicked
Scawl,
Was warst ava?

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

An' now, auld Cloots, I ken ye're
thinkin,
A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin,
Some luckless hour will send him
linkin,
To your black pit;
But, faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin,
An' cheat you yet.

But, fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben!
O wad ye tak a thought an' men!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Stili hae a stake—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake!

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 cam doytin by.
Wi' glowrin een, an' lifted han's,
Poor Hughoc like a statue stan's;

He saw her days were near hanç
ended,
But, waes my heart! he could na
mend it!
He gapèd 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'!

"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' rippis o' corn.

"An' may they never learn the gaets
Of ither vile wanrestfu' pets!
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 toop-lamb, my son an'
heir,

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

"An' niest my yowie, silly 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 Hughoe, dinna fail,
To tell my master a' my tale;
An' bid him burn this cursed tether,
An' for thy pains, thou'se get my
blether."

This said, poor Mailie turn'd her
head,
An' clos'd her een among the dead!

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,
Wi' saut tears trickling down your
nose;

Our Bardie's fate is at a close,
Past a' remead;
The last, sad cape-stane of his woes;
Poor Mailie's dead!

It's no the loss o' warl's gear,
'That could sae bitter draw the tear,
Or mak our Bardie, dowie, wear
The mourning weed:
He's lost a friend and 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 cam nigh
him,
Than Mailie dead.

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
An' could behave hersel wi' mense;
I'll say't, she never brak a fence,
Thro' thievish greed.

Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the spence
Sin' Mailie's dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,
Her living image in her yowe
Comes bleating to him, owre the
knowe,

For bits o' bread;
An' down the briny pearls rowe
For Mailie dead.

She was nae get o' moorland tips,
Wi' tawted ket, an' hairy hips;
For her forbears were brought in
ships,

 Frae yont the Tweed;
A bonier fleesh ne'er cross'd the clips
 Than Mailie's dead.

Wae worth the man wha first did
shape
That vile, wanchancie thing—a rape!

It maks guid fellows grin 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!

TO JAMES SMITH.

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

BLAIR.

DEAR Smith, the sleekest, 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 scrimpit stature,
She's turn'd you aff, a human creature
 On her first plan,
And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature,
 She's wrote, "The Man."

Just now I've taen the fit o' rhyme,
My barmie noddle's working prime,
My fancie 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 contra' clash,
 An' raise a din;
For me, an' *aim* I never fash;
 I rhyme for fun.

The star that rules my luckless lot,
I'as fated me the russet coat,
An' damm'd my fortune to the groat
 But, in requit,
Eas blest me with a random shot
 O' countra wit.

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

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

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

I'll wander on, wi' tentless heed
How never-halting moments speed,
Till fate shall snap the brittle thread;
 Then, ail 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 crowd the
sail,

Heave Care o'er side !
And large, before Enjoyment's gale,
Let's tak the tide.

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

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

When ance life's day draws near the
gloamin,
Then fareweel vacant careless roamin ;
An' fareweel cheerfu' taukards 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 adornin' !
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorn-
ing,
We frisk away,
Like schoolboys, at th' expected warn-
ing,
To joy and play.

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

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,
For which they never toil'd nor swat ;
They drink the sweet and eat the fat,
But care or pain ;
And, haply, eye the barren hut
With high disdain.

With steady aim, some Fortune chase ;
Keen hope does ev'ry sinew brace ;

Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the
race,

And seize the prey ;
Then canie, in some cozie place,
They close the day.

And others, like your humble servan',
Poor wights ! nac rules nor roads ob-
servin',
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 wi' peevis, poor complain-
ing !

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 warr-
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 brow claes to fine Life-guards,
And Maids of Honour ;
And yill an' whisky gie to Cairds,
Until they sconner.

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

" While Ye are pleased to keep me
hale,
I'll sit down o'er my seanty meal,
Be't water-brose, or muslin kail,
Wi' cheerfu' face,
As lang's the Muses dinna fail
To say the grace."

An anxious e'e I never throws
Behint my lug, or by my nose ;
I jouk beneath Misfortune's blows
As weel's I may ;
Sworn foe to Sorrow, Care, and Prose,
I rhyme away.

O ye douce folk, that live by rule,
 Grave, tideless-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' ye do despise
 The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys,
 The rattlin squad :
 I see you upward cast your eyes—
 Ye ken the road.—

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

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,
 Amang thae Birth-day dresses
 Sae fine this day.

I see ye're complimented thrang,
 By mony 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 cheels that winna ding,
 An' downa be disputed :
 Your Royal nest, beneath your wing,
 Is e'en right reft an' clouted,
 And now the third part 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 with 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, God's 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 Poet gies Ye ?
 Thae bonny bairntime Heav'n has lent,
 Still higher may they heeze Ye
 In bliss, till Fate some day is sent,
 For ever to release Ye
 Frae care that day.

For you, young Potentate o' Wales,
 I tell your Highness fairly,
 Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling
 sails
 I'm tauld ye're driving rarely ;
 But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
 An' curse your folly sairly,
 That ere 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 ;
 Sae, ye may doucely fill a Throne,
 For a' their clish-ma-claver ;

There, Him at Agincourt wha shone,
 Few better were or braver :
 And yet, wi' funny queer Sir John,
 He was an unco shaver
 For monie a day.

For you, right rev'rend Osnaburg,
 Name 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 of Peter,
 Then, swith ! an' get a wife to hug,
 Or, troth ! ye'll stain the Miire
 Some luckless day.

Young, royal Tarry Breeks, 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 aboard your grapple airn.
 An', large upon her quarter,
 Come full that day.

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 ;
 That, e'er 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 lagger they hae clautet
 Fu' clean that day.

THE VISION.

DUAN FIRST.

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

The thresher's weary flingin-tree
 The lee-lang day had tired me ;
 And whan 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;
 An' heard the restless rattons squeak
 About the riggin.

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

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

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

When click! the string the snick did
 draw;
 And 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 wisht;
 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 these reckless vows,
 Would soon been broken.

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

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

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

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

Here, Doon pour'd down his far-
 fetch'd floods;
 There, well-fed Irwine stately thuds,
 Auid 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 pendent in the air,
 Bold stems of Heroes, here and there,
 I could discern;
 Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to
 dare,
 With feature stern.

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

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

There, where a sceptr'd Pictish shade
Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid,
I mark'd a martial Race, 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.

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.

" 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 humbler ranks of human-kind,
The rustic Bard, the lab'ring Hind,
 The Artisan ;
All choose, as various they're inclin'd,
 The various man.

“ When yellow waves the heavy grain,
The threat'ning storm some strongly
rein ;

Some teach to meliorate the plain
With tillage-skill ;
And some instruct the Shepherd-train,
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 thy ev'ning joys,
And lonely stalk,
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
In pensive walk.

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

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

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

“ Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
To paint with Thomson's landscape
glow ;
Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
With Shenstone's art ;
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
Warm on the heart.

“ Yet, all beneath 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.

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID, OR THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

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

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 Neebour's fauts and folly !
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supply'd wi' store o' water,
The heapet happier'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 mis-
 takes,
Their failings and mischances.

Ye see your state wi' their's 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 raging 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 makes 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 hell to state,
Damnation of expenses !

Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames,
Ty'd up in godly laces,
Before you 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 Mar
Still gentler sister Woman ;
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human :
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *Why* they do it ;
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

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

TAM SAMSON'S ELEGY.

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

HAS auld Kilmarnock seen the Deil ?
Or great M'Kinlay thravn his heel ?
Or Robiinson again grown weel,
 To preach an' read ?
"Na, waur than a' !" cries ilka chiel,
 "Tam Samson's dead !"

Kilmarnock lang may grunt an' grane,
An' sigh, an' sab, 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 woefu' 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 o' 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 Patricks 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 came 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 behind him jumpit
 Wi' deadly feide ;
Now he proclaims, wi' tout o' trum
 pet,
 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 ;
"Lord, 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 ;
You auld gray stane, among the
 heather,
 Marks out his head,
Whare Burns has wrote, in rhymin'
 blether,
 "Tam Samson's dead !"

There, low he lies, in lasting rest ;
Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast
Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest,
 To hatch and breed ;
Alas ! nae mair he'll them molest !
 Tam Samson's dead !

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

Heav'n rest his saul, whare'er he be !
 Is th' wish o' mony mae than me :
 He had twa faults, 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
 Te'll ev'ry social, honest billie
 To cease his grievin,
 For yet, unskait'h'd by Death's gleg
 gullie,
 Tam Samson's livin !

HALLOWEEN.*

[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. R. B.]

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 ta'en,
 Beneath the moon's pale beams ;
 There, up the Cove, ‡ to stray an'
 rove
 Among the rocks and streams
 To sport that night ;

Among the bonie, winding banks,
 Where Doon rins, wimplin, clear,
 Where Bruce § ance rul'd the martial
 ranks,
 An' shook his Carrick spear,

Some merriv, 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 lasse's hearts gang startin
 Whyles fast at night.

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

† Certain little, romantic, rocky green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis. R. B.

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

§ The famous family of that name, the ancestors of Robert, the great deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick. R. B.

Then, first an' foremost, thro' the kail,
Their stocks * maun a' be sought
ence :

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.

'Then, straught or crooked, yird or
nane,

They roar an' cry a' throu'ther ;
The vera wee things, toddlin, rin,
Wi' stocks out-owre their shouther ;
An' gif the custocks sweet or sour,
Wi' joctelegs they taste them ;
Synne coziely, aboon the door,
Wi' cannie care, they've placed them
To lie that night.

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

He grippet Nelly hard an' fast ;
Loud skirl'd a' the lasses ;
But her tap-pickle maist was lost,
When kiutlin i' the fause-house ‡
Wi' him that night.

The auld guidwife's weel-hoordit nits §
Are round an' round divided,
An' monie lads' and 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.

Jean slips in twa, wi' tentie e'e ;
Wha 'twas, she wadna tell ;
But this is Jock, and this is me,
She says in to hersel :
He bleez'd owre her, an' she owre
him,

As they wad never mair part ;
Till fuff ! he started up the lum,
An' Jean had e'en a sair heart
To see't that night.

Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail runt,
Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie,
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 burnt 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 bonnie mou,
Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
Unseen that night.

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

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

‡ When the corn is in a doubtful state, it being too green, or wet, the stack-builder, by means of old timber, etc., 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*. R. B.

§ Burning the nits is a famous charm. They name the lad and the lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire : and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be. R. B.

But Merran sat behind their backs,
 Her thoughts on Andrew Bell ;
 She lea'es them gaslin 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.

An' aye she win't, an' ay she swat,
 I wat she made nae jaukin ;
 Till something held within the pat,
 Guid Lord ! but she was quaukin !
 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 worsset apron
 Out thro' that night.

" Ye little Skelpie-limmer's face !
 I daur you try sic sportin,
 As seek the foul Thief ony place,
 For him to spae your fortune ?
 Nae doubt but ye may get a sight !
 Great cause ye hae to fear it ;
 For monie a ane has got 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 :
 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 ;
 Syne 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 graip he for a harrow taks,
 An' hauls at his curpin :
 An' ev'ry now an' then, he says,
 " Hemp-seed, I saw thee,
 An' her that is to be my lass,
 Come after me an' draw thee
 As fast this night."

* Whoever would, with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions : Steal out, all alone, to the *kiln*, and darkling, throw into the *pot* a clue of blue yarn : wind it in a new clue off the old one ; and towards the latter end something w'il hold the thread ; demand *Wha hawds ?* i.e., who holds ? an answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the Christian and surname of your future spouse. R. B.

† 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. R. B.

‡ Steal out unperceived and sow a handful of hemp-seed, harrowing it with anything you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat now and then, " Hemp-seed, I saw thee, hemp-seed, I saw thee ; and him (or her) that is to be my true-love, come after me and pou thee." Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, " come after 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." R. B.

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

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

Meg fain wad to the barn gaen
 To winn three wechts o' naething : *
 But for to meet the Deil her lane,
 She pat but little faith in :
 She gies the Herd a pickle nits,
 And twa red-checkit apples,
 To watch, while for the barn she sets,
 In hopes to see Tam Kipples
 That vera night.

She turns the key, wi' cannie thraw,
 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, Lord preserve her !
 An' ran thro' midden-hole an' 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 chanced the stack he faddom't
 thrice †
 Was timmer-propt for thrawin :
 He takes a swirlie, auld moss-oak,
 For some black, grousome Carlin ;
 An' loot a wince, an' drew a stroke,
 Till skin in blypes cam haulin
 All'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 screevin,
 Where three lairds' lands met at a
 burn, †
 To dip her left sark-sleeve in,
 Was bent that night.

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

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 hoof ;
 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.

* This charm must likewise be performed unperceived and alone. You go to the *barn* and open both doors, taking them off the hinges, if possible ; for there is danger that th *being* about to appear may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which in our country dialect we call a *wecht*, and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times ; and the third time an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door and out at the other, having both the figure in question and the appearance or retinue marking the employment or station in life. R. B.

† 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 yeke-fellow. R. B.

‡ 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 somewhere near midnight an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it. R. B.

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
 The luggies three* are ranged ;
 And 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, and friendly cracks,
 I wat they did na weary ;
 And unco tales, an' funnie jokes,
 Their sports were cheap and cheary ;
 Till butter'd So'ns, † wi' fragrant lunt,
 Set a' their gabs a-steerin ;
 Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
 They parted aff careerin
 Fu' blythe that night.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVO.

WHEN lyart leaves bestrow the yird,
 Or, wavering like the bauckie bird,
 Bedim cauld Boreas' blast :
 When hailstones drive wi' bitter skyte,
 And infant frosts begin to bite,
 In hoary cranreuch drest ;
 Ae night, at e'en, a merry core
 O' randie, gangrel bodies,
 In Pooisie-Nansie's held the splore,
 To drink their orra duddies :
 Wi' quaffing and laughing,
 They ranted and they sang ;
 Wi' jumping and thumping,
 The verra girdle rang.

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

AIR.

TUNE—"Soldier's Joy."

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, etc.

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

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 ciatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum.
 Lal de daudle, etc.

* Take three dishes : put clean water in one, foul water in the other, 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 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. R. B.

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

And now, tho' I must beg, with a wooden arm and leg,
 And many a tatter'd rag hanging o'er 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, etc.

What tho' with hoary locks, I must stand the winter shocks,
 Beneath the woods and rocks, oftentimes for a home ;
 When the t'other bag I sell, and the t'other bottle tell,
 I could meet a troop of hell at the sound of the drum.

RECITATIVO.

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

AIR.

TUNE—"Soldier Laddie."

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, etc.

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, etc.

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

Sing, Lal de lal, etc.

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, etc.

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, etc.

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, etc.

RECITATIVO.

Poor Merry Andrew, in the neuk
 Sat guzzling wi' a tinkler hizzie,
 They mind't na wha the chorus teuk,
 Between themselves they were sae
 bizzzy;

At length, wi' drink and courting
 dizzy,
 He stoitered up an' made a face;
 Then turn'd, an' laid a smack on
 Grizzly,
 Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave
 grimace.

AIR.

TUNE—"Auld Syr Symon."

SIR WISDOM's a fool when he's fou,
 Sir Knave is a fool in a session;
 He's there but a 'prentice I trow,
 But I am a fool by profession.
 My grannie she bought me a beuk,
 And I held awa to the school;
 I fear I my talent misteuk,
 But what will ye hae of a fool?
 For drink I would venture my neck;
 A hizzie's the half o' my craft;
 But what could ye other expect,
 Of ane that's avowedly daft?
 I ance was ty'd up like a stirk,
 For civilly swearing and quaffing;
 I ance was abus'd i' the kirk,
 For towzling a lass i' my daffin.
 Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport,
 Let naebody name wi' a jeer;
 There's ev'n, I'm tauld, i' the court,
 A tumbler ca'd the Premier.
 Observ'd ye, you reverend lad
 Maks faces to tickle the mob;
 He rails at our mountebank squad—
 It's rivalship just i' the job.
 And now my conclusion I'll tell,
 For faith I'm confoundedly dry;
 The chiel that's a fool for himsel',
 Gude Lord, is far dafter than I.

RECITATIVO.

Then niest outspak a raucle carlin,
 Wha kent fu' weel to cleek the ster-
 ling,

For monie a pursie sae nad hooked,
 And had in monie a well been dooked
 Her dove had been a Highland laddie
 But weary fa' the waefu' woodie!
 Wi' sighs and sabs, she thus began
 To wail her braw John Highlandman:

AIR.

TUNE—"O, an' ye were dead, Guidman."

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

CHORUS.

Sing, hey, my braw John Highland-
 man!
 Sing, ho, my braw John Highland-
 man!
 There's no a lad in a' the lan'
 Was match for my John Highland-
 man.

With his philibeg an' tartan plaid,
 And gude claymore down by his side,
 The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.
 Sing, hey, etc.

We rangèd a' from Tweed to Spey,
 And liv'd like lords and ladies gay;
 For a Lawlan' face he feared nane,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.
 Sing, hey, etc.

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

But, oh! they catch'd him at the last,
 And bound him in a dungeon fast;
 My curse upon them every ane,
 They've hang'd my braw John High-
 landman
 Sing, hey, etc.

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

RECITATIVO.

A pigmy Scrapper wi' his fiddle,
Wha us'd at trysts and fairs to driddle,
Her strappin limb and gaucy middle
(He reached nae higher),
Had hol't his heartie like a riddle,
And blawn't on fire.

Wi' hand on haunch, and upward ee,
He croon'd his gamut, one, two, three,
Then, in an Arioso key,
The wee Apollo
Set aff, wi' Allegretto glee
His giga solo.

AIR.

TUNE—"Whistle owre the lave o't."

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

But bless me wi' your heav'n o'
charms,
And while I kittle hair on thairms,
Hunger, cauld, and a' sic harms,
May whistle owre the lave o't.
I am, etc.

RECITATIVO.

Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird,
As well as poor Gut-scraper ;
He taks the fiddler by the beard,
And draws a roosty rapier—

He swoor, by a' was swearing worth,
To spit him like a plover,
Unless he wad from that time forth
Relinquish her for ever.

Wi' ghastly ee, poor tweedle-dee
Upon his hunkers bended,
And pray'd for grace, wi' ruefu' face
And sae the quarrel ended.

But tho' his little heart did grieve
When round the tinkler prest her,
He feigned to snirtle in his sleeve,
When thus the Caird address'd her

AIR.

TUNE—"Clout the Cauldron."

MY bonnie lass, I work in brass,
A tinkler is my station ;
I've travell'd 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 cauldron,
I've ta'en the gold, etc.

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

RECITATIVO.

The Caird prevail'd—th' unblushing
fair
In his embraces sunk,
Partly wi' love o'ercome sae sair,
And partly she was drunk.
Sir Violino, with an air
That show'd a man o' spunk,
Wish'd unison between the pain,
And made the bottle clunk
To their health that night

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

He was a care-defying blade
 As ever Bacchus listed,
 Thro' Fortune sair upon him laid,
 His heart she ever miss'd it.
 He had nae wish, but—to be glad,
 Nor want but—when he thirsted ;
 He hated not 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' gentlefolks, an' a' that ;
 But Homer-like, the glowran byke,
 Frae town to town I draw that.

CHORUS.

For a' that, and a' that,
 And twice as meikle's a' that ;
 I've lost but aye, I've twa behin',
 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, etc.

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, etc.

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

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

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

RECITATIVO.

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

Then owre again, the jovial thrang
 The poet did request,
 To 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, etc.

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, etc.

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

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

Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets !
 Here's to all the wandering train !
 Here's our ragged brats and callets !
 One and all cry out, Amen !
 A fig, etc.

THE AULD FARMER'S NEW-YEAR MORNING SALU- TATION 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, Mag-
 gie !

Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie :
 Tho' thou's howe-backit, now, an'
 knaggie,

I've seen the day,
 Thou could hae gane like ony staggie
 Out-owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff, an' crazy,
 An' thy auld hide's as white's a daisie,
 I've seen thee dappl't, sleek an' glaizie,

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' funnie,
 Ye ne'er was donsie ;
 But hameely, tawie, quiet, an' cannie,
 An' unco sonsie.

That day, ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,
 When ye bure hame my bonie bride ;
 Let 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-coble,
 That day ye was a jinker noble
 For heels an' win !
 An' ran them till they a' did wauble,
 Far, far behin'.

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

When thou was corn't, an' I was mel-
 low,
 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 tace for a brattle ;
 But sax Scotch miles thou try't their
 mettle,
 An' gart them whaizle :
 Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
 O' saugh or hazel.

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

Thou never braind'g't, an' fetch't, an'
 fiskit,
 But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,

An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd
briskit,

Wi' pith an' pow'r,
Till spritty knowes wad rair't and
riskit,

An' slypet owre.

When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were
deep,

An' threaten'd labour back to keep,

I gied thy cog a wee-bit heap

Abocn the timmer ;

I ken'd my Maggie wad na sleep

For that, or simmer.

In cart or car thou never reestit ;

The steyst brae thou wad hae face'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 plough is now thy bairn-time a' :

Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw :

Ferbye 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.

And think na, my auld, trusty servan',

That now perhaps thou's less deservin,

An' thy auld days may end in starvin',

For my last fou,

A heapit 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.

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

WEE, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie,

O, what a panic's in thy breastie !

Thou need 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 il opinion,

Which makes thee startle,

At me, thy poor, earth-born compan-
ion,

An' fellow-mortal !

I doubt na, whiles, but thou may
thieve ;

What then ? poor beastie, thou maun
live !

A daimen-icker in a thrave,

'S a sma' request :

I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,

And never miss't !

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !

Is silly wa's the win's are strewin !

Ar' naething, now, to big a new ane.

O' foggage green !

An' bleak Decen-ber's winds ensuin,

Baith snell an' keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare and
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 celi.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble

Has cost thee mony a weary nibble !

Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy
trouble,

But house or hald,

To thole the winter's sleety dribble,

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,
 A' 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.

A WINTER NIGHT.

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

SHAKESPEARE.

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

As night the storm the steeples
 rocked,

Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked,
 While burns, wi' snawy wretchs up-
 choked,

Or thro' the mining outlet bocked,
 Wild-eddying swirl,
 Down headlong hurl.

List'ning, the doors an' winnocks
 rattle,

I thought me on the ourie cattle,
 Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
 O' winter war,

And thro' the drift, deep-lairing,
 sprattle,

Beneath a scar.

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing !
 That, in the merry months o' spring,
 Delighted me to hear thee sing,

What comes o' thee ?

Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering
 win'

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 Phœbe, in her midnight reign,
 Dark muff'd, view'd the dreary plain ;
 Still crowding thoughts, a pensive
 train,

When on my ear this plaintive strain,
 Rose in my soul,
 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, unrelent-
 ing,

Vengeful malice unrepenting,
 Than heav'n-illum'd man on brother
 man bestows !

See stern Oppression's iron grip,
 Or mad Ambition's gory hand,
 Sending, like blood-hounds from the
 slip,

Woe, want, and murder o'er a
 land !

Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,
 Truth, weeping, tells the mournful
 tale,

How pamper'd Luxury, Flatt'ry by
 her side,

The parasite empoisoning her ear,
 With all the servile wretches in the
 rear,

Looks o'er proud property, extended
 wide ;

And eyes the simple rustic hind,

Whose toil upholds the 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 Honour'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 honour turns away,
Shunning soft pity's rising sway,
Regardless of the tears, and unavail-
ing pray'rs!
Perhaps this hour, in mis'ry's
squalid nest,
She strains your infant to her joy-
less breast,
And with a mother's fears shrinks at
the rocking blast!

“Oh ye! who, sunk in beds of
down,
Feel not a want but what yourselves
create,
Think, for a moment, on his
wretched fate,

Whom friends and fortune quite
disown!
Ill-satisfied keen nature's clam'rous
call,
Stretch'd on his straw he lays him-
self to sleep,
While thro' the ragged roof and
chinky wall,
Chill o'er his slumbers, piles the
drifty heap!
Think on the dungeon's grim con-
fine,
Where guilt and poor misfortune
pine!
Guilt, erring man, relenting view!
But shall thy legal rage pursue
“The wretch, already crushèd low,
By cruel fortune's undeservèd blow?
Affliction's sons are brothers in dis-
tress;
A brother to relieve, how exquisite
the bliss!”

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

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

EPISTLE TO DAVIE, A BROTHER POET.

January — [1784].

WHILE winds frae aff Ben-Lomond
blaw,
And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
And hing us owre the ingle,
I set me down, to pass the time,
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
In hamely, westlin jingle.
While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
Ben to the chimla lug,
I grudge a wee the Great-folk's gift,
That live sae bien an snug:
I tent less, and want less
Their roomy fire-side;
But hanker and canker,
To see their cursèd 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' chiefs 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,
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 would make us blest ;
Ev'n then, sometimes, we'd snatch a
taste

Of truest happi'ness.
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 sma' ;
Nae mair then, we'll care then,
Nae farther can we 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 :

On braes when we please, then,
We'll sit and sowth a tune ;
Syne rhyme till't, we'll time till't,
And sing't when we hae 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 making muckle, *mair* :

It's no in books, it's no in lear,
To make us truly blest :

If happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest :

Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
Could make us happy lang ;
The heart 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 an'
dry,

Wi' never ceasing toil ;
Think ye, are we less blest than they,
Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
As hardly worth their while ?

Alas ! how aft in haughty mood,
God's creatures they oppress !
Or else, neglecting a that's guid,
They riot in excess !

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

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce ;
Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
By pining at our state ;

And, even should misfortunes come,
I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,
An's thankfu' for them yet.

They gie the wit of age to youth ;
They let us ken oursel :

They mak 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, acc 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 number'd out my weary days,
 Had it not been for you !
 Fate still has blest me with a friend,
 In every care and ill ;
 And oft a more endearing band,
 A tie more tender still.
 It lightens, it brightens
 The tenebific scene,
 To meet with, and greet with
 My Davie or my Jean.

O, how that name inspires my sigh !
 The words come skelpin, rank and file,
 Amaist before I ken !
 The ready measure rins as fine,
 As Phœbus and the famous Nine
 Were glowrin owre my pen.
 My spaviet Pegasus will limp,
 Tiil ance he's fairly het ;
 And then he'll hilch and stilt and jimf,
 An rin an unco fit :
 But lest then, the beast then,
 Should rue his hasty ride,
 I'll light now, and dight now
 His sweaty, wizen'd hide.

THE LAMENT,

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

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

O THOU pale Orb, that silent shines,
 While care-untroubled mortals sleep !
 Thou seest a wretch that inly pines,
 And wanders here to wail and weep !
 With 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 mark'd, 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
 Forever 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 hers alone !

And must I think it ! is she gone,
 My secret heart's exulting boast ?
 And does she heedless hear my groan !
 And is she ever, ever lost ?
 Oh ! can she bear so base a heart,
 So lost to honour, lost to truth,
 As from the fondest lover part,
 The plighted husband of her youth !
 Alas ! life's path may be unsmooth !
 Her way may lie thro' rough dis-
 tress !
 Then, who her pangs and pains will
 soothe,
 Her sorrows share, and make them
 less ?
 Yê wingèd hours that o'er us past,
 Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd,
 Your dear remembrance in my breast,
 My fondly-treasur'd thoughts em-
 ploy'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-worn eye,
Keep watchings with the nightly
thief :

Or if I slumber, Fancy, chief,
Reigns, haggard-wild, in sore af-
fright :

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.

O scenes in strong remembrance set !

Scenes, never, never to return !

Scenes, if in stupor I forget,

Again I feel, again I burn !

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

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 wish'd 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 every prospect vain.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,

Within his humble cell,

The cavern wild with tangling roots,

Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,

Beside his crystal well !

Or, haply, to his ev'ning thought,

By unfrequented stream,

The ways of men are distant brought,

A faint-collected dream :

While praising, and raising

His thoughts to Heav'n on high,

As wand'ring, meand'ring,

He views the solemn sky.

Than I, no lonely hermit plac'd

Where never human footstep trac'd,

Less fit to play the part ;

The lucky moment to improve,

And just to stop, and just to move,

With self-respecting art :

But ah ! those pleasures, loves, and

joys,

Which I too keenly taste,

The Solitary can despise,

Can want, and yet be blest !

He needs not, he heeds not,

Or human love or hate,

Whilst I here, must cry her

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 see 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 men engage !
 The fears all, the tears all,
 Of dim-declining age.

WINTER.

A DIRGE.

THE wintry west extends his blast,
 And hail and rain does blow ;
 Or, the stormy north sends driving
 forth,
 The blinding sleet and 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'er-
 cast,"
 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 wocs of mine fulfil,
 Here, firm, I rest, they must be best,
 Because they are Thy will !
 Then all I want, (Oh ! do thou grant
 This one request of mine !)
 Since to enjoy thou dost deny,
 Assist me to resign

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ., OF AYR.

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

—GRAY.

My lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend !
 No mercenary bard his homage pays :
 With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end ;
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise :
 To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
 The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene ;
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways ;
 What Aiken in a cottage would have been ;
 Ah ! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I woen.
 November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh ;
 The short'ning winter-day is near a close ;
 The miry beasts retreating irae the plough ;
 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.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an agèd tree ;
 Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher through
 To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise an' glee.
 His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonilie,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
 The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
 An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,
 At service out, amang the farmers roun',
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
 A cannie errand to a 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 sair-won penny-fee,
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

With joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
 An' 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 an' her sheers,
 Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new ;
 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

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

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 conscios flame
 Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek ;
 Wi' heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,
 While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak ;
 Wee' pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless rake.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

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

O happy love ! where love like this is found !
 O heart-felt raptures ! bliss beyond compare !
 I've pacèd much this weary, mortal round,
 And sage experience bids me this declare—
 " If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale."

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
 A wretch ! a villain ! lost to love and truth !
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
 Curse on his perjur'd arts ! dissembling smooth !
 Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exil'd ?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child ?
 Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild .

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
 The healsome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food :
 The soupe their only Hawkie does afford,
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood ;
 The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hair'd kebbuck, fell.
 An' aft he's prest, an' 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, wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride :
 His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare ;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care,
 And " Let us worship God ! " he says, with solemn air.

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

Or noble Elgin beets the heav'nward flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :
 Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame ;
 The tickl'd ears no heartfelt 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 lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;
 Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
 Or wrapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;
 Or other holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre.

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

Then kneeling d'wn, 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 Power, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
 But haply, in some cottage far apart,
 May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul ;
 And in his Book of Life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way ;
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest :
 The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
 And proffer up to 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 :
 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 Heaven is sent !
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !
 And, oh ! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile ;
 Then, how'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle.

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

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A DIRGE.

WHEN chill November's surly blast
 Made fields and forests bare,
 One ev'ning as I wander'd forth
 Along the banks of Ayr,
 I spy'd a man, whose agèd 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 ;
 Dost thirst of wealth thy step con-
 strain,

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 give 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 in his right,
 But see him on the edge of life,
 With cares and sorrows worn,
 Then age and want, oh ! ill-match'd
 pair!
 Show Man was made to mourn.

A few seem favourites of fate,
 In pleasure's lap carest ;
 Yet, think not all the rich and great
 Are likewise truly blest.
 But, oh ! what crowds in ev'ry land
 Are 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 heaven-erected face
 The smiles of love adorn,
 Man's inhumanity to man
 Makes countless thousands mourn !

See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
 So abject, mean, and vile,
 Who begs a brother of the earth
 To give him leave to toil ;

And see his lordly fellow-worm
 The poor petition spurn,
 Unmindful, 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, oppress'd, 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 agèd limbs
 Are laid with thee at rest !
 The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
 From pomp and pleasures torn ;
 But, oh ! a blest relief to those
 That weary-laden mourn !

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 form'd
 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,
 And still the tumult of the raging sea :
 With that controlling pow'r assist ev'n me,
 Those headlong furious passions to confine,
 For all unfit I feel my powers to be,
 To rule their torrent in th' allowed line ;
 Oh, 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.	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 hoary sire—the mortal stroke, Long, long, be pleas'd to spare ; To bless his little filial flock, And show what good men are.	The beauteous, seraph sister-band, With earnest tears I pray, Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand, Guide Thou their steps away.
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 !	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 wherever plac'd,
Hath happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns their guilty lore :

Nor from the seat of scornful pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his God.

That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlet 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.

A PRAYER, UNDER THE PRESSURE OF VIOLENT ANGUISH.

O THOU great Being ! what Thou art
Surpasses me to know :
Yet sure I am, that known to Thee
Are all thy works below.

Thy creature here before Thee stands,
All wretched and distrest ;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey Thy high behest,

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

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

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 ponderous globe itself
Arose at Thy command ;

That pow'r which rais'd and still up-
holds
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.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

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

WEE, modest, crimson-tippèd 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 ! it's no thy neebor sweet,
 The bonie Lark, companion meet !
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weat !
 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 shelt'ring woods and wa's maun
 shield,
 But thou, beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histic 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 whelm 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 wretch'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
 He, ruin'd, sink !

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

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 aimèd dart ;
 For one has cut my dearest tie,
 And quivers in my heart.
 Then low'ring, and pouring,
 The storm no more I dread ;
 Tho' thick'ning and black'ning
 Round my devoted head.

And, thou grim pow'r, by life abhorr'd
 While life a pleasure can afford,
 Oh ! hear a wretch's pray'r !
 No more I shrink appall'd, afraid ;
 I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
 To close this scene of care !
 When shall my soul, in silent peace,
 Resign life's joyless day ;
 My weary heart its throbbings cease,
 Cold-mould'ring in the clay ?
 No fear more, no tear more,
 To stain my lifeless face,
 Enclasp'd, and grasped
 Within thy cold embrace !

TO MISS LOGAN, WITH BEATTIE'S POEMS,

FOR A NEW YEAR'S GIFT, JANUARY 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

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 squ'...
 And muckle they may grieve ye :
 For care and trouble set your thought,
 Ev'n when your end's attained ;
 And a' your views may come to
 nought,
 Where ev'ry nerve is 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 restrick'd :
 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.

Aye, free, aff han' your story tell,
 When wi' a bosom crony ;
 But still keep something to yoursel
 Ye scarcely tell to ony ;
 Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can
 Frae critical dissection ;
 But keek 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 wae the quantum o' the sin,
 The hazard o' 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 honour ;
 Nor 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 honour grip,
 Let that aye be your border :
 Its slightest touches, instant pause—
 Debar a' side pretences ;
 And resolutely keep its 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 ;

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 an' never think,
 Come mourn wi' me !
 Our billie's gi'en us a jink,
 An' owre the sea.

Lament him a' ye rantin core,
 Wha dearly like a random-splore,
 Nae mair he'll join the mery roar,
 In social key ;
 For now he's taen anither shore,
 An' owre the sea !

The bonie asses 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
 bumble,

Wha can do nought but fyke an'
 fumble,
 'Twad been nae plea ;
 But he was gleg as ony wumble,
 That's owre the sea !

Auld, cantie Kyle may weepers wear,
 An' stain them wi' the saut, saut tear ;
 'Twill make her poor, auld heart, I
 fear,

 In flinders flee ;
 He was her Laureat monie a year
 That's owre the sea !

But when on life we're tempest driv'n,
 A conscience but a canker—
 A correspondence fix'd wi' Heaven
 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 !

He saw misfortune's cauld nor-west
 Lang mustering up a bitter blast ;
 A jillet brak his heart at last,
 Ill may she be !
 So, took a berth afore the mast,
 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 gi'en to great mis-
 guidin',
 Yet coin his pouches wad nae bide
 in ;

Wi' him it ne'er was under hidin',
 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,
 And fu' o' glee ;
 He wad na wrang'd the vera deil,
 That's owre the sea.

Farewell, 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
 Thc' owre the sea.

TO A HAGGIS.

FAIR fa' your honest, sonsie face
Great chieftain o' the puddin'-race !
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm:
Weel are ye wordy o' a grace
As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your pin wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dew's 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 o'er 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' bloody 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 whistle ;
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 stinking ware
That jaups in luggies :
But, if you want her gratefu' prayer,
Gie her a Haggis !

A DEDICATION TO GAVIN HAMILTON, 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 sirmam'd like his Grace,
Perhaps related to the race ;
Then when I'm tir'd—and sae are ye,
Wi' mony a fulsome, sinfu' lie,
Set up a face, how I stop short,
For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do—maun do, Sir, wi'
them wha
Maun please the great folk for a wame-
fou ;
For me ! sae laigh I needna bow,
For, Lord be thankit, I can plough ;
And when I downa yoke a naig,
Then, Lord be thankit, I can beg ;

Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatt'rin,
Its 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 should
be.

I readily and freely grant,
He downa see a poor man want
What's no his ain he winna tak it,
What ance he says he winna break it
Ought he can lend he'll not 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 damnation ;
 It's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
 Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain !
 Vain is his hope, whase stay and
 trust is

In moral mercy, truth, and justice :

No—stretch a point to catch a plack ;
 Abuse a brother to his back ;
 Steal thro' the winnock frae a whore
 But point that rake that taks the door :
 Be to the poor like onie whunstone,
 And haud their noses to the grunstone,
 Ply ev'ry art, o' legal thieving ;
 No matter, stick to sound believing.

Learn three-mile 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 of Calvin,
 For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin !
 Ye sons of heresy and error,
 Ye'll some day squeel in quaking
 terror !

When vengeance draws the sword in
 wrath,
 And in the fire throws the sheath ;
 When Ruin, with his sweeping besom,
 Just frets till Heav'n commission gies
 him .

While o'er the harp pale mis'ry
 moans,
 And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones.
 Still louder shrieks, and heavier
 groans !

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

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

Then patronize them wi' your
 favour,

And your petitioner shall ever—
 I had amaist said, ever pray :
 But that's a word I need na say :
 For prayin I hae little skill o't ;
 I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched
 ill o't ;

But I'se 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 Kennedy's far-honour'd name
 Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
 Till Hamiltons, at least a dizen,
 Are frae their nuptial labours risen :
 Five bonie lasses round their table,
 And seven braw fellows, stout an' able
 To serve their King and Country weel,
 By word, or pen, or pointed steel !
 May health and peace, with mutual
 rays,

Shine on the evening o' his days ;
 Till his wee, curlie John's ier-oe,
 When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
 The last, sad, mournful rites bestow !”

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
 Wi' complimentary effusion :
 But whilst your wishes and en-
 deavours
 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 mis-
chances,
While hopes, and joys, and pleasures
fly him,
Make you as poor a dog as I am,
Your humble servant then no more ;
For who would humbly serve the poor?

But, by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n
While recollection's pow'r is given.
If, in the vale of humble life,
The victim sad of fortune's strife,
I, thro' the tender gushing tear,
Should recognise my Master dear,
If friendless, low, we meet together,
Then, Sir, your hand—my Friend and
Brother !

TO A LOUSE, ON SEEING ONE ON A LADY'S BONNET, AT CHURCH.

HA ! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie !
Your impudence protects you sairly :
I canna say but ye strut rarely,
O wre gauze and lace ;
Tho' faith, I fear ye dine but sparely
On sic a place.

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

Swith, in some beggar's haffet
squattle ;
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and
sprattle
Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle,
In shoals and nations ;
Whare horn nor bane ne'er dare un-
settle
Your thick plantations.

Now haud ye there, ye're out o' sight,
Below the fatt'rels, snug an' tight ;
Na, faith ye yet ! ye'll no be right
Till ye've got on it,

The vera tapmost, tow'ring height
O' Miss's bonnet.

My sooth ! right bauld ye set your
nose out,
As plump and gray as onie grozet ;
O for some rank, mercurial rozet,
Or fell, red smeddum,
I'd gie you sic a hearty doze o't,
Wad dress your droddum !

I wad na been surpris'd to spy
You on an auld wife's flainen toy ;
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
On's wyliecoat ;
But Miss's fine Lunardi ! fie,
How daur ye do't ?

O, Jenny, dinna toss your head,
An' set your beauties a' ahead !
Ye little ken what cursed speed
The beastie'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 others see us !
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And foolish notion :
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n Devotion !

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

EDINA ! Scotia's darling seat !
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs !

From marking wildly scatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

Here Weath still swells the golden
tide,

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

Thy sons, Edina, social, kind,
With open arms the stranger hail;
Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral
mind,

Above the narrow, rural vale;
Attentive still to sorrow's wail,
Or modest merit's silent claim;
And never may their sources fail!
And never envy blot their name!

Thy daughters bright thy walks
adorn,

Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy!
Fair Burnet strikes th' adoring eye,
Heaven'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-wand'ring
roam!

Tho' rigid law cries out, 'twas just!
Wild beats my heart, to trace your
steps,

Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
Old Scotia's bloody lion bore:
Ev'n I who sing in rustic lore,
Haply my sires have left their
shed,

And fac'd grim danger's loudest
roar,
Bold-following where your fathers
led!

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

EPISTLE TO JOHN LAPRAIK, AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD.

APRIL 1, 1785.

WHILE briars an' woodbines budding
green,

An' patricks scraichin loud at e'en,
An' 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 stock
in;
And there was muckle fun and jokin,
Ye need na' doubt;

At length we had a hearty yokin
At sang about.

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

I've scarce heard ough't describ'd sae
weel,
What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel

Thought I, "Can this be Pope, or
Steele,
Or Beattie's wark!"
They told me 'twas an odd kind chiel
About Muirkirk.

It pat me fidgin-fain to hear't,
And sae about him there I spier't;
Then a' that ken'd him round declar'd
He had ingine,
That name 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 himse-,
Or witty catches,
'Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,
He had few matches.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

There's ae wee faut they whyles lay
to me,
I like the lasses—Gude forgie me!
For monie a plack they wheedle frae
me,
At dance or fair;
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' rhym-in-ware
Wi' ane anither.

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

Awa, ye selfish, warly race,
Wha think that havins, sense, an'
grace,
Ev'n love 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 lang epistle,
As my auld pen's worn to the
grissle ;
Twa lines frae you wad gar me
fisse,
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 plough or braik,
This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
To own I'm debtor,
To honest-hearted, auld Lapraik,
For his kind letter.

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, ramfeezl'd hizzie,
She's soft at best, and something lazy,
Quo' she, "Ye ken, we've been sae
busy,
This month an' mair,
That troth my head is grown quite
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 verra 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 whethe
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 and sharp ;
Come, kittle up your moorland harp
Wi' glesome touch !
Ne'er mind how fortune waft an'
warp ;
She's but a bitch.

She's gien me monie a iirt an' fleg,
 Sin' I could striddle owre a rig ;
 But, by the Loro, 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 ye envy the city Gent,
 Behind 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 and bonnets aff are taen,
 As by he walks ?

“O Thou wha gives 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 Heaven ! 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 mah,
 Whate'er he be,
 'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,
 And none but he !”

O mandate glorious and divine !
 The followers of the ragged Nine,
 Poor, thoughtless devils ! yet may
 shine

In glorious light,
 While sordid sons of Mammon's line
 Are dark as night.

Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an'
 growl,
 Their worthless nievefu' of a soul
 May in some future carcass 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 WILLIAM SIMPSON,

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 phrasin terms ye've
 penn'd it,
 I scarce excuse ye.

My senses wad be in a creel,
 Should I but dare a hope to speel,
 Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield,
 The braes o' fame ;
 Or 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 lassies gie my heart a screed,
As whiles they're like to be my dead,
(O sad disease !)

I kittle up my rustic reed ;
It gies me ease.

Auld Coila, now, may fidge fu' fain,
She's gotten Poets o' her ain,
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 unken'd isle,
Beside New Holland,
Or where wild-meeting oceans boil
Besouth Magellan.

Ramsay an' famous Ferguson
Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon ;
Yarrow an' Tweed, to mony a tune,
Owre Scotland's rings,
While Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, an' Doon,
Naebody sings.

Th' Ilissus, Tiber, Thames, an' Seine,
Glide sweet in mony a tunefu' line !
But, Willie, set your fit to mine,
An' cock your crest,
We'll gar our streams 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,
Frac Southron billies.

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

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

Wi' wailfu' cry !

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

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

The muse, na Poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,
Adown some trottin burn's meander,
An' no think lang ;
O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang !

The warly race may drudge an' drive,
Hog-shouter, jundie, stretch, an'
strive,

Let me fair Nature's face describe,
And I, wi' pleasure,
Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
Bum owre their treasure.

Fareweel, " my rhyme-composing
brither ! "

We've been owre lang unkenn'd to
ither :

Now let us lay our heads thegither,
In love fraternal :

May Envy wallop in a tether,
Black fiend, infernal !

While Highlandmen hate tolls an'
taxes ;

While moorlan' herds like guid, fat
braxies ;

While Terra Firma, on her axis,
Diurnal turns,

Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
In Robert Burns.

POSTSCRIPT.

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

Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but
callans

At grammar, logic, an' sic talents,
'They took nae pains their speech to
balance,

Or rules to gie,
But spak their thoughts in plain, braid
Lallans,

Like you or me.

In thae auld times, they thought the
moon,

Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon,
Wore by degrees, till her last roon,
Gaed past their viewin,

An' shortly after she was done,
They gat a new one.

This past for certain, undisputed;
It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,
Till chieks gat up an' wad confute it,

An' ca'd it wrang;
An' muckle din there was about it,
Both loud an' lang.

Some herds, weel learn'd upo' the
beuk,

Wad threap auld folk the thing mis-
teuk;

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 in-
form'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 eaddies bure sic hands,
That, faith, the youngsters took the
sands

Wi' nimble shanks,
The lairds forbad, by strict com-
mands,

Sic bluidy pranks.

But new-light herds gat sic a cowe;
Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an-
stowe,

Till now amais't on ev'ry knowe

Ye'll find 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' girm'in spite,
To hear the moon sae sadly lie'd on
By word an' write.

But shortly they will cowe the louns!
Some auld-light herds in neebor towns
Are mind't, in things they call bal-
loons,

To tak a flight,
An' stay ae month among the moons,
An' see them right.

Guid observation they will gie them;
An' when the auld moon's gaur 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 erouch!

Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter
Is naething but a "moonshine
matter";

But tho' dull-prose folk Latin splatter
In logic tulzie,

I hope, we Bardies ken some better
Than mind sic brulzie

EPISTLE TO JOHN RANKINE,

ENCLOSING SOME POEMS.

O ROUGH, rude, ready-witted Rankine,
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 make a devil o' the saunts,
An' fill them fou ;
And then their failings, flaws, an'
wants,
Are 'r seen thro'.

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it !
That holy robe, O 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,
It's just the blue-gown badge an'
claithing
O' saunts ; tak that, ye lea'e them
naithing
To ken them by,
Frae ony unregenerate heathen
Like you or I.

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

Tho', faith, sma' heart hae I to sing !
My Muse dow scarcely spread her
wing !
I've play'd mysel a borie spring,
An' danc'd my fill !
I'd better gaen an' 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 pairtrick to the grun,
A bonie hen,
And, as the twilight was begun,
Thought nane wad ken

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

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

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

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

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

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 syren air
 May delude the thoughtless pair ;
 Let Prudence bless Enjoyment's cup,
 Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high,
 Life's meridian flaming nigh,
 Dost thou spurn the humble vale ?
 Life's proud summits wouldst thou
 scale ?

Check thy climbing step, elate,
 Evils lurk in felon wait :
 Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold,
 Soar around each cliffy hold,
 While cheerful Peace, with linnet
 song,
 Chants the lowly dells among.

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

Saws of experience, sage and sound.
 Say, man's true, genuine estimate,
 The grand criterion of his fate,
 Is not—art thou high or low ?
 Did thy fortune ebb or flow ?
 Did many talents gild thy span ?
 Or frugal Nature grudge thee one ?
 Tell them, and press it on their mind,
 As thou thyself must shortly find,
 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, where dawn shall never break,
 Till future life, future no more,
 To light and joy the good restore,
 To light and joy unknown before.

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

GLENRIDDEL HERMITAGE, *June 28, 1788, FROM*
 THE MS.

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 every hour,
 Fear not clouds will always lour,
 Happiness is but a name,
 Make content and ease thy aim.
 Ambition is a meteor gleam,
 Fame, an idle restless dream :
 Peace, the tenderest flower 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 dishonour not thy kind.
 Reverence, with lowly heart,
 Him whose wondrous work thou art :
 Keep His goodness still in view,
 Thy Trust, and Thy Example too.
 Stranger, go ! Heaven be thy guide !
 Quod the Beadsman of Nith-side.

ODE, SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. OSWALD.

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

STROPHIE.

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 un-
 blest ;
 She goes, but not to realms of *etern-*
 lasting rest !

ANTISTROPHE.

Plunderer of armies, lift thine eyes,
 (A while forbear, ye tort'ring fiends,)
 Seest thou those 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 con-
 science clear,
 Expires in rags, unknown, and goer
 to Heav'n.

ELEGY ON CAPT. MATTHEW HENDERSON,

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

But now his radiant course is run,
 For Matthew's course was bright ;
 His soul was like the glorious sun,
 A matchless, Heav'nly Light.

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

He's gane, he's gane ! he's frae us torn,
 The ae best fellow e'er was born !
 Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel' shall
 mourn
 By wood and wild.
 Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,
 Frae man exil'd.

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,
 That proudly cock your cresting
 cairns !
 Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing earns,
 Where echo slumbers !
 Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest
 bairns,
 My wailing numbers !

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens !
 Ye haz'ly 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 ;
 The 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 with a diamond at his head,
 At ev'n, when beans their fragrance
 shed,
 With' rustling gale,
 Ye maukins whiddin thro' the glade,
 Come join my wail.

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

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled
 teals,
 Ye fisher herons, watching eels ;
 Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
 Circling the lake ;
 Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reeis,
 Rair for his sake.

Mourn, clam'ring craiks at close o'
 day,
 'Mang fields o' flow'ring clover gay ;
 And when ye wing your annual way
 Frae our cauld shore,
 Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay,
 Wham we deplore.

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bow'r,
 In some auld tree, or eldritch tow'r,
 What time the moon, wi' silent glowr,
 Sets up her horn,
 Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour
 Till waukrife morn !

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains !
 Oft have ye heard my canty strains :
 But now, what else for me remains
 But tales of woe ;
 And frae my een the drapping rains
 Maun ever flow.

Mourn, spring, thou darling of the
 year !
 Dk cows'lip cup shall kep a tear :

Thou, simmer, while each corny
 spear
 Shoots up its head,
 Thy gay, green, flow'ry tresses shear,
 For him that's dead !

Thou, autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
 In grief thy sallow mantle tear !
 Thou, winter, hurling thro' the air
 The roaring blast,
 Wide o'er the naked world declare
 The worth we've lost !

Mourn him, thou sun, great source of
 light !
 Mourn, empress of the silent night !
 And you, ye twinkling starnies bright
 My Matthew mourn !
 For through your orbs he's ta'en his
 flight,
 Ne'er to return.

O Henderson ! the man ! the brother
 And art thou gone, and gone for
 ever ?
 And has thou crost that unknow'
 river,
 Life's dreary bound ?
 Like thee, where shall I find another,
 The world around ?

Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Great
 In a' the tinsel trash o' state !
 But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
 Thou man of worth !
 And weep thee 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 noble sodger art,
 That passest by this grave, man,
 There moulders here a gallant heart
 For Matthew was a brave man.

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

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

If thou art staunch without a stain,
Like the unchanging blue, man ;

This was a kinsman o' thy ain,
For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man
This was thy billie, dam, and sire,
For Matthew was a queer man.

If only whiggish whingin sot,
To blame poor Matthew dare, man
May dool and sorrow be his lot,
For Matthew was a rare man.

LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out-owre 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 opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae ;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen
And milk-white is the slae :
The meanest kind 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 raise I in the morn,
A blythe lay down at e'en :
And I'm the sov'reign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there ;

Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never-ending care.

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

That thro' thy soul shall gae :
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee ;
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of
woe

Frae woman's pitying ee.

My son ! my son ! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine ;
And may those pleasures gild thy
reign,

That ne'er wad blink on mine !
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee :
And where thou meet'st thy mother's,
friend,
Remember him for me !

