

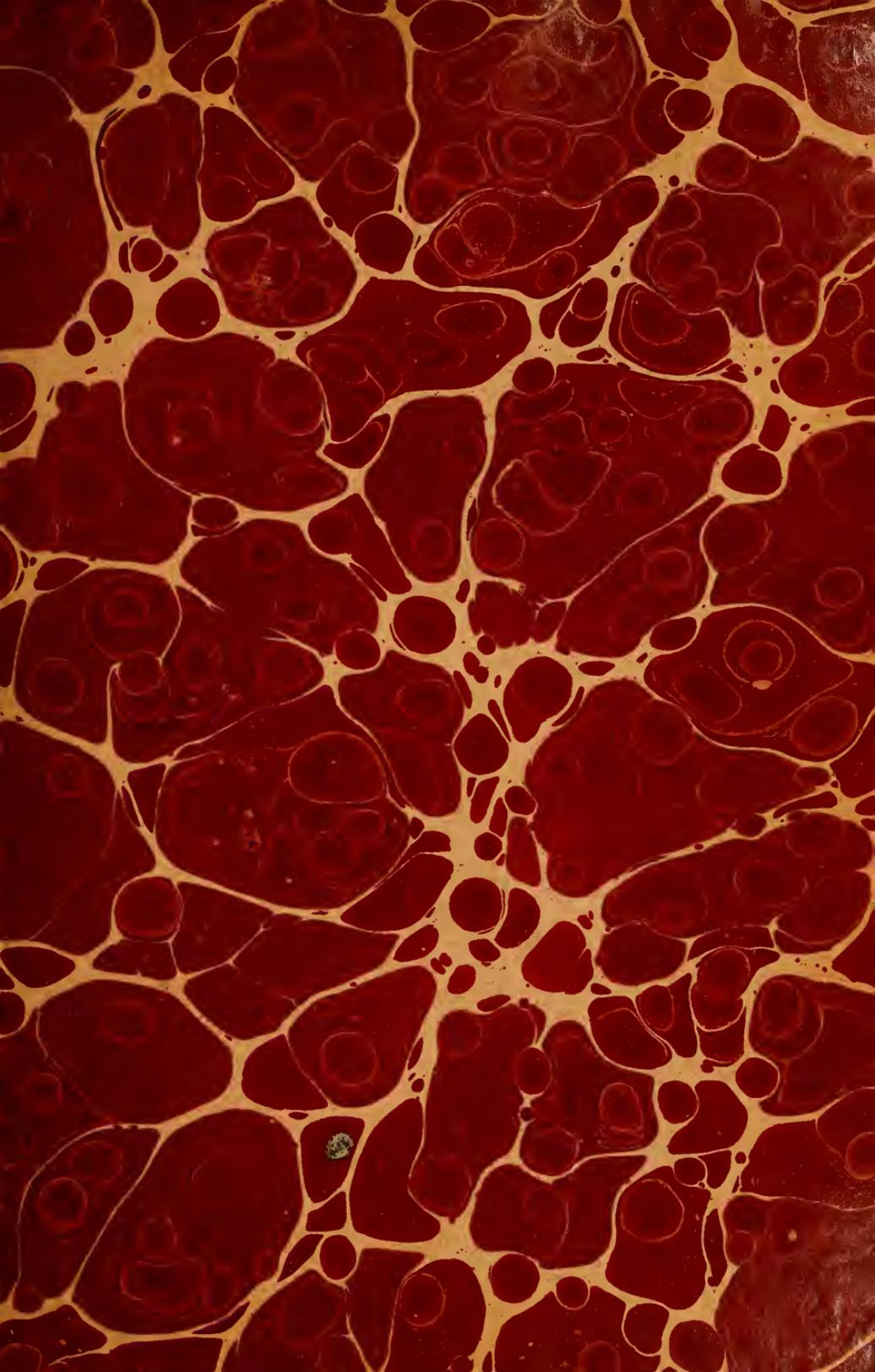




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POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT BURNS



Robert Burns - Fac.

PHILADELPHIA

PUBLISHED BY E. H. BUTLER & CO.

David Hatcher.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT BURNS:
WITH

Critical and Biographical Notices,

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

AND A

GLOSSARY.

ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED, BY SCHMOLZE.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY E. H. BUTLER & CO.
1858.

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THE
P O E T I C A L W O R K S
OF
ROBERT BURNS.

W I N T E R.

A DIRGE.

[This is one of the earliest of the poet's recorded compositions: it was written before the death of his father, and is called by Gilbert Burns, 'a juvenile production.' To walk by a river while flooded, or through a wood on a rough winter day, and hear the storm howling among the leafless trees, exalted the poet's thoughts. "In such a season," he said, "just after a train of misfortunes, I composed *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'ercastr,"¹
The joyless winter day
Let others fear, to me more dear
Than all the pride of May :
The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,
My griefs it seems to join ;

The leafless trees my fancy please,
 Their fate resembles mine!

Thou Power Supreme, whose mighty scheme
 These woes of mine fulfil,
 Here, firm, I rest, they must be best,
 Because they are Thy will!
 Then all I want (O, do thou grant
 This one request of mine!)
 Since to enjoy Thou dost deny,
 Assist me to resign!

THE DEATH AND DYING WORDS OF POOR MAILIE.

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE.

AN UNCO MOURNFU' TALE.

[This tale is partly true; the poet's pet ewe got entangled in her tether, and tumbled into a ditch; the face of ludicrous and awkward sorrow with which this was related by Hughoe, the herd-boy, amused Burns so much, who was on his way to the plough, that he immediately composed the poem, and repeated it to his brother Gilbert when they met in the evening; the field where the poet held the plough, and the ditch into which poor Mailie fell, are still pointed out.]

As Mailie, an' her lambs thegither,
 Were ae day nibbling on the tether,
 Upon her cloot she coast a hitch,
 An' owre she wars'd in the ditch:
 There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
 When Hughoe¹ he cam doytin by.
 Wi' glowing e'en an' lifted han's,
 Poor Hughoe like a statue stan's;
 He saw her days were near-hand ended,
 But, waes my heart! he could na mend it!
 He gaped wide but naething spak—
 At length poor Mailie silence brak.

“O thou, whose lamentable face
 Appears to mourn my woefu' case!

¹ A neibor herd-callan.

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, and grow
To scores o' lambs, an' packs of woo'!

“Tell him he was a master kin',
An' ay was gude 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
Frac dogs, and 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 sink 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 bréed 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.

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

FIRST EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

A BROTHER POET.

[In the summer of 1784, Burns, while at work in the garden, repeated this Epistle to his brother Gilbert, who was much pleased with the performance, which he considered equal if not superior to some of Allan Ramsay's Epistles, and said if it were printed he had no doubt that it would be well received by people of taste.]

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

It's hardly in a body's power
 To keep, at times, frae being sour,
 To see how things are shar'd ;
 How best o' chiefs are whiles in want,
 While coofs on countless thousands rant,
 And ken na how to wair't ;
 But Davie, lad, ne'er fash your head,
 Tho' we hae little gear,
 We're fit to win our daily bread,
 As lang's we're hale and fier :

“ Mair spier na, nor fear na,”¹
 Auld age ne'er mind a feg,
 The last o't, the warst o't,
 Is only but to beg.

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

What tho', like commoners of air,
 We wander out we know not where,
 But either house or hall ?
 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 ;

¹ Ramsay.

It's no in makin muckle mair ;
 It's no in books, it's no in lear,
 To make us truly blest ;
 If happiness hae not her seat
 And centre in the breast,
 We may be wise, or rich, or great,
 But never can be blest :
 Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
 Could make us happy lang ;
 The heart ay's the part ay
 That makes us right or wrang.

Think ye, that sic as yon 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 heaven or hell !
 Esteeming and deeming
 It's a' an idle tale !

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

But tent me, Davie, ace o' hearts !
 (To say aught less wad wrang the cartes,
 And flatt'ry I detest,)

This life has joys for you and I ;
 And joys that riches ne'er could buy :
 And joys the very best.

There's a' the pleasures o' the heart,
 The lover an' the frien' ;

Ye hae your Meg your dearest part,
 And I my darling Jean !

 It warms me, it charms me,
 To mention but her name :

 It heats me, it beets me,
 And sets me a' on flame !

O, all ye pow'rs who rule above !
 O, Thou, whose very self art love !
 Thou know'st my words sincere !
 The life-blood streaming thro' my heart,
 Or my more dear immortal part,
 Is not more fondly dear !
 When heart-corroding care and grief
 Deprive my soul of rest,
 Her dear idea brings relief
 And solace to my breast.

 Thou Being, All-seeing,
 O hear my fervent pray'r !
 Still take her, and make her
 Thy most peculiar care !

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

It lightens, it brightens
 The tenebrific scene,
 To meet with, and greet with
 My Davie or my Jean !

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

SECOND EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

A BROTHER POET.

[David Sillar, to whom these epistles are addressed, was at that time master of a country school, and was welcome to Burns both as a scholar and a writer of verse. This epistle he prefixed to his poems printed at Kilmarnock in the year 1789: he loved to speak of his early comrade, and supplied Walker with some very valuable anecdotes: he died one of the magistrates of Irvine, on the 2d of May, 1830, at the age of seventy.]

AULD NIBOR,
 I'M three times doubly o'er your debtor,
 For your auld-farrent, frien'ly letter ;
 Tho' I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter,
 Ye speak sac fair.
 For my puir, silly, rhymin clatter
 Some less maun sair.

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle ;
 Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle,
 Te cheer you thro' the weary widdle
 O' war'ly cares,

Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way
 Wi' eldritch croon.

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

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

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

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

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

Thence mystic knots mak great abuse
 On young guidmen, fond, keen, an' crouse;
 When the best wark-lume i' the house,
 By cantrip wit,
 Is instant made no worth a louse,
 Just at the bit.

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,
 An' brak him out o' house an' hall,
 While scabs an' botches did him gall,
 Wi' bitter claw,
 An' lows'd his ill tongu'd, wicked scawl,
 Was warst ava?

But a' your doings to rehearse,
 Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce,
 Sin' that day Michael did you pierce,
 Down to this time,
 Wad ding a' 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 jinikin,
 A' cheat you yet.

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

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

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

[“Whenever Burns has occasion,” says Hogg, “to address or mention any subordinate being, however mean, even a mouse or a flower, then there is a gentle pathos in it that awakens the finest feelings of the heart.” The Auld Farmer of Kyle has the spirit of a knight-errant, and loves his mare according to the rules of chivalry; and well he might: she carried him safely home from markets, triumphantly from wedding-brooses; she ploughed the stiffest land; faced the steepest brae, and, moreover, bore home his bonnie bride with a consciousness of the loveliness of the load.]

A GUID New-year I wish thee, Maggie!
 Hae, there's a rip to thy auld baggie:

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

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff, an' crazy,
 An' thy auld hide as white's a daisy,
 I've seen thee dappl't, sleek, and glaizie,
 A bonny gray :
 He should been tight that daur't to 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 ony 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 trickle, slee, an' funny,
 Ye ne'er was donsie :
 But hamely, tawie, quiet an' caunnic,
 An' unco sonsie.

That day ye prane'd wi' muckle pride,
 When ye bure hame my bonnie bride :
 An' sweet and gracefu' she did ride,
 Wi' maiden air !
 Kyle-Stewart I could bragg'd wide,
 For sic a pair.

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hoble,
 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 an' skeigh,
 An' stable-meals at fairs were dreigh,
 How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' skreigh,
 An' tak the road !
 Town's bodies ran, an' stood abeigh,
 An' ca't thee mad.

When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow,
 We took the road ay like a swallow :
 At Brooses thou had ne'er a fellow,
 For pith an' speed ;
 But every tail thou pay't them hollow,
 Where'er thou gaed.

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

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

Thou never braindg't, an' feteh't, an' fliskit,
 But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,
 An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket,
 Wi' pith an' pow'r,
 'Till spiritty knowes wad rair't and risket,
 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
 Aboon the timmer;
 I ken'd my Maggie wad na sleep
 For that, or simmer.

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

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

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

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 fow,
 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 eare I'll flit thy tether,
 To some hain'd rig,
 Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,
 Wi' sma' fatigue.

TO A HAGGIS.

[The vehement nationality of this poem is but a small part of its merit. The haggis of the north is the minced pie of the south; both are characteristic of the people: the ingredients which compose the former are all of Scottish growth, including the bag which contains them: the ingredients of the latter are gathered chiefly from the four quarters of the globe: the haggis is the triumph of poverty, the minced pie the triumph of wealth.]

FAIR fa' your honest, sonsie face,
 Great chieftain o' the pudding-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 dews distil
 Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic-labour dight,
 An' cut you up wi' ready slight,
 Trenching your gushing entrails bright
 Like onie ditch;
 And then, O what a glorious sight,
 Warm-reekin, rich!

Then horn for horn they stretch an' strive,
 Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,
 'Till a' their weel-swallow'd kytes belyve
 Are bent like drums;
 Then auld Guidman, maist like to rive,
 Bethankit hums.

Is there that 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;

Then, man my soul with firm resolves
To bear and not repine!

A PRAYER IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

[I have heard the third verse of this very moving Prayer quoted by scrupulous men as a proof that the poet imputed his errors to the Being who had endowed him with wild and unruly passions. The meaning is very different: Burns felt the torrent-strength of passion overpowering his resolution, and trusted that God would be merciful to the errors of one on whom he had bestowed such o'ermastering gifts.]

O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear!
In whose dread presence, ere an hour
Perhaps I must appear!

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun;
As something, loudly, in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done;

Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me
With passions wild and strong;
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stept aside,
Do Thou, All-Good! for such thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

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

STANZAS ON THE SAME OCCASION.

[These verses the poet, in his common-place book, calls "Misgivings in the Hour of Despondency and Prospect of Death." He elsewhere says that they were composed when fainting-fits and other alarming symptoms of a pleurisy, or some other dangerous disorder first put nature on the alarm.]

WHY am I loth to leave this earthly scene?
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?

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

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

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

A WINTER NIGHT.

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

[—"This poem," says my friend Thomas Carlyle, "is worth several homilies on mercy, for it is the voice of Mercy herself. Burns, indeed, lives in sympathy: his soul rushes forth into all the realms of being: nothing that has existence can be indifferent to him."]

WHEN biting Boreas, fell and doure,
 Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r ;



A Miser's Night.

*Think ye a moment on his wretched fate,
Whom friends and justice quite disown.*

When Phœbus gies a short-liv'd glow'r
 Far south the lift,
 Dim-darkening through 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 wreaths up-choked,
 Wild-eddying swirl,
 Or through the mining outlet bocked,
 Down headlong hurl.

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

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing,
 That, in the merry months o' spring,
 Delighted me to hear thee sing,
 What comes o' thee?
 Where wilt thou cower thy chittering wing,
 An' close thy e'e?

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

Now Phœbe, in her midnight reign,
 Dark muffled, viewed the dreary plain;
 Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
 Rose in my soul,
 When on my ear this plaintive strain
 Slow, solemn, stole :—

“ Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust!
 And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost;

Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows!
 Not all your rage, as now united, shows
 More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
 Vengeful malice unrepenting,
 Than heaven-illumined man on brother man bestows;
 See stern oppression's iron grip,
 Or mad ambition's gory hand,
 Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
 Woe, want, and murder o'er a land!
 Even in the peaceful rural vale,
 Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
 How pamper'd luxury, flattery by her side,
 The parasite empoisoning her ear,
 With all the servile wretches in the rear,
 Looks o'er proud property, extended wide;
 And eyes the simple rustic hind,
 Whose toil upholds the glittering show,
 A creature of another kind,
 Some coarser substance, unrefin'd,
 Placed for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below.
 Where, where is love's fond, tender throe,
 With lordly honour's lofty brow,
 The powers you proudly own?
 Is there, beneath love's noble name,
 Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
 To bless himself alone!
 Mark maiden innocence a prey
 To love-pretending snares,
 This boasted honour turns away
 Shunning soft pity's rising sway,
 Regardless of the tears and unavailing prayers!
 Perhaps this hour, in misery's squalid nest,
 She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
 And with a mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast!
 Oh ye! who, sunk in beds of down,
 Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
 Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
 Whom friends and fortune quite disown!
 Ill satisfied keen nature's clamorous call,
 Stretched on his straw he lays himself to sleep,

While through the ragged roof and chinky wall,
 Chill o'er his slumbers piles the drifty heap!
 Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
 Where guilt and poor misfortune pine!
 Guilt, erring man, relenting view!
 But shall thy legal rage pursue
 The wretch, already crushed low
 By cruel fortune's undeserved blow?
 Affliction's sons are brothers in distress,
 A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!"

I heard nae mair, for Chanticleer
 Shook off the pouthery snaw,
 And hailed the morning with a cheer—
 A cottage-rousing crow!

But deep this truth impressed my mind—
 Through all his works abroad,
 The heart benevolent and kind
 The most resembles GOD.

REMO RSE.

A FRAGMENT.

["I entirely agree," says Burns, "with the author of the *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, that Remorse is the most painful sentiment that can embitter the human bosom; an ordinary pitch of fortitude may bear up admirably well, under those calamities in the procurement of which we ourselves have had no hand: but when our follies or crimes have made us wretched, to bear all with manly firmness, and at the same time have a proper penitential sense of our misconduct, is a glorious effort of self-command."]

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 worser far, the pangs of keen remorse;
 The torturing, gnawing consciousness of guilt,—

Of guilt, perhaps, where we've involved 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 JOLLY BEGGARS.

A CANTATA.

[This inimitable poem, unknown to Currie and unheard of while the poet lived, was first given to the world, with other characteristic pieces, by Mr. Stewart of Glasgow, in the year 1801. Some have surmised that it is not the work of Burns; but the parentage is certain: the original manuscript at the time of its composition, in 1785, was put into the hands of Mr. Richmond of Mauchline, and afterwards given by Burns himself to Mr. Woodburn, factor of the laird of Craigengillan; the song of "For a' that, and a' that" was inserted by the poet, with his name, in the *Musical Museum* of February, 1790. Cromek admired, yet did not, from overruling advice, print it in the *Reliques*, for which he was sharply censured by Sir Walter Scott, in the *Quarterly Review*. The scene of the poem is in Mauchline, where Poesie Nansie had her change-house. Only one copy in the handwriting of Burns is supposed to exist; and of it a very accurate fac-simile has been given.]

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 Poesie-Nansie's held the splore,
 To drink their orra duddies :
 Wi' quaffing and laughing,
 They ranted an' they sang ;
 Wi' jumping and thumping,
 The vera girdle rang.

First, neist the fire, in auld red rags,
 Ane sat, weel brae'd wi' mealy bags,
 And knapsack a' in order ;
 His doxy lay within his arm,
 Wi' usquebae an' blankets warm—
 She blinket on her sodger :
 An' ay he gies the tozie 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 roar'd 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, &c.

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

I lastly was with Curtis,
 Among the floating batt'ries,
 And there I left for witness
 An arm and a limb ;

THE POETICAL WORKS OF

Yet let my country need me,
 With Elliot to head me,
 I'd clatter on my stumps
 At the sound of a drum.
 Lal de daudle, &c.

And now tho' I must beg,
 With a wooden arm and leg,
 And many a tatter'd rag
 Hanging over my bum,
 I'm as happy with my wallet,
 My bottle and my callet,
 As when I used in scarlet
 To follow a drum.
 Lal de daudle, &c

What tho' with hoary locks
 I must stand the winter shocks,
 Beneath the woods and rocks
 Oftentimes for a home,
 When the tother bag I sell,
 And the tother bottle tell,
 I could meet a troop of hell,
 At the sound of a drum.
 Lal de daudle, &c.

RECITATIVO.

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

AIR.

Tune—"Soldier laddie."

I ONCE was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,
 And still my delight is in proper young men;

Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie,
No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de dal, &c.

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

Sing, Lal de dal, &c.

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

Sing, Lal de dal, &c.

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

Sing, Lal de dal, &c.

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

Sing, Lal de dal, &c.

And now I have liv'd—I know not how long,
And still I can join in a eup 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 dal, &c.

RECITATIVO.

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

AIR.

Tune—"Auld Sir Symon."

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

My grannie she bought me a benk,
 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 abused in the kirk,
 For touzling 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, yon reverend lad
 Maks faces to tickle the mob;
 He rails at our mountebank squad,
 Its rivalry just i' the job.

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

RECITATIVO.

Then neist outspak a rancle earlin,
 Wha kent fu' weel to cleck the sterling,
 For monie a pursie she had hooked,
 And had in mony a well been ducked.

Her dove had been a Highland laddie,
 But weary fa' the wafu' woodie!
 Wi' sighs and sobs 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 Lalland laws he held in scorn;
 But he still was faithfu' to his clan,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.

CHORUS.

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

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

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,
 An' liv'd like lords and ladies gay;
 For a Lalland face he feared nane,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.
 Sing, hey, &c.

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

But, och! they catch'd him at the last,
 And bound him in a dungeon fast;
 My curse upon them every one,
 They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.
 Sing, hey, &c.

And now a widow, I must mourn
 The pleasures that will ne'er return ;
 Nae comfort but a hearty can,
 When I think on John Highlandman.
 Sing, hey, &c.

RECITATIVO.

A pigmy scraper, wi' his fiddle,
 Wha used at trysts and fairs to driddle,
 Her strappan limb and gansy middle,
 He reach'd na higher,
 Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle,
 An' blawn't on fire.

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

AIR.

Tune—"Whistle o'er the lave o't."

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

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

Sae merrily the banes we'll pyke,
 And sun oursells about the dyke,

And at our leisure, when ye like,
We'll whistle owre the lave o't.

I am, &c.

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, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Her charms had struck a sturdy caird,
As weel as poor gut-scraiper;
He taks the fiddler by the beard,
And draws a roosty rapier—
He swoor by a' was swearing worth,
To speet him like a pliver,
Unless he wad from that time forth
Relinquish her for ever.

Wi' ghastly c'e, poor tweedle-dee
Upon his hunkers bended,
And pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face,
And sac the quarrel ended.
But tho' his little heart did grieve
When round the tinkler prest her,
He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve,
When thus the caird address'd her:

AIR.

Tune—"Clout the caudron."

My bonny lass, I work in brass,
A tinkler is my station:
I've travell'd round all Christian ground
In this my occupation:
I've taen the gold, an' been enrolled
In many a noble squadron:
But vain they search'd, when off I march'd,
To go and clout the caudron.

I've taen the gold, &c.

Despise that shrimp, that wither'd hump,
 Wi' a' his noise and caprin',
 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 Killaigie,¹
 If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,
 May I ne'er weat my craigie.
 An' by that stoup, &c.

NARRATIVE.

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

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

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

¹ A peculiar sort of whiskey.

AIR.

Tune—"For a' that, an' a' that."

I AM a bard of no regard
 Wi' gentle folks, an' a' that:
 But Homer-like, the glowran byke,
 Frae town to town I draw that.

CHORUS.

For a' that, an' a' that,
 An' twice as muckle'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, &c.

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

For a' that, &c.

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

For a' that, &c.

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

CHORUS.

For a' that, an' a' that,
 An' 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' pawn'd their duds,
 They scarcely left to co'er their fuds,
 To quench their lowan drouth.
 Then owre again, the jovial thrang,
 The poet did request,
 To loose his pack an' wale a sang,
 A ballad o' the best ;
 He rising, rejoicing,
 Between his twa Deborahs
 Looks round him, an' found them
 Impatient for the chorus.

AIR.

Tune—" *Jolly Mortals, fill your Glasses.*"

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DEATH AND DR. HORNBOOK.

A TRUE STORY.

[John Wilson, raised to the unwelcome elevation of hero to this poem, was, at the time of its composition, schoolmaster in Tarbolton: he was, it is said, a fair scholar, and a very worthy man, but vain of his knowledge in medicine—so vain, that he advertised his merits, and offered advice gratis. It was his misfortune to encounter Burns at a mason meeting, who, provoked by a long and pedantic speech from the Dominic, exclaimed, the future lampoon dawning upon him, "Sit down, Dr. Hornbook." On his way home, the poet seated himself on the ledge of a bridge, composed the poem, and, overcome with poeise and drink, fell asleep, and did not awaken till the sun was shining over Galston Moors. Wilson went afterwards to Glasgow, embarked in mercantile and matrimonial speculations, and prospered, and is still prospering.]

SOME books are lies frae end to end,
 And some great lies were never penn'd:
 Ev'n ministers, they ha'e been kenn'd,
 In holy rapture,
 A rousing whid, at times, to vend,
 And nail't wi' Scripture.

“Ye ken Jock Hornbook i’ the Clachan,
 Deil mak his kings-hood in a spleuchan !
 He’s grown sae weel acquaint wi’ Buchan¹
 An’ ithar chaps,
 The weans haud out their fingers laughin
 An’ pouk my hips.

“See, here’s a scythe, and there’s a dart,
 They hae piered mony a gallant heart ;
 But Doctor Hornbook, wi’ his art
 And cursed skill,
 Has made them baith not worth a f—t,
 Damn’d haet they’ll kill.

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

“Hornbook was by, wi’ ready art,
 And had sae fortified the part,
 That when I looked to my dart,
 It was sae blunt,
 Fient haet o’t wad hae piered the heart
 Of a kail-runt.

“I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
 I nearhand cowpit wi’ my hurry,
 But yet the bauld Apothecary
 Withstood the shock ;
 I might as weel have tried a quarry
 O’ hard whin rock.

“Ev’n them he canna get attended,
 Although their face he ne’er had kend it,
 Just sh— in a kail-blade, and send it,
 As soon’s he smells’t,
 Baith their disease, and what will mend it,
 At once he tells’t.

¹ Buchan’s Domestic Medicine.

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

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

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

“ Waes me for Johnny Ged's-Hole¹ now,”
 Quo' I, “ If that thae news be true!
 His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,
 Sae white and bonie,
 Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plew;
 They'll ruin Johnnie!”

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

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

¹ The grave-digger.

Dalrymple has been lang our fae,
 M'Gill has wrought us meikle wae,
 And that curs'd rascal call'd M'Quhae,
 And baith the Shaws,
 That aft ha'e made us black and blae,
 Wi' vengefu' paws.

Auld Wodrow lang has hatch'd mischief,
 We thought aye death wad bring relief,
 But he has gotten, to our grief,
 Ane to succeed him,
 A chiel wha'll soundly buff our beef;
 I meikle dread him.

And mony a ane that I could tell,
 Wha fain would openly rebel,
 Forbye turn-coats amang oursel,
 There's Smith for ane,
 I doubt he's but a grey-nick quill,
 An' that ye'll fin'.

O! a' ye flocks o'er a' the hills,
 By mosses, meadows, moors, and fells,
 Come, join your counsel and your skills
 To cow the lairds,
 And get the brutes the powers themsels
 To choose their herds;

Then Orthodoxy yet may prance,
 And Learning in a woody dance,
 And that fell cur ca'd Common Sense,
 That bites sae sair,
 Be banish'd o'er the sea to France:
 Let him bark there.

Then Shaw's and Dalrymple's eloquence,
 M'Gill's close nervous excellence,
 M'Quhae's pathetic manly sense,
 And guid M'Math,
 Wi' Smith, wha thro' the heart can glance,
 May a' pack aff.

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER.

"And send the godly in a pet to pray."—POPE.

[Of this sarcastic and too daring poem many copies in manuscript were circulated while the poet lived, but though not unknown or unfelt by Currie, it continued unpublished till printed by Stewart with the Jolly Beggars, in 1801. Holy Willie was a small farmer, leading elder to Auld, a name well known to all lovers of Burns; austere in speech, scrupulous in all outward observances, and what is known by the name of a "professing Christian." He experienced, however, a "sore fall;" he permitted himself to be "filled fou," and in a moment when "self got in" made free, it is said, with the money of the poor of the parish. His name was William Fisher.]

O THOU, wha in the heavens dost dwell,
 Wha, as it pleases best thyself',
 Sends ane to heaven, and ten to hell,
 A' for thy glory,
 And no for ony gude or ill
 They've done afore thee!

I bless and praise thy matchless might,
 Whan thousands thou hast left in night,
 That I am here afore thy sight,
 For gifts and grace,
 A burnin' and a shinin' light
 To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,
 That I should get sic exaltation,
 I wha deserve sic just damnation,
 For broken laws,
 Five thousand years 'fore my creation,
 Thro' Adam's cause.

When frae my mither's womb I fell,
 Thou might hae plunged me in hell,
 To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,
 In burnin' lake,
 Whar damned devils roar and yell,
 Chain'd to a stake.

Yet I am here a chosen sample;
 To show thy grace is great and ample;

I'm here a pillar in thy temple,
 Strong as a rock,
 A guide, a buckler, an example,
 To a' thy flock.

But yet, O Lord! confess I must,
 At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust;
 And sometimes, too, wi' warldly trust,
 Vile self gets in;
 But thou remembers we are dast,
 Defiled in sin.

O Lord! yestreen thou kens, wi' Meg—
 Thy pardou I sincerely beg,
 O! may't 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.

Maybe thou lets this fleshly thorn,
 Beset thy servant e'en and morn,
 Lest he owre high and proud should turn,
 'Cause he's sae gifted;
 If sae, thy han' maun e'en be borne
 Until thou lift it.

Lord, bless thy chosen in this place,
 For here thou hast a chosen race:
 But God confound their stubborn face,
 And blast their name,
 Wha bring thy elders to disgrace
 And public shame.

Lord, mind Gawn Hamilton's deserts,
 He drinks, and swears, and plays at cartes,

Yet has sae mony takin' arts,
 Wi' grit and sma',
 Frae God's ain priests the people's hearts
 He steals awa'.

An' whan we chasten'd him therefore,
 Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,
 As set the warld in a roar
 O' laughin' at us ;—
 Curse thou his basket and his store,
 Kail and potatoes.

Lord, hear my earnest cry and pray'r,
 Against the presbyt'ry of Ayr ;
 Thy strong right hand, Lord, mak it bare
 Upo' their heads,
 Lord weigh it down, and dinna spare,
 For their misdeeds.

O Lord my God, that glib-tongu'd Aiken,
 My very heart and saul are quakin',
 To think how we stood groanin', shakin',
 And swat wi' dread,
 While Auld wi' hingin lips gaed sneakin',
 And hung his head.

Lord, in the day of vengeance try him,
 Lord, visit them wha did employ him,
 And pass not in thy merey by 'em,
 Nor hear their pray'r ;
 But for thy people's sake destroy 'em,
 And dinna spare.

But, Lord, remember me au' mine,
 Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,
 That I for gear and grace may shine,
 Excell'd by name,
 Aud a' the glory shall be thine,
 Amen, Amen !

EPITAPH ON HOLY WILLIE.

[We are informed by Richmond of Mauchline, that when he was clerk in Gavin Hamilton's office, Burns came in one morning and said, "I have just composed a poem, John, and if you will write it, I will repeat it." He repeated Holy Willie's Prayer and Epitaph; Hamilton came in at the moment, and having read them with delight, ran laughing with them in his hand to Robert Aiken. The end of Holy Willie was other than godly: in one of his visits to Mauchline, he drank more than was needful, fell into a ditch on his way home, and was found dead in the morning.]

HERE Holy Willie's sair worn clay
Takes up its last abode;
His saul has ta'en some other way,
I fear the left-hand road.

Stop! there he is, as sure's a gun,
Poor, silly body, see him;
Nae wonder he's as black's the grun,
Observe wha's standing wi' him.

Your brunstane devilship, I see,
Has got him there before ye;
But haud your nine-tail cat a wee,
Till ance you've heard my story.

Your pity I will not implore,
For pity ye hae nane;
Justice, alas! has gi'en him o'er,
And mercy's day is gaen.

But hear me, sir, deil as ye are,
Look something to your credit;
A coof like him wad stain your name,
If it were kent ye did it.

 THE INVENTORY;

IN ANSWER TO A MANDATE BY THE SURVEYOR OF THE TAXES.

[We have heard of a poor play-actor who, by a humorous inventory of his effects, so moved the commissioners of the income tax, that they remitted all claim on him then and for ever; we know not that this very humorous inventory of Burns had any such effect on Mr. Aiken, the surveyor of the taxes. It is dated "Mossiel, February 22d, 1786," and is remarkable for wit and sprightliness, and for the information which it gives us of the poet's habits, household, and agricultural implements.]

SIR, as your mandate did request,
I send you here a futhfu' 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 lan'-afore's¹ a gude auld has been,
An' wight, an' wilfu' a' his days been.
My lan'-ahin's² a weel gaun fillie,
That aft has borne me hame frae Killie,³
An' your auld burro' mony a time,
In days when riding was nae crime—
But ance, when in my wooing pride,
I like a blockhead boost to ride,
The wilfu' creature sae I pat to,
(L—d pardon a' my sins an' that too!)
I play'd my fillie sic a shavie,
She's a' bedevil'd with the spavie.
My fur-ahin's⁴ a wordy beast,
As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd.
The fourth's a Highland Donald hastie,
A d—u'd red wud Kilburnie blastie!
Forbye a cowl o' cowl's the wale,
As ever ran afore a tail.
If he be spared to be a beast,
He'll draw me fifteen pun' at least.—
Wheel carriages I ha'e but few,
Three carts, an' two are feekly now;
Ae auld wheelbarrow, mair for token,
Ae leg an' baith the trams are broken;
I made a poker o' the spin'le,
An' my auld mither brunt the trin'le.

For men I've three mischievous boys,
Run de'ils for rantin' an' for noise;
A gaudsman aye, a thrasher t'other.
Wee Davock hauds the nowt in fother.

¹ The fore-horse on the left-hand in the plough.

² The hindmost on the left-hand in the plough.

³ Kilmarnock.

⁴ The hindmost horse on the right-hand in the plough.

I rule them as I ought, discreetly,
 An' aften labour them completely;
 An' aye on Sundays, duly, nightly,
 I on the Questions targe them tightly;
 Till, faith, wee Davock's turn'd sae gleg,
 Tho' scarcely langer than your leg,
 He'll screed you aff Effectual Calling,
 As fast as ony in the dwelling.
 I've nae in female servan' station,
 (Lord keep me ay frae a' temptation!)
 I ha'e nae wife—an that my bliss is,
 An' ye have laid nae tax on misses;
 An' then, if kirk folks dinna clutch me,
 I ken the devils darena touch me.
 Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented,
 Heav'n sent me ane mae than I wanted.
 My sonsie smirking dear bought Bess,
 She stares the daddy in her face,
 Enough of ought ye like but grace;
 But her, my bonnie sweet wee lady,
 I've paid enough for her already,
 An' gin ye tax her or her mither,
 B' the L—d! ye'se get them a'thegither.

And now, remember, Mr. Aiken,
 Nae kind of license out I'm takin';
 Frae this time forth, I do declare
 I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair;
 Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle,
 Ere I sac dear pay for a saddle;
 My travel a' on foot I'll shank it,
 I've sturdy bearers, Gude be thankit.
 The kirk and you may tak' you that,
 It puts but little in your pat;
 Sae dinna put me in your buke,
 Nor for my ten white shillings luke.

This list wi' my ain hand I wrote it,
 The day and date as under noted;
 Then know all ye whom it concerns,
Subscripsi huic ROBERT BURNS.

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.

[The scene of this fine poem is the churchyard of Mauchline, and the subject handled so cleverly and sharply is the laxity of manners visible in matters so solemn and terrible as the administration of the sacrament. "This was indeed," says Lockhart, "an extraordinary performance: no partisan of any sect could whisper that malice had formed its principal inspiration, or that its chief attraction lay in the boldness with which individuals, entitled and accustomed to respect, were held up to ridicule: it was acknowledged, amidst the sternest mutterings of wrath, that national manners were once more in the hands of a national poet." "It is no doubt," says Hogg, "a reckless piece of satire, but it is a clever one, and must have cut to the bone. But much as I admire the poem I must regret that is partly borrowed from Fergusson."]]

UPON a simmer Sunday morn,
 When Nature's face is fair,
 I walked forth to view the corn,
 An' snuff the caller air.
 The rising sun owre Galston muirs,
 Wi' glorious light was glintin';
 The hares were hirplin' down the furs,
 The lav'rocks they were chantin'
 Fu' sweet that day.