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

EPISTLE TO R. GRAHAM, ESQ.

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

Then first she calls the useful many forth ;
 Plain plodding industry, and sober worth :
 Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,
 And merchandise' whole genus take their birth :
 Each prudent cit a warm existence finds,
 And all mechanics' many-apron'd kinds.
 Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet,
 The lead and buoy are needful to the net :
 The caput mortuum of gross desires
 Makes a material for mere knights and squires ;
 The martial phosphorus is taught to flow,
 She kneads the lumpish philosophic dough,
 Then marks the unyielding mass with grave designs,
 Law, physic, politics, and deep divines :
 Last, she sublimes th' Aurora of the poles,
 The flashing elements of female souls.

The order'd system fair before her stood,
 Nature, well-pleas'd, pronounc'd it very good ;
 But ere she gave creating labour o'er,
 Half-jest, she try'd one curious labour more ;
 Some spumy, fiery, ignis fatuus matter,
 Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter ;
 With arch alacrity and conscious glee
 (Nature may have her whim as well as we,
 Her Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to show it)
 She forms the thing, and christens it—a Poet.
 Creature, tho' oft the prey of care and sorrow,
 When blest to-day, unmindful of to-morrow.
 A being form'd t' amuse his graver friends,
 Admir'd and priz'd—and there the homage ends :
 A mortal quite unfit for Fortune's strife,
 Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life ;
 Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,
 Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live :
 Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,
 Yet frequent all unheeded in his own.

But honest Nature is not quite a Turk,
 She laugh'd at first, then felt for her poor work.
 Pitying the propless climber of mankind,
 She cast about a standard tree to find ;
 And, to support his helpless woodbine state,
 Attach'd him to the generous truly great,
 A title, and the only one I claim,
 To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.

Pity the tuneful muses' hapless train,
 Weak, timid landsmen on life's stormy main !

Their hearts no selfish stern absorbent stuff,
 That never gives—tho' humbly takes enough ;
 The little fate allows, they share as soon,
 Unlike sage, proverb'd, wisdom's hard wrung boon.
 The world were blest did bliss on them depend,
 Ah, that " the friendly e'er should want a friend ! "
 Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son,
 Who life and wisdom at one race begun,
 Who feel by reason, and who give by rule,
 (Instinct's a brute, and sentiment a fool !)
 Who make poor " will do " wait upon " I should "—
 We own they're prudent, but who feels they're good ?
 Ye wise ones, hence ! ye hurt the social eye !
 God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy !
 But come ye, who the godlike pleasure know,
 Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow !
 Whose arms of love would grasp the human race :
 Come thou who giv'st with all a courtier's grace ;
 Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes !
 Prop of my dearest hopes for future times.
 Why shrinks my soul, half-blushing, half-afraid,
 Backward, abash'd to ask thy friendly aid ?
 I know my need, I know thy giving hand,
 I crave thy friendship at thy kind command ;
 But there are such who court the tuneful nine—
 Heavens ! should the branded character be mine !
 Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows,
 Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose.
 Mark, how their lofty independent spirit
 Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit !
 Seek not the proofs in private life to find ;
 Pity the best of words should be but wind !
 So, to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,
 But grovelling on the earth the carol ends.
 In all the clam'rous cry of starving want,
 They dun benevolence with shameless front ;
 Oblige them, patronize their tinsel lays,
 They persecute you all your future days !
 Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain,
 My horny fist assume the plough again ;
 The piebald jacket let me patch once more ;
 On eighteen-pence a week I've liv'd before.
 Tho', thanks to Heaven, I dare even that last shift,
 I trust, meantime, my boon is in thy gift ;
 That, plac'd by thee upon the wish'd-for height,
 Where, man and nature fairer in her sight,
 My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight.

TO ROBERT GRAHAM, OF FINTRA, ESQ.

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

Will 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,
 Th' envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell.—
 Thy minions, kings defend, control, 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,
 And half an idiot too, more helpless still.
 No heels to bear him from the op'ning dun ;
 No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun ;
 No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
 And those, alas ! not Amalthea's horn :
 No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur,
 Clad in rich Dulness' comfortable fur,
 In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
 He bears th' unbroken blast from ev'ry side :
 Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart,
 And scorpion critics cureless venom dart.

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

His heart by causeless, wanton malice wrung,
 By blockheads' daring into madness stung ;
 His well-wen 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 generous steed deceas'd,
 For half-starv'd snarling curs a dainty feast ;
 By toil and famine wore to skin and bone,
 Lies, senseless of each 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,
 By turns in soaring heav'n, or vaulted hell.
 I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe,
 With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear !
 Already one strong-hold of hope is lost,
 Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust ;
 (Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
 And left us darkling in a world of tears :)
 Oh ! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish pray'r !
 Fintra, my other stay, long bless and spare !
 Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown,
 And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down !
 May bliss domestic smooth his private path ;
 Give energy to life ; and soothe his latest breath,
 With many a filial tear circling the bed of death !

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 bleach'd white wi' time,
 His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears ;
 And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
 And as he tun'd his doleful sang,
 The winds, lamenting thro' their
 caves,
 To echo bore the notes along.

" Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing,
 The reliques of the vernal quire !
 Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
 The honours of the agèd 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 agèd 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 so many 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 bare alane my lade o' care,
For silent, low, on beds of dust,
Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

"And last (the sum of a' my griefs !)
My noble master lies in clay ;
The flow'r amang our barons bold,
His country's pride, his country's
stay :
In weary being now I pine,
For a' the life of life is dead,
And hope has left my agèd 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 mirk-
est gloom.

"In Poverty's low barren vale,
Thick mists, obscure, involv'd me
round ;
Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
No 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 gray with time !
Must thou, the noble, gen'rous, great,
Fall in bold manhood's hardy
prime ?

Why did I live to see that day ?
A day to me so full of 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,
And 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 offering 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.

TAM O' SHANTER.

A TALE.

Of Brownie and of Bogilie full in this Buke.

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthly neebors, neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate ;

While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles

That lie between us and our hame,
 Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,
 Gathering her brows like gathering
 storm,

Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.
 This truth fand honest Tam o'
 Shanter,

As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
 (Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town sur-
 passes,

For honest men and bonie lasses.)
 O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
 As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
 She tauld thee weel thou wast a skel-
 lum,

A blethering, blustering, drunken
 blellum;

That frae November till October,
 Ae market-day thou was na sober;
 That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
 That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
 That at the Lord's house, ev'n on
 Sunday,

Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Mon-
 day.

She prophesy'd that, late or soon,
 Thou would be found deep drown'd
 in Doon;

Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
 By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
 To think how monie counsels sweet,
 How mony lengthen'd, sage advices,
 The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market night,
 Tam had got planted unco right;
 Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
 Wi' reaming swats, that drank di-
 vinely;

And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
 Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
 They had been fou for weeks thegither.
 The night drave on wi' sangs and
 clatter;

And ay the ale was growing better:
 The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
 Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and pre-
 cious:

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 among the nappy:
 As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
 The minutes wing'd their way wi'
 pleasure;

Kings may be blest, but Tam was
 glorious!

O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies
 spread,

You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
 Or like the snow-falls in the river,
 A moment white—then melts for
 ever;

Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form
 Evanishing amid the storm.—

Nae man can tether time or tide;—
 The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
 That hour, o' night's black arch the
 key-stane,

That dreary hour he mounts his beast
 in;

And sic a night he taks the road in,
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its
 last;

The rattling show'rs rose on the
 blast;

The speedy gleams the darkness swal-
 low'd;

Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder
 bellow'd:

That night, a child might understand,
 The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare,
 Meg,

A better never lifted leg,
 Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
 Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
 Whiles holding fast his gude 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,
 Whare ghaists and houlets nightly

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw, the chapman
smoor'd ;

And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-
bane ;

And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd
bairn ;

And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd her-
sel.—

Before him Doon pours all his floods ;
The doubling storm roars thro' the
woods ;

The lightnings flash from pole to
pole ;

Near and more near the thunders
roll ;

When, glimmering thro' the groaning
trees,

Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze ;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glanc-
ing ;

And loud resounded mirth and danc-
ing.—

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn !
What dangers thou canst make us
scorn !

Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil ;
Wi' usquebae, we'll face the devil !—
The swats 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 neel and hand admonish'd,

She ventur'd forward on the light ;
And, vow ! Tam saw an unco sight !
Warlocks and witches in a dance :

Nae cotillion brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and
reels,

Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o'
beast ;

A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge :
He screw'd the pipes and gart them
skirl ;

Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last
dresses ;

And by some devilish 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-cutted frae the rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape ;
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red
rusted ;

Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted ;
A garter, which a babe had strangled,
A knife, a father's throat had man-
gled ;

Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft ;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, and
curious,

The mirth and fun grew fast and furi-
ous :

The piper loud and louder blew ;
The dancers quick and quicker flew ;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd,
they cleekit,

Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark !

Now Tam, O Tam ! had thae been
queans,

A' plump and strapping in their
teens ;

Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flan-
nen,

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 off my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonie burdies !

But wither'd beldams, auld and
droll,

Rigwooddie hags wad spean a foal,
Lowping and flinging on a crummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kend what was what fu'
brawlie,

There was ae winsome wench and
walie,

That night enlisted in the core,
(Lang after kend on Carrick shore ;

For mony a beast to dead she shot,
 And perish'd mony a bonie boat,
 And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
 And kept the country-side in fear,
 Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
 That while a lassie she had worn,
 In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
 It was her best, and she was vauntie.—
 Ah ! little kend thy reverend grannie,
 That sark she coft for her wee Nan-

nie,
 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 and fiang,
 (A souple jade she was, and strang.)
 And how Tam stood, like ane be-
 witch'd,

And thought his very een enrich'd ;
 Even Satan glow'd, and fidg'd fu'
 fain,

And hotch'd and blew wi' might and
 main :

Till first ae caper, syne anither,
 Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
 And roars out, " Weel done, Cutty-
 sark ! "

And in an instant all was dark :
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
 When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
 When plundering herds assail their
 byke ;

As open pussie's mortal foes,
 When, pop ! she starts before their
 nose ;

As eager runs the market-crowd,
 When, " Catch the thief ! " resounds
 aloud ;

So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
 Wi' monie an eldritch skreech and
 hollow.

Ah, Tam ! ah, Tam ! thou'll get thy
 fairin !

In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin !
 In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin !
 Kate soon will be a woefu' woman !

Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
 And win the key-stane of the brig ;
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,
 A running stream they darena cross,
 But ere the key-stane she could make,
 The fient a tail she had to shake !

For Nannie, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle ;
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle —
 Ae spring brought off her master
 hale,

But left behind her ain gray tai :
 The carlin claut her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall
 read,

Ilk man and mother's son, take heed ;
 Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
 Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

ON THE LATE CAPTAIN GROSE'S PEREGRINATIONS THRO' SCOTLAND,

COLLECTING THE ANTIQUITIES OF THAT KINGDOM.

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither
 Scots,

Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groats ;—
 If there's a hole in a' your coats,

I rede you tent it :

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

If in your bounds ye chance to light
 Upon a fine, fat, fodgeg wight,

O' stature short, but genius bright,

That's he, mark weel—

And wow ! he has an unco 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, Lord save's ! co'
 leaguin

At some black art.—

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or
 chamers,
 Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamor,
 And you deep read in hell's black
 grammar,

Warlocks and witches,
 Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer;
 Ye midnight bitches.

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

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets :
 Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets,
 Wad' haud the Lothians three in
 tackets,

A towmont gude ;
 And parritch-pats, and auld saut-
 buckets,
 Before the Flood.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder ;
 Auld Tubalcain's fire-shool and fender,

That which distinguishèd the gender
 O' Balaam's ass ;
 A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor.
 Weel shod wi' brass.

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

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

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

ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY ME,

WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT AT.

[April, 1789.]

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.

ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON,

ON CROWNING HIS BUST AT EDNAM, ROXBURGH-SHIRE, WITH BAYS.

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

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

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his agèd 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 weiv'
hast won ;

While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that Thomson was her
son.

TO MISS CRUIKSHANK,

A VERY YOUNG LADY,

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A BOOK, PRESENTED TO HER BY THE AUTHOR.

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

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

ON READING, IN A NEWSPAPER,

THE DEATH OF JOHN M'LEOD, ESQ.,

BROTHER TO A YOUNG LADY, A PARTICULAR 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
To scenes beyond the grave.

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

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR WATER 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.

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

Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
In twisting strength I rin ;
There, high my boiling torrent
smokes,
Wild-roaring o'er a linn :
Enjoying large each spring and well -
As Nature gave them me,
I am, altho' I say't mysel,
Worth gaun a mile to see.

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

The sober iaverock, warbling wild,
Shall to the skies aspire ;
The gowdspink, Music's gayest child,
Shall sweetly join the choir :

The blackbird strong, the lintwhite
clear,
The mavis mild and mellow ;
The robin pensive Autumn cheer,
In all her locks of yellow :

This, too, a covert shall ensure,
To shield them from the storm ;
And coward maukin sleep secure,
Low in her grassy form :
Here shall the shepherd make his
seat,
To weave his crown 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 charm
The hour of heav'n to grace,
And birks extend their fragrant arms,
To screen the dear embrace.

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

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-banding 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 !"

THE KIRK'S ALARM.

A SATIRE.

A BALLAD TUNE—"Push about the Brisk Bowl."

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 not 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 onie 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.

D'rymple mild, D'rymple mild, tho' your heart's like a child,
 And your life like the new driven snaw,
 Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan must have ye,
 For preaching that three's ane and twa.

Rumble John, Rumble John, mount the steps wi' a groan,
 Cry the book is wi' heresy cramm'd ;
 Then lug out your ladle, deal brimstane like adle,
 And roar ev'ry note of the damn'd.

Simper James, Simper James, leave the fair Killie dames,
 There's a holier chase in your view ;
 I'll lay on your head, that the pack ye'll soon lead,
 For puppies like you there's but few.

Singet Sawney, Singet Sawney, are ye herding the penny,
 Unconscious what evils await ?
 Wi' a jump, yell, and howl, alarm every soul,
 For the foul thief is just at your gate.

Daddy Auld, Daddy Auld, there's a tod in the fauld,
 A tod meikle waur than the Clerk ;
 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 no nice of recruits :
 Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might boast,
 If the ass was the king of the brutes.

Jamy Goose, Jamy Goose, ye hae made but toom roose,
 In hunting the wicked Lieutenant ;
 But the Doctor's your mark, for the L—d's haly ark,
 He has cooper'd and caw'd a wrang pin in't.

Poet Willie, Poet Willie, gie the Doctor a volley,
 Wi' your "liberty's chain" and your wit;
 O'er Pegasus' 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 no 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 Steenie, Barr Steenie, what mean ye? what mean ye?
 If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,
 Ye may hae some pretence to havins and sense.
 Wi' people wha ken ye nae better.

Irvine Side, Irvine Side, wi' your turkeycock pride,
 Of manhood but sma' is your share;
 Ye've the figure, 'tis true, even your faces 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 rare for an hour.

Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons, seize your sp'ritual guns,
 Ammunition ye 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?
 You muse is a gipsie, e'en tho' she were tipsisie,
 She cou'd ca' us nae waur than we are

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTHACHE.

WRITTEN WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS GRIEVOUSLY TORMENTED BY THAT DISORDER.

My curse upon your venom'd stang,
 That shoots my tortur'd gums along;
 And thro' my lugs gies monie a twang,
 Wi' gnawing vengeance;
 Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
 Like racking engines!

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
 Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squeezes;
 Our neighbour's sympathy may ease
 us,

Wi' pitying moan:
 But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases,
 Ay mocks our groan!

Adown my beard the slavers trickle
 I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle,
 As round the fire the giglets keckle
 To see me ioup;
 While, raving mad, I wish a heckle
 Were in their doup.

O' a' the numerous human dools,
 Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty-
 stools,—

Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools,
 Sad sight to see!

The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools,
 Thou bear'st the gree.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
 Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell,
 And ranked plagues their numbers
 tell,

In dreadfu' raw,
 Thou, Toothache, surely bear'st the
 bell

Amang them a'!

O thou grim mischief-making chiel,
 That gars the notes of discord squeel
 Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
 In gore a shoe-thick;—
 Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
 A towmont's Toothache

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL

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

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

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

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

ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD,

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

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

May He, the friend of 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 in the summer morn:
Now, feebly bends she in the blast,
Unshelter'd and forlorn.

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

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 voiceless Echo's ear, astonished, rends.
Dim-seen, thro' rising mists and ceaseless show'rs,
The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, low'rs.
Still, thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
And still, below, the horrid cauldron boils—

.

SECOND EPISTLE TO DAVIE, A BROTHER POET.

AULD NEEBOR,
I'm three times doubly o'er your
debtor,
For your auld-farrant, fren'ly letter;
Tho' I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter,
Ye speak sae fair.
For my puir, silly, rhymin clatter
Some less maun sair.

Hale be your heart, hale be your sid
dle;
Lang may your elbuck jink and did-
dle,
To cheer you through the weary widdle
O' war'ly cares,
Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
Your auld gray hairs.

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

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

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

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

Leeze me on rhyme ! it's aye a treasure.
 My chief, amais't my only pleasure,
 At hame, a-fiel', at wark or leisure,
 The Muse, poor lizzie !
 Tho' rough an' raploch be her measure,
 She's seldom lazy.

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

THE INVENTORY,

IN ANSWER TO THE USUAL MANDATE SENT BY A SURVEYOR OF THE TAXES, REQUIRING A
 RETURN OF THE NUMBER OF HORSES, SERVANTS, CARRIAGES, ETC., KEPT.

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

Imprimis then, for carriage cattle,
 I have four brutes o' gallant mettle,
 As ever drew afore a pettle ;
 My han' afore's a gude auld has-been,
 An' wight an' wilfu' a' his days been ;
 My han' ahin's a weel gaun fillie,
 That aft has borne me hame frae
 Killie,

An' your auld burrough monie a time,
 In days when riding was nae crime —
 But ance whan in my wooing pride
 I like a blockhead boost to ride,
 The wilfu' creature sae I pat to,
 (Lord, pardon a' my sins an' that
 too !)

I play'd my fillie sic a shavie,
 She's a' bedevil'd wi' the spavie.
 My furr-ahin's a wordy beast,
 As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd,—
 The fourth's, a Highland Donald
 hastie,
 A damn'd red-wud Kilburnie blastie,

Foreby a Cowte, o' Cowte's the wale,
 As ever ran afore a tail ;
 If he be spar'd to be a beast,
 He'll draw me fifteen pun at least.—

Wheel carriage I ha'e but few,
 Three carts, an' twa are feckly new ;
 Ae auld wheelbarrow, mair for token,
 Ae leg, an' baith the trams, are
 broken ;

I make a poker o' the spin'le,
 An' my auld mother brunt the trin'le.
 For men, I've three mischievous
 boys,

Run de'ils for rantin' an' for noise ;
 A gaudsman ane, a thrasher t'other,
 Wee Davock hauds the nowte in
 fother.

I rule them as I ought discreetly,
 An' often labour them completely.
 An' ay on Sundays duly nightly,
 I on the questions tairge them tightly ;
 Till faith, wee Davock's grown sae
 gleg,

Tho' scarcely langer than my leg,
 He'll screed you aff Effectual Calling,
 As fast as onie in the dwelling.—

I've nane in female servan' station,
 'Lord keep me ay frae a' temptation !)
 'ha'e nae wife, and that my bliss is,
 An' ye have laid nae tax on misses ;
 An' then if kirk folks dinna clutch me,
 I ken the devils dare na touch me.
 Wi' weans I'm mair than weel con-
 tented,
 Heav'n sent me ane mae than I
 wanted.

My sonsie smirking dear-bought Bess,
 She stares the daddy in her face,
 Enough of ought ye like but grace.
 But her, my bonie sweet wee lady,
 I've paid enough for her already,
 An' gin ye tax her on her mither,
 B' the lord, ye'se get them a' thegither.

Mossiel,

February 22. 1786.

And now remember, Mr. Aiken,
 Nae kind of license out I'm takin' ;
 Frae this time forth, I do declare,
 I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair ;
 'Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle,
 Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle ;
 My travel a' on foot I'll shank it,
 I've sturdy bearers, Gude be thankit !
 The Kirk an' you may tak' you that
 It puts but little in your pat ;
 Sae dinna put me in your buke,
 Nor for my ten white shillings luke.
 This list wi' my ain han' I wrote it,
 Day an' date as under notit :
 Then know all ye whom it concerns,
 Subscripsi huic,

ROBERT BURNS.

THE WHISTLE.

A BALLAD.

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, in 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 their requiem shrill.

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur,
 Unmatch'd at the bottle, unconquer'd in war,
 He drank his poor god-ship 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 the great Rorie More,
And bumper his horn with him twenty times o’er.”

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,
But he ne’er turn’d his back on his foe — or his friend,
Said, toss down the Whistle, the prize of the field,
And knee-deep in claret, he’d die ere 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 so set,
And the bands grew the tighter, the more they were wet.

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

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

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

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end ;
But who can with Fate and quart bumpers contend ?
Though Fate said, a hero should perish in light ;
So up rose bright Phœbus — and down fell the night.

Next up rose our bard, like a prophet in drink :
“Craigdarroch, thou’lt soar when creation shall sink !
But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,
Come — one lottle 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 !”

SKETCH.

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. C. J. FOX.

How Wisdom and Folly meet, mix, and unite ;
 How Virtue and Vice blend their black and their white ;
 How Genius, th' illustrious father of fiction,
 Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction —
 I sing ; If these mortals, the Critics, should bustle,
 I care not, not I — let the Critics go whistle !

But now for a Patron, whose name and whose glory.
 At once may illustrate and honor my story.

Thou, first of our orators, first of our wits ;
 Yet whose parts and acquirements seem just lucky hits ;
 With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong,
 No man, with the half of 'em, e'er could go wrong .
 With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
 No man with the half of 'em e'er could go right ;
 A sorry, poor, misbegot son of the Muses,
 For using thy name offers fifty excuses.
 Good Lord, what is man ! for as simple he looks,
 Do but try to develop his hooks and his crooks,
 With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil,
 All in all, he's a problem must puzzle the devil.
 On his one ruling Passion Sir Pope hugely labours.
 That, like th' old Hebrew walking-switch, eats up its neighbours
 Mankind are his show-box — a friend, would you know him ?
 Pull the string, Ruling Passion, the picture will show him.
 What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,
 One trifling particular, Truth, should have miss'd him !
 For, spite of his fine theoretic positions,
 Mankind is a science defies definitions.

Some sort all our qualities each to his tribe,
 And think Human-nature they truly describe ;
 Have you found this, or t' other ? there's more in the wind
 As by one drunken fellow his comrades you'll find.
 But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan
 In the make of the wonderful creature call'd Man,
 No two virtues, whatever relation they claim,
 Nor even two different shades of the same,
 Though like as was ever twin-brother to brother
 Possessing the one shall imply you've the other.

But truce with abstraction, and truce with a muse,
 Whose rhymes you'll perhaps, Sir, ne'er deign to peruse
 Will you leave your justings, your jars, and your quarrels,
 Contending with Billy for proud-nodding laurels !
 My much-honour'd Patron, believe your poor Poet.
 Your courage much more than your prudence you show it,
 In vain with Squire Billy for laurels you struggle,
 He'll have them by fair trade, if not he will smuggle ;

Not cabinets ~~ere~~ of kings would conceal 'em,
 He'd up the back-stairs, and by G — he would steal 'em.
 Then feats like Squire Billy's you ne'er can achieve 'em,
 It is not, outdo him — the task is, out-thieve him.

TO DR. BLACKLOCK.

ELLIELAND, 21ST OCT., 1789.

Wow, but your letter ~~is~~ me vauntie!
 And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie?
 I kenn'd it still your wee bit jauntie
 Wad bring ye to :
 Lord send you ay as weel's I want ye,
 And then ye'll do.

The ill-thief blaw the Heron south !
 And never drink be near his drouth !
 He tald mysel by word o' mouth,
 He'd tak my letter ;
 I lippen'd to the chiel in trowth,
 And bade nae better.

But aibins honest Master Heron
 Had at the time some dainty fair one,
 To ware his theologic care on,
 And holy study ;
 And tir'd o' sauls to waste his lear on,
 E'en tried the body.

But what d'ye think, my trusty fier,
 Pa' turn'd a gauger — Peace be here !
 Farnassian queens, I fear, I fear
 Ye'll now disdain me !
 And then my fifty pounds a year
 Will little gain me.

Ye glaiket, glesome, dainty damies,
 Wha by Castalia's wimplin' streamies,
 Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty lim-
 bies,
 Ye ken, ye ken,
 That strang necessity supreme is
 'Ma'p'g sons o' men.

I hae a wife and twa wee laddies,
 They maun hae brose and brats o'
 duddies ;
 Ye ken yoursels my heart right proce-
 is —
 I need na vaunt,
 But I'll sned besoms — thraw saug-
 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 monie ithers ;
 But why should ae man better fare,
 And a' men brithers ?

Come, Firm Resolve, take thou the
 van,
 Thou stalk o' earl-hemp in man !
 And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
 A lady fair ;
 Wha does the utmost that he can,
 Will whyles do mak.

But to conclude my silly rhyme,
 (I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time)
 To make a happy fire-side clime
 To weans and wife,
 That's the true pathos and sublime
 Of human life.

My compliments to sister Beckie ;
 And eke the same to honest Lucky,
 I wat she is a daintie chuckie,
 As e'er tread clay !
 And gratefully, my guid auld cockie,
 I'm yours for ay.
 ROBERT BURNS.

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES, ON NEW YEAR'S DAY EVENING. [1790.]

No song nor dance I bring from yon great city
 That queens it o'er our taste—the more's the pity ·
 Tho', by-the-by, abroad why will you roam ?
 Good sense and taste are natives here at home

But not for panegyric I appear,
 I come to wish you all a good new-year !
 Old Father Time deposes me here before ye,
 Not for to preach, but tell his simple story :
 The sage grave ancient cough'd, and bade me say,
 " You're one year older this important day."
 If wiser too—he hinted some suggestion,
 But 'twould be rude, you know, to ask the question ;
 And with a would-be roguish leer and wink,
 He bade me on you press this one word—" Think !"
 Ye sprightly youths, quite flush with hope and spirit,
 Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,
 To you the dotard has a deal to say,
 In his sly, dry, setentious, proverb way !
 He bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,
 That the first blow is ever half the battle ;
 That tho' some by the skirt may try to snatch him,
 Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him ;
 That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,
 You may do miracles by persevering.
 Last, tho' not least in love, ye youthful fair,
 Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care !
 To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled brow,
 And humbly begs you'll mind the important—*Now !*
 To crown your happiness he asks your leave,
 And offers bliss to give and to receive.
 For our sincere, tho' haply weak endeavours,
 With grateful pride we own your many favours ;
 And howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it,
 Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it.

ELEGY ON THE LATE MISS BURNETT,

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,
 And by his noblest work the Godhead best is known

In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves ;
 Thou crystal 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 cumbrous 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.

THE FOLLOWING POEM WAS WRITTEN

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

READ Sir, I've read your paper
 through,
 And, faith, to me, 'twas really new !
 How guess'd ye, Sir, what maist I
 wanted ?
 This monie a day I've grain'd and
 gaunted,
 To ken what French mischief was
 brewin' ;
 Or what the 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-s yet were tax'd ;
 The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,
 Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera-
 girls ;
 If that daft Buckie, Geordie Wales,
 Was threshin still at hizzies' tails ;
 Or if he was grown oughtlins douser,
 And 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' guid things may attend
 you !

Ellisland, Monday Morning, 1790.

*Remonstrance to the Gentleman to whom
 the foregoing Poem was addressed.*

DEAR Peter, dear Peter,
 We poor sons of metre
 Are often negleckit, ye ken ;
 For instance, your sheet, man,
 (Though glad I'm to see't, man,)
 I get it no ae day in ten.—R. B.

LINES ON AN INTERVIEW WITH LORD DAER.

THIS wot ye all whom it concerns,
 I, Rhymer Robin, alias Burns,
 October twenty-third,
 A ne'er to be forgotten day,
 Eae far I sprachled up the brae,
 I dinner'd wi' a Lord.
 I've been at druken 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 of the quo-
 rum
 Their hydra drouth did sloken.
 But wi' a Lord—stand out my shin ;
 A Lord—a Peer—an Earl's son,
 Up higher yet, my bonnet !
 And sic a Lord—lang Scotch ells twa,
 Our F'erage he o'erlooks them a',
 As I look o'er my sonnet.
 But, O for Hogarth's magic pow'r !
 To show Sir Bardie's willyart glow'r,
 And how he star'd and stam-
 mer'd,

When goavan, as if led wi' branks,
 An' stumpin on his ploughman shanks,
 He in the parlor hammer'd.

I sidling shelter'd in a nook,
 An' at his Lordship steal't a look,
 Like some portentous omen ;
 Except good sense and social glee,
 An' (what surpris'd me) modesty,
 I marked nought uncommon

I watch'd the symptoms o' the Great,
 The gentle pride, the lordly state,
 The arrogant assuming ;
 The fient a pride, nae pride had he,
 Nor sauce, nor state that I could see,
 Mair than an honest plough
 man.

Then from his Lordship I shall learn,
 Henceforth to meet with unconcern
 One rank as weel's another ;
 Nae honest worthy man need care
 To meet with noble youthful Daer,
 For he but meets a brother

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

PROLOGUE SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT-NIGHT. [NOV. 26, 1708.]

WHILE Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things,
 The fate of Empires and the fall of Kings ;
 While quacks of State must each produce his plan,
 And even children lisp The Rights of Man ;
 Amid the mighty fuss just let me mention,
 The Rights of Woman merit some attention.

First, in the Sexes' intermix'd connection,
 One sacred Right of Woman is, Protection.
 The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,
 Helpless, must fall before the blasts of Fate,
 Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely form,
 Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.

Our second Right—but needless here is caution,
 To keep that Right inviolate's the fashion,
 Each man of sense has it so full before him,
 He'd die before he'd wrong it—'tis Decorum.
 There was, indeed, in far less polish'd days,
 A time, when rough rude men had naughty ways ;
 Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,
 Nay, even thus invade a Lady's quiet !

Now, thank our stars ! those Gothic times are fled ;
 Now, well-bred men—and you are all well-bred !
 Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)
 Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.
 For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest
 That Right to fluttering female hearts the nearest
 Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostratio,
 Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear Admiration !
 In that blest sphere alone we live and move ;
 There ta-te that life of life—immortal love.
 Sighs, tears, smiles, glances, fits, flirtations, airs,
 'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares—
 When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,
 Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms ?

Then truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,
 With bloody armaments and revolutions !
 Let Majesty your first attention summon,
 Ah ! ça ira ! THE MAJESTY OF WOMAN !

ADDRESS SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE,

ON HER BENEFIT-NIGHT, DECEMBER 4, 1795,
 AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES.

STILL anxious to secure your partial favour,
 And not less anxious, sure, this night, than ever,
 A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,
 'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better ;
 So sought a Poet, roosted near the skies,
 Told him I came to feast my curious eyes ;
 Said, nothing like his works was ever printed ;
 And last, my Prologue-business slyly hinted.
 “ Ma'am, let me tell you,” quoth my man of rhymes,
 “ I know your bent—these are no laughing times :
 Can you—but, Miss, I own I have my fears—
 Dissolve in pause—and sentimental tears ?
 With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence,
 Rouse from his sluggish slumbers fell Repentance ;
 Paint vengeance as he takes his horrid stand,
 Waving on high the desolating brand,
 Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land ?”

I could no more—askance the creature eyeing,
 D'ye think, said I, this face was made for crying ?
 I'll laugh, that's poz—nay, more, the world shall know it ;
 And so, your servant ! gloomy Master Poet !

Firm as my creed, Sirs, 'tis my fix'd belief,
 That Misery's another word for Grief ;
 I also think—so may I be a bride !
 That so much laughter, so much life enjoy'd.

Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
 Still under bleak Misfortune's blasting eye ;
 Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive—
 To make three guineas do the work of five :

Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch !
 Say, you'll be merry, tho' you can't be rich.
 Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,
 Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove ;
 Who, as the boughs all temptingly project,
 Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck—
 Or, where the beetling cliif o'erhangs the deep,
 Peerest to meditate the healing leap :
 Wouldst thou be cur'd, thou silly, moping elf ?
 Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself :
 Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,
 And love a kinder—that's your grand specific.
 To sum up all, be merry, I advise ;
 And as we're merry, may we still be wise.

VERSES TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH A PRESENT OF SONGS.

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

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

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

POEM ON PASTORAL POETRY.

HAIL, Poesie ! thou Nymph reserv'd !
 In chase o' thee, what crowds hae
 swerv'd
 Frae common sense, or sunk enerv'd
 'Mang heaps o' clavers ;
 And och ! o'er aft thy joes hae starv'd,
 'Mid a' thy favours !

Say, Lassie, why thy train amang,
 While loud the trump's heroic clang,
 And sock or buskin skelp alang
 To death or marriage ;
 Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-
 sang
 But wi' miscarriage ?

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives ;
 Eschylus' pen Will Shakespeare drives ;
 Wee Pope, the knurlin, 'till him rives
 Horatian fame ;
 In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
 Even Sappho's flame.

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 callan—
There's ane ; come forrit, honest
Allan !

Thou need na jouk behint the hallan,
A chiel sae clever ;
The teeth o' Time may gnaw Tam-
tallan,
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 bonie 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.

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF THE LAST EDITION OF HIS POEMS,

PRESENTED TO THE LADY WHOM HE HAD OFTEN CELEBRATED UNDER THE NAME
OF CHLORIS.

'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young
fair friend,
Nor thou the gift refuse,
Nor with unwilling ear attend
The moralizing Muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and
charms,
Must bid the world adieu,
(A world 'gainst peace in constant
arms)
To join the friendly few.

Since, thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
Chill came the tempest's lower,
(And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
Did nip a fairer flower.)

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

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

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

POETICAL ADDRESS TO MR. WILLIAM 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 despis'd 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 this epocha make such a fuss,
 That gave us the Hanover stem?
 If bringing them over was lucky for us,
 I'm sure 'twas as lucky for them.

But, loyalty, truce! we're on dangerous ground,
 Who knows how the fashions may alter?
 The doctrine, to-day, that is loyalty sound,
 To-morrow may bring us a halter.

I send you a trifle, a head of a bard,
 A trifle scarce worthy your care;
 But accept it, good Sir, as a mark of regard,
 Sincere as a saint's dying prayer.

Now life's chilly evening dim shades in 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.

EXTEMPORE, ON MR. WILLIAM SMELLIE,

AUTHOR OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF NATURAL HISTORY,
 AND MEMBER OF THE ANTIQUARIAN AND ROYAL SOCIETIES OF EDINBURGH.

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.

SKETCH.—NEW-YEAR DAY. [1790.]

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

<p>THIS day Time winds th' exhausted chain, To run the twelvemonth's length again:</p>	<p>I see the old, bald-pated fellow, With ardent eyes, complexion sallow Adjust the unimpair'd machine To wheel the equal, dull routine.</p>
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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 bor-
 row—
 —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 de-
 liver ?
 "Another year has gone forever."
 And what is this day's strong sugges-
 tion ?
 "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 woful night.

Since then, my honor'd, first of
 friends,
 On this poor being all depends ;
 Let us th' important Now employ,
 And live as those that never die.
 Tho' you, with days and honors
 crown'd,
 Witness that filial circle round,
 (A sight—life's sorrows to repulse ;
 A sight—pale Envy to convulse) ;
 Others may claim your chief regard
 Yourself, you wait your bright re-
 ward.

INSCRIPTION FOR AN ALTAR

TO INDEPENDENCE, AT KERROUGETRY, SEAT OF MR. HERON, WRITTEN IN SUMMER, 1795.

THOU of an independent mind,
 With soul resolv'd, with soul resign'd ;
 Prepar'd Power's proudest frown to brave,
 Who wilt not be, nor have a slave ;
 Virtue alone who dost revere,
 Thy own reproach alone dost fear,
 Approach this shrine, and worship here.

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 glisten'd !
 How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tir'd,
 How dull is that ear which to flattery so listen'd !
 If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
 From friendship and dearest affection remov'd ;
 How doubly severer, Maria, thy fate,
 Thou didst unwept, as thou livedst unlov'd.

Loves, Graces, and Virtues, I call not on you ;
 So shy, grave, and distant, ye shed not a tear :
 But come, all ye offspring of Folly so true,
 And flowers let us cull from Maria's cold bier.
 We'll search thro' 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 approach'd 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.

SONNET, ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RIDDEL, ESQ.
OF GLENRIDDEL.

[April, 1794.]

No more ye warblers of the wood—no more !
 Nor pour your descant, grating on my soul ;
 Thou young-eyed Spring, gay in thy verdant stole,
 More welcome were to me grim Winter's wildest roar.
 How can ye charm, ye flow'rs, with all your dyes ?
 Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend :
 How can I to the tuneful strain attend ?
 That strain flows round th' untimely tomb where Riddel lies.
 Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe !
 And sooths the Virtues weeping o'er his bier :
 The Man of Worth, and has not left his peer,
 Is in his " narrow house " for ever darkly low.
 Thee, Spring, again with joys shall others greet ;
 Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet.

IMPROMPTU, ON MRS. RIDDEL'S BIRTHDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1793.

OLD Winter with his frosty beard,
 Thus once to Jove his prayer pre-
 ferr'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 crown-
 ing,
 But spleeny English, hanging, drown-
 ing.

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.

TO A YOUNG LADY, MISS JESSY LEWARS, DUMFRIES,

WITH BOOKS WHICH THE BARD PRESENTED HER. [JUNE 26th, 1796.]

THINE be the volumes, Jessy fair,
 And with them take the Poet's pray'r—
 That fate may in her fairest page,
 With every kindest, best presage
 Of future bliss, enrol thy name ;
 With native worth, and spotless fame,

And wakeful caution still aware
 Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare :
 All blameless joys on earth we find,
 And all the treasures of the mind—
 These be thy guardian and reward ;
 So prays thy faithful friend, the Bard

VERSES

WRITTEN UNDER VIOLENT GRIEF.

ACCEPT the gift a friend sincere
 'Wad on thy worth be pressin' ;
 Remembrance oft may start a tear,
 But oh ! that tenderness forbear,
 Though 'twad my sorrows lessen.

You think I'm glad ; oh, I pay weel
 For a' the joy I borrow,
 In solitude—then, then I feel
 I canna to mysel' conceal
 My dceply-ranklin' sorrow.

My morning raise sae clear and fair,
 I thought sair storms wad never
 Bedew the scene ; but grief and care
 In wildest fury hae made bare
 My peace, my hope, for ever !

Farewell ! within thy bosom free
 A sigh may whiles awaken ;
 A tear may wet thy laughin' ee,
 For Scotia's son—ance gay like thee—
 Now hopeless, comfortless, for
 saken !

EXTEMPORE TO MR. SYME,

ON REFUSING TO DINE WITH HIM,

AFTER HAVING BEEN PROMISED THE FIRST OF COMPANY, AND THE FIRST OF COOKERY.

17th December, 1795.

No more of your guests, be they tiled 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. SYME,

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 Syme were fit.

SONNET,

ON HEARING A THRUSH SING IN A MORNING WALK IN JANUARY, WRITTEN 25th JANUARY, 1793
THE BIRTH-DAY OF THE AUTHOR.

SING on, sweet Thrush, upon the leafless bough ;
Sing on, sweet bird. I listen to thy strain :
See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blythe carol clears his furrow'd brow.

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

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

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care ;
The mite high Heaven bestow'd, that mite with thee I'll share

POEM, ADDRESSED TO MR. MITCHELL,

COLLECTOR OF EXCISE, DUMFRIES. [DECEMBER, 1795.]

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 wou'd be kind ;
And while my heart wi' life-blood
dunted,
I'd bear't in mind.

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

POSTSCRIPT.

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

But by that health, I've got a share o't
And by that life, I'm promised mair o't.
My heal and weal I'll take a care o't
A tentier way :
Then fareweel folly, hide and hair o't
For ance and aye.

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 deploras that hapless
 friend ?

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

POEM ON LIFE,

ADDRESSED TO COLONEL DE PEYSTER, DUMFRIES, 1796.

MY honor'd 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.

Oh, what a canty world were it,
 Would pain, and care, and sickness
 spare it ;
 And fortune favour worth and merit,
 As they deserve :
 (And aye a rowth, roast beef and claret ;
 Syne wha wad starve ?)

Dame Life, tho' fiction out may trick
 her,
 And in paste gems and fripp'ry deck
 her ;
 Oh ! flick'ring, feeble, and unsicker
 I've found her still,
 Aye wav'ring like the willow wicker,
 'Tween good and ill.

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

Ah Nick ! ah Nick ! it isna fair,
 First shewing us the tempting ware.
 Bright wine and bonnie lasses rare,
 To put us daft ;
 Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare
 O' hell's damn'd waft.

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

Soon heels o'er-gowdie ! in he gangs,
 And like a sheep-head on a tangs,
 Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs
 And murd'ring wrestle,
 As, dangling in the wind, he hangs
 A gibbet's tassel.

But lest you think I am uncivil,
 To plague you with this draunting
 drivel,
 Abjuring a' intentions evil,
 I quat my pen :
 The Lord preserve us frae the Devil !
 Amen ! amen !

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 recorded, goodness ever new,
 The gift still dearer, as the giver you.

Thou orb of day ! thou other paler light !
 And all ye many sparkling stars of night ;
 If aught that giver from my mind efface ;
 If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace ;
 Then roll to me, along your wand'ring spheres,
 Only to number out a villain's years !

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 him, with virtue warm'd,
 Few hearts with knowledge so inform'd .
 If there's another world, he lives in bliss ;
 If there is none, he made the best of this.

VERSES WRITTEN AT SELKIRK,

ADDRESSED TO MR. CREECH, 13TH MAY, 1787.

AULD chuckie Reekie's sair distrest,
 Down droops her ance weel burnish't
 crest,
 Nae joy her bonnie buskit nest
 Can yield ava,
 Her darling bird that she lo'es best,
 Willie's awa !

Oh, Willie was a witty wight,
 And had o' things an unco slight ;
 Auld Reekie ay he keptit tight,
 An' 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, tawpies, gowks, and
 fools,
 Frae colleges and boarding-schools,
 May sprout like simmer puddock-
 stools

 In glen or shaw ;
 He wha could brush them down to
 mools,
 Willie's awa !

The brethren o' the Commerce-Chau-
 mer
 May mourn their loss wi' doofu' clam-
 our ;
 He was a dictionar and grammar
 Among them a' ;
 I fear they'll now mak mony a stam-
 mer,
 Willie's awa !

Nae mair we see his levee door
 Philosophers and Poets pour,
 And toothy critics by the score,
 In bloody raw,
 The adjutant o' a' the core,
 Willie's awa !

Now worthy Gregory's Latin face,
 Tytler's and Greenfield's modest grace ;
 Mackenzie, Stewart, sic a brace
 As Rome ne'er saw ;
 They a' maun meet some ither place,
 Willie's awa !

Poor Burns e'en Scotch drink canna
 quicken,
 He cheeps like some bewilder'd chicken
 Scar'd frae its minnie and the cleckin
 By hoodie-craw ;
 Grief's gien his heart an unco' kickin',
 Willie's awa.

Now ev'ry sour-mou'd grinnin' bleb- lum,	May I be Slander's common speech ;
And Calvin's folk, are fit to fell him ;	A text for infamy to preach ;
And self-conceited critic skullum	And lastly, streekit out to bleach
His quill may draw ;	In winter snaw ;
He wha could brawlie ward their	When I forget thee, WILLIE CREECH,
bellum,	Tho' far awa !
Willie's awa !	May never wicked Fortune touzle
Up wimpling stately Tweed I've sped,	him !
And Eden scenes on crystal Jed,	May never wicked men bamboozle
And Ettrick banks now roaring red,	him !
While tempest blaw ;	Until a pow as auld's Methusalem
But every joy and pleasure's fled,	He canty claw !
Willie's awa !	Then to the blessed, New Jerusalem
	Fleet wing awa !

INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMBSTONE

ERECTED BY BURNS TO THE MEMORY OF FERGUSSON.

"Here lies Robert Fergusson, Poet,
Born September 5th, 1751—
Died 16th October, 1774."

No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay,

 " No storied urn nor animated bust " ;

This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way

 To pour her sorrows o'er her Poet's dust.

She mourns, sweet tuneful youth, thy hapless fate,

 Tho' all the powers of song thy fancy fir'd,

Yet Luxury and Wealth lay by in State,

 And thankless starv'd what they so much admir'd.

This humble tribute with a tear he gives,

 A brother Bard, he can no more bestow :

But dear to fame thy Song immortal lives,

 A nobler monument than Art can show.

A GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

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

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

Amen !

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.

LIBERTY.

A FRAGMENT.

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 the hallow'd turf where Wallace lies.
 Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death !
 Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep ;
 Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,
 Nor give the coward secret breath.
 Is this the power in Freedom's war,
 That went 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,
 Brav'd usurpation's boldest daring !
 One quench'd in darkness like the sinking star,
 And one the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age.

FRAGMENT OF AN ODE

TO THE MEMORY OF PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART.

FALSE flatterer, Hope away !
 Nor think to lure us on in days of yore ;
 We solemnize this sorrowing natal-day
 To prove our loyal truth ; we can no more ;
 And owning Heaven's mysterious sway,
 Submissive low adore.
 Ye honour'd mighty dead !
 Who nobly perish'd in the glorious cause,
 Your king, your country, and her laws !
 From great Dundee who smiling victory led,
 And fell a martyr in her arms
 (What breast of northern ice but warms ?)
 To bold Balmerino's undying name,
 Whose soul of fire, lighted at heaven's high flame,
 Deserves the proudest wreath departed heroes claim.
 Nor unavenged your fate shall be,
 It only lags the fatal hour ;
 Your blood shall with incessant cry
 Awake at last th' unsparing power ;
 As from the cliff, with thundering course,
 The snowy ruin smokes along,
 With doubling speed and gathering force,
 Till deep it crashing whelms the cottage in the vale !
 So vengeance

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RUISSEAU.

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 seidom fash't
 him,
 Except the moment that they crush't
 him ;
 For sune as chance or fate had hush't
 'em,

Tho' e'er sae short,
 Then wi' a rhyme or sang he lasht '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 than !

ANSWER TO VERSES ADDRESSED TO THE POET

BY THE GUIDWIFE OF WAUCHOPE HOUSE. [1787.]

GUIDWIFE,

I MIND it weel, in early date,
 When I was beardless, young, and
 blate,
 An' first could thresh the barn,
 Or haud a yokin at the pleugh,
 An' tho' forfoughten sair enough,
 Yet unco proud to learn :
 When first amang the yellow corn
 A man I reckon'd was,
 And wi' the lave ilk merry morn
 Could rank my rig and lass,
 Still shearing, and clearing
 The tither stooked raw,
 Wi' claivers, an' haivers,
 Wearing the day awa :

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,
 Some usefu' plan, or beuk could make,
 Or sing a sang at least.
 The rough bur-thistle, spreading wide
 Amang the bearded bear,
 I turn'd the weeder-clips aside,
 An' spar'd the symbol dear :
 No nation, no station,
 My envy e'er could raise ;
 A Scot still, but blot still,
 I knew nae higher praise,

But still the elements o' sang
 In formless jumble, right an' wrang,
 Wild floated in my brain ;
 Till on that har'st I said before,
 My partner in the merry core,
 She rous'd the forming strain :
 I see her yet, the sonsie quean,
 That lighted up my jingle,
 Her witching smile, her pauky een,
 That gart my heart-strings tingle ;
 I fired, inspired,
 At ev'ry kindling keek,
 But bashing, and dashing,
 I feared aye to speak.

Health to the sex, ilk guid chiel says,
 Wi' merry dance in winter days,
 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 sumpsh. who hate the name,
 Be mindfu' o' your mither :
 She, honest woman, may think shame
 That ye're connected with her.
 Ye're wae men, ye're nae men,
 That slight the lovely dears ;
 To shame ye, disclaim ye,
 Ilk honest birkie swears.

For you, no bred to barn or byre,
 Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,
 Thanks to you for your line :
 The marled plaid ye kindly spare,
 By me should gratefully be ware ;
 'Twad please me to the nine,
 I'd be more vauntie o' my hap,
 Douce hingin' owre my curple,

Than ony ermine ever lap,
 Or proud imperial purple.
 Farewell then, lang heal then,
 An' plenty be your fa' :
 May losses and crosses
 Ne'er at your hallan ca'.

March, 1787.

TO J. LAPRAIK.

SEPT. 13TH, 1785.

Wuid speed an' furdur to you, Johny,
 Wuid health, hale han's, and weather
 bonie

Now when ye're nickan down fu' cany
 The staff o' bread,
 May ye ne'er want a stoup o' bran'y
 To clear your head.

May Boreaz never thresh your rigs,
 Nor kick your rickles aff their legs,
 Sendin' the stuff o'er muirs and hags
 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 onie clerk.

It's now twa month that I'm your
 debtor,

For your brow, nameless, dateless let-
 ter,

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' whisky stills,
 They are the Muses.

Your friendship, Sir, I winna quat it,
 An' if ye make objections at it,
 Then han' in nieve some day we'll
 knot it,

An' witness take,
 An' when wi' Usquebae 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 vittil in the yard,

An' theekit right,
 I mean your ingle-side to guard
 Ae winter night.

Then muse-inspirin' aqua-vitæ
 Shall make us baith sae blithe an' witty
 Till ye forget ye're auld an' gatty,

An' be as canty
 As ye were nine years 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 rin amang the rest

An' quit my chanter ;
 Sae I subscribe mysel in haste,
 Yours, Rab the Ranter

THE TWA HERDS. [APRIL, 1785.]

Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
 But Fool with Fool is barbarous civil war.—POPE.

O A ye pious godly flocks,
 Weel feed 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, Moodie, man, and wordy Russel,
How could you raise so vile a bustle,
Ye'll see how new-light herds will
whistle,

And think it fine !

The Lord's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle
Sin' I hae min'.

O, Sirs, whae'er wad hae expeckit,
Your duty ye wad sae negleckit,
Ye wha were ne'er by lairds respeckit,
To wear the plaid,

But by the brutes themselves cleckit
To be their guide.

What flock wi' Moodie's flock could
rank,
Sae hale and hearty every shank,
Nae poison'd soor Arminians tank

He let them taste,
Frae Calvin's well, aye clear, they
drank : O' sic a feast !

The thummart wil'-cat, brock and tod,
Weel kend his voice thro' a' the wood,
He smell'd their ilka hole and road,
Baith out and in,

And weel he lik'd to shed their bluid,
And sell their skin.

What herd like Russel tell'd his tale,
His voice was heard thro' muir and
dale,

He kend the Lord's sheep, ilka tail,
O'er a' the height,
And saw gin they were sick or hale,
At the first sight.

He fine a mangy sheep could scrub,
Or nobly fling the gospel club,
And new-light herds could nicely
drub,

Or pay their skin,
Could shake them owre the burning
dub, Or heave them in.

Sic twa—O ! do I live to see't,
Sic famous twa should disagree,
An' names, like "villain," "hypo-
crite," Ilk'ither gi'en,

While new-light herds wi' laughin'
spite, Say, "neither's liein' !"

A' ye wha' tent the gospel fauld,
There's Duncan deep, and Peebles
shaul.

But chiefly thou, apostle Auld,
We trust in thee,
That thou wilt work them, hot and
cauld, Till they agree.

Consider, Sirs, how we're beset,
There's scarce a new herd that we get,
But comes frae 'mang that cursed set
I winna name,
I hope frae heaven to see them yet
In fiery flame.

Dalrymple has been lang our fae,
M'Gill has wrought us meikle wae,
And that curs'd rascal ca'd M'Quhae,
And baith the Shaws,
That aft hae made us black and blae,
Wi' vengefu' paws.

Auld Wodrow lang has hatch'd mis-
chief,
We thought aye death wad bring re-
lief,

But he has gotten, to our grief,
Ane to succeed him,
A chiel wha'll soundly buff our beef ;
I meikle dread him.

And monie a ane that I could tell,
Wha fain would openly rebel,
Forby turn-coats amang oursel,
There's Smith fo, ane,
I doubt he's but a gray nick quill,
And that ye'll fin'.

O ! a' ye flocks, owre a' the hills,
By mosses, meadows, moors, and fells,
Come join your counsels and your
skills,

To cowe the lairds,
And get the brutes the power themsels
To choose their herds.

Then Orthodoxy yet may prance,
And Learning in a wordy dance,
And that fell cur ca'd Common Sense,
That bites sae sair,
Be banish'd owre the seas to France ;
Let him bark there.

Then Shaw's and D'rymple's elo-
quence,
M'Gill's close nervous excellence,
M'Quhae's pathetic manly sense,
And guid M'Maith,
Wi' Smith, wha thro' the heart can
glance, May a' pack aff.

TO THE REV. JOHN M'MATH,

ENCLOSING A COPY OF HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER, WHICH HE HAD REQUESTED.

Sept. 17th, 1785.

WHILE at the stook the shearers cower
 To shun the bitter blaundin' show'r,
 Or in gulravage rinnin scour
 To pass the time,
 To you I dedicate the hour
 In idle rhyme.

My Musie, tir'd wi' monie a sonnet
 On gown, an' ban, an' douse black
 bonnet,
 Is grown right eerie now's she's done it,
 Lest they shou'd blame her,
 An' rouse their holy thunder on it,
 And anathem her.

I own 'twas rash, and rather hardy,
 That I, a simple countra bardie,
 Shou'd meddle wi' a pack so sturdy,
 Wha, if they ken me,
 Can easy, wi' a single wordie,
 Lowse hell upon me.

But I gae mad at their grimaces,
 Their sighin', cantin', grace-proud
 faces,
 Their three-mile prayers, and hauf
 mile graces,
 Their raxin' conscience,
 Whase greed, revenge, an' pride dis-
 graces
 Waur nor their nonsense.

There's Gaun, misca't waur than a
 beast,
 Wha has mair honour in his breast
 Than monie scores as guid's the priest
 Wha sae abus'd him ;
 An' may a bard no crack his jest
 What way they've us'd him ?

See him, the poor man's friend in need,
 The gentleman in word an' deed,
 An' shall his fame an' honour bleed
 By worthless skellums,
 An' no a Muse erect her head
 To cowe the blellums ?

O Pope, had I thy satire's darts
 To give the rascals their deserts,
 I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts,
 And tell aloud
 Their juggling' hocus-pocus arts
 To cheat the crowd.

God knows, I'm no the thing I shou'd
 be,
 Nor am I even the thing I could be,
 But, twenty times, I rather would be
 An atheist clean,
 Than under gospel colours hid be,
 Just for a screen.

An honest man may like a glass,
 An honest man may like a lass,
 But mean revenge, an' malice fause,
 He'll still disdain,
 An' then cry zeal for gospel laws,
 Like some we ken.

They tak religion in their mouth ;
 They talk o' mercy, grace, an' truth,
 For what ? to gie their malice skouth
 On some puir wight,
 An' hunt him down, o'er right an'
 ruth,
 To ruin straight.

All hail, Religion ! maid divine !
 Pardon a muse sae mean as mine,
 Who in her rough imperfect line
 Thus daurs to name thee ;
 To stigmatize false friends of thine
 Can ne'er defame thee.

Tho' blotcht an' foul wi' monie a stain,
 An far unworthy of thy train,
 Wi' trembling voice I tune my strain
 To join wi' those,
 Who boldly daur thy cause maintain
 In spite o' foes :

In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs,
 In spite of 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 presbyterial 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 honour,)
 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.

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER.

O THOU, wha ... 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 onie guid or ill
 They've done afore thee !

I bless and praise thy matchless might,
 When thousands thou hast left in
 night,
 That I an 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 sic 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,
 Where damnèd devils roar and yell,
 Chain'd to a stake.

Yet I am here a chosen sample,
 To show thy grace is great and ample ;
 I'm here a pillar in thy temple,
 Strong as a rock,
 A guide, a buckler, an example
 To a' thy flock.

O Lord, thou kens what zeal I bear,
 When drinkers drink, and swearers
 swear,
 And singin there and dancin here,
 Wi' great an' sma' :
 For I am kept by thy fear,
 Free frae them a'.

But yet, O Lord ! confess I must,
 At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshy lust,
 An' sometimes too, wi' warldly trust,
 Vile self gets in ;
 But thou remembers we are dust,
 Defil'd in sin.

O Lord ! 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' Lizzie's lass, three times I trow,
 But Lord, that Friday I was fou,
 When I came near her,
 Or else thou kens thy servant true
 Wad ne'er hae steer'd her.

May be thou lets this fleshy thorn
 Beset thy servant e'en and morn,
 Lest he owre high and proud should
 turn,
 'Cause he's sae gifted ;
 If sae, thy hand maun e'en be borne,
 Until thou lift it.

Lord, bless thy chosen in this place,
 For here thou hast a chosen race ;
 But God confound their stubborn face,
 And blast their name,
 Wha bring thy elders to disgrace,
 An' public shame.

Lord, mind Gawn Hamilton's deserts,
 He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at
 cartes,
 Yet has sae monie takin arts,
 Wi' grit an' sma',
 Frae God's ain priest the people's
 hearts
 He steals a wa'.

An' whan we chasten'd him therefor,
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 and potatoes.

Lord, hear my earnest cry an' pray'r,
Against that presbyt'ry o' Ayr ;
Thy strong right hand, Lord, make it
bare,

Upo' their heads ;
Lord, weigh it down, and dinna spare,
For their misdeeds.

O Lord my God, that Glib-tongued
Aiken,
My very heart and soul are quakin,

To think how we stood sweatin,
shakin,

An' p—d wi' dread,
While he, wi' hingin lips an' snakin',
Held up his head.

Lord, in the day of vengeance try him ;
Lord, visit them wha did employ him,
And pass not in thy mercy by 'em,
Nor hear their pray'r ;
But, for thy people's sake, destroy 'em,
And dinna spare.

But, Lord, remember me and mine
Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,
That I for gear and grace may shine,
Excell'd by nane,
An' a' the glory shall be thine,
Amen, Amen.

EPITAPH ON HOLY WILLIE.

HERE Holy Willie's sair worn clay
Taks up its last abode ;
His saul has taen some other way,
I fear the left-hand road.

Stop ! there he is, as sure's a gun,
Poor silly body, see him ;
Nae wonder he's as black's the grun,
Observe wha's standing wi' him.

Your brunstane devilship, I see,
Has got him there before ye ;

But haud your nine-tail cat a-wee,
Till ance you've heard my story.

Your pity I will not implore,
For pity ye have nane ;
Justice, alas ! has gien him o'er,
And mercy's day is gane.

But hear me, Sir, deil as ye are,
Look something to your credit ;
A coof like him wad stain your name,
If it were kent ye did it.

ON SCARING SOME WATER FOWL

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

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 clifty brow,
Marking you his prey below,
In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong Necessity compels.
But Man, to whom alone is giv'n
A ray direct from pitying Heav'n,
Glories in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasure slain.
In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wand'ring swains,
Where the mossy riv'let strays,
Far from human haunts and ways ;
All on Nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

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

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

TO 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 lure the lad away
'Bout whom ye spak the tither day,
An' wad' hae don't aff han' :
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 elsewhere.

Altho' I say't, he's gleg enough,
An' 'bout a house that's rude an'
rough,
The boy might learn to swear ;
But then wi' you, he'll be sae taught,
An' get sic fair example straught,
I hae na onie fear.
Ye'll catechize 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 honour I ha'e gi'en,
In Paisley John's, that night at e'en,
To meet the World's worm :
To try to get the twa to gree,
An' name the airts 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.

EPISTLE TO MR. M'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 their jaw,
The senseless, gawky million ;
I'll cock my nose aboon them a',
I'm roos'd by Craigen-Gillan !"

'Twas noble, Sir ; 'twas like yoursel,
To grant your high protection.
A great man's smile, ye ken fu' weel,
Is aye a blest infection.

Tho', by his banes wha in a tub
Match'd Macedoniar 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,
And barley-scone shall cheer me.
Heaven spare you lang to kiss the
breath
O' monie 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.

TO CAPTAIN RIDDEL, GLENRIDDEL.

EXTEMPORE LINES ON RETURNING A NEWSPAPER.

Edinburgh, Monday Evening.

YOUR News and Review, Sir, I've read through and through, Sir,

With little admiring or blaming ;

The papers are barren of home-news or foreign,

No murders or rapes worth the naming.

Our friends the Reviewers, those chippers and hewers,

Are judges of mortar and stone, Sir ;

But of meet, or unmeet, in a fabrick complete,

I'll boldly pronounce they are none, Sir.

My goose-quill too rude is to tell all your goodness

Bestow'd on your servant, the Poet ;

Would to God I had one like a beam of the sun,

And then all the world, Sir, should know it !

VERSES

INTENDED TO BE WRITTEN BELOW A NOBLE EARL'S PICTURE.

WHOSE is that noble, dauntless brow ?

And whose that eye of fire ?

And whose that generous princely
mien

Even rooted foes admire ?

Stranger, to justly shew that brow,

And mark that eye of fire,

Would take His hand, whose vernal
tints

His other works admire.

Bright as a cloudless summer sun,

With stately port he moves ;

His guardian seraph eyes with awe

The noble ward he loves.

Among the illustrious Scottish sons

That chief thou may'st discern ;

Mark Scotia's fond returning eye,

It dwells upon Glencairn.

TO TERRAUGHTY, ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

HEALTH to the Maxwells' vet'ran
Chief !

Health, aye unsour'd by care or grief :

Inspir'd, I turn'd Fate's sibyl leaf

This natal morn,

I see 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.

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 Go-
morrah,

In brunstane stoure—

But for thy friends, and they are
monic,

Baith honest men and lassies bonie,

May couthie fortune, kind and cannie,

In social glee,

Wi' mornings biithe and e'enings
funny

Bless them and thee !

Fareweel, auld birkie! Lord be near ye,

And then the Deil he daurna steer ye :

Your friends aye love, your faes aye
fear ye ;

For me, shame fa' me,

If neist my heart I dinna wear ye

While BURNS they ca' me.

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 ! ”

THE VOWELS.

- A TALE.

’Twas where the birch and sounding thong are ply’d,
 The noisy domicile of pedant pride ;
 Where ignorance her darkening vapour throws,
 And cruelty directs the thickening blows ;
 Upon a time Sir Abece the great,
 In all his pedagogic powers elate,
 His awful chair of state resolves to mount,
 And call the trembling Vowels to account.
 First enter’d A, a grave, broad, solemn wight,
 But ah ! deform’d, dishonest to the sight !
 His twisted head look’d backward on his way,
 And flagrant from the scourge, he grunted, *ai* !
 Reluctant, E stalk’d in ; with piteous race,
 The jostling tears ran down his honest face !
 That name, that well-worn name, and all his own,
 Pale he surrenders at the tyrant’s throne !
 The pedant stiles keen the Roman sound
 Not all his mongrel diphthongs cau compound ;
 And next, the title following close behind,
 He to the nameless, ghastly wretch assigned.
 The cobweb’d gothic dome resounded, Y !
 In sullen vengeance, I, disdain’d reply :
 The pedant swung his felon cudgel round,
 And knock’d the groaning vowel to the ground !
 In rueful apprehension enter’d O,
 The wailing minstrel of despairing woe ;
 Th’ Inquisitor of Spain the most expert,
 Might there have learnt new mysteries of his art •
 So grim, deform’d, with horrors entering U,
 His dearest friend and brother scarcely knew !
 As trembling U stood staring all aghast,
 The pedant in his left hand clutch’d him fast,
 In helpless infants’ tears he dipp’d his right,
 Baptizd him *eu*, and kick’d him from his sight.

SKETCH.

A LITTLE, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight,
 And still his precious self his dear delight ;
 Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets
 Better than e'er the fairest she he meets :
 A man of fashion too, he made his tour,
 Learn'd vive la bagatelle, et vive l'amour ;
 So travell'd monkeys their grimace improve,
 Polish their grin, nay, sigh for ladies' love.
 Much precious lore, but little understood ;
 Veneering oft outshines the solid wood :
 His solid sense—by inches you must tell,
 But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell ;
 His meddling vanity, a busy fiend,
 Still making work his selfish craft must mend.

PROLOGUE.

FOR MR. SUTHERLAND'S BENEFIT-NIGHT, DUMFRIES. [1790.]

WHAT needs this din about the town o' Lon'on,
 How this new play an' that new sang is comin' ?
 Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted ?
 Docs nonsense mend like whisky, when imported ?]
 Is there nae poet, burning keen for fame,
 Will try to gie us sangs and plays at hame ?
 For comedy abroad he need na toil,
 A fool and knave are plants of every soil ;
 Nor need he hunt as far as Rome and Greece
 To gather matter for a serious piece ;
 There's themes enow in Caledonian story,
 Would show the tragic muse in a' her glory.
 Is there no daring Bard will rise, and tell
 How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fell ?
 Where are the Muses fled that could produce
 A drama worthy o' the name o' Bruce ;
 How here, even here, he first unsheath'd the sword
 'Gainst mighty England and her guilty lord ;
 And after monie a bloody, deathless doing,
 Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws of ruin ?
 O for a Shakespeare, or an Otway scene,
 To draw the lovely, hapless Scottish Queen !
 Vain all th' omnipotence of female charms
 'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms.
 She fell, but fell with spirit truly Roman,
 To glut the vengeance of a rival woman ;
 A woman, tho' the phrase may seem uncivil,
 As able and as cruel as the devil !
 One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page,
 But Douglasses were heroes every age :

And tho' your fathers, prodigal of life,
 A Douglas follow'd to the martial strife,
 Perhaps, if bowls row right, and Right succeeds,
 Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads !
 As ye hae generous done, if a' the land
 Would tak the Muses' servants by the hand ;
 Not only hear, but patronize, befriend them,
 And where ye justly can commend, commend them ;
 And aiblins when they wiinna stand the test,
 Wink hard and say, the folks hae done their best !
 Would a' the land do this, then I'll be caution
 Ye'll soon hae poets o' the Scottish nation,
 Will gar Fame blaw until her trumpet crack,
 And warsele Time an' lay him on his back !
 For us and for our stage should onie spier,
 " Whase aught thae chiefls maks a' this bustle here ? "
 My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow,
 We hae the honour to belong to you !
 We're your gin bairns, e'en guide us as ye like,
 But like good mithers, shore before ye strike—
 And gratefu' still I hope ye'll ever find us,
 For a' the patronage and meikle kindness
 We've got frae a' professions, sets and ranks :
 God help us ! we're but poor—Ye'se get but thanks.

ELEGY ON THE YEAR 1788.

SKETCH.

FOR Lords or Kings I dinna mourn,	E'en monie a plack, and monie a peck
E'en let them die—for that they're born:	Ye ken yoursels, for little feck.
But oh ! prodigious to reflect !	Ye bonie lassies, dight your een,
A Towmont, Sirs, is gane to wreck !	For some o' you hae tint a frien' ;
O Eighty-eight, in thy sma' space	In Eighty-eight, ye ken, was ta'en
What dire events hae taken place !	What ye'll ne'er hae to gie again.
Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us !	Observe the very nowt an' sheep,
In what a pickle thou hast left us !	How dowf and daviely they creep ;
The Spanish empire's tint a head,	Nay, even the yirth itsel does cry,
And my auld toothless Bawtie's dead !	For E'mbrugh wells are grutten dry.
The tulzie's sair 'tween Pitt an' Fox,	O Eighty-nine, thou's but a bairn,
An' our gudewife's wee birdy cocks ;	An' no owre auld, I hope, to learn !
The tane is game, a bludie devil,	Thou beardless boy, I pray tak care.
But to the hen-birds unco civil ;	Thou now has got thy daddie's chair,
The tither's something dour o' treadin,	Nae hand cuff'd, mizz'l'd, hap-shack'l'd
But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden,	Regent,
Ye ministers, come mount the poupit,	But, like himsel, a full free agent.
An' cry till ye be haerse an' roupet,	Be sure ye follow out the plan
For Eighty-eight he wish'd you weel,	Nae waur than he did, honest man :
And gied you a' baith gear an' meal ;	As muckle better as you can.

VERSES WRITTEN UNDER 'THE PORTRAIT OF
FERGUSSON THE POET,

IN A COPY OF THAT AUTHOR'S WORKS
PRESENTED TO A YOUNG LADY IN EDINBURGH, MARCH 19TH, 1787.

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 ?

LAMENT (*see* NOTE),

WRITTEN AT A TIME WHEN THE POET WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE SCOTLAND.

O'ER the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone mountain straying,
Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave,
What woes wring my heart while intently surveying
The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave.

Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wail,
Ere ye toss me afar from my lov'd native shore ;
Where the flower which bloom'd sweetest in Coila's green vale,
The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more.

No more by the banks of the streamlet we'll wander,
And smile at the moon's rimpled face in the wave ;
No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her,
For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her grave.

No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast,
I haste with the storm to a far distant shore ;
Where unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest,
And joy shall revisit my bosom no more.

DELIA.

AN ODE.

FAIR the face of orient day,
Fair the tints of op'ning rose ;
But the 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-enamoured busy bee
The rosy banquet loves to sip ;
Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip ;

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

ON THE DEATH OF SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR.

THE lamp of day, with ill-presaging glare
 Dim, cloudy, sunk beneath the western wave ;
 Th' inconstant blast howl'd thro' the dark'ning air,
 And hollow whistl'd in the rocky cave.

Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell,
 Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train ;
 Or mus'd where limpid streams, once hallow'd well,
 Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred fane.

Th' increasing blast roar'd round the beetling rocks,
 The clouds swift-wing'd flew o'er the starry sky,
 The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,
 And shooting meteors caught the startled eye.

The paly moon rose in the livid east,
 And 'mong the cliffs disclos'd a stately Form,
 In weeds of woe that frantic beat her breast,
 And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm.

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,
 'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd :
 Her form majestic droop'd in pensive 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 braved the mighty monarchs of the world.—

“ My patriot son fills an untimely grave ! ”
 With accents wild and lifted arms she cried ;
 “ Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save,
 Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride !

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

TO MISS FERRIER,

ENCLOSING THE ELEGY ON SIR J. H. BLAIR.

NAE heathen name shall I prefix
 Frae Pindus or Parnassus ;
 Auld Reekie dings them a' to sticks,
 For rhyme-inspiring lasses.

Jove's tunefu' dochters three times
 three

Made Homer deep their debtor ;
 But, gi'en the body hauf an ee,
 Nine Ferriers wad done better !

Last day my mind was in a bog,
 Down George's street I stoitid ;

A creeping, cauld, prosaic fog
 My very senses doited.

Do what I dought to set her free,
 My saul lay in the mire ;
 Ye turned a neuk—I saw your ee—
 She took the wing like fire !

The mournfu' sang I here enclose,
 In gratitude I send you ;
 And wish and pray in rhyme sincere,
 A' gude things may attend you.

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF

OF A COPY OF THE FIRST EDITION [OF HIS POEMS], WHICH I PRESENTED TO AN OLD SWEET-
 HEART, THEN MARRIED.

ONCE fondly lov'd, and still remember'd dear,
 Sweet early object of my youthful vows,
 Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere ;
 Friendship ! 'tis all cold duty now allows.

And when you read the simple, artless rhymes,
 One friendly sigh for him, he asks no more,
 Who distant burns in flaming, torrid climes,
 Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar.

THE POET'S WELCOME TO HIS 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 bonie Betty,
 I fatherly will kiss and daut thee,
 As dear an' near my heart I set thee
 Wi' as gude will,
 As a' the priests had seen me get thee
 That's out o' hell.

What tho' they ca' me fornicator,
 An' tease my name in kintra clatter ;
 The mair they talk I'm kent the better,
 E'en let them clash ;
 An auld wife's tongue's a reckless
 matter

To gie ane fash.

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

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

Gude grant that thou may aye 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 stockit mailins.

LETTER TO JOHN GOUDIE, KILMARNOCK,

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS ESSAYS.

O GOUDIE! terror of the Whigs,
Dread o' black coats and rev'rend
wigs,

Sour Bigotry, on her last legs,
Girnin' looks back,
Wishin' the ten Egyptian plagues
Wad seize you quick.

Poor gapin' glowrin' Superstition,
Waes me! she's in a sad condition;
Fy, bring Black-Jock, her state phy-
sician,

To see her water;

Alas! there's ground 'o great suspicion
She'll ne'er get better.

Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple,
But now she's got an unco' ripple;
Haste, gie her name up i' the chapel,

Nigh unto death;
See how she fetches at the thrapple,
An' gasps for breath.

Enthusiasm's past redemption,
Gaen in a galloping consumption,
Not a' the quacks, with a' their gump
tion,

Will ever mend her.
Her feeble pulse gies strong presump-
tion,

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 folks gat leave
A toom tar-barrel
An' twa red peats wad send relief,
An' end the quarrel.

LETTER TO JAMES TENNANT, GLENCONNER.

AULD comrade dear and brither sin-
ner,

How's a' the folk about Glenconner;
How do you this blae eastlin wind;
That's like to blaw a body blind?
For me, my faculties are frozen,
My dearest member nearly dozen'd.

I've sent you here by Johnie Simson
Twa sage philosophers to glimpe ...;
Smith, wi' his sympathetic feelin',
An' Reid, to common sense appealing.
Philosophers have fought an' wran-
gled,

An' meikle Greek an' Latin mangled,
Till wi' their logic-jargon tir'd,
An' in the depth of Science mir'd,
To common sense they now appeal,
What wives an' wabsters see an' feel!
But, hark ye, friend, I charge you
strictly,

Peruse them, an' return them quickly,
For now I'm grown sae curs'd douse,
I pray an' ponder butt the house,
My shins, my lane, I there sit roastin',
Perusing Bunyan, Brown an' Boston;
Till by an' by, if I haud on,
I'll grunt a real Gospel-groan:

Already I begin to try it,
To cast my een up like a pyet,
When by the gun she tumbles o'er,
Flutt'ring an' gaspin in her gore:
Sae shortly you shall see me bright,
A burning an' a shining light.
My heart-warm love to guid auld
Glen,

The ace an' wale of honest men:
When bending down wi' auld gray
hairs,
Beneath the load of years and cares,
May He who made him still support
him,
An' views beyond the grave comfort
him.

His worthy family far and near,
God bless them a' wi' grace and gear!
My auld school-fellow, Preacher
Willie,

The manly tar, my mason Billie,
An' Auchenbay, I wish him joy;
If he's a parent, lass or boy,
May he be dad, and Meg the mither,
Just five-and-forty years together!
An' no forgetting wabster Charlie,
I'm told he offers very fairly.

All Lord, remember singing Sannock,
 Wi' hale-brecks, saxpence, an' a ban-
 nock.
 An' next, my auld acquaintance,
 Nancy,
 Since she is fitted to her fancy ;
 An' her kind stars hae airted till her
 A good chiel wi' a pickie siller
 My kindest, best respects I sen it,
 To cousin Kate an' sister Janet ;
 Tell them from me, wi' chieils be cau-
 tious,
 For, faith, they'll aiblins fin' them
 fashious :
 To grant a heart is fairly civil,
 But to grant a maidenhead's the
 devil.—

An' lastly, Jamie, for yoursel,
 May guardian angels tak a spell,
 An' steer you seven miles south o'
 hell :
 But first, before you see heav'n's
 glory,
 May ye get monie a merry story,
 Monie a laugh, and monie a drink,
 An' aye enough o' needful clink.
 Now fare ye weel, an' joy be wi'
 you,
 For my sake this I beg it o' you,
 Assist poor Simson a' ye can,
 Ye'll fin' him just an honest man ;
 Sae I conclude and quat my chanter
 Yours, saiat or sinner,
ROB THE RANTER

EPISTLE FROM ESOPUS TO MARIA.

FROM those drear solitudes and frowsy cells,
 Where infamy with sad repentance dwells ;
 Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast,
 And deal from iron hands the spare repast ;
 Where truant 'prentices, yet young in sin,
 Blush at the curious stranger peeping in ;
 Where strumpets, relics of the drunken roar,
 Resolve to drink, nay, half to whore, no more ;
 Where tiny thieves not destin'd yet to swing,
 Beat hemp for others, riper for the string :
 From these dire scenes my wretched lines I date,
 To tell Maria her Esopus' fate.
 " Alas ! I feel I am no actor here !"
 'Tis real hangmen, real scourges bear !
 Prepare, Maria, for a horrid tale
 Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale ;
 Will make thy hair, tho' erst from gipsy poll'd,
 By barber woven, and by barber sold,
 Though twisted smooth with Harry's nicest care,
 Like hoary bristles to erect and stare.
 The hero of the mimic scene, no more
 I start in Hamlet, in Othello roar ;
 Or haughty Chieftain, mid the din of arms,
 In Highland bonnet woo Malvina's charms ;
 While sans culottes stoop up the mountain high,
 And steal from me Maria's prying eye.
 Bless'd Highland bonnet ! Once my proudest dress,
 Now prouder still, Maria's temples press.
 I see her wave thy towering plumes afar,
And call each coxcomb to the wordy war.

I see her face the first of Ireland's sons,
 And even out-Irish his Hibernian bronze ;
 The crafty colonel leaves the tartan'd lines,
 For other wars, where he a hero shines :
 The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred,
 Who owns a Bushby's heart without the head,
 Comes 'mid a string of coxcombs to display,
 That *veni, vidi, vici*, is his way ;
 The shrinking bard adown an a'ley skulks,
 And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich hulks ;
 Though there, his heresies in church and state
 Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate :
 Still she undaunted reels and rattles on,
 And dares the public like a noontide sun.
 (What scandal call'd Maria's jaunty stagger,
 The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger ?
 Whose spleen e'en worse than Burns's venom when
 He dips in gall unmix'd his eager pen,—
 And pours his vengeance in the burning line,
 Who christen'd thus Maria's lyre divine ;
 The idiot strum of vanity bemused,
 And even th' abuse of poesy abused ;
 Who call'd her verse a parish workhouse, made
 For motley, foundling fancies, stolen or stray'd ?)
 A workhouse ! ah, that sound awakes my woes,
 And pillows on the thorn my rack'd repose !
 In durance vile here must I wake and weep,
 And all my frowzy couch in sorrow steep ;
 That straw where many a rogue has lain of yore,
 And vermin'd gipsies litter'd heretofore.

Why, Lonsdale, thus thy wrath on vagrants pour,
 Must earth no rascal, save thyself, endure ?
 Must thou alone in guilt immortal swell,
 And make a vast monopoly of hell ?
 Thou know'st, the virtues cannot hate thee worse,
 The vices also, must they club their curse ?
 Or must no tiny sin to others fall,
 Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all ?

Maria, send me to thy griefs and cares ;
 In all of thee sure thy Esopus shares.
 As thou at all mankind the flag unfurls,
 Who on my fair-one satire's vengeance hurls ?
 Who calls thee pert, affected, vain coquette,
 A wit in folly, and a fool in wit ?
 Who says that fool alone is not thy due,
 And quotes thy treacheries to prove it true ?
 Our force united on thy foes we'll turn,
 And dare the war with all of woman born :
 For who can write and speak as thou and I ?
 My periods that decyphering defy,
 And thy still matchless tongue that conquers all reply.

ON A SUICIDE.

EARTH'D up here lies an imp o' hell,
 Planted by Satan's dibble—
 Poor silly wretch, he's damn'd himsel'
 To save the Lord the trouble.

A FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, dear Friend ! may guid luck hit you,
 And, mang her favourites admit you !
 If e'er Detraction shore to smit you,
 May nane believe him !
 And ony De'il that thinks to get you,
 Good Lord deceive him.

THE FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, old Scotia's bleak do- mains, Far dearer than the torrid plains Where rich ananas blow ! Farewell, a mother's blessing dear ! A brother's sigh ! a sister's tear ! My Jean's hart-rending throe ! Farewell, my Bess ! tho' thou'rt bereft Of my parental care ; A faithful brother I have left, My part in him thou'lt share ! Adieu too, to you too, My Smith, my bosom frien' ; When kindly you mind me, O then befriend my Jean !	When bursting anguish tears my heart, From thee, my Jeany, must I part ? Thou weeping ans'west "no !" Alas ! misfortune stares my face, And points to ruin and disgrace, I for thy sake must go ! Thee, Hamilton, and Aiken dear, A grateful, warm adieu ! I, with a much-indebted tear, Shall still remember you ! All-hail then, the gale then, Wafts me from thee, dear shore ! It rustles, and whistles, I'll never see thee more !
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EPISTLE TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ.,

OF FINTRY.

ON THE CLOSE OF THE DISPUTED ELECTION BETWEEN SIR JAMES JOHNSTONE AND CAPTAIN MILLER, FOR THE DUMFRIES DISTRICT OF BOROUGH.

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

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

Combustion thro' our boroughs rode,
 Whistling his roaring pack abroad
 Of mad unmuzzled lions ;
 As Queensberry buff and blue unfurl'd,
 And Westerha' and Hopeton hurl'd
 To every Wliig defiance.

But cautious Queensberry left the war,
 Th' unmanner'd dust might soil his star ;
 Besides, he hated bleeding ;
 But left behind him heroes bright,
 Heroes in Cæsarean fight,
 Or Ciceronian pleading.

O ! for a throat like huge Mons-Meg,
 To muster o'er each ardent Whig
 Beneath Drumlanrig's banner !
 Heroes and heroines commix,
 All in the field of politics,
 To win immortal honour.

M'Murdo and his lovely spouse,
 (Th' enamour'd laurels kiss her brows !)
 Led on the loves and graces :
 She won each gaping burgess' heart,
 While he, all-conquering, play'd his part
 Among their wives and lasses.

Craigdarroch led a light-arm'd corps,
 Tropes, metaphors and figures pour,
 Like Hecla streaming thunder :
 Glenridel, skill'd in rusty coins,
 Blew up each Tory's dark designs,
 And bared the treason under.

In either wing two champions fought,
 Redoubted Staig, who set at naught
 The wildest savage Tory :
 And Welsh, who ne'er yet finched his ground,
 High-waved his magnum-bonum round
 With Cyclopean fury.

Miller brought up th' artillery ranks,
 The many-pounders of the Banks,
 Resistless desolation !
 While Maxwelton, that Baron bold,
 'Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold,
 And threatened worse damnation.

To these what Tory hosts oppos'd,
 With these what Tory warriors clos'd,
 Surpasses my describing :
 Squadrons extended long and large,
 With furious speed rush to the charge,
 Like raging devils driving.

What verse can sing, what prose narrate,
 The butcher deeds of bloody fate
 Amid this mighty tulzie !
 Grim Horror girn'd — pale Terror roar'd,
 As Murder at his thrapple shor'd,
 And Hell mix'd in the brulzie.

As Highland crags by thunder cleft,
 When lightning's fire the stormy lift,
 Hurl down with crashing rattle ;
 As flames among a hundred woods ;
 As headlong foam a hundred floods ;
 Such is the rage of battle !

The stubborn Tories dare to die ;
 As soon the rooted oaks would fly
 Before th' approaching fellers :
 The Whigs come on like Ocean's roar,
 When all his wintry billows pour
 Against the Buchan Buiers.

Lo, from the shades of Death's deep night,
 Departed Whigs enjoy the fight,
 And think on former daring :
 The muffled murderer of Charles
 The Magna Charta flag unfurls,
 All deadly gules its bearing.

Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fame,
 Bold Scrimgeour follows gallant Graham,
 Auld Covenanters shiver.
 (Forgive, forgive, much wrong'd Montrose !
 Now death and hell engulf thy foes,
 Thou liv'st on high forever !)

Still o'er the field the combat burns,
 The Tories, Whigs, give way by turns :
 But Fate the word has spoken,
 For woman's wit and strength o' man,
 Alas ! can do but what they can !
 The Tory ranks are broken.

O that my e'en were flowing burns !
 My voice a lioness that mourns
 Her darling cubs' undoing !
 That I might greet, that I might cry,
 While Tories fall, while Tories fly,
 And furious Whigs pursuing !

What Whig but melts for good Sir James ?
 Dear to his country by the names
 Friend, patron, benefactor !
 Not Pulteney's wealth can Pulteney save !
 And Hopeton falls, the generous brave !
 And Stewart, bold as Hector !

"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 bonie
 trees,
 That reptile wears a ducal crown."

EPISTLE TO MAJOR LOGAN.

HAIL, thairm inspirin', rattlin' Willie !
 Though fortune's road be rough an'
 hilly
 To every fiddling, rhyming billie,
 We never heed,
 But take it like the unback'd filly,
 Proud o' her speed.

When idly goavan whyles we saunter,
 Yirr, fancy barks, awa' we canter
 Uphill, down brae, till some mishan-
 ter,

Some black bog-hole,
 Arrests us, then the scathe an' banter
 We're forced to thole.

Hale be your heart ! Hale be your
 fiddle !
 Lang may your eibuck jink and diddle,
 To cheer you through the weary
 widdle

O' this wild warl',
 Until you on a crummock driddle
 A gray-hair'd carl.

Come wealth, come poortith, late or
 soon,
 Heaven send your heart-strings ay in
 tune,
 And screw your temper-pins aboon
 A fifth or mair,
 The melancholious, lazie croon,
 O' cankrie care.

May still your life from day to day
 Nae "lente largo" in the play,
 But "allegretto forte" gay
 Harmonious flow
 A sweeping, kindling, bauld strath-
 spey—

Encore ! Bravo !

A blessing on the cheery gang
 Wha dearly like a jig or sang,
 An' never think o' right an' rang
 By square an' rule,
 But as the clegs o' feeling stang
 Are wise or fool.

My hand-waled curse keep hard in
 chase
 The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race,
 Wha count on poortith as disgrace—
 Their tuneless hearts
 May fire-side discords jar a base
 To a' their parts !

But come, your hand, my careless
 brither,
 I' th' ither warl' if there's anither,
 An' that there is I've little swither
 About the matter ;
 We cheek for chow shall jog thegither,
 I'se ne'er bid better.

We've faults and failings—granted
 clearly,
 We're frail backsliding mortals merely,
 Eve's bonie squad priests wyte them
 sheerly
 For our grand fa' ;
 But still, but still, I like them dearly—
 God bless them a' !

Och on for poor Castalian drinkers,
 When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers,
 The witching cursed delicious blinkers
 Hae put me hyte,
 And gart me weet my waukrife
 winkers,
 Wi' girnin spite.

But by yon moon !—and that's high
 swearin'—
 An' every star within my hearin' !
 An' by her een wha was a dear ane !
 I'll ne'er forget ;
 I hope to gie the jads a clearin'
 In fa' play yet.

My loss I mourn, but not repent it,
 I'll seek my purs' whare I tint it,
 Ance to the Indies I were wonted,
 Some cantraip hour,
 By some sweet elf I'll yet be dinted,
 Then *vive l' amour !*

Faites mes baisemains respectueuse,
 To sentimental sister Susie,
 An' honest Lucky; no to roose you,
 Ye may be proud,
 That sic a couple Fate allows ye
 To grace your blood.

Nae mair at present can I measure

Mossiel, 30th October, 1786.

An' trowth my rhymin' ware's nae
 treasure;

But when in Ayr, some half hour's
 leisure,

Be't light, be't dark.

Sir Bard will do himself the pleasure
 To call at Park.

ROBERT BURNS.

EPITAPH ON THE POET'S DAUGHTER.

HERE lies a rose, a budding rose,
 Blasted before its bloom;
 Whose innocence did sweets disclose
 Beyond that flower's perfume.
 To those who for her loss are grieved,
 This consolation's given—
 She's from a world of woe relieved,
 And blooms a rose in heaven.

EPITAPH ON GABRIEL RICHARDSON.

HERE Brewer Gabriel's fire's extinct,
 And empty all his barrels:
 He's blest—if, as he brew'd, he drink,
 In upright honest morals.

ON STIRLING.

HERE Stuarts once in glory reign'd,
 And laws for Scotland's weal ordain'd;
 But now unroof'd their palace stands,
 Their sceptre's sway'd by other hands;
 The injured Stuart line is gone,
 A race outlandish fills their throne.
 An idiot race to honour lost,
 Who know them best, despise them most.

LINES

ON BEING TOLD THAT THE ABOVE VERSES WOULD AFFECT HIS PROSPECTS.

RASH mortal, and slanderous poet, thy name
 Shall no longer appear in the records of fame;
 Dost not know that old Mansfield, who writes like the Bible,
 Says the more 'tis a truth, sir, the more 'tis a libel?

REPLY TO THE MINISTER OF GLADSMUIR.

LIKE Esop's lion, Burns says, sore I feel
 All others scorn—but damn that ass's heel.

EPISTLE TO HUGH PARKER.

IN this strange land, this uncouth
 clime,
 A land unknown to prose or rhyme ;
 Where words ne'er crost the Muse's
 heckles,
 Nor limpit in poetic shackles ;
 A land that prose did never view it,
 Except when drunk he stacher't
 through it ;
 Here, ambush'd by the chimla cheek,
 Hid in an atmosphere of reek,
 I hear a wheel thrum i' the neuk,
 I hear it—for in vain I leuk,—
 The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel,
 Enhusked by a fog infernal :
 Here, for mywonted rhyming raptures,
 I sit and count my sins by chapters ;
 For life and spunk like ither Chris-
 tians,
 I'm dwindled down to mere existence,
 Wi' nae converse but Gallowa' bodies,
 Wi' nae ken face but Jenny Geddes.
 Jenny, my Pegasean pride !
 Dowie she saunters down Nithside,
 And ay a westlin leuk she throws,
 'While tears hap o'er her auld brown
 nose !

Was it for this, wi' canny care,
 Thou bure the Bard through many a
 shire ?
 At howes or hillocks never stumbled,
 And late or early never grumbled ?—
 O, had I power like inclination,
 I'd heeze thee up a constellation,
 To canter with the Sagitarre,
 Or loup the ecliptic like a bar ;
 Or turn the pole like any arrow ;
 Or, when auld Phæbus bids good-
 morrow,
 Down the zodiac urge the race,
 And cast dirt on his godship's face ;
 For I could lay my bread and kail
 He'd ne'er cast saut upo' thy tail.—
 Wi' a' this care and a' this grief,
 And sma', sma' prospect of relief,
 And nought but peat reek i' my
 head,
 How can I write what ye can read ?—
 Tarbolton, twenty-fourth o' June,
 Ye'll find me in a better tune ;
 But till we meet and weet our whistle,
 Tak this excuse for nae epistle.

ROBERT BURNS.

ADDRESS OF BEELZEBUB

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY.

LONG life, my Lord, an' health be yours,
 Unskait'h'd by hunger'd Highland
 boors ;
 Lord grant no duddie desperate beg-
 gar,
 Wi' dirk, claymore, or rusty trigger,
 May twin auld Scotland o' a life
 She likes—as lambkins like a knife.
 Faith, you and Applecross were right
 To keep the Highland hounds in sight,
 I doubt na' ! they wad bid nae better
 Than let them ance out owre the water
 Than up among thae lakes and seas
 They'll mak' what rules and laws they
 please ;
 Some daring Hancock, or a Franklin,
 May set their Highland bluid a rank-
 lin' ;

Some Washington again may head
 them,
 Or some Montgomery fearless lead
 them,
 Till God knows what may be effected
 When by such heads and hearts di-
 rected ;
 Poor dunghill sons of dirt and mire
 May to Patrician rights aspire !
 Nae sage North, now, nor sager Sack-
 ville,
 To watch and premier o'er the pack
 vile,
 An' whare will ye get Howes and
 Clintons
 To bring them to a right repentance,
 To cove the rebel generation,
 An' save the honour o' the nation ?

They an' be d—d ! what right hae they
To meat or sleep, or light o' day !
Far less to riches, pow'r, or freedom,
But what your lordship likes to gie
them ?

But hear, my lord ! Glengarry, hear !
Your hand's owre light on them, I
fear ;

Your factors, grieves, trustees, and
bailies,

I canna' say but they do gaylies ;
They lay aside a' tender mercies,
An' tirl the hallions to the birses ;
Yet while they're only poind't and
herriet,

They'll keep their stubborn Highland
spirit ;

But smash them ! crash them a' to
spails !

An' rot the dyvors i' the jails !
The young dogs, swinge them to the
labour !

Let wark an' hunger mak' them sober !

June 1, Anno Mundi, 5790.

The hizzies, if they're aughtlins faw-
sont,

Let them in Drury-lane be lesson'd !
An' if the wives an' dirty brats
E'en thigger at your doors an' yetts
Flaffan wi' duds an' gray wi' beas',
Frightin' awa your deucks and geese,
Get out a horsewhip or a jowler,
The langest thong, the fiercest growler,
An' gar the tatter'd gypsies pack
Wi' a' their bastarts on their back !
Go on, my lord ! I lang to meet you,
An' in my house at hame to greet you ;
Wi' common lords ye shanna mingle,
The benmost neuk beside the ingle,
At my right hand assign'd your seat
'Tween Herod's hip an' Polycrate,—
Or if you on your station tarrow
Between Almagro and Pizarro,
A seat, I'm sure, ye're weel deservin't ;
An' till ye come—your humble ser-
vant,

BEELZEBUB.

TO MR. JOHN KENNEDY.

Now Kennedy, if foot or horse
E'er bring you in by Mauchline Corss,
Lord man, there's lasses there wad
force

A hermit's fancy,
And down the gate in faith they're
worse

And mair unchancy.

But as I'm sayin' please step to Dow's
And taste sic gear as Johnny brews,
Till some bit callan brings me news

That you are there,
And if we dinna have a bouze
I'se ne'er drink mair.

It's no I like to sit an' swallow,
Then like a swine to puke an' wallow,

But gie me just a true good fallow
Wi' right ingine,
And spunkie ance to make us mellow,
And then we'll shine.

Now if ye're ane o' warl's folk,
Wha rate the wearer by the cloak,
An' sklent on poverty their joke,

Wi' bitter sneer,
Wi' you no friendship I will troke
Nor cheap nor dear.

But if, as I'm informèd weel,
Ye hate as ill's the vera deil,
The flinty hearts that canna feel—
Come, Sir, here's tae you ;
Hae there's my haun' I wiss you weel
An' gude be wi' you.

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT DUNDAS, ESQ.,

OF ARNISTON, LATE LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COURT OF SESSION.

LONE on the bleaky hills the straying flocks
Shun the fierce storms among the sheltering rocks ;
Down from the rivulets, red with dashing rains,
The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains ;
Beneath the blasts the leafless forests groan ;
The hollow caves return a sullen moan.

Ye hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye caves,
 Ye howling winds, and wintry swelling waves !
 Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye,
 Sad to your sympathetic scenes I fly ;
 Where to the whistling blast and water's roar,
 Pale Scotia's recent wound I may deplore.

O heavy loss, thy country ill could bear !
 A loss these evil days can ne'er repair !
 Justice, the high vicegerent of her God,
 Her doubtful balance eyed, and sway'd her rod ·
 Hearing the tidings of the fearful blow,
 She sunk, abandon'd to the wildest woe.

Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den,
 Now gay in hope, explore the paths of men :
 See from his cavern grim Oppression rise,
 And throw on Poverty his cruel eyes ;
 Keen on the helpless victim see him fly,
 And stifle, dark, the feebly-bursting cry :

Mark ruffian Violence, distain'd with crimes,
 Rousing elate in these degenerate times ;
 View unsuspecting Innocence a prey,
 As guileful Fraud points out the erring way ;
 While subtle Litigation's pliant tongue
 The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong ·
 Hark, injured Want recounts th' unlisten'd tale,
 And much-wrong'd Mis'ry pours th' unpitied wail !

Ye dark waste hills, and brown unsightly plains,
 To you I sing my grief-inspired strains :
 Ye tempests rage ! ye turbid torrents, roll !
 Ye suit the joyless tenor of my soul.
 Life's social haunts and pleasures I resign,
 Be nameless wilds and lonely wanderings mine,
 To mourn the woes my country must endure,
 That wound degenerate ages cannot cure.

TO JOHN M·MURDO, ESQ.

O, COULD I give thee India's wealth,
 As I this trifle send !
 Because thy joy with both would be
 To share them with a friend.

But golden sands did never grace
 The Heliconian stream ;
 Then take what gold could never buy—
 An honest Bard's esteem.

ON THE DEATH OF A LAP-DOG

NAMED ECHO.

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

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

LINES WRITTEN AT LOUDON MANSE.

THE night was still, and o'er the hill
The moon shone on the castle wa';
The mavis sang, while dew-drops hang
Around her on the castle wa'.

Sae merrily they danced the ring
Frae ceinin' till the cock did craw ;
And aye the o'erword o' the spring,
Was Irvine's bairns are bonie a'.

ORTHODOX, ORTHODOX.

A SECOND VERSION OF THE KIRK'S ALARM.

ORTHODOX, orthodox,
Who believe in John Knox,
Let me sound an alarm to your con-
science—

There's an heretic blast,
Has been blawn i' the wast
That what is not sense must be non-
sense,

Orthodox,
That what is not sense must be non-
sense.

Doctor Mac, Doctor Mac,
Ye should stretch on a rack,
To strike evil-doers wi' terror ;
To join faith and sense,
Upon any pretence,
Was heretic damnable error,
Doctor Mac,
Was heretic damnable error.

Town of Ayr, town of Ayr,
It was rash, I declare,
To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing ;
Provost John is still deaf
To the church's relief,
And orator Bob is its ruin,
Town of Ayr,
And orator Bob is its ruin.

D'rymple mild, D'rymple mild,
Tho' your heart's like a child,
And your life like the new-driven
snaw,
Yet that winna save ye,
Old Satan must have ye
For preaching that three's ane an' twa,
D'rymple mild,
For preaching that three's ane an' twa.

Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons,
Seize your spiritual guns,
Ammunition you never can need ;
Your hearts are the stuff,
Will be powder enough,

And your skulls are a storehouse of
lead,
Calvir's sons,
And your skulls are a storehouse of
lead.

Rumble John, Rumble John,
Mount the steps with a groan,
Cry the book is with heresy cramm'd,
Then lug out your ladle,
Deal brimstone like aidle,
And roar every note o' the damn'd,
Rumble John,
And roar every note o' the damn'd.

Simper James, Simper James,
Leave the fair Killie dames,
There's a holier chase in your view ;
I'll lay on your head,
That the pack ye'll soon lead,
For puppies like you there's but few,
Simper James,
For puppies like you there's but few.

Singet Sawnie, Singet Sawnie,
Are ye herding the penny,
Unconscious what danger awaits ?
With a jump, yell, and howl,
Alarm every soul,
For Hannibal's just at your gates,
Singet Sawnie,
For Hannibal's just at your gates.

Andrew Gowk, Andrew Gowk,
Ye may slander the book,
And the book nought the war — let
me tell you ;
Tho' ye're rich and look big,
Yet lay by hat and wig,
And ye'll hae a calf's head o' sma'
value,
Andrew Gowk,
And ye'll hae a calf's-head o' sma'
value.

Poet Willie, Poet Willie,
Gie the doctor a volley,
Wi' your "liberty's chain" and your
 wit ;
 O'er Pegasus' side
 Ye ne'er laid a stride,
Ye only stood by when he sh—,
 Poet Willie,
Ye only stood by when he sh—.

Bar Steenie, Bar Steenie,
What mean ye ? what mean ye ?
If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,
 Ye may hae some pretence, man,
 To havins and sense, man,
Wi' people that ken you nae better,
 Bar Steenie,
Wi' people that ken you nae better.

Jamie Goose, Jamie Goose,
Ye hae made but toom roose,
O' hunting the wicked lieutenant ;
 But the doctor's your mark
 For the Lord's holy ark,
He has cooper'd and ca'd a wrong pin
 in't.

 Jamie Goose,
He has cooper'd and ca'd a wrong pin
 in't.

Davie Bluster, Davie Bluster,
For a saunt if ye muster,
It's a sign they're no nice o' recruits,
 Yet to worth let's be just,
 Royal blood ye might boast,
If the ass were the King o' the brutes,
 Davie Bluster,
If the ass were the King o' the brutes.

Muirland George, Muirland
 George,
Whom the Lord made a scourge,
To claw common sense for her sins ;
 If ill manners were wit,
 There's no mortal so fit

To confound the poor doctor at ance,
 Muirland George,
To confound the poor doctor at ance.

Cessnockside, Cessnockside,
Wi' your turkey-cock pride,
O' manhood but sma' is your share !
 You've the figure, it's true,
 Even your foes maun allow,
And your friends daurna say ye hae
 mair,

 Cessnockside,
And your friends daurna say ye hae
 mair.

Daddie Auld, Daddie Auld,
There's a tod i' the fauld,
A tod meikle waur than the clerk ;
 Tho' ye downa do skaith,
 Ye'll be in at the death,
And if ye canna bite ye can bark,
 Daddie Auld,
And if ye canna bite ye can bark.

Poet Burns, Poet Burns,
Wi' your priest-skelping turns,
Why desert ye your auld native shire ?
 Tho' your Muse is a gipsy,
 Yet were she even tippy,
She could ca' us nae waur than we are,
 Poet Burns,
She could ca' us nae waur than we are

POSTSCRIPT.

Afton's Laird, Afton's Laird,
When your pen can be spared,
A copy o' this I bequeath,
 On the same sicker score
 I mentioned before,
To that trusty auld worthy Clackleith,
 Afton's Laird,
To that trusty auld worthy Clackleith

THE SELKIRK GRACE.

SOME hae meat, and canna eat,
 And some wad eat that want it ;
But we hae meat and we can eat,
 And sae the Lord be thanket.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF PEG NICHOLSON.

PEG NICHOLSON was a gude bay mare,
As ever trode on airn ;
But now she's floating down the Nith,
An' past the mouth o' Cairn.

Peg Nicholson was a gude bay mare,
An' rode thro' thick an' thin ;
But now she's floating down the
Nith,
An' wanting even the skin.

Peg Nicholson was a gude bay mare,
An' ance she bare a priest ;
But now she's floating down the Nith,
For Solway fish a feast.

Peg Nicholson was a gude bay mare,
An' the priest he rode her sair ;
An' meikle oppress'd an' bruised she
was,
As priest-rid cattle are.

ON SEEING MISS FONTENELLE

IN A FAVOURITE CHARACTER.

SWEET naïveté of feature,
Simple, wild, enchanting elf,
Not to thee, but thanks to Nature,
Thou art acting but thyself.

Wert thou awkward, stiff, affected,
Spurning nature, torturing art ;
Loves and graces all rejected,
Then indeed thou'dst act a part.

THE SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT.

THE Solemn League and Covenant
Now brings a smile, now brings a tear ;
But sacred Freedom, too, was theirs ;
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneer.

ON MISS JESSY LEWARS.

TALK not to me of savages
From Afric's burning sun,
No savage e'er could rend my heart,
As, Jessy, thou hast done.

But Jessy's lovely hand in mine,
A mutual faith to plight,
Not ev'n to view the heavenly choic'
Would be so blessed a sight.

EPITAPH ON MISS JESSY LEWARS.

SAY, Sages, what's the charm on earth
Can turn Death's dart aside ?
It is not purity and worth,
Else Jessy had not died.

THE RECOVERY OF JESSY LEWARS.

BUT rarely seen since Nature's birth,
The natives of the sky,
Yet still one Seraph's left on earth,
For Jessy did *not* die.

THE TOAST.

FILL me with the rosy wine,
 Call a toast, a toast divine;
 Give the Poet's darling flame,
 Lovely Jessy be the name;
 Then thou mayest freely boast,
 Thou hast given a peerless toast.