As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad,
 To see a scene sae gay,
 Three hizzies, early at the road,
 Came skelpin up the way;
 Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,
 But aye 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 slaes:





The Holy Fair.

*My name is for your cronie dear,
The nearest friend ye ha'e!
An' this is Superstition here,
An' that's Hypocrisy.*

The third came up, hap-step-an'-lowp,
 As light as ony lambie,
 An' wi' a euehie 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 bonnie face,
 But yet I canna name ye."
 Quo' she, an' laughin' as she spak,
 An' taks me by the hands,
 "Ye, for my sake, hae gi'en the feek
 Of a' the ten commands
 A screed some day.

"My name is Fun—your eronie 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 remarkiu'!"
 Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time
 An' soon I made me ready;
 For roads were clad, frae side to side,
 W' monie a wearie body,
 In droves that day.

Here farmers gash, in ridin' graith
 Gaed hoddin by their cottars;
 There, swankies young, in braw braid-claith,
 Are springin' o'er the gutters.
 The lasses, skelpin barefit, thrang,
 In silks an' scarlets glitter;

Wi' sweet-milk cheese, in 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 carrying dails, some chairs an' stools,
 An' some are busy blethrin,
 Right loud that day.

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
 An' screen our countra gentry,
 There, racer Jess, and twa-three wh-res,
 Are blinkin' at the entry.
 Here sits a raw of tittlin' jades,
 Wi' heaving breast and bare neck,
 An' there a batch 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' serew'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,
Unkenn'd 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 vera 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' an' wi' thumpin' !
Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
He's stampin' an' he's jumpin' !
His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd-up snout,
His eldritch squeel and gestures,
Oh, how they fire the heart devout,
Like cantharidian plasters,
On sic a day.

But hark ! the tent has chang'd its voice :
There's peace 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 and reason ?
His English style, an' gestures fine,
Are a' clean out o' season.
Like Socrates or Antonine,
Or some auld pagan heathen,

The moral man he does define,
 But ne'er a word o' faith in
 That's right that day.

In guid time comes an antidote
 Against sic poison'd nostrum ;
 For Peebles, frae the water-fit,
 Ascends the holy rostrum :
 See, up he's got the word o' God,
 An' meek an' mim has view'd it,
 While Common-Sense has ta'en the road,
 An' aff, an' up the Cowgate,¹
 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, cannily he hums them ;
 Altho' his carnal wit an' sense
 Like bafflins-ways o'ercomes him
 At times that day.

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

Leeze me on drink ! it gies us mair
 Than either school or college :
 It kindles wit, it waukens lair,
 It pangs us fou' o' knowledge.
 Be't whisky gill, or penny wheep,
 Or ony stronger potion,

¹ A street so called, which faces the tent in Mauchline.

It never fails, on drinking 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 making observations;
 While some are cozie i' the neuk,
 An' formin' assignations
 To meet some day.

But now the Lord's ain trumpet touts,
 Till a' the hills are rairin',
 An' echoes back return the shouts:
 Black Russell is na' sparin':
 His piercing words, like Highlan' swords,
 Divide the joints and marrow;
 His talk o' Hell, where devils dwell,
 Our vera sauls does harrow¹
 Wi' fright that day.

A vast, unbottom'd boundless pit,
 Fill'd fou o' lowin' brunstane,
 Wha's ragin' flame, an' scorchiu' heat,
 Wad melt the hardest whun-stane!
 The half asleep start up wi' fear,
 An' think they hear it roarin',
 When presently it does appear,
 'Twas but some neibor suorin'
 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' dismist:
 How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups,
 Amang the furms an' benches:

¹ Shakspeare's Hamlet.

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 aue by his bounet 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 minfu' anee yoursel
 How bonnie lads ye wanted,
 An' dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,
 Let lasses be affronted
 On sie a day!

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

THE ORDINATION.

“For sense they little owe to frugal heav'n—
To please the mob they hide the little giv'n.”

[This sarcastic sally was written on the admission of Mr. Mackinlay, as one of the ministers to the Laigh, or parochial Kirk of Kilmarnock, on the 6th of April, 1786. That reverend person was an Auld Light professor, and his ordination incensed all the New Lights, hence the bitter levity of the poem. These dissensions have long since past away: Mackinlay, a pious and kind-hearted sincere man, lived down all the personalities of the satire, and though unwelcome at first, he soon learned to regard them only as a proof of the powers of the poet.]

KILMARNOCK wabsters fidge an' claw,
An' pour your ereeshie nations;
An' ye wha leather rax an' draw,
Of a' denominations,
Swith to the Laigh Kirk, ane an' a',
An' there tak up your stations;
Then aff to Begbie's in a raw,
An' pour divine libations
For joy this day.

Curst Common-Sense, that imp o' hell,
Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder;¹
But Oliphant aft made her yell,
An' Russell sair misca'd her;
This day Mackinlay taks the flail,
And he's the boy will blaud her.
He'll clap a shangan on her tail,
An' set the bairns to daud her
Wi' dirt this day.

Mak haste an' turn king David owre,
An' lilt wi' holy elangor;
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.

¹ Alluding to a scoffing ballad which was made on the admission of the late reverend and worthy Mr. Lindsay to the Laigh Kirk.

Come, let a proper text be read,
 An' touch it aff wi' vigour,
 How graceless Ham¹ leugh at his dad,
 Which made Canaan a niger;
 Or Phineas² drove the murdering blade,
 Wi' wh-re-aborring rigour;
 Or Zipporah,³ the scauldin' jad,
 Was like a bluidy tiger
 I' th' inn that day.

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

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

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

¹ Genesis, ix. 22.

² Numbers, xxv. 8.

³ Exodus, iv. 25.

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

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

Mutrie and you were just a match,
 We never had sic twa drones :
 Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch,
 Just like a winkin' baudrons :
 And ay' he catch'd the tither wretch,
 To fry them in his caudrons ;
 But now his honour maun detach,
 Wi' a' his brimstane squadrons,
 Fast, fast this day.

See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes
 She's swingein' through the city ;
 Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays !
 I vow it's unco pretty :
 There, Learning, with his Greekish face,
 Grunts out some Latin ditty ;
 And Common Sense is gaun, she says,
 To mak to Jamie 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 aue were peelin' onions!
 Now there—they're packed aff to hell,
 And banished our dominions,
 Henceforth this day.

O, happy day! rejoice, rejoice!
 Come bouse about the porter!
 Morality's demure decoys
 Shall here nae mair find quarter:
 Mackinlay, Russell, 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 Light¹ 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 STEVEN.

On his text, MALACHI, iv. 2.—“And ye shall go forth, and grow up as CALVES of the stall.”

[The laugh which this little poem raised against Steven was a loud one. Burns composed it during the sermon to which it relates and repeated it to Gavin Hamilton, with whom he happened on that day to dine. The Calf—for the name it seems stuck—came to London, where the younger brother of Burns heard him preach in Covent Garden Chapel, in 1790.]

RIGHT, Sir! your text I'll prove it true,
 Though Heretics may laugh;

¹ “New Light” is a cant phrase in the West of Scotland, for those religious opinions which Dr. Taylor of Norwich has defended.

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 amang the nowte.

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead,
 Below a grassy hillock,
 Wi' justice they may mark your head—
 “Here lies a famous Bullock!”

TO JAMES SMITH.

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

[The James Smith, to whom this epistle is addressed, was at that time a small shop-keeper in Mauchline, and the comrade or rather follower of the poet in all his merry expeditions with “Yill-caup commentators.” He was present in Poesie Nansie's when the Jolly Beggars first dawned on the fancy of Burns: the comrades of the poet's heart were not generally very successful in life: Smith left Mauchline, and established a calico-printing manufactory at Avon near Lullithgow, where his friend found him in all appearance prosperous in 1788: but this was not to last; he failed in his speculations and went to the West Indies, and died early. His wit was ready, and his manners lively and unaffected.]

DEAR SMITH, the sleest, paukie thief,
 That e'er attempted stealth or rief,

Ye surely hae some warlock-breef
 Owre human hearts ;
 For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
 Against your arts.

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

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

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

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

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

This while my notion's ta'en a sklent,
 To try my fate in guid black prent ;
 But still the mair I'm that way bent,
 Something cries " Hoolie !

I red you, honest man, take tent!

Ye'll shaw your folly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Some, lucky, find a 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 every sinew brace;
 Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race,
 And seize the prey;
 Then cannie, in some cozie place,
 They close the day.

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

Alas! what bitter toil an' straining—
 But truce with peevish, poor complaining!

Is fortune's fickle Luna waning?
 E'en let her gang!
 Beneath what light she has remaining,
 Let's sing our sang.

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

"Gie dreeping roasts to countra lairds,
 Till icicles hing frae their beards;
 Gie fine braw claes to fine life-guards,
 And maids of honour!
 An' yill an' whisky gie to cairds,
 Until they sconner.

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

"While ye are pleas'd to keep me hale,
 I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal,
 Be't water-brose, or muslin-kail,
 Wi' 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 donee 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-scarum, ram-stam boys,
 The rattling squad :
 I see you upward cast your eyes—
 Ye ken the road—

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

THE VISION.

DUAN FIRST.¹

[The Vision and the Briggs of Ayr, are said by Jeffrey to be "the only pieces by Burns which can be classed under the head of pure fiction:" but Tam o' Shanter and twenty other of his compositions have an equal right to be classed with works of fiction. The edition of this poem published at Kilmarnock, differs in some particulars from the edition which followed in Edinburgh. The maiden whose foot was so handsome as to match that of Coila, was a Bess at first, but old affection triumphed, and Jean, for whom the honour was from the first designed, regained her place. The robe of Coila, too, was expanded, so far indeed that she got more cloth than she could well carry.]

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

¹ *Duan*, a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digressive poem. See his "Cath-Loda," vol. ii. of Macpherson's translation.

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

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

All in this mottie, misty elime,
 I backward mused on wastet time,
 How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
 An' done nae thing,
 But stringin' blethers up in rhyme,
 For fools to sing.

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

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

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

Ye need 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 ;
 An' come to stop those reckless vows,
 Wou'd soon be broken.

A "hair-brain'd, sentimental trace"
 Was strongly marked in her face ;
 A wildly-witty, rustie 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 serimply seen :
 And such a leg ! my bonnie Jean
 Could only peer it ;
 Sae straught, sae taper, tight, and clean,
 Nane else came near it.

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

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

There, where a sceptr'd Pietish shade¹
 Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid,
 I mark'd a martial race portray'd
 In colours strong;
 Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd
 They strode along.

Thro' many a wild romantic grove,²
 Near many a hermit-faney'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,³
 The learned sire and son I saw,
 To Nature's God and Nature's law
 They gave their lore,
 This, all its source and end to draw;
 That, to adore.

Brydone's brave ward⁴ I well could spy,
 Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye;
 Who called 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.

¹ Collas, king of the Piets, from whom the district of Kyle is said to take its name, lies buried, as tradition says, near the family seat of the Montgomeries of Coilsfield, where his burial-place is still shown.

² Barskimming, the seat of the late Lord Justice-Clerk (Sir Thomas Miller of Glenlee, afterwards President of the Court of Session).

³ Catrine, the seat of Professor Dugald Stewart.

⁴ Colonel Fullarton.

“ 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 ærial 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 rustie 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-secnes beguile
 His cares and pains.

“ Some, bounded to a district-space,
 Explore at large man’s infant race,
 To mark the embryotic trace
 Of rustie 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 through the sky,
 I saw grim Nature's visage hoar
 Struck thy young eye.

“ Or when the deep green-mantled earth
 Warm cherish'd ev'ry flow'ret's birth,
 And joy and music pouring forth
 In ev'ry grove,
 I saw thee eye the general mirth
 With boundless love.

“ When ripen'd fields, and azure skies,
 Called forth the reaper's rustling noise,
 I saw thee leave their evening joys,
 And lonely stalk,
 To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
 In pensive walk.

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

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

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

HALLOWEEN.¹

“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.

[This Poem contains a lively and striking picture of some of the superstitious observances of old Scotland: on Halloween the desire to look into futurity was once all but universal in the north; and the charms and spells which Burns describes, form but a portion of those employed to enable the peasantry to have a peep up the dark vista of the future. The scene is laid on the romantic shores of Ayr, at a farmer's fireside, and the actors in the rustic drama are the whole household, including supernumerary reapers and bandsmen about to be discharged from the engagements of harvest. “I never can help regarding this,” says James Hogg, “as rather a trivial poem!”]

UPON that night, when fairies light
 On Cassilis Downans² 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,³ to stray an' rove
 Among the rocks an' streams
 To sport that night.

Among the bonnie winding banks
 Where Doon rins, wimplin', clear,
 Where Bruce⁴ ance rul'd the martial ranks,
 An' shook his Carriek spear,
 Some merry, friendly, countra folks,
 Together did convene,
 To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks,
 An' haud their Halloween
 Fu' blythe that night.

The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat,
 Mair braw than when they're fine;

¹ Is thought to be a night when witches, devils, and other mischief-making beings are all abroad on their baneful midnight errands: particularly those aerial people, the Fairies, are said on that night to hold a grand anniversary.

² Certain little, romantic, rocky green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis.

³ A noted cavern near Colean-house, called the Cove of Colean, which, as well as Cassilis Downans, is famed in country story for being a favourite haunt of fairies.

⁴ The famous family of that name, the ancestors of Robert, the great deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick.

Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,
 Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin';
 The lads sae trig, wi' wooer babs,
 Weel knotted on their garten,
 Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs,
 Gar lasses' hearts gang startin'
 Whiles fast at night.

Then, first and foremost, thro' the kail,
 Their stocks¹ maun a' be sought ance;
 They steek their een, an' graip an' wale,
 For muckle anes an' straught anes.
 Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
 An' wander'd through 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 custoc's sweet or sour,
 Wi' joctelegs they taste them;
 Syne coziely, aboon the door,
 Wi' cannie care, they've placed them
 To lie that night.

The lasses staw frae mang them a'
 To pou their stalks o' corn;²
 But Rab slips out, an' jinks about,
 Behint the muckle thorn:

¹ The first ceremony of Halloween is, pulling each a stock, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand-in-hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with: its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any yird, or earth, stick to the root, that is tocher, or fortune; and the taste of the custoc, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the runts, are placed somewhere above the head of the door: and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house are, according to the priority of placing the runts, the names in question.

² They go to the barn-yard, and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of oats. If the third stalk wants the top-pickle, that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will come to the marriage-bed anything but a maid.

He grippet Nelly hard an' fast;
 Loud skirl'd a' the lasses;
 But her tap-pickle maist was lost,
 When kuitliu' in the fause-house¹
 Wi' him that night.

The auld guidwife's weel hoordet nits²
 Are round an' round divided,
 An' monie lads an' lasses' fates
 Are there that night decided:
 Some kindle, couthie, side by side,
 An' burn thegither trimly;
 Some start awa' wi' saucy pride,
 And jump out-owre the chimlie
 Fu' high that night.

Jean slips in twa wi' tentie e'e;
 Wha 'twas she wadna tell;
 But this is Jock, an' 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' Jaen had e'en a sair heart
 To see't that night.

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

¹ When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green or wet, the stack-builder, by means of old timber, &c., makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is fairest exposed to the wind: this he calls a fause-house.

² Burning the nuts is a famous charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire, and, according as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be.

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, stowlins, prie'd her bonnie mou',
 Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
 Unseen that night.

But Merran sat behind their backs,
 Her thoughts on Andrew Bell;
 She lea'es them gashin' at their cracks,
 And slips out by hersel':
 She through the yard the nearest taks,
 An' to the kiln she goes then,
 An' darklins graipit for the bauks,
 And in the blue-clue¹ throws then,
 Right fear't that night.

An' ay she win't, an' ay she swat,
 I wat she made nae jaukin';
 'Till something held within the pat,
 Guid L—d! but she was 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 apple² at the glass,
 I gat frae uncle Johnnie:'"

¹ Whoever would, with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions: Steal out, all alone, to the kiln, and, darkling, throw into the pot a clue of blue yarn; wind it in a clue off the old one; and towards the latter end, something will hold the thread; demand "wha hands?" i. e. who holds? an answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, naming the Christian and surname of your future spouse.

² 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.

She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
 In wrath she was sae vap'rin',
 She notie't na, an aizle brunt
 Her braw new worset apron
 Out thro' that night.

“Ye little skelpie-limmer's fae!
 I daur you try sic sportin',
 As seek the foul Thief onie place,
 For him to spae your fortune :
 Nae doubt but ye may get a sight!
 Great cause ye hae to fear it ;
 For monie a ane has gotten a fright,
 An' liv'd an' died 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 nae past fifteen :
 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 fellow :
 He's sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,
 That liv'd in Achmacalla :
 He gat hemp-seed,¹ I mind it weel,
 And he made unco light o't ;
 But monie a day was by himsel',
 He was sae sairly frightened
 That vera night.”

¹ Steal out unperceived, and sow a handful of hempseed, harrowing it with anything you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat, now and then, “Hemp-seed, I saw thee; hemp-seed, I saw thee; and him (or her) that is to be my true love, come after me and pou thee.” Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, “Come after me and slaw thee,” that is, show thyself: in which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, “Come after me, and harrow thee.”

Then up gat fechtin' Jamie Fleck,
 An' he swore by his conscience,
 That he could saw hemp-seed a peek;
 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' among the stacks,
 Tho' he was something sturtin';
 The graip he for a harrow taks,
 An' haurls at his curpin;
 And ev'ry now an' then he says,
 "Hemp-seed, I saw thee,
 An' her that is to be my lass,
 Come after me, an' draw thee
 As fast that night."

He whistled up Lord Lennox' march,
 To keep his courage cheery;
 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 wintle
 Out-owre that night.

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

Meg fain wad to the barn hae gaen,
 To win three wechts o'naething;¹
 But for to meet the deil her lane,
 She pat but little faith in :
 She gies the herd a pickle nits,
 An' twa red cheekit apples,
 To watch, while for the barn she sets,
 In hopes to see Tim 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 rattled up the wa',
 An' she cried, L—d, preserve her !
 An' ran thro' midden-hole an' a',
 An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour,
 Fu' fast that night.

They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice ;
 They hecht him some fine braw ane ;
 It chanc'd the stack he faddom't thrice,²
 Was timmer-propt for thrawin' ;
 He taks a swirlie auld moss-oak,
 For some black, grousome earlin ;
 An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke,
 'Till skin in blypes cam haulrin'
 Aff's nieves that night.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
 As canty as a kittlin ;

¹ This charm must likewise be performed, unperceived, and alone. You go to the barn, and open both doors, taking them off the hinges, if possible; for there is danger that the being about to appear may shut the doors and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which, in our country dialect, we call a wecht; and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times; and the third time, an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door, and out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance or retinue, marking the employment or station in life.

² Take an opportunity of going unnoticed, to a bean stack, and fathom it three times around. The last fathom of the last time, you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.

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

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
 As through the glen it wimpl't ;
 Whyles round a rocky seaur 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 brackens on the brae,
 Between her an' the moon,
 The deil, or else an outler quey,
 Gat up an' gae a croon :
 Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool !
 Near lav'rock-height she jumpit,
 But mist a fit, an' in the pool
 Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,
 Wi' a plunge that night.

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
 The huggies three² are ranged,
 And ev'ry time great care is ta'en,
 To see them duly changed :

¹ 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 sleeves before it to dry. Lie awake: and, some time near midnight, an apparition having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it.

² Take three dishes: put clean water in one, foul water in another, and leave the third empty; blindfold a person and lead him to the hearth where the dishes are ranged, he (or she) dips the left hand: if by chance in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the bar of matrimony a maid; if in the foul, a widow; if in the empty dish, it foretells, with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated three times, and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered.



Man was made to mourn
To grieve a man whose eye we
Lament and grieve with care
His face was wrinkled — with years
And his heart was his own



Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
 Sin Mar's-year did desire,
 Because he gat the toon-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 ;
 An' unco tales, an' fummie jokes,
 Their sports were cheap an' cheery ;
 Till butter'd so'ns,¹ wi' fragrant hunt,
 Set a' their gabs a-steerin' ;
 Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
 They parted aff careerin'
 Fu' blythe that night.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A DIBGE.

[The origin of this fine poem is alluded to by Burns in one of his letters to Mrs. Dunlop: "I had an old grand-uncle with whom my mother lived in her girlish years: the good old man was long blind ere he died, during which time his highest enjoyment was to sit and cry, while my mother would sing the simple old song of 'The Life and Age of Man.'" From that truly venerable woman, long after the death of her distinguished son, Cromek, in collecting the Reliques, obtained a copy by recitation of the older strain. Though the tone and sentiment coincide closely with "Man was made to mourn," I agree with Lockhart, that Burns wrote it in obedience to his own habitual feelings.]

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

"Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?"
 Began the rev'rend sage ;
 "Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
 Or youthful pleasure's rage ?

¹ Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the Halloween supper.

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 you moors,
 Out-spreading far and wide,
 Where hundreds labour to support
 A haughty lordling’s pride :
 I’ve seen you weary winter-sun
 Twice forty times return,
 And ev’ry time has added proofs
 That man was made to mourn.

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

“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 every land,
 All wretched and forlorn !
 Thro’ weary life this lesson learn—
 That man was made to mourn.

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

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

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

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

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

The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
 From pomp and pleasure torn!
 But, oh! a blest relief to those
 That weary-laden mourn."

TO RUIN.

[“I have been,” says Burns, in his common-place book, “taking a peep through, as Young finely says, ‘The dark postern of time long elapsed.’ ’Twas a rueful prospect! What a tissue of thoughtlessness, weakness, and folly! my life reminded us of a ruined temple. What strength, what proportion in some parts, what unsightly gaps, what prostrate ruins in others!” The fragment, *To Ruin*, seems to have had its origin in moments such as these.]

ALL hail! inexorable lord!
 At whose destruction-breathing word,
 The mightiest empires fall!
 Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
 The ministers of grief and pain,
 A sullen welcome, all!
 With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
 I see each aimed dart;
 For one has cut my dearest tie,
 And quivers in my heart.
 Then low'ring and pouring,
 The storm no more I dread;
 Though thick'ning and black'ning,
 Round my devoted head.

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

TO JOHN GOUDIE, OF KILMARNOCK.

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS ESSAYS.

[This burning commentary, by Burns, on the Essays of Goudie in the Macgill controversy, was first published by Stewart, with the Jolly Beggars, in 1801; it is akin in life and spirit to Holy Willie's Prayer; and may be cited as a sample of the wit and the force which the poet brought to the great, but now forgotten, controversy of the West.]

O GOUDIE! terror of the Whigs,
 Dread of black coats and rev'rend wigs,
 Sour Bigotry, on her last legs,
 Girnin', looks back,
 Wishin' the ten Egyptian plagues
 Wad seize you quick.

Poor gapin', glowerin' Superstition,
 Waes me! she's in a sad condition:
 Fic! bring Black Jock, her state physician,
 To see her water:
 Alas! there's ground o' great suspicion
 She'll ne'er get better.

Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple,
 But now she's got an unco ripple;
 Haste, gie her name up i' the chapel,
 Nigh unto death;
 See, how she fetches at the thrapple,
 An' gasps for breath.

Enthusiasm's past redemption,
 Gaen in a gallopin' consumption,
 Not a' the quacks, wi' a' their gumption,
 Will ever mend her.
 Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption
 Death soon will end her.

'Tis you and Taylor¹ are the chief,
 Wha are to blame for this mischief,
 But gin the Lord's ain focks gat leave,
 A toom tar-barrel,
 An' twa red peats wad send relief,
 An' end the quarrel.

¹ Dr. Taylor, of Norwich.

TO J. LAPRAIK.

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD.

(FIRST EPISTLE.)

[“The epistle to John Lapraik,” says Gilbert Burns, “was produced exactly on the occasion described by the author. Rocking is a term derived from primitive times, when our country-women employed their spare hours in spinning on the roke or distaff. This simple instrument is a very portable one; and well fitted to the social inclination of meeting in a neighbour’s house; hence the phrase of going a rocking, or with the roke. As the connexion the phrase had with the implement was forgotten when the roke gave place to the spinning-wheel, the phrase came to be used by both sexes on social occasions, and men talk of going with their rokes as well as women.”]

April 1st, 1785.

WHILE briers an’ woodbines budding green,
 An’ paitricks sraichin’ loud at e’en,
 An’ morning poussie whidden seen,
 Inspire my muse,
 This freedom in an unknown frien’
 I pray excuse.

On Fasten-een we had a rockin’,
 To ea’ the crack and weave our stockin’,
 And there was muckle fun an’ jokin’,
 Ye need na doubt;
 At length we had a hearty yokin’
 At sang about.

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

I’ve scarce heard aught 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't him round declar'd
 He had injine,
 That, nane excell'd it, few cam near't,
 It was sae fine.

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

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

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

I am nae poet in a sense,
 But just a rhymcr, 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 may-be wrang.

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

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

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

Awa, ye selfish, warly race,
 Wha think that havins, sense, an' grace,
 Ev'n love 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 fistle,
 Who am, most fervent,
 While I can either sing or whistle,
 Your friend and servant.

TO J. LAPRAIK.

(SECOND EPISTLE.)

[The John Lapraik to whom these epistles are addressed lived at Dalfram in the neighbourhood of Muirkirk, and was a rustic worshipper of the Muse: he unluckily, however involved himself in that Western bubble, the Ayr Bank, and consoled himself by composing in his distress that song which moved the heart of Burns, beginning

“When I upon thy bosom lean.”

He afterwards published a volume of verse, of a quality which proved that the inspiration in his song of domestic sorrow was no settled power of soul.]

April 21st, 1785.

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

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

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

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

“Shall bauld Lapraik, the king o' hearts,
Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes,

May in some future carease 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 J. LAPRAIK.

(THIRD EPISTLE.)

[I have heard one of our most distinguished English poets recite with a sort of ecstasy some of the verses of these epistles, and praise the ease of the language and the happiness of the thoughts. He averred, however, that the poet, when pinched for a word, hesitated not to coin one, and instanced, "tapetless," "ramfeezed," and "forjesket," as intrusions in our dialect. These words seem indeed, to some Scotchmen, strango and uncouth, but they are true words of the west.]

Sept. 13th, 1785.

GUID speed an' furdur to you, Johnny,
 Guid health, hale han's, an' weather bonny ;
 Now when ye're nickan down fu' canny
 The staff o' bread,
 May ye ne'er want a stoup o' bran'y
 To clear your head.

May Boreas never thresh your rigs,
 Nor kick your rickles aff their legs,
 Sendin' the stuff o'er muirs an' haggs
 Like drivin' wrack ;
 But may the tapmast grain that wags
 Come to the sack.

I'm bizzie too, an' skelpin' at it,
 But bitter, daudin' showers hae wat it,
 Sac my auld stumpie pen I gat it
 Wi' muckle wark,
 An' took my jocteleg an' whatt it,
 Like ony elark.

It's now twa month that I'm your debtor
 For your braw, nameless, dateless letter,
 Abusin' me for harsh ill nature

On holy men,

While deil a hair yoursel' ye're better,
 But mair profane.

But let the kirk-folk ring their bells,
 Let's sing about our noble sel's;
 We'll ery nae jads frae heathen hills
 To help, or roose us,
 But browster wives an' whiskey 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' Usquabae we've wat it
 It winna break.

But if the beast and branks be spar'd
 Till kye be gaun without the herd,
 An' a' the vittel in the yard,
 An' theekit right,
 I mean your ingle-side to guard
 Ae winter night.

Then muse-inspirin' aqua-vitæ
 Shall make us baith sae blythe an' witty,
 Till ye forget ye're auld an' gatty,
 An' be as canty,
 As ye were nine year less than thretty,
 Sweet ane an' twenty:

But stooks are cowpet wi' the blast,
 An' now the sin keeks in the west,
 Then I maun rin amang the rest
 An' quat my chanter;
 Sae I subscribe myself in haste,
 Yours, Rab the Ranter.

TO WILLIAM SIMPSON,

OCHILTREE.

[The person to whom this epistle is addressed, was schoolmaster of Ochiltree, and afterwards of New Lanark: he was a writer of verses too, like many more of the poet's comrades;—of verses which rose not above the barren level of mediocrity: “one of his poems,” says Chambers, “was a laughable elegy on the death of the Emperor Paul.” In his verses to Burns, under the name of a Tailor, there is nothing to laugh at, though they are intended to be laughable as well as monitory.]

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 sklented
 On my poor Musicie;
 Tho' in sic phraisin' terms ye've penn'd it,
 I scaree excuse ye.

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

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

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
 Or lasses gie my heart a screed,
 As whiles they're like to be my dead
 (O sad disease!)

Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,
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
With wailfu' cry!

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

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

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

The war'ly race may drudge an' drive,
Hog-shouther, 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 makem'd to ither:
Now let us lay our heads thegither,
In love fraternal;

For 'twas the auld moon turned 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 and storm'd
 That beardless laddies
 Should think they better were inform'd
 Than their auld daddies.

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

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

But New Light herds gat sic a cove,
 Folk thought them ruin'd stiek-an'-stowe,
 Till now amaist on every 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' girmiu' spite,
 To hear the moon sae sadly lie'd on
 By word an' write.

But shortly they will cove the loons;
 Some Auld Light herds in neibor towns

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 feckless matter
 To gie aue fash.

Sweet fruit o' mony a merry dint,
 My funny toil is now a' tint,
 Sin thou came to the warl asklent,
 Which fools may scoff at;
 In my last plaek thy part's be in't
 The better ha'f o't.

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

Gude grant that thou may ay inherit
 Thy mither's person, grace an' merit,
 An' thy poor worthless daddy's spirit,
 Without his fallins;
 'Twill please me mair to hear an' see it
 Than stocket mailens.

NATURE'S LAW.

A POEM HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO G. H., ESQ.

“Great nature spoke, observant man obey'd.”—POPE.

[This Poem was written by Burns at Mossgiel, and “humbly inscribed to Gavin Hamilton, Esq.” It is supposed to allude to his intercourse with Jean Armour, with the circumstances of which he seems to have made many of his comrades acquainted. These verses were well known to many of the admirers of the poet, but they remained in manuscript till given to the world by Sir Harris Nicolas, in Pickering's Aldine Edition of the British Poets.]

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 through and through ;
 And sought a correspondent breast,
 To give obedienee due :
 Propitious Powers screen'd the young flowers,
 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 B[urns],
 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 :
 Lang may she stand to prop the land,
 The flow'r of ancient nations ;
 And B[urns's] spring, her fame to sing,
 Thro' endless generations !

TO THE REV. JOHN M'MATH.

[Poor M'Math was at the period of this epistle assistant to Wodrow, minister of Tarbolton : he was a good preacher, a moderate man in matters of discipline, and an intimate of the Coilsfield Montgomerys. His dependent condition depressed his spirits : he grew dissipated ; and finally, it is said, enlisted as a common soldier, and died in a foreign land.]

Sept. 17th, 1785.

WHILE at the stock the shearers cow'r
 To shun the bitter blaudin' show'r,
 Or in gulravage rinnin' scow'r
 To pass the time,
 To you I dedicate the hour
 In idle rhyme.

My music, tir'd wi' mony a sonnet
 On gown, an' ban', and douse black bonnet,
 Is grown right eerie now she's done it,
 Lest they should blame her,
 An' rouse their holy thunder on it
 And anathem her.

I own 'twas rash, an' rather hardy,
 That I, a simple countra bardie,
 Should meddle wi' a pack sae 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 disgraces
 Waur nor their nonsense.

There's Gaun,¹ misca't waur than a beast,
 Wha has mair honour in his breast
 Than mony scores as guid's the priest
 Wha sac abus't him?
 An' may a bard no crack his jest
 What way they've use't him.

See him, the poor man's friend in need,
 The gentleman in word an' deed,
 An' shall his fame an' honour bleed
 By worthless skellums,
 An' not a muse erect her head
 To cowe the bellums?

O Pope, had I thy satire's darts
 To gie the raseals their deserts,
 I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts,
 An' tell aloud
 Their jugglin' hoecus-pocous arts
 To cheat the crowd.

God knows, I'm no the thing I shou'd be,
 Nor am I even the thing I cou'd be,
 But twenty times, I rather wou'd 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 take 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.

¹ Gavin Hamilton, Esq.

All hail, Religion! maid divine!
 Pardon a muse sac 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' blotch'd an' foul wi' mony a stain,
 An' far unworthy of thy train,
 With trembling voice I tune my strain
 To join with those,
 Who boldly daur thy cause maintain
 In spite o' foes:

In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs,
 In spite 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.

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

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

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

SCOTCH DRINK.

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

SOLOMON'S PROVERB, xxxi. 6, 7.

[“I here enclose you,” said Burns, 20 March, 1786, to his friend Kennedy, “my Scotch Drink; I hope some time before we hear the gowk, to have the pleasure of seeing you at Kilmarnock: when I intend we shall have a gill between us, in a mutchkin stoup.”]

LET other poets raise a fracas
 'Bout vines, an' wines, an' dru'ken Bacchus,
 An' erabbit names and stories wrack us,
 An' grate our higs,
 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 o'er 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 e'en or morn,
 Perfume the plain,
 Leeze me on thee, John Barleycorn,
 Thou king o' grain!

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

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, serievin',
 Wi' rattlin' glee.

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

Aft, clad in massy, siller weed,
 Wi' gentles thou creets thy head;
 Yet humbly kind in time o' need,
 The poor man's wine,
 His wee drap parriteh, or his bread,
 Thou kitchens fine.

Thou art the life o' public haunts;
 But thee, what were our fairs an' 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 morning
 In cog or bicker,
 An' just a wee drap sp'itual 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 ain or steel;
 The brawnie, bainie, ploughman chiel,
 Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,
 The strong forehammer,
 Till block an' studdie ring an' reel
 Wi' dinsome clamour.

When skirlin' weanies see the light,
 Thou maks the gossips elatter bright,
 How fumblin' cuifs their dearies slight;
 Wae worth the name!
 Nae howdie gets a social night,
 Or plack frae them.

When neibors 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.

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

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

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

“Dearest of distillation! last and best!—

—How art thou lost!—”—PARODY ON MILTON.

[“This Poem was written,” says Burns, “before the act anent the Scottish distilleries, of session 1786, for which Scotland and the author return their most grateful thanks.” Before the passing of this lenient act, so sharp was the law in the North, that some distillers relinquished their trade; the price of barley was affected, and Scotland, already exasperated at the refusal of a militia, for which she was a petitioner, began to handle her claymore, and was perhaps only hindered from drawing it by the act mentioned by the poet. In an early copy of the poem, he thus alludes to Colonel Hugh Montgomery, afterwards Earl of Eglinton:—

“Thee, sodger Hugh, my watchman stented,
 If hardies e'er are represented,
 I ken if that yere sword were wanted
 Ye'd lend yere hand;
 But when there's aught to say anent it
 Ye're at a stand.”

The poet was not sure that Montgomery would think the compliment to his ready hand an excuse in full for the allusion to his unready tongue, and omitted the stanza.]

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' hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,

To see her sittin' on her a—e
 Low i' the dust,
 An' screechin' out prosaic verse,
 An' like to brust!

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

Stand forth, an' tell you 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'rin votes you were na slack;
 Now stand as tightly by your taeck;
 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 whistle:
 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 behint her,

An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie vintner,
 Colleaguin join,
 Picking her pouch as bare as winter
 Of a' kind coin.

Is there, that bears the name o' Scot,
 But feels his heart's bluid rising hot,
 To see his poor auld mither's pot
 Thus dung in staves,
 An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat
 By gallows knaves?

Alas! I'm but a nameless wight,
 Trode i' the mire out o' sight!
 But could I like Montgomeries fight,
 Or gab like Boswell,
 There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight,
 An' tie some hose well.

God bless your honours, can ye see't,
 The kind, auld, canty carlin greet,
 An' no get warmly on your feet,
 An' gar them hear it!
 An' tell them with a patriot heat,
 Ye winna bear it?

Some o' you nicely ken the laws,
 To round the period an' pause,
 An' wi' rhetoric clause on clause
 To mak harangues:
 Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's
 Auld Scotland's wrangs.

Dempster, a true blue Scot I'se warran';
 Thee, aith-detesting, chaste Kilkerran;¹
 An' that glib-gabbet Highland baron,
 The Laird o' Graham;²
 An' aye, a chap that's damn'd auldfarren,
 Dundas his name.

Erskine, a spunkie Norland billie;
 True Campbells, Frederick an' Ilay;

¹ Sir Adam Ferguson.

² The Duke of Montrose.

An' Livingstone, the bauld Sir Willie :
 An' monie itlers,
 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 plough-pettle,
 Ye'll see't or lang,
 She'll teach you, wi' a reekin' whittle,
 Anither sang.

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

An' L—d, 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,
 P' th' first she meets !

For God sake, sirs, then speak her fair,
 An' straik her cammie 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 het, my hearty cocks !
 E'en cove the cadie !
 An' send him to his dieing box,
 An' sportin' lady.

Tell you guid bluid o' auld Boconnock's
 I'll be his debt twa mashlum bonnocks,

An' drink his health in auld Nause Tinnock's¹
 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,
 You mixtie-maxtie queer hotch-potch,
 The Coalition.

Auld Scotland has a rancle 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 suap your fingers, poor an' hearty,
 Before his face.

God bless your honours a' your days,
 Wi' sowps o' kail and brats o'claise,
 In spite o' a' the thievish kaes
 That haunt St. James's,
 Your humble Poet signs 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 freeborn, martial boys,
 Tak aff their whiskey.

¹ A worthy old hostess of the author's in Mauchline, where he sometimes studied politics over a glass of guid auld Scotch drink.

What tho' their Phœbus kinder warms,
 While fragrance blooms and beauty charms!
 When wretches range, in famish'd swarms,
 The scented groves,
 Or hounded forth, 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' bank'ring swither
 To stan' or rin,
 Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throther
 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 elime an' season;
 But tell me whiskey's name in Greek,
 I'll tell the reason.

Scotland, my auld, respected mither!
 Tho' whiles ye moistify your leather,
 Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather
 Ye tine your dam;
 Freedom and whiskey gang thegither!—
 Tak aff your dram!

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID,

OR THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

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

SOLOMON.—Eccles. ch. vii. ver. 16.

[“Burns,” says Hogg, in a note on this Poem, “has written more from his own heart and his own feelings than any other poet. External nature had few charms for him; the sublime shades and hues of heaven and earth never excited his enthusiasm: but with the secret fountains of passion in the human soul he was well acquainted.” Burns, indeed, was not what is called a descriptive poet: yet with what exquisite snatches of description are some of his poems adorned, and in what fragrant and romantic scenes he enshrines the heroes and heroines of many of his finest songs! Who, the high, exalted, virtuous dames were to whom the Poem refers, we are not told. How much men stand indebted to want of opportunity to sin, and how much of their good name they owe to the ignorance of the world, were inquiries in which the poet found pleasure.]

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

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

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

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

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

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,
D—nation of expenses!

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

Then gently sean your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a keuin' 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.¹

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

[Tam Samson was a west country seedsman and sportsman, who loved a good song, a social glass, and relished a shot so well that he expressed a wish to die and be buried in the moors. On this hint Burns wrote the Elegy: when Tam heard of this he waited on the poet, caused him to recite it, and expressed displeasure at being numbered with the dead: the author, whose wit was as ready as his rhymes, added the *Per Contra* in a moment, much to the delight of his friend. At his death the four lines of Epitaph were cut on his gravestone. “This poem has always,” says Hogg, “been a great country favourite: it abounds with happy expressions.

‘In vain the burns can’ down like waters,
 An here braid.’

What a picture of a flooded burn! any other poet would have given us a long description: Burns dashes it down at once in a style so graphic no one can mistake it.

‘Perhaps upon his mouldering breast
 Some spitefu’ moorfowl bigs her nest.’

Match that sentence who can.”]

HAS auld Kilmarnock seen the deil?
 Or great M’Kinlay² thrawn his heel?
 Or Robinsoun³ again grown weel,
 To preach an’ read?
 “Na, waur than a’!” cries ilka chiel,
 Tam Samson’s dead!

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

¹ When this worthy old sportsman went out last muir-fowl season, he supposed it was to be, in Ossian's phrase, “the last of his fields.”

² A preacher, a great favourite with the million. *Vide* the Ordination, stanza II.

³ Another preacher, an equal favourite with the few, who was at that time ailing. For him see also the Ordination, stanza IX.

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 lochs the curlers flock,
 Wi' gleesome speed,
 Wha will they station at the cock ?
 Tam Samson's dead !

He was the king o' a' the core,
 To guard 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 be-dropp'd wi' crimson hail,
 And eels weel kenn'd for souple tail,
 And geds for greed,
 Since dark in death's fish-creel we wail
 Tam Samson dead.

Rejoice, ye birring pairtrieks a' ;
 Ye cootie moorcocks, crousely craw ;
 Ye maukins, coek your fud fu' braw,
 Withouten dread ;
 Your mortal fae is now awa'—
 Tam Samson's dead !

That woefu' morn be ever mourn'd
 Saw him in shootin' graith adorn'd,
 While pointers round impatient burn'd,
 Frae couples freed ;
 But, och ! he gaed and ne'er return'd !
 Tam Samson's dead !

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

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

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
 He reel'd his wonted bottle swagger,
 But yet he drew the mortal trigger
 Wi' weel-aim'd heed ;
 "L—d, five !" he cry'd, an' owre did stagger ;
 Tam Samson's dead !

Ilk hoary hunter mourn'd a brither ;
 Ilk sportsman youth bemoan'd a father ;
 Yon old grey stane, amang the heather,
 Marks out his head,
 Whare Burns has wrote in rhyming blether,
 Tam Samson's dead !

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

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

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

EPITAPH.

TAM SAMSON'S weel-worn clay here lies,
 Ye canting zealots spare him!
 If honest worth in heaven rise,
 Ye'll mend or ye win near him.

PER CONTRA.

Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly
 Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' Killie,
 Tell ev'ry social honest billie
 To cease his grievin',
 For yet, unskait'h'd by death's gleg gullie,
 Tam Samson's livin'.

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.

[The hero and heroine of this little mournful poem, were Robert Burns and Jean Armour. "This was a most melancholy affair," says the poet in his letter to Moore, "which I cannot yet bear to reflect on, and had very nearly given me one or two of the principal qualifications for a place among those who have lost the chart and mistaken the reckoning of rationality." Hogg and Motherwell, with an ignorance which is easier to laugh at than account for, say this Poem was "written on the occasion of Alexander Cunningham's darling sweetheart slighting him and marrying another:—she acted a wise part." With what care they had read the great poet whom they jointly edited it is needless to say: and how they could read the last two lines of the third verse and commend the lady's wisdom for slighting her lover, seems a problem which defies definition. This mistake was pointed out by a friend, and corrected in a second issue of the volume.]

O THOU pale orb, that silent shines,
 While care-untroubled mortals sleep!
 Thou seest a wretch who inly pines,
 And wanders here to wail and weep!

With woe I nightly vigils keep,
 Beneath thy wan, unwarning beam,
 And mourn, in lamentation deep,
 How life and love are all a dream.

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

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

Encircled in her clasping arms,
 How have the raptur'd moments flown !
 How have I wish'd for fortune's charms,
 For her dear sake, and 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 distress !
 Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe,
 Her sorrows share, and make them less ?

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

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

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

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

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

From 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.

[“I think,” said Burns, “it is one of the greatest pleasures attending a poetie genius, that we can give our woes, cares, joys, and loves an embodied form in verse, which to me is ever immediate ease.” He elsewhere says, “My passions raged like so many devils till they got vent in rhyme.” That eminent painter, Fuseli, on seeing his wife in a passion, said composedly, “Swear, my love, swear heartily: you know not how much it will ease you!” This poem was printed in the Kilmarnock edition, and gives a true picture of those bitter moments experienced by the bard, when love and fortune alike deceived him.]

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

Happy, ye sons of busy life,
 Who, equal to the bustling strife,
 No other view regard!
 Ev'n when the wished end's deny'd,
 Yet while the busy means are ply'd,
 They bring their own reward:
 Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
 Unfitted with an aim,
 Meet ev'ry sad returning night
 And joyless morn the same;

You, bustling, and justling,
 Forget each grief and pain ;
 I, listless, yet restless,
 Find every prospect vain.

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

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

Oh ! enviable, early days,
 When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
 To care, to guilt unknown !
 How ill exchang'd for riper times,
 To feel the follies, or the crimes,
 Of others, or my own !

Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
 Like linnets in the bush,
 Ye little know the ills ye court,
 When manhood is your wish !
 The losses, the crosses,
 That active man engage !
 The fears all, the tears all,
 Of dim declining age !

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.

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

[The house of William Burns was the scene of this fine, devout, and tranquil drama, and William himself was the saint, the father, and the husband, who gives life and sentiment to the whole. “Robert had frequently remarked to me,” says Gilbert Burns, “that he thought there was something peculiarly venerable in the phrase, ‘Let us worship God!’ used by a decent sober head of a family, introducing family worship.” To this sentiment of the author the world is indebted for the “Cotter’s Saturday Night.” He owed some little, however, of the inspiration to Fergusson’s “Farmer’s Ingle,” a poem of great merit. The calm tone and holy composure of the Cotter’s Saturday Night have been mistaken by Hogg for want of nerve and life. “It is a dull, heavy, lifeless poem,” he says, “and the only beauty it possesses, in my estimation, is, that it is a sort of family picture of the poet’s family. The worst thing of all, it is not original, but is a decided imitation of Fergusson’s beautiful pastoral, ‘The Farmer’s Ingle.’ I have a perfect contempt for all plagiarisms and imitations.” Motherwell tries to qualify the censure of his brother editor, by quoting Lockhart’s opinion—at once lofty and just, of this fine picture of domestic happiness and devotion.]

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 feeling strong, the guileless ways ;
 What Aiken in a cottage would have been ;
 Ah ! tho’ his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween !

November chill blows loud wi’ angry sigh ;
 The short’ning winter-day is near a close ;

The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh :
 The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose :
 The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,
 This night his weekly moil is at an end,
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;
 Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher thro'
 To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise an' glee.
 His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie Wifie's smile,
 The lispin infant prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary kiahgh and care beguile,
 An' makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,
 At service out amang the farmers roun'.
 Some ea' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
 A cannie errand to a neibor town ;
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparklin' in her e'e,
 Comes hame, perhaps, to show a bra' 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 welfare kindly spiers :
 The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd, fleet ;
 Each tells the uno's that he sees or hears ;
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;
 Anticipation forward points the view.
 The Mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
 Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new ;—
 The Father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's commands,
 The youngers a' are warn'd to obey ;
 And mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
 An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jank or play :

“And O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
 And mind your duty, duly, morn and night!
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
 Implore His counsel and assisting might:
 They never sought in vain, that sought the Lord aright!”

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

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

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

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
 A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?

Curse on his perjured 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 halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food:
 The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:
 The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
 An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it gnid;
 The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell,
 How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
 The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
 The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride;
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearing thin 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 heaven-ward flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
 Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;
 The tickl'd ear no heart-felt raptures raise;
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like Father reads the sacred page,
 How Abràm was the friend of God on high;
 Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny;

Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;
 Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

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

Then kneeling down, to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING,
 The Saint, the Father, and the Husband prays :
 Hope ' springs exulting on triumphant wing,'¹
 That thus they all shall meet in future days :
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear :
 While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of method and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide,
 Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart !
 The Pow'r incens'd, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
 But haply, in some cottage far apart,
 May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul ;
 And in His book of life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way ;
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest :

¹ Pope.

Their Parent-pair their secret homage pay,
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
 That HE, who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
 Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide ;
 But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs,
 That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad :
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
 " An honest man's the noblest work of GOD ;"¹
 And certes, in fair virtue's heav'nly road,
 The cottage leaves the palace far behind ;
 What is a lordling's pomp ? a cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin'd !

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, O ! 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 through Wallace's undaunted heart :
 Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
 (The patriot's God, peculiarly Thou art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !)
 O never, never, Scotia's realm desert ;
 But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard !

¹ Pope.

THE FIRST PSALM.

[This version was first printed in the second edition of the poet's works. It cannot be regarded as one of his happiest compositions: it is inferior, not indeed in ease, but in simplicity and antique vigour of language, to the common version used in the Kirk of Scotland. Burns had admitted "Death and Dr. Hornbook" into Creech's edition, and probably desired to balance it with something at which the devout could not cavil.]

THE man, in life wherever plac'd,
 Hath happiness in store,
 Who walks not in the wicked's way,
 Nor learns their guilty lore!

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

That man shall flourish like the trees
 Which by the streamlets grow;
 The fruitful top is spread on high,
 And firm the root below.

But he whose blossom buds in guilt
 Shall to the ground be cast,
 And, like the rootless stubble, tost
 Before the sweeping blast.

For why? that GOD the good adore
 Hath giv'n them peace and rest,
 But hath decreed that wicked men
 Shall ne'er be truly blest.

THE FIRST SIX VERSES OF THE NINETIETH PSALM.

[The ninetieth Psalm is said to have been a favourite in the household of William Burns: the version used by the Kirk, though unequal, contains beautiful verses, and possesses the same strain of sentiment and moral reasoning as the poem of "Man was made to Mourn." These verses first appeared in the Edinburgh edition; and they might have been spared: for in the hands of a poet ignorant of the original language of the Psalmist, how could they be so correct in sense and expression as in a sacred strain is not only desirable but necessary?]

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 upholds
 This universal frame,
 From countless, unbeginning time
 Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years
 Which seem to us so vast,
 Appear no more before Thy sight
 Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st the word : Thy creature, man,
 Is to existence brought ;
 Again Thou say'st, " Ye sons of men,
 Return ye into nought !"

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
 In everlasting sleep ;
 As with a flood Thou tak'st them off
 With overwhelming sweep.

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

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

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

[This was not the original title of this sweet poem : I have a copy in the handwriting of Burns entitled "The Gowan." This more natural name he changed as he did his own, without reasonable cause ; and he changed it about the same time, for he ceased to call himself Burness and his poem "The Gowan," in the first edition of his works. The field at Mossgiel where he turned down the Daisy is said to be the same field where some five months before he turned up the Mouse ; but this seems likely only to those who are little acquainted with tillage—who think that in time and place reside the chief charms of verse ; and who feel not the beauty of "The Daisy," till they seek and find the spot on which it grew. Sublime morality and the deepest emotions of the soul pass for little with those who remember only what genius loves to forget.]

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
 Thou's met me in an evil hour ;

For I maun crush amang the stoure
 Thy slender stem :
 To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
 Thou bonnie gem.

Alas ! it's no thy neebor sweet,
 The bonnie lark, companion meet !
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
 Wi' spreckl'd breast,
 When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
 The purpling east.

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

The flaunting flowers 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 sunward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise ;
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies !

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

Such is the fate of simple bard,
 On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd !

Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
 And muckle they may grieve ye :
 For care and trouble set your thought,
 Ev'n when your end's attain'd ;
 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 adjust'd !

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.

Ay 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 waive the quantum o' the sin,
 The hazard of concealing ;
 But, och ! it hardens a' within,
 And petrifies the feeling !

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

The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip,
 To hand 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;
 But when on life we're tempest-driv'n,
 A conscience but a canker—
 A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n
 Is sure a noble anchor!

Adieu, dear, amiable youth!
 Your heart can ne'er be wanting!
 May prudence, fortitude, and truth
 Erect your brow undaunting!

In ploughman phrase, 'God send you speed,'
 Still daily to grow wiser:
 And may you better reek the rede
 Than ever did th' adviser!

TO A LOUSE,

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

[A Mauchline incident of a Mauchline lady is related in this poem, which to many of the softer friends of the bard was anything but welcome: it appeared in the Kilmarnock copy of his Poems, and remonstrance and persuasion were alike tried in vain to keep it out of the Edinburgh edition. Instead of regarding it as a seasonable rebuke to pride and vanity, some of his learned commentators called it coarse and vulgar—those classic persons might have remembered that Julian, no vulgar person, but an emperor and a scholar, wore a populous beard, and was proud of it.]

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

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

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

Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight,
 Below the fatt'rolls, snug an' tight;
 Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right
 'Till ye've got on it,
 The vera topmost, tow'ring height
 O' Miss's bonnet.

There's monie godly folks are thinkin',
 Your dreams¹ an' tricks
 Will send you, Korah-like, a-sinkin'
 Straught to auld Nick's.

Ye hae sa monie cracks an' cants,
 And in your wicked, dru'ken rants,
 Ye mak a devil o' the saunts,
 An' fill them fou;
 And then their failings, flaws, an' wants,
 Are a' seen through.

Hypocrisy, in merey 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 naething
 To ken them by,
 Frae ony unregenerate heathen,
 Like you or I.

I've sent you here some rhyming ware,
 A' that I bargain'd for, an' mair;
 Sae, when you hae an hour to spare,
 I will expect
 Yon sang,² 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 bonnie spring,
 An' dane'd my fill!
 I'd better gaen an' sair't the king,
 At Bunker's Hill.

¹ A certain humorous dream of his was then making a noise in the country-side.

² A song he had promised the author.

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

Auld, cantie Kyle may weepers wear,
 An' stain them wi' the saut, saut tear;
 'Twill mak her poor auld heart, I fear,
 In flinders flee;
 He was her laureate monie a year,
 That's owre the sea!

He saw Misfortune's cauld nor-west
 Lang mustering up a bitter blast;
 A jillet brak his heart at last,
 I'll may she be!
 So, took a birth afore the mast,
 An' owre the sea.

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

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

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
 An' hap him in a cozie biel;
 Ye'll find him aye a dainty chiel,
 And fou o' glee;
 He wad na wrang'd the vera deil,
 That's owre the sea.

Fareweel, my rhyme-composing billie!
 Your native soil was right ill-willie;

But may ye flourish like a lily,
 Now bonnilie !
 I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie,
 Tho' owre the sea !

THE FAREWELL.

“The valiant, in himself, what can he suffer?
 Or what does he regard his single woes?
 But when, alas? he multiplies himself,
 To dearer selves, to the lov'd tender fair,
 To those whose bliss, whose being hang upon him,
 To helpless children! then, O then! he feels
 The point of misery fest'ring in his heart,
 And weakly weeps his fortune like a coward.
 Such, such am I! undone.”—THOMSON.

[In these serious stanzas, where the comic, as in the lines to the Scottish bard, are not permitted to mingle, Burns bids farewell to all on whom his heart had any claim. He seems to have looked on the sea as only a place of peril, and on the West Indies as a charnel-house.]

FAREWELL, old Scotia's bleak domains,
 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 heart-rending throe!
 Farewell, my Bess! tho' thou'rt bereft
 Of my parental care,
 A faithful brother I have left,
 My part in him thou'lt share!
 Adieu too, to you too,
 My Smith, my bosom frien';
 When kindly you mind me,
 O then befriend my Jean!

What bursting anguish tears my heart!
 From thee, my Jeany, must I part!
 Thou weeping answ'rest—“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 !

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

[This is another of the poet's lamentations, at the prospect of "torrid climes" and the roars of the Atlantic. To Burns, Scotland was the land of promise, the west of Scotland his paradise; and the land of dread, Jamaica! I found these lines copied by the poet into a volume which he presented to Dr. Geddes: they were addressed, it is thought, to the "Dear B." of his earliest correspondence.]

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.

A DEDICATION TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

[The gentleman to whom these manly lines are addressed, was of good birth, and of an open and generous nature: he was one of the first of the gentry of the west to encourage the muse of Coila to stretch her wings at full length. His free life, and free speech, exposed him to the censures of that stern divine, Daddie Auld, who charged him with the sin of absenting himself from church for three successive days; for having, without the fear of God's servant before him, profanely said damn it, in his presence, and for having galloped on Sunday. These charges were contemptuously dismissed by the presbyterial court. Hamilton was the brother of the Charlotte to whose charms, on the banks of Devon, Burns, it is said, paid the homage of a lover, as well as of a poet. The poem had a place in the Kilmarnock edition, but not as an express dedication.]

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

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

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

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

I readily and freely grant,
 He downa see a poor man want;
 What's no his ain, he winna tak it;
 What ance he says, he winna break it;
 Ought he can lend he'll no refus't,
 'Till aft his 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.

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

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

Learn three-mile pray'rs an' half-mile graces,
 Wi' weel-spread looves, and lang wry faces ;
 Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan,
 And damn a' parties but your own ;
 I'll warrant then, ye're nae deceiver,
 A steady, sturdy, staunch believer.

O ye wha leave the springs o' Calvin,
 For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin' !
 Ye sons of heresy and error,
 Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror !
 When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
 And in the fire throws the sheath ;
 When Ruin, with his sweeping besom,
 Just frets 'till Heav'n commission gies him :

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

Your pardon, Sir, for this digression,
 I maist forgat my dedication ;
 But when divinity comes cross me
 My readers still are sure to 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 growling bark,
 Howl thro' the dwelling o' the Clerk !
 May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart,
 For that same gen'rous spirit smart !
 May Kennedy's far-honour'd name
 Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
 Till Hamiltons, at least a dizen,
 Are frac their nuptial labours risen :
 Five bonnie lasses round their table,
 And seven braw fellows, stout an' able
 To serve their king and country weel,
 By word, or pen, or pointed steel !
 May health and peace, with mutual rays,
 Shine on the ev'ning o' his days ;
 'Till his wee curlie John's-ier-oe,
 When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
 The last, sad, mournful rites bestow.”

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

But if (which pow'rs above prevent)
 That iron-hearted carl, Want,
 Attended in his grim advances
 By sad mistakes and black mischances,
 While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
 Make you as poor a dog as I am,
 Your humble servant then no more ;
 For who would humbly serve the poor !
 But by a poor man's hope 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.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RUISSEAU.

[Cromek found these verses among the loose papers of Burns, and printed them in the Reliques. They contain a portion of the character of the poet, record his habitual carelessness in worldly affairs, and his desire to be distinguished.]

Now Robin lies in his last lair,
 He'll gabble rhyme, nor sing nae mair,
 Cauld poverty, wi' hungry stare,
 Nae mair shall fear him ;
 Nor anxious fear, nor cankert care,
 E'er mair come near him.

To tell the truth, they seldom fash't him,
 Except the moment that they crush't him ;

For sune as chance or fate had hush't 'em,
 Tho' e'er sae short,
 Then wi' a rhyme or song he lash't 'em,
 And thought it sport.

Tho' he was bred to kintra wark,
 And counted was baith wight and stark,
 Yet that was never Robin's mark
 To mak a man;
 But tell him he was learned and clark,
 Ye roos'd him than!

LETTER TO JAMES TENNANT, OF GLENCONNER.

[The west country farmer to whom this letter was sent, was a social man. The poet depended on his judgment in the choice of a farm, when he resolved to quit the harp for the plough: but as Ellisland was his choice, his skill may be questioned.]

AULD comrade dear, and brither sinner,
 How's a' the folk about Glenconner?
 How do you this blue 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 glimpse on;
 Smith, wi' his sympathetic feeling,
 An' Reid, to common sense appealing.
 Philosophers have fought and wrangled,
 An' meikle Greek and Latin mangled,
 Till wi' their logic-jargon tir'd,
 An' in the depth of science mir'd,
 To common sense they now appeal,
 What wives and wabsters see and feel.
 But, hark ye, friend! I charge you strictly
 Peruse them, an' return them quickly,
 For now I'm grown sae cursed douce
 I pray and ponder butt the house,
 My shius, 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 e'en up like a pyet,
 When by the gun she tumbles o'er,
 Flutt'ring and gasping in her gore :
 Sae shortly you shall see me bright,
 A burning and a shining light.

My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen,
 The ace 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 fam'ly far and near,
 God bless them a' wi' grace and gear !

My auld schoolfellow, 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 thegither !
 An' no forgetting wabster Charlie,
 I'm tauld he offers very fairly.
 An' Lord, remember singing Sannoek,
 Wi' hale breeks, saxpence, an' a bannock,
 An' next my auld acquaintanee, Nancy,
 Since she is fitted to her fancy ;
 An' her kind stars ha airted till her
 A good chiel wi' a pickle siller.
 My kindest, best respects I sen' it,
 To cousin Kate, an' sister Janet ;
 Tell them, frae me, wi' chiebs be cautious,
 For, faith, they'll aiblins fin' them fashious ;
 To grant a heart is fairly civil,
 But to grant the maidenhead's the devil.
 An' lastly, Jamie, for yoursel',
 May guardian angels take a spell,
 An' steer you seven miles south o' hell :

But first, before you see heaven's glory,
 May ye get monie a merry story,
 Monie a laugh, and monie a drink,
 And aye eneugh o' needfu' clink.

Now fare ye weel, an' joy be wi' you,
 For my sake this I beg it o' you.
 Assist poor Simson a' ye can,
 Ye'll fin' him just an' honest man;
 Sae I conclude, and quat my chanter,
 Your's, saint or sinner,

ROB THE RANTER.

ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD.

[From letters addressed by Burns to Mrs. Dunlop, it would appear that this "Sweet Flow'ret, pledge o' meikle love," was the only son of her daughter, Mrs. Henri, who had married a French gentleman. The mother soon followed the father to the grave: she died in the south of France, whither she had gone in search of health.]

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

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

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

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

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
 Fair on the summer-morn:

Now feebly bends she in the blast,
Unshelter'd and forlorn.

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

TO MISS CRUIKSHANK,

A VERY YOUNG LADY.

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

[The beauteous rose-bud of this poem was one of the daughters of Mr. Cruikshank, a master in the High School of Edinburgh, at whose table Burns was a frequent guest during the year of hope which he spent in the northern metropolis.]

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

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

WILLIE CHALMERS.

[Lockhart first gave this poetic curiosity to the world: he copied it from a small manuscript volume of Poems given by Burns to Lady Harriet Don, with an explanation in these words: "W. Chalmers, a gentleman in Ayrshire, a particular friend of mine, asked me to write a poetic epistle to a young lady, his Dulcinea. I had seen her, but was scarcely acquainted with her, and wrote as follows." Chalmers was a writer in Ayr. I have not heard that the lady was influenced by this volunteer effusion: ladies are seldom rhymed into the matrimonial snare.]

Wi' 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 doitie beastie stammers;
 Then up he gets and off he sets
 For sake o' Willie Chalmers.

I doubt na, lass, that weel kenn'd name
 May eost a pair o' blushes;
 I am nae stranger to your fame,
 Nor his warm urged wishes.
 Your bonnie face sae mild and sweet
 His honest heart enamours,
 And faith ye'll no be lost a whit,
 Tho' waired on Willie Chalmers.

Auld Truth hersel' might swear ye're fair,
 And Honour safely back her,
 And Modesty assume your air,
 And ne'er a ane mistak' her:
 And sic twa love-inspiring een
 Might fire even holy Palmers;
 Nae wonder then they've fatal been
 To honest Willie Chalmers.

I doubt na fortune may you shore
 Some mim-mou'd pouthered 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 warstle for your favour;
May claw his lug, and straik his beard,
And hoast up some palaver.
My bonnie maid, before ye wed
Sic clumsy-witted hammers,
Seek Heaven for help, and barefit skelp
Awa' wi' Willie Chalmers.

Forgive the Bard! my fond regard
For ane that shares my bosom,
Inspires my muse to gie '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.

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

V E R S E S

IN THE ROOM WHERE HE SLEPT.

[Of the origin of these verses Gilbert Burns gives the following account. "The first time Robert heard the spinnet played was at the house of Dr. Lawrie, then minister of London, now in Glasgow. Dr. Lawrie has several daughters; one of them played; the father and the mother led down the dance; the rest of the sisters, the brother, the poet, and the other guests mixed in it. It was a delightful family scene for our poet, then lately introduced to the world: his mind was roused to a poetic enthusiasm, and the stanzas were left in the room where he slept."]

O THOU dread Power, who reign'st above!
I know thou wilt me hear,
When for this scene of peace and love
I make my prayer sincere.

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

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

Their hope—their stay—their darling youth,
 In manhood's dawning blush—
 Bless him, thou GOD of love and truth,
 Up to a parent's wish!

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

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

TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ., MAUCHLINE.

(RECOMMENDING A BOY.)

[Verse seems to have been the natural language of Burns. The Master Tootie whose skill he records, lived in Mauchline, and dealt in cows; he was an artful and contriving person, great in bargaining and intimate with all the professional tricks by which old cows are made to look young, and six-pint hawkies pass for those of twelve.]

Mossiel, May 3, 1786

I HOLD it, Sir, my bounden duty,
 To warn you how that Master Tootie,
 Alias, Laird M'Gann,
 Was here to hire you lad away
 'Bout whom ye spak the tither day,
 An' wad ha'e done't aff han':
 But lest he learn the callan tricks,
 As, faith, I muckle doubt him,
 Like serapin' 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 othewhere.

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 havena only fear.
 Ye'll catechize him every quirk,
 An' shore him weel wi' Hell;
 An' gar him follow to the kirk—
 —Aye when ye gang yoursel'.
 If ye then, maun be then
 Frae hame this comin' Friday;
 Then please, Sir, to lea'e, Sir,
 The orders wi' your lady.

My word of honour I have gien,
 In Paisley John's, that night at e'en,
 To meet the Warld's worm;
 To try to get the twa to gree,
 An' name the airles¹ 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.

¹ The airles—earnest money.

TO MR. MADAM, OF CRAIGEN-GILLAN.

[It seems that Burns, delighted with the praise which the Laird of Craigen-Gillan bestowed on his verses,—probably the Jolly Beggars, then in the hands of Woodburn, his steward,—poured out this little unpremeditated natural acknowledgment.]

SIR, o'er a gill I gat your card,
 I trow it made me proud;
 "See wha tak's 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' well,
 Is ay a blest infection.

Tho' by his¹ banes who in a tub
 Match'd Macedonian Sandy!
 On my ain legs thro' dirt and dub,
 I independent stand ay.—

And when those legs to gude, warm kail,
 Wi' welcome canna bear me;
 A lee dyke-side, a sybow-tail,
 And barley-scone shall cheer me.

Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath
 O' many flow'ry simmers!
 And bless your bonnie lasses baith
 I'm tauld 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.

¹ Diogenes.

ANSWER TO A POETICAL EPISTLE SENT TO THE
AUTHOR BY A TAILOR.

[The person who in the name of a Tailor took the liberty of admonishing Burns about his errors, is generally believed to have been William Simpson, the schoolmaster of Ochiltree: the verses seem about the measure of his capacity, and were attributed at the time to his hand. The natural poet took advantage of the mask in which the made poet concealed himself, and rained such a merciless storm upon him, as would have extinguished half the Tailors in Ayrshire, and made the amazed dominie

“Strangely fidge and fyke.”

It was first printed in 1801, by Stewart.]

WHAT ails ye now, ye lousic b—h,
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
Frac Daddie Auld.

What tho' at times when I grow crouse,
I gie their wames a raudom pouce,
Is that enough for you to souse
Your servant sae?
Gae mind your seam, ye prick-the-louse,
An' jag-the-flac.

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

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

But fegs, the Session says I maun
Gae fa' upo' anither plan,

Than garrin 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
 Cried three times—"Robin!
 Come hither, lad, an' answer for't,
 Ye're blamed for jobbin'."

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

* * * * *

TO J. RANKINE.

[With the Laird of Adamhill's personal character the reader is already acquainted: the lady about whose frailties the rumour alluded to was about to rise, has not been named, and it would neither be delicate nor polite to guess.]

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

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

LINES WRITTEN ON A BANK-NOTE.

[The bank note on which these characteristic lines were endorsed, came into the hands of the late James Gracie, banker in Dumfries: he knew the handwriting of Burns, and kept it as a curiosity. The concluding lines point to the year 1786, as the date of the composition.]

WAE worth thy power, thou cursed leaf,
 Fell source o' a' my woe an' grief;
 For lack o' thee I've lost my lass,
 For lack o' thee I serimp my glass.
 I see the children of affliction
 Unaided, through thy cursed restriction.
 I've seen the oppressor's cruel smile
 Amid his hapless victim's spoil:
 And for thy potence vainly wished,
 To crush the villain in the dust.
 For lack o' thee, I leave this much-lov'd shore,
 Never, perhaps, to greet old Scotland more.

R. B.

A D R E A M.

"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."

[The prudent friends of the poet remonstrated with him about this Poem, which they appeared to think would injure his fortunes and stop the royal bounty to which he was thought entitled. Mrs. Dunlop, and Mrs. Stewart, of Stair, solicited him in vain to omit it in the Edinburgh edition of his poems. I know of no poem for which a claim of being prophetic would be so successfully set up; it is full of point as well as of the future. The allusions require no comment.]

GUID-MORNIN' to your Majesty!
 May Heaven augment your blisses,
 On ev'ry new birth-day ye see,
 A humble poet wishes!
 My hardship here, at your levee,
 On sic a day as this is,
 Is sure an uncouth sight to see,
 Among thae birth-day dresses
 Sae fine this day.

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

For me, before a monarch's face,
 Ev'n there I winna flatter;
 For neither pension, post, nor place,
 Am I your humble debtor:
 So, nae reflection on your grace,
 Your kingship to bespatter;
 There's monie waur been o' the race,
 And aiblins aye been better
 Than you this day.

'Tis very true, my sov'reign king,
 My skill may weel be doubted:
 But facts are chiels that winna ding,
 An' downa be disputed:
 Your royal nest beneath your wing,
 Is e'en right reft an' clouted,
 And now the third part 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 ministrations
 To chaps wha, in a barn or byre,
 Wad better fill'd their station
 Than courts yon day.

And now ye've gien auld Britain peace,
 Her broken shins to plaister;

Your sair taxation does her fleece,
 Till she has scarce a tester;
 For me, thank God, my life's a lease,
 Nae bargain wearing faster,
 Or, faith! I fear, that, wi' the geese,
 I shortly boost to pasture
 I' the craft some day.

I'm no mistrusting Willie Pitt,
 When taxes he enlarges,
 (An' Will's a true guid fallow's get,
 A name not envy spairges,)
 That he intends to pay your debt,
 An' lessen a' your charges;
 But, G-d-sake! let nae saving-fit
 Abridge your bonnie 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 royal 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 gi'es ye?
 Thae bonnie bairntime, Heav'n has lent,
 Still higher may they heeze ye
 In bliss, till fate some day is sent,
 For ever to release ye
 Frae care that day.

For you, young potentate o' Wales,
 I tell your Highness fairly,
 Down pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
 I'm tauld ye're driving rarely;

But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
 An' curse your folly sairly,
 That e'er ye brak Diana's pales,
 Or rattl'd dice wi' Charlie,
 By night or day.

Yet aft a ragged cowte's been known
 To mak a noble aiver;
 So, ye may doucely fill a throne,
 For a' their clish-ma-claver:
 There's him at Agincourt wha shone,
 Few better were or braver;
 And yet, wi' funny, queer Sir John,
 He was an unco shaver
 For monie a day.

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

Young, royal Tarry Breeks, I learn,
 Ye've lately come athwart her;
 A glorious galley,¹ stem an' stern,
 Weel rigg'd for Venus' barter;
 But first hang out, that she'll discern
 Your hymeneal charter,
 Then heave aboard your grapple airn,
 An', large upon her quarter,
 Come full that day.

Ye, lastly, bonnie blossoms a',
 Ye royal lasses dainty,
 Heav'n mak you guid as weel as braw,
 An' gie you lads a-plenty:

¹ Alluding to the newspaper account of a certain royal sailor's amour.





The Two Dogs.

*He darsed up at mine time
Two weeks ago on pumpkins*



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, through 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.

THE TWA DOGS.

A TALE.