THE KIRK OF LAMINGTON.

As cauld a wind as ever blew,
 A caulder kirk, and in't but few;
 As cauld a minister's e'er spak,
 Ye'se a' be het ere I come back.

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF

OF ONE OF MISS HANNAH MORE'S WORKS, WHICH SHE HAD GIVEN HIM.

THOU flattering mark of friendship kind, Still may thy pages call to mind The dear, the beauteous donor; Though sweetly female every part, Yet such a head, and more the heart, Does both the sexes honour.	She show'd her tastes refined and just When she selected thee, Yet deviating own I must For so approving me. But kind still, I'll mind still The giver in the gift; I'll bless her and wiss her A Friend above the Lift.
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INSCRIPTION ON A GOBLET.

WRITTEN IN THE HOUSE OF MR. SYME.

THERE's death in the cup—sae beware!
 Nay, more—there is danger in touching;
 But wha can avoid the fell snare?
 The man and his wife's sae bewitching!

THE BOOK-WORMS.

THROUGH and through the inspired leaves,
 Ye maggots, make your windings;
 But, oh! respect his lordship's taste,
 And spare his golden bindings.

ON ROBERT RIDDEL.

To Riddel, much-lamented man,
 This ivied cot was dear;
 Reader, dost value matchless worth?
 This ivied cot revere.

WILLIE CHALMERS.

Wl' braw new branks in mickle pride,
 And eke a braw new brechan,
 My Pegasus I'm got astride,
 And up Parnassus pechin;
 Whiles owre a bush wi' downward
 crush,
 The doited bestie stammers;
 Then up he gets and off he sets
 For sake o' Willie Chalmers.

! doubt na, lass, that weel kenn'd
 name

May cost a pair o' blushes;
 I am nae stranger to your fame
 Nor his warm urged wishes.
 Your bonie face sae mild and sweet,
 His honest heart enamours,
 And faith ye'll no be lost a' whit,
 Tho' waired on Willie Chalmers.

Auld Truth hersel' might swear ye're
 fair,

And Honour safely back her,
 And Modesty assume your air,
 And ne'er a ane mistak' her:
 And sic twa love-inspiring een
 Might fire even holy Palmers;
 No wonder then they've fatal been
 To honest Willie Chalmers.

I doubt na fortune may you shore
 Some mim-mou'd pouter'd
 priestie,
 Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore,
 And band upon his breastie:
 But oh! what signifies to you,
 His lexicons and grammars;
 The feeling heart's the royal blue,
 And that's wi' Willie Chalmers.

Some gapin' glowrin' countra laird
 May warse for your favour;
 May claw his lug, and straik his
 beard,

And host up some palaver.
 My bonie maid, before ye wed
 Sic clumsy-witted hammers,
 Seek Heaven for help, and barefit
 skelp,
 Awa' wi' Willie Chalmers.

Forgive the Bard! my fond regard
 For ane that shares my bosom,
 Inspires my muse to gie'm his dues,
 For de'il a hair I roose him.
 May powers aboon unite you soon,
 And fructify your amours—
 And every year come in mair dear
 To you and Willie Chalmers.

TO JOHN TAYLOR.

With Pegasus upon a day,
 Apollo weary flying,
 Through frosty hills the journey lay,
 On foot the way was plying.

Poor slip-shod giddy Pegasus
 Was but a sorry walker;
 To Vulcan then Apollo goes,
 To get a frosty calker.

Obliging Vulcan fell to work,
 Threw by his coat and bonnet,
 And did Sol's business with a crack:
 Sol paid him with a sonnet.

Ye Vulcan's sons of Wanlockhead,
 Pity my sad disaster;
 My Pegasus is poorly shod—
 I'll pay you like my master

LINES WRITTEN ON A BANK-NOTE.

WAE worth thy power, thou cursed leaf!
 Fell source o' a' my woe and grief!
 For lack o' thee I've lost my lass!
 For lack o' thee I scrimp my glass!
 I see the children of affliction
 Unaided, thro' thy curs'd restriction.

I've seen the oppressor's cruel smile,
 Amid his hapless victim's spoil.
 For lack o' thee I leave this much-lov'd shore,
 Never, perhaps, to greet old Scotland more.

R. B. Kyle.

THE LOYAL NATIVES' VERSES.

YE sons of sedition, give ear to my song,
 Let Syme, Burns, and Maxwell pervade every throng,
 With Cracken the attorney, and Mundell the quack,
 Send Willie the monger to hell with a smack.

These verses were handed over the table to Burns at a convivial meeting, and he endorsed the subjoined reply :

BURNS—EXTEMPORE.

YE true "Loyal Natives," attend to my song,
 In uproar and riot rejoice the night long ;
 From envy and hatred your corps is exempt ;
 But where is your shield from the darts of contempt ?

REMORSE.

OF all the numerous ills that hurt our peace,
 That press the soul, or wring the mind with anguish,
 Beyond comparison the worst are those
 That to our folly or our guilt we owe.
 In every other circumstance, the mind
 Has this to say—"It was no deed of mine";
 But when to all the evil of misfortune
 This sting is added—"Blame thy foolish self!"
 Or worsèd far, the pangs of keen Remorse ;
 The torturing, gnawing consciousness of guilt—
 Of guilt perhaps, where we've involvèd others ;
 The young, the innocent, who fondly lov'd us,
 Nay, more, that very love their cause of ruin !
 O burning hell ! in all thy store of torments,
 There's not a keener lash !
 Lives there a man so firm, who, while his heart
 Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime,
 Can reason down its agonizing throbs ;
 And, after proper purpose of amendment,
 Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace ?
 O, happy ! happy ! enviable man !
 O glorious magnanimity of soul !

THE TOAD-EATER.

WHAT of earls with whom you have supt,
 And of dukes that you dined with yestreen ?
 Lord ! a louse, Sir, is still but a louse,
 Though it crawl on the curls of a Queen.

TO ———.

Mossgiel, — 1786.

SIR,

YOURS this moment I unseal,
 And faith I am gay and hearty !
 To tell the truth an' shame the Deil
 I am as fu' as Bartie :

But fooraday, Sir, my promise leal
 Expect me o' your party,
 If on a beastie I can speel,
 Or hurl in a cartie. R. B.

“IN VAIN WOULD PRUDENCE.”

IN vain would Prudence, with decorous sneer,
 Point out a cens'ring world, and bid me fear ;
 Above that world on wings of love I rise,
 I know its worst—and can that worst despise.
 “ Wrong'd, injur'd, shunn'd ; unpitied, unredrest,
 The mock'd quotation of the scorner's jest.”
 Let Prudence' direct bodements on me fall,
 Glarinda, rich reward ! o'erpays them all !

“THOUGH FICKLE FORTUNE.”

THOUGH fickle Fortune has deceiv'd me,
 She promis'd fair and perform'd but ill ;
 Of mistress, friends, and wealth bereav'd me,
 Yet I bear a heart shall support me still.—
 I'll act with prudence as far's I'm able,
 But if success I must never find,
 Then come misfortune, I bid thee welcome,
 I'll meet thee with an undaunted mind.—

“I BURN, I BURN.”

“ I BURN, I burn, as when thro' ripen'd corn
 By driving winds the crackling flames are borne,”
 Now maddening, wild, I curse that fatal night ;
 Now bless the hour which charm'd my guilty sight.
 In vain the laws their feeble force oppose :
 Chain'd at his feet they groan, Love's vanquish'd foes
 In vain religion meets my sinking eye ;
 I dare not combat—but I turn and fly ;
 Conscience in vain upbraids th' unhallow'd fire ;
 Love grasps his scorpions—stifled they expire !
 Reason drops headlong from his sacred throne,
 Your dear idea reigns and reigns alone :
 Each thought intoxicated homage yields,
 And riots wanton in forbidden fields !

By all on high adoring mortals know !
 By all the conscious villain fears below !
 By your dear self !—the last great oath I swear ;
 Nor life nor soul were ever half so dear !

EPIGRAM ON A NOTED COXCOMB.

LIGHT lay the earth on Billy's breast,
 His chicken heart so tender ;
 But build a castle on his head,
 His skull will prop it under.

TAM THE CHAPMAN.

As Tam the Chapman on a day
 Wi' Death foregather'd by the way,
 Weel pleased, he greets a wight sae famous,
 And Death was nae less pleased 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 and garters,
 Death takes him hame to gie him quarters.

TO DR. MAXWELL.

ON MISS JESSY STAIG'S RECOVERY.

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

FRAGMENT.

Now health forsakes that angel face, Nae mair my dearie smiles ; Pale sickness withers ilka grace, And a' my hopes beguiles.	The cruel powers reject the prayer I hourly mak' for thee ; Ye heavens, how great is my despair, How can I see him dee !
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THERE'S NAETHIN LIKE THE HONEST NAPPY.

THERE'S naethin like the honest nappy ! Whaur'll ye e'er see men sae happy, Or women sonsie, saft an' sappy, 'Tween morn an' morn, As them wha like to taste the drappie In glass or horn.	I've seen me daez't upon a time ; I scarce could wink or see a styme ; Just ae hauf mutchkin does me prime, Ought less is little, Then back I rattle on the rhyme As gleg's a whittle !
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PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. WOODS, ON HIS BENEFIT-NIGHT, MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1787.

WHEN by a generous public's kind acclaim,
 That dearest meed is granted—honest fame ;
 When here your favour is the actor's lot,
 Nor even the man in private life forgot ;

What breast so dead to heav'nly virtue's glow,
 But heaves impassion'd with the grateful throe ?
 Poor is the task to please a barb'rous throng,
 It needs no Siddons' power in Southern's song :
 But here an ancient nation, fam'd afar
 For genius, learning high, as great in war —
 Hail, Caledonia ! name for ever dear !
 Before whose sons I'm honour'd to appear !
 Where every science, every nobler art—
 That can inform the mind, or mend the heart,
 Is known ; as grateful nations oft have found,
 Far as the rude barbarian marks the bound.
 Philosophy, no idle, pedant dream,
 Here holds her search, by heaven-taught Reason's beam,
 Here History paints with elegance and force,
 The tide of Empire's fluctuating course ;
 Here Douglas forms wild Shakespeare into plan,
 And Harley rouses all the god in man.
 When well-form'd taste and sparkling wit unite,
 With manly love, or female beauty bright,
 (Beauty, whose faultless symmetry and grace
 Can only charm us in the second place,)
 Witness my heart, how oft with panting fear,
 As on this night, I've met these judges here !
 But still the hope Experience taught to live,
 Equal to judge—you're candid to forgive.
 No hundred-headed Riot here we meet,
 With decency and law beneath his feet,
 Nor Insolence assumes fair Freedom's name ;
 Like Caledonians, you applaud or blame.
 O Thou, dread Power ! whose empire-giving hand
 Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honour'd land,
 Strong may she glow with all her ancient fire ;
 May every son be worthy of his sire ;
 Firm may she rise with generous disdain
 At Tyranny's, or direr Pleasure's chain ;
 Still self-dependent in her native shore,
 Bold may she brave grim Danger's loudest roar,
 Till Fate the curtain drop on worlds to be no more.

NATURE'S LAW.

A POEM HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO G. H., ESQ.

Great nature spoke, observant man obeyed.
POPE.

LET other heroes boast their scars
 The marks of sturt and strife :
 And other Poets sing of wars,
 The plagues of human life ;
 Shame fa' the fun ; wi' sword and gun
 To slap mankind like lumber !
 I sing his name and nobler fame,
 Wha multiplies our number.

Great Nature spoke, with air benign,
 "Go on, ye human race !
 This lower world I you resign ;
 Be fruitful and increase.
 The liquid fire of strong desire
 I've pour'd it in each bosom ;
 Here, in this hand, does mankind stand,
 And there, is Beauty's blossom !"

The Hero of these artless strains,
 A lowly Bard was he,
 Who sung his rhymes in Coila's plains
 With meikle mirth an' glee ;
 Kind Nature's care had given his share,
 Large, of the flaming current ;
 And, all devout, he never sought
 To stem the sacred torrent.

He felt the powerful, high behest,
 Thrill, vital, thro' and thro' ;
 And sought a correspondent breast,
 To give obedience due ;
 Propitious Powers screen'd the young
 flow'rs,
 From mildews of abortion ;
 And lo ! the Bard, a great reward,
 Has got a double portion !

Auld, cantie Coil may count the day,
 As annual it returns,
 The third of Libra's equal sway,
 That gave another Burns,
 With future rhymes, an' other times
 To emulate his sire ;
 To sing auld Coil in nobler style
 With more poetic fire.

Ye Powers of peace, and peaceful
 song,
 Look down with gracious eyes ;
 And bless auld Coila, large and long,
 With multiplying joys.
 Long may she stand to prop the land,
 The flow'r of ancient nations ;
 And Burns'es spring, her fame to sing,
 To endless generations !

THE CATS LIKE KITCHEN.

The cats like kitchen ;
 The dogs like broo ;
 The lasses like the lads weel,
 And th' auld wives too.

CHORUS.
 And we're a' noddin,
 Nid, nid, noddin,
 We're a' noddin fou at e'en.

TRAGIC FRAGMENT.

ALL devil as I am, a damned wretch,
 A harden'd, stubborn, unrepenting villain,
 Still my heart melts at human wretchedness ;
 And with sincere tho' unavailing sighs
 I view the helpless children of distress.
 With tears of indignation I behold the' oppressor
 Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction,
 Whose unsubmitting heart was all his crime.
 Even you, ye helpless crew, I pity you ;
 Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity ;
 Ye poor, despis'd, abandon'd vagabonds,
 Whom Vice, as usual, has turn'd o'er to Ruin.
 O but for kind, tho' ill-requited friends,
 I have been driven forth like you forlorn,
 The most detested, worthless wretch among you !
 O injur'd God ! Thy goodness has endow'd me
 With talents passing most of my compeers,
 Which I in just proportion have abus'd,
 As far surpassing other common villains,
 As Thou in natural parts hadst given me more.

EXTEMPORE.

ON PASSING A LADY'S CARRIAGE. [MRS. MARIA RIDDEL'S.]

If you rattle along like your mistress's tongue,
 Your speed will out-rival the dart ;
 But, a fly for your load, you'll break down on the road,
 If your stuff be as rotten's her heart.

FRAGMENTS.

YE hae lien a' wrang, lassie,

Ye've lien a' wrang ;

Ye've lie in an unco' bed,

And wi' a fremit man.

O ance ye danced upon the knowes,

And ance ye lightly sang—

But in herrying o' a bee byke,

I'm rad ye've got a stang.

O GIE my love brose, brose,

Gie my love brose and butter ;

For nane in Carrick or Kyle

Can please a lassie better.

The lav'rock lo'es the grass,

The muirhen lo'es the heather ;

But gie me a braw moonlight,

And me and my love together.

LASS, when your mither is fra hame,

Might I but be sae bauld

As come to your bower-window,

And creep in frae the cauld,

As come to your bower-window,

And when it's cauld and wat,

Warm me in thy sweet bosom ;

Fair lass, wilt thou do that ?

Young man, gif ye should be sae kind,

When our gudewife's frae hame,

As come to my bower-window,

Whare I am laid my lane,

And warm thee in my bosom—

But I will tell thee what,

The way to me lies through the kirk ;

Young man, do you hear that ?

I MET a lass, a bonnie lass,

Coming o'er the braes o'er Couper,

Bare her leg and bright her een,

And handsome ilka bit about her.

Weel I wat she was a quean

Wad made a body's mouth to water;

Our Mess John, wi' his lyart pow

His haly lips wat lickit at her.

O WAT ye what my minnie did,

My minnie did, my minnie did,

O wat ye what my minnie did,

On 'Tysday 'teen to me, jo ?

She laid me in a saft bed,

A saft bed, a saft bed,

She laid me in a saft bed,

And bade guddeen to me, jo.

An' wat ye what the parson did,

The parson did, the parson did,

An' wat ye what the parson did,

A' for a penny fee, jo ?

He loosed on me a lang man,

A mickle man, a strang man,

He loosed on me a lang man,

That might hae worried me, jo.

An' I was but a young thing,

A young thing, a young thing,

An' I was but a young thing,

Wi' nane to pity me, jo.

I wat the kirk was in the wyte,

In the wyte, in the wyte,

To pit a young thing in a fright,

An' loose a man on me, jo.

O CAN ye labour lea, young man,

An' can ye labour lea ;

Gae back the gate ye cam' again,

Ye'se never scorn me.

I feed a man at Martinmas,

W' arle pennies three ;

An' a' the faut I fan wi' him,

He couldna labour lea.

The stibble rig is easy plough'd,

The fallow land is free ;

But wha wad keep the handless coof

That couldna labour lea ?

JENNY M'Craw, she has ta'en to the heather,

Say, was it the covenant carried her thither ;

Jenny M'Craw to the mountain is gane,

Their leagues and their covenants a' she has ta'en ;

My head and my heart, now quo' she, are at rest,

And as for the lave, let the Deil do his best.

THE last braw bridal that I was at,
 'Twas on a Hallowmass day,
 And there was routh o' drink and fun,
 And mickle mirth and play.
 The bells they rang, and the carlins
 sang,

And the dames danced in the ha';
 The bride went to bed wi' the silly
 bridegroom,
 In the midst o' her kimmers a'.

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.

LORD, we thank an' thee adore,
 For temp'ral gifts we little merit;
 At present we will ask no more,
 Let William Hyslop give the spirit.

THERE came a piper out o' Fife,
 I watna what they ca'd him;
 He play'd our cousin Kate a spring,
 When fient a body bade him.
 And ay the mair he hotch'd an' blew,
 The mair that she forbade him.

THE black-headed eagle,
 As keen as a beagle,
 He hunted o'er height and owre howe,
 But fell in a trap
 On the braes o' Gemappe,
 E'en let him come out as he dowe.

EPITAPH ON WILLIAM NICOL.

YE maggots feast on Nicol's brain,
 For few sic feasts ye've gotten;
 And fix your claws in Nicol's heart,
 For de'il a bit o'ts rotten.

ANSWER TO A POETICAL EPISTLE

SENT THE AUTHOR BY A TAILOR.

WHAT ails ye now, ye lousie bitch,
 To thresh my back at sic a pitch?
 Losh, man! hae mercy wi' your natch,
 Your bodkin's bauld,
 I didna suffer ha'f sae much
 Frae Daddie Auld.

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

King David o' poetic brief,
 Wrought'mang the lasses such mis-
 chief
 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 Sessions says I maun
 Gae fa' upo' anither plan,
 Than garren lasses cowp the cran
 Clean heels 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, an' answer for't,
 Ye're blam'd for jobbin'."

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

A furnicator-loun he call'd me,
 An' said my fau't 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 what-
 fore no ? ”

If that your right hand, leg or toe,
 Should ever prove your sp'itual 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 bothei,
 To please us a', I've just ae ither,
 When next wi' yon lass I forgather,
 Whate'er betide it,
 I'll frankly gi'e 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.

EXTEMPORE LINES,

AN ANSWER TO A CARD FROM AN INTIMATE FRIEND OF BURNS, WISHING ~~HER~~
 TO SPEND AN HOUR AT A TAVERN.

THE King's most humble servant I,
 Can scarcely spare a minute ;
 But I'll be wi' ye by an' bye ;
 Or else the Deil's be in it.

My bottle is my 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.

LINES

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE IN A LADY'S POCKET-BOOK. [MISS KENNEDY
 SISTER-IN-LAW OF GAVIN HAMILTON.]

GRANT me, indulgent Heav'n, that I may live
 To see the miscreants feel the pain they give ;
 Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
 Till slave and despot be but things which were.

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 secrets 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 bitch.

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.

<p>♁ DEATH, had thou but spar'd his life Whom we, this day, lament ! We freely wad exchang'd the wife, And a' been weel content.</p>	<p>Ev'n as he is, cauld in his graff, The swap we yet will do't ; Take thou the carlin's carcass aff, Thou'se get the saul o' boot.</p>
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ANOTHER.

ONE Queen Artemisia, as old stories tell,
 When depriv'd of her husband she loved so well,
 In respect for the love and affection he'd show'd her,
 She reduced him to dust and she drank up the powder
 But Queen Netherplace, of a diff'rent complexion,
 When call'd on to order the fun'ral direction,
 Would have eat her dead lord on a slender pretence,
 Not to show her respect, but—to save the expense.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE INN AT CARRON.

<p>WE came na here to view your warks, In hopes to be mair wise, But only, lest we gang to heil, It may be nae surprise.</p>	<p>But when we tirl'd at your door, Your porter dought na hear us ; Sae may, shou'd we to hell's yetts come, Your billy Satan sair us !</p>
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LINES

ON BEING ASKED WHY GOD HAD MADE MISS DAVIES SO LITTLE
 AND MRS. * * * SO LARGE.

Written on a Pane of Glass in the Inn at Moffat.

ASK why God made the gem so small,
 An' why so huge the granite ?
 Because God meant mankind should set
 That higher value on it.

EPIGRAM

WRITTEN AT INVERARY,

WHOE'ER he be that sojourns here,	There's naething here but Highland
I pity much his case,	pride,
Unless he come to wait upon	And Highland scab' and hunger ;
The Lord their God, his Grace.	If Providence has sent me here,
	'Twas surely in his anger.

A TOAST

GIVEN AT A MEETING OF THE DUMFRIES-SHIRE VOLUNTEERS, HELD TO COMMEMORATE
THE ANNIVERSARY OF RODNEY'S VICTORY, APRIL 12TH, 1782.

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,
 Who'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 Tyranny damn'd ;
 And who would to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,
 May his son be a hangman, and he the first trial !

LINES

SAID TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY BURNS, WHILE ON HIS DEATH-BED, TO JOHN RANKINE,
AYRSHIRE, AND FORWARDED TO HIM IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE POET'S DECEASE.

HE who of Rankine sang, lies stiff and dead ;
 And a green grassy hillock hides his head ;
 Alas ! alas ! a devilish change indeed !

VERSES ADDRESSED TO J. RANKINE,

ON HIS WRITING TO THE POET THAT A GIRL IN THAT PART OF THE COUNTRY
WAS WITH CHILD TO HIM.

I AM a keeper of the law	I hae been found in for'tance or twice,
In some sma' points, altho' not a' ;	And winna say owre far for thrice,
Some people tell we gin I fa',	Yet never met with that surprize
One way or ither,	That broke my rest,
The breaking of ae point, tho' sma',	But now a rumour's like to rise,
Breaks a' thegither.	A whaup's i' the nest.

ON SEEING THE BEAUTIFUL SEAT OF LORD
GALLOWAY.

WHAT dost thou in that mansion fair ?
 Flit, Galloway, and find
 Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,
 The picture of thy mind.

ON THE SAME.

No Stewart art thou, Galloway,
The Stewarts all were brave ;
Besides the Stewarts were but fools
Not one of them a knave.

ON THE SAME.

BRIGHT ran thy line, O Galloway,
Thro' many a far-famed sire !
So ran the far-fam'ed Roman way,
So ended in a mire !

TO THE SAME,

ON THE AUTHOR BEING THREATENED WITH HIS RESENTMENT.

SPARE me thy vengeance, Galloway,
In quiet let me live :
I ask no kindness at thy hand,
For thou hast none to give.

VERSES TO J. RANKINE.

<p>Æ day, as Death, that gruesome carl, Was driving to the tither warl' A mixtie-maxtie motley squad, And monie a guilt-bespotted lad ; Black gowns of each denomination, And thieves of every rank and station, From him that wears the star and garter, To him that wintles in a halter ; Asham'd himsel to see the wretches, He mutters, glowrin at the bitches,</p>	<p>“ By God I'll not be seen behint them, Nor 'mang' the sp'ritual core present them, Without at least, æ honest man, To grace this damn'd infernal clan.” By Adamhill a glance he threw, “ Lord God !” quoth he, “ I have it now, There's just the man I want, i' faith,” And quickly stoppit Rankine's breath.</p>
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EXTEMPORANEOUS EFFUSION,

ON BEING APPOINTED TO THE EXCISE.

SEARCHING auld wives' barrels,
Och, hon ! the day !
That clarty barm should stain my laurels :
But— what'll ye say ?
These movin' things, ca'd wives and weans,
Wad move the very heart's o' stanes !

ON HEARING THERE WAS FALSEHOOD IN THE REV.

DR. B——'S VERY LOOKS.

THAT there is falsehood in his looks,
I must and will deny ;
They say their master is a knave—
And sure they do not lie,

POVERTY.

In politics if thou wouldst mix,
 And mean thy fortunes be ;
 Bear this in mind,—be deaf and blind,
 Let great folks hear and see.

ON A SCHOOLMASTER.

IN CLEISH PARISH, FIFESHIRE.

HERE lie Willie Michie's banes ;
 O Satan, when ye tak him,
 Gie him the schoolin' of your weans,
 For clever deils he'll mak them !

LINES

WRITTEN AND PRESENTED TO MRS. KEMBLE, ON SEEING HER IN THE CHARACTER
 OF YARICO IN THE DUMFRIES THEATRE, 1794.

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.

LINES.

I MURDER hate by field or flood,	The deities that I adore
Tho' glory's name may screen us ;	Are social Peace and Plenty,
In wars at hame I'll spend my blood,	I'm better pleased to make one more,
Life-giving war of Venus.	Than be the death of twenty.

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 gaugers :
 Nay, what are priests, those seeming godly wise men ?
 What are they, pray, but spiritual Excisemen ?

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE WINDOW OF THE GLOBE TAVERN, DUMFRIES.

THE graybeard, Old Wisdom, may boast of his treasures,
 Give me with gay Folly to live :
 I grant him his calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures,
 But Folly has raptures to give.

EXTEMPORE IN THE COURT OF SESSION.

TUNE—"Killiecrankie."

LORD ADVOCATE.

He clenched his pamphlets in his fist,
 He quoted and he hinted,
 Till in a declamation-mist,
 His argument he tint it :
 He gaped for't, he graped for't,
 He fand it was awa, man ;
 But what his common sense came
 short,
 He eked out wi' law, man.

MR. ERSKINE.

Collected Harry stood awae,
 Then open'd out his arm, man ;
 His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e,
 And ey'd the gathering storm,
 man :
 Like wind-driv'n hail it did assail ;
 Or torrents owre a linn, man ;
 The Bench sae wise, lift up their eyes,
 Half-wauken'd wi' the din, man.

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER THE PICTURE OF MISS BURNS.

CEASE, ye prudes, your envious railing,
 Lovely Burns has charms—confess :
 True it is, she had one failing,
 Had a woman ever less ?

ON MISS J. SCOTT, OF AYR.

Oh ! had each Scot of ancient times
 Been, Jeanie Scott, as thou art,
 The bravest heart on English ground
 Had yielded like a coward.

EPIGRAM ON CAPTAIN FRANCIS GROSE,

THE CELEBRATED ANTIQUARY.

THE Devil got notice that Grose was a-dying,
 So whip ! at the summons, old Satan came flying ;
 But when he approach'd where poor Francis lay moaning,
 And saw each bed-post with its burden a-groaning,
 Astonish'd ! confounded ! cry'd Satan, " By God,
 I'll want 'im, ere I take such a damnable load."

EPIGRAM ON ELPHINSTONE'S TRANSLATION OF
MARTIAL'S EPIGRAMS.

O THOU whom Poetry abhors,
 Whom Prose had turnèd out of doors,
 Heard'st thou yon groan ?—proceed no further,
 'Twas laurel'd Martial calling murder,

EPITAPH ON A COUNTRY LAIRD,

NOT QUITE SO WISE AS SOLOMON.

BLESS Jesus Christ, O Cardoness,
 With grateful lifted eyes,
 Who said that not the soul alone,
 But body too, must rise :
 For had he said, " The soul alone
 From death I will deliver,"
 Alas, alas ! O Cardoness,
 Then thou hadst slept for ever !

EPITAPH ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

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

EPITAPH ON WEE JOHNNY.

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.

EPITAPH ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

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

EPITAPH FOR ROBERT AIKEN, 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.

EPITAPH FOR GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

THE Poor man weeps—here Gavin sleeps,
 Whom canting wretches blam'd :
 But with such as he, where'er he be,
 May I be sav'd or damn'd !

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

rs 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-control*
Is wisdom's root.

EPITAPH ON MY 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.”

EPITAPH ON JOHN DOVE,

INNKEEPER, MAUCHLINE.

HERE lies Johnny Pidgeon ;
What was his religion ?
Wha e'er desires to ken,
To some other warl'
Maun follow the earl,
For here Johnny Pidgeon had nane !

Strong ale was abluion, —
Small beer persecution,
A dram was memento mori ;
But a full flowing bowl
Was the saving his soul,
And port was celestial glory.

EPITAPH ON JOHN BUSHBY,

WRITER, IN DUMFRIES.

HERE lies John Bushby, honest man !
Cheat him, Devil, if you can.

EPITAPH ON A WAG IN MAUCHLINE.

LAMENT him, Mauchline husbands a',	Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye pass
He aften did assist ye ;	To school in bands thegither,
For had ye staid whole weeks awa,	O tread ye lightly on his grass,
Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye.	Perhaps he was your father.

EPITAPH ON A PERSON NICKNAMED "THE MARQUIS,"

WHO DESIRED BURNS TO WRITE ONE ON HIM.

HERE lies a mock Marquis whose titles were shamm'd,
If ever he rise, it will be to be damn'd.

EPITAPH ON WALTER R — [RIDDEL].

Sic a reptile was Wat,
Sic a miscreant slave
That the worms ev'n damn'd him
When laid in his grave.
" In his flesh there's a famine,"
A starv'd reptile cries ;
" An' his heart is rank poison,"
Another replies.

ON HIMSELF.

HERE comes Burns
On Rosinante ;
She's d — poor,
But he's d — canty !

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

O LORD, when hunger pinches sore,
Do thou stand us in need,
And send us from thy bounteous store,
A tup or wether head ! Amen.

ON COMMISSARY GOLDIE'S BRAINS.

LORD, to account who dares thee call,
Or e'er dispute thy pleasure ?
Else why within so thick a wall
Enclose so poor a treasure ?

IMPROMPTU

ON AN INNKEEPER NAMED BACON WHO INTRUDED HIMSELF INTO ALL COMPANIES.

AT Brownhill we always get dainty good cheer,
 And plenty of bacon each day in the year ;
 We've all things that's nice, and mostly in season,
 But why always *Bacon*— come, give me a reason ?

ADDRESSED TO A LADY

WHOM THE AUTHOR FEARED HE HAD OFFENDED.

RUSTICITY'S ungainly form	Propriety's cold cautious rules
May cloud the highest mind ;	Warm fervour may o'erlook ;
But when the heart is nobly warm,	But spare poor sensibility
The good excuse will find.	The ungentle, harsh rebuke.

EPIGRAM.

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

LINES INSCRIBED ON A PLATTER.

My blessing on ye, honest wife,	Heaven keep you clear of sturt and
I ne'er was here before :	strife,
Ye've wealth o' gear for spoon and	Till far ayont four score,
knife —	And by the Lord o' death and life,
Heart could not wish for more.	I'll ne'er gae by your door !

TO —.

YOUR billet, sir, I grant receipt ;
 Wi' you I'll canter ony gate, —
 Though 'twere a trip to yon blue warl',
 Where birkies march on burning marl :
 Then, sir, God willing, I'll attend ye,
 And to his goodness I commend ye.

R. BURNS.

ON MR. M'MURDO.

BLEST be M'Murdo to his latest day,
 No envious cloud 'o'er cast his evening ray ;
 No wrinkle furrow'd by the hand of care,
 Nor even sorrow add one silver hair !
 Oh, may no son the father's honour stain,
 Nor ever daughter give the mother pain.

TO A LADY

WHO WAS LOOKING UP THE TEXT DURING SERMON.

FAIR maid, you need not take the hint,
 Nor idle texts pursue :
 'Twas *guilty sinners* that he meant —
 Not *angels* such as you !

IMPROMPTU.

How daur ye ca' me howlet-faced,
 Ye ugly, glowering spectre ?
 My face was but the keekin' glass,
 And there ye saw your picture.

TO MR. MACKENZIE, SURGEON, MAUCHLINE.

FRIDAY first's the day appointed
 By the Right Worshipful anointed,
 To hold our grand procession ;
 To get a blad o' Johnie's morals,
 And taste a swatch o' Manson's barrels
 I' the way of our profession.

The Master and the Brotherhood
 Would a' be glad to see you ;

For me I would be mair than proud
 To share the mercies wi' you.
 If Death, then, wi' skaith, then,
 Some mortal heart is hechtin',
 Inform him, and storm him,
 That Saturday you'll fetcht him.

ROBERT BURNS.

Mossgiel, An. M. 5790.

TO A PAINTER.

DEAR—, I'll gie ye some advice
 You'll tak it no uncivil :
 You shouldna paint at angels mair,
 But try and paint the devil.

To paint an angel's kittle wark,
 Wi' auld Nick there's less danger ;
 You'll easy draw a weel-kent face,
 But no sae weel a stranger.

LINES WRITTEN ON A TUMBLER.

YOU'RE welcome, Willie Stewart ;
 You're welcome, Willie Stewart ;
 There's ne'er a flower that blooms in
 May,
 That's half sae welcome's thou art.
 Come, bumpers high, express your joy,
 The bowl we maun renew it ;

The tappit-hen, gae bring her ben,
 To welcome Willie Stewart.
 May foes be strang, and friends be
 slack,
 Ilk action may he rue it ;
 May woman on him turn her back,
 That wrangs thee, Willie Stewart !

ON MR. W. CRUIKSHANK

OF THE HIGH SCHOOL, EDINEBURGH.

HONEST Will to heaven is gane,
 And mony shall lament him ;
 His faults they a' in Latin lay,
 In English nane e'er kent them.

SONGS.

THE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.

TUNE—"Miss Forbes's Farewell to Banff, or Etrick Banks."

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

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

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
And sweet is night in Autumn mild,
When roving thro' the garden gay,
Or wandering in a lonely wild :

But Woman, Nature's darling child !
There all her charms she does compile ;
Ev'n there her other works are foil'd
By the bonie lass o' Ballochmyle.

O, had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
That ever rose 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 bonie lass o' Ballochmyle.

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

SONG OF DEATH.

A GAELIC AIR.

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

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 for the brave !

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

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

MY AIN KIND DEARIE O.

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star
 Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo ;
 And owsen frae the furrow'd field
 Return sae dowf and wearie O ;
 Down by the burn, where scented birks
 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 cerie O,
 If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
 My ain kind dearie O.

Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,
 And I were ne'er sae wearie O,
 I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
 To rouse the mountain deer, my jo ;
 At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
 Along the burn to steer, my jo ;
 Gie me the hour o' gloamin gray,
 It maks my heart sae cheery O
 To meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O.

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 fresh 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 lamb on the lea,
 And dear to my heart as the light to my ee.

But oh ! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
 And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard ;
 A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed,
 The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

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

Oh 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 my bliss,
 As now my distraction no words can express !

NAEBODY.

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

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

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

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

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME
 WEE THING.

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

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

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

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

DUNCAN GRAY.

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

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 lian ;
 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 well,
 Ha, ha, &c.
 Something in her bosom wrings,
 For relief a sigh she brings ;
 And O, her een, they spak sic things !
 Ha, ha, &c.

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

O POORTITH.

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 aye,
 She talks of rank and fashion.
 O why, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,
 And sic a lassie by him ?

O wha can prudence think upon,
 And sae in love as I am ?
 O why, &c.

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

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 ?

GALLA WATER.

THERE's braw braw lads on Yarrow
 braes,

That wander thro' the blooming
 heather ;

But Yarrow braes nor Ettick shaws
 Can match the lads o' Galla Water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
 Aboon them a' I lo'e him better ;
 And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
 The bonie lad o' Galla Water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
 And tho' I hae nae 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 world's treas-
 ure !

LORD GREGORY.

O MIRK, mirk is this midnight hour,
 And loud the tempest's roar ;
 A wacu' wanderer seeks thy tow'r,
 Lord Gregory, ope thy door.

An exile, frae her father's ha',
 And a' for loving thee ;
 At least some pity on me shaw,
 If love it mayna be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the
 grove,

By bonie Irwine side,
 Where first I owned that virgin-love,
 I lang, lang had denied ?

How aften didst thou pledge and vow,
 Thou wad for aye be mine !
 And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,
 It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
 And flinty is thy breast ;
 Thou dart of heaven that flashest by,
 O wilt thou give me rest !

Ye mustering thunders from above,
 Your willing victim see !
 But spare, and pardon my fause love,
 His wrangs to heaven and me !

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH !

WITH ALTERATIONS.

OH, open the door, some pity to shew,
 O, open the door to me, Oh !
 Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
 Oh, open the door to me, Oh !

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
 But caulder thy love for me, Oh !
 The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
 Is nought to my pains frae thee, Oh !

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
 And time is setting with me, Oh !
 False friends, false love, farewell ! for mair
 I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, Oh !

She has opened the door, she has opened 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 !

MEG O' THE MILL.

AIR—"O, bonie Lass, will you lie in a Barrack."

O KEN you what Meg o' the Mill has gotten
 An' ken you what Meg o' the Mill has gotten ?
 She has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller,
 And broken the heart o' the barley Miller.

The Miller was strappin, the Miller was ruddy ;
 A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady ;
 The Laird was a widdiefu', bleerit knurl ;
 She's left the guid fellow and ta'en the churl.

The Miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving ;
 The Laird did address her wi' matter mair moving,
 A fine pacing horse wi' a clear chained bridle,
 A whip by her side, and a bonie side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing ;
 And wae on the love that is fix'd on a mailen !
 A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle,
 But, gie me my love, and a fig for the warl !

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 wizard ensnaring ;
 Enthron'd in her een he delivers his law :
 And still to her charms she alone is a stranger !
 Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'.

WANDERING WILLIE.

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
 Here awa, there awa, haud awa, hame ;
 Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
 Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
 Fears for my Willie brought tears in my ee ;
 Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,
 The simmer to nature, my Willie to me !

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers ;
 How your dread howling a lover alarms !
 Wauken, ye breezes, row gently, ye billows,
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
 Flow still between us, thou wide-roaring main ;
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

LOGAN BRAES.

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 the flow'ry banks appear
 Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
 While my dear iad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me and Logan Braes.

Again the merry month o' May
 Has made our hills and valleys gay ;
 The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
 The bees hum round the breatning
 flowers ;

Blithe morning lifts his rosy eye,
 And evening's tears are tears of joy :
 My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
 While Willie's far frae Logan Braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
 Amang her nestlings, sits the thrush ;
 Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
 Or wi' his song her cares beguile :
 But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
 Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
 Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
 While Willie's far frae Logan Braes.

O wae upon you, men o' state,
 That brethren rouse to deadly hate !

As ye mak monie a fond heart mourn,
 Sae may it on your heads return !
 How can your flinty hearts enjoy
 The widow's tears, the orphan's cry ?
 But soon may peace bring happy days,
 And Willie hame to Logan Braes !

THERE WAS A LASS.

TUNE—"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 merrily ;
 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 dane'd wi' Jeanie on the down ;
 And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
 Her heart was tint, her peace was
 stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream
 The 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 aye she sighs wi' care and pain ;
 Yet wistna what her ail might be,
 Or what wad make her weel again.

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

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

O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear ;
 O canst thou think to fancy me ?
 Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
 And learn to tent the farms wi' me ?

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

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

PHILLIS THE FAIR.

TUNE—"Robin Adair."

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

In each bird's careless song
 Glad did I share ;

While yon wild flowers among,
 Chance led me there :
 Sweet to the opening day,
 Rosebuds bent the dewy spray :
 Such thy bloom ! did I say,
 Phillis the fair.

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

BY ALLAN STREAM.

TUNE—"Allan Water."

BY Allan stream I chane'd to rove,
 While Phœbus sank beyond Ben-
 leddi ;
 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
 monie ;

And ay the wildwood echoes rang—
 O, dearly do I love thee, Annie !

O, happy be the woodbine bower,
 Nae nightly bogle mak it eerie ;
 Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
 The place and time I met my dearie !
 Her head upon my throbbing breast,
 She, sinking, said "I'm thine for-
 ever !"

While monie 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 fol-
 low ;

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 treas-
 ure ?

HAD I A CAVE.

TUNE—"Robin Adair."

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

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

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

TUNE—"My Jo, Janet."

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

But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
 And come na unless the black-yett be a-jee;
 Sync up the back-stile, and let naebody see,
 And come as ye were na comin to me.
 And come, etc.

O whistle, etc.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
 Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd na a flie:
 But steal me a blink o' your bonie black ee,
 Yet look as ye were na lookin at me.
 Yet look, etc.

Ay vow and protest that ye care na for me,
 And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
 But court na anither, tho' jokin ye be,
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.
 For fear, etc.

O whistle, etc.

HUSBAND, HUSBAND,
CEASE YOUR STRIFE.

TUNE—"My 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-bye allegiance!

"Sad will I be, so bereft,
Nancy, Nancy !
Yet I'll try to make a shift,
My spouse, Nancy."

My poor heart then break it must,
My last hour I'm near it :
When you lay me in the dust,
Think, think how you will bear it.

"I will hope and trust in Heaven,
Nancy, Nancy ;
Strength to bear it will be given,
My spouse, Nancy."

Well, sir, from the silent dead
'Still I'll try to daunt you ;
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you.

"I'll wed another, like my dear
Nancy, Nancy ;
Then all hell will fly for fear,
My spouse, Nancy."

DELUDED SWAIN.

TUNE—"The Collier's Tochter."

DELUDED swain, the pleasure
The fickle Fair can give thee,
Is but a fairy treasure,
Thy hopes will soon deceive thee.

The billows on the ocean
The breezes idly roaming,
The clouds' uncertain motion,
They are but types of woman.

O ! art thou not ashamed
To doat upon a feature ?
If man thou wouldst be named,
Despise the silly creature.

Go, find an honest fellow ;
Good claret set before thee :
Hold on till thou art mellow,
And then to bed in glory.

SONG.

TUNE—"The Quaker's Wife."

THINE am I, my faithful fair,
Thine, my lovely Nancy ;
Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
Ev'ry roving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,
There to throb and languish :
Tho' despair had wrung its core
That would heal its anguish.

Take away those rosy lips,
Rich with balmy treasure !
Turn away thine eyes of love,
Lest I die with pleasure !

What is life when wanting love :
Night without a morning !
Love's the cloudless summer sun,
Nature gay adorning.

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE ?

A NEW SCOTS SONG.

TUNE—"The Sutor's Tochter."

WILT thou be my dearie ?
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart
Wilt thou let me cheer thee ?
By the treasure of my soul,
That's the love I bear thee !
I swear and vow that only thou
Shalt ever be my dearie—
Only thou, I swear and vow,
Shalt ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me ;
Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
Say na thou'lt refuse me :
If it winna, canna be,
Thou for thine may choose me,
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me—
Lassie, let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.

BANKS OF CREE.

TUNE—"The Flowers of Edinburgh."

HERE is the glen, and here the bower,
All underneath the birchen shade ;
The village-bell has toll'd the hour,
O what can stay my lovely maid ?

'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 Crœe.

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

TUNE—" O'er the Hills 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
're aye with him that's far away.

When in summer's noon I faint,
As weary flocks around me pant,
Haply in this scorching sun
My Sailor's thund'ring at his gun :
Bullets, spare my only joy !
Bullets, spare my darling boy !
Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away !
On the seas, etc.

At the starless midnight hour,
When winter rules with boundless
power ;
As the storms the forest tear,
And thunders rend the howling air,
Listening to the doubling roar,
Surging on the rocky shore,
All I can—I weep and pray,
For his weal that's far away.
On the seas, etc.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
And bid wild War his ravage end,

Man with brother mar. 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, etc.

HARK ! THE MAVIS.

TUNE—" Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes."

• CHORUS.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rows,
My bonie dearie.

HARK ! the mavis' evening sang
Sounding Clouden's woods amang,
Then a faulting let us gang,
My bonie dearie.
Ca' the, etc.

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

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy-bending flowers,
Faries dance sae cheery.
Ca' the, etc.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear ;
Thou'rt to love and Heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonie dearie.
Ca' the, etc.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart ;
I can die—but canna part,
My bonie dearie.
Ca' the, etc.

While waters wimple to the sea ;
While day blinks in the lift sae hie ;
Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my ee,
Ye shall be my dearie.
Ca' the, etc.

SHE SAYS SHE LOE'S ME
BEST OF A'.

TUNE—"Onagh's Water-fall."

Sae flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'erarching
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 aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion ;
Her pretty ancle is a spy
Betraying fair proportion,
Wad 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 :
Hers are the willing chains o' love,
By conquering beauty's sovereign
law ;
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
And gaudy show at sunny noon ;
Gie me the lonely valley,
The dewy eve, and rising moon
Fair beaming, and streaming
Her silvery 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' ?

HOW LANG AND DREARY.

TUNE—"Cauld Kail in Aberdeen."

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

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 that seas between us roar,
How can I be but eerie !
For oh, etc.
How slow ye move, ye heavy hours ;
The joyless day how drearie !
It wasna sae ye glinted by,
When I was wi' my dearie.
For oh, etc.

THE LOVER'S MORNING
SALUTE TO HIS MISTRESS.

TUNE—"Deil tak the Wars."

SLEEPEST thou, or wak'st thou, fairest
creature ;
Rosy morn now lifts his eye,
Numbering ilka bud which Nature
Waters wi' the tears o' joy :
Now thro' the leafy woods,
And by the reeking floods,
Wild Nature's tenants, freely, gladly
stray ;
The lintwhite in his bower
Chants o'er the breathing flower ;
The lav'rock to the sky
Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
While the sun and thou arise to bless
the day.
Phœbus, gilding the brow o' morning,
Banishes ilk darksome shade,
Nature gladdening and adorning ;
Such to me my lovely maid.
When absent frae my fair,
The murky shades o' care
With starless gloom o'er cast my sullen
sky ;
But when, in beauty's light,
She meets my ravish'd sight,
When thro' my very heart
Her beaming glories dart—
'Tis then I wake to life, to light, and
joy.

LASSIE WI' THE LINT- WHITE LOCKS.

TUNE—"Rothiemurchus's Rant."

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'll be my dearie O?
Lassie wi', &c.

And when the welcome simmer-shower
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower
At sultry noon, my dearie O.
Lassie wi', &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' the lint-white locks,
Bonie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks?
Wilt thou be my dearie, O?

THE AULD MAN.

TUNE—"The Death of the Linnet."

BUT lately seen in gladsome green
The woods rejoic'd the day,
Thro' gentle showers the laughing
flowers
In double pride were gay:

But now our joys are fled,
On winter blasts awa!
Yet maiden May, in rich array,
Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow, nae kindly thow
Shall melt the snaws of age;
My trunk of eild, but buss or bield,
Sinks in time's wintry rage.
Oh, age has weary days,
And nights o' sleepless pain!
Thou golden time o' youthful prime,
Why com'st thou not again?

FAREWELL, THOU STREAM.

TUNE—"Nancy's to the Greenwood gane."

FAREWELL, thou stream that winding
flows

Around Eliza's dwelling!
O Mem'ry! spare the cruel throcs
Within my bosom swelling:
Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
And yet in secret languish,
To feel a fire in ev'ry vein,
Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseer, un-
known,

I fain my griefs would cover:
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting
groan,

Betray the hapless lover.
I know thou doom'st me to despair,
Nor wilt nor canst relieve me;
But oh, Eliza, hear one prayer,
For pity's sake forgive me!

The music of thy voice I heard,
Nor wist while it enslav'd me;
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
Till fears no more had saved me:
Th' unwary sailor thus aghast,
The wheeling torrent viewing,
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last
In overwhelming ruin.

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

TUNE—"Lumps o' pudding."

CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
I gie them a skelp as they're 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 soger, and life is a faught :
 My mirth and gude 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 devil 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 ! "

MY NANNIE'S AWA.

TUNE—" There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame."

Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,
 And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
 While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw ;
 But to me it's delightless—my Nannie's awa.

The snaw-drop and primrose our woodlands adorn,
 And violets bathe in the weat o' the morn :
 They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
 They mind me o' Nannie—my Nannie's awa.

Thou laverock that springs frae the dews o' the lawn,
 The shepherd to warn o' the gray-breaking dawn,
 And thou, yellow mavis, that hails the night-fa',
 Gie over for pity—my Nannie's awa.

Come autumn sae pensive, in yellow and gray,
 And soothe me wi' tidings o' nature's decay ;
 The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
 Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa.

SWEET FA'S THE EVE.

TUNE—" Craigieburn-wood."

SWEET fa's the evè on Craigie-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 care 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 fa' frae the tree,
 Around my grave they'll wither.

O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING YET?

TUNE—" Let me in this ae night."

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet ?
 Or art thou wakin, I would wit ?
 For love has bound me hand and foot,
 And I would fain be in, jo.

CHORUS.

O let me in this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night ;
 For pity sake this ae night,
 O rise and let me in, jo.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
 Nae star' blinks thro' the driving sleet ;
 Tak pity on my weary feet,
 And shield me frae the rain, jo.
 O let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blows,
 Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's ;
 The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
 Of all 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 gait 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'rea
 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 lessen 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 womao say
 How aft, her fate's the same, jo
 I tell you now, &c.

SONG.

TUNE—"Humours of Glen."

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtles 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.

Thro' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
 And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave ;
 Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace
 What are they ? The haunt of the tyrant and slave !

The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
 The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain ;
 He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
 Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.

'T WAS NA HER BONIE BLUE EE.

TUNE—"Laddie, lie near me."

'T WAS na her bonie blue ee was my ruin :
 Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoing ;
 'Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind us,
 'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me ;
But tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever,
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Chloris, 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.

ADDRESS TO THE WOOD- LARK.

TUNE—"Where'll bonie Ann lie."

O STAY, sweet warbling woodlark,
stay,

Nor quit for me the trembling spray,
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
Thy soothing fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art ;
For surely that wad touch her heart,
Wha kills me wi' disdainin'g.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind ?
Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd
Sic notes o' wae could wauken.

Thou tells o' never-ending care ;
O' speechless grief, and dark despair ;
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair !
Or my poor heart is broken !

HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS.

TUNE—"John Anderson my Jo."

How cruel are the parents
Who riches only prize,
And to the wealthy booby
Poor women sacrifice.
Meanwhile the hapless daughter
Has but a choice of strife,
To shun a tyrant father's hate
Become a wretched wife.

The ravening hawk pursuing,
The trembling dove thus flies,
To shun impelling ruin
A while her pinions tries ;
Till of escape despairing,
No shelter or retreat,
She trusts the ruthless falconer,
And drops beneath his feet.

MARK YONDER POMP.

TUNE—"Deil tak the Wars."

MARK yonder pomp of costly fash-
ion,

Round the wealthy, titled bride :
But when compar'd with real pas-
sion,

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 Avarice would deny

His worshipping deity,

And feel thro' every vein Love's rap-
turous roll.

I SEE A FORM, I SEE A FACE.

TUNE—"This is my ain house."

O THIS is no my ain lassie,

Fair tho' the lassie be ;

O weel ken I my ain lassie,

Kind love is in her ee.

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 ee.
O this is no, &c,

She's bonie, blooming, straight, and tall.

And lang has had my heart in thrall ;
And aye it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her ee.
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 ee.
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 ee.
O this is no, &c.

O BONIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

TUNE—"I wish my love was in a mire."

O BONIE was yon rosy brier,
That blooms sae fair frae haunt o'
man :
And bonie sie, and ah, how dear !
It shaded frae the e'ening sun.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,
How pure amang the leaves sae
green ;

But purer was the lover's vow
They witness'd in their shade yes-
treen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
That crimson rose how sweet and
fair !

But love is far a sweeter flower
Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine.
And I, the world, nor wish, nor scorn,
Its joys and griefs alike resign.

FORLORN, MY LOVE.

TUNE—"Let me in this ae night."

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

CHORUS.