[Cromek, an anxious and curious inquirer, informed me, that the Twa Dogs was in a half-finished state, when the poet consulted John Wilson, the printer, about the Kilmarnock edition. On looking over the manuscripts, the printer, with a sagacity common to his profession, said, "The Address to the Deil" and "The Holy Fair" were grand things, but it would be as well to have a calmer and sedater strain, to put at the front of the volume. Burns was struck with the remark, and on his way home to Mossgiel, completed the Poem, and took it next day to Kilmarnock, much to the satisfaction of "Wee Johnnie." On the 17th of February Burns says to John Richmond, of Mauchline, "I have completed my Poem of the Twa Dogs, but have not shown it to the world." It is difficult to fix the dates with anything like accuracy, to compositions which are not struck off at one heat of the fancy. "Luath was one of the poet's dogs, which some person had wantonly killed," says Gilbert Burns; "but Caesar was merely the creature of the imagination." The Ettrick Shepherd, a judge of collies, says that Luath is true to the life, and that many a hundred times he has seen the dogs bark for very joy, when the cottages children were merry.]

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle
 That bears the name o' Auld King Coil,
 Upon a bonnie day in June,
 When wearing through the afternoon,

Twa dogs that were na thrang at hame,
 Forgather'd ance upon a time.
 The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cæsar,
 Was keepit for his honour's pleasure ;
 His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
 Show'd he was nae o' Scotland's dogs ;
 But whalpit some place far abroad,
 Where sailors gang to fish for eod.

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

The tither was a ploughman's collie,
 A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
 Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
 And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him,
 After some dog in Highland sang,¹
 Was made lang syne—Lord knows how lang.

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

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
 An' unco paek an' thiek thegither ;
 Wi' soical nose whyles snuff'd and snowkit,
 Whyles mice and moudieworts they howkit ;

¹ Cuchullin's dog in Ossian's Fingal.

Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion,
 An' worry'd ither in diversion;
 Until wi' daffin weary grown,
 Upon a knowe they sat them down,
 And there began a lang digression
 About the lords o' the creation.

CÆSAR.

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

Our laird gets in his racked rents,
 His coals, his kain, and a' his stents;
 He rises when he likes himsel';
 His flunkies answer at the bell;
 He ca's his coach, he ca's his horse;
 He draws a bonnie silken purse
 As lang's my tail, whare, through the steeks,
 The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.

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

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 sic like;
 Himself, a wife, he thus sustains,
 A smytrie o' wee duddie weans,

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

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

CÆSAR.

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

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

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

LUATH.

They're no sae wretched's aye wad think;
Tho' constantly on poortith's brink:
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
The view o't gies them little fright.
Then chance an' fortune are sae guided,
They're ay in less or mair provided;
An' tho' fatigu'd wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
 Their grushie weans, an' faithfu' wives ;
 The prattling things are just their pride,
 That sweetens a' their fire-side ;
 An' whyles twalpennie worth o' nappy
 Can mak' the bodies unco happy ;
 They lay aside their private cares,
 To mind the Kirk and State affairs :
 They'll talk o' patronage and priests,
 Wi' kindling fury in their breasts ;
 Or tell what new taxation's comin',
 And ferlie at the folk in Lon'on.

As bleak-fac'd 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 win's ;
 The nappy recks wi' mantling ream,
 An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam ;
 The luntin pipe, an' sneeshin mill,
 Are handed round wi' right guid will ;
 The cantie auld folks crackin' crouse,
 The young anes rantin' thro' the house,—
 My heart has been sae fain to see them,
 That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
 Sic game is now owre aften play'd.
 There's monie a creditable stock
 O' decent, honest, fawsont folk,
 Are riven out baith root and branch,
 Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
 Wha thinks to knit himsel' the faster
 In favour wi' some gentle master,
 Wha aiblins, thrang a parliamentin',
 For Britain's guid his saul indentin'—

CÆSAR.

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

There, at Vienna or Versailles,
 He rives his father's auld entails ;
 Or by Madrid he takes the rout,
 To thrum guitars, an' fecht wi' nowt ;
 Or down Italian vista startles,
 Wh-re-hunting amang groves o' myrtles ;
 Then bouses drunly 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 brow 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 aue be better,
 The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cotter !
 For thae frank, rantin', ramblin' billies,
 Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows ;
 Except for breakin' o' their timmer,
 Or speakin' lightly o' their limmer,
 Or 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 or hunger e'er can steer them,
 The vera thought o't need na fear them.

CÆSAR.

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

It's true, they needna 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 themsels to vex them;
 An' ay the less they hae to sturt them,
 In like proportion, less will hurt them.

A country fellow at the plough,
 His acres till'd, he's right enough;
 A country girl at her wheel,
 Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel:
 But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst,
 Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst.
 They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy;
 Tho' deil haet ails them, yet uneasy;
 Their days insipid, dull, an' tasteless;
 Their nights unquiet, lang, an' restless;
 An' even 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 and wh-ring,
 Niest day their life is past enduring.
 The Ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
 As great and gracious a' as sisters;

I've been at drunken 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 quorum
 Their hydra drouth did sloken.

But wi' a Lord—stand out, my shiu !
 A Lord—a Peer—an Earl's son !—
 Up higher yet, my bonnet !
 And sic a Lord !—lang Scotch ells twa,
 Our Peerage he o'erlooks them a',
 As I look o'er my sonnet.

But, oh ! for Hogarth's magic pow'r !
 To show Sir Bardie's willyart glow'r,
 And how he star'd and stammer'd,
 When goavan, as if led wi' branks,
 Au' stumpau on his ploughman shauks,
 He in the parlour hammer'd.

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

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

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

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

["I enclose you two poems," said Burns to his friend Chalmers, "which I have carded and spun since I passed Glenbuck. One blank in the Address to Edinburgh, 'Fair B—,' is the heavenly Miss Burnet, daughter to Lord Momboddo, at whose house I have had the honour to be more than once. There has not been anything nearly like her, in all the combinations of beauty, grace, and goodness the great Creator has formed, since Milton's Eve, on the first day of her existence." Lord Momboddo made himself ridiculous by his speculations on human nature, and acceptable by his kindly manners and suppers in the manner of the ancients, where his viands were spread under ambrosial lights, and his Falernian was wreathed with flowers. At these suppers Burns sometimes made his appearance. The "Address" was first printed in the Edinburgh edition: the poet's hopes were then high, and his compliments, both to town and people, were elegant and happy.]

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

Thy sons, Edina! social, kind,
 With open arms the stranger hail;
 Their views enlarg'd, their liberal mind,
 Above the narrow, rural vale;
 Attentive still to sorrow's wail,
 Or modest merit's silent claim;
 And never may their sources fail!
 And never envy blot their name!

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,
 Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine ;
 I see the Sire of Love on high,
 And own his work indeed divine !

There, watching high the least alarms,
 Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar ;
 Like some bold vet'ran, gray in arms,
 And mark'd with many a scamy 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.

A blessing on the cheery gang
 Wha dearly like a jig or sang,
 An' never think o' right an' wrang
 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 fireside 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 check for chow shall jog thegither,
 I'se ne'er bid better.

We've faults and failings—granted clearly,
 We're frail backsliding mortals merely,
 Eve's bonny squad, priests wyte them sheerly,
 For our grand fa';
 But still, but still, I like them dearly—
 God bless them a'!

Ochon! for poor Castalian drinkers,
 When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers,
 The witching curs'd delicious blinkers
 Hae put me hyte,
 And gart me weet my waukrife winkers,
 Wi' girnan spite.

But by yon moon!—an' 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 fair play yet.

My loss I mourn, but not repent it,
 I'll seek my pursie whare I tint it,
 Ance to the Indies I were wouted,
 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,
 An' trowth my rhymin' ware's na treasure;
 But when in Ayr, some half-hour's leisure,
 Be't light, be't dark,
 Sir Bard will do himself the pleasure
 To call at Park.

ROBERT BURNS.

Mossiel, 30th October, 1786.

THE BRIGS OF AYR,

A POEM,

INSCRIBED TO J. BALLANTYNE, ESQ., AYR.

[Burns took the hint of this Poem from the Planestanes and Causeway of Fergusson, but all that lends it life and feeling belongs to his own heart and his native Ayr: he wrote it for the second edition of his Poems, and in compliment to the patrons of his genius in the west. Ballantyne, to whom the Poem is inscribed, was generous when the distresses of his farming speculations pressed upon him: others of his friends figure in the scene: Montgomery's courage, the learning of Dugald Stewart, and condescension and kindness of Mrs. General Stewart, of Stair, are gratefully recorded.]

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, gray, wild-whistling o'er the hill;

Shall he, nurst in the peasant's lowly shed,
 To hardy independence bravely bred,
 By early poverty to hardship steel'd,
 And train'd to arms in stern misfortune's field—
 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 rustie stranger up to fame,
 With heartfelt throes his grateful bosom swells,
 The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter hap,
 And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap;
 Potato-bings are snugged up frae skaitl
 Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath;
 The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils,
 Unnumber'd buds, an' flow'rs' delicious spoils,
 Seal'd up with frugal care in massive waxen piles,
 Are doom'd by man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
 The death o' devils smoor'd wi' brimstone reek:
 The thundering guns are heard on ev'ry side,
 The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide;
 The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,
 Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie:
 (What warm, poetic heart, but inly bleeds,
 And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)
 Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs;
 Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
 Except, perhaps, the robin's whistling glee,
 Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree:
 The hoary morus precede the sunny days,

Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noon-tide blaze,
 While thick the gossamer waves wanton in the rays.
 'Twas in that season, when a simple bard,
 Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,
 Ae night, within the ancient brugh of Ayr,
 By whim inspired, or haply prest wi' care,
 He left his bed, and took his wayward route,
 And down by Simpson's¹ wheel'd the left about :
 (Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,
 To witness what I after shall narrate ;
 Or whether, rapt in meditation high,
 He wander'd out he knew not where nor why)
 The drowsy Dungeon-cloek,² had number'd two,
 And Wallace Tow'r² had sworn the fact was true :
 The tide-swol'n Firth, with sullen sounding roar,
 Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore.
 All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e :
 The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree :
 The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
 Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream.—

When, lo ! on either hand the list'ning Bard,
 The clanging sigh of whistling wings is heard ;
 Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,
 Swift as the gos³ 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 desery'd
 The Sprites that owre the brigs of Ayr preside.
 (That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
 An ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk ;
 Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,
 And ev'n the vera deils they brawly ken them,)
 Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
 The very wrinkles gothic in his face :
 He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang,
 Yet, tughly doure, he bade an unco bang.

¹ A noted tavern at the Auld Brig end.

² The two steeples.

³ The Gos-hawk or falcon.

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

AULD BRIG.

I doubt na', frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep-shank,
 Anee ye were streckit o'er frae bank to bank!
 But gin ye be a brig as auld as me,
 Tho' faith, that day I doubt ye'll never see;
 There'll be, if that date come, I'll wad a boddle,
 Some fewer 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 wheel-barrows tremble when they meet—
 Your ruin'd formless bulk o' stane an' line,
 Compare wi' bonnie Brigs o' modern time?
 There's men o' taste wou'd tak the Ducat-stream,¹
 Tho' they should cast the vera sark and swim,
 Ere they would grate their feelings wi' the view
 Of sic an ugly, Gothic hulk as you.

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!—
 This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide;
 And tho' wi' crazy cild 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.

¹ A noted ford, just above the Auld Brig.

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

NEW BRIG.

Fine Architecture, trowth, I needs must say't o't!
 The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't!
 Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
 Hanging with threat'ning jut like preeipices;
 O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
 Supporting roofs fantastic, stony groves;
 Windows and doors, in nameless sculpture drest,
 With order, symmetry, or taste unblest;
 Forms like some bedlam Statuary's dream,
 The craz'd creations of misguided whim;
 Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
 And still the second dread command be free,
 Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea.
 Mansions that would disgrace the building taste
 Of any mason reptile, bird, or beast;
 Fit only for a doited monkish race,
 Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace;
 Or euifs of later times wha held the notion
 That sullen gloom was sterling true devotion;

¹ The banks of Garpal Water is one of the few places in the West of Scotland, where those fancy-searing beings, known by the name of Ghaists, still continue pertinaciously to inhabit.

² The source of the river Ayr.

³ A small landing-place above the large key.

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 and 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 your weel-hain'd gear on d—d new Brigs and
 Harbours !

NEW BRIG.

Now hand you there ! for 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 with a glimmer of his lamp,
 And would to Common-sense for once betray'd them,
 Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.

What farther elishmaclaver might been said,
 What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,
 No man can tell; but all before their sight,
 A fairy train appear'd in order bright:
 Adown the glitt'ring stream they featly danc'd;
 Bright to the moon their various dresses glauc'd:
 They footed owre 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,¹ 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.

¹ A well known performer of Scottish music on the violin.

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.

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT DUNDAS, ESQ., OF ARNISTON,

LATE LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COURT OF SESSION.

[At the request of Advocate Hay, Burns composed this Poem, in the hope that it might interest the powerful family of Dundas in his fortunes. I found it inserted in the handwriting of the poet, in an interleaved copy of his Poems, which he presented to Dr. Geddes, accompanied by the following surly note:—"The foregoing Poem has some tolerable lines in it, but the incurable wound of my pride will not suffer me to correct, or even peruse it. I sent a copy of it with my best prose letter to the son of the great man, the theme of the piece, by the hands of one of the noblest men in God's world, Alexander Wood, surgeon: when, behold! his solicitorship took no more notice of my Poem, or of me, than I had been a strolling fiddler who had made free with his lady's name, for a silly new reel. Did the fellow imagine that I looked for any dirty gratuity?" This Robert Dundas was the elder brother of that Lord Melville to whose hands, soon after these lines were written, all the government patronage in Scotland was confided, and who, when the name of Burns was mentioned, pushed the wine to Pitt, and said nothing. The poem was first printed by me, in 1834.]

LONE on the bleaky hills the straying flocks
 Shun the fierce storms among the sheltering rocks;
 Down from the rivulets, red with dashing rains,
 The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains;
 Beneath the blasts the leafless forests groan;
 The hollow caves return a sullen moan.

Ye hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye caves,
 Ye howling winds, and wintry swelling waves !
 Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye,
 Sad to your sympathetic scenes I fly ;
 Where to the whistling blast and waters' roar
 Pale Scotia's recent wound I may deplore.

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 ey'd, and sway'd her rod ;
 Hearing the tidings of the fatal 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 this 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 subtile Litigation's pliant tongue
 The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong :
 Hark, injur'd 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 stains :
 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.

ON READING IN A NEWSPAPER

THE DEATH OF JOHN M'LEOD, ESQ.,

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

[John M'Leod was of the ancient family of Raza, and brother to that Isabella M'Leod, for whom Burns, in his correspondence, expressed great regard. The little Poem, when first printed, consisted of six verses: I found a seventh in the M'Murdo Manuscripts, the fifth in this edition, along with an intimation in prose, that the M'Leod family had endured many unmerited misfortunes. I observe that Sir Harris Nicolas has rejected this new verse, because, he says, it repeats the same sentiment as the one which precedes it. I think differently, and have retained it.]

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

Sweetly deck'd with pearly dew
 The morning rose may blow;
 But cold successive noontide blasts
 May lay its beauties low.

Fair on Isabella's morn
 The sun propitious smil'd;
 But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
 Succeeding hopes beguil'd.

Fate oft tears the bosom chords
 That nature finest strung:
 So Isabella's heart was form'd,
 And so that heart was wrung.

Were it in the poet's power,
 Strong as he shares the grief
 That pierces Isabella's heart,
 To give that heart relief!

Dread Omnipotence, alone,
 Can heal the wound He gave;
 Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
 To scenes beyond the grave.

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

TO MISS LOGAN,

WITH BEATTIE'S POEMS FOR A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

JAN. 1, 1787.

[Burns was fond of writing compliments in books, and giving them in presents among his fair friends. Miss Logan, of Park House, was sister to Major Logan, of Caularg, and the "sentimental sister Susie," of the Epistle to her brother. Both these names were early dropped out of the poet's correspondence.]

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

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

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

 THE AMERICAN WAR.

A FRAGMENT.

[Dr. Blair said that the politics of Burns smelt of the smithy, which, interpreted, means, that they were unstatesman-like, and worthy of a country ale-house, and an audience of peasants. The Poem gives us a striking picture of the humorous and familiar way in which the hinds and husbandmen of Scotland handle national topics: the smithy is a favourite resort, during the winter evenings, of rustic politicians; and national affairs and parish scandal are alike discussed. Burns was in those days, and some time after, a vehement Tory: his admiration of "Chatham's Boy," called down on him the dusty indignation of the republican Ritson.]

WHEN Guildford good our pilot stood,
 And did our hellim thraw, man,
 Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
 Within America, man:
 Then up they gat the maskin-pat,
 And in the sea did jaw, man;
 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,
 Amang his en'mies a', man.

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

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

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

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

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

Then clubs an' hearts were Charlie's cartes,
 He swept the stakes awa', man,
 Till the diamond's ace, of Indian race,
 Led him a 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 Greenville's gone,
 A secret word or twa, man ;
 While slee Dundas arous'd the class,
 Be-north the Roman wa', man :
 An' Chatbam's wraith, in heavenly graith,
 (Inspired Bardies saw, man ;)
 Wi' kindling eyes cry'd "Willie, rise !
 Would I hae fear'd them a', man ?"

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

* * * * *

THE DEAN OF FACULTY.

A NEW BALLAD.

[The Hal and Bob of these satiric lines were Henry Erskine, and Robert Dundas: and their contention was, as the verses intimate, for the place of Dean of the Faculty of Advocates: Erskine was successful. It is supposed that in characterizing Dundas, the poet remembered "the incurable wound which his pride had got" in the affair of the elegiac verses on the death of the elder Dundas. The poem first appeared in the Reliques of Burns.]

DIRE was the hate at old Harlaw,
 That Scot to Scot did carry;
 And dire the discord Langside saw,
 For beauteous, hapless Mary:
 But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot,
 Or were more in fury seen, Sir,
 Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous job—
 Who should be Faculty's Dean, Sir.—

This Hal for genius, wit, and lore,
 Among the first was number'd;
 But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,
 Commandment tenth remember'd.—
 Yet simple Bob the victory got,
 And won his heart's desire;
 Which shows that heaven can boil the pot,
 Though the devil p—s in the fire.—

Squire Hal besides had in this case
 Pretensions rather brassy,
 For talents to deserve a place
 Are qualifications saucy;
 So, their worships of the Faculty,
 Quite sick of merit's rudeness,
 Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see,
 To their gratis grace and goodness.—

As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight
 Of a son of Circumcision,
 So may be, on this Pisgah height,
 Bob's purblind, mental vision:
 Nay, Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet
 Till for eloquence you hail him,
 And swear he has the angel met
 That met the Ass of Balaam.

TO A LADY,

WITH A PRESENT OF A PAIR OF DRINKING-GLASSES.

[To Mrs. M'Lehose, of Edinburgh, the poet presented the drinking-glasses alluded to in the verses: they are, it seems, still preserved, and the lady on occasions of high festival indulges, it is said, favourite visitors with a draught from them of "The blood of Shiraz' scorched vine."]

FAIR Empress of the Poet's soul,
 And Queen of Poetesses;
 Clarinda, take this little boon,
 This humble pair of glasses.

And fill them high with generous juice,
 As generous as your mind;
 And pledge me in the generous toast—
 "The whole of human kind!"

"To those who love us!"—second fill;
 But not to those whom we love;
 Lest we love those who love not us!—
 A third—"to thee and me, love!"

 TO CLARINDA.

[This is the lady of the drinking-glasses; the Mrs. Mac of many a toast among the poet's acquaintances. She was, in those days, young and beautiful, and we fear a little giddy, since she indulged in that sentimental and platonic flirtation with the poet, contained in the well-known letters to Clarinda. The letters, after the poet's death, appeared in print without her permission: she obtained an injunction against the publication, which still remains in force, but her anger seems to have been less a matter of taste than of whim, for the injunction has been allowed to slumber in the case of some editors, though it has been enforced against others.]

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?

VERSES

WRITTEN UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF FERGUSSON, THE POET, IN A COPY OF THAT
 AUTHOR'S WORKS PRESENTED TO A YOUNG LADY.

[Who the young lady was to whom the poet presented the portrait and Poems of the ill-
 fated Fergusson, we have not been told. The verses are dated 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?

PROLOGUE SPOKEN BY MR. WOODS ON HIS BENEFIT
 NIGHT,

MONDAY, 16 APRIL, 1787.

[The Woods for whom this Prologue was written, was in those days a popular actor in
 Edinburgh. He had other claims on Burns; he had been the friend as well as comrade
 of poor Fergusson, and possessed some poetical talent. He died in Edinburgh, December
 14th, 1802.]

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 heavenly virtue's glow,
 But heaves impassion'd with the grateful thro'?

Poor is the task to please a barbarous throng,
 It needs no Siddons' powers in Southerne'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 Shakspeare into plan,
 And Harley¹ rouses all the God in man.
 When well-form'd taste and sparkling wit unite,
 With manly lore, or female beauty bright,
 (Beauty, where faultless symmetry and grace,
 Can only charm as 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.
 Nor 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 sou 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.

¹ The Man of Feeling, by Mackenzie.

S K E T C H.

[This Sketch is a portion of a long Poem which Burns proposed to call "The Poet's Progress." He communicated the little he had done, for he was a courter of opinions, to Dugald Stewart. "The Fragment forms," said he, "the postulata, the axioms, the definition of a character, which, if it appear at all, shall be placed in a variety of lights. This particular part I send you, merely as a sample of my hand at portrait-sketching." It is probable that the professor's response was not favourable, for we hear no more of the Poem.]

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 specious lore, but little understood;
 Veneering oft outshines the solid wood:
 His solid sense—by inches you must tell,
 But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell;
 His meddling vanity, a busy fiend,
 Still making work his selfish craft must mend.

 TO MRS. SCOTT, OF WAUCHOPE.

[The lady to whom this epistle is addressed was a painter and a poetess: her pencil sketches are said to have been beautiful; and she had a ready skill in rhyme, as the verses addressed to Burns fully testify. Taste and poetry belonged to her family: she was the niece of Mrs. Cockburn, authoress of a beautiful variation of *The Flowers of the Forest*.]

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 plough;
 An' tho' forfoughten sair enough,
 Yet unco proud to learn:
 When first amang the yellow corn
 A man I reckon'd was,
 An' wi' the lave ilk merry morn
 Could rank my rig and lass,

Still shearing, and clearing,
 The tither stooked raw,
 Wi' clavers, an' haivers,
 Wearing the day awa.

E'en then, a wish, I mind its pow'r,
 A wish that to my latest hour
 Shall strongly heave my breast,
 That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
 Some usefu' plan or beuk could make,
 Or sing a sang at least.
 The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide
 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 sousie quean,
 That lighted up my jingle,
 Her witching smile, her pauky een
 That gart my heart-strings tingle :
 I fired, inspired,
 At every kindling keek,
 But bashing and dashing
 I feared aye to speak.

Health to the sex, ilk guid chiel says,
 Wi' merry dance in winter days,
 An' we to share in common :
 The gust o' joy, the balm of woe,
 The saul o' life, the heaven below,
 Is rapture-giving woman.

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

For you, no bred to barn and byre,
 Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,
 Thanks to you for your line :
 The marled plaid ye kindly spare,
 By me should gratefully be ware ;
 'Twad please me to the nine.
 I'd be mair vauntie o' my hap,
 Douce hingin' owre my curple,
 Than ony ermine ever lap,
 Or proud imperial purple.
 Fareweel then, lang heel then,
 An' plenty be your fa' ;
 May losses and crosses
 Ne'er at your hallan ca'.

EPISTLE TO WILLIAM CREECH.

[A storm of rain detained Burns one day, during his border tour, at Selkirk, and he employed his time in writing this characteristic epistle to Creech, his bookseller. Creech was a person of education and taste : he was not only the most popular publisher in the north, but he was intimate with almost all the distinguished men who, in those days, adorned Scottish literature. But though a joyous man, a lover of sociality, and the keeper of a good table, he was close and parsimonious, and loved to hold money to the last moment that the law allowed.]

Selkirk, 13 May, 1787.

AULD chuekie Reekie's¹ sair distrest,
 Down droops her anec weel-burnisht crest,
 Nae joy her bonnie buskit nest
 Can yield ava,
 Her darling bird that she lo'es best,
 Willie's awa !

¹ Edinburgh.

O Willie was a witty wight,
 And had o' things an unco slight;
 Auld Reekie aye he keepit tight,
 Au' trig and brow:
 But now they'll busk her like a fright,
 Willie's awa!

The stiffest o' them a' he bow'd;
 The bauldest o' them a' he cow'd;
 They durst nae mair than he allow'd,
 That was a law;
 We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd,
 Willie's awa!

Now gawkies, tawpies, gowks, and fools,
 Frae colleges and boarding-schools,
 May sprout like simmer puddock stools
 In glen or shaw;
 He wha could brush them down to mools,
 Willie's awa!

The brethren o' the Commeree-Chaumer¹
 May mourn their loss wi' doofu' elamour;
 He was a dictioner and grammar
 Amang them a';
 I fear they'll now mak mony a stammer,
 Willie's awa!

Nae mair we see his levee door
 Philosophers and poets pour,²
 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;

¹ The Chamber of Commerce in Edinburgh, of which Creech was Secretary.

² Many literary gentlemen were accustomed to meet at Mr. Creech's house at breakfast.

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 cleekin
By hoodie-craw;
Grief's gien his heart an unco kickin',
Willie's awa!

Now ev'ry sour-mou'd girnin' blellum,
And Calvin's fock are fit to fell him;
And self-conceited critic skellum
His quill may draw;
He wha could brawlie ward their bellum,
Willie's awa!

Up wimpling stately Tweed I've sped,
And Eden scenes on crystal Jed,
And Ettrick banks now roaring red,
While tempests blaw;
But every joy and pleasure's fled,
Willie's awa!

May I be slander's common speech;
A text for infamy to preach;
And lastly, streekit out to bleach
In winter snaw;
When I forget thee! Willie Creech,
Tho' far awa!

May never wicked fortune touzle him!
May never wicked man bamboozle him!
Until a pow as auld's Methusalem
He canty claw!
Then to the blessed New Jerusalem,
Fleet wing awa!

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR WATER TO THE
NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

[The Falls of Bruar in Athole are exceedingly beautiful and picturesque; and their effect, when Burns visited them, was much impaired by want of shrubs and trees. This was in 1787: the poet, accompanied by his future biographer, Professor Walker, went, when close on twilight, to this romantic scene: "he threw himself," said the Professor, "on a heathy seat, and gave himself up to a tender, abstracted, and voluptuous enthusiasm of imagination. In a few days I received a letter from Inverness, for the poet had gone on his way, with the Petition enclosed." His Grace of Athole obeyed the injunction: the picturesque points are now crowned with thriving woods, and the beauty of the Falls is much increased.]

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

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

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

Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
In twisting strength I rin;
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
Wild-roaring o'er a linn:

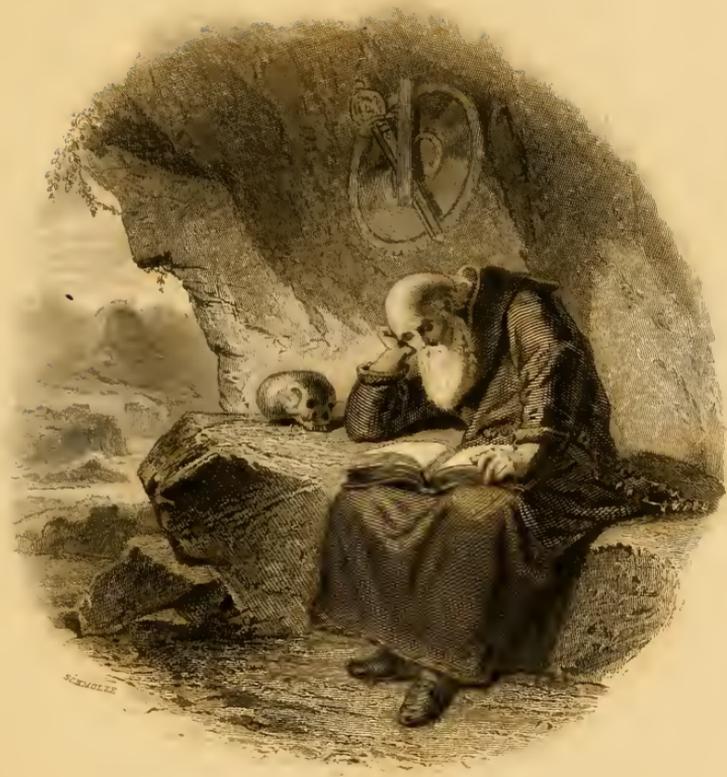
Enjoying large each spring and well,
 As Nature gave them me,
 I am, altho' I say't mysel',
 Worth gaun a mile to see.

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

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

This, too, a covert shall insure
 To shield them from the storm ;
 And coward maukin sleep secure,
 Low in her grassy form :
 Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
 To weave his crown of flow'rs ;
 Or find a shelt'ring safe retreat
 From prone-descending show'rs.

And here, by sweet, endearing stealth,
 Shall meet the loving pair,
 Despising worlds with all their wealth
 As empty idle care.
 The flow'rs shall vie in all their charms
 The hour of heav'n to grace,
 And birks extend their fragrant arms
 To screen the dear embrace.



The Hermit.

*In this lone cave, in garments leady,
I like to see so wisely folly.*

No thought of guilt my bosom sours ;
 Free-will'd I fled from courtly bowers ;
 For well I saw in halls and towers
 That lust and pride,
 The arch-fiend's dearest, darkest powers,
 In state preside.

I saw mankind with vice encrusted ;
 I saw that honour's sword was rusted ;
 That few for aught but folly lusted ;
 That he was still deceiv'd who trusted
 To love or friend ;
 And hither came, with men disgusted,
 My life to end.

In this lone cave, in garments lowly,
 Alike a foe to noisy folly,
 And brow-bent gloomy melancholy,
 I wear away
 My life, and in my office holy
 Consume the day.

This rock my shield ; when storms are blowing,
 The limpid streamlet yonder flowing
 Supplying drink, the earth bestowing
 My simple food ;
 But few enjoy the calm I know in
 This desert wood.

Content and comfort bless me more in
 This grot, than e'er I felt before in
 A palace—and with thoughts still soaring
 To God on high,
 Each night and morn with voice imploring,
 This wish I sigh.

“ Let me, oh Lord ! from life retire,
 Unknown each guilty worldly fire,
 Remorse's throb, or loose desire ;
 And when I die,
 Let me in this belief expire—
 To God I fly.”

Stranger, if full of youth and riot,
 And yet no grief has marr'd thy quiet,
 Thou haply throw'st a scornful eye at
 The hermit's prayer—
 But if thou hast good cause to sigh at
 Thy fault or care ;

If thou hast known false love's vexation,
 Or hast been exiled from thy nation,
 Or guilt affrights thy contemplation,
 And makes thee pine,
 Oh ! how must thou lament thy station,
 And envy mine !

ON SCARING SOME WATER-FOWL IN LOCH-TURIT.

[When Burns wrote these touching lines, he was staying with Sir William Murray, of Ochtertyre, during one of his Highland tours. Loch-Turit is a wild lake among the recesses of the hills, and was welcome from its loneliness to the heart of the poet.]

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
 For me your wat'ry haunt forsake ?
 Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
 At my presence thus you fly ?
 Why disturb your social joys,
 Parent, filial, kindred ties ?—
 Common friend to you and me,
 Nature's gifts to all are free :
 Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
 Busy feed, or wanton lave :
 Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
 Bide the surging billow's shock.

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

The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
 Marking you his prey below,

In his breast no pity dwells,
 Strong necessity compels:
 But man, to whom alone is giv'na
 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.

VERSES

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL, OVER THE CHIMNEY-PIECE, IN THE PARLOUR OF THE
 INN AT KENMORE, TAYMOUTH.

[The castle of Taymouth is the residence of the Earl of Breadalbane: It is a magnificent structure, contains many fine paintings: has some splendid old trees and romantic scenery.]

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
 These northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
 O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
 Th' abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,
 My savage journey, curious I pursue,
 'Till fam'd Breadalbane opens to my view.—
 The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
 The woods, wild scattered, 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 palaece, rising on its verdant side ;
 The lawns, wood-fring'd in Nature's native taste ;
 The hillocks, dropt in Nature's careless haste ;
 The arches, striding o'er the new-born stream ;
 The village, glittering in the noontide beam—

* * * * *

Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,
 Lone wand'ring by the hermit's mossy cell :
 The sweeping theatre of hanging woods ;
 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 soothe her bitter—rankling wounds :
 Here heart-struck Grief might heav'ward stretch her scan,
 And injur'd Worth forget and pardon man.

* * * * *

VERSES

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

[This is one of the many fine scenes, in the Celtic Parnassus of Ossian : but when Burns saw it, the Highland passion of the stream was abated, for there had been no rain for some time to swell and send it pouring down its precipices in a way worthy of the scene. The descent of the water is about two hundred feet. There is another fall further up the stream, very wild and savage, on which the Fyers makes three prodigious leaps into a deep gulf where nothing can be seen for the whirling foam and agitated mist.]

AMONG the heathy hills and ragged woods
 The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods ;
 Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
 Where, thro' a shapeless breach, his stream resounds,
 As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
 As deep-recoiling surges foam below,

Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
 And viewless Echo's ear, astonish'd, rends.
 Dim seen, through rising mists and ceaseless show'rs,
 The hoary cavern, wide surrounding, lowr's.
 Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
 And still below, the horrid cauldron boils—

* * * * *

POETICAL ADDRESS TO MR. W. TYTLER,

WITH THE PRESENT OF THE BARD'S PICTURE.

[When these verses were written there was much stately Jacobitism about Edinburgh, and it is likely that Tytler, who laboured to dispel the cloud of calumny which hung over the memory of Queen Mary, had a bearing that way. Taste and talent have now descended in the Tytlers through three generations: an uncommon event in families. The present edition of the Poem has been completed from the original in the poet's handwriting.]

REVERED defender of beauteous Stuart,
 Of Stuart, a name once respected,
 A name, which to love was once mark of a true heart,
 But now 'tis despised and neglected.

Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my eye,
 Let no one misdeem me disloyal;
 A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh,
 Still more if that wand'rer were royal.

My fathers that name have rever'd on a throne,
 My fathers have fallen to right it;
 Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
 That name should he scoffingly slight it.

Still in prayers for King George I most heartily join,
 The Queen and the rest of the gentry,
 Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine;
 Their title's avow'd by my country.

But why of that epocha make such a fuss,
 That gave us th' Electoral 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, the head of a bard,
 A trifle scarce worthy your care;
 But accept it, good Sir, as a mark of regard,
 Sincere as a saint's dying prayer.

Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye,
 And ushers the long dreary night;
 But you, like the star that athwart gilds the sky
 Your course to the latest is bright.

* * * *

VERSES

WRITTEN IN FRIARS-CARSE HERMITAGE, ON THE BANKS OF NITH, JUNE, 1788.

[FIRST COPY.]

[The interleaved volume presented by Burns to Dr. Geddes, has enabled me to present the reader with the rough draught of this truly beautiful Poem, the first fruits perhaps of his intercourse with the muses of Nithside.]

THOU whom chance may hither lead,
 Be thou clad in russet weed,
 Be thou deck'd in silken stole,
 Grave these maxims on thy soul.
 Life is but a day at most,
 Sprung from night, in darkness lost;
 Day, how rapid in its flight—
 Day, how few must see the night;
 Hope not sunshine every hour,
 Fear not clouds will always lower.
 Happiness is but a name,
 Make content and ease thy aim.
 Ambition is a meteor gleam;
 Fame, a restless idle dream:

Pleasures, insects on the wing
 Round Peace, the tenderest flower of Spring;
 Those that sip the dew alone,
 Make the butterflies thy own;
 Those that would the bloom devour,
 Crush the locusts—save the flower.
 For the future be prepar'd,
 Guard wherever thou 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 on Nithside.

 V E R S E S

WRITTEN IN FRIARS-CARSE HERMITAGE, ON NITHSIDE, DECEMBER, 1788.