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

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
That blasts each bud of hope and joy.
And shelter, shade, nor home have I,
Save in those arms of thine, love.
O wert, &c.

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

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

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOPER.

TUNE—"Lothian Lassie."

LAST May a braw wooer came 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 a' the darts in my bonie black een,
And vow'd for my love he was dying ;
I said he might die when he liked for Jean :
The Lord forgie me for lying, for lying,
The Lord forgie me for lying !

A weel-stocked mailen, himsel for the laird,
 And marriage off-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 gae near her !
 He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,
 Guess ye how, the jad ! I could bear her, could bear her,
 Guess ye how, the jad ! I could bear her.

But a' the niest week as I fretted wi' care,
 I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
 And wha but my fine fickle lover was there.
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
 Lest neebors might say I was saucy ;
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
 Gin she had recovered her hearin,
 And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet—
 But, heavens ! how he fel, a swearin, a swearin,
 But, heavens ! how he fel 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.

HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

TUNE—"Balinamona ora."

AWA wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
 The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms :
 O, 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 the 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, etc.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

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, etc.

ALTHO' THOU MAUN NEVER BE MINE.

TUNE—"Here's a health to them that's awa, Hiney."

CHORUS.

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
 Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear ;
 Thou art as sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
 And soft as their parting tear—Jessy !

ALTHO' thou maun never be mine,
 Altho' even hope is denied ;
 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 of sweet slumber,
 For then I am lockt in thy arms—Jessy !
 Here's a health, &c.

I guess by the dear angel smile,
 I guess by the love-rolling ee ;
 But why urge the tender confession
 'Gainst fortune's cruel decree—Jessy !
 Here's a health, &c.

THE BIRKS OF ABER-
FELDY.

CHORUS.

Bonnie lassie, will ye go, will ye go,
 w'il ye go,
 Bonnie Lassie, will ye go to the
 Birks of Aberfeldy ?

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

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

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
 The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
 O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading
 shaws,
 The Birks of Aberfeldy,
 Bonnie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flow-
 ers,
 White o'er the linn the burnie pours,
 And rising, weets wi' misty showers
 The Birks of Aberfeldy.
 Bonnie lassie, &c.

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

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

TUNE—"Morag."

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

The trees now naked groaning,
Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,
The birdies dowie moaning,
Shall a' be blythely singing,
And every flower be springing,
Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
When by his mighty warden
My youth's returned to fair Strath-
spey,
And bonie Castle-Gordon !

STAY, MY CHARMER.

TUNE—"An gille dubh ciar dhubh."

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

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

FULL WELL THOU KNOW'ST.

TUNE—"Rothiemurchus's rant."

CHORUS.

Fairest maid on Devon banks,
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou wert wont to do ?
FULL well thou know'st I love thee
dear,
Couldst thou to malice lend an ear ?

O, did not love exclaim, "Forbear,
Nor use a faithful lover so ?"
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.

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

THICKEST night, o'erhang my dwell-
ing !

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

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

In the cause of right engag'd,
Wrongs injurious to redress,
Honour's war we strongly wag'd,
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 !

RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

TUNE—M'Gregor of Ruara's lament.

RAVING winds around her blowing,
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing,
By a river hoarsely roaring,
Isabella stray'd deploring :
"Farewell, hours that late did meas-
ure

Sunshine days of joy and pleasure ;
Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow,
Cheerless night that knows no mor-
row !

"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,
Lead to misery most distressing,
Oh, how gladly I'd resign thee,
And to dark oblivion join thee !"

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

TUNE—"Druimion dubh."

Musing on the roaring ocean
Which divides my love and me ;
Wearying Heaven in warm devotion,
For his weal where'er he be.
Hope and fears'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 !

BLYTHER WAS SHE.

TUNE—"Andro and his cuttie gun."

CHORUS.

Blythe, blythe and merry was she,
Blythe was she but and ben ;
Blythe by the banks of Ern,
And blythe in Glenture's glen.
By Ochertyre 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 flower in May,
Her smile was like a simmer morn ;
She tripped by the banks of Ern
As light's a bird-upon a thorn.
Blythe, &c.

Her bonie face it was as meek
As onie lamb's upon a lee ;
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
As was the blink o' Phemie's ee.
Blythe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
And o'er the Lowland's I have been ;
But Phemie was the blythest lass
That ever trod the dewy green.
Blythe, &c.

PEGGY'S CHARMS.

TUNE—"Neil Gow's lamentation for Abercairny."

WHERE, braving angry winter's
storms,
The lofty Ochils rise,
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
First blest my wandering eyes.
As one who, by some savage stream,
A lonely gem surveys,
Astonish'd deubly, marks it beam
With art's most polish'd blaze.
Blest be the wild, sequester'd shade,
And blest the day and hour,
Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
When first I felt their pow'r !
The tyrant death with grim control
May seize my fleeting breath ;
But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must be a stronger death.

THE LAZY MIST.

IRISH AIR—"Coolun."

THE lazy mist hangs o'er the brow of the hill,
Concealing the course of the dark-winding rill ;
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
Autumn to winter resigns the pale year !
The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
And all the gay foppery of summer is flown ;
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
How quick time is flying, how keen fate pursues ;
How long I have lived, but how much lived in vain
How little of life's scanty span may remain ;

What aspects, Old Time, in his progress, has worn ;
 What ties, cruel fate in my bosom has torn.
 How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd !
 And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd !
 This life's not worth having with all it can give,
 For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

TUNE—"The Shepherd's Wife."

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

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

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

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

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,
 On trembling string or vocal air,
 Shall sweetly pay the tender care
 That 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.

TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

TUNE—"Invercauld's reel."

CHORUS.

O Tibbie, I hae seen the day,
 Ye would na 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 ye hae the name o' gear,
 Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
 Tho, harder he, for sense or lear,
 Be better than the kye.
 O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice,
 Your daddy's 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 na gie her in her sark,
 For thee wi' a' thy thousand mark ;
 Ye' need na look sae high.
 O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

I LOVE MY JEAN.

TUNE—"Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey."

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

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

O, WERE I ON PARNAS-
SUS' HILL!

TUNE—"My Love is lost to me."

O, WERE I on Parnassus' hill!
Or had of Helicon my fill;
That I might catch poetic skill,
To sing how dear I love thee.
But Nith maun be my Muse's well,
My Muse maun be thy bonie sel;
On Corsincon I'll 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 could na sing, I could na 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 looks, thy roguish cen—
By Heaven and earth I love thee!

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast
in flame;
And aye I muse and sing thy name—
I only live to love thee.

Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run;
Till then—and then I'd love thee.

THE BLISSFUL DAY.

TUNE—"Seventh of November."

THE day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet;
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er summer-sun was half sae
sweet.
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line;
Than kingly robes, than crowns and
globes,
Heaven gave me more, it made thee
mine.

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

THE BRAES O' BALLOCH-
MYLE.

TUNE—"Miss Forbes's farewell to Banff."

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea,
Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
But nature sicken'd on the ce.
Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
Hersel in beauty's bloom the while,
And aye the wild-wood echoes rang,
Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle.

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

THE HAPPY TRIO.

TUNE—"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.

CHORUS.

We are na fou, we're no that fou,
 But just a drappie in our ee,
 The cock may craw, the day may daw,
 And ay we'll taste the barley bree.

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

THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE.

TUNE—"The blathrie o't."

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

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

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

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

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

TAM GLEN.

TUNE—"The mucking o' Geordie's byre."

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

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

There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller,
 "Guid-day to you, brute !" he
 comes ben :

He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
 But when will he dance like Tam
 Glen ?

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

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

Yestreen at the Valentine's dealing,
 My heart to my mou gied a sten ;
 For thrice I drew ane without failing,
 And thrice it was written, Tam
 Glen.

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

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

GANE IS THE DAY.

TUNE—"Guidwife count the lawin."

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

CHORUS.

Then guidwife count the lawin, the
 lawin, the lawin,
 Then guidwife count the lawin, and
 bring a coggie mair.

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

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 can brawlie
 My Tocher's the jewel has charms for him.

It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree ;
 'T's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee ;
 My laddie's so meikle in luve wi' the siller,
 He canna 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 the bark o' yon rotten tree ;
 Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
 And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO WI' AN OLD MAN?

TUNE—"What can a Lassie do."

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

He's always compleenin frae mornin to e'nin,
 He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang :
 He's doylt and he's dozing, his bluid it is frozen,
 O, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man !

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

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

O, FOR ANE AND TWENTY,
 TAM !

TUNE—"The Moudiewort."

CHORUS.

An O for ane and twenty, Tam !
 An hey, sweet ane and twenty,
 Tam !
 I'll learn my kin a rattlin sang,
 An I saw ane and twenty, Tam.
 THEY snool me sair, and haud me
 down,
 And gar me look like bluntie, Tam !
 But three short years will soon wheel
 roun',
 And then comes ane and twenty,
 Tam.
 An O for ane, etc.

A gleib o' land', a claut o' gear,
 Was left me by my auntie, Tam ;
 At kith or kin I need na spier,
 An I saw ane and twenty, Tam.
 An O for ane, etc.

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, etc.

THE BONIE WEE THING.

TUNE—"The Lads of Saltcoats,"

BONIE 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 bonie face o' thine ;
 And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
 Lest my wee thing be na mine.

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

THE BANKS OF NITH.

TUNE—"Robie Donna Gorach."

THE Thames flows proudly to the sea,
 Where royal cities stately stand ;
 But sweeter flows the Nith to me,
 Where Cummins ance had high
 command :
 When shall I see that honour'd land,
 That winding stream I love so dear !
 Must wayward fortune's adverse hand
 For ever, ever keep me here ?
 How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
 Where spreading hawthorns gaily
 bloom ;
 How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,
 Where lambkins wanton thro' the
 broom !
 Tho' wandering, now, must be my
 doom,
 Far from thy bonie banks and braes,
 May there my latest hours consume,
 Among the friends of early days !

BESSY AND HER SPINNIN
 WHEEL.

TUNE—"Bottom of the Punch Bowl."

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 mi'k 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 hawthorne
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 ithers' lays :
The craik amang the claver hay,
The patrick 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 distress, below envy,
O wha wad leave this humble state,
For a' the pride of a' the great ?
Amid their flarin, idie toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy at her spinnin wheel ?

COUNTRY LASSIE.

TUNE—"John, come kiss me now."

In simmer when the hay was mawn,
And corn wav'd green in ilka field,
While claver blooms white o'er the
lea,

And roses blaw in ilka bield ;
Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel,
Says, "Ill be wed, come o't what
will ;"

Out spoke a dame in wrinkled eild,
"O' guid advisement comes nae ill.

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

"For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen
I diinna care a single flie ;
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
He has nae luv'e to spare for me ;

But blithe's the blink o' Robie's ee,
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear ;
Ae blink o' him I wad nae gie
For Buskie-glen and a' his gear."

"O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught !
The canniest gate, the strife is sair ;
But aye 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 ;
Syn'e as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the
yill."

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

FAIR ELIZA.

TUNE—"The bonie brucket Lassie,"

TURN again, thou fair Eliza,
Ae kind blink before we part,
Rue on thy despairing lover !
Canst thou break his faithfu' heart !
TURN again, thou fair Eliza ;
If to love thy heart denies,
For pity hide the cruel sentence
Under friendship's kind disguise !
Thee, dear maid, hae 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 in his ee,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
That thy presence gies to me.

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

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

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
 To this be never blind,
 Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,
 A woman has't by kind :
 O Woman lovely, Woman fair !
 An Angel's form's faun to thy
 share.
 'Twad been o'er meikle to gien' thae
 mair,
 I mean an Angel ruind.

THE POSIE.

O LUVE will venture in, where it daur na weel be seen,
 O luvie 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 bonie mou ;
 The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue,
 And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

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

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey,
 Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' lay.
 But the songster'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'ening star is near,
 And the diamond drops o' dew shall be her een sae clear ;
 The violet's for modesty which weel she fa's to wear,
 And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

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

THE BANKS O' DOON.

TUNE—"The Caledonian Hunt's delight."

YE banks and braes o' bonie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary fu' o' care!
 Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling
 bird,

That wantons thro' the flowering
 thorn:
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,
 Departed—never to return.

Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonie
 bird,

That sings beside thy mate,
 For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
 And wist na o' my fate.
 Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;
 And ilka bird sang o' its luvie,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
 And my fause luvie stole my rose,
 But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

Wi' iightsome heart I pu'd a rose
 Upon a morn in June;
 And sae I flourish'd on the morn,
 And sae was pu'd on noon.

VERSION PRINTED IN
THE MUSICAL MUSEUM.

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

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

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

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,
 To see the wood-bine twine,
 And ilka a bird sang o' its love,
 And sae did I o' mine.

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

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.

BEHOLD THE HOUR.

TUNE—"Oran Gaoil."

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive !
 Thou goest, thou darling of my
 heart :
 Sever'd from thee can I survive ?
 But fate has will'd, and we must
 part !
 I'll often greet this surging swell ;
 Yon distant isle will often hail :
 "E'en here I took the last farewell ;
 There latest mark'd her vanish'd
 sail."

Along the solitary shore,
 While flitting sea-fowls round me
 cry,
 Across the rolling, dashing roar,
 I'll westward turn my wistful eye :
 "Happy, thou Indian grove," I'll say,
 "Where now my Nancy's path may
 be !
 While thro' thy sweets she loves to
 stray,
 O tell me, does she muse on me ?"

WILLIE'S WIFE.

TUNE—"Tibbie Fowler in the Glen."

WILLIE WASTLE dwelt on Tweed,
 The spot they ca'd it Linkum-dod-
 die,
 Willie was a wabster guid,
 Cou'd stown a clue wi' onie bodie ;

He had a wife was dour and din,
 O Tinkler Madgie was her mither ;
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gie a button for her.

She has an ee, she has but ane,
 The cat has twa the very colour
 Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
 A clapper tongue wad deave a mil-
 ler ;

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 shin-
 n'd.

Ac limping leg a hand-breed short-
 er ;

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 shou-
 ther ;
 Sic a wife, &c.

Auld baudrons 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 hush-
 ion ;

Her walie nieves like mi'dlen-creels,
 Her face wad fyle the Logan-wa-
 ter ;

Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gie a button for her.

AFTON WATER.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise ;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
 Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
 I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
 For mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills
 There daily I wander as noon rises high,
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet col in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow ;
There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides ;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays ;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

LOUIS, WHAT RECK I BY THEE.

TUNE—"My Mother's aye glowering o'er me."

LOUIS, what reck I by thee,
Or Geordie on his ocean ?
Dyvour, beggar loons 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 !

BONIE BELL.

THE smiling spring comes in rejoicing,
And surly winter grimly flies :
Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
And bonnie blue are the sunny skies ;
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth
the morning,
The evening gilds the ocean's swell ;
All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
And I rejoice in my bonie Bell.
The flowery spring leads sunny summer,
Then in his turn comes gloomy winter,
Till smiling spring again appear.
Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
Old Time and Nature their changes tell,
But never ranging, still unchanging
I adore my bonie Bell.

FOR THE SAKE OF SOME BODY.

TUNE—"The Highland Watch's Farewell."

My heart is sair, I dare na tell,
My heart is sair for somebody ;
I could wake a winter night,
For the sake o' somebody !
Oh-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 would I not ?
For the sake o' somebody !

O MAY, THY MORN.

O MAY, thy morn was ne'er so 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 aye remember.
And dear, &c.
And here's to them, that, like oursel,
Can push about the jorum,
And here's to them that wish us weel,
May a' that's guid watch o'er them ;
And here's to them we dare na tell,
The dearest of the quorum.
And here's to, &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 aye the saut tear blins her ee :
Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,
A waefu' day it was to me ;
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.

Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to
see ;

And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's ee !
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be ;
For monie a heart thou hast made
sair,
That ne'er did wrong to thine or
thee.

A RED, RED ROSE.

TUNE—"Wishaw's favourite."

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

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

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

And fare thee weel, my only luve,
And fare thee weel awhile !
And I will come again, my luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

O, WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN.

TUNE—"The bonie Lass 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 blithe on yon town,
And on your bonie braes of Ayr ;
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.

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

My cave wad be a lover's 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 all else below,
But spare me, spare me Lucy dear.

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

A VISION.

TUNE—"Cumerock Psalms."

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

CHORUS.

A lassie, all alone, was making her
moan,

Lamenting our lads beyond the sea :
In the bluidy wars they fa', and our
honour's gane an' a',
And broken-hearted we maun die.

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 roarings swell and
fa's.

The cauld blue north was streaming
forth
Her lights, wi' hissing, eerie din ;
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Like fortune's favors, tint as win.

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

Had I a statue been o' stane
His darin look had daunted me :
And on his bonnet grav'd was plain
The sacred posy—Libertie !

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might rous'd the slumbering dead to
hear ;

But oh, it was a tale of 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 venture't in my rhymes.

O, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

TUNE—"The Lass of Livingstone."

O, 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 misfortunes 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,
Of earth and air, of earth and air,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert
there.

Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The only jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my
queen.

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

TUNE—"The denks dang o'er my daddy."

NAE gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,
Shall ever be my Muse's care ;
Their titles a' are empty show ;
Gie me my Highland lassie, O.

CHORUS.

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

Oh, were yon hills and valleys 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 billow's 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 honour's band !
Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O.

Fareweel the glen sae bushy, O !
Fareweel the plain sae rushy, O !
To other lands I now must go,
To sing my Highland lassie, O !

JOCKEY'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS.

JOCKEY'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 luve, ye winds that blaw,
Plashy sleet and beating rain !
Spare my luve, thou feathery snaw,
Drifting o'r the frozen plain !

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

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

PEGGY'S CHARMS.

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.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

CHORUS.

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

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

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

THO' CRUEL FATE.

THO' cruel fate should bid us part,
As far's the pole and line ;
Her dear idea round my heart
Should tenderly entwine.

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

I DREAM'D I LAY WHERE FLOWERS WERE SPRINGING.

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

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
 Such the pleasures I enjoy'd ;
 But lang^r or noon, loud tempests storm-
 ing
 A' my flowery bliss destroy'd.
 Tho' fickle fortune has deceiv'd me,
 She promis'd fair, and perform'd but
 ill ;
 Of monie a joy and hope bereav'd me,
 I bear a heart shall support me still.

BONIE ANN.

YE gallants bright, I red you 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 jimpy lac'd her genty waist,
 That sweetly ye might span.
 Youth grace, and love, attendant move,
 And pleasure leads the van ;
 In a' their charms, and conquering
 arms,
 They wait on bonie Ann.

The captive bands may chain the
 hands,
 But love enslaves the man ;
 Ye gallants braw, I red you a',
 Beware o' bonie Ann.

MY BONIE 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 bonie lassie.
 The boat rocks at the pier of Leith ;
 Fu' loud the wind blaes frae the
 ferry ;
 The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
 And I maun leave my bonie Mary.
 The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
 The glittering spears are rauked
 ready ;
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,
 The battle closes thick and bloody ;
 But it's no the roar o' sea or shore
 Wad makes me langer wish to tarry ;
 Nor shout o' war that's heard afar,
 It's leaving thee, my bonie Mary.

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 forever I love.

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

THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.

TUNE—" Neil Gow's lament."

THERE'S a youth in this city, it were a great pity,
 That he from our lasses should wander awa ;
 For he's bonie and braw, weel-favour'd witha',
 And his hair has a natural buckle and a'.

His coat is the hue of his bonnet sae blue ;
 His fecket as 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 brav
 But chiefly the siller, that gars him gang till her,
 The pennie's the jewel that beautifies a'.
 There's Meg wi' the mailin, that fain wad a haen him,
 And Susy whase daddy was Laird o' the ha';
 There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy,
 —But the laddie's dear sel he lo'es dearest of a'.

THE RANTIN DOG THE I DO CONFESS THOU ART DADDIE O'T. SAE FAIR.

TUNE—" East nook o' Fife."

O WHA my babie-clouts will buy ?
 Wha will tent me when I cry ?
 Wha will kiss me whare I lie ?
 The rantin dog the daddie o't.

Wha will own he did the faut ?
 Wha will buy my groanin maut ?
 Wha will tell me how to ca't ?
 The rantin dog the daddie o't.

When I mount the creepie-chair,
 Wha will sit beside me there ?
 Gie me Rob, I seek nae mair,
 The rantin dog the daddie o't.

Wha will crack to me my lane ?
 Wha will mak me fidgin fain ?
 Wha will kiss me o'er agin ?
 The rantin dog the daddie o't.

I do confess thou art sae fair,
 I wad been o'er the lugs in luve;
 Had I not found the slightest prayer
 That lips could speak, thy heart
 could muve.

I do confess thee sweet, but find
 Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets,
 Thy favours are the silly wind
 That kisses ilka thing it meets.

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

Sic fate ere lang shall thee betide,
 Tho' thou may gaily bloom a while ;
 Yet soon thou shalt be thrown aside,
 Like onie common weed and vile.

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 mak 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.

FAREWELL TO NANCY.

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 forever.
 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 pledge
 thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage
 thee.

THE BONIE BLINK O' MARY'S EE.

Now bank an'brae are clath'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'ning fa's
 There wi' my Mary let me flee,
 There catch her ilka glance o' love,
 The bonie blink o' Mary's ee !

The child wha boasts o' world's wealth,
 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 bonnie blink o' Mary's ee !

GUT OVER THE FORTH.

GUT over the Forth I look to the
north,

But what is the north and its High-
lands 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.

THE BONIE LAD THAT'S
FAR AWAY.

TUNE—"Owre the hills and far awa'."

O how can I be blithe 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' ?

It's no the frosty winter wind,
It's no the driving drift and snaw ;
But ay the tear comes in my ee,
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 gae to me,
And silken snoods he gae 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 clead the birken-
shaw :

And my sweet babie will be born,
And he'll come hame that's far awa'.

THE GOWDEN LOCKS OF
ANNA.

TUNE—"Banks of Banna."

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 !

POSTSCRIPT.

The kirk and state may join, and tell
To do such things I mauna :

The kirk and state may gae to hell,
And I'll gae to my Anna.

She is the sunshine o' my ee,
To live but her I canna ;

Had I on earth but wishes three.
The first should be my Anna.

BANKS OF DEVON.

How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,
With green-spreading bushes, and flowers blooming fair !
But the boniest flower on the banks of the Devon
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.

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

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

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

ADOWN WINDING NITH.

TUNE—"The muckin' o' Gordie's byre."

ADOWN winding Nith I did wander,
 To mark the sweet flowers as they
 spring ;

Adown winding Nith I did wander,
 Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

CHORUS.

Awa wi' your belles and your beauties,
 They never wi' her can compare :
 Whae'er has met wi' my Phillis,
 Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

The daisy amus'd my fond fancy,
 So artless, so simple, so wild ;
 Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis,
 For she is Simplicity's child.
 Awa, etc.

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

You knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
 They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie :
 Her breath is the breath of the wood-
 bine,
 Its dew-drop o' diamond, her eye.
 Awa, etc.

Her voice is the song of the morning
 That wakes through the green-
 spreading grove
 When Phœbus peeps over the moun-
 tains,
 On music, and pleasure, and love.
 Awa, etc.

But beauty how frail and how fleeting,
 The bloom of a fine summer's day !
 While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
 Will flourish without a decay.
 Awa, etc.

STREAMS THAT GLIDE.

TUNE—"Morag."

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

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

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

THE DEIL'S AWA' WI' THE
EXCISEMAN.

THE Deil cam fiddling thro' the town,
And danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman;
And ilka wife cry'd "Auld Mahoun,
We wish you luck o' your prize,
man.

"We'll mak our maut, and brew
our drink,
We'll dance, and sing, and re-
joice, man;
And monie thanks to the muckle
black De'il
That danc'd awa wi' the Excise-
man.

"There's threesome reels, and four-
some reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys,
man;
But the ae best dance e'er cam to our
lan',
Was—the De'il's awa wi' the Excise-
man.
We'll mak our maut," etc.

BLITHE HAE I BEEN ON
YON HILL.

TUNE—"Liggeram cosh."

BLITHE hae I been on yon hill,
As the lambs before me;
Careless ilka thought and free,
As the breeze flew o'er me:
Now nae langer sport and play,
Mirth or sang can please me;
Lesley is sae fair and coy,
Care and anguish seize me,
Heavy, heavy is the task,
Hopeless love declaring:
Frembling, I dow nocht but glowr,
Sighing, dumb, despairing!
If she winna ease the thraws
In my bosom swelling,
Underneath the grass-green sod
Soon maun be my dwelling.

O WERE MY LOVE YON
LILAC FAIR.

TUNE—"Hughie Graham."

O WERE my love yon lilac fair,
Wi' purple blossoms to the spring;
And I, a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing;

How 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 re-
new'd.

O gin my love were yon red rose
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysel' a drap o' dew,
Into her bonie breast to fa'!

OL, there beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night:
Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till fley'd awa' by Phœbus' light.

COME, LET ME TAKE
THEE.

TUNE—"Cauld kail."

COME, let me take thee to my breast,
And pledge we ne'er shall sunder,
And I shall spurn as vilest dust
The world's wealth and grandeur:
And do I hear my Jeanie own
That equal transports move her?
I ask for dearest life alone
That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms wi' all thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure;
I'll seek na mair o' heaven to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure:
And by thy een, sae bonie blue,
I swear I'm thine forever!
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never.

WHERE ARE THE JOYS.

TUNE—"Saw ye my Father?"

WHERE are the joys I have met in the morning,
That danc'd to the lark's early sang?
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
At evening the wild woods amang?

No more a-winding the course of yon river,
 And marking sweet flowrets so fair :
 No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
 But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,
 And grim, surly winter is near ?
 No, no, the bees humming round the gay roses,
 Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
 Yet long, long too well have I known :
 All that has caus'd this wreck in my bosom,
 Is Jennie, 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.

O SAW YE MY DEAR.

TUNE—"When she cam ben she bobbit."

O SAW ye my dear, my Phely ?
 O saw ye my dear, my Phely ?
 She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a
 new love,

She wiuna come home to her Willy,

What says she, my dearest Phely ?
 What says she, my dearest, Phely ?
 She lets thee to wit that she has thee
 forgot,

And forever disowns thee her Willy.

O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely !
 O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely !
 As light as the air, and fause as thou's
 fair,
 Thou'st broken the heart o' thy
 Willy,

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER, JAMIE.

TUNE—"Fee him, father."

THOU hast left me ever, Jamie,
 Thou hast left me ever ;
 Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
 Thou hast left me ever.
 Aften hast thou vowed that death
 Only should us sever ;
 Now thou'st left thy lass for aye—
 I maun see thee never, Jamie,
 I'll see thee never !

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
 Thou hast me forsaken ;
 Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
 Thou hast me forsaken.
 Thou canst love anither jo,
 While my heart is breaking ;
 Soon my weary een I'll close—
 Never mair to waken, Jamie,
 Ne'er mair to waken !

MY CHLORIS.

TUNE—"My lodging is on the cold ground."

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

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

Let minstrels sweep the skillfu' string
 In lordly lighted ha' :
 The shepherd stops his simple reed,
 Blythe, in the birken shaw.

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

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

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

CHARMING MONTH OF MAY.

TUNE—"Dainty Davie."

It was the charming month of May,
 When all the flowers were fresh and
 gay,
 One morning, by the break of day,
 The youthful, charming Chloe ;
 From peaceful slumber she arose,
 Girt on her mantle and her hose,
 And o'er the flowery mead she goes,
 The youthful, charming Chloe.

CHORUS.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
 Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
 Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
 The youthful, charming Chloe.
 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-rival'd by the radiant eyes
 Of youthful, charming Chloe.
 Lovely was she, &c.

LET NOT WOMAN EVER COMPLAIN.

TUNE—"Duncan Gray."

LET not woman e'er complain
 Of inconstancy in love,
 Let not woman e'er complain,
 Fickle man is apt to rove :

Look abroad through Nature's range,
 Nature's mighty law is change ;
 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.

O PHILLY.

TUNE—"The sow's tail."

HE.

O PHILLY, happy be that day
 When, roving thro' the gather'd hay,
 My youthfu' heart was stown away,
 And by thy charms, my Philly.

SHE.

O Willy, aye I bless the grove
 Where first I own'd my maiden love,
 Whilst thou didst pledge the Powers
 above
 To be my ain dear Willy.

HE.

As songsters of the early year
 Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
 So ilka day to me mair dear
 And charming is my Philly.

SHE.

As on the brier the budding rose
 Still richer breathes and fairer blows,
 So in my tender bosom grows
 The love I bear my Willy.

HE.

The milder sun and bluer sky,
 That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
 Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye
 As is the sight o' Philly.

SHE.

The little swallow's wanton wing,
 Tho' wafting o'er the flowery spring,
 Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring
 As meeting o' my Willy.

HE.

The bee that thro' the sunny hour
Sips nectar in the opening flower,
Compar'd wi' my delight is poor,
Upon the lips o' Philly.

SHE.

The woodbine in the dewy weet
When evening shades in silence meet
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet
As is a kiss o' Willy.

HE.

Let fortune's wheel at random rin,
And fools may tyne, and knaves may
win ;
My thoughts are a' bound up in ane,
And that's my ain dear Philly.

SHE.

What's a' the joys than gowd can gie !
I care na wealth o' single flie ;
The lad I love's the lad for me,
And that's my ain dear Willy.

JOHN BARLEYCORN

A BALLAD.

THERE was three Kings into the east,
Three Kings both great and high,
And 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.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age ;
And then his enemies began
To shew their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon, long and
sharp,
And cut him by the knee ;
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore ;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe,
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones ;
But a miller us'd him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two
stones.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's
blood,
And drank it round and round ;
And still the more and more they
drank,
Their joy did more abound.

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 !

CANST THOU LEAVE ME
THUS?

TUNE—"Roy's Wife."

Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Well thou know'st my aching heart,
And canst thou leave me thus for pity?

Is this thy plighted, fond regard,
Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?
Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
An aching, broken heart, my Katy?
Canst thou, &c.

Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
That fickle heart of thine, my Katy!
Thou may'st find those will love thee
dear—

But not a love like mine, my Katy.
Canst thou, &c.

ON CHLORIS BEING ILL.

TUNE—"Aye waukin o'."

Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.

CAN I cease to care,
Can I cease to languish,
While my darling fair
Is on the couch of anguish?
Long, &c.

Every hope is fled,
Every fear is terror;
Slumber e'en I dread,
Every dream is horror.
Long, &c.

Hear me, Pow'r's divine!
Oh, in pity hear me!
Take aught else of mine,
But my Chloris spare me!
Long, &c.

WHEN GUILFORD GOOD
OUR PILOT STOOD.

A FRAGMENT.

TUNE—"Gillicrankie."

WHEN Guilford good our Pilot stood,
An' did our hellim thrav, man,
Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
Within America, man:

Then up they gat the maskin-pat,
And in the sea did jaw, man;
An' did nae less, in full Congress,
Than quite refuse our law, man,

Then thro' the lakes Montgomery
takes,

I wat he was na slaw, man;
Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn,
And Carleton did ca', man:
But yet, what-reck, he, at Quebec,
Montgomery-like did fa', man,
Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
Amaug his en'mies a', man.

Poor Tammy Gage, within a cage
Was kept at Boston h', 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 sna', 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;
And Sackville doure, wha stood tho
stoure,

The German Chief to thrav, 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 thrav man,
For North and 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 sair *faux pas*, man ;
The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
On Chatham's boy did ca', man ;
An' Scotland drew her pipe, an' blew,
"Up, Willie, waur them a' man !"
Behind the throne then Grenville's
gone

A secret word or twa, man ;
While slee Dundas arousd'd the class
Be-north the Roman wa', man ;
An' Chatham's wraith, - in heavenly
graith,

(Inspired Bardie's saw, man.)
Wi' kindling eyes ery'd, "Willie, rise !
Would I hae fear'd them a', man !"

But, word and blow, North, Fox an' 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 make it guid in law, man.

THE RIGS O' BARLEY.

TUNE—"Corn rigs are bonie."

It was upon a Lammas night,
When the corn rigs are bonie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa to Annie ;
The time flew by, wi' tentless heed,
Till 'tween the late and early,
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,
To see me thro' the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly ;
I set her down, wi' right good will,
Among the rigs o' barley ;
I ken't her heart was a' my ain ;
I lov'd her most sincerely ;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again
Among the rigs o' barley.

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

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear ;
I hae been merry drinking ;
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear ;
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'
Among the rigs o' barley

CHORUS.

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

FAREWELL TO ELIZA.

TUNE—"Gilderey."

FROM thee, Eliza, I must go,
And from my native shore ;
The cruel fates between us thro'
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 thro' that leaves my heart
While death stands victor by,
That thro', Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh !

MY NANIE, O.

BEHIND you hills where Stinchae
flows,
'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
And I'll awa' to Nanie, O.

The westlin wind blaws loud an' shill ;
The night's baith mirk and rainy, O ;
But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,
An' owre the hill to Nanie, O.

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

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

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few there be,
I'm welcome aye to Nanie, 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 Nanie, O!

Our auld Guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, O.
But I'm as blythe that hauds his
pleugh,
An' has nae care but Nanie, O.

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

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

A FRAGMENT.
CHORUS.

Green grow the rashes, O;
Green grow the rashes, O,
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent among the lasses, O!
THERE'S nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes, O;
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'were na for the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

The warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tupsalteeie, O!
Green grow, &c.

For you be 'ouse, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:
The wisest man the warl' saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.
Green grow &c.

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

NOW WESTLIN WINDS,

TUNE—"I had a horse, I had nae mair."
Now westlin winds and slaught' ring
guns

Bring autumn's pleasant weather;
The moorcock springs on whirring
wings,

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 loves the lonely dells.

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

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender;
Some social join, and leagues combine;
Some solitary wander:
Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion;
The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring
cry,

The flutt'ring, gory pinion!

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

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

THE BIG-BELLIED BOTTLE.

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

No churchman am I for to rail and to write,
No statesman nor soldier to plot or to fight,
No sly man of business contriving a snare,
For a big-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 there,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

Here passes the squire on his brother—a 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 the big-belly'd bottle's a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make ;
A letter informed me that all was to wreck ;
But the pury 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 wi' the old prig to a hair,
For a big-belly'd bottle's a heav'n of a care.

A STANZA ADDED IN A MASON'S LODGE.

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

THE AUTHOR'S FAREWELL TO HIS NATIVE COUNTRY.

TUNE—"Roslin Castle."

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain ;
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scattered 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 bonie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore ;
Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear :
But round my heart the ties are
bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a
wound :
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonie banks of Ayr.

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

THE FAREWELL.

TO THE BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES'S LODGE,
 TARBOLTON,

TUNE—"Guid night, and joy be wi' you a'."

ADIEU ! a heart-warm, fond adieu !
 Dear brothers of the mystic tie !
 Ye favor'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 com-
 mand,

Presided o'er the sons of light :
 And by that hieroglyphic bright,
 Which none but craftsmen ever
 saw !

Strong mem'ry on my heart shall
 write

Those happy scenes when far awa' !

May freedom, harmony and love,

Unite you in the grand design,
 Beneath th' Omniscient eye above,
 The glorious Architect Divine !

That you may keep the unerring line,
 Still rising by the plummet's law,
 Till order bright completely shine,
 Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

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'.

AND MAUN I STILL ON MENIE DOAT.

TUNE—"Jockie's grey breeks."

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

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' its like a
 hawk,

An' it winna let a body be !

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
 In vain to me the violet's 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 aye that never wauks
 And maun I still, &c.

The wanton coot the water skims,
 Among the reeds the ducklings cry,
 The stately swan majestic swims,
 And everything is blest but I.
 And maun I still, &c.

The sheep-herd steeks his fauldin'
 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 cheerless
soul,

When Nature all is sad like me !

And maun I still on Menie doat,
And bear the scorn that's in her
e'e ?

For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like
a hawk,
An' it winna let a body be !

HIGHLAND MARY.

TUNE—"Katharine Ogie."

YE banks and braes, and streams
around

The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your
flowers,

Your waters never drumlie !
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry ;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green
birk,

How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom !

The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
For dear to me as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow, and lock'd em-
brace,

Our parting was fu' tender ;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder ;

But oh ! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipped 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 mould'ring now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly !
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

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 paidl't i' the burn,
From morning 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 guid willie-
waught,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine ;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

BANNOCKBURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

TUNE—"Hey tuttie tattie."

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led ;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victorie.

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

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

Wha for Scotland's King and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or free-man fa';
Caledonia! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall—they *shall* be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! let us do, or die!

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

TUNE—"The auld wife ayont the fire."

WHERE Cart rins rowin to the sea,
By monie a flow'er and spreading
tree,

There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant weaver.

Oh I had woocers aught or nine,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine;
And I was fear'd my heart would
tine,

And I gied it to the weaver,

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

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers;
While bees rejoice in opening flowers;
While corn grows green in simmer
showers,

I'll love my gallant weaver.

SONG.

ANNA, thy charms my bosom fire,
And waste my soul with care;
But ah! how bootless to admire,
When fated to despair!

Yet in thy presence, lovely fair,
To hope may be forgiven;
For sure, 'twere impious to despair
So much in sight of heaven.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toil obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The man's the godd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-gray, and a' that;
Gie folks their silks, and knaves their
wine,
A man's a man for a that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is King o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a'
that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his
might,
Guid faith he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o'
worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that;
That sense and worth, o'er a' the
earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

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 crystal waters round us fa',
'The merry birds are lovers a',
'The scented breezes round us blaw,
A wandering wi' my Davie.
Meet me, etc.

When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
'Then through the dews I will repair.
To meet my faithfu' Davie.
Meet me, etc.

When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,
I flee to his arms I lo'e best,
And that's my ain dear Davie.
Meet me, etc.

TO MR. CUNNINGHAM.

TUNE—"The hopeless lover."

Now spring has clad the groves in
green,

And strew'd the lea wi' flowers ;
The furrow'd waving corn is seen

Rejoice in fostering showers ;
While ilka thing in nature join
Their sorrows to forego,

O why thus all alone are mine
The weary steps of woe !

The trout within yon wimpling burn
Glides swift, a silver dart,
And safe beneath the shady thorn
Defies the angler's art :

My life was once that careless stream,
'That wanton trout was I ;
But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
Has scorched my fountain 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 blithe her dewy wings
In morning's rosy eye ;
As little reckt I sorrow's power,
Until the flowery snare
O' witching love in luckless hour,
Made me the thrall o' care

O had my fate been Greenland's
snows,
Or Afric's burning zone,
Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes,
So Peggy ne'er I'd known !
The wretch whose doom is, "I hope
nae mair !"
What tongue his woes can tell
Within whose bosom, save despair
Nae kinder spirits dwell.

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 ?

WHY, WHY TELL THY LOVER.

TUNE—"Caledonian Hunt's delight."

WHY, why tell thy lover,	O why, while fancy, raptur'd, slum-
Bliss he never must enjoy ?	bers,
Why, why undeceive him,	Chloris, Chloris all the theme !
And give all his hopes the lie ?	Why, why wouldst thou, cruel,
	Wake thy lover from his dream ?

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 pledg'd her their godheads to warrant it good.

A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,
 The pride of her kindred the heroine grew ;
 Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore,
 " Whoe'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter shall rue !"
 With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,
 To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn :
 But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort,
 Her darling amusement, the hounds and the horn.

Long quiet she reign'd ; till thitherward steers
 A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand ;
 Repeated, successive, for many long years,
 They darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the land.
 Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,
 They conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside ;
 She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly,
 The daring invaders they fled or they died.

The fell Harpy-raven took wing from the north,
 The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the shore ;
 The wild Scandinavian boar issu'd forth
 To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore :
 O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd,
 No arts could appease them, no arms could repel ;
 But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,
 As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell.

The Cameleon-savage disturb'd her repose,
 With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife ;
 Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose,
 And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life :
 The Anglian lion, the terror of France,
 Oft prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver flood ;
 But, taught by the bright Caledonian lance,
 He learned to fear in his own native wood.

Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free,
 Her bright course of glory for ever shall run :
 For brave Caledonia immortal must be ;
 I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun :
 Rectangle-triangle the figure we'll choose,
 The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base ;
 But brave Caledonia's the hypothenuse ;
 Then ergo, she'll match them, and match them always.

ON THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR,

BETWEEN THE DUKE OF ARGYLE AND THE
 EARL OF MAR.

TUNE—"The Cameronian rant."

"O CAM ye here the fight to shun,
 Or herd the sheep wi' me, man ?
 Or were you at the Sherra-muir,
 And did the battle see, man ?"
 I saw the battle, sair and teugh,
 And reeking-red ran monie 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 monie a bouk did fa', man :
 And 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.

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 of
 breath,
 They fled like frightened doos, man.

"O how deil, Tam, can that be true ?
 The chase gaed frae the north, man :
 I saw mysel, they did pursue
 The horseman back to Forth, man ;
 And at Dumblane, in my ain sight,
 They took the brig wi' a' their might,
 And straught to Sterling wing'd their
 flight ;
 But, cursèd lot ! the gates were shut,
 And monie a huntit, poor red-coat,
 For fear amaist did swarf, man."

My sister Kate cam up the gate
 Wi' crowdie unto me, man ;
 She swore she saw some rebels run
 Frae Perth unto Dundee, man :
 Their left-hand general had nae skill,
 The Angus lads had nae guid-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
 Among the Highland clans, man ;
 I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,
 Or fallen in whiggish hands, man :
 Now wad ye sing this double fight,
 Some fell for wrang, and some for right
 But monie bade the world guid-night ;
 Then ye may tell, how pell and mell,
 By red claymores, and muskets' knell,
 Wi' dying yell, the tories fell,
 And whigs to hell did flee, man.

THE DUMFRIES VOLUN- TEERS.

TUNE—"Push about the jorum."
 April, 1759.

DOES haughty Gaul invasion threat ?
 Then let the loons beware, Sir,
 There's wooden walls upon our seas,
 And volunteers on shore, Sir.

Nith shall run to Corsincon,
 And Criffel sink to Solway,
 Ere we permit a foreign foe
 On British ground to rally !
 Fal de ral, &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 Britisⁿ wrangs be righted !
 Fal de ral &c.

The kettle o' the kirk and state,
 Perhaps a claut may fail in't ;
 But deil a foreign tinkler loon
 Shall ever ca' a nail in't.
 Our fathers' bluid the kettle bought,
 And wha wad dare to spoil it ;
 By heaven, the sacrilegious dog
 Shall fuel be to boil it.
 Fal de ral, &c.

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
 And the wretch his true-born
 brother,
 Who would set the mob aboon the
 throne,
 May they be damned 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.

O WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES
 ME ?

TUNE—" Morag."

O WHA is she that lo'es me,
 And has my heart a-keeping ?
 O sweet is she that lo'es me,
 As dews o' 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' womankind,
 And ne'er-a ane to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie,
 In grace and beauty charming,
 That e'en thy chosen lassie,
 Erewhile thy breast sae warming,
 Had ne'er sic powers alarming ;
 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.

CAPTAIN GROSE.

TUNE—" Sir John Malcolm."

KEN ye ought o' Captain Grose ?
 Igo, and ago,
 If he's amang his friends or foes ?
 Iram, coram, dago.

Is he South, or is he North ?
 Igo, and ago,
 Or drowned in the river Forth ?
 Iram, coram, dago.

Is he slain by Highland bodies ?
 Igo, and ago,
 And eaten like a wether-haggis ?
 Iram, coram, dago.

Is he to Abram's bosom gane ?
 Igo, and ago,
 Or haudin Sarah by the wame ?
 Iram, coram, dago.

Where'er he be, the Lord be near him !
 Igo, and ago,
 As for the deil, he daur na steer him.
 Iram, coram, dago.

But please transmit th' enclosed letter,
 Igo, and ago,
 Which will oblige your humble debtor,
 Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye hae auld stanes in store,
 Igo, and ago,
 The very stanes that Adam bore.
 Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye get in glad possession,
Igo, and ago,
The coins o' Satan's coronation !
Iram, coram, dago.

WHISTLE OWRE 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 owre 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 owre the lave o't.

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

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

O, ONCE I LOV'D A BONIE LASS.

TUNE—"I am a Man unmarried."

O, ONCE I lov'd a bonie lass,
Ay, and I love her still,
And whilst that virtue warms my
breast

I'll love my handsome Nell.
Fal lal de ral, &c

As bonie lasses I hae seen,
And monie full as braw,
But for a modest gracefu' mien
The like I never saw.

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

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

She dresses aye sae clean and neat,
Both decent and genteel ;

And then there's something in her gait
Gars onie 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 lal de ral, &c.

YOUNG JOCKEY.

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

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
Thro' wind and weed, thro' frost
and snaw ;
And o'er the lea I look fu' fain
When Jockey's owsen hameward
ca'.

An' aye the night comes round again,
When in his arms he takes me a' ;
An' aye he vows he'll be my ain
As lang's he has a breath to draw.

M'PHERSON'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and
strong,
The wretch's destinie :
M'Pherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows tree.

CHORUS.

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 monie 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 avengèd be.
Sae rantingly, &c.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine
bright,
And all beneath the sky !
May ecward shame disdain his name,
The wretch that dares not die !
Sae rantingly, &c.

THE DEAN OF FACULTY.

A NEW BALLAD.

TUNE—"The Dragon of Wantley."

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 fa-
mous 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 the tenth remem-
ber'd.

Yet simple Bob the victory got,
And won his heart's desire ;
Which shews that heaven can boil the
pot,
Though the devil piss in the fire.

Squire Hal besides had, in this case,
Pretensions rather brassy,
For talents to deserve a place
Are qualifications saucy ;
So their worship 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.

In your heretic sins may ye live and
die,
Ye heretic eight and thirty !
But accept, ye sublime Majority,
My congratulations hearty.
With your Honors and a certain King,
In your servants this is striking—
The more incapacity they bring,
The more they're to your liking.

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.

There's nane sall ken, there's nane sail
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 !

A BOTTLE AND FRIEND.

HERE'S a bottle and an honest friend !
What wad ye wish for mair, man ?
Wha kens, before his life may end,
What his share may be o' care,
man ?
Then catch the moments as they fly,
And use them as ye ought, man :
Believe me, happiness is shy,
And comes not ay when sought,
man.

I'LL KISS THEE YET.

TUNE—"The Braes of Balquhiddier."

CHORUS.

I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
 And I'll kiss thee o'er again,
 And I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
 My bonie Peggy Alison!

I'll 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 the een 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.

ON CESSNOCK BANKS.

TUNE—"If he be a Butcher neat and trim."

ON Cessnock banks a lassie dwells;
 Could I describe her shape and
 mien;

Our lasses a' she far excels,
 An' she has twa sparkling rogueish
 een.

She's sweeter than the morning dawn
 When rising Phœbus first is seen,
 And dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn;
 An' she has twa sparkling rogueish
 een.

She's stately like yon youthful ash
 That grows the cowslip braes be-
 tween,
 And drinks the stream with vigour
 fresh;
 An' she has twa sparkling rogueish
 een.

She's spotless like the flow'ring thorn
 With flow'rs so white and leaves so
 green,

When purest in the dewy morn;
 An' she has twa sparkling rogueish
 een.

Her looks are like the vernal May,
 When ev'ning Phœbus shines serene,
 While birds rejoice on every spray;
 An' she has twa sparkling rogueish
 een.

Her hair is like the curling mist
 That climbs the mountain-sides at
 e'en,
 When flow'r-reviving rains are past;
 An' she has twa sparkling rogueish
 een.

Her forehead's like the show'ry bow,
 When gleaming sunbeams intervene
 And gild the distant mountain's brow,
 An' she has twa sparkling rogueish
 een.

Her cheeks are like yon crimson gem,
 The pride of all the flowery scene,
 Just opening on its thorny stem;
 An' she has twa sparkling rogueish
 een.

Her teeth are like the nightly snow
 When pale the morning rises keen,
 While hid the murmuring streamlets
 flow,
 An' she has twa sparkling rogueish
 een.

Her lips are like yon cherries ripe,
 That sunny walls from Boreas
 screen;
 They tempt the taste and charm the
 sight;
 An' she has two sparkling rogueish
 een.

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

Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush
 That sings on Cessnock banks un-
 seen,
 While his mate sits nestling in the
 bush ;
 An' she has twa sparkling rogueish
 een.

But its not her air, her form, her face,
 Tho' matching beauty's fabled
 queen,
 'Tis the mind that shines in every
 grace,
 An' chiefly in her rogueish een.

PRAYER FOR MARY.

TUNE—"Blue Bonnets."

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

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

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME.

A 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.

YOUNG PEGGY.

TUNE—"Last time I cam o'er the Muir."

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

Her lips more than the cherries bright,
 A richer dye has grac'd them ;
 They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,
 And sweetly tempt to taste them :
 Her smile is as the 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 Springs unbends the
 brow
 Of surly, savage Winter,
 Distraction's eye no aim can gain
 Her winning powers to lessen ;
 And fretful Envy grin in vain,
 The poison'd tooth to fasten.

Ye Pow'rs of Honour, Love, and
 Truth,
 From ev'ry ill defend her ;
 Inspire the highly favour'd youth
 The destinies intend her ;
 Still fan the sweet connubial flame
 Responsive in each bosom ;
 And bless the dear parental name
 With many a filial blossom.

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.

THERE WAS A LAD.

TUNE—"Dainty Davie."

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

Robin was a rovin' Boy,
 Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin' ;
 Robin was a rovin' Boy,
 Rantin' rovin' Robin.

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

The gossip keekit in his loof,
 Quo' scho wha lives will see the proof,
 This 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 lassies lie aspar,
 But twenty fauts ye may hae waur,
 So blessings on ye, Robin,

Robin was a rovin' Boy,
 Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin' ;
 Robin was a rovin' Boy,
 Rantin' rovin' Robin.

TO MARY.

TUNE—"Ewe-bughts, Marion."

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

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

I hae sworn by the Heavens to my
 Mary,
 I hae sworn by the Heavens to be
 true ;
 And sae may the Heavens forget me,
 When I forget my vow !

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

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,
 In mutual affection to join,
 And curst be the cause that shall part
 us !

The hour, and the moment o' time !

MARY MORISON.

TUNE—"Bide Ye Yct."

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

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

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
 Wha for thy sake would gladly die?
 Or canst thou break that heart of his,
 Whase only 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,

THE SODGER'S RETURN.

TUNE—"The Mill Mill O."

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was
 blawn,
 And gentle peace returning,
 Wi' many 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 reached the bonie glen,
 Where early life I sported;
 I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,
 Where Nancy aft I courted:
 Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
 Down by her mother's dwelling!
 And turn'd me round to hide the flood
 That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, Sweet lass,
 Sweet as yon hawthorn blossom,
 O happy, happy may he be,
 That's dearest to thy bosom!

My purse is light, Y've far to gang,
 And fain wad be thy lodger;
 I've serv'd my King and Country
 lang—
 Take pity on a sodger!

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
 And lovelier was than ever:
 Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,
 Forget him shall I never:
 Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
 Ye freely shall partake it,
 That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
 Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

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

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

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

MY FATHER WAS A FARMER.

TUNE—"The Weaver and his Shuttle, O."

My Father was a Farmer upon the Carrick border, O
 And carefully he bred me in decency and order, O
 He bade me act a manly part, though I had ne'er a farthing, 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 education, 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 favour ; O
 Some cause unseen still stept between, to frustrate each endeavour, O
 Sometimes by foes I was overpowered ; sometimes by friends forsaken ; O
 And when my hope was at the top, I still was worst mistaken, O.

Then sore harass'd, and tired 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 untried ; O
 But the present hour was in my pow'r, and so I would enjoy it, O.

No help, nor hope, nor view had I ! nor person to befriend me ; O
 So I must toil, and sweat and broil, and labour to sustain me, O
 To plough and sow, 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's frown still hunts me down, with all her wonted malice ; O
 I make indeed my daily bread, but ne'er can make it farther ; O
 But as daily bread is all I need, I do not much regard her, O.