[Of this Poem Burns thought so well that he gave away many copies in his own hand writing: I have seen three. When corrected to his mind, and the manuscripts showed many changes and corrections, he published it in the new edition of his Poems as it stands in this second copy. The little Hermitage where these lines were written, stood in a lonely plantation belonging to the estate of Friars-Carse, and close to the march-dyke of Ellisland; a small door in the fence, of which the poet had the key, admitted him at pleasure, and there he found seclusion such as he liked, with flowers and shrubs all around him. The first twelve lines of the Poem were engraved neatly on one of the window-panes, by the diamond pencil of the bard. On Riddel's death, the Hermitage was allowed to go quietly to decay: I remember in 1803 turning two outlyer stots out of the interior.]

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

Life is but a day at most,
 Sprung from night, in darkness lost;

Hope not sunshine ev'ry hour,
 Fear not clouds will always lour.
 As Youth and Love with sprightly dance
 Beneath thy morning star advance,
 Pleasure with her siren air
 May delude the thoughtless pair :
 Let Prudence bless enjoyment's cup,
 Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up.

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

As the shades of ev'ning close,
 Beek'ning thee to long repose ;
 As life itself becomes disease,
 Seek the chimney-nook of ease.
 There ruminatè, with sober thought,
 On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought ;
 And teach the sportive younkers 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 ?
 Wast thou cottager or king ?
 Peer or peasant ?—no such thing !
 Did many talents gild thy span ?
 Or frugal nature grudge thee one ?
 Tell them, and press it on their mind,
 As thou thyself must shortly find,
 The smile or frown of awful Heav'n,
 To virtue or to vice is giv'n.

Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
 There solid self-enjoyment lies ;
 That foolish, selfish, faithless ways
 Lead to the wretched, vile, and base.

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

Stranger, go ! Heav'n be thy guide !
 Quod the beadsman of Nithside.

TO CAPTAIN RIDDEL, OF GLENRIDDEL.

EXTEMPORE LINES ON RETURNING A NEWSPAPER.

[Captain Riddell, the Laird of Friars-Carse, was Burns's neighbour at Ellisland: he was a kind, hospitable man, and a good antiquary. The "News and Review" which he sent to the poet contained, I have heard, some sharp strictures on his works: Burns, with his usual strong sense, set the proper value upon all contemporary criticism; genius, he knew, had nothing to fear from the folly or the malice of all such nameless "chippers and hewers." He demanded trial by his peers, and where were such to be found?]

Ellisland, 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 *fabric complete*,
 I'll boldly pronounce they are none, Sir.

My goose-quill too rude is to tell all your goodness
 Bestow'd on your servant, the Poet ;
 Would to God I had one like a beam of the sun,
 And then all the world, Sir, should know it !

A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON.

[“The Mother’s Lament,” says the poet, in a copy of the verses now before me, “was composed partly with a view to Mrs. Fergusson of Craigdarroch, and partly to the worthy patroness of my early unknown muse, Mrs. Stewart, of Affon.”]

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 fear’d thy fatal blow,
 Now, foud I bare my breast,
 O, do thou kindly lay me low
 With him I love, at rest !

FIRST EPISTLE TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ., OF FINTRAY.

[In his manuscript copy of this Epistle the poet says “accompanying a request.” What the request was the letter which enclosed it relates. Graham was one of the leading men of the Excise in Scotland, and had promised Burns a situation as exciseman : for this the poet had qualified himself ; and as he began to dread that farming would be unprofitable, he wrote to remind his patron of his promise, and requested to be appointed to a division in his own neighbourhood. He was appointed in due time : his division was extensive, and included ten parishes.]

WHEN Nature her great master-piece designed,
 And fram’d her last, best work, the human mind,
 Her eye intent on all the mazy plan,
 She 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 merchaudise’ whole genus take their birth :

Each prudent cit a warm existence finds,
 And all mechanics' many-apron'd kinds.
 Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet,
 The lead and buoy are needful to the net;
 The *caput mortuum* of gross desires
 Makes a material for mere knights and squires;
 The martial phosphorus is taught to flow,
 She kneads the lumpish philosophic dough,
 Then marks th' unyielding mass with grave designs,
 Law, physic, politics, and deep divines:
 Last, she sublimes th' Aurora of the poles,
 The flashing 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 tried one curious labour more.

Some spumy, fiery, *ignis fatuus* matter,
 Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter;
 With arch alacrity and conscieus glee
 (Nature may have her whim as well as we,
 Her Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to show it)
 She forms the thing, and christens it—a Poet.
 Creature, tho' oft the prey of care and sorrow,
 When blest to-day, unmindful of to-morrow.
 A being form'd t'amuse his graver friends,
 Admir'd and prais'd—and there the homage ends:
 A mortal quite unfit for fortune's strife,
 Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life;
 Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,
 Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live;
 Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,
 Yet 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 mankiud,
 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,
(Justinet'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 distinguished—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.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR.

[I found these lines written with a pencil in one of Burns's memorandum-books : he said he had just composed them, and pencilled them down lest they should escape from his memory. They differed in nothing from the printed copy of the first Liverpool edition. That they are by Burns there cannot be a doubt, though they were, I know not for what reason, excluded from several editions of the Posthumous Works of the poet.]

THE lamp of day, with ill-presaging glare,
 Dim, cloudy, sunk beneath the western wave ;
 Th' inconstant blast howl'd thro' the darkening air,
 And hollow whistled in the rocky cave.

Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell,
 Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train ;¹
 Or mus'd where limpid streams once hallow'd well,²
 Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred fanc.³

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,

¹ The King's Park, at Holyrood-house.

² St. Anthony's Well.

³ St. Anthony's Chapel.

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,
Reclined that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd,
That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar
And brav'd the mighty monarchs of the world.—

“ My patriot son fills an untimely grave !”
With accents wild and lifted arms—she cried ;
“ Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save,
Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride.

“ A weeping country joins a widow's tear,
The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry ;
The drooping arts surround their patron's bier,
And grateful science heaves the heart-felt 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.

EPISTLE TO HUGH PARKER.

[This little lively, biting epistle was addressed to one of the poet's Kilmarnock companions. Hugh Parker was the brother of William Parker, one of the subscribers to the Edinburgh edition of Burns's Poems: he has been dead many years: the Epistle was recovered, luckily, from his papers, and printed for the first time in 1834.]

IN this strange land, this uncouth clime,
 A land unknown to prose or rhyme;
 Where words ne'er crost the muse's heckles,
 Nor limpet in poetic shackles:
 A land that prose did never view it,
 Except when drunk he stacher't thro' it,
 Here, ambush'd by the chimla cheek,
 Hid in an atmosphere of reek,
 I hear a wheel thrum i' the neuk,
 I hear it—for in vain I leuk.—
 The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel,
 Enhusked by a fog infernal:
 Here, for my wonted rhyming raptures,
 I sit and count my sins by chapters;
 For life and spunk like ither Christians,
 I'm dwindled down to mere existence,
 Wi' nae converse but Gallowa' bodies,
 Wi' nae kend face but Jenny Geddes.¹
 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 Phœbus bids good-morrow,

¹ His mare.

Down the zodiac urge the race,
 And east 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.

LINES INTENDED TO BE WRITTEN UNDER A NOBLE
 EARL'S PICTURE.

[Burns placed the portraits of Dr. Blacklock and the Earl of Glencairn, over his parlour chimney-piece at Ellisland: beneath the head of the latter he wrote some verses, which he sent to the Earl, and requested leave to make public. This seems to have been refused; and, as the verses were lost for years, it was believed they were destroyed: a rough copy, however, is preserved, and is now in the safe keeping of the Earl's name-son, Major James Glencairn Burns. James Cunningham, Earl of Glencairn, died 20th January, 1791, aged 42 years: he was succeeded by his only and childless brother, with whom this ancient race was closed.]

WHOSE is that noble, dauntless brow?
 And whose that eye of fire?
 And whose that generous princely mien,
 E'en rooted foes admire?
 Stranger! to justly show that brow,
 And mark that eye of fire,
 Would take *His* hand, whose vernal tints
 His other works inspire.

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.

ELEGY ON THE YEAR 1788.

A SKETCH.

[This Poem was first printed by Stewart, in 1801. The poet loved to indulge in such sarcastic sallies: it is full of character, and reflects a distinct image of those yeasty times.]

FOR Lords or Kings I dinna mourn,
 E'en let them die—for that they're born,
 But oh! prodigious to reflect!
 A Towmont, Sirs, is gane to wreck!
 O Eighty-eight, in thy sma' space
 What dire events ha'e taken place!
 Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us!
 In what a pickle thou hast left us!

The Spanish empire's tint a head,
 An' my auld toothless Bawtie's dead;
 The tulzie's sair 'tween Pitt and Fox,
 And our guid wife's wee birdie cocks;
 The tane is game, a bluidie devil,
 But to the hen-birds unco civil:
 The tither's something dour o' treadin',
 But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden—
 Ye ministers, come mount the pu'pit,
 An' cry till ye be hearse an' roupet,
 For Eight-eight he wish'd you weel
 An' gied you a' baith gear an' meal;
 E'en mony a plack, an' mony a peck,
 Ye ken yoursels, for little feck!

Ye bonnie lasses, dight your e'en,
 For some o' you ha'e tint a frien';
 In Eighty-eight, ye ken, was ta'en,
 What ye'll ne'er ha'e to gie again.

Observe the very nowt an' sheep,
 How dowf and dowie now they creep;
 Nay, even the yirth itsel' does cry,
 For Embro' wells are grutten dry.
 O Eighty-nine, thou's but a bairn,
 An' no owre auld, I hope, to learn!

Thou beardless boy, I pray tak' care,
 Thou now has got thy daddy's chair,
 Nae hand-cuff'd, mizl'd, hap-shackl'd Regent,
 But, like himsel' a full free agent.
 Be sure ye follow out the plan
 Nae waur than he did, honest man!
 As muckle better as ye can.

January 1, 1789.

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTHACHE.

[“ I had intended,” says Burns to Creech, 30th May, 1789, “ to have troubled you with a long letter, but at present the delightful sensation of an omnipotent toothache so engrosses all my inner man, as to put it out of my power even to write nonsense.” The poetic Address to the Toothache seems to belong to this period.]

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

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
 Rheumatics gnaw, or cholick squeezes;
 Our neighbours' sympathy may ease us,
 Wi' pitying moan;
 But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases,
 Ay mocks our groan!

A down my beard the slavers trickle!
 I kick the wee stools o'er the mickle,
 As round the fire the giglets keekle,
 To see me loup;
 While, raving mad, I wish a heckle
 Were in their doup.

O' a' the num'rous human dools,
 Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty-stools,
 Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools,
 Sad sight to see!

The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools,
 Thou bears't 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
 Among 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 faces o' Scotland's weal
 A towmond's Toothache.

ODE SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. OSWALD,

OF AUCHENCRUIVE.

[The origin of this harsh effusion shows under what feelings Burns sometimes wrote. He was, he says, on his way to Ayrshire, one stormy day in January, and had made himself comfortable, in spite of the snow-drift, over a smoking bowl, at an inn at the Saugubar, when in wheeled the whole funeral pageantry of Mrs. Oswald. He was obliged to mount his horse and ride for quarters to New Cumnock, where, over a good fire, he penned, in his very ungallant indignation, the Ode to the lady's memory. He lived to think better of the name.]

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

STROPHE.

View the wither'd beldam's face—
 Can thy keen inspection trace
 Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace?
 Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows,
 Pity's flood there never rose.

See these hands, ne'er stretch'd to save,
 Hands that took—but never gave.
 Keeper of Mammon's iron chest,
 Lo, there she goes, unpitied and unblest—
 She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest !

ANTISTROPHE.

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

EPODE.

And are they of no more avail,
 Ten thousand glittering pounds a-year ?
 In other worlds can Mammon fail,
 Omnipotent as he is here ?
 O, bitter mock'ry of the pompous bier,
 While down the wretched vital part is driv'n !
 The cave-lodg'd beggar, with a conscience clear,
 Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to Heav'n.

FRAGMENT.

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

[It was late in life before Burns began to think very highly of Fox: he had hitherto spoken of him rather as a rattler of dice, and a frequenter of soft company, than as a statesman. As his hopes from the Tories vanished, he began to think of the Whigs: the first did nothing, and the latter held out hopes; and as hope, he said, was the cordial of the human heart, he continued to hope on.]

How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite ;
 How virtue and vice blend their black and their white ;
 How genius, th' illustrious father of fiction,
 Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction—
 I sing: if these mortals, the critics, should bustle,
 I care not, not I—let the critics go whistle !

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

Thou first of our orators, first of our wits ;
Yet whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky hits ;
With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong,
No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong ;
With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
No man with the half of 'em e'er went quite right ;—
A sorry, poor misbegot son of the muses,
For using thy name offers fifty excuses.

Good L—d, what is man ? for as simple he looks,
Do but try to develope his hooks and his crooks ;
With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil,
All in all he's a problem must puzzle the devil.

On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labours,
That, like th' 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 its tribe,
And think human nature they truly describe ;
Have you found this, or t'other ? there's more in the wind,
As by one drunken fellow his comrade you'll find.

But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan,
In the make of that wonderful creature, call'd man,
No two virtues, whatever relation they claim,
Nor even two different shades of the same,
Though like as was ever twin brother to brother,
Possessing the one shall imply you've the other.

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 even 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.

ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY ME,

WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT.

[This Poem is founded on fact. A young man of the name of Thomson told me—quite unconscious of the existence of the Poem—that while Burns lived at Ellisland—he shot at and hurt a hare, which in the twilight was feeding on his father's wheat-bread. The poet, on observing the hare come bleeding past him, “was in great wrath,” said Thomson, “and cursed me, and said little hindered him from throwing me into the Nith; and he was able enough to do it, though I was both young and strong.” The boor of Nithside did not use the hare worse than the critical Dr. Gregory, of Edinburgh, used the Poem: when Burns read his remarks he said, “Gregory is a good man, but he crucifies me!”]

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.

TO DR. BLACKLOCK,

IN ANSWER TO A LETTER.

[This blind scholar, though an indifferent Poet, was an excellent and generous man: he was foremost of the Edinburgh literati to admire the Poems of Burns, promote their fame, and advise that the author, instead of shipping himself for Jamaica, should come to Edinburgh and publish a new edition. The poet revered the name of Thomas Blacklock to the last hour of his life.—Henry Mackenzie, the Earl of Glencairn, and the Blind Bard, were his three favourites.]

Ellisland, 21st Oct. 1789.

Wow, but your letter made me vauntie !
 And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie ?
 I kenn'd it still your wee bit jauntie
 Wad bring ye to :
 Lord send you 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 tauld mysel' by word o' mouth,
 He'd tak my letter :
 I lippen'd to the chief in trouth,
 And bade nae better.

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

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

Ye glaiket, gleesome, dainty damies,
 Wha, by Castalia's wimplin' streamies,

Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies,
 Ye ken, ye ken,
 That strang necessity supreme is
 'Mang sons o' men.

I hae a wife and twa wee laddies,
 They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies;
 Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is—
 I need na vaunt,
 But I'll sued besoms—thraw saugh woodies,
 Before they want.

Lord help me thro' this warld o' care!
 I'm weary sick o't late and air!
 Not but I hae a richer share
 Than mouy 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 mair.

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

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

DELIA.

AN ODE.

[These verses were first printed in the *Star* newspaper, in May, 1789. It is said that one day a friend read to the poet some verses from the *Star*, composed on the pattern of Pope's *Song*, by a Person of Quality. "These lines are beyond you," he added: "the muse of Kyle cannot match the muse of London." Burns mused a moment, and then recited "Delia, an Ode."]

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

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

The flow'r-enamour'd busy bee
 The rosy banquet loves to sip;
 Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
 To the sun-brown'd Arab's lips;—

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

TO JOHN M'MURDO, ESQ.

[John M'Murdo, Esq., one of the chamberlains of the Duke of Queensberry, lived at Drumlanrig: he was a high-minded, warm-hearted man, and much the friend of the poet. These lines accompanied a present of books: others were added soon afterwards on a pane of glass in Drumlanrig Castle.

"Blest be M'Murdo to his latest day!
 No envious cloud o'ercast his evening ray;
 No wrinkle furrow'd by the hand of care,
 Nor ever sorrow add one silver hair!
 O may no son the father's honour stain,
 Nor ever daughter give the mother pain."

How fully the poet's wishes were fulfilled need not be told to any one acquainted with the family.]

O, COULD I give thee India's wealth,
 As I this trifle send!

Because thy joy in both would be
To share them with a friend.

But golden sands did never grace
The Heliconian stream ;
Then take what gold could never buy—
An honest Bard's esteem.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES,

1 JAN. 1790.

[This prologue was written in December, 1789, for Mr. Sutherland, who recited it with applause in the little theatre of Dumfries, on new-year's night. Sir Harris Nicolas, however, has given to Ellisland the benefit of a theatre! and to Burns the whole barony of Dalswinton for a farm!]

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 eough'd and bade me say,
“ You're one year older this important day.”
If wiser too—he hinted some suggestion,
But 'twould be rude, you know, to ask the question ;
And with a would-be roguish leer and wink,
He bade me on you press this one word—“ think !”

Ye sprightly youths, quite flush'd with hope and spirit,
Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,
To you the dotard has a deal to say,
In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way ;
He bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,
That the first blow is ever half the battle :
That tho' some by the skirt may try to snatch him,
Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him ;

That, whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,
You may do miracles by persevering.

Last, tho' not least in love, ye youthful fair,
Angelic forms, high 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.

SCOTS PROLOGUE,

FOR MR. SUTHERLAND'S BENEFIT NIGHT, DUMFRIES.

[Burns did not shine in prologues: he produced some vigorous lines, but they did not come in harmony from his tongue, like the songs in which he recorded the loveliness of the dames of Caledonia. Sutherland was manager of the theatre, and a writer of rhymes.—Burns said his players were a very decent set: he had seen them an evening or two.]

WHAT needs this din about the town o' Lon'on,
How this new play an' that new sang is comin' ?
Why is outlaudish stuff sae meikle courted ?
Does nonsense mend like whiskey, when imported ?
Is there nae poet, burning keen for fame,
Will try to gie us songs an' plays at hame ?
For comedy abroad he need nae toil,
A fool and knave are plants of every soil ;
Nor need he hunt as far as Rome and Greece
To gather matter for a serious piece ;
There's themes enough in Caledonian story,
Would show the tragic muse in 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 mony a bloody, deathless doing,
 Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws of ruin?
 O for a Shakspeare or an Otway scene,
 To draw the lovely, hapless Scottish Queen!
 Vain all th' omnipotence of female charms
 'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms.
 She fell, but fell with spirit truly Roman,
 To glut the vengeance of a rival woman;
 A woman—tho' the phrase may seem uncivil—
 As able and as cruel as the Devil!
 One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page,
 But Douglases were heroes every age:
 And tho' your fathers, prodigal of life,
 A Douglas follow'd to the martial strife,
 Perhaps if bows row right, and right succeeds,
 Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads!

As ye hae generous done, if a' the land
 Would take the muses' servants by the hand;
 Not only hear, but patronize, befriend them,
 And where ye justly can commend, commend them;
 And aiblins when they winna 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 warsle time, an' lay him on his back!

For us and for our stage should ony spier,
 "Whase aught thae chiels maks a' this bustle here!"
 My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow,
 We have the honour to belong to you!
 We're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as ye like,
 But like 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.

SKETCH.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

[This is a picture of the Dunlop family: it was printed from a hasty sketch, which the poet called extempore. The major whom it mentions, was General Andrew Dunlop, who died in 1804: Rachel Dunlop was afterwards married to Robert Glasgow, Esq. Another of the Dunlops served with distinction in India, where he rose to the rank of General. They were a gallant race, and all distinguished.]

THIS day, Time winds th' exhausted chain,
 To run the twelvemonth's length again:
 I see the old, bald-pated fellow,
 With ardent eyes, complexion fallow,
 Adjust the unimpair'd machine,
 To wheel the equal, dull routine.

The absent lover, minor heir,
 In vain assail him with their prayer;
 Deaf as my friend, he sees them press,
 Nor makes the hour one moment less.
 Will you (the Major's with the hounds,
 The happy tenants share his rounds;
 Coila's fair Rachel's care to-day,
 And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray)
 From housewife cares a minute borrow—
 —That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow—
 And join with me a moralizing,
 This day's propitious to be wise in.

First, what did yesternight deliver?
 "Another year is gone for ever."
 And what is this day's strong suggestion?
 "The passing moment's all we rest on!"
 Rest on—for what? what do we here?
 Or why regard the passing year?
 Will time, amus'd with proverb'd lore,
 Add to our date one minute more?
 A few days may—a few years must—
 Repose us in the silent dust.

Then is it wise to damp our bliss?
 Yes—all such reasonings are amiss!
 The voice of nature loudly cries,
 And many a message from the skies,
 That something in us never dies:
 That on this frail, uncertain state,
 Hang matters of eternal weight:
 That future life in worlds unknown
 Must take its hue from this alone;
 Whether as heavenly glory bright,
 Or dark as misery's woeful night.—

Since then, my honour'd, first of friends,
 On this poor being all depends,
 Let us th' important *now* employ,
 And live as those who never die.—

Tho' you, with days and honours crown'd,
 Witness that filial circle round,
 (A sight, life's sorrows to repulse,
 A sight, pale envy to convulse,)
 Others now claim your chief regard;
 Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

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

[These sarcastic lines contain a too true picture of the times in which they were written. Though great changes have taken place in court and camp, yet Austria, Russia, and Prussia keep the tack of Poland: nobody says a word of Denmark: emasculated Italy is still singing; opera girls are still dancing; but Chatham Will, glaikit Charlie, Daddie Burke, Royal George, and Geordie Wales, have all passed to their account.]

KIND Sir, I've read your paper through,
 And, faith, to me 'twas really new!
 How guess'd ye, Sir, what maist I wanted?
 This mony a day I've grain'd and gaunted,
 To ken what French mischief was brewin';
 Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin';
 That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,
 If Venus yet had got his nose off;

Or how the collieshangie works
 Atween the Russians and the Turks;
 Or if the Swede, before he halt,
 Would play anither Charles the Twalt:
 If Denmark, any body spak o't;
 Or Poland, wha had now the tack o't;
 How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin';
 How libbet Italy was singin';
 If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss
 Were sayin' or takin' aught amiss:
 Or how our merry lads at hame,
 In Britain's court kept up the game:
 How royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him
 Was managing St. Stephen's quorum;
 If sleekit Chatham Will was livin';
 Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in;
 How daddie Burke the plea was cookin',
 If Warren Hastings' neek 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 buekie, 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.

THE KIRK'S ALARM;¹

A SATIRE.

[FIRST VERSION.]

[The history of this Poem is curious. M'Gill, one of the ministers of Ayr, long suspected of entertaining heterodox opinions concerning original sin and the Trinity, published "A Practical Essay on the Death of Jesus Christ," which, in the opinion of the more rigid portion of his brethren, inclined both to Arianism and Socinianism. This essay was denounced as heretical, by a minister of the name of Peebles, in a sermon preached November 5th, 1788, and all the west country was in a flame. The subject was brought before the Synod, and was warmly debated till M'Gill expressed his regret for the disquiet he had occasioned, explained away or apologized for the challenged passages in his Essay, and declared his adherence to the standard doctrines of his mother church. Burns was prevailed upon to bring his satire to the aid of M'Gill, but he appears to have done so with reluctance.]

ORTHODOX, orthodox,
 Wha believe in John Knox,
 Let me sound an alarm to your conscience :
 There's a heretic blast
 Has been blawn in the wast,
 That what is no sense must be nonsense.

Dr. Mac,² Dr. Mac,
 You should stretch on a rack,
 To strike evil doers wi' terror ;
 To join faith and sense
 Upon ony pretence,
 Is heretic, damnable error.

Town of Ayr, town of Ayr,
 It was mad, I declare,
 To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing ;
 Provost John³ is still deaf
 To the church's relief,
 And orator Bob⁴ is its ruin.

D'rymple mild,⁵ D'rymple mild,
 Tho' your heart's like a child,
 And your life like the new driven snaw,
 Yet that wiinna save ye,
 Auld Satan must have ye,
 For preaching that three's aye an' twa.

¹ This Poem was written a short time after the publication of M'Gill's Essay.

² Dr. M'Gill.

³ John Ballantyne.

⁴ Robert Aiken.

⁵ Dr. Dalrymple.

Rumble John,¹ Rumble John,
 Mount the steps wi' a groan,
 Cry the book is wi' heresy eramm'd;
 Then lug out your ladle,
 Deal brimstone like adle,
 And roar every note of the damn'd.

Simper James,² 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,³ Singet Sawney,
 Are ye herding the penny,
 Unconscious what evil await?
 Wi' a jump, yell, and howl,
 Alarm every soul,
 For the foul thief is just at your gate.

Daddy Auld,⁴ Daddy Auld,
 There's a tod in the fauld,
 A tod meikle waur than the clerk;
 Though ye can do little skaith,
 Ye'll be in at the death,
 And gif ye canna bite, ye may bark.

Davie Bluster,⁵ 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,⁶ Jamy Goose,
 Ye ha'e made but toom roose,
 In hunting the wicked lieutenant;

¹ Mr. Russell.

³ Mr. Moody, of Riccarton.

⁵ Mr. Grant, of Ochiltree.

² Mr. K'Kinlay.

⁴ Mr. Auld, of Mauchline.

⁶ Mr. Young, of Cumnock.

But the Doctor's your mark,
 For the L—d's haly ark ;
 He has cooper'd and cawd a wrang pin in't.

Poet Willie,¹ Poet Willie,
 Gie the Doctor a volley,
 Wi' your liberty's chain and your wit ;
 O'er Pegasus' side
 Ye ne'er laid astride,
 Ye but smelt, man, the place where he ——.

Andro Gouk,² Andro Gouk,
 Ye may slander the book,
 And the book not the waur, let me tell ye ;
 Ye are rich and look big,
 But lay by hat and wig,
 And ye'll ha'e a calf's head o' sma' value.

Barr Steenie,³ Barr Steenie,
 What mean ye, what mean ye,
 If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,
 Ye may ha'e some pretence
 To havins and sense,
 Wi' people wha ken ye nae better.

Irvine side,⁴ Irvine side,
 Wi' your turkey-cock pride,
 Of manhood but sma' is your share ;
 Ye've the figure 'tis true,
 Even your faes will allow,
 And your friends they daur grant you nae mair.

Muirland Jock,⁵ Muirland Jock,
 When the L—d 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.

¹ Mr. Peebles, Ayr.

³ Mr. Stephen Young, of Barr.

⁶ Mr. John Shepherd, Muirkirk.

² Dr. Andrew Mitchell, of Monkton.

⁴ Mr. George Smith, of Galston.

Holy Will,¹ 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 saunt,
 Wha should swing in a rape for an hour.

Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons,
 Seize your spir'tual guns,
 Ammunition you never can need;
 Your hearts are the stuff,
 Will be powther enough,
 And your skulls are storhouses o' lead.

Poet Burns, Poet Burns,
 Wi' your priest-skelping turns,
 Why desert ye your auld native shire?
 Your muse is a gipsie,
 E'en tho' she were tipsie,
 She could ca' us nae waur than we are.

THE KIRK'S ALARM.

A BALLAD.

[SECOND VERSION.]

[This version is from the papers of Miss Logan, of Afton. The origin of the Poem is thus related to Graham of Fintry by the poet himself: "Though I dare say you have none of the solemn League and Covenant fire which shone so conspicuous in Lord George Gordon, and the Kilmarnock weavers, yet, I think you must have heard of Dr. McGill, one of the clergymen of Ayr, and his heretical book, God help him, poor man! Though one of the worthiest, as well as one of the ablest of the whole priesthood of the Kirk of Scotland, in every sense of that ambiguous term, yet the poor doctor and his numerous family are in imminent danger of being thrown out (9th December, 1790) to the mercy of the winter winds. The enclosed ballad on that business, is, I confess, too local; but I laughed myself at some conceits in it, though I am convinced in my conscience there are a good many heavy stanzas in it too." The Kirk's Alarm was first printed by Stewart, in 1801. Cromek calls it "A silly satire, on some worthy ministers of the gospel, in Ayrshire."]

ORTHODOX, orthodox,
 Who believe in John Knox,
 Let me sound an alarm to your conscience—

¹ Holy Willie, alias William Fisher, Elder in Mauchline.

And your skulls are a storehouse of lead,
Calvin'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 waur—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-herd 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 —,
 Poet Willie,
 Ye only stood by when he —.

Barr Steenie, Barr 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 ye nae better,
 Barr Steenie,
 Wi' people that ken ye 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 L—d'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;
 Ye've the figure, it's true,
 Even our faes 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;¹
 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 tipsy,
 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 spar'd,
 A copy o' this I bequeath,

¹ Gavin Hamilton.

On the same sicker score
 I mention'd before,
 To that trusty auld worthy Clackleith,
 Afton's Laird,
 To that trusty auld worthy Clackleith.

PEG NICHOLSON.

[These hasty verses are to be found in a letter addressed to Nicol, of the High School of Edinburgh, by the poet, giving him an account of the unlooked-for death of his mare, Peg Nicholson, the successor of Jenny Geddes. She had suffered both in the employ of the joyous priest and the thoughtless poet. She acquired her name from that frantic virago who attempted to murder George the Third.]

PEG NICHOLSON was a good bay mare,
 As ever trode on airn ;
 But now she's floating down the Nith,
 And past the mouth o' Cairn.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
 And rode thro' thick an' thin ;
 But now she's floating down the Nith,
 And wanting even the skin.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
 And ance she bore a priest ;
 But now she's floating down the Nith,
 For Solway fish a feast.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
 And the priest he rode her sair ;
 And much oppress'd and bruis'd she was ;
 As priest-rid cattle are, &c., &c.

ON CAPTAIN MATTHEW HENDERSON,

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

“Should the poor be flattered?”—SHAKESPEARE.

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

[Captain Matthew Henderson, a gentleman of very agreeable manners and great propriety of character, usually lived in Edinburgh, dined constantly at Fortune's Tavern, and was a member of the Capillaire Club, which was composed of all who desired to be thought witty or joyous: he died in 1789: Burns, in a note to the Poem, says, “I loved the man much, and have not flattered his memory.” Henderson seems indeed to have been universally liked. “In our travelling party,” says Sir James Campbell, of Ardkinglass, “was Matthew Henderson, then (1759) and afterwards well known and much esteemed in the town of Edinburgh; at that time an officer in the twenty-fifth regiment of foot, and like myself on his way to join the army; and I may say with truth, that in the course of a long life I have never known a more estimable character, than Matthew Henderson.” *Memoirs of Campbell, of Ardkinglass*, p. 17.]

O DEATH! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
The meikle devil wi' a woodie
Haurl thee hame to his blaek 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 frac 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 yearns,
Where echo slumbers!
Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,
My wailing numbers!

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens!
Ye haz'lly shaws and briery dens!
Ye burnies, wimplin' down your glens,
Wi' toddlin' din,

Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,
 Frae lin to lin!

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lea;
 Ye stately foxgloves fair to see;
 Ye woodbines, hanging bonnilie,
 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 its head,
 At ev'n, when beans their fragrance shed
 I' th' rustling gale,
 Ye maukins whiddin thro' the glade,
 Come join my wail.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood;
 Ye grouse that erap the heather bud;
 Ye curlews calling thro' a clud;
 Ye whistling plover;
 Au' mourn, ye whirring pairrick 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 reels,
 Rair for his sake.

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

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bow'r,
 In some auld tree, or eldritch tow'r,
 What time the moon, wi' silent glow'r,
 Sets up her horn,

Wail 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 !
 Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear :
 Thou, simmer, while each corny spear
 Shoots up its head,
 Thy gay, green, flow'ry tresses shear
 For him that's dead.

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

Mourn him, thou sun, great source of light !
 Mourn, empress of the silent night !
 And you, ye twinkling 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 hast thou crost that unknown river,
 Life's dreary bound ?
 Like thee, where shall I find another,
 The world around ?

Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye great,
 In a' the tinsel trash o' state !
 But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
 Thou man of worth !

And weep the ae best fellow's fate
 E'er lay in earth.

THE EPITAPH.

STOP, passenger!—my story's brief,
 And truth I shall relate, man;
 I tell 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,
 Thy sympathetic tear maun fa'—
 For Matthew was a kind man!

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

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

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

THE FIVE CARLINS.

A SCOTS BALLAD.

Tune—"Chevy Chase."

[This is a local and political Poem composed on the contest between Miller, the younger, of Dalswinton, and Johnstone, of Westerhall, for the representation of the Dumfries and Galloway district of Boroughs. Each town or borough speaks and acts in character: Maggy personates Dumfries; Marjory, Lochmaben; Bess of Solwayside, Annan; Whiskey Jean, Kirkeudbright; and Black Joan, Sanquhar. On the part of Miller, all the Whig interest of the Duke of Queensberry was exerted, and all the Tory interest on the side of the Johnstone; the poet's heart was with the latter. Annan and Lochmaben stood staunch by old names and old affections: after a contest, bitterer than anything of the kind remembered, the Whig interest prevailed.]

THERE were five carlins in the south,
 They fell upon a scheme,
 To send a lad to London town,
 To bring them tidings hame.

Not only bring them tidings hame,
 But do their errands there;
 And aiblins gowd and honour baith
 Might be that laddie's share.

There was Maggy by the banks o' Nith,
 A dame wi' pride enough;
 And Marjory o' the mony lochs,
 A carlin auld and teugh.

And blinkin' Bess of Annandale,
 That dwelt near Solway-side;
 And Whiskey Jean, that took her gill
 In Galloway sae wide.

And black Joan, frae Crichton-peel,
 O' gipsy kith an' kin;—
 Five wighter carlins were na found
 The south countrie within.

To send a lad to London town,
 They met upon a day;
 And mony a knight, and mony a laird,
 This errand fain wad gae.

O mony a knight, and mony a laird,
This erraud fain wad gae ;
But nae ane could their fancy please,
O ne'er a ane but twae.

The first ane was a belted knight,
Bred of a border band ;
And he wad gae to London town,
Might nae man him withstand.

And he wad do their errands weel,
And meikle he wad say ;
And ilka ane about the court
Wad bid to him guid-day.

The neist cam in a sodger youth,
And spak wi' modest grace,
And he wad gae to London town,
If sae their pleasure was.

He wad na hecht them courtly gifts,
Nor meikle speech pretend ;
But he wad hecht an honest heart,
Wad ne'er desert his friend.

Then wham to chuse, and wham refuse,
At strife thir earlins fell ;
For some had gentlefolks to please,
And some wad please themsel'.

Then out spak mim-mou'd Meg o' Nith,
And she spak up wi' pride,
And she wad send the sodger youth,
Whatever might betide.

For the auld gudeman o' London court
She didna care a pin ;
But she wad send the sodger youth
To greet his eldest son.

Then slow raise Marjory o' the Lochs,
 And wrinkled was her brow;
 Her ancient weed was russet gray,
 Her auld Scotch heart was true.

“The London court set light by me—
 I set as light by them;
 And I will send the sodger lad
 To shaw that court the same.”

Then up sprang Bess of Annandale,
 And swore a deadly aith,
 Says, “I will send the border-knight
 Spite o' you earlins baith.

“For far-off fowls hae feathers fair,
 And fools o' echange are fain;
 But I hae try'd this border-knight,
 I'll try him yet again.”

Then whiskey Jean spak o'er her drink,
 “Ye weel ken, kimmers a',
 The auld gudeman o' London court,
 His back's been at the wa'.

“And mony a friend that kiss'd his caup,
 Is now a fremit wight;
 But it's ne'er be sae wi' whiskey Jean,—
 We'll send the border-knight.”

Says black Joan o' Crichton-peel,
 A carlin stoor and grim,—
 “The auld gnidman, or the young guidman,
 For me may siuk or swim.

“For fools will prate o' right and wrang,
 While knaves laugh in their sleeve;
 But wha blaws best the horn shall win,
 I'll speir nae courtier's leave.”