When sometimes by my labour I earn a little money, O
 Some unforeseen misfortune comes 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 ardour, O
 The more in this you look for bliss, you leave the 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.

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

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

BONIE LESLEY.

TUNE—"The Collier's bonnie Dochter."

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 ne'er made sic anither !
 Thou art a queen, Fair Lesley,
 Thy subjects we, before thee :
 Thou art divine, Fair Lesley,
 The hearts o' men adore thee.
 The Deil he could na scaith thee,
 Or aught that wad belang thee ;
 He'd look into thy bonie face,
 And say, " I canna wrang thee."

The 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.

AMANG THE TREES.

TUNE—"The King of France, he rade a race."

AMANG the trees where humming bees
 At buds and flowers were hinging, O
 Auld Caledon drew out her drone,
 And to her pipe was singing ; O
 'Twas Pibroch, Sang, Strathspey, or
 Reels,
 She dirl'd them aff fu' clearly, O
 When there cam a yell o' foreign
 squeels,
 That dang her 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 wearie : 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.

WHEN FIRST I CAME TO STEWART KYLE.

TUNE—"I had a horse and I had nae mair."

WHEN first I came to Stewart Kyle,
 My mind it was na steady,
 Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade,
 A mistress still I had aye :
 But when I came roun' by Mauchline
 town,
 Not dreading onie body,
 My heart was caught before I thought,
 And by a Mauchline lady.

ON SENSIBILITY.

TO MY DEAR AND MUCH HONOURED FRIEND,
 MRS. DUNLOP, OF DUNLOP.

AIR—"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.

MONTGOMERIE'S PEGGY.

TUNE—"Galla Water."

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

When o'er the hills 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 wi' Montgomerie's
 Peggy.

ON A BANK OF FLOWERS.

ON a bank of flowers, in a summer
 day,

For summer lightly drest,
 The youthful blooming Nelly lay,
 With love and sleep opprest ;

When Willie wand'ring thro' 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-inspir'd 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.

O RAGING FORTUNE'S WITHERING BLAST.

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.

EVAN BANKS. (*See note.*)

TUNE—"Savourna Delish."

SLOW spreads the glcom 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 for ever dear !
 Oh stream, whose murmur 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,

Offt 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 !
 No more may aught my steps divide
 From that dear stream which flows to
 Clyde !

WOMEN'S MINDS.

TUNE—"For a' That"

Tho' women's minds like winter winds
 May shift and turn, and a' that,
 The noblest breast adores them maist,
 A consequence I draw that.

For a' that, and a' that,
 And twice as meikle's a' that
 The bonie lass that I loe best
 She'll be my ain for a' that

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

But there is ane aboon the lave,
 Has wit, and sense, and a' that ;
 A bonie lass, I like her best,
 And wha a crime dare ca that ?
 For a' that, &c.

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

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,
 They've ta'en me in, and a' that ;
 But clear your decks, and here's "The
 Sex !"
 I like the jades for a' that.
 For a' that, &c.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

TUNE—"Miss Forbes' farewell to Banff."

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

That sacred hour can I forget ?
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,
 To live one day of parting love ?
 Eternity will not efface
 Those records dear of transports past ;
 Thy image at our last embrace ;
 Ah ! little thought we, 'twas our last !
 Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods, thick-
 'ning green ;
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar
 Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd
 scene.
 The 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 ?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his
 breast ?

TO MARY.

COULD aught of song declare my pains,
 Could artful numbers move thee,
 The Muse should tell, in labour'd
 strains,
 O Mary, how I love thee !

They who but feign a wounded heart
 May teach the lyre to languish ;
 But what avails the pride of art,
 When wastes the soul with anguish ?

Then let the sudden bursting sigh
 The heart-felt pang discover ;
 And in the keen, yet tender eye,
 O read th' imploring lover !

For well I know thy gentle mind
 Disdains art's gay disguising ;
 Beyond what fancy e'er refin'd,
 The voice of nature prizing.

O LEAVE NOVELS.

O LEAVE novels, ye Mauchline belles,
 Ye're safer at your spinning wheel ;
 Such witching books are baited hooks
 For rakish rooks, like Rob Mossgiel.

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 Moss-
 giel.

Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung,
 A heart that warmly seems to feel ;
 That feeling heart but acts a part,
 'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossgiel.

The frank address, the soft caress,
 Are worse than poison'd darts of stee
 The frank address, and politesse,
 Are all finesse in Rob Mossgiel.

ADDRESS TO GENERAL DUMOURIER.

A PARODY ON ROBIN ADAIR.

YOU'RE welcome to Despots, Dumourier :

You're welcome to Despots, Dumourier ;

How does Dampier do ?

Aye, and Bournonville too ?

Why did they not come along with you, Dumourier ?

I will fight France with you, Dumourier ;

I will fight France with you, Dumourier ;

I will fight France with you,

I will take my chance with you ;

By my soul I'll dance a dance with you, Dumourier.

Then let us fight about, Dumourier ;

Then let us fight about, Dumourier ;

Then let us fight about,

Till freedom's spark is out,

Then we'll be damned no doubt—Dumourier.

SWEETEST MAY.

SWEETEST May, let love inspire thee ;
Take a heart which he designs thee ;
As thy constant slave regard it ;
For its faith and truth reward it.

Proof o' shot to birth or money,
Not the wealthy, but the bonie ;
Not high-born, but noble-minded,
In love's silken hand can bind it !

ONE NIGHT AS I DID WANDER.

TUNE—"John Anderson my Jo."

ONE night as I did wander,
When corn begins to shoot,
I sat me down to ponder,
Upon an auld tree root :

Auld Ayr ran by before me,
And bicker'd to the seas ;
A cushat croodet o'er me
That echoed thro' the braes,

.

THE WINTER IT IS PAST.

A FRAGMENT.

THE winter it is past, and the simmer comes at last,
And the small birds sing on every tree ;
Now everything is glad, while I am very sad,
But my true love is parted from me.

The rose upon the brier by the waters running clear,
May have charms for the linnet or the bee ;
Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,
But my true love is parted from me.

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 wet wi' dew !
O, what a feast her bonie mou !
Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,
A crimson still diviner !

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

TUNE—"Captain Kean."

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

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

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

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

THE BELLES OF MAUCLINE.

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 Lou'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 TARBOLTON LASSES.

If ye gae up to yon hill-tap,
Ye'll there see bonie Peggy ;
She kens her father is a laird,
And she forseoth's a leddy.

There Sophy tight, a lassie bright,
Besides a handsome fortune :
Wha canna win her in a night,
Has little art in courting.

Gae down by Faile, and taste the ale,
And tak a look o' Mysie ;
She's dour and din, a deil within,
But aiblins she may please ye.

If she be shy, her sister try,
Ye'll maybe fancy Jenny,
If ye'll dispense wi' want o' sense—
She kens hersel she's bonie.

As ye gae up by yon hill-side,
Speer in for bonie Bessy ;
She'll gi'e ye a beck, and bid ye light,
And handsomely address ye.

There's few sae bonie, nane sae gude,
In a' King George' dominion ;
If ye should doubt the truth o' this—
It's Bessy's ain opinion !

THE TARBOLTON LASSES.

IN Tarbolton, ye ken, there are proper young men,
And proper young lasses and a', man ;
But ken ye the Ronalds that live in the Bennals,
They carry the gree frae them a', man.

Their father's a laird, and weel he can spare't,
Braid money to tocher them a', man,
To proper young men, he'll clink in the hand
Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man.

THE TARBOLTON LASSES.

There's ane they ca' Jean, I'll warrant ye've seen
 As bonie a lass, or as braw, man,
 But for sense and guid taste she'll vie wi' the best,
 And a conduct that beautifies a', man.

The charms o' the min', the langer they shine,
 The mair admiration they draw, man ;
 While peaches and cherries, and roses and lilies,
 They fade and they wither awa, man.

If ye be for Miss Jean, tak this frae a frien',
 A hint o' a rival or twa, man,
 The Laird o' Blackhyre wad gang through the fire,
 If that wad entice her awa, man.

The Laird o' Brachhead has been on his speed,
 For mair than a towmond or twa, man,
 The Laird o' the Ford will straught on a board,
 If he canna get her at a', man.

Then Anna comes in, the pride o' her kin,
 The boast of our bachelors a', man :
 Sac sensy and sweet, sae fully complete,
 She steals our affections awa, man.

If I should detail the pick and the wale
 O' lasses that live here awa, man,
 The fault wad be mine, if they didna shine
 The sweetest and best o' them a', man.

I lo'e her mysel, but darena weel tell,
 My poverty keeps me in awe, man,
 For making o' rhymes, and working at times,
 Does little or naething at a , man.

Yet I wadna choose to let her refuse,
 Nor ha'e't in her power to say na, man,
 For though I be poor, unnoticed, obscure,
 My stomach's as proud as them a', man.

Though I canna ride in weel-booted pride,
 And flee o'er the hills like a crow, man,
 I can haud up my head wi' the best o' the breed,
 Though fluttering ever so braw, man.

My coat and my vest, they are Scotch o' the best,
 O' pairs o' guid breeks I ha'e twa, man,
 And stockings and pumps to put on my stumps,
 I ne'er wrang a steek in them a', man.

My sarks they are few, but five o' them new,
 Twa' hundred, as white as the snaw, man,
 A ten shilling's hat, a Holland cravat ;
 There are no mony poets so braw, man.

I never had frien's, weel stockit in means,
 To leave me a hundred or twa, man,
 Nae weel tochered aunts, to wait on their drants,
 And wish them in hell for it a', man.

I never was canny for hoarding o' money,
Or claughtin't together at a', man,
I've little to spend, and naething to lend,
But deevil a shilling I awe, man.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO
THEM THAT'S AWA.

HERE'S a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa ;
And wha winna wish guid luck to our
cause,

May never guid luck be their fa'.
It's guid to be merry and wise,
It's guid to be honest and true,
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here's a health to them that s awa,
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 but 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 Nor-
land 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 Mc'Leod, a Chieftain
worth gowd,

Tho' bred among mountains o' snaw !

I'M OWRE YOUNG TO
MARRY YET.

I AM my mammie's ae bairn,
Wi' unco folk I weary, Sir
And lying in a man's bed,
I'm fley' wad mak me eerie, sir.

CHORUS.

I'm owre young, I'm owre your g.
I'm owre young to marry yet ;
I'm owre young, 'twad be a sin
To take frae my mammie yet.

My mammie coft me a new gown,
The kirk maun hae the gracing s' -
Were I to lie wi' you, kind Sir,
I'm fear'd ye'd spoil the lacing o't.
I'm owre young, &c.

Hallowmas is come and gane,
The nights are lang in winter, sir ;
And you an' I in ae bed,
In troth I, dare na venture, Sir.
I'm owre young, &c.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, Sir ;
But if ye'll come this gate again,
I'll aulder be gin simmer, Sir.
I'm owre young, &c.

DAMON AND SYLVIA.

TUNE—" The tither morn, as I forlorn."

YON wand'ring rill, that marks the
hill,
And glances o'er the brae, Sir :
Slides by a bower where monie a flower
Sheds fragrance on the day, Sir.

There Damon lay, with Sylvia gay :
To love they thought nae crime, Sir :
The wild birds sang, the echo's rang,
While Damon's heart beat time, Sir.

MY LADY'S GOWN
THERE'S GAIRS UPON'T.

My lady's gown there's gairs upon't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon't:
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My lord thinks muckle mair upon't

My lord a-hunting he is gane,
But hounds and hawks wi' him are
nane,

By Colin's cottage lies his game,
If Colin's Jenny be at hame.
My lady's gown, &c.

My lady's white, my lady's red,
And kith and kin o' Cassilis blude,
But her ten-pun lands o'tocher guid
Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.
My lady's gown, &c.

Out o'er yon muir, out o'er yon moss,
Whare gor-cocks thro' the heather
pass,

There wons old Colin's bonie lass,
A-lily in a wilderness.
My lady's gown, &c.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
Like music notes o' lover's hymns :
The diamond dew in her een sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton
swims.

My lady's gown, &c.

My lady's dink, my lady's drest,
The flower and fancy o' the west ;
But the lassie that a man lo'es best,
O that's the lass to make him blest.
My lady's gown, &c.

O AY MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.

CHORUS.

O ay my wife she dang me,
An' aft my wife did bang me ;
If ye gie a woman a' her will,
Guid faith she'il soon o'ergang ye.

ON peace and rest my mind was bent,
And fool I was I marry'd ;
But never honest man's intent
As cursedly miscarry'd.

Some sa'r o' comfort still at last,
When a' thir days are doae, man,
My pains o' hell on earth are past,
I'm sure o'bliss aboon. man.
O ay my wife, &c.

THE BANKS OF NITH.

A BALLAD.

To thee, lov'd Nith, thy gladsom
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 !

BONIE PEG.

As I came in by our gate end,
As day was waxin' weary,
O wha come tripping down the street,
But Bonnie Peg, my dearie !

Her air sae sweet, and shape complete,
Wi' nae proportion wanting,
The Queen of Love did never move
Wi' motion more enchanting.

Wi' linked hands, we took the sands
Adown yon winding river ;
And, oh ! that hour and broomy
bower,
Can I forget it ever ?

O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

CHORUS.

O lay thy loof in mine, lass.
In mine, lass, in mine, lass,
And swear in thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.

A SLAVE to love's unbounded sway,
He aft has wrought me meikle wae.
But now he is my deadly fae,
Unless thou be my ain.
O lay thy loof, &c.

There's monie a lass has broke my
rest,
That for a blink I hae lo'ed best ;
But thou art Queen within my breast,
For ever to remain.
O lay thy loof, &c.

O GUID ALE COMES.

CHORUS

O guid ale comes, and guid ale goes
 Guid ale gars me sell my hose,
 Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon,
 Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

I HAD sax owsen in a pleugh,
 They drew a' weel enough,
 I sell'd them a' just ane by ane ;
 Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

Guid ale hauds me bare and busy,
 Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie
 Stand i' the stool when I hae done
 Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.
 O guid ale, &c.

O WHY THE DEUCE.

EXTEMPORE. APRIL, 1782.

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 heid it weel thegither ;
 But now it's gane and something mair,
 I'll go and be a sodger.

POLLY STEWART.

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST.

CHORUS.

Robin shure in hairst,
 I sure wi' him,
 Fient a heuk had I,
 Yet I stack by him.

I GAED up to Dunse,
 To warp a wad o' plaiden,
 At his daddie's yett,
 Wha met me but Robin.

Was na Robin bauld,
 Tho' I was a cotter,
 Play'd me sick a trick
 And me the ells's dochter :

Robin promis'd me
 A' my winter vittle ;
 Fient haet he but three
 Goose feathers and a whittle.
 Robin shure, &c.

THE FIVE CARLINS.

AN ELECTION BALLAD. 1789.

TUNE—"Chevy Chase."

THERE were five Carlins in the south,
 They fell upon a scheme,
 To send a lad to Lon'on town
 To bring us tidings hame.

Not only bring us tidings hame,
 But do our errands there,
 And sibblins gowd and honor baith
 Might be that laddie's share.

There was Maggie by the banks o'
 Nith,
 A dame wi' pride enough ;
 And Majorie o' the monie Loch
 A Carlin old an' teugh.

And blinkin Bess o' Annanda'e,
 That dwells near Solway side,
 And whiskey Jean that took her gill
 In Galloway so wide.

An' old black Joan frae Creighton
 peel,
 O' gypsy kith an' kin,
 Five wighter Carlins were na' foun'
 The south kintra within.

To send a lad to Lon'on town
 They met upon a day,
 And monie a Knight and monie a
 Laird,
 That errand fain would gae,

O! monie a Knight and monie a Laird,
 This errand fain would gae;
 But nae ane could their fancy please,
 O! ne'er a ane but twae.

The first one was a belted Knight,
 Bred o' a border clan,
 An' he wad gae to Lon'on town,
 Might nae man him withstan' :

And he would do their errands weel
 And meikle he wad say,
 And ilka a ane at Lon'on court
 Wad bid to him guid day.

Then neist came in a sodger youth'
 And spak wi' modest grace,
 An' he wad gae to Lon'on town,
 If sae their pleasure was.

He wad na hecht them courtly gift,
 Nor meikle speech pretend;
 But he would hecht an honest heart
 Wad ne'er desert his friend.

Now wham to choose and wham re-
 fuse,
 To strife thae Carlins fell;
 For some had gentle folk to please,
 And some wad please themsel.

Then out spak mim-mou'd Meg o'
 Nith,
 An' she spak out wi' pride,
 An' she wad send the sodger youth
 Whatever might betide.

For the auld guidman o' Lon'on court
 She dindna ca. a pin,
 But she would send the sodger youth
 To greet his eldest son.

Then up sprang Bess o' Annandale:
 A deadly aith she's ta'en,
 That she wad vote the border Knight,
 Tho' she should vote her lane.

For far aff fowls hae feathers fair,
 An' fools o' change are fain;
 But I hae tried the border Knight,
 I'll try him yet again.

Says auld black Joan frae Creighton
 peel,
 A Carlin stoor and grim,
 The auld guidman or young guidman,
 For me may sink or swim.

For fools may freit o' right and wrang,
 While knaves laugh them to scorn:
 But the sodgers' friends hae blawn the
 best,
 Sae he shall bear the horn.

Then whiskey Jean spak o'er her
 drink,
 Ye weel ken kimmers a'
 The auld guidman o' Lon'on court,
 His back's been at the wa'.

And monie a friend that kiss'd his
 caup,
 Is now a frammit wight;
 But it's ne'er sae wi' whiskey Jean,—
 We'll send the border Knight.

' en slow raise Marjorie o' the
 Lochs,
 And wrinkled was her brow;
 Her ancient weed was russet gray,
 Her auld Scots bluid was true.

There's some great folks set light by
 me,
 I set as light by them;
 But I will send to Lon'on town,
 Wha I lo'e best at hame.

So how this weighty plea will end
 Nae mortal wight can tell;
 God grant the King and ilka man
 May look weel to himsel'!

THE DEUK'S DANG O'ER MY DADDIE.

THE bairns gat out wi' an unco shout,
 The deuk's dang o'er my daddie, O!
 The fient ma care, quo' the feirie auld
 wife,

He was but a paidlin body, O.
 He paidles out, and he paidles in,
 An' he paidles late and early, O;
 This seven lang years I hae lien by
 his side,
 An' he is but a fusionless carlie, O.

O haud your tongue, my feirie auld
wife,

O haud your tongue now, Nansie, O.
I've seen the day, and sac hae ye,
Ye wadna been sae donsie, O.

I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose
And cuddle'd me late and earlie, O ;
But downa do's come o'er me now,
And, oh, I find it sairly, O !

THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED TO ME.

WHEN Januar' wind was blawing
cauld,

As ta the north I took my way,
The mirksome night did me enfauid,
I knew na where to lodge till day.

By my good luck a maid I met,
Just in the middle o' my care :
And kindly she did me invite
To walk into a chamber fair.

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And thank'd her for her courtesie ;
I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And bade her mak a bed to me.

She made the bed baith large and wide,
Wi' twa white hands she spread it
down ;

She put the cup to her rosy lips,
And drank, " Young man, now
sleep ye soun."

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,
And frae my chamber went wi'
speed ;

But I call'd her quickly back again
To lay some mair below my head.

A cod she laid below my head,
And served me wi' due respect ;
And to salute her wi' a kiss,
I put my arms about her neck.

" Haud aff your hands, young mar,"
she says,

" And dinna sae uncivil be :
If ye hae onie love for me,
O wrang na my virginitie !"

Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
Her teeth were like the ivorie ;

Her cheeks like lilies òipt in wine,
The lass that made the bed to me.

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.

I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
And aye she wist no what to say ;
I laid her between me and the wa',—
The lassie thought na lang till day.

Upon the morrow when we rose,
I thank'd her for her courtesie. F
But aye she blush'd, and aye she
sigh'd,
And said, " Alas ! ye've ruin'd me."

I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne,
While the tear stood twinkling in
her ee ;
I said, " My lassie, dinna cry,
For 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 bonie lass made the bed to me,
The braw lass made the bed to me ;
I'll ne'er forget till the day I die,
The lass that made the bed to me !

THE UNION.

TUNE—" Such a parcel of rogues in a nation,"

FAREWHEEL to a' our Scottish fame,
Fareweel our ancient glory ;
Fareweel even to the Scottish name,
Sae fam'd in martial story !

Now Sark runs o'er the Solway sands,
And Tweed rins to the ocean,
To mark where England's province
stands ;

Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

What guile or force could not subdue,
Through many warlike ages,
Is wrought now by a coward few,
For hireling traitors' wages.

The English steel we could disdain,
Secure in valour's station,
But English gold has been our bane ;
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !

O would, or had I seen the day
 That treason thus could sell us,
 My auld grey head had lien in clay,
 Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace !
 But pith and power, till my last hour
 I'll mak this declaration,
 We're bought and sold for English
 gold :
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !

THERE WAS A BONIE LASS.

THERE was a bonie lass, and a bonie,
 bonie lass,
 And she lo'ed her bonie laddie dear ;
 Till war's loud alarms tore her laddie
 frae her arms,
 Wi' monie a sigh and tear.
 Over sea, over shore, where the can-
 nons loudly roar,
 He still was a stranger to fear :
 And nocht could him quell, or his
 bosom assail,
 But the bonie lass he lo'ed sae dear.

MY HARRY WAS A GAL- LANT' GAY.

TUNE—"Highlander's lament."

My Harry was a gallant gay,
 Fu' stately strade he on the plain !
 But now he's banished far away,
 I'll never see him back again.

CHORUS.

O for him back again,
 O for him back again,
 I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land,
 For Highland Harry back again.
 When a' the lave gae to their bed,
 I wander dowie up the glen ;
 I sit me down and greet my fill,
 And ay I wish him back again.
 O for him, &c.
 O were some villains hangit high,
 And ilka body had their ain,
 Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
 My Highland Harry back again !
 O for him, &c.

TIBBIE DUNBAR.

TUNE—"Johnny M'Gill."

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

WEE WILLIE.

WEE Willie Gray, and his leather wallet ;
 Peel a willow-wand, to be him boots and jacket :
 The rose upon the briar will be him trouse and doublet,
 The rose upon the briar will be him trouse and doublet !
 Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet ;
 Twice a lily flower will be him sark and cravat ;
 Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet,
 Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet.

CRAIGIE-BURN-WOOD.

CHORUS.

Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee,
dearie,
And O to be lying beyond thee,
O sweetly, soundly, weel may he
sleep,
That's laid in the bed beyond thee.

SWEET closes the evening on Craigie-
burn-wood,

And blythely awakens the morrow;
But the pride of the spring in the
Craigie-burn-wood
Can yield to me nothing but sorrow.
Beyond thee, &c.

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But pleasure they hae nane for me,
While care my heart is wringing.
Beyond thee, &c.

I canna tell, I maun na tell,
I dare na for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart
If I conceal it langer.
Beyond thee, &c.

I see thee gracefu', straight and tall,
I see thee sweet and bonie,
But oh, what will my torments be,
If thou refuse thy Johnie!
Beyond thee, &c.

To see thee in anither's arms,
In love to lie and languish,
'Twad be my dead, that will be seen,
My heart wad burst wi' anguish.
Beyond thee, &c.

But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine
Say thou lo'es nane before me;
An' a' my days o' life to come,
I'll gratefully adore thee.
Beyond thee, &c.

HERE'S HIS HEALTH IN
WATER.

TUNE—"The job of journey-work."

ALTHO' my back be at the wa',
And tho' he be the fautor;

Altho' my back be at the wa',
Yet, here's his health in water!
O! wae gae by his wanton sides,
Sae brawlie he could flatter
Till for his sake I'm slighted, sair,
And dree the kintra clatter.
But tho' my back be at the wa',
And tho' he be the fautor,
But tho' my back be at the wa',
Yet, here's his health in water!

AS DOWN THE BURN
THEY TOOK THEIR WAY.

As down the burn they took their
way,
And thro' the flowery dale;
His cheeks to hers he aft did lay,
And love was a' the tale.

With "Mary, when shall we return,
Sic pleasure to renew?"
Quoth Mary, "Love, I like the
burn,
And ay shall follow you."

LADY ONLIE.

TUNE—"Ruffian's rant."

A' THE lads o' Thornie-bank,
When they gae to the shore o' Buck,
They'll step in an' tak' a pint
Wi' Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!
Lady Onlie, honest Lucky,
Brews gude ale at shore o' Bucky;
I wish her sale for her gude ale,
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

Her house sae bick, her curch sae
clean

I wat she is a dainty chucky;
And cheerlie blinks the ingle-gleed
Of Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!
Lady Onlie, honest Lucky,
Brews gude ale at shore o' Bucky;
I wish her sale for her gude ale,
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

AS I WAS A WANDERING.

TUNE—"Rinn meudial mo mhealladh."

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

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

I could na get sleeping till dawin' for greetin',
The tears trickled down like the hail and the rain ;
Had I na got greetin', my heart wad a broken,
For, oh ! love forsaken's a tormenting pain.

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

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

BANNOCKS O' BARLEY.

TUNE—"The Killogie."

BANNOCKS o' bear meal,
Bannocks o' Barley ;
Here's to the Highlandman's
Bannocks o' barley,
Wha in a brulzie
Will first cry a parley ?
Never the lads wi'
The bannocks o' barley.

Bannocks o' bear meal,
Bannocks o' Barley ;
Here's to the lads wi'
The bannocks o' barley ;
Wha in his wae-days
Were loyal to Charlie ?
Wha but the lads wi'
The bannocks o' barley.

OUR THRISSLES FLOURISHED FRESH AND FAIR.

TUNE—"Awa Whigs, awa."

CHORUS.

Awa Whigs, awa !
Awa Whigs, awa !
Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,
Ye'll do nae good at a'.

Our sad decay in Church and State
Surpasses my deservin' ;
The Whigs came o'er us for a curse,
And we hae done with thriving.

OUR thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair,
And bonie bloom'd our roses ;
But Whigs came like a frost in June,
And wither'd a' our posies.

Grim vengeance lang has ta'en a nay
But we may see him wauken ;
Gude help the day when royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin.

Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust—
Deil blin' them wi' the stoure o't ;
And write their names in his black
beuk,
Whae gae the Whigs the power o't.

Awa Whigs, awa !
Awa Whigs, awa !
Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,
Ye'll do nae gude at a'.

PEG-A-RAMSEY.

TUNE—"Cauld is the e'enin' blast."

CAULD is the e'enin' blast
 O' Boreas o'er the pool,
 And dawin' it is dreary
 When birks are bare at Yule.

O bitter blaws the e'enin' blast
 When bitter bites the frost,
 And in the mirk and dreary drift
 The hills and glens are lost.

Ne'er sae murky blew the night
 That drifted o'er the hill,
 But bonie Peg-a-Ramsey
 Gat grist to her mill.

COME BOAT ME O'ER TO CHARLIE.

TUNE—"O'er the water to Charlie."

COME boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
 Come boat me o'er to Charlie;
 I'll gie John Ross another bawbee,
 To boat me o'er to Charlie,

We'll o'er the water and o'er the
 sea,

We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
 Come weal, come woe, we'll gather
 and go,

And live or die wi' Charlie.

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,
 Tho' some there be abhor him;
 But O, to see auld Nick gaun hame,
 And Charlie's faes before him!

I swear and vow by moon and stars,
 And sun that shines so early,
 If I had twenty thousand lives,
 I'd die as off for Charlie.

We'll o'er the water and o'er the
 sea,

We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
 Come weal, come woe, we'll gather
 and go,

And live or die wi' Charlie!

BRAW LADS OF GALLA WATER.

TUNE—"Galla Water,"

CHORUS.

Braw, braw lads of Galla Water;
 O braw lads of Galla water!

I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
 And follow my love through the
 water.

SAE fair her hair, sae bent her brow,
 Sae bonie blue her een, my dearie;
 Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her
 mou',

The mair I kiss she's ay my dearie,

O'er yon bank and o'er yon brae,
 O'er yon moss among the heather;
 I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
 And follow my love through the
 water.

Down amang the broom, the broom,
 Down amang the broom, my dearie,
 The lassie lost a silken snood,
 That cost her mony a blirt and
 bleary.

Braw, braw lads of Galla Water;
 O braw lads of Galla Water:

I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
 And follow my love through the
 water.

COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

TUNE—"Coming through the rye."

COMING through the rye, poor
 body,

Coming through the rye,
 She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
 Coming through the rye.

Jenny's a' wat, poor body,
 Jenny's seldom dry;
 She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
 Coming through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body—
 Coming through the rye:

Gin a body kiss a body—
 Need a body cry?

Gin a body meet a body
 Coming through the glen,

Gin a body kiss a body—
 Need the world ken?

Jenny's a' wat, poor body;
 Jenny's seldom dry;
 She draiglet a' her petticoatie
 Coming through the rye.

THE LASS OF ECCLE- FECHAN.

TUNE—"Jacky Latin."

GAT ye me, O gat ye me,
O gat ye me wi' naething?
Rock and reel, and spinnin' wheel,
A mickle quarter basin.
Bye attour, my gucher has
A hich house and a laigh ane,

A' forbye, my bonie sel',
The toss of Ecclefechan.
O haud your tongue now, Luckie
Laing,
O haud your tongue and jauner;
I held the gate till you I met,
Syne I began to wander:
I tint my whistle and my sang,
I tint my peace and pleasure;
But your green graff, now, Luckie
Laing,
Wad airt me to my treasure.

THE SLAVE'S LAMENT.

It was in sweet Senegal that my toes did me enthrall,
For the lands of Virginia, O;
Torn from that lovely shore, and must never see it more,
And alas I am weary, weary, O!
All on that charming coast is no bitter snow or frost,
Like the lands of Virginia, O;
There streams for ever flow, and there flowers for ever blow,
And alas I am weary, weary, O!
The burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge I fear,
In the lands of Virginia, O;
And I think on friends most dear, with the bitter, bitter tear,
And alas I am weary, weary, O!

HAD I THE WYTE.

TUNE—"Had I the wye she bade me."

HAD I the wye, had I the wye,
Had I the wye she bade me;
She watch'd me by the hie-gate side,
And up the loan she shaw'd me;
And when I wadna venture in,
A coward loon she ca'd me;
Had kirk and state been in the gate,
I lighted when she bade me.
Sae craftilie she took me ben,
And bade me make na clatter;
"For our ramgunshoch glum gude-
man
Is out and ower the water":
Whae'er shall say I wanted grace,
When I did kiss and dawte her,
Let him be planted in my place,
Syne say I was the fautor.
Could I for shame, could I for shame,
Could I for shame refused her?

And wadna manhood been to blame.
Had I unkindly used her?
He clawed her wi' the ripplin-kame,
And blue and bluidy bruised her;
When sic a husband was frae hame,
What wife but had excused her?
I dighted ay her een sae blue,
And bann'd the cruel randy;
And weel I wat her willing mou'
Was e'en like sugar-candy.
A gloamin-shot it was I trow,
I lighted on the Monday;
But I cam through the Tysday's dew
To wanton Willie's brandy.

HEE BALOU.

TUNE—"The Highland balou."

HEE balou! my sweet wee Donald,
Picture of the great Clanronald;
Brawlie kens our wanton chief
Wha got my young Highland thief.

Leeze me on thy bonie craigie,
 An' thou live, thou'll steal a naigie :
 Travel the country thro' and thro',
 And bring hame a Carlisle cow.

Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the border,
 Weel, my babie, may thou furder :
 Merry the louns o' the laigh countree,
 Syne to the Highlands hame to me.

HER DADDIE FORBAD.

TUNE—"Jumpin' John."

HER daddie forbad, her minnie for-
 bad ;

Forbidden she wadna be :
 She wadna trow't, the browst she
 brew'd

Wad taste sae bitterlie.

The lang lad they ca' Jumpin'
 John

Beguiled the bonie lassie,
 The lang lad they ca' Jumpin'
 John

Beguiled the bonie lassie.

A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf,
 And thretty gude shillin's and three ;
 A very good tocher, a cotter-man's
 dochter,

The lass with the bonie black ee.

The lang lad they ca' Jumpin'
 John

Beguiled the bonie lassie.

The lang lad they ca' Jumpin'
 John

Beguiled the bonie lassie.

HERE'S TO TRY HEALTH, MY BONIE LASS.

TUNE—"Laggin' Burn."

HERE'S to thy health, my bonie lass,
 Gude night, and joy be wi' thee ;
 I'll come nae mair to thy bower door,
 To tell thee that I lo'e thee.

O dinna think, my pretty pink,
 That I can live without thee :

I vow and swear I dinna care
 How lang ye look about ye,

Thou'rt ay sae free informing me
 Thou hast nae mind to marry,
 I'll be as free informing thee
 Nae time hae I to tarry.
 I ken thy friends try ilka means,
 Frae wedlock to delay thee ;
 Depending on some higher chance--
 But fortune may betray thee.

I ken they scorn my low estate,
 But that does never grieve me ;
 But I'm as free as any he,
 Sma' siller will relieve me.
 I count my health my greatest wealth,
 Sae long as I'll enjoy it :
 I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae
 want,
 As lang's I get employment.

But far aff fowls hae feathers fair,
 And ay until ye try them ;
 Tho' they seem fair, still have a
 care,
 They may prove waur than I am.
 But at twal at night, when the moon
 shines bright,
 My dear, I'll come and see thee ;
 For the man that lo'es his mistress
 weel
 Nae travel makes him weary.

HEY, THE DUSTY MILLER

TUNE—"The Dusty Miller."

HEY, the dusty miller,
 And his dusty coat ;
 He will win a shilling,
 Or he spend a groat.
 Dusty was the coat,
 Dusty was the color,
 Dusty was the kiss
 That I got fra the miller.

Hey, the dusty miller,
 And his dusty sack ;
 Leeze me on the calling
 Fills the dusty peck.
 Fills the dusty peck.
 Brings the dusty siller ;
 I wad gie my coatie
 For the dusty miller.

THE CARDIN' O'T.

TUNE—"Salt Fish and Dumplings."

I COFT a stane o' haslock woo',
 To make a coat to Johnny o't ;
 For Johnny is my only jo,
 I lo'e him best of ony yet.
 The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't ;
 The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't ;
 When ilka ell cost me a groat,
 The tailor staw the lynin' o't,

For though his locks be lyart gray,
 And though his brow be beld aboon ;
 Yet I hae seen him on a day
 The pride of a' the parishen.
 The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't,
 The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't ;
 When ilka ell cost me a groat,
 The tailor staw the lynin' o't.

THE JOYFUL WIDOWER.

TUNE—"Maggie Lauder."

I MARRIED with a scolding wife
 The fourteenth of November ;
 She made me weary of my life,
 By one unruly member.
 Long did I bear the heavy yoke,
 And many griefs attended ;
 But, to my comfort be it spoke,
 Now, now her life is ended.

We lived full one-and-twenty years
 A man and wife together ;
 At length from me her course she
 ster'd,
 And gone I know not whither ;
 Would I could guess, I do profess,
 I speak, and do not flatter,
 Of all the women in the world,
 I never could come at her.

Her body is bestow'd well,
 A handsome grave does hide her ;
 But sure her soul is not in hell,
 The deil would ne'er abide her.
 I rather think she is aloft,
 And imitating thunder ;
 For why,—methinks I hear her voice
 Tearing the clouds asunder.

THE NIEL MENZIE'S BONIE MARY.

TUNE—"The Ruffian's rant."

IN coming by the brig o' Dye,
 At Darlet we a blink did tarry ;
 As day was dawin in the sky,
 We drank a health to bonie Mary
 Thaniel Menzie's bonie Mary,
 Thaniel Menzie's bonie Mary.
 Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie,
 Kissin' Thaniel's bonie Mary.

Her een sae bright, her brow sae white,
 Her haffet locks as brown's a berry,
 An' ay they dimpled wi' a smile,
 The rosy cheeks o' bonie Mary.
 Thaniel Menzie's bonie Mary,
 Thaniel Menzie's bonie Mary ;
 Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie,
 Kissin' Thaniel's bonie Mary.

We lap an' danced the lee-lang day,
 Till piper lads were wae an' weary,
 But Charlie got the spring to pay
 For kissin' Thaniel's bonie Mary.
 Thaniel Menzie's bonie Mary,
 Thaniel Menzie's bonie Mary ;
 Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie,
 Kissin' Thaniel's bonie Mary.

THE FAREWELL.

TUNE—"It was a' for our rightfu' King."

IT was a' for our rightfu' King,
 We left fair Scotland's strand ;
 It was a' for our rightfu' King
 We e'er saw Irish land,
 My dear ;
 We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
 And a' is done in vain ;
 My love and native land farewell,
 For I maun cross the main,
 My dear ;
 For I maun cross the main.

He turned him right and round about
 Upon the Irish shore ;
 And gae his bridle-reins a shake,
 With adieu for evermore,
 My dear ;
 With adieu for evermore.

The sodger from the wars returns,
 The sailor frae the main ;
 But I hae parted frae my love,
 Never to meet again,
 My dear ;
 Never to meet again.

When day is gane and night is come,
 And a' folk bound to sleep ;
 I think on him that's far awa',
 The lee-lang night, and weep,
 My dear ;
 The lee-lang night, and weep,

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY
 BONIE FACE.

TUNE—"The Maid's Complaint."

It is na, Jean, thy bonie face,
 Nor shape that I admire,
 Although thy beauty and thy grace
 Might weel awake desire.
 Something, in ilka part o' thee,
 To praise, to love, I find :
 But dear as is thy form to me,
 Still dearer is thy mind.

Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae,
 Nor stronger in my breast,
 Than if I canna mak thee sae,
 At least to see thee blest.
 Content am I, if Heaven shall give
 But happiness to thee :
 And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
 For thee I'd bear to die.

JAMIE, COME TRY ME.

TUNE—"Jamie, come try me."

CHORUS.

Jamie, come try me,
 Jamie, come try me ;
 If thou would win my love,
 Jamie, come try me.

If thou should ask my love,
 Could I deny thee ?
 If thou would win my love,
 Jamie, come try me.

If thou should kiss me, love,
 Wha could espy thee ?

If thou wad be my love,
 Jamie, come try me.
 Jamie, come try me, &c.

LANDLADY, COUNT THE
 LAWIN.

TUNE—"Hey tutti, taiti."

LANDLADY, count the lawin,
 The day is near the dawin ;
 Ye're a' blind drunk, boys,
 And I'm but jolly fou.
 Hey tutti, taiti,
 How tutti, taiti—
 Wha's fou now ?

Cog an' ye were ay fou,
 Cog an' ye were ay fou,
 I wad sit and sing to you
 If ye were ay fou.

Weel may ye a' be !
 Ill may we never see !
 God bless the King, boys,
 And the companie !
 Hey tutti, taiti,
 How tutti, taiti—
 Wha's fou now ?

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A
 LASSIE YET.

TUNE—"Lady Badinscoth's reel."

My love she's but a lassie yet ;
 My love she's but a lassie yet ;
 We'll let her stand a year or twa,
 She'll no be half sae saucy yet.
 I rue the day I sought her, O,
 I rue the day I sought her, O ;
 Wha gets her needs na sae she's woo'd,
 But he may say he's bought her, O !
 Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet ;
 Come, draw a drap o' the best o't
 yet :
 Gae seek for pleasure where ye will,
 But here I never missed it yet.
 We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
 We're a' dry wi' drinking o't ;
 The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
 An' could na preach for thinkin' o't.

MY HEART WAS ANCE.

TUNE—"To the weavers gin ye go."

MY heart was ance as blythe and free
 As simmer days were lang,
 But a bonie, westlin weaver lad
 Has gart me change my sang.
 To the weavers gin ye go, fair
 maids,
 To the weavers gin ye go ;
 I rede you right gang ne'er at
 night,
 To the weavers gin ye go.

My mither sent me to the town,
 To warp a plaiden wab ;
 But the weary, weary warpin o't
 Has gart me sigh and sab.

A bonie westlin weaver lad
 Sat working at his loom ;
 He took my heart as wi' a net,
 In every knot and thrum.

I sat beside my warpin-wheel,
 And ay I ca'd it roun' ;
 But every shot and every knock,
 My heart it gae a stoun.

The moon was sinking in the west
 Wi' visage pale and wan,
 As my bonie westlin weaver lad
 Convoy'd me through the glen.

But what was said, or what was done,
 Shame fa' me gin I tell ;
 But oh ! I fear the kintra soon
 Will ken as weel's mysel.

To the weavers gin ye go, fair maids,
 To the weavers gin ye go ;
 I rede you right gang ne'er at night,
 To the weavers gin ye go.

LOVELY DAVIES.

TUNE—"Miss Muir."

O HOW shall I, unskilfu', try
 The poet's occupation,
 The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,
 That whisper inspiration ?
 Even they maun dare an effort mair,
 Than aught they ever gave us,
 Or they rehearse, in equal verse,
 The charms o' lovely Davjes,

Each eye it cheers, when she ap-
 pears,

Like Phœbus in the morning,
 When past the shower, and ev'ry
 flower

The garden is adorning.
 As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's
 shore,

When winter-bound the wave is ;
 Sae droops our heart when we maun
 part

Frae charming lovely Davies.

Her smile's a gift, frae 'boon the lift,
 That mak's us mair than princes ;

A scepter'd hand, a King's command,
 Is in her darting glances ;

The man in arms, 'gainst female charms
 Even he her willing slave is ;

He hugs his chain, and owns the reign
 Of conquering, lovely Davies.

My Muse to dream of such a theme,
 Her feeble powers surrender ;

The eagle's gaze alone surveys
 The sun's meridian splendour ;

I wad in vain essay the strain,
 The deed too daring brave is ;

I'll drap the lyre, and mute admire,
 The charms o' lovely Davies.

KENMURE'S ON AND
AWA.

TUNE—"O Kenmure's on and awa, Willie."

O KENMURE's on and awa, Willie !

O Kenmure's on and awa !

And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord
 That ever Galloway saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie !

Success to Kenmure's band ;

There's no a heart that fears a Whig
 That rides by Kenmure's hand.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Wil-
 lie !

Here's Kenmure's health in wine ;

There ne'er was a coward o' Ken-
 mure's blude,

Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie !

O Kenmure's lads are men ;

Their hearts and swords are metal true
 And that their faes shall ken.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie !
 They'll live or die wi' fame;
 But soon, with sounding victorie,
 May Kenmure's loré come hame.
 Here's him that's far awa, Willie !
 Here's him that's far awa ;
 And here's the flower that I love best—
 The rose that's like the snaw !

THE CAPTAIN'S LADY.

TUNE—"O mount and go."

CHORUS.

O mount and go,
 Mount and make you ready ;
 O mount and go,
 And be the Captain's Lady.

WHEN the drums do beat,
 And the cannons rattle,
 Thou shalt sit in state,
 And see thy love in battle.

When the vanquish'd foe
 Sues for peace and quiet,
 To the shades we'll go,
 And in love enjoy it.

O mount and go,
 Mount and make you ready ;
 O mount and go,
 And be the Captain's Lady.

LADY MARY ANN.

TUNE—"Cragtown's growing."

O, LADY Mary Ann
 Looks o'er the castle wa',
 She saw three bonie boys
 Playing at the ba' ;
 The youngest he was
 The flower amang them a' ;
 My bonie laddie's young,
 But he's growin' yet.

O father ! O father !
 An' ye think it fit,
 We'll send him a year
 To the college yet ;
 We'll sew a green ribbon
 Round about his hat,
 And that will let them ken
 He's to marry yet.

Lady Mary Ann
 Was a flower i' the dew,
 Sweet was its smell,
 Bonie was its hue !
 And the langer it blossom'd
 The sweeter it grew ;
 For the lily in the bud
 Will be bonier yet.

Young Charlie Cochran
 Was the sprout of an aik ;
 Bonie and bloomin'
 And straught was its make ;
 The sun took delight
 To shine for its sake,
 And it will be the brag
 O' the forest yet.

The simmer is gane
 When the leaves theywere green
 And the days are awa
 That we hae seen ;
 But far better days
 I trust will come again,
 For my bonie laddie's young,
 But he's growin' yet.

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S
LAMENT.

OH ! I am come to the low countrie,
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie !
 Without a penny in my purse,
 To buy a meal to me.

It was nae sae in the Highland hills,
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie !
 Nae woman in the country wide
 Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye,
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie !
 Feeding on yon hills so high,
 And giving milk to me.

And there I had three score o' yowes,
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie !
 Skipping on yon bonie knowes,
 And casting woo' to me.

I was the happiest of the clan,
 Sair, sair, may I repine,
 For Donald was the brawest lad,
 And Donald he was mine.

Till Charli^s Stewart came at last,
 Sae far to set us free ;
 My Donald's arm was wanted then,
 For Scotland and for me.
 Their waefu' fate what need I tell,
 Right to the wrang did yield :

My Donald and his country fell
 Upon Culloden's field.
 Oh ! I am come to the low countrie,
 Och-on, och-on, och rie !
 Nae woman in the world wide,
 Sae wretched now as me.

MERRY HAE I BEEN TEETHIN' A HECKLE.

TUNE—" Lord Breadalbane's March."

O MERRY hae I been teethin' a heckle,
 And merry hae I been shapin' a spoon ;
 O merry hae I been cloutin a kettle,
 And kissin' my Katie when a' was done.
 O a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer,
 An' a' the lang day I whistle and sing,
 A' the lang night I cuddle my kimmer,
 An' a' the lang night as happy's a King.

Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins,
 O' marryin' Bess to gie her a slave ;
 Bless'd be the hour she cool'd in her linnens,
 And blythe be the bird that sings on her grave.
 Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie,
 An' come to my arms, and kiss me again !
 Drunken or sober, here's to thee, Katie !
 And bless'd be the day I did it again.

RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE.

TUNE—" Rattlin' roarin' Willie."

O RATTLIN', roarin' Willie,
 O, he held to the fair,
 An' for to sell his fiddle,
 An' buy some other ware ;
 But parting wi' his fiddle,
 The saut tear blin't his ee ;
 And rattlin', roarin' Willie,
 Ye're welcome hame to me !
 O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
 O sell your fiddle sae fine ;
 O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
 And buy a pint o' wine !

If I should sell my fiddle,
 The warl' wou'd think I was mad
 For mony a rantin' day
 My fiddle and I hae had.
 As I cam by Crochallan,
 I cannily keekit ben—
 Rattlin', roarin' Willie,
 Was sitting at yon board en',
 Sitting at yon board en',
 And amang guid companie ;
 Rattlin', roarin' Willie,
 Ye're welcome hame to me !

O MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET.

O MALLY's meek, Mally's sweet,
 Mally's modest and discreet,
 Mally's rare, Mally's fair'
 Mally's every way complete.
 As I was walking up the street,
 A barefit maid I chanced to meet ;
 But O the road was very hard
 For that fair maiden's tender feet.

It were mair meet that those fine feet
 Were weel laced up in silken shoon,
 And 'twere more fit that she should sit
 Within your chariot gilt aboon.

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
 Comes trinkling down her swan-white neck,
 And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
 Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck,
 O Mally's neck, Mally's sweet,
 Mally's modest and discreet,
 Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
 Mally's every way complete.

SAE FAR AWA.

TUNE—"Dalkieith Maiden Bridge."

O SAD and heavy should I part,
 But for her sake sae far awa ;
 Unknowing what my way may thwart
 My native land sae far awa,
 Thou that of a' things Maker art,
 That form'd this Fair sae far awa,
 Gie body strength, then I'll ne'er start
 At this my way sae far awa.

How true is love to pure desert,
 So love to her, sae far awa ;
 And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,
 While, oh ! she is sae far awa.
 Nane other love, nane other dart,
 I feel but her's, sae far awa ;
 But fairer never touch'd a heart
 Than her's, the fair sae far awa.

O STEER HER UP.

TUNE—"O steer her up, and haud her gaun."

O STEER her up, and haud her gaun—
 Her mother's at the mill, jo ;
 And gin she winna take a man,
 E'en let her take her will, jo ;
 First shore her wi' a kindly kiss,
 And ca' another gill, jo,
 And gin she take the thing amiss,
 E'en let her flyte her fill, jo.

O steer her up, and be na blate,
 An' gin she tak it ill, jo,
 Then lea'e the lassie till her fate,
 And time nae langer spill, jo ;
 Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute,
 But think upon it still, jo ;
 Then gin the lassie winna do't,
 Ye'll fin' anither will, jo.

O, WHAR DID YE GET.

TUNE—"Bonie Dundee."

O WHAR did ye get that hauver meal bannock ?
 O silly blind body, O dinna ye see ?
 I gat it frae a brisk young sodger laddie,
 Between Saint Johnston and bonie Dundee.
 O gin I saw the laddie that gae me't !
 Aft has he doudled me on his knee ;
 May Heaven protect my bonie Scotch laddie,
 And send him safe hame to his babie and me !
 My blessin's upon thy sweet wee lippie,
 My blessin's upon thy bonie e'e brie !
 Thy smiles are sae like my blythe sodger laddie,
 Thou's ay the dearer and dearer to me !
 But I'll big a bower on yon bonie banks,
 Where Tay rins wimplin' by sae clear ;
 And I'll clead thee in the tartan sae fine,
 And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear.

THE FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE.

TUNE—"Killiecrankie."

O wha will to Saint Stephen's house,
To do our errands there, man ?
O wha will to Saint Stephen's house,
O' th' merry lads of Ayr, man ?
Or will we send a man-o'-law ?
Or will we send a sodger ?
Or him wha led o'er Scotland a'
The meikle Ursa-Major ?

Come, will ye court a noble lord,
Or buy a score o' lairds, man ?
For worth and honour pawn their word
Their vote shall be Glencaird's, man ?
Ane gies them coin, ane gies them wine
Anither gies them clatter ;
Anbank, wha guess'd the ladies' taste,
He gies them Fête Champêtre.

When Love and Beauty heard the
news,
The gay-green woods amang, man ;
Where gathering flowers and busking
bowers,
They heard the blackbird's sang,
man ;
A vow, they seal'd it with a kiss
Sir Politics to fetter,
As their's alone, the patent-bliss,
To hold a Fête Champêtre.

Then mounted Mirth, on gleesome
wing,
O'er hill and dale she flew, man ;
Ilk wimpling burn, ilk crystal spring,
Ilk glen and shaw she knew, man :
She summon'd every social sprite,
That sports by wood or water,
On th' bonie banks of Ayr to meet,
And keep this Fête Champêtre,
Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterous crew,
Were bound to stakes like kye, man ;
And Cynthia's car' o' silver fu',
Clamb up the starry sky, man :
Reflected beams dwell in the streams,
Or down the current shatter ;

The western breeze steals through the
trees,
To view this Fête Champêtre.

How many a robe sae gaily floats !
That sparkling jewels glance, man !
To Harmony's enchanting notes,
As moves the mazy dance, man !
The echoing wood, the winding flood,
Like Paradise did glitter,
When angels met, at Adam's yett,
To hold their Fête Champêtre.

When Politics came there, to mix
And make his ether-stane, man !
He circled round the magic ground,
But entrance found he nane, man :
He blush'd for shame, he quat his
name,
Forswore it, every letter,
Wi' humble prayer to join and share
This festive Fête Champêtre.

SIMMER'S A PLEASANT
TIME.

TUNE—"Ay waukin, O."

SIMMER's a pleasant time,
Flow'rs of ev'ry colour :
The water rins o'er the heugh,
And I long for my true lover,
Ay waukin O.
Waukin still and wearie :
Sleep I can get nane
For thinking on my dearie.

When I sleep I dream,
When I wauk I'm cerie ;
Sleep I can get nane
For thinking on my dearie.
Lanely night comes on,
A' the lave are sleeping ;
I think on my bonie lad
And I bleer my een with greetin'.
Ay waukin O.
Waukin still and wearie ;
Sleep I can get nane
For thinking on my dearie

THE BLUDE RED ROSE AT YULE MAY BLAW.