So how this mighty plea may end
 There's naebody can tell:
 God grant the king, and ilka man,
 May look weel to himsel'!

THE LADDIES BY THE BANKS O' NITH.

[This short Poem was first published by Robert Chambers. It intimates pretty strongly, how much the poet disapproved of the change which came over the Duke of Queensberry's opinions, when he supported the right of the Prince of Wales to assume the government, without consent of Parliament, during the king's alarming illness, in 1788.]

The laddies by the banks o' Nith,
 Wad trust his Grace wi' a', Jamie,
 But he'll sair them, as he sair'd the King,
 'Turn tail and rin awa', Jamie.

Up and waur them a', Jamie,
 Up and waur them a';
 The Johnstones 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,¹
 Lang may his whistle blaw, Jamie;
 And Maxwell true o' sterling blue:
 And we'll be Johnstones a', Jamie.

¹ Birkwhistle: a Galloway laird, and elector.

EPISTLE TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ., OF FINTRAY:

ON THE CLOSE OF THE DISPUTED ELECTION BETWEEN SIR JAMES JOHNSTONE AND
CAPTAIN MILLER, FOR THE DUMFRIES DISTRICT OF BOROUGHS.

["I am too little a man," said Burns, in the note to Fintray, which accompanied this poem, "to have any political attachment: I am deeply indebted to, and have the warmest veneration for individuals of both parties: but a man who has it in his power to be the father of a country, and who acts like his Grace of Queensberry, is a character that one cannot speak of with patience." This Epistle was first printed in my edition of Burns in 1834: I had the use of the Macmurdo and the Afton manuscripts for that purpose: to both families the poet was much indebted for many acts of courtesy and kindness.]

FINTRAY, my stay in worldly strife,
Friend o' my muse, friend o' my life,
 Are ye as idle's I am?
Come then, wi' uneouth, 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 lowns,
 And kissing barefit earlins.

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 Whig 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'Murdo¹ and his lovely spouse,
(Th' enamour'd laurels kiss her brows !)
Led on the loves and graces :
She won each gaping burges's heart,
While he, all-conquering, play'd his part
Among their wives and lasses.

Craigdarroch² led a light-arm'd corps,
Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour,
Like Heela streaming thunder :
Glenriddel,³ skill'd in rusty coins,
Blew up each Tory's dark designs,
And bar'd the treason under.

In either wing two champions fought,
Redoubted Staig⁴ who set at nought
The wildest savage Tory :
And Welsh,⁵ who ne'er yet flinch'd his ground,
High-wav'd his magnum-bonam 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's⁶ port intrench'd his hold,
And threaten'd worse damnation.

To these what Tory hosts oppos'd,
With these what Tory warriors clos'd,
Surpasses my deservings :
Squadrons extended long and large,
With furious speed rush to the charge,
Like raging devils driving.

¹ John M'Murdo, Esq., of Drumlaurig.

³ Riddel of Friars-Carse.

⁶ Sheriff Welsh.

² Fergusson of Craigdarroch.

⁴ Provost Staig of Dumfries.

⁶ A wine-merchant in Dumfries.

What verse can sing, what prose narrate,
 The butcher deeds of bloody fate
 Amid this mighty tulzie !
 Grim Horror grin'd—pale Terror roar'd,
 As Murther at his thrapple shor'd,
 And hell mix'd in the brulzie.

As highland crags by thunder cleft,
 When lightnings 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 the approaching fellers :
 The Whigs come on like Ocean's roar,
 When all his wintry billows pour
 Against the Buehan Bullers.

Lo, from the shades of Death's deep night,
 Departed Whigs enjoy the fight,
 And think on former daring :
 The muffled murtherer¹ of Charles
 The Magna Charta flag unfurls,
 All deadly gules it's bearing.

Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fame,
 Bold Scrimgeour² follows gallant Grahame,³
 Auld Covenanters shiver.
 (Forgive, forgive, much-wrong'd Montrose !
 Now death and hell engulph thy foes,
 Thou liv'st on high for ever !)

Still o'er the field the combat burns,
 The Tories, Whigs, give way by turns ;
 But fate the word has spoken :

¹ The executioner of Charles I. was masked.

² Scrimgeour, Lord Dundee.

³ Grahame, Marquis of Montrose.

For woman's wit and strength o' man,
 Alas! can do but what they can!
 The Tory ranks are broken.

O that my een 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 Hopetou falls, the generous brave!
 And Stewart,¹ bold as Hector.

Thou, Pitt, shalt rue this overthrow;
 And Thurlow growl a curse of woe;
 And Melville melt in wailing!
 How Fox and Sheridan rejoice!
 And Burke shall sing, O Prince, arise,
 Thy power is all prevailing!

For your poor friend, the Bard, afar
 He only hears and sees the war,
 A cool spectator purely;
 So, when the storm the forest rends,
 The robin in the hedge descends,
 And sober chirps securely.

¹ Stewart of Hillside.

ON CAPTAIN GROSE'S PEREGRINATIONS THROUGH
SCOTLAND,

COLLECTING THE ANTIQUITIES OF THAT KINGDOM.

[This "fine, fat, fodgeg wight" was a clever man, a skilful antiquary, and fond of wit and wine. He was well acquainted with heraldry, and was conversant with the weapons and the armour of his own and other countries. He found his way to Friars-Carse, in the Vale of Nith, and there, at the social "board of Gleuriddel," for the first time saw Burns. The Englishman heard, it is said, with wonder, the sarcastic sallies and eloquent bursts of the inspired Scot, who, in his turn, surveyed with wonder the remarkable corpulence, and listened with pleasure to the independent sentiments and humorous turns of conversation in the joyous Englishman. This Poem was the fruit of the interview, and it is said that Grose regarded some passages as rather personal.]

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

If in your bounds ye chance to light
 Upon a fine, fat, fodgeg wight,
 O' stature short, but genius bright,
 That's he, mark weel—
 And wow! he has an unco slight
 O' eawk and keel.

By some auld, houlet-haunted biggin,
 Or kirk deserted by its riggin,
 It's ten to one ye'll find him snug in
 Some eldritch part,
 Wi' deils, they say, L—d save's! colleaguin'
 At some black art.

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chaumer,
 Ye gipsey-gang that deal in glamour,
 And you deep read in hell's black grammar,
 Warlocks and witches;
 Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
 Ye midnight b——s!

It's tauld he was a sodger bred,
 And ane wad rather fa'n than fled;

WRITTEN IN A WRAPPER, ENCLOSING A LETTER TO
CAPTAIN GROSE.

[Burns wrote out some antiquarian and legendary memoranda, respecting certain ruins in Kyle, and enclosed them in a sheet of a paper to Cardonnel, a northern antiquary. As his mind teemed with poetry he could not, as he afterwards said, let the opportunity pass of sending a rhyming inquiry after his fat friend, and Cardonnel spread the condoling inquiry over the North—

“Is he slain by Highlan’ bodies?
And eaten like a wether-haggis?”]

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 Highlan’ bodies?

Igo and ago,

And eaten like a wether-haggis?

Iram, coram, dago.

Is he to Abram’s bosom gane?

Igo and ago,

Or haudin’ Sarah by the wame?

Iram, coram, dago.

Where’er he be, the L—d be near him!

Igo and ago,

As for the deil, he daur na steer him!

Iram, coram, dago.

But please transmit the enclosed letter,

Igo and ago,

Which will oblige your humble debtor,

Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye hae auld stanes in store,

Igo and ago,

The very stanes that Adam bore,

Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye get in glad possession,
 Igo and ago,
 The coins o' Satan's coronation !
 Iram, coram, dago.

TAM O' SHANTER.

A TALE.

"Of brownys and of bogilis full is this buke."—GAWIN DOUGLAS.

[This a West-country legend, embellished by genius. No other Poem in our language displays such variety of power, in the same number of lines. It was written as an inducement to Grose to admit Alloway-Kirk into his work on the Antiquities of Scotland; and written with such ecstacy, that the poet shed tears in the moments of composition. The walk in which it was conceived, on the braes of Ellisland, is held in remembrance in the vale, and pointed out to poetic inquirers: while the scene where the poem is laid—the crumbling ruins—the place where the chapman perished in the snow—the tree on which the poor mother of Mungo ended her sorrows—the cairn where the murdered child was found by the hunters—and the old bridge over which Maggie bore her astonished master when all hell was in pursuit, are first-rate objects of inspection and inquiry in the "Land of Burns." "In the inimitable tale of Tam o' Shanter," says Scott, "Burns has left us sufficient evidence of his ability to combine the ludicrous with the awful, and even the horrible. No poet, with the exception of Shakspeare, ever possessed the power of exciting the most varied and discordant emotions with such rapid transitions."]

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

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





Sam C. Hunter

*For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest.*

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
 As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
 She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
 A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
 That frae November till October,
 Ae market-day thou wasna sober;
 That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
 That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
 That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
 She 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 mony counsels sweet,
 How mony lengthen'd sage advices,
 The husband frae the wife despises!
 But to our tale:—Ae market night,
 Tam had got planted unco right;
 Fast by an ingle bleezing finely,
 Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
 And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
 Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
 They had been fou' for weeks thegither!
 The night drave on wi' saugs an' clatter;
 And ay the ale was growing better:
 The landlady and Tam grew gracious;
 Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious;
 The Souter tauld his queerest stories;
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:¹
 The storm without might rair and rustle—
 Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

1 VARIATION.

The cricket raised its cheering cry,
 The kittien chas'd its tail in joy.

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

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

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
 The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
 The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
 Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellow'd:
 That night, a child might understand,
 The De'il 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 guid blue bonnet;
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
 Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent eares,
 Lest bogles catch him unawares;
 Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
 Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.—

By this time he was cross the foord,
 Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd ;
 And past the birks and meikle stane,
 Where drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane ;
 And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
 Where hunters fand the murder'd bairn ;
 And near the thorn, aboon the well,
 Where Mungo's mither hang'd hersel'.
 Before him Doon pours all his floods ;
 The doubling storm roars thro' the woods ;
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole ;
 Near and more near the thunders roll ;
 When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
 Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze ;
 Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing ;
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn !
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn !
 Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil ;
 Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil !
 The swats sac ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
 Fair play, he car'd nae deils a boddle.
 But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
 'Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
 She ventur'd forward on the light ;
 And wow ! Tam saw an unco sight !
 Warlocks and witches in a dance ;
 Nae cotillion brent new frae France,
 But horupipes, 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 cantrip slight
 Each in its cauld hand held a light—
 By which heroic Tam was able
 To note upon the haly table,
 A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
 Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
 A thief, new-cuttet frae a rape,
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
 Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;
 Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;
 A garter, which a babe had strangled;
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
 The gray hairs yet stack to the heft :¹
 Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
 Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tamme glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious :
 The piper loud and louder blew ;
 The dancers quick and quicker flew ;
 They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they 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 flannen,
 Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen,
 Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
 That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
 I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
 For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies !

1 VARIATION.

Three lawyers' tongues turn'd inside out,
 Wi' lies seem'd like a beggar's clout ;
 And priests' hearts rotten black as muck,
 Lay stinking vile, in every neuk.

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

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,
 There was a winsome wench and walie,
 That night enlisted in the core,
 (Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore ;
 For mony a beast to dead she shot,
 And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
 And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
 And kept the country-side in fear.)
 Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
 That, while a lassie, she had worn,
 In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
 It was her best, and she was vauntie.—

Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
 That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
 Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
 Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cour ;
 Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r ;
 To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
 (A souple jade she was and strang,)
 And how Tam stood, like aye bewitch'd,
 And thought his very een enrich'd ;
 Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
 And hotch'd and blew wi' might and 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' mony an eldritch screech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! Ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin'!
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!
 In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!
 Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
 Now do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
 And win the key-stane¹ 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 tail:
 The earlin' claught her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie searce 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.

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

ADDRESS OF BEELZEBUB TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE
HIGHLAND SOCIETY.

[This Poem made its first appearance, as I was assured by my friend the late Thomas Pringle, in the Scots Magazine, for February, 1818, and was printed from the original in the handwriting of Burns. It was headed thus, "To the Right Honourable the Earl of Breadalbane, President of the Right Honourable and Honourable the Highland Society, which met on the 23d of May last, at the Shakspeare. Covent Garden, to concert ways and means to frustrate the designs of four hundred Highlanders, who, as the Society were informed by Mr. M——, of A——s, were so audacious as to attempt an escape from their lawful lairds and masters, whose property they were, by emigrating from the lands of Mr. Macdonald, of Glengarry, to the wilds of Canada, in search of that fantastic thing—LIBERTY." The Poem was communicated by Burns to his friend Rankine of Adam Hill, in Ayrshire.]

LONG life, my Lord, an' health be yours,
 Unskait'h'd by hunger'd Highland boors;
 Lord grant nae duddie desperate beggar,
 Wi' dirk, claymore, or rusty trigger,
 May twin auld Scotland o' a life
 She likes—as lambkins like a knife.
 Faith, you and A——s were right
 To keep the Highland hounds in sight;
 I doubt na! they wad bid nae better
 Then let them ance out owre the water;
 Then up amang the lakes and seas
 They'll mak' what rules and laws they please;
 Some daring Hancock, or a Franklin,
 May set their Highland bluid a ranklin';
 Some Washington again may head them,
 Or some Montgomery fearless lead them,
 Till God knows what may be effected
 When by such heads and hearts directed—
 Poor dunghill sons of dirt and mire
 May to Patrician rights aspire!
 Nae sage North, now, nor sager Sackville,
 To watch and premier o'er the pack vile,
 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!
 The hizzies, if they're aughtliis fawsont,
 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' grey wi' beas',
 Frightin' awa your deuks an' geese,
 Get out a horsewhip or a jowler,
 The langest thong, the fiercest growler,
 An' gar the tatter'd gypsies pack
 Wi' a' their bastards 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 han' 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 servant,

BEELZEBUB.

June 1st, Anno Mundi 5790.

TO JOHN TAYLOR.

[Burns, it appears, was, in one of his excursions in revenue matters, likely to be detained at Wanlockhead: the roads were slippery with ice, his mare kept her feet with difficulty, and all the blacksmiths of the village were pre-engaged. To Mr. Taylor, a person of influence in the place, the poet, in despair, addressed this little Poem, begging his interference: Taylor spoke to a smith; the smith flew to his tools, sharpened or frosted the shoes, and it is said lived for thirty years to boast that he had "never been well paid but ance, and that was by a poet, who paid him in money, paid him in drink, and paid him in verse."]

WITH Pegasus upon a day,
 Apollo weary flying,
 Through frosty hills the journey lay,
 On foot the way was plying.

Poor slip-shod giddy Pegasus
 Was but a sorry walker;
 To Vulcan then Apollo goes,
 To get a frosty calker.

Obliging Vulcan fell to work,
 Threw by his coat and bonnet,
 And did Sol's business in a crack;
 Sol paid him with a sonnet.

Ye Vulcan's sons of Wanlockhead,
 Pity my sad disaster;
 My Pegasus is poorly shod—
 I'll pay you like my master.

ROBERT BURNS.

Ramages, 3 o'clock, (no date.)

LAMENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS,

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

[The poet communicated this "Lament" to his friend, Dr. Moore, in February, 1791, but it was composed about the close of the preceding year, at the request of Lady Winifred Maxwell Constable, of Terreagles, the last in direct descent of the noble and ancient house of Maxwell, of Nithsdale. Burns expressed himself more than commonly pleased with this composition; nor was he unrewarded, for Lady Winifred gave him a valuable snuff-box, with the portrait of the unfortunate Mary on the lid. The box still keeps its place in Terreagles, on which the queen slept as she was on her way to take refuge with her cruel and treacherous cousin, Elizabeth; and a letter from her no less unfortunate grandson, Charles the First, calling the Maxwells to arm in his cause, is preserved in the family archives.]

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
 On every blooming tree,

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

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
 Aloft on dewy wing ;
 The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
 Makes woodland echoes ring ;
 The mavis wild wi' mony a note
 Sings drowsy day to rest :
 In love and freedom they rejoice,
 Wi' care nor thrall 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 hind in fair Scotland
 May rove their sweets amang ;
 But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
 Maun lie in prison strang !

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

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

My son! my son! may kinder stars
 Upon thy fortune shine;
 And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
 That ne'er wad blink on mine!
 God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
 Or turn their hearts to thee:
 And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend
 Remember him for me!

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

THE WHISTLE.

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

‘And blew on the whistle his requiem shrill.’

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

The jovial contest took place in the dining-room of Friars-Carse, in the presence of the Bard, who drank bottle and bottle about with them, and seemed quite disposed to take up the conqueror when the day dawned.]

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,¹ still ruing the arm of Fingal,
The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—
“This whistle’s your challenge—to Scotland get o’er,
And drink them to hell, Sir! or ne’er see me more!”

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
What champions ventur’d, what champions fell;
The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
And blew on his whistle his requiem shrill.

Till Robert, the Lord of the Cairn and the Scaur,
Unmatch’d at the bottle, unconquer’d in war,
He drank his poor godship as deep as the sea,
No tide of the Baltic e’er drunker than he.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gain’d;
Which now in his house has for ages remain’d;
Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,
The jovial contest again have renew’d.

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of flaw;
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law;
And trusty Glenriddel, so skill’d in 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,²
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,

¹ See Ossian’s *Cario-thura*.

² See Johnson’s *Tour to the Hebrides*.

Said, toss down the whistle, the prize of the field,
And, knee-deep in claret, he'd die or he'd yield.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care ;
But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame
Than the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet lovely dame.

A bard was selected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day ;
A bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been.

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
And ev'ry new cork is a new spring of joy ;
In the bands of old friendship and kindred 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 find them next morn.

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

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

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

Next up rose our bard, like a prophet in drink ;—
“ Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall sink ;
But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,
Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime !

“Thy line, that have 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 !”

ELEGY ON MISS BURNET, OF MONBODDO.

[This beautiful and accomplished lady, the heavenly Burnet, as Burns loved to call her, was daughter to the odd and the elegant, the clever and the whimsical Lord Monboddo. “In domestic circumstances,” says Robert Chambers, “Monboddo was particularly unfortunate. His wife, a very beautiful woman, died in child-bed. His son, a promising boy, in whose education he took great delight, was likewise snatched from his affections by a premature death; and his second daughter, in personal loveliness one of the first women of the age, was cut off by consumption, when only twenty-five years old.” Her name was Elizabeth.]

LIFE ne'er exulted in so rich a prize
 As Burnet, lovely from her native skies ;
 Nor envious death so triumph'd in a blow,
 As that which laid th' accomplish'd Burnet low.

Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget ?
 In richest ore the brightest jewel set !
 In thee, high Heaven above was truest shown,
 As by his noblest work, the Godhead best is known.

In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves ;
 Thou 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 cumb'rous pride was all their worth,
 Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail ?
 And thou, sweet excellence ! forsake our earth,
 And not a muse in honest grief bewail ?

We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,
 And virtue's light, that beams beyond the spheres ;

But like the sun eclips'd at morning tide,
 Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears.

The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,
 That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care;
 So deck'd the woodbine sweet yon aged tree;
 So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare.

LAMENT FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

[Burns lamented the death of this kind and accomplished nobleman with melancholy sincerity: he moreover named one of his sons for him: he went into mourning when he heard of his death, and he sung of his merits in a strain not destined soon to lose the place it has taken among verses which record the names of the noble and the generous. He died January 30, 1791, in the forty-second year of his age. James Cunningham was succeeded in his title by his brother, and with him expired, in 1796, the last of a race, whose name is intimately connected with the History of Scotland, from the days of Malcolm Canmore.]

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

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
 Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years;
 His locks were bleached white with time,
 His hoary check 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 aged year!
 A few short months, and glad and gay,
 Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e;

But nocht in all revolving time
Can gladness bring again to me.

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

“ I’ve seen sae mony changefu’ years ;
On earth I am a stranger grown ;
I wander in the ways of men,
Alike unknowing and unknown :
Unheard, unpitied, unrelieved,
I bear alane my lade o’ care,
For silent, low, on beds of dust,
Lie a’ that would my sorrows share.

“ And last (the sum of a’ my griefs !)
My noble master lies in clay ;
The flow’r amang our barons bold,
His country’s pride ! his country’s stay—
In weary being now I pine,
For a’ the life of life is dead,
And hope has left my aged ken,
On forward wing for ever fled.

“ Awake thy last sad voice, my harp !
The voice of 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
Though brought from fortune’s mirkest gloom.

“ In poverty’s low barren vale
Thick mists, obscure, involv’d me round ;

Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
 Nae ray of fame was to be found :
 Thou found'st me, like the morning sun,
 That melts the fogs in limpid air,
 The friendless bard and rustie song
 Became alike thy fostering care.

“ Oh ! why has worth so short a date ?
 While villains ripen gray with time ;
 Must thou, the noble, gen'rous, great,
 Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime !
 Why did I live to see that day ?
 A day to me so full of 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 WHITEFOORD, BART., OF
 WHITEFOORD.

WITH THE FOREGOING POEM.

[Sir John Whitefoord, a name of old standing in Ayrshire, inherited the love of his family for literature, and interested himself early in the fame and fortunes of Burns.]

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 valuedst, I, the patron, lov'd ;
 His worth, his honour, all the world approv'd.
 We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone,
 And tread the dreary path to that dark world unknown.

ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON,

ON CROWNING HIS BUST AT EDNAM WITH BAYS.

[“ Lord Buchan has the pleasure to invite Mr. Burns to make one at the coronation of the bust of Thomson, on Ednam Hill, on the 22d of September: for which day perhaps his muse may inspire an ode suited to the occasion. Suppose Mr. Burns should, leaving the Nith, go across the country, and meet the Tweed at the nearest point from his farm, and, wandering along the pastoral banks of Thomson’s pure parent stream, catch inspiration in the devious walk, till he finds Lord Buchan sitting on the ruins of Dryburgh. There the Commendator will give him a hearty welcome, and try to light his lamp at the pure flame of native genius, upon the altar of Caledonian virtue.” Such was the invitation of the Earl of Buchan to Burns. “To request the poet to lay down his sickle when his harvest was half reaped, and traverse one of the wildest and most untrodden ways in Scotland, for the purpose of looking at the fantastic coronation of the bad bust of an excellent poet, was worthy of Lord Buchan. The poor bard made answer, that a week’s absence in the middle of his harvest was a step he durst not venture upon—but he sent this Poem.

The poet’s manuscript affords the following interesting variations:—

“ While cold-eyed Spring, a virgin coy,
 Unfolds her verdant mantle sweet,
 Or pranks the sod in frolic joy,
 A carpet for her youthful feet:

“ While Summer, with a matron’s grace,
 Walks stately in the cooling shade,
 And oft delighted loves to trace
 The progress of the spiky blade:

“ While Autumn, benefactor kind,
 With age’s hoary honours clad,
 Surveys, with self-approving mind,
 Each creature on his bounty fed.”]

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

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

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

While maniac Winter rages o’er
 The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,

Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows :

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

TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ., OF FINTRAY.

[By this Poem Burns prepared the way for his humble request to be removed to a district more moderate in its bounds than one which extended over ten country parishes, and exposed him both to fatigue and expense. This wish was expressed in prose, and was in due time attended to, for Fintray was a gentleman at once kind and considerate.]

LATE cripp'l'd of an arm, and now a leg,
About to beg a pass for leave to beg :
Dull, listless, teas'd, dejected, and deprest,
(Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest ;)
Will generous Graham list to his Poet's wail ?
(It soothes poor misery, hearkening to her tale,)
And hear him curse the light he first survey'd,
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade ?

Thou, Nature, partial Nature ! I arraign ;
Of thy caprice maternal I complain :
The lion and the bull thy care have found,
One shakes the forest, and one spurns the ground :
Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
The envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell ;
Thy minions, kings, defend, control, devour,
In all th' omnipotence of rule and power ;
Foxes and statesmen, subtle wiles insure ;
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure ;
Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
The priest and hedgehog in their robes are snug ;
Ev'n silly woman has her warlike arts,
Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts ;—
But, oh ! thou bitter stepmother and hard,
To thy poor fenceless, naked child—the Bard !

A thing unteachable in world's skill,
 And half an idiot too, more helpless still ;
 No heels to bear him from the op'ning dun ;
 No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun ;
 No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
 And those, alas ! not Amalthea's horn :
 No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur,
 Clad in rich dullness' comfortable fur ;—
 In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
 He bears the unbroken blast from every side.
 Vampire booksellers drain him to the heart,
 And scorpion critics eueless venom dart.

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

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

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

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

Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
 They only wonder "some folks" do not starve.
 The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
 And thinks the mallard a sad worthless dog.
 When disappointment snaps the clue of hope,
 And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope,
 With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
 And just conclude that "fools are fortune's care."
 So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
 Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

Not so the idle muses' mad-cap train,
 Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain;
 In equanimity they never dwell,
 By turns in soaring heav'n or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, fate, relentless and severe,
 With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear!
 Already one strong hold of hope is lost,
 Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust;
 (Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
 And left us darkling in a world of tears :)
 O! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish pray'r!
 Fintray, my other stay, long bless and spare!
 Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown;
 And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
 May bliss domestic smooth his private path;
 Give energy to life; and soothe his latest breath,
 With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!

TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ., OF FINTRAY.

ON RECEIVING A FAVOUR.

[Graham of Fintray not only obtained for the poet the appointment in the Excise, which, while he lived in Edinburgh, he desired, but he also removed him, as he wished, to a better district; and when imputations were thrown out against his loyalty, he defended him with obstinate and successful eloquence. Fintray did all that was done to raise Burns out of the toiling humility of his condition, and enable him to serve the muse without fear of want.]

I CALL no goddess to inspire my strains,
 A fabled muse may suit a bard that feigns;

Friend of my life! my ardent spirit burns,
 And all the tribute of my heart returns,
 For boons accorded, goodness ever new,
 The gift still dearer, as the giver, you.

Thou orb of day! thou other paler light!
 And all ye many sparkling stars of night;
 If aught that giver from my mind efface;
 If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace;
 Then roll to me, along your wandering spheres,
 Only to number out a villain's years!

A VISION.

[This Vision of Liberty descended on Burns among the magnificent ruins of the College of Lincluden, which stand on the junction of the Cluden and the Nith, a short mile above Dumfries. He gave us the Vision; perhaps, he dared not in those yeasty times venture on the song, which his secret visitant poured from her lips. The scene is chiefly copied from nature: the swellings of the Nith, the howlings of the fox on the hill, and the cry of the owl, unite at times with the natural beauty of the spot, and give it life and voice. These ruins were a favourite haunt of the poet.]

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
 Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
 Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
 And tells the midnight moon her care;
 The winds were laid, the air was still,
 The stars they shot along the sky;
 The fox was howling on the hill,
 And the distant echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
 Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
 Hastening to join the sweeping Nith,¹
 Whose distant roaring swells and fa's.

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

VARIATION.

¹ To join yon river on the Strath.



A Vision.

*“A stern and stalwart giant arise,
“Mild as ministrations to be.”*

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.¹

Had I a statue been o' stane,
 His darin' look had daunted me;
 And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,
 The sacred posy—'Libertie!'

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
 Might rous'd the slumb'ring dead to hear;
 But, oh! it was a tale of woe,
 As ever met a Briton's ear.

He sang wi' joy the former day,
 He weeping wail'd his latter times;
 But what he said it was nae play,—
 I winna ventur't in my rhymes.

TO JOHN MAXWELL OF TERRAUGHTY,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

[John Maxwell of Terraughty and Mnshes, to whom these verses are addressed, though descended from the Earls of Nithsdale, cared little about lineage, and claimed merit only from a judgment sound and clear—a knowledge of business which penetrated into all the concerns of life, and a skill in handling the most difficult subjects, which was considered unrivalled. Under an anstere manner, he bid much kindness of heart, and was in a fair way of doing an act of gentleness when giving a refusal. He loved to meet Burns: not that he either cared for or comprehended poetry; but he was pleased with his knowledge of human nature, and with the keen and piercing remarks in which he indulged. He was seventy-one years old when these verses were written, and survived the poet twenty years.]

HEALTH to the Maxwell's vet'ran chief!
 Health, ay unsour'd by care or grief:
 Inspir'd, I turn'd Fate's sybil leaf
 This natal morn;
 I see thy life is stuff o' prief,
 Searce quite half worn.

VARIATION.

¹ Now looking over firth and fauld,
 Her horn the pale-fac'd Cynthia rear'd;
 When, lo, in form of minstrel auld,
 A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd.

This day thou metes three score eleven,
 And I can tell that bounteous Heaven
 (The second sight, ye ken, is given
 To ilka Poet)

On thee a tack o' seven times seven
 Will yet bestow it.

If envious buckies view wi' sorrow
 Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow,
 May desolation's lang-teeth'd harrow,
 Nine miles an hour,
 Rake them like Sodom and Gomorrah,
 In brunstane stoure—

But for thy friends, and they are mony,
 Baith honest men and lasses bonnie,
 May couthie fortune, kind and cannie,
 In social glee,
 Wi' mornings blythe and e'enings funny
 Bless them and thee!

Fareweel, auld birkie! Lord be near ye,
 And then the Deil he daur na steer ye;
 Your friends ay love, your faes ay fear ye;
 For me, shame fa' me,
 If niest my heart I dinna wear ye
 While BURNS they ca' me!

Dumfries, 18 Feb. 1792.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT,
 Nov. 26, 1792.

[Miss Fontenelle was one of the actresses whom Williamson, the manager, brought for several seasons to Dumfries: she was young and pretty, indulged in little levities of speech, and rumour added, perhaps maliciously, levities of action. The Rights of Man had been advocated by Paine, the Rights of Woman by Mary Wolstonecroft, and nought was talked of, but the moral and political regeneration of the world. The line

“But truce with kings and truce with constitutions,”

got an uncivil twist in recitation, from some of the audience. The words were eagerly caught up, and had some hisses bestowed on them.]

WHILE Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things,
 The fate of empires and the fall of kings;

While quacks of state must each produce his plan,
 And even children lisp the Rights of Man ;
 Amid this mighty fuss just let me mention,
 The Rights of Woman merit some attention.

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

Our second Right—but needless here is caution,
 To keep that right inviolate's the fashion,
 Each man of sense has it so full before him,
 He'd die before he'd wrong it—'tis decorum.—
 There was, indeed, in far less polish'd days,
 A time, when rough, rude man had naughty ways ;
 Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,
 Nay, even thus invade a lady's quiet.

Now, thank our stars ! these Gothic times are fled ;
 Now, well-bred men—and you are all well-bred—
 Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)
 Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.

For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,
 That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest,
 Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostration,
 Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear admiration !
 In that blest sphere alone we live and move ;
 There taste that life of life—immortal love.—
 Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,
 'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares—
 When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,
 Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms ?

But truce with kings and truce with constitutions,
 With bloody armaments and revolutions,
 Let majesty your first attention summon,
 Ah ! *ça ira* ! THE MAJESTY OF WOMAN !

M O N O D Y

ON A LADY FAMED FOR HER CAPRICE.

[The heroine of this rough lampoon was Mrs. Riddel of Woodleigh Park: a lady young and gay, much of a wit, and something of a poetess, and till the hour of his death the friend of Burns himself. She pulled his displeasure on her, it is said, by smiling more sweetly than he liked on some "epauletted coxcombs," for so he sometimes designated commissioned officers: the lady soon laughed him out of his mood. We owe to her pen an account of her last interview with the poet, written with great beauty and feeling.]

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 tired,
 How dull is that ear which to flattery so listen'd!

If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
 From friendship and dearest affection remov'd;
 How doubly severer, Maria, thy fate,
 Thon diest 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 for Maria's cold bier.

We'll search through the garden for each silly flower,
 We'll roam through the forest for each idle weed;
 But chiefly the nettle, so typical, shower,
 For none e'er 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.

EPISTLE FROM ESOPUS TO MARIA.

[Williamson, the actor, Colonel Macdounl, Captain Gillespie, and Mrs. Riddel, are the characters which pass over the stage in this strange composition: it is printed from the Poet's own manuscript, and seems a sort of outpouring of wrath and contempt, on persons who, in his eyes, gave themselves airs beyond their condition, or their merits. The verse of the lady is held up to contempt and laughter: the satirist celebrates her

“ Motley founding fancies, stolen or strayed;”

and has a passing hit at her

“ Still matchless tongue that conquers all reply.”]

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, relies 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 eulottes stoop up the mountain high,
 And steal from me Maria's prying eye.
 Blest Highland bonnet! Once my proudest dress,
 Now prouder still, Maria's temples press.
 I see her wave thy towering plumes afar,
 And call each coxcomb to the wordy war.

I see her face the first of Ireland's sons,¹
 And even out-Irish his Hibernian bronze ;
 The crafty colonel² 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 shrieking bard adown the alley skulks,
 And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich hulks .
 Though there, his heresies in church and state
 Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate :
 Still she undaunted reels and rattles on,
 And dares the public like a noontide sun.
 (What scandal call'd Maria's janty stagger
 The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger,
 Whose spleen e'en worse than Burns' venom when
 He dips in gall unmix'd his eager pen,—
 And pours his vengeance in the burning line,
 Who christen'd thus Maria's lyre divine ;
 The idiot strum of vanity bemused,
 And even th' abuse of poesy abused !
 Who call'd her verse, a parish workhouse made
 For motley foundling fancies, stolen or stray'd ?)

A workhouse ! ah, that sound awakes my woes,
 And pillows on the thorn my rack'd repose !
 In durance vile here must I wake and weep,
 And all my frowsy couch in sorrow steep ;
 That straw where many a rogne 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 ?

¹ Captain Gillespie.

² Colonel Maedouall.

Or must no tiny sin to others fall,
Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all?

Maria, send me too thy griefs and cares;
In all of thee sure thy Esopus shares.
As thou at all mankind the flag unfurls,
Who on my fair one satire's vengeance hurls?
Who calls thee, pert, affected, vain coquette,
A wit in folly, and a fool in wit?
Who says, that fool alone is not thy due,
And quotes thy treacheries to prove it true?
Our force united on thy foes we'll turn,
And dare the war with all of woman born:
For who can write and speak as thou and I?
My periods that deciphering defy,
And thy still matchless tongue that conquers all reply.

POEM ON PASTORAL POETRY.

[Though Gilbert Burns says there is some doubt of this Poem being by his brother, and though Robert Chambers declares that he "has scarcely a doubt that it is not by the Ayrshire Bard," I must print it as his, for I have no doubt on the subject. It was found among the papers of the poet, in his own handwriting: the second, the fourth, and the concluding verses bear the Burns stamp, which no one has been successful in counterfeiting: they resemble the verses of Beattie, to which Chambers has compared them, as little as the cry of the eagle resembles the chirp of the wren.]

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 along,
 To death or marriage;
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang
 But wi' miscarriage?

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives ;
 Eschylus' pen Will Shakspeare drives ;
 Wee Pope, the knurlin, 'till him rives
 Horatian fame ;
 In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
 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 hundlers, 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 Tantallan,
 But thou's for ever !

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

In gowany glens thy burnie strays,
 Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes ;
 Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes,
 Wi' hawthorns gray,
 Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
 At close o' day.

Thy rural loves are nature's sel' ;
 Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell ;
 Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell
 O' witchin' love ;
 That charm that can the strongest quell,
 The sternest move.

SONNET,

WRITTEN ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH OF JANUARY, 1793, THE BIRTHDAY OF THE
 AUTHOR, ON HEARING A THRUSH SING IN A MORNING WALK.

[Burns was fond of a saunter in a leafless wood, when the winter storm howled among the branches. These characteristic lines were composed on the morning of his birthday, with the Nith at his feet, and the ruins of Lincluden at his side: he is willing to accept the unlooked-for song of the thrush as a fortunate omen.]

SING on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough ;
 Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain :
 See, aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
 At thy blythe carol clears his furrow'd brow.

So, in lone Poverty's dominion drear,
 Sits meek Content with light unanxious heart,
 Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
 Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.

I thank Thee, Author of this opening day !
 Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies !
 Riches denied, Thy boon was purer joys,
 What wealth could never give nor take away.