TUNE—"To daunton me."

THE blude red rose at Yule may blaw,
The simmer lilies bloom in snaw,
The frost may freeze the deepest sea ;
But an auld man shall never daunton me

To daunton me, and me sae young,
 Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue,
 That is the thing you ne'er shall see ;
 For an auld man shall never daunton me.

For a' his meal and a' his maut,
 For a' his fresh beef and his saut,
 For a' his gold and white monie,
 An auld man shall never daunton me.

His gear may buy him kye and yowes,
 His gear may buy him glens and-knowes ;
 But me he shall not buy nor fee,
 For an auld man shall never daunton me.

He hirples twa fauld as he dow,
 Wi' his toothless gab, and his auld beld pow,
 And the rain rains down frae his red bleer'd ee—
 That old man shall never daunton me.

To daunton me, and me sa young,
 Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue,
 That is the thing you ne'er shall see ;
 For an old man shall never daunton me.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

TUNE—"If thou'lt play me fair play."

THE boniest lad that e'er I saw,
 Bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Wore a plaid and was fu' braw,
 Bonie Highland laddie.
 On his head a bonnet blue,
 Bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
 His royal heart was firm and true,
 Bonie Highland laddie.

Trumpets sound and cannons roar,
 Bonie lassie, Lawland lassie,
 And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,
 Bonie Lawland lassie.
 Glory, Honour, now invite,
 Bonie lassie, Lawland lassie,
 For Freedom and my King to fight,
 Bonie Lawland lassie.

The sun a backward course shall take,
 Bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Ere aught thy manly courage shake ;
 Bonie Highland laddie.
 Go, for yoursel procure renown,
 Bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
 And for your lawful King his crown,
 Bonie Highland laddie !

THE COOPER O' CUDDIE.

TUNE—"Bab at the bowster."

THE cooper o' Cuddie cam here awa,
 And ca'd the girrs out owre us a' —
 And our gude-wife has gotten a ca'
 That anger'd the silly gude-man, O
 We'll hidc the cooper behind the door ;
 Behind the door, behind the door ;
 We'll hide the cooper behind the door.
 And cover him under a mawn, O.

He sought them out, he sought them
 in,
 Wi', Deil hae her ! and, Deil hae him !
 But the body was sae doited and blin',
 He wist na where he was gaun, O.

They cooper'd at e'en, they cooper'd
 at morn,
 Till our gude-man has gotten the scorn ;
 On ilka brow she's planted a horn,
 And swears that they shall stan', O.
 We'll hide the cooper behind the door,
 Behind the door, behind the door ;
 We'll hide the cooper behind the door,
 And cover him under a mawn, O.

NITHDALE'S WELCOME HAME.

THE noble Maxwells and their powers
 Are coming o'er the border,
 And they'll gae bigg Terreagle's towers,
 An' set them a' in order,
 And they declare Terreagle's fair,
 For their abode they chose it ;
 There's no heart in a' the land,
 But's lighter at the news o't.

Tho' stars in skies may disappear,
 And angry tempests gather ;
 The happy hour may soon be near
 That brings us pleasant weather :
 The weary night o' care and grief
 May hae a joyful morrow ;
 So dawning day has brought relief—
 Fareweel our night o' sorrow !

THE TAILOR.

TUNE—"The Tailor fell thro' the bed, thimbles an' a'."

THE Tailor fell thro' the bed, thimbles an' a',
 The Tailor fell thro' the bed, thimbles an' a' ;
 The blankets were thin, and the sheets they were sma',
 The Tailor fell thro' the bed, thimbles an' a'.

The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill,
 The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill ;
 The weather was cauld, and the lassie lay still,
 She thought that a tailor could do her nae ill.

Gie me the groat again, canny young man ;
 Gie me the groat again, canny young man ;
 The day it is short and the night it is lang,
 The dearest siller that ever I wan !

There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane ;
 There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane ;
 There's some that are dowie, I trow wad be fane
 To see the bit tailor come skippin again.

THE TITHER MORN.

THE tither morn,
 When I forlorn,
 Aneath an aik sat moaning,
 I did na trow,
 I'd see my Jo,
 Beside me, gain the gloaming.
 But he sae trig,
 Lap o'er the rig,
 And dawtlingly did cheer me,
 When I, what reck,
 Did least expect',
 To see my lad so near me.
 His bonnet he,
 A thought ajee, [me ;
 Cock'd sprush when first he clasp'd
 And I, I wat,
 Wi' faintness grat,
 While in his grips he press'd me,

Deil tak' the war !
 I late and air,
 Hae wish since Jock departed ;
 But now as glad
 I'm wi' my lad,
 As short syne broken-hearted.
 Fu' aft at e'en
 Wi' dancing keen,
 When a' were blythe and merry,
 I car'd na by,
 Sae sad was I
 In absence o' my dearie.
 But, praise be blest,
 My mind's at rest,
 I'm happy wi' my Johnny :
 At kirk and fair,
 I'se ay be there,
 And be as canty's oney.

THE CARLE OF KELLYBURN BRAES.

TUNE—"Kellyburn braes."

THERE lived a carle on Kellyburn braes
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),
 And he had a wife was the plague o' his days ;
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Ae day as the carle gaed up the lang glen
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),
 He met wi' the Devil ; says, " How do you fen ?"
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

" I've got a bad wife, sir ; that's a' my complaint
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),
 " For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint ;"
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

" It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),
 " But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have ;"
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

" O welcome, most kindly," the blythe carle said
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),
 " But if ye can match her, ye're war nor ye're ca'd ;"
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The Devil has got the auld wife on his back
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),
 And like a poor pedlar, he's carried his pack ;
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

He carried her hame to his ain hallan-door
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),
 Syne bad her gae in, for a b—h and a w—e ;
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Then straight he makes fifty the pick o' his band
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),
 Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand ;
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The earlin gaed thro' them like ony wud bear
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),
 Wha'er she gat hands on came near her nae mair ;
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

A reekit wee Devil looks over the wa'
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),
 " O, help, master help, or she'll ruin us a' ;"
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The Devil he swore by the edge o' his knife
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),
 He pitied the man that was tied to a wife ;
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

The Devil he swore by the kirk and the bell
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),
 He was not in wedlock, thank heav'n, but in hell ;
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Then Satan has travell'd again wi' his pack
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),
 And to her auld husband he's carried her back ;
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

" I hae been a Devil the feck o' my life "
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),
 " But ne'er was in hell, till I met wi' a wife ; "
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

THERE WAS A LASS.

TUNE—" Duncan Davison."

THERE was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,
 And she held o'er the moors to spin ;
 There was a lad that follow'd her,
 They ca'd him Duncan Davison.
 The moor was driegh, and Meg was skiegh,
 Her favour Duncan could na win ;
 For wi' the rock she wad him knock,
 And ay she shook the temper-pin.

As o'er the moor they lightly foor,
 A burn was clear, a glen was green,
 Upon the banks they eased their shanks,
 And ay she set the wheel between :
 But Duncan swore a haly aith,
 That Meg should be a bride the morn ;
 Then Meg took up her spinnin' graith,
 And flung them a' out o'er the burn.

We'll big a house — a wee, wee house,
 And we will live like King and Queen,
 Sae blythe and merry we will be
 When ye set by the wheel at e'en.
 A man may drink and no be drunk ;
 A man may fight and no be slain ;
 A man may kiss a bonie lass,
 And ay be welcome back again.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

TUNE—" The weary pund o' tow."

THE weary pund, the weary pund,
 The weary pund o' tow ;
 I think my wife will end her life
 Before she spin her tow.

I bought my wife a stane o' lint
 As gude as e'er did grow ;
 And a' that she has made o' that,
 Is ae poor pund o' tow.

There sat a bottle in a ho.e,
 Beyond the ingle low,
 And ay she took the tither souk
 To drouk the stowrie tow.

Quoth I, For shame, ye dirty dame,
 Gae spin your tap o' tow !
 She took the rock, and wi' a knock
 She brak it o'er my pow.

At last her feet — I sang to see't—

Gaed foremost o'er the knowe;

And or I wad anither jad,

I'll wallop in a tow.

The weary pund, the weary pund,

The weary pund o' tow!

I think my wife will end her life

Before she spin her tow.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

TUNE—"Up wi' the Ploughman."

THE ploughman he's a bonie lad,

His mind is ever true, jo,

His garter's knit below his knee,

His bonnet it is blue, jo.

CHORUS.

Then up wi't a', my ploughman lad,

And hey, my merry ploughman;

Of a' the trades that I do ken,

Commend me to the ploughman.

My ploughman he comes hame at e'en,

He's aften wat and weary;

Cast off the wat, put on the dry;

And gae to bed, my Dearie!

Up wi't a', &c.

I will wash my ploughman's hose.

And I will dress his o'erlay;

I will mak my ploughman's bed,

And cheer him late and early,

Up wi't a', &c.

I hae been east, I hae been west,

I hae been at Saint Johnston,

The boniest sight that e'er I saw

Was the ploughman laddie dancin'.

Up wi't a', &c.

Snaaw-white stockins on his legs,

And siller buckles glancin';

A gude blue bonnet on his head,

And O, but he was handsome!

Up wi't a', &c.

Commend me to the barn-yard,

And the corn-mou', man;

I never gat my coggie fou

Till I met wi' the ploughman.

Up wi't a', &c.

THE CARLES OF DYSART.

TUNE—"Hey, ca' thro'."

UP wi' the carles of Dysart,

And the lads o' Buckhaven,

And the kimmers o' Largo,

And the lasses o' Leven.

Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',

For we hae mickle ado;

Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',

For we hae mickle ado.

We hae tales to tell,

And we hae sangs to sing;

We hae pennies to spend,

And we hae pints to bring.

We'll live a' our days,

And them that come bein',

Let them do the like,

And spend the gear they win.

Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',

For we hae mickle ado;

Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',

For we hae mickle ado.

WEARY FA' YOU, DUNCAN GRAY.

TUNE—"Duncan Gray."

WEARY fa' you, Duncan Gray—

Ha, ha, the girdin o't!

Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray—

Ha, ha, the girdin o't!

When a' the lave gae to their play,

Then I maun sit the lee-lang day,

And jog the cradle wi' my tae,

And a' for the girdin o't!

Bonie was the Lammas moon—

Ha, ha, the girdin o't!

Glowrin' a' the hills aboon—

Ha, ha, the girdin o't!

The girdin brak, the beast cam down,

I tint my curch, and baith my shoon;

Ah! Duncan, ye're an unco loon—

Wae on the bad girdin o't!

But, Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,

Ha, ha, the girdin o't!

Ise bless you wi' my hindmost breath—

Ha, ha, the girdin o't!

Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,

The beast again can bear us baith,

And auld Mess John will mend the
skaith.

And clout the bad girdin o't!

MY HOGGIE.

TUNE—"What will I do gin my Hoggie die."

WHAT will I do gin my Hoggie die ?

My joy, my pride, my Hoggie !
My only beast, I hae na mac,
And vow but I was voggie !

The lee-lang night we watch'd the
fauld,

Me and my faithfu' doggie ;
We heard nought but the roaring linn,
Among the braes sae scroggie ;

But the howlet cry'd frae the castle
wa',

The blitter frae the boggie,
The tod reply'd upon the hill,
I trembled for my Hoggie.

When day did daw, and cocks did
crao,

The morning it was foggie ;
An unco tyke lap o'er the dyke,
And maist has killed my Hoggie.

WHERE HAE YE BEEN.

TUNE—"Killiecrankie."

WHARE hae ye been sae braw, lad ?

Where hae ye been sae brankie O ?
O, whare hae ye been sae braw lad ?
Cam ye by Killiecrankie, O.

An' ye hae been whare I hae been,
Ye had nae been so cantie, O ;

An' ye hae seen what I had seen,
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

I fought at land, I fought at sea ;
At hame I fought my auntie, O ;

But I met the Devil an' Dundee,
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

The bauld Piteur fell in a furr,
An' Clavers got a clankie, O ;

Or I had fed an Athole gled,
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

COCK UP YOUR BEAVER.

TUNE—"Cock up your beaver."

WHEN first my brave Johnnie lad

Came to this town,
He had a blue bonnet
That wanted the crown ;

But now he has gotten
A hat and a feather—
Hey, brave Johnnie lad,
Cock up your beaver !

Cock up your beaver,
And cock it fu' sprush,
We'll over the border
And gie them a brush ;
There's somebody there
We'll teach better behavior—
Hey, brave Johnnie lad,
Cock up your beaver !

THE HERON BALLADS.

FIRST BALLAD.

WHOM will you send to London town,
To Parliament and a' that ?

Or wha in a' the country round
The best deserves to fa' that ?
For a' that, an' a' that,
Thro' Galloway and a' that !
Where is the laird or belted
knight
That best deserves to fa' that ?

Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett,
And wha is't never saw that ?

Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree meets
And has a doubt of a' that ?
For a' that, an' a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that !
The independent patriot,
The honest man, an' a' that.

Tho' wit and worth in either sex,
St. Mary's Isle can shaw that ;
Wi' dukes and lords let Selkirk mix,
And well does Selkirk fa' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that !
The independent commoner
Shall be the man for a' that.

But why should we to nobles jouk,
And is't against the law that ?

For why, a lord may be a gouk,
Wi' ribbon, star, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that !
A lord may be a lousy loun,
Wi' ribbon, star, an' a' that.

A beardless boy comes o'er the hills,
 Wi' uncle's purse an' a' that ;
 But we'll hae ane frae 'mang oursels,
 A man we ken, an' a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that !
 For we're not to be bought an'
 sold
 Like naigs, an' nowt, an' a' that.

Then let us drink the Stewartry,
 Kerroughtree's laird, an' a' that,
 Our representative to be,
 For weel he's worthy a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that !
 A House of Commons such as
 he,
 They would be blest that saw
 that.

THE ELECTION.

SECOND BALLAD.

FY, let us a' to Kirkcudbright,
 For there will be bickerin' there,
 For Murray's light-horse are to mus-
 ter,
 And O, how the heroes will swear !
 An' there will be Murray commander,
 And Gordon the battle to win ;
 Like brothers they'll stand by each
 other,
 Sae knit in alliance an' kin.
 And there will be black-lippit John-
 nie,
 The tongue of the trump to them a' ;
 And he gat na hell for his haddin'
 The Deil gets na justice ava' ;
 An' there will be Kempleton's birkie,
 A boy na sae black at the bane,
 But, as for his fine nabob fortune,
 We'll e'en let the subject alane.
 An' there will be Wigton's new sheriff,
 Dame Justice fu' brawlie has sped,
 She's gotten the heart of a Bushby,
 But, Lord, what's become o' the
 head ?
 An' there will be Cardoness, Esquire,
 Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes ;
 A wight that will weather damnation,
 For the Devil the prey will despise.

An' there will be Douglasses doughty,
 New christening towns far and near !
 Abjuring their democrat doings,
 By kissing the — o' a peer ;
 An' there will be Kenmure sae gen'
 rous
 Whose honor is proof to the storm
 To save them from stark reprobation
 He lent them his name to the firm.

But we winna mention Redcastle,
 The body e'en let him escape !
 He'd venture the gallows for siller,
 An' twere na the cost o' the rape.
 An' where is our King's lord lieuten-
 ant,
 Sae fain'd for his gratefu' return ?
 The billie is gettin' his questions,
 To say in St. Stephen's the morn.

An' there will be lads o' the gospel,
 Muirhead wha's as good as he's true ;
 An' there will be Buittle's apostle,
 Wha's more o' the black than the
 blue ;
 An' there will be folk from St. Mary's,
 A house o' great merit and note,
 The deil ane but honors them highly,—
 The deil ane will gie them his vote !

An' there will be wealthy young Rich-
 ard,
 Dame Fortune should hing by the
 neck ;
 For prodigal, thriftless bestowing—
 His merit had won him respect :
 And there will be rich brother nabobs,
 Though nabobs, yet men of the first ;
 An' there will be Collieston's whiskers,
 An' Quinton, o' lads not the worst.

An' there will be stamp-office Johnnie,
 Tak tent how you purchase a dram,
 An' there will be gay Cassencarrie,
 An' there will be gleg Colonel Tam ;
 An' there will be trusty Kerroughtree,
 Whose honour was ever his law,
 If the virtues were packed in a parcel,
 His worth would be sample for a'.

An' can we forget the auld major,
 Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys.
 Our flatt'ry we'll keep for some other,
 Him only 'tis justice to praise.

An' there will be maiden Kilkerran,
 And also Barskimming's gude knight;
 An' there will be roarin' Birtwhistle,
 Wha, luckily, roars in the right.

An' there, frae the Niddisdale's borders,
 Will mingle the Maxwells in droves;
 Teugh Johnnie, staunch Geordie, an'
 Walie,
 That griens for the fishes an' loaves;
 An' there will be Logan McDowall,
 Sculdudd'ry an' he will be there,
 An' also the wild Scot o' Galloway,
 Sodgerin', gunpowder Blair.

Then hey the chaste interest o' Broughton,
 An' hey for the blessings 'twill bring!
 It may send Balmaghie to the Commons,
 In Sodom 'twould make him a King;
 An' hey for the sanctified Murray,
 Our land who with chapels has stor'd;
 He foundered his horse among harlots,
 But gied the old nag to the Lord.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

THIRD BALLAD. (MAY, 1796.)

Wha will buy my troggin,
 Fine election ware;
 Broken trade o' Broughton,
 A' in high repair,
 Buy braw troggin,
 Frae the banks o' Dee;
 Wha wants troggin
 Let him come to me.

There's a noble Earl's,
 Fame and high renown,
 For an auld sang—
 It's thought the gudes were stown.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the worth o' Broughton
 In a needle's ee;
 Here's a reputation
 Tint by Balmaghie.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's an honest conscience
 Might a prince adorn;
 Frae the downs o' Tinwald—
 So was never worn.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's its stuff and lining,
 Cardoness' head;
 Fine for a sodger
 A' the wale o' lead.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's a little wadset
 Buittles scrap o' truth,
 Pawn'd in a gin-shop
 Quenching holy drouth.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's armorial bearings
 Frae the manse o' Urr;
 The crest, an auld crab-apple
 Rotten at the core.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.]

Here is Satan's picture,
 Like a bizzard gled,
 Pouncing poor Redcastle
 Sprawlin' as a ted.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the worth and wisdom
 Collieston can boast;
 By a thievish midge
 They had been nearly lost.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here is Murray's fragments
 O' the ten commands;
 Gifted by black Jock
 To get them aff his hands.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Saw ye e'er sic troggin?
 If to buy ye're slack,
 Hornie's turnin' chapman,—
 He'll buy a' the pack.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

JOHN BUSHBY'S LAMEN- TATION.

TUNE—"The Babes in the Wood."

'Twas in the seventeen hunder year
 O' grace and ninety-five,
 That year I was the wae'est man
 O' ony man alive.

In March the three-and-twentieth
morn,

The sun was clear and bright ;
But oh I was a waefu' man
Ere to-fa o' the night.

Yerl Gallowry lang did rule this land,
Wi' equal right and fame,
And thereto was his kinsman join'd
The Murray's noble name.

Yerl Galloway lang did rule the land,
Made me the judge o' strife ;
But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre's
broke,
And eke my hangman's knife.

'Twas by the banks o' bonie Cree,
Beside Kirkcudbright's towers,
The Stewart and the Murray there
Did muster a' their powers.

The Murray on the auld gray yaud,
Wi' wingèd spurs did ride,
That auld gray yaud, yea, Nidsdale
rade,
He staw upon Nidside.

An' there had na been the yerl himsel,'
O there had been nae play ;
But Garlies was to London gane,
And sae the kye might stray.

And there was Balmaghie, I ween,
In front rank he wad shine ;
But Balmaghie had better been
Drinking Madeira wine.

Frae the Glenkins came to our aid,
A chief o' doughty deed ;

In case that worth should wanted be,
O' Kenmure we had need.

And by our banners march'd Muir-
head,
And Buittle was na slack ;
Whase haly priesthood nane can stain,
For wha can dye the black ?

And there sae grave Squire Cardoness,
Looked on till a' was done :
Sae, in the tower of Cardonness,
A howlet sits at noon,

And there led I a Bushby clan ;
My gamesome billie Will ;
And my son Maitland, wise as brave,
My footsteps follow'd still.

The Douglas and the Heron's name
We set nought to their score ;
The Douglas and the Heron's name
Had felt our weight before.

But Douglasses o' weight had we,
The pair o' lusty lairds,
For building cot-houses sae famed,
And christening kail-yards.

And there Redcastle drew his sword,
That ne'er was stained with gore,
Save on a wanderer lame and blind,
To drive him frae his door.

And last came creeping Collieston,
Was mair in fear than wrath ;
Ae knave was constant in his mind,
To keep that knave frae scaith.

YE SONS OF OLD KILLIE.

TUNE—"Shawnboy."

YE sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie,
To follow the noble vocation ;
Your thrifty old mother, has scarce such another
To sit in that honour'd station.
I've little to say, but only to pray,
As praying's the ton of your fashion ;
A prayer from the Muse you well may excuse,
'Tis seldom her favorite passion.

Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide,
Who marked each element's border ;
Who formed this frame with beneficent aim,
Whose sovereign statute is order ;

Within this dear mansion may wayward contention
 Or withered envy ne'er enter ;
 May secrecy round be the mystical bound,
 And brotherly love be the centre !

YE JACOBITES BY NAME.

TUNE—"Ye Jacobites by name."

Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear ;
 Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear ;
 Ye Jacobites by name,
 Your fautes I will proclaim,
 Your doctrines I maun blame—
 You shall hear.

What is right and what is wrang, by the law, by the law ?
 What is right and what is wrang by the law ?
 What is right and what is wrang ?
 A short sword and a lang,
 A weak arm, and a strang
 For to draw.

What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar, fam'd afar,
 What makes heroic strife fam'd afar ?
 What makes heroic strife ?
 To whet th' assassin's knife,
 Or to hunt a parent's life
 Wi' bluidie war.

Then let your schemes alone, in the state, in the state ;
 Then let your schemes alone in the state ;
 Then let your schemes alone,
 Adore the rising sun,
 And leave a man undone
 To his fate.

SONG—AH, CHLORIS.

TUNE—"Major Graham."

AH, Chloris, since it may na be,
 That thou of love wilt hear ;
 If from the lover thou maun flee,
 Yet let the friend be dear.

Altho' I love my Chloris mair
 Than ever tongue could tell ;
 My passion I will ne'er declare,
 I'll say, I wish thee well.

Tho' a' my daily care thou art,
 And a' my nightly dream,
 I'll hide the struggle in my heart,
 And say it is esteem.

WHAN I SLEEP I DREAM.

WHAN I sleep I dream,
 When I wauk I'm eerie,
 Sleep I canna get,
 For thinking o' my dearie.

Lanely night comes on,
 A' the house are sleeping,
 I think on the bonie lad
 That has my heart a keeping,
 Ay waukin O, waukin ay and
 wearie,
 Sleep I cannot get, for thinking
 o' my dearie.

Lanely night comes on,
 A' the house are sleeping,
 I think on my bonie lad,
 An' I bleer my een wi' greetin' !
 Ay waukin, &c.

KATHARINE JAFFRAY.

THERE liv'd a lass in yonder dale,
 And down in yonder glen, O ;
 And Katharine Jaffray was her name,
 Weel known to many men, O.

Out came the Lord of Lauderdale,
 Out frae the south countrie, O,
 All for to court this pretty maid,
 Her bridegroom for to be, O,

He's tell'd her father and mother baith,
 As I hear sindry say, O ;
 But he has na tell'd the lass hersel'
 Till on her wedding day, O.

Then came the Laird o' Lochinton
 Out frae the English border,
 All for to court this pretty maid,
 All mounted in good order.

THE COLLIER LADDIE.

O WHERE live ye my bonie lass,
 And tell me how they ca' ye ?
 My name, she says, is Mistress Jean,
 And I follow my Collier laddie.

O see ye not you hills and dales
 The sun shines on sae brawly ;
 They a' are mine, and they shall be
 thine,
 If ye'll leave your Collier laddie.

And ye shall gang in rich attire,
 Weel buskit up fu' gaudy ;
 And ane to wait at every hand,
 If ye'll leave your Collier laddie.

Tho' ye had a' the sun shines on,
 And the earth conceals sae lowly ;
 I would turn my back on you and it a',
 And embrace my Collier laddie.

I can win my five pennies in a day,
 And spend it at night full brawlie ;
 I can make my bed in the Collier's
 neuk,
 And lie down wi' my Collier laddie
 Looove for loove is the bargain for me,
 Tho' the wee cot-house should haud
 me ;
 And the warld before me to win my
 bread,
 And fare fa' my Collier laddie.

WHEN I THINK ON THE
HAPPY DAYS.

WHEN I think on the happy days
 I spent wi' you, my dearie ;
 And now what lands between us lie,
 How can I be but eerie !

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours
 As ye were wae and weary !
 It was na sae ye glinted by
 When I was wi' my dearie.

YOUNG JAMIE, PRIDE OF
A' THE PLAIN.

TUNE—"The Carlin o' the Glen."

YOUNG Jamie, pride of a' the plain,
 Sae gallant and sae gay a swain ;
 Tho' a' our lasses he did rove,
 And reign'd resistless King of Love ;
 But now wi' sighs and starting tears,
 He strays amang the woods and briers ;
 Or in the glens and rocky caves
 His sad complaining dowie raves :

I wha sae late did range and rove,
 And changed with every moon my love,
 I little thought the time was near,
 Repentance I should buy sae dear ;
 The slighted maids my torment see,
 And laugh at a' the pangs I dree ;
 While she, my cruel, scornfu' fair,
 Forbids me e'er to see her mair !

THE HEATHER WAS BLOOMING.

THE heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn,
 Our lads gaed a hunting, ae day at the dawn,
 O'er moors and o'er mosses and monie a glen,
 At length they discover'd a bonie moor-hen,

I red you beware at the hunting, young men ;
 I red you beware at the hunting, young men ;
 Tak some on the wing, and some as they spring,
 But cannily steal on a bonie moor-hen.

Sweet brushing the dew from the brown heather bells,
 Her colours betray'd her on yon mossy fells ;
 Her plumage out-lustered the pride o' the spring,
 And O ! as she wanton'd gay on the wing.

I red, &c.

Auld Phæbus himsel, as he peep'd o'er the hill.
 In spite at her plumage he tried his skill :
 He levell'd his rays where she bask'd on the brae —
 His rays were outshone, and but mark'd where she lay.

I red, &c.

They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill,
 The best of our lads wi' the best o' their skill ;
 But still as the fairest she sat in their sight,
 Then, whirr ! she was over, a mile at a flight.

I red, &c.

WAE IS MY HEART.

WAE is my heart, and the tear's in my ee ;
 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 its throbbings will soon be at rest,

♪ 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 frae Phillis's ee.

EPPIE M'NAB.

O SAW ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab ?
 O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab ?
 She s down in the yard, she's kissin' the laird,
 She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab.
 O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab !
 O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab !
 What'er thou has done, be it late, be it soon,
 Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab.

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab ?
 What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab ?
 She lets thee to wit, that she has thee forgot,
 And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.
 O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab !
 O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab !
 As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,
 Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab.

AN' O ! MY EPPIE.

An' O ! my Eppie,
My jewel, my Eppie !
Wha wadna be happy
Wi' Eppie Adair ?
By love, and by beauty,
By law, and by duty,
I swear to be true to
My Eppie Adair !

An' O ! my Eppie,
My jewel, my Eppie !
Wha wadna be happy
Wi' Eppie Adair ?
A' pleasure exile me,
Dishonor defile me,
If e'er I beguile thee,
My Eppie Adair ?

GUDEEN TO YOU, KIMMER.

GUDEEN to you, Kimmer,
And how do ye do ?
Hiccup, quo' Kimmer,
The better that I'm fou.
We're a' noddin, nid nid noddin,
We're a' noddin at our house at
hame.

Kate sits i' the neuk,
Suppin' hen broo ;
Deil tak Kate
An' she be a noddin too !
We're a noddin, &c.

How's a' wi' you, Kimmer,
And how do ye fare ?
A pint o' the best o't,
And twa pints mair.
We're a' noddin, &c.

How's a' wi' you, Kimmer,
And how do ye thrive ;
How many bairns hae ye ?
Quo' Kimmer, I hae five.
We're a' noddin, &c.

Are they a' Johny's ?
Eh ! atweel no :

Twa o' them were gotten
When Johny was awa.
We're a' noddin, &c.

Cats like milk,
And dogs like broo ;
Lads like lasses weel,
And lassies lads too.
We're a' noddin, &c.

O THAT I HAD NE'ER
BEEN MARRIED.

O THAT I had ne'er been married,
I wad never had nae care ;
Now I've gotten wife and bairns
An' they cry crowdie ever mair.
Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
Three times crowdie in a day :
Gin ye crowdie ony more,
Ye'll crowdie a' my meal awa.

Waeful want and hunger fley me,
Glowrin by the hallen en' ;
Sair I fecht them at the dcor,
But ay I'm eerie they come ben.
Ance crowdie, &c.

THERE'S NEWS, LASSES.

THERE'S news, lasses, news,
Gude news I've to tell,
There's a boat fu' o' lads
Come to our town to sell.
The wean wants a cradle,
An' the cradle wants a cod,
An' I'll no gang to my bed
Until I get a nod.

Father, quo' she, Mither, quo' she,
Do what ye can,
I'll no gang to my bed
Till I get a man.
The wean, &c.

I hae as good a craft rig
As made of yird and stane ;
And waly fu' the ley crap
For I maun till'd again.
The wean, &c.

SCROGGAM.

THERE was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen,
Scroggam ;
She brew'd good ale for gentlemen,
Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me,
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.

The gudewife' dochster fell in a fever,
Scroggam ;
The priest o' the parish fell in anither,
Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me,
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.

They laid the twa i' the bed thegither,
Scroggam ;
That the heat o' the tane might cool
the tither,
Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me,
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.

FRAE THE FRIENDS AND
LAND I LOVE.

FRAE the friends and land I love,
Driven by Fortune's felly spite.
Frae my best belov'd I rove,
Never mair to taste delight ;
Never mair maun hope to find
Ease frae toil, relief frae care :
When remembrance wrecks the mind,
Pleasures but unveil despair.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
Desart ilka blooming shore,
Till the Fates nae mair severe,
Friendship, love, and peace restore ;
Till revenge, wi' laurell'd head,
Bring our banish'd hame again ;
And ilka loyal, bonie lad
Cross the seas and win his ain.

THE LADDIES BY THE
BANKS OF NITH.

ELECTION BALLAD, 1789.

TUNE—"Up and waur them a'."

THE laddies by the banks o' Nith
Wad trust his Grace wi' a', Jamie,
But he'll sair them as he sair'd the
King—
Turn tail and rin awa, Jamie.

Up and waur them a', Jamie,
Up and waur them a' ;
The Johnstons hae the guidin'o't,
Ye turncoat Whigs, awa.

The day he stude his country's friend,
Or gied her faes a claw, Jamie.
Or frae puir man a blessin' wan,
That day the duke ne'er saw, Jamie,

But wha is he, his country's boast ?
Like him there is na twa, Jamie ;
There's no a callant tents the kye,
But kens o' Westerha', Jamie.

To end the wark, here's Whistlebirk,
Lang may his whistle blaw, Jamie ;
And Maxwell true o' sterling blue,
And we'll be Johnstons a', Jamie.

THE BONIE LASS OF
ALBANY.

TUNE—"Mary's dream."

My heart is wae, and unco' wae,
To think upon the raging sea,
That roars between her gardens green
And the bonie Lass of Albany.

This lovely maid's of royal blood
That rulèd Albion's kingdoms three,
But oh, alas, for her bonie face,
They hae wrang'd the Lass of
Albany.

In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde
There sits an isle of high degree,
And a town of fame whose princely
name
Should grace the Lass of Albany.

But there's a youth, a witless youth,
That fills the place where she should
be ;
We'll send him o'er to his native shore,
And bring our ain sweet Albany.

Alas the day, and wo the day !
A false usurper wan the gree,
Who now commands the towers and
lands—
The royal right of Albany.

We'll daily pray, we'll nightly pray,
On bended knees most ferventlie,
The time may come, with pipe and
drum
We'll welcome hame fair Albany.

SONG.

TUNE—"Maggie Lauder."

WHEN first I saw fair Jeanie's face,
 I couldna tell what ailed me,
 My heart went fluttering pit-a-pat,
 My een they almost failed me.
 She's ay sae neat, sae trim, sae tight,
 All grace doth round her hover,
 Ae look deprived me o' my heart,
 And I became a lover.
 She's aye, aye sae blythe, sae gay,
 She's aye sae blythe and cheerie ;
 She's aye sae bonie, blythe, and gay,
 O gin I were her dearie !

Had I Dundas's whole estate,
 Or Hopetoun's wealth to shine in ;
 Did warlike laurels crown my brow,
 Or humbler bays entwining—

I'd lay them a' at Jeanie's feet,
 Could I but hope to move her,
 And prouder than a belted knight,
 I'd be my Jeanie's lover.
 She's aye, aye sae blythe, sae
 gay, &c.

But sair I fear some happier swain
 Has gained sweet Jeanie's favour
 If so may every bliss be hers,
 Though I maun never have her :
 But gang she east, or gang she west,
 'Twixt Forth and Tweed all over,
 While men have eyes, or ears, or taste,
 She'll always find a lover.
 She's aye, aye sae blythe, sae
 gay, &c.

APPENDIX.

THE following *Elegy*, *Extempore Verses to Gavin Hamilton*, and *Versicles on Sign-posts*, now for the first time published, are extracted, it is supposed from the copy of his *Common-place Book* which Burns presented to Mrs. Dunlop, of Dunlop. The copy, after having been in the hands of several persons, and at each remove denuded of certain pages, came into the possession of Mr. Stillie, bookseller, Princes Street, Edinburgh, some years since, and is now the property of Mr. Macmillan. Besides the following poems, it contains two stanzas never before published of the *Epitaph on Robert Fergusson*, versions of *There was a Lad was born in Kyle*, and *Gordon Castle*, differing in some respects from those commonly printed : all of which have been embodied in the notes to the present edition. In the *Common-place Book* the *Elegy* is thus introduced :—“The following poem is the work of some hapless unknown son of the Muses, who deserved a better fate. There is a good deal of ‘The Voice of Cona,’ in his solitary mournful notes ; and had the sentiments been clothed in Shenstone’s language, they would have been no discredit even to that elegant poet.” Burns, it will be seen, does not claim the authorship, and, from internal evidence, the Editor is of opinion that it was not written by him. Still, the *Elegy*, so far at least as the Editor is aware, exists nowhere else ; and if Burns did not actually compose it, he at least thought it worthy of being copied with his own hand into a book devoted almost exclusively to his own compositions. Even if it were certain that Burns was not the author, still, the knowledge that he admired it, and that through his agency it alone exists, is considered sufficient excuse for its admission here. The *Extempore Verses to Gavin Hamilton* are as certainly Burns’s as is *Death and Dr. Hornbook*, or the *Address to the Deil*. The dialect, the turn of phrase, the glittering surface of sarcasm, with the strong undercurrent of sense, and the peculiar off-hand impetuosity of idea and illustration, unmistakably indicate Burns’s hand, and his only. In the *Common-place Book*, no date is given ; but from the terms of the two closing stanzas, it would appear that the voyage to Jamaica was in contemplation at the period of its composition. The last stanza is almost identical in thought and expression with the closing lines of the well-known *Dedication to Gavin Hamilton*, which was written at that time, and which appeared in the first edition of the *Poems* printed at Kilmarnock.

The *Versicles on Sign-posts* have the following introduction :—“The everlasting surliness of a Lion, Saracen’s head, &c., or the unchanging blandness of the landlord welcoming a traveller, on some sign-posts, would be no bad similes of the constant affected fierceness of a Bully, or the eternal simper of a Frenchman or a Fiddler.” The *Versicles* themselves are of little worth, and are indebted entirely to their paternity for their appearance here

ELEGY.

STRAIT is the spot and green the sod,
 From whence my sorrows flow :
 And soundly sleeps the ever dear
 Inhabitant below.

Pardon my transport, gentle shade,
 While o'er the turf I bow !
 Thy earthly house is circumscrib'd,
 And solitary now.

Not one poor stone to tell thy name,
 Or make thy virtues known :
 But what avails to me, to thee,
 The sculpture of a stone ?

I'll sit me down upon this turf,
 And wipe away this tear :
 The chill blast passes swiftly by,
 And flits around thy bier.

Dark is the dwelling of the Dead,
 And sad their house of rest :
 Low lies the head by Death's cold arm
 In awful fold embrac'd.

I saw the grim Avenger stand
 Incessant by thy side ;
 Unseen by thee, his deadly breath
 Thy lingering frame destroy'd.

Pale grew the roses on thy cheek,
 And wither'd was thy bloom,
 Till the slow poison brought thy youth
 Untimely to the tomb.

Thus wasted are the ranks of men,
 Youth, Health, and Beauty fall
 The ruthless ruin spreads around,
 And overwhelms us all.

Behold where round thy narrow house
 The graves unnumber'd lie !
 The multitudes that sleep below
 Existed but to die.

Some, with the tottering steps of age,
 Trod down the darksome way ;
 And some, in youth's lamented prime,
 Like thee, were torn away.

Yet these, however hard thy fate,
 Their native earth receives ;
 Amid their weeping friends they died,
 And fill their fathers' graves.

From thy lov'd friends when first thy
 heart

Was taught by Heaven to flow ;
 Far, far remov'd, the ruthless stroke
 Surpris'd and laid thee low.

At the last limits of our isle,
 Wash'd by the western wave,
 Touch'd by thy fate, a thoughtful bard
 Sits lonely on thy grave.

Pensive he eyes, before him spread,
 The deep, outstretch'd and vast ;
 His mourning notes are borne away
 Along the rapid blast.

And while, amid the silent Dead
 Thy hapless fate he mourns,
 His own long sorrows freshly bleed,
 And all his grief returns.

Like thee, cut off in early youth
 And flower of beauty's pride,
 His friend, his first and only joy,
 His much loved Stella, died.

Him, too, the stern impulse of Fate
 Resistless bears along ;
 And the same rapid tide shall overwhelm
 The Poet and the Song.

The tear of pity which he shed,
 He asks not to receive ;
 Let but his poor remains be laid
 Obscurely in the grave.

His grief-worn heart, with truest joy,
 Shall meet the welcome shock :
 His airy harp shall lie unstrung
 And silent on the rock.

O, my dear maid, my Stella, when
 Shall this sick period close :
 And lead the solitary bard
 To his beloved repose ?

EXTEMPORE.

TO MR. GAVIN HAMILTON.

To you, Sir, this summons I've sent,
 Pray whip till the pownie is frae
 thing ;
 But if you demand what I want,
 I honestly answer you, naething.

Ne'er scorn a poor Poet like me,
 For idly just living and breathing,
 While people of every degree
 Are busy employed about—naeth-
 ing.

Poor Centum-per-centum may fast,
 And grumble his hurdies their claith-
 ing ;

He'll find, when the balance is cast,
 He's gane to the devil for—naething.

The courtier cringes and bows,
 Ambition has likewise its plaything ;
 A coronet beams on his brows ;
 And what is a coronet ?—naething.

Some quarrel the Presbyter gown,
 Some quarrel Episcopal graithing,
 But every good fellow wi' own
 Their quarrel is all about—naeth-
 ing.

The lover may sparkle and glow,
 Approaching his bonic bit gay thing ;
 But marriage will soon let him know
 He's gotten a buskit up naething.

The Poet may jingle and rhyme
 In hopes of a laureate wreathing,
 And when he has wasted his time
 He's kindly rewarded with naething.

The thundering bully may rage,
 And swagger and swear like a
 heathen ;

But collar him fast, I'll engage,
 You'll find that his courage is naeth-
 ing.

Last night with a feminine whig,
 A Poet she could na put faith in,
 But soon we grew lovingly big,
 I taught her, her terrors were naeth-
 ing.

Her whigship was wonderful pleased,
 But charmingly tickled wi' ae' thing ;
 Her fingers I lovingly squeezed,
 And kissed her and promised her—
 naething,

The priest anathemas may threat,—
 Predicament, Sir, that were baith
 in ;

But when honour's reveille is beat,
 The holy artillery's naething.

And now, I must mount on the wave,
 My voyage perhaps there is death
 in :

But what of a watery grave ?
 The drowning a Poet is naething.

And now, as grim death's in my
 thought,
 To you, Sir, I make this bequeath-
 ing :

My service as long as ye've aught,
 And my friendship, by G—, when
 ye've naething.

VERSICLES ON SIGN- POSTS.

He looked

Just as your Sign-post lions do,
 As fierce, and quite as harmless too.

PATIENT STUPIDITY.

So heavy, passive to the tempests'
 shocks,
 Strong on the Sign-post stands the
 stupid Ox.

His face with smile eternal drest,
 Just like the Landlord to his guest,
 High as they hang with creaking din,
 To index out the Country Inn.

A head, pure, sinless quite of brain
 and soul,
 The very image of a Barber's Poll ;
 It shows a human face and wears a
 wig,
 And looks, when well preserved.
 amazing big.

- Bleth'rin, *talking idly*
 Bin', *blind*
 Blins, *blinded*
 Blink, a blink o' rest, a *short period of repose; a short time; a moment; a look*
 Blinks, *looks smilingly*
 Blinkers, a term of *contempt; pretty girls*
 Blinkin, *snorking*
 Blirt and bl ary, *fits of crying*
 Blitter, *the mire snipe*
 Blue gown, *one of those beggars who get annually at the king's birth-day a blue coat or gown with a badge*
 Blude, *blood*
 Bluid, *blood*
 Bludie, *moody*
 Bluidy, *bloody*
 Blume, *bloom*
 Bluntie, a *sniveller, a stupid person*
 Blypes, *large pieces*
 Bocked, *vomited*
 Boddle, a *small coin*
 Boggle, *dim. of bog*
 Boggles, *ghosts*
 Bonie, *beautiful*
 Bonnocks, *thick cakes of oat-meal bread*
 Boord, *board*
 Boortrees, *elder shrubs*
 Boost, *must needs*
 Bore, a *hole or rent*
 Bounk, a *corpse*
 Bouses, *drinks*
 Bow-hough'd, *crook-thighed*
 Bow-kail, *cabbage*
 Bow't, *crooked*
 Brae, *the slope of a hill*
 Braid, *broad*
 Braid Sco.s, *broad Scotch*
 Braid-claith, *broad-cloth*
 Braik, a *kind of harrow*
 Braing't, *reeled forward*
 Brak, *did break*
 Brak's, *broke his*
 Brankie, *well attained*
 Branks, a *kind of wooden curb for horses*
 Brany, *brandy*
 Bra-h, *sickness*
 Brats, *rags*
 Brattl', a *short race*
 Braw, *handsome*
 Brawly, *perfectly*
 Braxies, *morbid sheep*
 Breatie, *dim. of breast*
 Breastit, *did spring up or forward*
 Brechan, a *horse-collar*
 Breckan, *fern*
 Bree, *juice, liquid*
 Breeks, *breeches*
 Brent, *straight; smooth, unwrinkled*
 Brewin, *brewing*
 Brief, a *writing*
 Brig, *bridge*
 Brither, *brother*
 Brithers, *brothers*
 Brock, a *badger*
 Brogue, a *trick*
 Broo, *water; broth*
 Brooses, *rares at country weddings who shall first reach the bridegroom's house on returning from church*
 Browst, *as much malt liquor as is brewed at a time*
 Browster-wives, *ale-house wives*
 Brugh, *burgh*
 B:nghs, *boroughs*
 Bulzie, a *broil*
 Brunstane, *brimstone*
 Brunt, *burned*
 Brust, *burnt*
 Buckie, *dim. of buck*
 Buckskin, *an inhabitant of Virginia*
 Buff, *to beat*
 Bughtin-time, *the time of collecting the sheep in the pens to be milked*
 Buirdly, *strong, imposing-looking, well-knit*
 Buke, *book*
 Bum, *to hum*
 Bum-clock, a *beetle*
 Bunning, *making a noise like a bee*
 Bummle, a *blunderer*
 Bunker, a *chest*
 Bories, *damsels*
 Bure, *bore, did bear*
 Burns, *streams*
 Burnie, *dim. of burn*
 Burnewin, i. e. *burn the wind, a blacksmith*
 Bur-thistle, *the spear-thistle*
 Busking, *dressing, decorating*
 Buskit, *dressed*
 Busks, *adorns*
 Buss, a *bush*
 Bussle, a *bustle*
 But, *without*
 But an' ben, *kitc:ren and parlour*
 By, *past; apart*
 By attour, *in the neighbourhood, outside*
 Byke, a *multitude; a bee-hive*
 CA', *to drive; a call*
 Ca'd, *named; driven*
 Ca's, *calls*
 Ca't, *called*
 Ca' throu', *to push forward*
 Cadger, a *carrier*
 Cadie, a *fellow*
 Caff, *chaff*
 Cairds, *tinkers*
 Calf-ward, a *small inclosure for calves*
 Callans, *boys*
 Caller, *fresh*
 Callet, a *trull*
 Cam, *came*
 Cankert, *cankered*
 Cankrie, *cankered*
 Canna, *cannot*
 Cannie, *carefully, softly*
 Cannilie, *deceitously*
 Cantie, *in high spirits*
 Cantin', *canting*
 Cantrip, a *charm, a spell*
 Cape-stane, *cope-stone*
 Cap'rin, *cxpering*
 Careerin, *cheerfully*
 Carl, a *carle*
 Carlie, *dim. of carle*
 Carlin, *an old woman*
 Cartes, *cards*
 Cartie, *dim. of cart*
 Caudrons, *cauldrons*
 Cauf, a *cauf*
 Cank and keel, *chalk and red clay*
 Cauld, *cold*
 Caulder, *colder*
 Camps, *wooden drinking vessels*
 Cansey, *causeway*
 Carvie, a *hen-coop*
 Chamier, *chamber*
 Change-honse, a *tavern*
 Chap, a *fellow*
 Chapman, a *pedlar*
 Chaup, a *blow*
 Cheek for chow, *cheek by jowl*
 Cheep, *chirp*
 Cheerfu', *cheerful*
 Chiels, *young fellows*
 Chimla, *chimney*
 Chimlie, *chimney*
 Chiltering, *trembling with cold*
 Chows, *chews*
 Chuckie, *dim. of chuck*
 Christendie, *Christendom*
 Cluffie, *fat-faced*
 Clachan, a *hamlet*
 Claise, *clothes*
 Claith, *cloth*
 Claith'd, *cloth'd*
 Claithing, *cl' thing*
 Clamb, *clomb*
 Clankie, a *sharp stroke*
 Clap, a *clapper*
 Clark, *clerkly, pertaining to erudition*
 Clarkit, *wrote*
 Clarty, *dirty*
 Clash, *idle talk; to talk*
 Clatter, *to talk idly*
 Kintra clatter, *the talk of the country*
 Claught, *caught*
 Claughtin, *catching at anything greedily*
 Claut, *to snatch at, to lay hold of a quantity scraped together by niggardliness*
 Clautet, *scraped*
 Claver, *clover*
 Clavers, *idle stories*
 Claw, *scratch*
 Clean, *handsome*
 Cleckin, a *brood*
 Cleed, *to clothe*
 Cleeding, *clothing*
 Cleek, *to seize*

- Cleekit, linked themselves**
Clegs, gad-flies
Clink, to rhyme; money
Clinkin, sitting down suddenly
Clinkumbell, the church bell-ringer
Clips, shears
Clishmaclaver, idle conversation
Clockin-time, hatching-time
Clout, the hoof
Cloutie, Satan
Clours, bumps or swellings after a blow
Clout, to patch; a patch
Clouts, clothes
Clud, a cloud
Cluds, multitudes
Clue, a portion of cloth or yarn
Clunk, the sound emitted by liquor when shaken in a cask or bottle, when the cask or bottle is half empty
Coatie, dim. of coat
Coaxin, coaxing
Coble, a fishing-boat
Cock, to erect
Cockie, dim. of cock, a good fellow
Cocks, good fellows
Cod, a pillow
Co'er, to cover
Coft, bought
Cog, a wooden dish
Coggie, dim. of cog
Coila, from Kyle, a district of Ayrshire, so called, saith tradition, from Coil, or Coila, a Pictish monarch
Collie, a country dog
Collieshangie, an upgar, a quarrel
Commans, commandments
Comin', coming
Templeenin, complaining
Conv'rs, conversation
Cood, the cud
Coofs, fools, ninnies
Cookit, that appeared and disappeared by fits
Coost, did cast
Cootie, a wooden kitchen dish; Fowls whose legs are clad with feathers are also said to be cootie
Corbies, crows
Corn't, fed with oats
Corss, the market-place
Couldna, could not
Coanted, considered
Countra, country
Cour, to cover
Couthie, kindly, loving
Cowe, to terrify. Cowe the cadie, terrify the fellow; to lop; a fright
Cowp the cran, to tumble over
Cowpet, tumbled
Cowpit, tumbled
Cow'rin, cowering
Cowr, to cower
Cowt, a colt
Cowte, a colt
Cozie, cozy
Crabbit, crabbed
Crack, a story or harangue; talk
Crackin, conversing, gossiping
Craft, a craft
Craft rig, a craft ridge
Craig, the throat
Craigie, dim. of craig, the throat
Craigs, crags
Craigy, craggy
Craiks, landrails
Crambo-clink, rhymes
Crambo-jingle, rhymes
Crankous, irritated
Cranreuch, hoar frost
Crap, to crop
Craps, crops
Craw, to crows
Crawlin, crawling
Creel, my senses wad be in a creel, to be crazed, to be fascinated
Creepie chair, the chair or stool of repentance
Creeshie, greasy
Crocks, old sheep
Crooded, cooed
Croods, coos
Cronie, a comrade
Croon, a hollow and continued moan
Crouchie, crook-backed
Crouse, gleefully, with spirit
Crowdie, porridge
Crowdie-time, breakfast-time
Crummock, a staff with a crooked head
Crump, crisp
Crunt, a blow on the head with a cudgel
Cuddle, to fondle
Cuifs, blockheads, ninnies
Cummock, a short staff with a crooked head
Cunnin, cunning
Curch, a female head-dress
Curchie, a curtsy
Curmurring, a rumbling noise
Curpin, the crupper
Curple, the crupper
Cushats, wood pigeons
Custock, the centre of a stem of cabbage
Cut, fashion, shape
Cutty, short, bob-tailed
DADDIE, father
Daetz't, stupefied
Daffin, merriment
Daft, foolish
Dails, deals of wood for sitting on
Daimen-icker, an ear of corn now and then
Daisie, the daisy
Dam, water
Damies, dim. of dames
Danton, to subdue
Dang, knocked, pushed
Dappl't, dappled
Darin, daring
Darkings, darkling
Daud, to pelt
Daudin, pelting
Dauntingly, dauntlessly
Daur, to dare
Daur't, dared
Daur na, dare not
Dant, to fondle, to make much of
Dawte, to fondle
Dawtit, fondled, caressed
Daurk, a day's labour
Davely, spiritless
Davie's, King David's
Daw, dawn
Dawin, the dawning
Dawds, lumps, large pieces
Dead-sweer, but little inclined
Deave, to deafen
Deils, devils
Deil haet, devil a thing
Deil ma care, devil may care
Delectric, delirious
Delvin, delving
Describe, to describe
Deservin, deserving
Deservin't, deserving of it
Deuk, a duck
Devel, a stunning blow
Dictionar, a dictionary
Diddle, to strike or jog
Differ, difference
Dight, cleaned from chaff; to wipe away
Din, din in color
Dine, dinner-time
Ding, to surpass; be pushed or upset
Dings, knocks
Dink, neat, trim
Dinna, do not
Dinner'd, dined
Dirk, a vibrating blow: to vibrate
Dirk'd, executed with spirit
Disagreet, disagreed
Dizzen, a dozen
Dizzie, dizzy
Dochter, daughter
Doin', doing
Doited, stupefied
Donsie, unlucky
Dooked, ducked
Dools, sorrows
Doolfu', sorrowful
Doos, pigeons
Dorty, supercilious, huffy
Douce, grave, sober
Doucely, soberly
Doudled, dandled
Dought, could, might
Dough' na, did not, or did not choose to
Doup, the backside
Doup-skelper, one that strikes the tail

- Dour, *stubborn*
 Doure, *stubborn*
 Douser, *more decorous*
 Dow, *do, can*
 Dowe, *do, can*
 Dowf, *pithless, silly*
 Dowie, *low spirited*
 Downa bidc, *cannot stand*
 Do wna do, *a phrase signifying impotence*
 Doyle, *stupid*
 Doytin, *walking stupidly*
 Dozen'd, *impotent, torpid*
 Dozin, *stupefied, impotent*
 Draiglet, *dragged*
 Dra ts, *sour humours*
 Drap, *drop, a small quantity*
 Drappie, *dim. of drap*
 Drapping, *dropping*
 Draunting, *drawling, of a slow enunciation*
 Draw't, *draw it*
 Dree, *to endure*
 Dreeping, *dripping*
 Dreigh, *tedious*
 Drabble, *drizzle.*
 Driddle, *to play; to move slowly*
 Drift, *a droce. Fed aff the drift, wandered from his companions*
 Droddum, *the breech*
 Drone, *the bagpipe*
 Droop-rumpl't, *that droops at the crupper*
 Drouk, *to moisten*
 Dronkit, *wet, drenched*
 Drouth, *thirst*
 Drouthy, *thirsty*
 Druken, *drunken*
 Drumly, *muddy*
 Drummock, *meal and water mixed raw*
 Drant, *pet, sour humour*
 Dry, *thirsty*
 Dubs, *small ponds*
 Buds, *garments*
 Duddie, *ragged*
 Duddies, *garments*
 Dung, *knocked*
 Dunted, *beat, thumped*
 Dunts, *blows, knocks*
 Durk, *a dirk*
 Dusht, *pushed by a ram or ox*
 Dwalling, *dwelling*
 Dwalt, *dwelt*
 Dyvors, *bankrupts, disreputable fellows*
- EARNES, eagles**
 Eastlin, *eastern*
 Ee, *eye; to watch*
 Een, *eyes*
 E'e brie, *the eyebrow*
 E'en, *evening*
 E'emins, *evenings*
 Eerie, *scared, dreading spirits*
 Eild, *age*
 Eke, *also*
 Eilbucks, *elbows*
 Eldritch, *frightful*
- Eleckit, *elected*
 Eller, *an elder*
 Em'brugh, *Edinburgh*
 Enbrugh, *Edinburgh*
 En', *end*
 Enow, *enough*
 Ensuir, *ensuing*
 Erse, *Gaelic*
 Especial, *especially*
 Ether-stane, *adder-stone*
 Ettle, *design*
 Expeckit, *expected*
 Expec', *expect*
 Eydent, *diligent*
- FA', *lot*
 Fa, *fall*
 Face't, *facéd*
 Faddom't, *fathomed*
 Fae, *foe*
 Faem, *foam*
 Faikit, *bated*
 Faillins, *failings*
 Fair-fa', *a benediction*
 Fairin, *a present, a reward*
 Fairly, *entirely, completely*
 Fallow, *a fellow*
 Fa'n, *have fallen*
 Fan', *found*
 Fand, *found*
 Farls, *cakes of oat-bread*
 Fash, *trouble myself*
 Fash your thumb, *trouble yourself in the least*
 Fash't, *troubled*
 Fashous, *troublesome*
 Fasten-cen, *Fasten's even*
 Fatt'rels, *ribbon-ends*
 Faught, *a fight*
 Fauld, *a fold*
 Fauldi'g, *folding*
 Faulding slap, *the gate of the fold*
 Fa-n, *fallen*
 Fause, *false*
 Faut, *fault*
 Faute, *fault*
 Fantor, *a transgressor*
 Fawsont, *seemly*
 Fearfu', *fearful*
 Feat, *spruce*
 Fecht, *to fight*
 Fechtin, *fighting*
 Feck, *the greater portion*
 Feckly, *mostly*
 Fecket, *an under waistcoat with sleeves*
 Feckless, *powerless, without pith*
 Feg, *a fig*
 Feide, *feud*
 Feirie, *clever*
 Fell, *the flesh immediately under the skin; keen, biting; nippy, tasty*
 Fen, *a successful struggle, a shift*
 Fend, *to keep off; to live comfortably*
 Ferlie, *to wonder; a term of contempt*
- Fetch't, *pulled intermittently*
 Fey, *predestined*
 Fidge, *to fidget*
 Ficgin-fau, *fidgetting with eagerness*
 Fiel, *soft, smooth*
 Fient, *a petty oath. The fient a, the devil a bit of*
 Fier, *healthy, sound; brother, friend*
 Fiere, *friend, comrade*
 Filie, *a filly*
 Fin', *find*
 Fissie, *to fidget*
 Fit, *fool*
 Fittie-lan, *the near horse of the hindmost pair in the plough*
 Fizz, *to make a hissing noise like fermentation*
 Flaflan, *flapping, fluttering*
 Flae, *a flea*
 Flang, *did fling, or caper*
 Flannen, *flannel*
 Flarin, *flaring*
 Flatt'rin, *fluttering*
 Fleech'd, *supplicated*
 Fleechin, *supplicating*
 Fleesh, *a fleece*
 Fleg, *a kick, a random stroke; a sudden motion*
 Fleth'rin, *flattering*
 Flewit, *a sharp blow*
 Fley'd, *scared*
 Flichterin', *fluttering*
 Flie, *a fly*
 Flinders, *shreds*
 Flinging, *capering*
 Flingin-tree, *a flail*
 Fliskit, *fretted*
 Flit, *remove*
 Flittering, *fluttering*
 Flyte, *to scold*
 Fodgel, *squat or plump*
 Foor, *to fare*
 Foord, *a ford*
 Foorsday, *late in the afternoon*
 Forbears, *forefathers*
 Forbye, *besides*
 Forfairn, *worn-out, jaded*
 Forfoughten, *fatigued*
 Forgather, *to make acquaintance with*
 Forgather'd, *met*
 Forgie, *forgive*
 Forjesket, *jaded with fatigue*
 Forrit, *forward*
 For't, *for it*
 Fother, *fodder*
 Fou, *full; tipsy; a bushel*
 Foughten, *troubled*
 Fouth, *an abundance*
 Frae, *from*
 Frammit, *estranged*
 Freath, *to froth*
 Fremit, *strange, foreign*
 Frien', *friend*
 Fright, *a person or thing of an extraordinary aspect*
 Fu', *full*
 Fud, *the scut of the hare*
 Fuff't, *did fool*

GLOSSARY.