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care,
 The mite high Heaven bestow'd, that mite with thee I'll share.

SONNET, ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RIDDEL, ESQ., OF
GLENRIDDEL,

APRIL, 1794.

[The death of Glencairn, who was his patron, and the death of Glenriddel, who was his friend, and had, while he lived at Ellisland, been his neighbour, weighed hard on the mind of Burns, who, about this time, began to regard his own future fortune with more of dismay than of hope. Riddel united antiquarian pursuits with those of literature, and experienced all the vulgar prejudices entertained by the peasantry against those who indulge in such researches. His collection of what the rustics of the vale called "queer quairns and swine-troughs," is now scattered or neglected: I have heard a competent judge say, that they threw light on both the public and domestic history of Scotland.]

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 soothe the Virtues weeping on his bier:

The Man of Worth, who has not left his peer,
Is in his "narrow house" for ever darkly low.

Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet,

Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet.

IMPROMPTU, ON MRS. R——'S BIRTHDAY.

[By compliments such as these lines contain, Burns soothed the smart which his verses "On a Lady famed for her Caprice" inflicted on the accomplished Mrs. Riddel.]

OLD Winter, with his frosty beard,
Thus once to Jove his prayer preferr'd,—
What have I done of all the year,
To bear this hated doom severe?
My cheerless suns no pleasure know;
Night's horrid car drags, dreary, slow;
My dismal months no joys are crowning,
But spleeny English, hanging, drowning.

Now, Jove, for once be mighty civil,
 To counterbalance all this evil;
 Give me, and I've no more to say,
 Give me Maria's natal day!
 That brilliant gift shall so enrich me,
 Spring, Summer, Autumn, cannot match me;
 'Tis done! says Jove; so ends my story,
 And Winter once rejoic'd in glory.

LIBERTY.

A FRAGMENT.

[Fragments of verse were numerous, Dr. Currie said, among the loose papers of the poet. These lines formed the commencement of an ode commemorating the achievement of liberty for America, under the directing genius of Washington and Franklin.]

THEE, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,
 Thee, fam'd 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 wont to bid the battle rage?
 Behold that eye which shot immortal hate,
 Crushing the despot's proudest bearing!

VERSES TO A YOUNG LADY.

[This young lady was the daughter of the poet's friend, Graham of Fintray; and the gift alluded to was a copy of George Thomson's *Select Scottish Songs*: a work which owes many attractions to the lyric genius of Burns.]

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 ecstasie wake his seraph song!

Or Pity's notes in luxury of tears,
 As modest Want the tale of woe reveals;
 While conscious Virtue all the strain endears,
 And heaven-born Piety her sanction seals.

THE VOWELS.

A TALE.

[Burns admired genius adorned by learning; but mere learning without genius he always regarded as pedantry. Those critics who scrupled too much about words he called ennuchs of literature, and to one, who taxed him with writing obscure language in questionable grammar, he said, "Thou art but a Gretna-green match-maker between vowels and consonants!"]

'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 the way,
 And flagrant from the scourge, he grunted *ai!*

Reluctant, E stalk'd in; with piteous race
 The justling tears ran down his honest face!
 That name! that well-worn name, and all his own,
 Pale he surrenders at the tyrant's throne!
 The pedant stifles keen the Roman sound
 Not all his mongrel diphthongs can compound;

And next the title following close behind,
He to the nameless, ghastly wretch assign'd.

The cobweb'd gothic dome resounded Y!
In sullen vengeance, I, disdain'd reply:
The pedant swung his felon eudgel 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,
Baptiz'd him *eu*, and kick'd him from his sight.

VERSES TO JOHN RANKINE.

[With the "rough, rude, ready-witted Rankine," of Adam-hill, in Ayrshire, Burns kept up a will o'-wispish sort of a correspondence in rhyme, till the day of his death: these communications, of which this is one, were sometimes graceless, but always witty. It is supposed that these lines were suggested by Falstaff's account of his ragged recruits:—

"I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat!"]

AE day, as Death, that gruesome carl,
Was driving to the tither warl'
A mixtie-maxtie motley squad,
And mony a guilt-bespotted lad;
Black gowns of each denomination,
And thieves of every rank and station,
From him that wears the star and garter,
To him that wintles in a halter:
Asham'd himsel' to see the wretches,
He mutters, glowrin' at the bitches,
"By G—d, I'll not be seen behind them,
Nor 'mang the sp'ritual core present them,

Without, at least, an honest man,
 To grace this d—d infernal clan."
 By Adamhill a glance he threw,
 "L—d G—d!" quoth he, "I have it now,
 There's just the man I want, i' faith!"
 And quickly stoppit Rankine's breath.

ON SENSIBILITY.

TO MY DEAR AND MUCH HONOURED FRIEND, MRS. DUNLOP, OF DUNLOP.

[These verses were occasioned, it is said, by some sentiments contained in a communication from Mrs. Dunlop. That excellent lady was sorely tried with domestic afflictions for a time, and to these he appears to allude; but he deadened the effect of his sympathy, when he printed the stanzas in the Museum, changing the fourth line to,

"Dearest Nancy, thou canst tell!"

and so transferring the whole to another heroine.]

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 feeling can bestow;
 Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
 Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

LINES SENT TO A GENTLEMAN WHOM HE HAD
OFFENDED.

[The too hospitable board of Mrs. Riddel occasioned these repentant strains: they were accepted as they were meant by the party. The poet had, it seems, not only spoke of mere titles and rank with disrespect, but had allowed his tongue unbridled license of speech, on the claim of political importance, and domestic equality, which Mary Wolstonecroft and her followers patronized, at which Mrs. Riddel affected to be grievously offended.]

THE friend whom wild from wisdom's way
The fumes of wine infuriate send ;
(Not moony madness more astray ;)
Who but deplores that hapless friend ?

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

ADDRESS, SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER
BENEFIT NIGHT.

[This address was spoken by Miss Fontenelle, at the Dumfries Theatre, on the 4th of December, 1795.]

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 cliff o'erhangs the deep,
 Peerest to meditate the healing leap:
 Would'st thou be cur'd, thou silly, moping elf?
 Laugh at their 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.

ON SEEING MISS FONTENELLE IN A FAVOURITE
 CHARACTER.

[The good looks and the natural acting of Miss Fontenelle pleased others as well as Burns. I know not to what character in the range of her personations he alludes: she was a favourite on the Dumfries boards.]

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.

R. B.

TO CHLORIS.

[Chloris was a Nithsdale beauty. Love and sorrow were strongly mingled in her early history: that she did not look so lovely in other eyes as she did in those of Burns is well known: but he had much of the taste of an artist, and admired the elegance of her form, and the harmony of her motion, as much as he did her blooming face and sweet voice.]

'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 word 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 INSCRIPTION FOR AN ALTAR TO
INDEPENDENCE.

[It was the fashion of the feverish times of the French Revolution to plant trees of liberty, and raise altars to Independence. Heron of Kerroughtree, a gentleman widely esteemed in Galloway, was about to engage in an election contest, and these noble lines served the purpose of announcing the candidate's sentiments on freedom.]

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.

THE HERON BALLADS.

[BALLAD FIRST.]

[This is the first of several party ballads which Burns wrote to serve Patrick Heron, of Kerroughtree, in two elections for the Stewartry of Kirkeudbright, in which he was opposed, first, by Gordon of Balmaghie, and secondly, by the Hon. Montgomery Stewart. There is a personal bitterness in these lampoons, which did not mingle with the strains in which the poet recorded the contest between Miller and Johnstone. They are printed here as matters of poetry, and I feel sure that none will be displeas'd, and some will smile.]

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, and a' that,
Thro' Galloway and a' that ;
Where is the laird or belted knight
That best deserves to fa' that ?

Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett,
And wha is't never saw that ?
Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree met
And has a doubt of a' that ?
For a' that, and a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that,
The independent patriot,
The honest man, 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 weel 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 it's 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 HERON BALLADS.

[BALLAD SECOND.]

[In this ballad the poet gathers together, after the manner of "Fy! let us a' to the bridal," all the leading electors of the Stewartry, who befriended Heron, or opposed him; and draws their portraits in the colours of light or darkness, according to the complexion of their politics. He is too severe in most instances, and in some he is venomous. On the Earl of Galloway's family, and on the Murrays of Broughton and Caillie, as well as on Bushby of Thiwaldowns, he pours his hottest satire. But words which are unjust, or undeserved, fall off their victims like rain-drops from a wild duck's wing. The Murrays of Broughton and Caillie have long borne, from the vulgar, the stigma of treachery to the cause of Prince Charles Stewart: from such infamy the family is wholly free: the traitor, Murray, was of a race now extinct; and while he was betraying the cause in which so much noble and gallant blood was shed, Murray of Broughton and Caillie was performing the duties of an honourable and loyal man: he was, like his great-grandson now, representing his native district in parliament.]

THE ELECTION.

FY, let us a' to Kirkeudbright,
 For there will be bickerin' there;
 For Murray's¹ light horse are to muster,
 And O, how the heroes will swear!
 An' there will be Murray commander,
 And Gordon² the battle to win;
 Like brothers they'll stand by each other,
 Sae knit in alliance an' kin.

An' there will be black-lippit Johnnie,³
 The tongue o' the trump to them a';
 An' he get na hell for his haddin'
 The deil gets na justice ava';
 An' there will be Kempleton's birkie,
 A boy no sae black at the bane,
 But, as for his fine nabob fortune,
 We'll e'en let the subject alane.

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,⁴ Esquire,
 Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes;

¹ Murray, of Broughton and Caillie.² Gordon of Balmaghie.³ Bushby, of Thiwald-downs.⁴ Maxwell, of Cardoness.

A wight that will weather damnation,
For the devil the prey will despise.

An' there will be Douglasses¹ doughty,
New christ'ning towns far and near;
Abjuring their democat doings,
By kissing the — o' a peer;
And there will be Kenmore² sae gen'rous,
Whose honour is proof to the storm,
To save them from stark reprobation,
He lent them his name to the firm.

But we winna mention Redeastle,³
The body, e'en let him escape!
He'd venture the gallows for siller,
An' 'twar na the cost o' the rape.
An' where is our king's lord lieutenant,
Sae fan'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,⁴ wha's as gude as he's true;
An' there will be Buittle's⁵ apostle,
Wha's more o' the black than the blue;
An' there will be folk from St. Mary's,⁶
A house o' great merit and note,
The deil aye but honours them highly,—
The deil aye will gie them his vote!

An' there will be wealthy young Richard,⁷
Dame Fortune should hing by the neck;
For prodigal, thriftless, bestowing,
His merit had won him respect:
An' there will be rich brother nabobs,
Tho' nabobs, yet men of the first,

¹ The Douglasses, of Orchardtown and Castle-Douglas.

² Gordon, afterwards Viscount Kenmore.

³ Laurie, of Redeastle.

⁴ Morehead, Minister of Urr.

⁵ The Minister of Buittle.

⁶ Earl of Selkirk's family.

⁷ Oswald, of Auchincruive.

An' there will be Collieston's¹ whiskers,
An' Quintin, o' lads not the worst.

An' there will be stamp-office Johnnie,²
Tak' tent how ye purchase a dram;
An' there will be gay Cassencarrie,
An' there will be gleg Colonel Tam;
An' there will be trusty Kerroughtree,³
Whose honour was ever his law,
If the virtues were pack'd in a parcel,
His worth might 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 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 Mac Douall,⁴
Sculdud'd'ry an' he will be there,
An' also the wild Scot of Galloway,
Sodgerin', gunpowder Blair.

Then hey the chaste interest o' Broughton,
And 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 M——y,
Our land who wi' chapels has stor'd;
He founder'd his horse among harlots,
But gied the auld naig to the Lord.

¹ Copland of Collieston and Blackwood.

² John Syme, of the Stamp-office.

³ Heron, of Kerroughtree.

⁴ Colonel Macdouall, of Logan.

THE HERON BALLADS.

[BALLAD THIRD.]

[This third and last ballad was written on the contest between Heron and Stewart, which followed close on that with Gordon. Heron carried the election, but was unseated by the decision of a Committee of the House of Commons: a decision which it is said he took so much to heart that it affected his health, and shortened his life.]

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

Tune—"Buy broom besoms."

WHa will buy my troggin,
 Fine election ware;
 Broken trade o' Broughton,
 A' in high repair.
 Buy braw troggin,
 Frae the banks o' Dee;
 Wha wants troggin
 Let him come to me.

There's a noble Earl's¹
 Fame and high renown
 For an auld sang—
 It's thought the gudes were stown.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the worth o' Broughton²
 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—³
 So was never worn.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

¹ The Earl of Galloway.² Murray, of Broughton and Caillie.³ Bushby, of Tinwald-downs.

Here's its stuff and lining,
 Cardoness'¹ head;
 Fine for a sodger
 A' the wale o' lead.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's a little wadset
 Buittle's² 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;³
 The crest, an auld erab-apple
 Rotten at the core.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here is Satan's picture,
 Like a bizzard gled,
 Pouncing poor Redeastle,⁴
 Sprawlin' as a taed.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the worth and wisdom
 Collieston⁵ 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 Joek⁶
 To get them aff his hands.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

¹ Maxwell of Cardoness.

³ Morehead, of Urr.

⁶ Copland, of Collieston and Blackwood.

² The Minister of Buittle.

⁴ Laurie, of Redeastle.

⁶ John Bushby, of Tinwald-downs.

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,
 Frae the banks o' Dee;
 Wha wants troggin
 Let him come to me.

POEM ADDRESSED TO MR. MITCHELL,

COLLECTOR OF EXCISE.

DUMFRIES, 1796.

[The gentleman to whom this very modest, and, under the circumstances, most affecting application for his salary was made, filled the office of Collector of Excise for the district, and was of a kind and generous nature: but few were aware that the poet was suffering both from ill-health and poverty.]

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

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

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

POSTSCRIPT.

YE'VE heard this while how I've been licket,
 And by fell death was nearly nicket ;
 Grim loon ! he got 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 promis'd mair o't,
 My hale and weel I'll tak a care o't,
 A tentier way :
 Then fareweel folly, hide and hair o't,
 For ance and aye !

 TO MISS JESSIE LEWARS,

DUMFRIES.

WITH JOHNSON'S 'MUSICAL MUSEUM.'

[Miss Jessie Lewars watched over the declining days of the poet, with the affectionate reverence of a daughter: for this she has the silent gratitude of all who admire the genius of Burns; she has received more, the thanks of the poet himself, expressed in verses not destined soon to die.]

THINE be the volumes, Jessie fair,
 And with them take the Poet's prayer ;
 That fate may in her fairest page,
 With every kindest, best presage
 Of future bliss, enrol thy name :
 With native worth and spotless fame,
 And wakeful caution still aware
 Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare ;
 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.

June 26, 1796.

POEM ON LIFE,

ADDRESSED TO COLONEL DE PEYSTER.

DUMFRIES, 1796.

[This is supposed to be the last Poem written by the hand, or conceived by the muse of Burns. The person to whom it is addressed was Colonel of the Gentlemen Volunteers of Dumfries, in whose ranks Burns was a private: he was a Canadian by birth, and prided himself on having defended Detroit, against the united efforts of the French and Americans. He was rough and austere, and thought the science of war the noblest of all sciences: he affected a taste for literature, and wrote verses.]

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

O what a canty warld 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 frippery deck her;
 Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker
 I've found her still,
 Ay wavering like the willow-wicker,
 'Tween good and ill.

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

Ah Nick! ah Nick! it is na fair,
 First showing us the tempting ware,

Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare,
 To put us daft;
 Syne, weave, unseen, thy spider snare -
 O' hell's damn'd waft.

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

Soon heels-o'er-gowdie! in he gangs,
 And like a sheep head on a tangs,
 Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs
 And murd'ring wrestle,
 As, dangling in the wind, he hangs
 A gibbet's tassel.

But lest you think I am uncivil,
 To plague you with this draunting drivel,
 Abjuring a' intentions evil,
 I quat my pen:
 The Lord preserve us frae the devil,
 Amen! Amen!

EPI TAPHS, EPIGRAMS, FRAGMENTS,
ETC., ETC.

ON THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

[William Burness merited his son's eulogiums: he was an example of piety, patience, and fortitude.]

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 feared no human pride;
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe;
"For ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side."

ON R. A., ESQ.

[Robert Aiken, Esq., to whom "The Cotter's Saturday Night" is addressed: a kind and generous man.]

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

ON A FRIEND.

[The name of this friend is neither mentioned nor alluded to in any of the poet's productions.]

AN honest man here lies at rest
As e'er God with his image blest!

The friend of man, the friend of truth ;
 The friend of age, and guide of youth ;
 Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,
 Few heads with knowledge so inform'd :
 If there's another world, he lives in bliss ;
 If there is none, he made the best of this.

FOR GAVIN HAMILTON.

[These lines allude to the persecution which Hamilton endured for presuming to ride on Sunday, and say, "damn it," in the presence of the minister of Mauchline.]

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

ON WEE JOHNNY.

HIC JACET WEE JOHNNY.

[Wee Johnny was John Wilson, printer of the Kilmarnock edition of Burns's Poems: he doubted the success of the speculation, and the poet punished him in these lines, which he printed unawares of their meaning.]

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

ON JOHN DOVE,

INNKEEPER, MAUCLINE.

[John Dove kept the Whiteford Arms in Mauchline: his religion is made to consist of a comparative appreciation of the liquors he kept.]

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 name !

Strong ale was abluſion—
 Small beer, perſecution,
 A dram was *memento mori*;
 But a full flowing bowl
 Was the ſaving his ſoul,
 And port was celeftial glory.

ON A WAG IN MAUCHLINE.

[This laborious and uſeful wag was the “Dear Smith, thou ſleeſt pawkie thief,” of one of the poet’s fineſt epiſtles: he died in the Weſt Indies.]

LAMENT him, Mauchline husbands a’,
 He aften did aſſiſt ye;
 For had ye ſtaid whole weeks awa,
 Your wives they ne’er had miſſed ye.
 Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye preſs
 To ſchool in bands thegither,
 O tread ye lightly on his graſs,—
 Perhaps he was your father.

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

[Souter Hood obtained the diſtinction of this Epigram by his impertinent inquiries into what he called the moral delinquencies of Burns.]

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

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

[This noiſy polemic was a maſon of the name of James Humphrey: he aſtoniſhed Cromek by an eloquent diſſertation on free grace, effectual-calling, and predeſtination.]

BELOW thir ſtanes lie Jamie’s banes:
 O Death, it’s my opinion,
 Thou ne’er took ſuch a blethrin’ b—ch
 Into thy dark dominion!

ON MISS JEAN SCOTT.

[The heroine of these complimentary lines lived in Ayr, and cheered the poet with her sweet voice, as well as her sweet looks.]

OH! had each Scot of ancient times,
 Been Jeany Scott, as thou art,
 The bravest heart on English ground
 Had yielded like a coward!

ON A HENPECKED COUNTRY SQUIRE.

[Though satisfied with the severe satire of these lines, the poet made a second attempt.]

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.

ON THE SAME.

[The second attempt did not in Burns's fancy exhaust this fruitful subject: he tried his hand again.]

O DEATH, hadst thou but spared his life
 Whom we this day lament,
 We freely wad exchang'd the wife,
 And a' been weel content!

Ev'n as he is, cauld in his graff,
 The swap we yet will do't;
 Take thou the carlin's carcase aff,
 Thou'se get the soul to boot.

ON THE SAME.

[In these lines he bade farewell to this sordid dame, who lived, it is said, in Netherplace, near Mauchline.]

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 reduc'd 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 dear lord, on a slender pretence,
 Not to show her respect, but to save the expense.

THE HIGHLAND WELCOME.

[Burns took farewell of the hospitalities of the Scottish Highlands in these happy lines.]

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.

ON WILLIAM SMELLIE.

[Smellie, author of the Philosophy of History; a singular person, of ready wit, and negligent in nothing save his dress.]

SHREWD Willie Smellie to Crochallan came,
 The old cock'd hat, the gray surtout, the same;
 His bristling beard just rising in its might,
 'Twas four long nights and days to shaving night:

His uncomb'd grizzly locks wild staring, thatch'd
 A head for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd:
 Yet tho' his caustic wit was biting, rude,
 His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.

V E R S E S

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE INN AT CARRON.

[These lines were written on receiving what the poet considered an uncivil refusal to look at the works of the celebrated Carron foundry.]

WE came na here to view your warks
 In hopes to be mair wise,

But only, lest we gang to hell,
 It may be nae surprise :
 For whan we tirl'd at your door,
 Your porter dough't na hear us ;
 Sae may, shon'd we to hell's yetts come,
 Your billy Satan sair us !

THE BOOK-WORMS.

[Burns wrote this reproof in a Shakspeare, which he found splendidly bound and gilt, but unread and worm-eaten, in a noble person's library.]

THROUGH and through the inspir'd leaves,
 Ye maggots, make your windings ;
 But oh ! respect his lordship's taste,
 And spare his golden bindings.

LINES ON STIRLING.

[On visiting Stirling, Burns was stung at beholding nothing but desolation in the palaces of our princes and our halls of legislation, and vented his indignation in these unloyal lines: some one has said that they were written by his companion, Nicol, but this wants confirmation.]

HERE Stuarts once in glory reign'd,
 And laws for Scotland's weal ordain'd ;
 But now unroof'd their palaece 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.

THE REPROOF.

[The imprudence of making the lines written at Stirling public was hinted to Burns by a friend; he said, "Oh, but I mean to reprove myself for it," which he did in these words.]

RASU mortal, and slanderous Poet, thy name
 Shall no longer appear in the records of fame ;

Does not know that old Mansfield, who writes like the Bible,
Says the more 'tis the truth, Sir, the more 'tis a libel?

THE REPLY.

[The minister of Gladsmuir wrote a censure on the Stirling lines, intimating, as a priest, that Burns's race was nigh run, and as a prophet, that oblivion awaited his muse. The poet replied to the expostulation.]

LIKE Esop's lion, Burns says, sore I feel
All others' scorn—but damn that ass's heel.

LINES WRITTEN UNDER THE PICTURE OF THE CELEBRATED MISS BURNS.

[The Miss Burns of these lines was well known in those days to the bucks of the Scotch metropolis: there is still a letter by the poet, claiming from the magistrates of Edinburgh a liberal interpretation of the laws of social morality, in behalf of his fair namesake.]

CEASE, ye prudes, your envious railings,
Lovely Burns has charms—confess:
True it is, she had one failing—
Had a woman ever less?

EXTEMPORE IN THE COURT OF SESSION.

[These portraits are strongly coloured with the partialities of the poet: Dundas had offended his pride, Erskine had pleased his vanity; and as he felt he spoke.]

LORD ADVOCATE.

HE clench'd his pamphlets in his fist,
He quoted and he hinted,
'Till in a declamation-mist
His argument he tint it:
He gaped for't, he grap'd for't,
He fand it was awa, man;
But what his common sense came short
He cked out wi' law, man.

MR. ERSKINE.

Collected Harry stood awee,
 Then open'd out his arm, man :
 His lordship sat wi' rueful 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.

THE HENPECKED HUSBAND.

[A lady who expressed herself with incivility about her husband's potations with Burns, was rewarded by these sharp lines.]

CURS'D be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
 The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife !
 Who has no will but by her high permission ;
 Who has not sixpence but in her possession ;
 Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell ;
 Who dreads a curtain lecture worse than hell !
 Were such the wife had fallen to my part,
 I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart ;
 I'd charm her with the magic of a switch,
 I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse b—h.

WRITTEN AT INVERARY.

[Neglected at the inn of Inverary, on account of the presence of some northern chiefs, and overlooked by his Grace of Argyll, the poet let loose his wrath and his rhyme: tradition speaks of a pursuit which took place on the part of the Campbell, when he was told of his mistake, and of a resolution not to be soothed on the part of the bard.]

WHOE'ER he be that sojourns here,
 I pity much his case,
 Unless he's come to wait upon
 The Lord their God, his Grace.

There's naething here but Highland pride,
 And Highland cauld and hunger ;

If Providence has sent me here,
'Twas surely in his anger.

ON ELPHINSTONE'S TRANSLATIONS OF MARTIAL'S
EPIGRAMS.

[Burns thus relates the origin of this sally:—

“Stopping at a merchant's shop in Edinburgh, a friend of mine one day put Elphinstone's translation of Martial into my hand, and desired my opinion of it. I asked permission to write my opinion on a blank leaf of the book; which being granted, I wrote this epigram.]

O THOU, whom poesy abhors,
Whom prose has turned out of doors,
Heard'st thou that groan? proceed no further;
'Twas laurell'd Martial roaring murther!

INSCRIPTION, ON THE HEADSTONE OF FERGISSON.

[Some social friends, whose good feelings were better than their taste, have ornamented with supplemental iron work the headstone which Burns erected, with this inscription to the memory of his brother bard, Fergusson.]

Here lies
ROBERT FERGISSON, Poet.
Born, September 5, 1751;
Died, Oct. 15, 1774.

No sculptured marble here, nor pompous lay,
“No storied urn nor animated bust;”
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.

ON A SCHOOLMASTER.

[The Willie Michie of this epigram was, it is said, schoolmaster of the parish of Cleish, in Fifeshire: he met Burns during his first visit to Edinburgh.]

HERE lie Willie Michie's banes;
O, Satan! when ye tak' him,
Gi'e him the schoolin' o' your weans,
For clever de'ils he'll mak' them.

A GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

[This was an extempore grace, pronounced by the poet at a dinner-table, in Dumfries: he was ever ready to contribute the small change of rhyme, for either the use or amusement of a company.]

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 GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

[Pronounced, tradition says, at the table of Mrs. Riddel, of Woodleigh-Park.]

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, Power above,
 Still grant us with such store,
 The friend we trust, the fair we love,
 And we desire no more.

O N W A T.

[The name of the object of this fierce epigram might be found, but in gratifying curiosity, some pain would be inflicted.]

SIC a reptile was Wat,
 Sic a miscreant slave,
 That the very worms damn'd him
 When laid in his grave.

“In his flesh there’s a famine,”
 A starv’d reptile cries;
 “An’ his heart is rank poison,”
 Another replies.

ON CAPTAIN FRANCIS GROSE.

[This was a festive sally: it is said that Grose, who was very fat, though he joined in the laugh, did not relish it.]

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 ——,
 I’ll want him, ere I take such a damnable load!”

IMPROMPTU, TO MISS AINSLIE.

[These lines were occasioned by a sermon on sin, to which the poet and Miss Ainslie of Berrywell had listened, during his visit to the border.]

FAIR maid, you need not take the hint,
 Nor idle texts pursue:—
 ’Twas guilty sinners that he meant,
 Not angels such as you!

THE KIRK OF LAMINGTON.

[One rough, cold day, Burns listened to a sermon, so little to his liking, in the kirk of Lamington, in Clydesdale, that he left this protest on the seat where he sat.]

As cauld a wind as ever blew,
 As caulder kirk, an in’t but few;
 As cauld a minister’s e’er spak,
 Ye’se a’ be het ere I come back.

THE LEAGUE AND COVENANT.

[In answer to a gentleman, who called the solemn League and Covenant ridiculous and fanatical.]

THE solemn League and Covenant
 Cost Scotland blood—cost Scotland tears;
 But it seal'd freedom's sacred cause—
 If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers.

WRITTEN ON A PANE OF GLASS,

IN THE INN AT MOFFATT.

[A friend asked the poet why God made Miss Davies so little, and a lady who was with her, so large: before the ladies, who had just passed the window, were out of sight, the following answer was recorded on a pane of glass.]

ASK why God made the gem so small,
 And why so huge the granite?
 Because God meant mankind should set
 The higher value on it.

SPOKEN, ON BEING APPOINTED TO THE EXCISE.

[Burns took no pleasure in the name of gauger: the situation was unworthy of him, and he seldom hesitated to say so.]

SEARCHING auld wives' barrels,
 Och—hon! the day!
 That clarty barn should stain my laurels;
 But—what'll ye say!
 These movin' things ca'd wives and weans
 Wad move the very hearts o' stanes!

LINES ON MRS. KEMBLE.

[The poet wrote these lines in Mrs. Kiddle's box in the Dumfries Theatre, in the winter of 1794: he was much moved by Mrs. Kemble's noble and pathetic acting.]

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.

TO MR. SYME.

[John Syme, of Ryedale, a rhymor, a wit, and a gentleman of education and intelligence, was, while Burns resided in Dumfries, his chief companion: he was bred to the law.]

No more of your guests, be they titled or not,
And cook'ry the first in the nation;
Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
Is proof to all other temptation.

TO MR. SYME.

WITH A PRESENT OF A DOZEN OF PORTER.

[The tavern where these lines were written was kept by a wandering mortal of the name of Smith; who, having visited in some capacity or other the Holy Land, put on his sign, "John Smith, from Jerusalem." He was commonly known by the name of Jerusalem John.]

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.

Jerusalem Tavern, Dumfries.

A GRACE.

[This Grace was spoken at the table of Ryedale, where to the best cookery was added the richest wine, as well as the rarest wit: Hyslop was a distiller.]

LORD, we thank and thee adore,
For temp'ral gifts we little merit;
At present we will ask no more,
Let William Hyslop give the spirit.

INSCRIPTION ON A GOBLET.

[Written on a dinner-goblet by the hand of Burns. Syme, exasperated at having his set of crystal defaced, threw the goblet under the grate : it was taken up by his clerk, and it is still preserved as a curiosity.]

THERE'S death in the cup—sae beware !
 Nay, more—there is danger in touching ;
 But wha can avoid the fell snare ?
 The man and his wine's sae bewitching !

THE INVITATION.

[Burns had a happy knack in acknowledging civilities: these lines were written with a pencil on the paper in which Mrs. Hyslop, of Lochrutton, enclosed an invitation to dinner.]

THE King's most humble servant I,
 Can scarcely spare a minute ;
 But I am yours at dinner-time,
 Or else the devil's in it.

THE CREED OF POVERTY.

[When the commissioners of Excise told Burns that he was to act, and not to think; he took out his pencil and wrote "The Creed of Poverty."]

IN politics if thou would'st mix,
 And mean thy fortunes be ;
 Bear this in mind—be deaf and blind ;
 Let great folks hear and see.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S POCKET-BOOK.

[That Burns loved liberty and sympathized with those who were warring in its cause: these lines, and hundreds more, sufficiently testify.]

GRANT me, indulgent Heav'n, that I may live
 To see the miscreants feel the pains they give,
 Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
 Till slave and despot be but things which were.

THE PARSON'S LOOKS.

[Some sarcastic person said, in Burns's hearing, that there was falsehood in the Reverend Dr. Burnside's looks: the poet mused for a moment, and replied in lines which have less of truth than point.]

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.

THE TOAD-EATER.

[This reproof was administered extempore to one of the guests at the table of Maxwell, of Terraughty, whose whole talk was of dukes with whom he had dined, and of earls with whom he had supped.]

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 curl of a queen.

ON ROBERT RIDDEL.

[I copied these lines from a pane of glass in the Friars-Carse Hermitage, on which they had been traced with the diamond of Burns.]

To Riddel, much-lamented man,
 This ivied cot was dear;
 Reader, dost value matchless worth?
 This ivied cot revere.

THE TOAST.

[Burns being called on for a song, by his brother volunteers, on a festive occasion, gave the following Toast.]

INSTEAD of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast—
 Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost!—
 That we lost, did I say? nay, by Heav'n, that we found;
 For their fame it shall last while the world goes round.

The next in succession, I'll give you—the King!
 Whoe'er would betray him, on high may he swing;
 And here's the grand fabric, our free Constitution,
 As built on the base of the great Revolution;
 And longer with politics not to be cramm'd,
 Be Anarchy curs'd, and be Tyranny damn'd;
 And who would to liberty e'er prove disloyal,
 May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial.

ON A PERSON NICKNAMED 'THE MARQUIS.'

[In a moment when vanity prevailed against prudence, this person, who kept a respectable public-house in Dumfries, desired Burns to write his epitaph.]

HERE lies a mock Marquis, whose titles were sham'd;
 If ever he rise, it will be to be damn'd.

L I N E S

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW.

[Burns traced these words with a diamond, on the window of the King's Arms Tavern, Dumfries, as a reply, or reproof, to one who had been witty on excisemen.]

YE men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering
 'Gainst poor Excisemen? give the cause a hearing;
 What are you, landlords' rent-rolls? teasing ledgers:
 What premiers—what? even monarchs' mighty gangers:
 Nay, what are priests, those seeming godly wise men?
 What are they, pray, but spiritual Excisemen?

L I N E S

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE GLOBE TAVERN, DUMFRIES.

[The Globe Tavern was Burns's favourite "Howff," as he called it. It had other attractions than good liquor; there lived "Anna, with the golden locks."]

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.

THE SELKIRK GRACE.

[On a visit to St. Mary's Isle, Burns was requested by the noble owner to say grace at dinner; he obeyed in these lines, now known in Galloway by the name of "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 sac the Lord be thankit.

TO DR. MAXWELL,

ON JESSIE STAIG'S RECOVERY.

[Maxwell was a skilful physician; and Jessie Staig, the Provost's eldest daughter, was a young lady of great beauty: she died early.]

MAXWELL, if merit here you crave,
That merit I deny;
You save fair Jessie from the grave?—
An angel could not die.

EPI T A P H.

[These lines were traced by the hand of Burns on a goblet belonging to Gabriel Richardson, brewer, in Dumfries: it is carefully preserved in the family.]

HERE brewer Gabriel's fire's extinct,
And empty all his barrels:
He's blest—if, as he brew'd, he drink—
In upright virtuous morals.

EPITAPH ON WILLIAM NICOL.

[Nicol was a scholar of ready and rough wit, who loved a joke and a gill.]

YE maggots, feast on Nicol's brain,
 For few sic feasts ye've gotten ;
 And fix your claws in Nicol's heart,
 For deil a bit o't's rotten.

ON THE DEATH OF A LAP-DOG, NAMED ECHO.

[When visiting with Syme at Kenmore Castle, Burns wrote this Epitaph, rather reluctantly, it is said, at the request of the lady of the house, in honour of her lap-dog.]

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.

ON A NOTED COXCOMB.

[Neither Ayr, Edinburgh, nor Dumfries have contested the honour of producing the person on whom these lines were written:—coxcombs are the growth of all districts.]

LIGHT lay the earth on Willy's breast,
 His chicken-heart so tender ;
 But build a castle on his head,
 His skull will prop it under.

ON SEEING THE BEAUTIFUL SEAT OF LORD GALLOWAY.

[This, and the three succeeding Epigrams, are hasty squibs thrown amid the tumult of a contested election, and must not be taken as the fixed and deliberate sentiments of the poet, regarding an ancient and noble house.]

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-fam'd sire!
So ran the far-fam'd 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.

ON A COUNTRY LAIRD.

[Mr. Maxwell of Cardoness, afterwards Sir David, exposed himself to the rhyming wrath of Burns, by his activity in the contested elections of Heron.]

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.

ON JOHN BUSHBY.

[Burns, in his harshest lampoons, always admitted the talents of Bushby : the peasantry, who hate all clever attorneys, loved to handle his character with unsparing severity.]

HERE lies John Bushby, honest man !
 Cheat him, Devil, gin ye can.

THE TRUE LOYAL NATIVES.

[At a dinner-party, where politics ran high, lines signed by men who called themselves the true loyal natives of Dumfries, were handed to Burns: he took a pencil, and at once wrote this reply.]

YE true "Loyal Natives," attend to my song,
 In uproar and riot rejoice the night long ;
 From envy or hatred your corps is exempt,
 But where is your shield from the darts of contempt ?

ON A SUICIDE.

[Burns was observed by my friend, Dr. Copland Hutchison, to fix, one morning, a bit of paper on the grave of a person who had committed suicide: on the paper these lines were pencilled.]

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.

EXTEMPORE, PINNED ON A LADY'S COACH.

[“Printed,” says Sir Harris Nicolas, “from a copy in Burns’s handwriting,” a slight alteration in the last line is made from an oral version.]