- fumblin', awkward
 Furder, *furthervance*
 Furns, *wooden forms or seats*
 Furnicator, *fornicator*
 Furr-ahn, *the hindmost horse on the right hand of the plough*
 Furrs, *furrows*
 Fushionless, *pitiless*
 Fy, *an exclamation of haste*
 Fyke, *to be in a fuss about trifles*
 Fyle, *to soil or dirty*
 Fyl'd, *dirty'd*
- GAB, to speak fluently; the mouth**
 Gabs, *tongues*
 Gae, *go; gave*
 Gaed, *walked; went*
 Gaen, *gone*
 Gaets, *manners*
 Gairs, *triangular pieces of cloth inserted at the bottom of a shift or robe*
 Gane, *gone*
 Gang, *to go*
 Gangrel, *vagrant*
 Gapin, *gaping*
 Gar, *to make*
 Gar't, *made*
 Garten, *garter*
 Gash, *sagacious*
 Gashin, *conversing*
 Gat, *got*
 Gate, *manner; way or road*
 Gatty, *gouty*
 Gaucie, *comfortable looking*
 Gaud, *the plough shaft*
 Gaudsman, *a ploughboy, the boy who drives the horses in the plough*
 Gaun, *going*
 Gaunted, *yawned*
 Gawcie, *jolly, large*
 Gawkies, *foolish persons*
 Gaylies, *pretty well*
 Gear, *wealth, goods. Wheel-hair'd gear, well saved drink*
 Geck, *to toss the head in wantonness or scorn*
 Geds, *pike*
 Gentles, *great folks*
 Genty, *slender*
 Geordie, *George. The yellow letter'd Geordie, a guinea*
 Get, *offspring*
 Ghaists, *ghosts*
 Gie, *give*
 Gied, *gave*
 Gien, *given*
 Gi'en, *given*
 Gies, *give us*
 Gif', *if*
 Giftie, *dim. of gift*
 Giglets, *playful children*
 Gillie, *dim. of gill*
 Gilpey, *a young girl*
 Gimmer, *a ewe from one to two years old*
- Gin, *if*
 Gipsie, *gipsy*
 Girdle, *a circular plate of iron for toasting cakes on the fire*
 Girn, *to grin*
 Girrs, *hoops*
 Gizz, *a wig*
 Glaikit, *thoughtless*
 Glaizie, *glittering*
 Glamor, *glamour*
 Glanm'd, *grasped*
 Gled, *a kite*
 Gled, *a live coal*
 Gleg, *sharp; cleverly, swiftly*
 Gleib, *a glebe*
 Glib-gabbet, *that speaks smoothly and readily*
 Glinted, *glanced*
 Glintin, *glancing*
 Gloamin, *twilight*
 Gloamin-shot, *a twilight interview*
 Glowran, *staring*
 Glowr'd, *looked earnestly, stared*
 Glunch, *a frown*
 Goavan, *looking round with a strange, inquiring gaze, staring stupidly*
 Gotten, *got*
 Gowan, *the daisy*
 Gowany, *daisied*
 Gowd, *gold*
 Gowden, *golden*
 Gowf'd, *knocked hither and thither*
 Gowk, *a foolish person*
 Gowling, *howling*
 Graf, *a grave*
 Grained, *grinned*
 Graip, *a pronged instrument for cleaning stables*
 Graith, *harness, field implements, accoutrements*
 Granes, *groans*
 Grape, *to grope*
 Graped, *groped*
 Grapit, *groped*
 Grat, *wept*
 Gratefu', *grateful*
 Granie, *grandmother*
 Gree, *a prize; to agree*
 Greet, *to weep*
 Gree't, *agreed*
 Greetin, *weeping*
 Griens, *covets, longs for*
 Grievin, *grieving*
 Grippet, *gripped, caught hold of*
 Grissle, *gristle*
 Grit, *great*
 Gromet, *a gooseberry*
 Grumphie, *the sow*
 Grun', *the ground*
 Grunstaen, *a grindstone*
 Gruntle, *the countenance; a grunting noise*
 Grunzie, *the mouth*
 Grushie, *thick. of thriving growth*
- Grusome, *ill favoured*
 Grutten, *wept*
 Gude, *the Supreme Being; good*
 Gudeen, *good even*
 Gudemán, *goodman*
 Gudes, *goods, merchandise*
 Guid, *good*
 Guid-e'en, *good even*
 Guid-mori in, *good morning*
 Guidfather, *father-in-law*
 Guidwife, *the mistress of the house; the landlady*
 Gully, *a large knife*
 Gurlavage, *riot*
 Gumlie, *muddy, discoloured*
 Gumption, *understanding*
 Gusty, *tasteful*
 Gutcher, *grandfather*
- HA', hall**
 Ha' Bible, *hall-Bible*
 Ha' folk, *servants*
 Haddin, *holding, inheritance*
 Hae, *have*
 Haet, *the least thing. Deil haet, an oath of negation. Damn'd haet, nothing*
 Ha'f, *the half*
 Haff, *the half*
 Haffets, *the temples*
 Haffet locks, *locks at the temples*
 Haffins, *partly*
 Haffins-wise, *almost half*
 Hag, *a scar, or gulf in mosses and moors*
 Haggis, *a kind of pudding boiled in the stomach of a cow or sheep*
 Hain, *to spare, to save*
 Hain'd, *spared*
 Hairst, *harvest*
 Haith, *a petty oath*
 Haivers, *idle talk*
 Hal', *hall*
 Hal'd, *an abiding-place*
 Hale, *whole, entire; Hale breeks, breeches without holes; uninjured*
 Hallan, *a particular partition wall in a cottage*
 Hallions, *clowns, common fellows*
 Halloween, *the 31st of October*
 Haly, *holy*
 Hame, *home*
 Hamely, *homely*
 Han', *hand*
 Han' afore, *the foremost horse on the left hand in the plough*
 Ian' ahin, *the hindmost horse on the left hand in the plough*
 Hand-breed, *a hand-breadth*
 Hand-waled, *carefully chosen by hand*
 Handless, *without hands, useless, awkward*

- Hangit, hanged**
Hansel, hansel throne, a throne newly inherited; a gift for a particular season, or the first money on any particular occasion
Han't, handed
Hap, to wrap. Winter hap, winter clothing
Hap, hop
Ha'pence, half-pence
Happer, a hopper
Happing, hopping
Hap-step-an'-lowp, hop, step and jump, with a light airy step
Harkit, harkened
Harn, yarn
Har'sts, harvests
Hash, a soft, useless fellow
Hash'd, did smite, did disfigure
Haslock, descriptive of the finest wool, being the lock that grows on the hals, or throat
Has't, has it
Hastit, hasted
Haud, to hold; would keep
Hauds, holds
Hauf, the half
Haughs, low-lying lands, meadows
Hauns, hands, as applied to workmen, persons
Hauri, to drag
Hauris, drags
Haurin, peeling, dragging off
Hauver, oatmeal
Havins, good manners
Hav'rel, half-witted
Hawkie, a cow, properly one with a white face
Healsome, wholesome
Heapet, heaped
Heap t, heaped
Hearin', hearing
Hearse, hoarse
Hear't, hear it
Heartie, dim. of heart
Hech, an exclamation of wonder
Hecht, foretold; offered
Hechtin', making to pant
Heckle, a board, in which are fixed a number of sharp pins, used in dressing hemp, flax, etc.
Hee balon, a term used by nurses when tulling children
Heels o'er-gowdy, head over heels
Heeze, to elevate, to hoist
Heft, haft
Hein-shinn'd, in-shinned
Hellim, helm
Hen-b'oo, hen-broth
Herriet, harried
Herrin, herring
Herryment, plundering, devastation
Hersel, herself
Het, hot. Gie him a het, give him it hot
Heugh, a coal pit: a steep
Heuk, a reaping-hook
Hich, high
Hidin', hiding
Hie, high
Hilch, to hobble
Hilchin', halting
Hill-tap, hill-top
Hiltie skiltie, helter skelter
Himself, himself
Hiney, honey
Hing, to hang
Hingin', hanging
Hinging, hanging
Hirples, walks with difficulty
Hirplin, limping
Hissels, hissels, so many cattle as one person can attend
Hlistie, dry, barren
Hlit'h, a loop or knot
Hizzies, young women
Hoast, a cough
Hoble, to hobble
Hoddin, the motion of a man on horseback
Hoggie, a young sheep after it is smeared and before it is shorn
Hog-score, a kind of distance-line drawn across the ruck
Hog-shouther, a kind of horse-play by jussling with the shoulder
Hol't, hol'd, perforated
Hoodie crow, the hooded crow
Hoodock, misery
Hoc'l, the outer skin or case
Hoolie ' stop!
Hoode, hoard
Hoordet, hoarded
Horn, a spoon made of horn; a comb made of horn
Hornie, Satan
Host, a cough
Hostin, coughing
Hotch'd, fidgetted
Houghmagandie, fornication
Houlets, owls
Housie, dim of house
Hov'd, swelled
Hodwie, a midwife
Howe, hollowty; a hollow or dell
Howe-backit, sunk in the back
Howes, hollows
Howkit, digged; dug up
Howlet-faced, faced like an owl
Hoyste, hoist
Hoy'd, urged
Hovte, to amble crazily
Hugho, Hugh
Hunder, a hundred
Hunkers, hams
Huntit, hunted
Hurcheon, a hedqehog
Hurchin, an urchin
Hurdies, hips
Hurl, to fall down ruinously: to ride
Hushion, a cushion
Hyte, mad
ICKER, an ear of corn
Jer'oe, a great-grandchild
Ilk, each
Ilka, every
Ill-willie, ill-natured
Indentin, indenturing
Ingine, genius, ingenuity
Ingie-check, the fireside
Ingie-lowe, the household fire
In's, in his
In't, in it
I'ee, I shall or will
Is-na, is not
Ither, other
Itsel, itself
JAD, a jade
Jads, jades
Janwar, January
Jauk, to dally, to trifle
Jaukin, trifling, dallying
Jauver, foolish talk
Jauntie, dim. of jaunt
Jaups, splashes
Jaw, to pour
Jillet, a jill
Jump, to jump; slender
Jimps, a kind of easy stays
Jimpy, neatly
Jink, to dodge
Jinker, that turns quickly
Jinkers, gay, sprightly girls
Jinkin, dodging
Jirkinet, an outer jacket of jerkin worn by women
Jirt, a jerk
Jo, sweetheart, a term expressing affection and some degree of familiarity
Jobbin', jobbing
Joctelegs, clasp-knives
Joes, lovers
Johnny Ged's Hole, the grave digger
Jokin, joking
Jorin, the jug
Jouk, to duck; to make obsequance
Jow, to swing and sound
Jumpit, jumped
Jundie, to justle
KAES, daws
Kail, broth
Kail-blade, the leaf of the colewort
Kail runt, the stem of the colewort
Kain, farm produce paid as rent
Kebars, rafters
Kebbuck, a cheese
Kebbuck-heel, the remaining portion of a cheese
Keckle, to cackle, to laugh

- Keekin'-glass, a looking-glass**
 Keekit, *peeped*
 Keeks, *peeps*
 Keepit, *kept*
 Kelpies, *water-pirits*
 Ken, *know*
 Kend, *known*
 Kenn'd, *known*
 Kennin, *a little bit*
 Kent, *knew*
 Kep, *to catch anything when falling*
 Ket, *a fleece*
 Kiagh, *anxiety*
 Kickin', *kicking*
 Kilbagie, *the name of a certain kind of whisky*
 Killie, *Kilmarnock*
 Kilt, *to tuck up*
 Kimmer, *a girl*
 Kin', *kind*
 King's-hood, *a part of the entrails of an ox*
 Kintra, *country*
 Kintra cooser, *a country station*
 Kirn, *a churn*
 Kirns, *harvest-homes*
 Kirsan, *to christen*
 Kissin', *kissing*
 Kist, *a shop counter*
 Kitchen, *anything that eats with bread to serve for soup or gravy*
 Kitchens, *seasons, makes palatable*
 Kittle, *to tickle; ticklish*
 Kittlin, *a kitten*
 Kiutlin, *cuddling*
 Knaggie, *like knags, or points of rock*
 Knappin'-hammers, *hammers for breaking stones*
 Knowe, *a hillock*
 Knurl, *a churl*
 Knurlin, *a dwarf*
 Kye, *cows*
 Kyle, *a district of Ayrshire*
 Kytes, *bellies*
 Kythe, *discover*
- LADDIE, a lad**
 Lade, *a load*
 Laggen, *the angle between the side and bottom of a wooden dish*
 Laigh, *low*
 Laik, *lack*
 Lair, *love*
 Lairing, *wading and sinking in snow or mud*
 Laith, *loth*
 Lathfu', *bashful*
 Lallan, *lowland*
 Lambie, *dim. of lamb*
 Lampit, *limpet*
 Lan', *land, estate*
 Lane, *tone*
 Lanely, *lonely*
 Lang, *long*
- Langer, *longer*
 Lap, *did leap*
 Laughin', *laughing*
 Lave, *the rest*
 Lav'rocks, *lark*
 Lawin, *shot, reckoning, bill*
 Lawlan', *lowland*
 Lazie, *lazy*
 Lea'e, *leave*
 Leal, *true*
 Lea-rig, *a grassy ridge*
 Lear, *lore, learning*
 Lee, *thelea*
 Lee-lang, *live-long*
 Leesome, *pleasant*
 Leeze me, *a phrase of congratulatory endearment, I am happy in thee, or proud of thee*
 Leister, *a three-barred instrument for sticking fish*
 Len', *lend*
 Leugh, *laughed*
 Leuk, *look, appearance*
 Ley crap, *lea crop*
 Libbet, *gelded*
 Licket, *beating*
 Lickit, *licked with desire*
 Licks, *a beating. Gat his licks, got a beating*
 Liein, *telling lies*
 Lien, *lain*
 Lift, *heaven; a large quantity*
 Lightly, *to undervalue, to slight*
 Liken, *to compare*
 Liit, *sing*
 Limbies, *dim. of limbs*
 Limmer, *a kept mistress; a strumpet*
 Limpit, *limped*
 Lin, *a waterfall*
 Linket, *tripped deftly*
 Linkin, *tripping*
 Linn, *a waterfall*
 Lint, *flax. Sin lint was i' the bell, since flax was in flower*
 Linties, *linnets*
 Lippeden, *trusted*
 Lippie, *dim. of lip*
 Loan, *milking place; lane*
 Lo'ed, *loved*
 Lon'on, *London*
 Loof, *palm of the hand*
 Loosome, *lovesome*
 Loot, *did let*
 Looves, *palms*
 Losh, *a petty oath*
 Lough, *a lake*
 Louns, *ragamuffins*
 Loup, *to leap*
 Lovin' *loving*
 Low, *flame*
 Lowan, *flaming*
 Lowpin, *leaping*
 Lowping, *leaping*
 Lows'd, *loosed*
 Lowse, *to loosen*
 Luckie, *a designation applied to an elderly woman*
- Lug, *the ear; to produce, to bring out*
 Lugget, *eared. Lugget caup, eared cup*
 Luggies, *small wooden dishes with handles*
 Luke, *look*
 Lum, *the chimney*
 Lunardie, *a bonnet called after Lunardi the aeronaut*
 Lunt, *a column of smoke*
 Luntin, *smoking*
 Luve, *love*
 Luvers, *lovers*
 Lyart, *grey*
 Lynin, *lining*
- MAE, *more*
 Mair, *more*
 Maist, *almost; that nearly*
 Maistly, *mostly*
 Mak, *make*
 Makin, *making*
 Mailie, *Molly*
 Mailins, *farms*
 Mang, *among*
 Manse, *a parsonage house*
 Manteels, *mantles*
 Mark, *marks*
 Mar's, *year, 1715, the year of Mar's rebellion*
 Mashlum, *mixed corn*
 Maskin-pat, *a tea-pot*
 Maunkin, *a hare*
 Maun, *must*
 Maunna, *must not*
 Maut, *malt*
 Mavis, *the thrush*
 Mawin, *mowing*
 Mawn, *a basket; mown*
 Maybe, *perhaps*
 Meere, *a mare*
 Meikle, *as much*
 Melder, *corn or grain of any kind sent to the mill to be ground*
 Mell, *to meddle*
 Melvie, *to soil with mud*
 Men', *mend*
 Mense, *good manners*
 Mess John, *the clergyman*
 Messin, *a dog of mixed breeds*
 Midden, *the dunghill*
 Midden-creels, *dunghill basket*
 Midden-hole, *the dunghill*
 Midge, *a gnat*
 Mim, *prim*
 Mim-mou'd, *prim-mouthed*
 Min, *remembrance*
 Min', *mind*
 Minds me, *remembers me*
 Mind't-na, *cared not*
 Minnie, *mother*
 Mirk, *dark*
 Misc'a'd, *abused*
 Misguidin, *misguiding*
 Mishanter, *misfortune, disaster, calamity*
 Miska't, *abused*
 Misclear'd, *mischievous*

- Mist, *missed*
 Misteuk, *mistook*
 Mither, *mother*
 Mixtie-maxtie, *confusedly mixed*
 Mizzl'd, *having different colors*
 Molstify, *to make moist*
 Mony, *many*
 Mools, *the earth of graves*
 Moop, *to nibble; to keep company with*
 Moorlan', *moorland*
 Moss, *a morass*
 Mou, *mouth*
 Mondieworts, *moles*
 Mousie, *dim. of mouse*
 Movin', *moving*
 Muckle, *great big; much*
 Musie, *dim. of muse*
 Muslin-kail, *broth composed simply of water, shelled barley, and greens*
 Mutchkin, *an English pint*
 Mysel, *myself*
- NA', *not; no*
 Nae, *no*
 Naebody, *nobody*
 Naething, *nothing*
 Naig, *a nag*
 Naigies, *dim. of nags*
 Nane, *none*
 Nappy, *ale*
 Natch, *grip, hold. To natch, to lay hold of violently*
 Near't, *near it*
 Neebors, *neighbors*
 Needna, *need not*
 Neglekit, *neglected*
 Neist, *next*
 Neuk, *nook, corner*
 New-ca'd, *newly driven*
 Nick, *to break, to sever suddenly*
 Nickan, *cutting*
 Nicket, *cut off; caught, cut off*
 Nick-nackets, *curiosities*
 Nicks, *knocks, blows; Auld crummie's nicks, marks on the horn of a cow*
 Niest, *next*
 Nieve-fu', *a fist full*
 Nieves, *fists*
 Niffer, *exchange*
 Niger, *a negro*
 Nits, *nuts*
 Nocht, *nothing*
 Norland, *Northland*
 Notet, *noted*
 Nowte, *cattle*
- O', *of*
 O'erlay, *an outside dress, an overall*
 O'erword, *any term frequently repeated, a refrain*
 Ony, *any*
- Orra, *supernumerary*
 O't, *of it*
 O'ts, *of it is*
 Ought, *ought, anything in the least*
 Oughtlins, *anything in the least*
 Ourie, *shivering*
 Oursel, *ourselves*
 Out-cast, *a quarrel*
 Outler, *un-housed*
 Owre, *over; too*
 Owrehip, *a way of fetching a blow with the hammer over the arm*
 Owsen, *oxen*
- PACK, *pack an' thin, on friendly or intimate terms*
 Packs, *twelve stones*
 Paidle, *to paddle*
 Paidles, *wanders about without object or motive*
 Paidl't, *paddled*
 Painch, *paunch, stomach*
 Patricks, *partridges*
 Pangs, *cramps*
 Parishen, *the parish*
 Parritch, *oatmeal boiled in water, stirabout*
 Parritch-pats, *porridge-pots*
 Pat, *put; a pot*
 Pattle, *a plough-staff*
 Paugty, *haughty*
 Pankie, *cunning, sly*
 Pay't, *paid*
 Pechin, *the stomach*
 Pechin, *panting*
 Peel, *a tower*
 Peelin, *peeling*
 Penny wheep, *small beer*
 Petticoatie, *dim. of petticoat*
 Pettie, *a plough-staff*
 Phraisin, *flattering*
 Pickle, *a small quantity*
 Pit, *put*
 Pits, *puts*
 Placads, *public proclamations*
 Plack, *an old Scotch coin, the third part of a Scotch penny, twelve of which make an English penny*
 Pladie, *dim. of plaid*
 Plaiden, *plaiding*
 Plaister, *to plaister*
 Platie, *dim. of plate*
 Pleugh, *plough*
 Pliskie, *a trick*
 Pliver, *a plover*
 Plumpit, *plumped*
 Poeks, *wallets*
 Poind, *to seize for sequestration*
 Poind't, *poinded*
 Poortith, *poverty*
 Posie, *a bouquet*
 Pou, *to pull*
 Pouchie, *dim. of pouch*
 Pouk, *to pluck*
 Poupit, *the pulpit*
 Pouse, *a push*
 Poussie, *a hare*
- Pon't, *pulea*
 Pouts, *poult, chicks*
 Pouter'd, *powdered*
 Pouthery, *powdery*
 Pow, *the head, the skull*
 Pownie, *a pony, a small horse*
 Powtler, *powder*
 Praise be blest, *an expression of thankfulness*
 Prayin, *praying*
 Pree, *to taste*
 Preen, *a pint*
 Prent, *print*
 Pridetu', *prideful*
 Prie'd, *tasted*
 Prief, *proof*
 Priestie, *dim. of Priest*
 Priggin, *haggling*
 Primsie, *demure, precise*
 Proponc, *to propose*
 Proveses, *provosts*
 Pu', *to pull*
 Pu'd, *pulled*
 Puddin', *a pudding*
 Puddock-stools, *mushrooms*
 Pund, *pounds*
 Pursie, *dim. of purse*
 Pyet, *the magpie*
 Pyke, *to pick*
 Pyles, *grains*
- QUACK, *quack*
 Quat, *quit; quitted*
 Quaukin, *quaking*
 Quey, *a cow from one to two years old*
 Quo', *quoth*
- Rad, *afraid*
 Rade, *rode*
 Ragweed, *the plant ragwort*
 Raibles, *rattles, nonsense*
 Rair, *to roar; Wad rair't would have roared*
 Rairin, *roaring*
 Raise, *rose*
 Raize, *to madden, to inflame*
 Ramblin, *rambling*
 Ramfeezl'd, *fatiguea*
 Ramgunst'ock, *rugged*
 Ram-stam, *forward*
 Randie, *quarrelsome*
 Randy, *a term of opprobrium generally applied to a woman*
 Ranklin', *rankling*
 Ranting, *noisy, full of animal spirits*
 Rants, *jollification*
 Rape, *a rope*
 Raploch, *coarse*
 Rash, *a rush*
 Rash-buss, *a bush of rushes*
 Rattan, *a rat*
 Rattons, *rats*
 Raucle, *fearless*
 Raught, *reached*
 Raw, *a row*
 Rax, *to stretch*

- flax'd, stretched out, extended
 Raxin, stretching
 Ream, cream
 Rebute, a rebut, a discomfiture
 Red, counsel
 Red-wud, stark mad
 Reekin, smoking
 Reekit, smoked; smoky
 Reeks, smokes
 Recatit, withered, singed, stood
 restive
 Reflex, reflect
 Reif randies, sturdy beggars
 Remead, remedy
 Remuve, remove
 Respeckit, respected
 Restricket, restricted
 Rew, to take pity
 Rickles, stocks of grain
 Rig, a ridge
 Riggin, rafters
 Rigwooddie, withered, sapless
 Rin, run
 Rink, the course of the stones,
 a term in curling
 Pinniu, running
 Ripp, a handful of unthrashed
 corn
 Ripple, weakness in the back
 and reins
 Ripplin-kame, a flax-comb
 Rippis, handfuls
 Riskin, made a noise like the
 tearing of roots
 Rive, to burst
 Rives, tears to pieces
 Rives't, tears it
 Roastin', roasting
 Rock, a distaff
 Rockin, a social gathering, the
 women spinning on the
 rock or distaff
 Roon, round
 Roos'd, praised
 Roose, to praise
 Roosty, rusty
 Roun', round
 Roupet, hoarse as with a cold
 Routhie, well filled, abundant
 Rowes, rolls
 Rowin, rolling
 Row't, rolled
 Rowte, to low, to bellow
 Rowth, abundance
 Rowtin, loving
 Rozet, rosin
 Ruefu', rueful
 Rung, a cudgel
 Runkl'd, wrinkled
 Runts, the stems of cabbage
 Ryke, reach
- Sark, a shirt
 Sarkit, provided in shirts
 Sauce, scorn, insolence
 Saugh, the willow
 Saugh woodies, ropes made of
 willow withes
 Saul, soul
 Saunt, saints
 Saut, salt
 Saut buckets, salt buckets
 Sautet, salted
 Saw, to sow
 Sawin, sowing
 Sawmont, a salmon
 Sax, six
 Saxpence, sixpence
 Say't, say it
 Scaith, hurt
 Scaur, to scare
 Scaur, frightened
 Scaud, to scald
 Scawl, a scold
 Scho, she
 Schoolin', schooling, teaching
 Scones, barley cakes
 Scomer, to loathe; loathing
 Scraichin, screaming
 Scrapin', scraping
 Screed, a tear, a rent; to re-
 reat glibly
 Scricchin, screeching
 Scrievin, gliding easily
 Scrimpit, scanty
 Scrimply, scantily
 Scroggie, covered with stunted
 shrubs
 Scuiddu'ry, a ludicrous term
 denoting fornication
 See't, see it
 Seizin, seizing
 Sel, self
 Sell't, sold
 Sen', send
 Sen't, send it
 Servan', servant
 Set, lot
 Sets, becomes; sets off, starts
 Settin, gat a fearfu' settlin,
 was frightened into quiet-
 ness
 Shachl't, deformed
 Shaird, a shred
 Sha'na, shall not
 Shangan, a cleft stick
 Shank, the leg and foot
 Shanks, legs
 Shanna, shall not
 Sharin't, sharing it
 Shaul, shallow
 Shaver, a wag
 Shavie, a trick
 Shaw, show
 Shaw'd, showed
 Shaws, wooded dells
 Sheep-shank, who thinks him-
 sel nae sheep-shank bane,
 who thinks himself no un-
 important personage
 Sheers, shears; scissors
 Sherra-moor, Sheriff-muir
 Shengh, a trench
- Sheuk, shook
 Shiel, a shielding, a hut
 Shill, shrill
 Shillin's, shillings
 Shog, a shock
 Shoosis, shovels
 Shoon, shoes
 Shor'd, threatened; offered
 Shore, to threaten
 Shonidna, should not
 Shouther, shoulder
 Shure, did shear, did cut grain
 Sic, such
 Sicker, secure
 Siclike, suchlike
 Sidelins, sidelong
 Sighin', sighing
 Siller, money; of the colour of
 silver
 Simmer, summer
 Simmers, summers
 Sin', since
 Sindy, sundry
 Sin-fu', sinful
 Singet, singed
 Sing n', singing
 Sing't, sing it
 Sinn, the sun
 Simy, sunny
 Sinsyne, since
 Skaitth, injury
 Skaitthing, injuring
 Skeigh, high-mettled; shy,
 proud, disdainful
 Skellum, a worthless fellow
 Skelp, a slap; to run
 Skelpie-limmer, a techn'
 term in female scolding
 Skelpin, wa'king smartly;
 reasoning
 Skelping, slapping
 Skelpit, hurried
 Skinklin, glittering
 Skirl, to shriek
 Skirl'd, shrieked
 Skirlin, shrieking
 Sklent, to deviate from truth
 Sklent, slanted
 Sklentin, slanting
 Skouth, range, scope
 Skreech, to scream
 Skreigh, to scream
 Skyrin, anything that strongly
 takes the eye, showy, gaudy
 Skyte, a sharp oblique stroke
 Slade, sid
 Slae, the shoe
 Slaps, flashes; gates, styles,
 breaches in hedges
 Slaw, slow
 Slee, shy
 Sleeest, styest
 Sleekit, sleek
 Slidd'ry, slippery
 Sloken, to quench, to allay
 thirst
 Slypet, slipped, fell over
 Sma', small
 Smeddum, dust, powder
 Smeek, smoke
 Smiddy, a smithy
- SABS, sobs**
 Sae, so
 Saft, soft
 Sair, sore; to serve
 Sairly, sorely
 Sair't, served
 Sang, song
Sannock, Alexander

- Smoor'd, *smothered*
 Smoutie, *smutty*
 Smytrie, *a number huddled together*
 Snap, *smart*
 Snapper, *to stumble*
 Smash, *abuse impertinence*
 Snow broo, *melted snow*
 Snawie, *snowy*
 Snawy, *snowy*
 Sned, *to lop, to cut*
 Snell, *bitter, biting*
 Snellest, *sharpest, keenest*
 Sneeshin-mill, *a snuff-box*
 Snick, *the latchet of a door*
 Snirtle, *to laugh slyly*
 Snool, *to cringe, to submit tamely, to snub*
 Snooov'd, *sneaked*
 Snooov't, *went smoothly*
 Snowkit, *muffed*
 Sodger, *a soldier*
 Sodgerin', *soldiering*
 Soger, *a soldier*
 Sonsie, *jolly, comely*
 Soom, *to swim*
 Soor, *sour*
 Sootie, *sooty*
 Sough, *a heavy sigh*
 Souk, *a suck*
 Soupe, *a spoonful, a small quantity of anything liquid*
 Souple, *supple*
 Souter, *a shoemaker*
 Sowps, *spoonfuls*
 Sowler, *a shoemaker*
 Sowth, *to try over a tune with a low whistle*
 Sowther, *to solder, to make up*
 Spae, *to prophesy*
 Spails, *chips of wood*
 Spairges, *dashes or scatters about*
 Spairin, *sparing*
 Spak, *spake*
 Spate, *a flood*
 Spavie, *a disease*
 Spaviet, *having the spavin*
 Spear, *to wear*
 Speel, *to climb*
 Speel'd, *climbed*
 Speer, *to inquire*
 Spence, *the country parlour*
 Spier, *to ask, to inquire*
 Spier'd, *inquired*
 Spier't, *inquired*
 Spinnin, *spinning*
 Spleuchan, *a tobacco-pouch*
 Splore, *a frolic*
 Sprackled, *clambered*
 Sprattle, *to struggle*
 Spring, *a quick air in music, a Scottish reel*
 Spritty, *full of spirits*
 Sprush, *spruce*
 Spunk, *fire; mettle; a spark*
 Spunkie, *full of spirit; whisky*
 Spunkies, *Wills o' the wisp*
 Spurtle, *a stick with which porridge, broth, etc., are stirred while boiling*
 Squattle, *to sprawl*
 Squeel, *to scream*
 Stacher'd, *staggered, walked unsteadily*
 Stacher't, *staggered*
 Stack, *stuck*
 Staggie, *dim. of stag*
 Staig, *a horse of one, two, or three years old, not yet broken for riding, nor employed in work*
 Stan', *a stand; Wad stan't, would have stood*
 Stanes, *stones*
 Stang, *to sting*
 Stank, *a pool or pond*
 Stap, *to stop*
 Stark, *strong*
 Starn-, *stars*
 Starnies, *dim of starns*
 Startin, *starting*
 Startles, *runs hurriedly*
 Starvin, *starving*
 Staunkin, *stalking*
 Staumrel, *half-witted*
 Staw, *to steal; to surfet*
 Stoelin, *cramming, panting with repletion*
 Steek, *to close*
 Steeks, *stitches, reticulations*
 Steer, *to injure; to stir up*
 Steer'd, *molested*
 Steeve, *firm, compacted*
 Stells, *stills*
 Sten, *a leap or bound; Hasty stens, hasty stretches or rushes*
 Sten't, *reared*
 Stents, *assessments, dues*
 Steyest, *steepest*
 Stibble, *stubble*
 Stibble-rig, *the reaper in harvest who takes the lead; a stubble-ridge*
 Stick-an-stowe, *totally, altogether*
 Stilt, *halt*
 Stimpart, *an eighth part of a Winchester bushel*
 Stirk, *a cow or bullock a year old*
 Stockin, *stocking*
 Stockins, *stockings*
 Stockit, *stocked*
 Stocks, *plants of cabbage*
 Stoited, *walked stupidly*
 Stoitered, *staggered*
 Stoor, *sounding hollowly or hoarsely*
 Stoppit, *stopped*
 Stot, *an ox*
 Stoure, *dust; dust blown on the wind; pressure of circumstances*
 Stown, *stolen*
 Stownlins, *by stealth*
 Stowrie, *dusty*
 Stoyte, *to stumble*
 Strae, *a fair strae-death, a natural death*
 Straik, *to stroke*
 Straikit, *stroked*
 Strak, *struck*
 Strang, *strong*
 Strappan, *strapping*
 Strappin, *strapping*
 Straught, *straight*
 Streamies, *dim. of streams*
 Streekit, *stretched; Streekit owre, stretched across*
 Strewin, *strewing*
 Striddle, *to straddle*
 Stringin, *stringing*
 Stroan't, *pissed*
 Studdie, *a stithy*
 Stumpie, *dim. of stump, a short quill*
 Strunt, *spirituous liquor of any kind; to walk sturdily*
 Stuff, *corn*
 Sturt, *to molest, to vex*
 Sturtin, *frighted*
 Styne, *see a styme, see in the least*
 Sucker, *sugar*
 Sud, *should*
 Sugh, *a rushing sound*
 Sumpshs, *stupid fellows*
 Sunc, *soon*
 Suppin', *supping*
 Suthren, *Southern, English*
 Swaird, *sward*
 Swall'd, *swelled*
 Swank, *stately*
 Swankies, *strapping young fellows*
 Swap, *an exchange*
 Swarf, *to swoon*
 Swat, *did sweat*
 Swatch, *sample; specimen*
 Swats, *ale*
 Swearin', *swearing*
 Sweatin, *sweating*
 Swinge, *to lash*
 Swingein, *whipping*
 Swirl, *a curve*
 Swith, *swift*
 Swither, *doubt*
 Swoor, *swore*
 Sybow, *a leek*
 Syne, *since; then*
 TACK, *possession, lease*
 Tackets, *a kind of nails for driving into the heels of shoes*
 Tae, *toe; Three-tae'd, three toed*
 Taed, *a toad*
 Taen, *taken*
 Taige, *to task severely*
 Tak, *to take*
 Tald, *told*
 Tane, *the one*
 Tangs, *tongs*
 Tapmost, *topmost*
 Tapetless, *heedless, foolish*
 Tappit hen, *a quart measure*

- Taps, tops**
 Tapsalteerie, *topsy-turvy*
 Tarrow, *to murmur*
 Tarrow't, *murmured*
 Tarry-breeks, *a sailor*
 Tassie, *a goblet*
 Tauld, *told*
 Tawie, *that allows itself peaceably to be handled*
 Tawpies, *foolish, thoughtless young persons*
 Tawted, *matted, uncombed*
 Teats, *small quantities*
 Teen, *provocation, chagrin*
 Tell'd, *told*
 Tellin', *telling*
 Temper pin, *the wooden pin used for tempering or regulating the motion of a spinning-wheel*
 Ten-hours' bite, *a slight feed to the horses while in yoke in the forenoon*
 Tent, *to take heed; mark*
 Tentie, *heedful*
 Pentier, *more careful*
 Toughly, *toughly*
 Teuk, *took*
 Thack an rape, *clothes*
 Thae, *these*
 Phairm, *fiddlestrings*
 Thankfu, *thankful*
 Thankit, *thanked*
 Theekit, *thatched, covered up, secured*
 Thegither, *together*
 Themselfs, *themselves*
 Thick, *pack and thick, friendly*
 Thievelless, *cold, dry, spited*
 Thigger, *begging*
 Thir, *these; their*
 Thirl'd, *thrilled*
 Thole, *to suffer, to endure*
 Thon's, *thou art*
 Thowes, *thaws*
 Thowless, *slack, lazy*
 Thrang, *busy; a crowd*
 Thrapple, *the throat*
 Thrave, *twenty-four sheaves of corn, including two shocks*
 Thraw, *to sprain or twist; to cross or contradict*
 Thrawin, *twisting*
 Thrawn, *twisted*
 Thraws, *throes*
 Threap, *to maintain by dint of assertion*
 Thresh, *to thrash*
 Threshing, *thrashing*
 Thretteen, *thirteen*
 Thretty, *thirty*
 Thrissle, *the thistle*
 Throwther, *a throwther, through-other, pell mell*
 Thuds, *that makes a loud intermittent noise; resounding blows*
 Thummart, *the weasel*
 Thumpit, *thumped*
 Thyself' *thyself*
 Tidins, *tidings*
- Thil, unto**
 Till't, *to it*
 Timmer, *timber; the three boughs*
 Timmer propt, *timber propt*
 Tine, *to lose; to go astray*
 Tint, *lost*
 Tint as win, *lost as won*
 Tinkler, *a tinker*
 Tips, *rams*
 Tippence, *twopence*
 Tirl, *to strip*
 Tirl'd, *knocked*
 Tirlin, *unroofing*
 Tither; *the other*
 Tittlin, *whispering*
 Tocher, *marriage portion*
 Tocher-band, *dowry bond*
 Todlin, *tottering*
 Tods, *foxes*
 Toom, *empty*
 Toop, *a ram*
 Toun, *a hamlet, a farm-house*
 Tout, *the blast of a horn or trumpet*
 Touzie, *rough, shaggy*
 Touzle, *to rumple*
 To've, *to have*
 Tow, *a rope*
 Towmond, *a twelvemonth*
 Towzling, *a rumpling, disheveling*
 Toy, *a very old fashion of female head-dress*
 Toyte, *to totter*
 Transmugrify'd, *metamorphosed*
 Trashtrie, *trash*
 Treadin', *treading*
 Trews, *trousers*
 Trickie, *tricky*
 Trig, *spruce, neat*
 Trinklag, *trickling*
 Troggin, *wares sold by wandering merchants*
 Troke, *to exchange, to deal with*
 Trottin, *trotting*
 Trouse, *trousers*
 Trow't, *believed*
 Trowth, *a petty oath*
 Try't, *have tried*
 Tulzie, *a quarrel*
 Tunefu', *tuneful*
 Tup, *a ram*
 Twa, *two*
 Twa-fauld, *twofold, doubled up*
 Twa-three, *two or three*
 Twal, *twelve o'clock*
 Twalpennie worth, *twelve-penny worth*
 Twalt, *the twelfth*
 Twang, *twinge*
 Twined, *reft*
 Twins, *bereaves, takes away from*
 Twistle, *a twist*
 Tyke, *a vagrant dog*
 Tyne, *to lose*
 Tysday'teen, *Tuesday evening*
- UNCHANCY, dangerous**
 Unco, *very; great, extreme; strange*
 Uncos, *strange things, news of the country side*
 Unkend, *unknown*
 Unkenn'd, *unknown*
 Unsicker, *insecure*
 Unskaith'd, *unhurt*
 Upo', *upon*
 Upon't, *upon it*
- VAP'RIN, vapouring**
 Vauntie, *proud, in high spirits*
 Vera, *very*
 Viewin, *viewing*
 Virls, *rings round a column*
 Vittel, *victual, grain*
 Vittle, *victual*
 Vogie, *proud, well pleased*
 Vow, *an interjection expressive of admiration or surprise*
- WA', a wall**
 Wa' flower, *the wallflower*
 Wab, *a web*
 Wabster, *a weaver*
 Wad, *would; a wager; to wed*
 Wad a haen, *would have had*
 Wadna, *would not*
 Wadset, *a mortgage*
 Wae, *sorrowful*
 Wae days, *woful days*
 Waefu', *woful*
 Waes me, *woe's me*
 Waesucks! *alas!*
 Wae worth, *woe befall*
 Waft, *the cross thread that goes from the shuttle through the web*
 Waifs, *stray sheep*
 Wair't, *spend it*
 Wal'd, *chose*
 Wale, *choice. Pick and wale, of choicest quality*
 Wale, *ample, large*
 Wallop in a tow, *to hang one's self*
 Waly, *ample*
 Wame, *the belly*
 Wamefon, *bellyful*
 Wan, *did win; earned*
 Wanchance, *unlucky*
 Wanrestfu', *restless*
 War'd, *spent, bestowed*
 Ware, *to spend; worn*
 Wark, *work*
 Wark-lume, *a tool to work with*
 Warks, *works, in the sense of buildings, manufactures, &c.*
 Warld, *world*
 Warlock, *a wizard*
 Warly, *worldly*
 Warran, *warrant*
 Warsle, *to wrestle*
 Warst, *worst*
 Warstl'd, *wrestled*
 Wasna, *was not*
 Wast, *west*

- Wast^s, *prodigality, riot*
 Wat, *wet; wot, know*
 Wat^ra, *wot not*
 Wate^r-brose, *brose made of
nol and water simply*
 Watt^e, *a wand*
 Wau^l-le, *to swing or reel*
 Wau^k-ening, *awakening*
 Wau^k-ens, *wakens*
 Wau^k-it, *thickened with toil*
 Wau^r-ife, *wakeful*
 Wau^r's, *awakes*
 Wau^r, *to fight, to defeat; worse*
 Wau^r't, *worsted*
 Wea^r-s, *children*
 Wea^r-ies, *dim. of weans*
 Weason, *the weasand*
 Wee, *little. A wee, a short
period of time. A wee a-
t-ick, a small space behind*
 Weel *well*
 Weel gaun, *well-going*
 Weel kent, *well-known*
 Weel^t, *wet; dew; rain*
 We's^t, *we shall or wi'll*
 Westⁱⁿ, *western*
 Wha *who*
 Wha e'er, *whoever*
 Wha zle, *to wheeze*
 Wha'pit, *whelped*
 Wham, *whom*
 Whao, *when*
 Whang, *a large slice; to give
the strappado*
 Whar, *where*
 Whare, *where*
 Wha's, *whose*
 Whase, *whose*
 What^{for} no? *for what reason
not?*
 Whatt, *did whet or cut*
 Whaup, *a curlew*
 Whaur'll, *where will*
 Wheep, *flying, nimbly*
 Whidden, *running as a hare*
 Whigmelceries, *crochets*
 Whingin, *crying, complaining,
fretting*
 Whins, *furze bushes*
- Whirlygigums, *useless orna-
ments*
 Whisht, *peace. Held my
whisht, kept silence*
 Whiskit, *whisked*
 Whistle, *whistle. So gat the
whistle o' my groat, to play
a losing game*
 Whistle, *the throat*
 Whitter, *a hearty draught of
liquor*
 Whun-stane, *whinstone, gran-
ite*
 Whup, *a whip*
 Whyles, *sometimes*
 Wi', *with*
 Wick, *a term in curling, to
strike a stone in an oblique
direction*
 Widdiefu, *ill-tempered*
 Widdle, *a struggle or bustle*
 Wiel, *a small whirlpool*
 Wife, *dim. of wife*
 Wight, *strong, powerful*
 Wil' cat, *the wild cat*
 Willie-waught, *a hearty
draught*
 Willow wicker, *the smaller
species of willow*
 Willyard, *wild, strange, timid*
 Wimplin, *wavering, meander-
ing*
 Wimpl't, *wimpled*
 Win', *wind*
 Winkin, *winking*
 Winna, *will not*
 Winnock-bunker, *a seat in a
window*
 Winnocks, *windows*
 Wins, *winds*
 Win't, *did wind*
 Wintle, *a staggering motion*
 Wintles, *struggles*
 Winze, *an oath*
 Wiss, *wish*
 Witha', *withal*
 Withoutten, *without*
 Wonner, *a wonder, a con-
temptuous appellation*
- Wons, *dwells*
 Woo', *wool*
 Woodie, *the gallows; a ruse
more properly one made of
withes or willows*
 Wooer-babs, *garters knotted
below the knee in a couple
of loops*
 Wordie, *dim. of word*
 Wordy, *worthy*
 Worl', *world*
 Worset, *worsted*
 Wow, *an exclamation of plea-
sure or wonder*
 Wrang, *wrong; mistaken*
 Wranged, *wronged*
 Wreaths, *wreaths*
 Wud, *mad*
 Wumble, *a wimble*
 Wyle, *to beguile, to decoy*
 Wyllecoat, *a flannel vest*
 Wyling, *beguiling*
 Wyte, *to blame, to reproach*
- YARD, *a garden*
 Yand, *a worn-out horse*
 Yell, *barren. As yell's the Bill
giving no more milk than
the bull*
 Yerd, *the churchyard*
 Yerket, *jerked, lashed*
 Yerl, *an eart*
 Ye'se, *you shall or will*
 Yestreen, *yesternight*
 Yetts, *gates*
 Yeukin, *itching*
 Yeuks, *itches*
 Yill, *ale*
 Yill-caup, *ale-strup*
 Yird, *earth*
 Yirth, *the earth*
 Yokin, *yoking, a bout, a set to*
 Yont, *beyond*
 Yoursel, *yourselves; yourself*
 Yowes, *eves*
 Yowle, *dim. o' yowls*
 Yule, *Christmas*



Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: March 2009

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