If you rattle along like your mistress’s tongue,
 Your speed will outrival the dart:
 But, a fly for your load, you’ll break down on the road
 If your stuff has the rot, like her heart.

LINES TO JOHN RANKINE.

[These lines were said to have been written by the poet to Rankine, of Adamhill, with orders to forward them when he died.]

HE who of Rankine sang, lies stiff and dead,
 And a green grassy hillock hides his head;
 Alas! alas! a devilish change indeed.

JESSY LEWARS.

[Written on the blank side of a list of wild beasts, exhibiting in Dumfries. “Now,” said the poet, who was then very ill, “it is fit to be presented to a lady.”]

TALK not to me of savages
 From Afric’s burning sun,
 No savage e’er could rend my heart
 As, Jessy, thou hast done.
 But Jessy’s lovely hand in mine,
 A mutual faith to plight,
 Not even to view the heavenly choir
 Would be so blest a sight.

THE TOAST.

[One day, when Burns was ill and seemed in slumber, he observed Jessy Lewars moving about the house with a light step lest she should disturb him. He took a crystal goblet containing wine and water for moistening his lips, wrote these words upon it with a diamond, and presented it to her.]

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.

ON MISS JESSY LEWARS.

[The constancy of her attendance on the poet's sick-bed and anxiety of mind brought a slight illness upon Jessy Lewars. "You must not die yet," said the poet: "give me that goblet and I shall prepare you for the worst." He traced these lines with his diamond, and said, "That will be a companion to 'The Toast.'"]

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.

R. B.

ON THE RECOVERY OF JESSY LEWARS.

[A little repose brought health to the young lady. "I knew you would not die," observed the poet, with a smile: "there is a poetic reason for your recovery:" he wrote, and with a feeble hand, the following lines.]

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.

R. B.

TAM, THE CHAPMAN.

[Tam, the chapman, is said by the late William Cobbett, who knew him, to have been a Thomas Kennedy, a native of Ayrshire, agent to a mercantile house in the west of Scotland. Sir Harris Nicolas confounds him with the Kennedy to whom Burns addressed several letters and verses, which I printed in my edition of the poet, in 1834: it is perhaps enough to say that the name of the one was Thomas and the name of the other John.]

As Tam the Chapman on a day,
 Wi' Death forgather'd by the way,
 Weel pleas'd he greets a wight so famous,
 And Death was nae less pleas'd wi' Thomas,

Wha cheerfully lays down the pack,
 And there blaws 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.

[These lines seem to owe their origin to the precept of Mickle—

“The present moment is our ain,
 The next we never saw.”]

HERE'S a bottle and an honest friend !
 What wad you 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.

[The sentiment which these lines express, was one familiar to Burns, in the early, as well as concluding days of his life.]

THOUGH fickle Fortune has deceived 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.

TO JOHN KENNEDY.

[The John Kennedy to whom these verses and the succeeding lines were addressed, lived, in 1796, at Dumfries-house, and his taste was so much esteemed by the poet, that he submitted his "Cotter's Saturday Night" and the "Mountain Daisy" to his judgment: he seems to have been of a social disposition.]

Now, Kennedy, if foot or horse
 E'er bring you in by Mauchline Cross,
 L—d, man, there's lasses there wad force
 A hermit's fancy,
 And down the gate in faith they're worse
 And mair unchaney.

But as I'm sayin', please step to Dow's,
 And taste sic gear as Johnie brews,
 Till some bit callan bring me news
 That ye are there,
 And if we dinna hae a bouze
 I'se ne'er drink mair.

It's no I like to sit an' swallow,
 Then like a swine to puke and wallow,
 But gie me just a true good fallow,
 Wi' right ingine,
 And spunkie anee 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 nae friendship I will troke,
 Nor cheap nor dear.

But if, as I'm informed weel,
 Ye hate as ill's the very deil
 The flinty heart that canna feel—
 Come, Sir, here's tae you!
 Hae, there's my haun, I wiss you weel,
 And gude be wi' you.

ROBERT BURNES.

Mossiel, 3 March, 1786.

She show'd her taste 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.

Mossiel, April, 1786.

TO THE MEN AND BRETHERN OF THE MASONIC LODGE
 AT TARBOLTON.

WITHIN your dear mansion may wayward contention,
 Or withering envy ne'er enter :
 May secrecy round be the mystical bound,
 And brotherly love be the centre.

Edinburgh, 23 August, 1787.

IMPROMPTU.

[The tumbler on which these verses are inscribed by the diamond of Burns, found its way to the hands of Sir Walter Scott, and is now among the treasures of Abbotsford.]

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 straing, and friends be slack,
 Ilk action may he rue it,
 May woman on him turn her back,
 That wrongs thee, Willie Stewart.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

HANDSOME NELL.

Tune—"I am a man unmarried."

["This composition," says Burns in his "Common-place Book," "was the first of my performances, and done at an early period in life, when my heart glowed with honest, warm simplicity; unacquainted and uncorrupted with the ways of a wicked world. The subject of it was a young girl who really deserved all the praises I have bestowed on her."]]

O ONCE I lov'd a bonnie lass,
 Ay, and I love her still;
 And, whilst that honour warms my breast,
 Ill love my handsome Nell.

As bonnie lasses I hae seen,
 And mony full as braw;
 But for a modest gracefu' mien
 The like I never saw.

A bonnie lass, I will confess,
 Is pleasant to the e'e,
 But without some better qualities
 She's no a lass for me.

But Nelly's looks are blithe and sweet,
 And what is best of a',
 Her reputation is complete,
 And fair without a flaw.

She dresses ay sae clean and neat,
 Both decent and genteel:
 And then there's something in her gait
 Gars ony dress look weel.

A gaudy dress and gentle air
 May slightly touch the heart;
 But it's innocence and modesty
 That polishes the dart.

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,
 'Tis this enchants my soul;
 For absolutely in my breast
 She reigns without control.

LUCKLESS FORTUNE.

[These lines, as Burns informs us, were written to a tune of his own composing, consisting of three parts, and the words were the echo of the air.]

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.

I DREAM'D I LAY.

[These melancholy verses were written when the poet was some seventeen years old: his early days were typical of his latter.]

I DREAM'D 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 daring;
 Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave;
 Trees with aged arms were warring,
 O'er the swelling drumlie wave.
 Such was my life's deceitful morning,
 Such the pleasure I enjoy'd:
 But lang or noon, loud tempests storming,
 A' my flowery bliss destroy'd.

Tho' fickle fortune has deceiv'd me,
 She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill;
 Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me,
 I bear a heart shall support me still.

TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

Tune—" *Invercauld's Reel*."

[The Tibbie who "spak na, but gaed by like stoure," was, it is said, the daughter of a man who was laird of three acres of peatmoss, and thought it became her to put on airs in consequence.]

CHORUS.

O Tibbie, I hae seen the day,
 Ye wad na been sae shy;
 For lack 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.

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.

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,
 Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
 Wha follows ony sauey quean,
 That looks sae proud and high.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,
 If that he want the yellow dirt,
 Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
 And answer him fu' dry.

But if he hae the name o' gear,
 Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
 Tho' hardly he, for sense or lear,
 Be better than the kye.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice,
 Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice;
 The deil a ane wad spier your price,
 Were ye as poor as I.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
 I would nae gie her in her sark,
 For thee, wi' a' thy thousan' mark;
 Ye need na look sae high.

MY FATHER WAS A FARMER.

Tune—"The Weaver and his Shuttle, O."

["The following song," says the poet, "is a wild rhapsody, miserably deficient in versification, but as the sentiments are the genuine feelings of my heart, for that reason I have a particular pleasure in conning it over."]

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 o'erpower'd,
 Sometimes by friends forsaken, O,
 And when my hope was at the top,
 I still was worst mistaken, O.

Then sore harass'd, and tir'd at last,
 With fortune's vain 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 labour 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 gen'rally upon me, O :
 Mischance, mistake, or by neglect,
 Or by goodnatar'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 your view the farther, O :
 Had you the wealth Potosi boasts,
 Or nations to adore you, O,
 A cheerful honest-hearted clown
 I will prefer before you, O.

JOHN BARLEYCORN :

A BALLAD.

[Composed on the plan of an old song, of which David Laing has given an authentic version in his very curious volume of Metrical Tales.]

THERE were 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 ha'e sworn a solemn oath
 John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
 And show'rs began to fall ;
 John Barleycorn got up again,
 And sore surpris'd them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
 And he grew thick and strong;
 His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
 That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn 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 show their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon, long and sharp,
 And cut him by the knee;
 Then ty'd him fast upon a cart,
 Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
 And cudgell'd him full sore;
 They hung him up before the storm,
 And turn'd him o'er 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—
 He crush'd him 'tween two stones.

And they ha'e 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 !

THE RIGS O' BARLEY.

Tune—"Corn rigs are bonnie."

[Two young women of the west, Anne Ronald and Anne Blair, have each, by the district traditions, been claimed as the heroine of this early song.]

It was upon a Lammas night,
 When corn rigs are bonnie,
 Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
 I held awa to Annie :

The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
 'Till 'tween the late and early,
 Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,
 To see me through the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
 The moon was shining clearly ;
 I set her down wi' right good will,
 Amang 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,
 Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace !
 Her heart was beating rarely :

My blessings on that happy place,
 Among the rigs o' barley!
 But by the moon and stars so bright,
 That shone that hour so clearly!
 She ay shall bless that happy night,
 Among the rigs o' barley!

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

CHORUS.

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

MONTGOMERY'S PEGGY.

Tune—"Galla-Water."

["My Montgomery's Peggy," says Burns, "was my deity for six or eight months: she had been bred in a style of life rather elegant: it cost me some heart-aches to get rid of the affair." The young lady listened to the eloquence of the poet, poured out in many an interview, and then quietly told him that she stood unalterably engaged to another.]

ALTHO' my bed were in yon muir,
 Among the heather, in my plaidie,
 Yet happy, happy would I be,
 Had I my dear Montgomery's Peggy.

When o'er the hill beat surly storms,
 And winter nights were dark and rainy;
 I'd seek some dell, and in my arms
 I'd shelter dear Montgomery's Peggy.

Were I a baron proud and high,
 And horse and servants waiting ready,
 Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me,
 The sharin't with Montgomery's Peggy.

THE MAUCLINE LADY.

Tune—"I had a horse, I had nae mair."

[The Mauchline lady who won the poet's heart was Jean Armour: she loved to relate how the bard made her acquaintance: his dog ran across some linen webs which she was bleaching among Mauchline gowans, and he apologized so handsomely that she took another look at him. To this interview the world owes some of our most impassioned strains.]

WHEN first I came to Stewart Kyle,
 My mind it was nae steady;
 Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade,
 A mistress still I had ay:
 But when I came roun' by Mauchline town,
 Not dreadin' any body,
 My heart was caught before I thought,
 And by a Mauchline lady.

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

Tune—"The deuks dang o'er my daddy!"

["The Highland Lassie" was Mary Campbell, whose too early death the poet sung in strains that will endure while the language lasts. "She was," says Burns, "a warm-hearted, charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love."]

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.
 Within the glen sae bushy, O,
 Aboon the plains 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.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
 And I maun cross the raging sea;
 But while my crimson currents flow,
 I'll love my Highland lassie, O.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
 I know her heart will never change,
 For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
 My faithful Highland lassie, O.

For her I'll dare the billows' roar,
 For her I'll trace a distant shore,
 That Indian wealth may lustre throw
 Around my Highland lassie, O.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
 By sacred truth and honour's band!
 'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
 I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O.

Farewell the glen sae bushy, O!
 Farewell the plain sae rushy, O!
 To other lands I now must go,
 To sing my Highland lassie, O.

P E G G Y.

[The heroine of this song is said to have been "Montgomery's Peggy."]

Tune—"I had a horse, I had nae mair."

Now westlin winds and slaughtering guns
 Bring autumn's pleasant weather;
 The moorcock springs on whirring wings,
 Among the blooming heather:
 Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
 Delights the weary farmer;

And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,
To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells ;
The plover loves the mountains ;
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells ;
The soaring hern the fountains ;
Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves
The path of man to shun it ;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender ;
Some social join and leagues combine ;
Some solitary wander :
Avaunt, away ! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion ;
The 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 every happy creature.

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

THE RANTIN' DOG THE DADDIE O'T.

Tune—"East nook o' Fife."

[The heroine of this humorous ditty was the mother of "Sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess," a person whom the poet regarded, as he says, both for her form and her grace.]

O WHA my babie-clouts will buy?
 O wha will tent me when I cry?
 Wha will kiss me where I lie?—
 The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

O wha will own he did the fau't?
 O wha will buy the groanin' maut?
 O 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'll 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 again?—
 The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

MY HEART WAS ANCE.

Tune—"To the weavers gin ye go."

["The chorus of this song," says Burns, in his note to the Museum, "is old. the rest is mine." The "bonnie, westlin weaver lad" is said to have been one of the rivals of the poet in the affections of a west landlady.]

MY heart was ance as blythe and free
 As simmer days were lang,
 But a bonnie, 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 bonnie 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 bonnie westlin weaver lad
 Convoy'd me thro' 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.

NANNIE.

Tune—"My Nannie, O."

[Agnes Fleming, servant at Calceothill, inspired this fine song : she died at an advanced age, and was more remarkable for the beauty of her form than face. When questioned about the love of Burns, she smiled and said, "Aye, atweel he made a great wark about me."]

BEHIND yon hills, where Lugar flows,
 'Mang moors and mosses many, O,
 The wintry sun the day has closed,
 And I'll awa to Nannie, O.

The westlin wind blaws loud an' shrill ;
 The night's baith mirk and rainy, O ;
 But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,
 An' owre the hills to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, an' young ;
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O :
 May ill befa' the flattering tongue
 That wad beguile my Nannie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 As spotless as she's bonnie, O :
 The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
 An' few there be that ken me, O ;
 But what care I how few they be ?
 I'm welcome ay to Nannie, O.

My riches a's my penny-fee,
 An' I maun guide it cannie, O ;
 But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
 My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view
 His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O ;
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
 An' has nae care but Nannie, O.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by,
 I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O :
 Nae ither care in life have I,
 But live, an' love my Nannie, O.

A FRAGMENT.

Tune—"John Anderson my jo."

[This verse, written early, and probably intended for the starting verse of a song, was found among the papers of the poet.

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 crooded o'er me,
 That echoed thro' the braes.

BONNIE PEGGY ALISON.

Tune—"Braes o' Balquhidder."

[On those whom Burns loved, he poured out songs without limit. Peggy Alison is said, by a western tradition, to be Montgomery's Peggy, but this seems doubtful.]

CHORUS.

I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
 An' I'll kiss thee o'er again ;
 An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
 My bonnie Peggy Alison !

ILK care and fear, when thou art near,
 I ever mair defy them, O ;
 Young kings upon their hansel throne
 Are no sae blest as I am, O !

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
 I clasp my countless treasure, O,
 I seek nae mair o' Heaven to share
 Than sic a moment's pleasure, O !

And by thy een, sae bonnie blue,
 I swear, I'm thine for ever, O !—

And on thy lips I seal my vow,
 And break it shall I never, O!
 I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
 An' I'll kiss thee o'er again;
 An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
 My bonnie Peggy Alison!

THERE'S NOUGHT BUT CARE.

Tune—"Green grow the rashes."

[“Man was made when nature was but an apprentice; but woman is the last and most perfect work of nature,” says an old writer, in a rare old book: a passage which expresses the sentiment of Burns; yet it is all but certain, that the Ploughman Bard was unacquainted with “Cupid’s Whirlygig,” where these words are to be found.]

CHORUS.

Green grow the rashes, O!
 Green grow the rashes, O!
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
 Are spent among the lasses, O.

THERE'S nought but care on ev'ry han',
 In every hour that passes, O:
 What signifies the life o' man,
 An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.

The warl'ly race may riches chase,
 An' riches still may fly them, O;
 An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
 My arms about my dearie, O;
 An' warl'ly cares, an' warl'ly men,
 May a' gae tapsalteeie, O.

For you sac douce, ye sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:
 The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
 He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O:
 Her 'prentice han' she try'd on man,
 An' then she made the lasses, O.
 Green grow the rashes, O!
 Green grow the rashes, O!
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
 Are spent among the lasses, O.

MY JEAN!

Tune—"The Northern Lass."

[The lady on whom this passionate verse was written was Jean Armour.]

THOUGH cruel fate should bid us part,
 Far as the pole and line,
 Her dear idea round my heart,
 Should tenderly entwine.
 Though mountains rise, and deserts howl,
 And oceans roar between;
 Yet dearer than my deathless soul,
 I still would love my Jean.

ROBIN.

Tune—"Dainty Davie."

[Stothard painted a clever little picture from this characteristic ditty: the cannie wife, it was evident, saw in Robin's palm something which tickled her, and a curious intelligence sparkled in the eyes of her gossips.]

THERE was a lad was born in Kyle,
 But whatna day o' whatna style
 I doubt it's hardly worth the while
 To be sae nice wi' Robin.
 Robin was a rovin' boy,
 Rantiu' roviu', rantiu' rovin';
 Robin was a rovin' boy,
 Rantiu' roviu' Rebin!

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
 Was five-and twenty days begun,
 'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win'
 Blew hansel in on Robin.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
 Quo' she, 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 to 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' she, I doubt you gar,
 The bonnie lasses lie aspar,
 But twenty fauts ye may hae waur,
 So blessin's on thee, Robin!
 Robin was a rovin' boy,
 Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin';
 Robin was a rovin' boy,
 Rantin' rovin' Robin!

HER FLOWING LOCKS.

Tune—(unknown.)

[One day—it is tradition that speaks—Burns had his foot in the stirrup to return from Ayr to Mauchline, when a young lady of great beauty rode up to the inn, and ordered refreshments for her servants: he made these lines at the moment, to keep, he said, so much beauty in his memory.]

HER flowing locks, the raven's wing,
 Adown her neck and bosom hing;
 How sweet unto that breast to cling,
 And round that neck entwine her!

Her lips are roses wat wi' dew,
 O, what a feast her bonnie mou' !
 Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,
 A crimson still diviner.

O LEAVE NOVELS.

Tune—"Mauchline belles."

[Who these Mauchline belles were the bard in other verse informs us:—

"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 with Miss Morton,
 But Armour's the jewel for me o' them a'."]]

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 Mossgiel.

Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung,
 A heart that warmly seems to feel ;
 That feeling heart but acts a part—
 'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossgiel.

The frank address, the soft caress,
 Are worse than poison'd darts of steel ;
 The frank address and politesse
 Are all finesse in Rob Mossgiel.

YOUNG PEGGY.

Tune—"Last time I cam o'er the muir.

[In these verses Burns, it is said, bade farewell to one on whom he had, according to his own account, wasted eight months of courtship. We hear no more of Montgomery's Peggy.]

YOUNG Peggy blooms our bonniest lass,
 Her blush is like the morning,
 The rosy dawn, the springing grass,
 With early gems adorning :
 Her eyes outshone 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 graced them ;
 They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,
 And sweetly tempt to taste them :
 Her smile is, as the evening, mild,
 When feather'd tribes are courting,
 And little lambkins wanton wild,
 In playful bands disporting.

Were fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
 Such sweetness would relent her,
 As blooming spring unbends the brow
 Of surly, savage winter.
 Detraction's eye no aim can gain,
 Her winning powers to lessen ;
 And fretful envy grins in vain
 The poison'd tooth to fasten

Ye powers of honour, love, and truth,
 From every ill defend her ;
 Inspire the highly-favour'd youth
 The destinies intend her :
 Still fan the sweet connubial flame
 Responsive in each bosom,
 And bless the dear parental name
 With many a filial blossom.

THE CURE FOR ALL CARE.

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

[Tarbolton Lodge, of which the Poet was a member, was noted for its socialities. Masonic lyrics are all of a dark and mystic order; and those of Burns are scarcely an exception.]

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 to snare—
 For a big-bellied bottle's the whole of my care.

The peer I don't envy, I give him his bow;
 I scorn not the peasant, tho' ever so low;
 But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
 And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse;
 There centum per centum, the cit with his purse;
 But see you The Crown, how it waves in the air!
 There a big-bellied bottle still eases my care.

The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
 For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
 I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
 That a big-bellied bottle's a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make;
 A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;—
 But the pury old landlord just waddled up stairs,
 With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

"Life's cares they are comforts,"¹—a maxim laid down
 By the bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown;
 And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair;
 For a big-bellied bottle's a heav'n of care.

ADDED IN A MASON LODGE.

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

¹ Young's Night Thoughts.

ELIZA.

Tune—"Gilderoy."

[My late excellent friend, John Galt, informed me that the Eliza of this song was his relative, and that her name was Elizabeth Barbour.]

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

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

THE SONS OF OLD KILLIE.

Tune—"Shavenboy."

[“This song, wrote by Mr. Burns, was sung by him in the Kilmarnock-Kilwinning Lodge, in 1786, and given by him to Mr. Parker, who was master of the Lodge.” These interesting words are on the original, in the poet's handwriting, in the possession of Mr. Gabriel Neil, of Glasgow.]

YE sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie,
 To follow the noble vocation;
 Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another
 To sit in that honoured station.
 I've little to say, but only to pray,
 As praying's the ton of your fashion;
 A prayer from the muse you well may excuse,
 'Tis seldom her favourite 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.

M E N I E.

Tune—"Johnny's grey breeks."

[Of the lady who inspired this song no one has given any account: It first appeared in the second edition of the poet's works, and as the chorus was written by an Edinburgh gentleman, it has been surmised that the song was a matter of friendship rather than of the heart.]

AGAIN rejoicing nature sees
 Her robe assume its vernal hues,
 Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
 All freshly steep'd in morning dews.
 And maun I still on Menie doat,
 And bear the scorn that's in her e'e?
 For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
 An' it winna let a body be.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
 In vain to me the vi'lets spring;
 In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
 The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

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.

The wanton coot the water skims,
 Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
 The stately swan majestic swims,
 And everything is blest but I.

The sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,
 And owre the moorland whistles shrill;
 Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step,
 I meet him on the dewy hill.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
 Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
 And mounts and sings on fluttering wings,
 A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
 And raging bend the naked tree:
 Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
 When nature all is sad like me!
 And manna 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.

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

Tune—"Good-night, and joy be wi' you a'."

[Burns, it is said, sung this song in the St. James's Lodge of Tarbolton, when his chest was on the way to Greenock: men are yet living who had the honour of hearing him—the concluding verse affected the whole lodge.]

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

Oft have I met your social band,
 And spent the cheerful, festive night;
 Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
 Presided o'er the sons 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 th' 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'.

ON CESSNOCK BANKS.

Tune—*"If he be a butcher neat and trim."*

[There are many variations of this song, which was first printed by Cromek from the oral communication of a Glasgow lady, on whose charms the poet, in early life, composed it.]

ON Cessnock banks a lassie dwells;
 Could I describe her shape and mien;
 Our lasses a' she far exceeds,
 An' she has twa sparkling roguish 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 roguish een.

She's stately like yon youthful ash,
 That grows the cowslip braes between,
 And drinks the stream with vigour fresh ;
 An' she has twa sparkling roguish 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 roguish een.

Her looks are like the vernal May,
 When evening Phœbus shines serene,
 While birds rejoice on every spray—
 An' she has twa sparkling roguish 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 roguish 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 roguish een.

Her cheeks are like yon crimson gem,
 The pride of all the flow'ry scene,
 Just opening on its thorny stem ;
 An' she has twa sparkling roguish 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 roguish 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 twa sparkling roguish een.

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,
 With fleeces newly washen clean,

That slowly mount the rising steep ;
 An' she has twa glaucin' roguish 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 roguish een.

Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush
 That sings on Cessnoek banks unseen,
 While his mate sits nestling in the bush ;
 An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

But it's not her air, her form, her face,
 Tho' matchin' beauty's fabled queen,
 'Tis the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,
 An' chiefly in her roguish een.

M A R Y !

Tune—" *Blue Bonnets.*"

[In the original manuscript Burns calls this song "A Prayer for Mary;" his Highland Mary is supposed to be the inspirer.]

POWERS celestial ! whose protection
 Ever guards the virtuous fair,
 While in distant climes I wander,
 Let my Mary be your care :
 Let her form sac 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.

THE LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE.

Tune—"Miss Forbes's Farewell to Banff."

[Miss Alexander, of Ballochmyle, as the poet tells her in a letter, dated November, 1786, inspired this popular song. He chanced to meet her in one of his favourite walks on the banks of the Ayr, and the fine scene and the lovely lady set the muse to work. Miss Alexander, perhaps unaccustomed to this forward wooing of the muse, allowed the offering to remain unnoticed for a time: it is now in a costly frame, and hung in her chamber—as it deserves to be.]

'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,
 On every blade the pearls hang,
 The zephyrs wanton'd round the bean,
 And bore its fragrant sweets along:
 In ev'ry glen the mavis sang,
 All nature listening seem'd the while,
 Except where greenwood 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 air like nature's vernal smile,
 Perfection whisper'd passing by,
 Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!

Fair is the morn in flow'ry May,
 And sweet is night in autumn mild;
 When roving thro' the garden gay,
 Or wand'ring in the lonely wild;
 But woman, nature's darling child!
 There all her charms she does compile;
 Even there her other works are foil'd
 By the bonnie 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 bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

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

THE GLOOMY NIGHT.

Tune—"Roslin Castle."

[“I had taken,” says Burns, “the last farewell of my friends, my chest was on the road to Greenock, and I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia—

‘The gloomy night is gathering fast.’”]

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
 Loud roars the wild inconstant blast;
 Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
 I see it driving o'er the plain;
 The hunter now has left the moor,
 The scatter'd coveys meet secure;
 While here I wander, prest with care,
 Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

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

'Tis not the surging 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 transpiere'd with many a wound;
 These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
 To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

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

O WHAR DID YE GET.

Tune—"Bonnie Dundee."

[This is one of the first songs which Burns communicated to Johnson's Musical Museum: the starting verse is partly old and partly new: the second is wholly by his hand.]

O WHAR did ye get that hauver meal bannock?
 O silly blind body, O dinna ye see?
 I gat it frae a young brisk sodger laddie,
 Between Saint Johnston and bonnie Dundee.
 O gin I saw the laddie that gae me't!
 Aft has he doudl'd me up on his knee;
 May Heaven protect my bonnie Scots laddie,
 And send him safe hame to his babie and me!

My blessin's upon thy sweet wee lippie,
 My blessin's upon thy bonnie e'e 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 you bonnie 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 JOYFUL WIDOWER.

Tune—"Maggie Lauder."

[Most of this song is by Burns; his fancy was filled with images of matrimonial joy or infelicity, and he had them ever ready at the call of the muse. It was first printed in the Musical Museum.]

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 liv'd full one-and-twenty years
 A man and wife together ;
 At length from me her course she steer'd,
 And gone I know not whither :
 Would I could guess, I do profess,
 I speak, and do not flatter,
 Of all the women in the world,
 I never could come at her.

Her body is bestowed well,
 A handsome grave does hide her ;
 But sure her soul is not in hell,
 The deil could ne'er abide her.
 I rather think she is aloft,
 And imitating thunder ;
 For why,—methinks I hear her voice
 Tearing the clouds asunder.

COME DOWN THE BACK STAIRS.

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

[The air of this song was composed by John Bruce, a Dumfries fiddler. Burns gave another and happier version to the work of Thomson: this was written for the Museum of Johnson, where it was first published.]

CHORUS.

O whistle, and I'll come
 To you, my lad;
 O whistle, and I'll come
 To you, my lad:
 Tho' father and mither
 Should baith gae mad,
 O whistle, and I'll come
 To you, my lad.

COME down the back stairs
 When ye come to court me;
 Come down the back stairs
 When ye come to court me;
 Come down the back stairs,
 And let naebody see,
 And come as ye were na
 Coming to me.

I AM MY MAMMY'S AE BAIRN.

Tune—"I'm o'er young to marry yet."

[The title, and part of the chorus only of this song are old; the rest is by Burns, and was written for Johnson.]

I AM my mammy's ae bairn,
 Wi' unco folk I weary, Sir;
 And lying in a man's bed,
 I'm fley'd it mak me cerie, Sir.
 I'm o'er young to marry yet;
 I'm o'er young to marry yet;
 I'm o'er young—'twad be a sin
 To tak me frac my mammy yet.

Hollowmas is come and gane,
 The nights are lang in winter, Sir;
 And you an' I in ae bed,
 In trowth, I dare na venture, Sir.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind,
 Blaws through the leafless timmer, Sir;
 But, if ye come this gate again,
 I'll aulder be gin simmer, Sir.
 I'm o'er young to marry yet;
 I'm o'er young to marry yet;
 I'm o'er young, 'twad be a sin
 To tak me frae my mammy yet.

BONNIE LASSIE, WILL YE GO.

Tune—"The Birks of Aberfeldy."

[An old strain, called "The Birks of Abergeldie," was the forerunner of this sweet song: it was written, the poet says, standing under the Falls of Alberfeldy, near Moness, in Perthshire, during one of the tours which he made to the north, in the year 1787.]

CHORUS.

Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
 Will ye go, will 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.

The little birdies blithely sing,
 While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
 Or lightly flit on wanton wing
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

The braes ascend, like lofty wa's,
 The foamy stream deep-roaring fa's,
 O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
 White o'er the linn the burnie pours,
 And rising, weets wi' misty showers
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
 Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.
 Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
 Will ye go, will ye go;
 Bonnie lassie, will ye go
 To the birks of Aberfeldy?

MACPIERSON'S FAREWELL.

Tune—"M'Pherson's Rant."

[This vehement and daring song had its origin in an older and inferior strain, recording the feelings of a noted freebooter when brought to "justify his deeds on the gallows-tree" at Inverness.]

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,
 The wretch's destinie!
 Macpherson's time will not be long
 On yonder gallows-tree.
 Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
 Sae dauntingly gaed he;
 He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
 Below the gallows-tree.

Oh, what is death but parting breath?
 On many a bloody plain
 I've dar'd his face, and in this place
 I scorn him yet again!

Untie 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.

I've lived a life of sturt and strife ;
 I die by treacherie :
 It burns my heart I must depart,
 And not avenged be.

Now farewell light—thou sunshine bright,
 And all beneath the sky !
 May coward shame distain his name,
 The wretch that dares not die !
 Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
 Sae dauntingly gaed he ;
 He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
 Below the gallows tree.

BRAW LADS OF GALLA WATER.

Tune—"Galla Water."

[Burns found this song in the collection of Herd; added the first verse, made other but not material emendations, and published it in Johnson: in 1793 he wrote another version for Thomson.]

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 thro' the water.

SAE fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
 Sae bonny 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 thro' the water.

Down among the broom, the broom,
 Down among 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 thro' the water.

STAY, MY CHARMER.

Tune—"An Gille dubh ciar dhubb."

[The air of this song was picked up by the poet in one of his northern tours: his Highland excursions coloured many of his lyric compositions.]

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!

THICKEST NIGHT, O'ERHANG MY DWELLING.

Tune—"Strathallan's Lament."

[The Viscount Strathallan, whom this song commemorates, was William Drummond: he was slain at the carnage of Culloden. It was long believed that he escaped to France and died in exile.]

THICKEST night, o'erhang my dwelling!
 Howling tempests, o'er me rave!
 Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
 Roaring by my lonely cave!

Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
 Busy haunts of base mankind,

Western breezes softly blowing,
 Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of Right engaged,
 Wrongs injurious to redress,
 Honour's war we strongly waged,
 But the heavens denied success.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
 Not a hope that dare attend,
 The wild world is all before us—
 But a world without a friend.

MY HOGGIE.

Tune—"What will I do gin my Hoggie die?"

[Burns was struck with the pastoral wildness of this Liddesdale air, and wrote these words to it for the Museum: the first line only is old.]

WHAT will I do gin my Hoggie die?
 My joy, my pride, my Hoggie!
 My only beast, I had nae mae,
 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,
 Amang the bras sac scroggie;
 But the houlet 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 crow,
 The morning it was foggie;
 An' unco tyko lap o'e the dyke,
 And maist has kill'd my Hoggie.

HER DADDIE FORBAD.

Tune—"Jumpin' John."

[This is one of the old songs which Ritson accuses Burns of amending for the Museum: little of it, however, is his, save a touch here and there—but they are Burns's touches.]

HER daddie forbad, her minnie forbad;
 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 bonnie lassie,
 The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
 Beguiled the bonnie lassie.

A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf,
 And thretty gude shillin's and three;
 A vera gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter,
 The lass wi' the bonnie blaek e'e.

The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
 Beguiled the bonnie lassie,
 The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
 Beguiled the bonnie lassie.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

Tune—"Cold blows the wind."

["The chorus of this song," says the poet, in his notes on the Scottish lyrics, "is old, the two stanzas are mine." The air is ancient, and was a favourite with Mary Stuart, the queen of William the Third.]

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 shill I hear the blast,
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
 A' day they fare but sparely;
 And lang's the night frae e'en to morn—
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.
 Up in the morning'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.

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

Tune—"Morag."

[The Young Highland Rover of this strain is supposed by some to be the Chevalier, and with more probability by others, to be a Gordon, as the song was composed in consequence of the poet's visit to "bonnie Castle-Gordon," in September, 1787.]

LOUD blaw the frosty breezes,
 The snaws the mountains 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 blithely singing.
 And every flower be springing,
 Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
 When by his mighty Warden
 My youth's returned to fair Strathspey,
 And bonnie Castle-Gordon.

HEY, THE DUSTY MILLER.

Tune—"The Dusty Miller."

[The Dusty Miller is an old strain, modified for the Museum by Burns: it is a happy specimen of his taste and skill in making the new look like the old.]

HEY, the dusty miller,
 And his dusty coat;
 He will win a shilling,
 Or he spend a groat.
 Dusty was the coat,
 Dusty was the colour,
 Dusty was the kiss
 That I got frae the miller.

Hey, the dusty miller,
 And his dusty sack;
 Leeze me on the calling
 Fills the dusty peck.
 Fills the dusty peck,
 Brings the dusty siller;
 I wad gie my coatie
 For the dusty miller.

THERE WAS A LASS.

Tune—"Duncan Davison."

[There are several other versions of Duncan Davison, which it is more delicate to allude to than to quote: this one is in the Museum.]

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 skiegn,
 Her favour Duncan could na win;
 For wi' the roke 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 eas'd 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 flang 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 bonnie lass,
 And ay be welcome back again.

THENIEL MENZIES' BONNIE MARY.

Tune—" *The Ruffian's Rant.*"

[Burns, it is believed, wrote this song during his first Highland tour, when he danced among the northern dames, to the tune of "Bab at the Bowster," till the morning sun rose and reproved them from the top of Ben Lomond.]

IN coming by the brig o' Dye,
 At Darlet we a blink did tarry ;
 As day was dawin in the sky,
 We drank a health to bonnie Mary.
 Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary ;
 Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary ;
 Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie,
 Kissin' Theniel's bonnie Mary.

Her een sae bright, her brow sae white,
 Her haffet locks as brown's a berry ;
 And ay, they dimpl't wi' a smile,
 The rosy cheeks o' bonnie Mary.

We lap and danced the lee lang day,
 Till piper lads were wae and weary;
 But Charlie gat the spring to pay,
 For kissin' Theniel's bonnie Mary.
 Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary;
 Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary;
 Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie,
 Kissin' Theniel's bonnie Mary.

THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.

Tune—" *Bhannerach dhon na chri.*"

[These verses were composed on a charming young lady, Charlotte Hamilton, sister to the poet's friend, Gavin Hamilton of Mauchline, residing, when the song was written, at Harvieston, on the banks of the Devon, in the county of Clackmannan.]

How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,
 With green spreading bushes, and flowers blooming fair!
 But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon
 Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.
 Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
 In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew;
 And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
 That steals on the evening each leaf to renew.

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
 With chill hoary wing, as ye usher the dawn;
 And far be thou distant, thou reptile that 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.

WEARY FA' YOU, DUNCAN GRAY.

Tune—"Duncan Gray."

[The original Duncan Gray, out of which the present strain was extracted for Johnson, had no right to be called a lad of grace: another version, and in a happier mood, was written for Thomson.]

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!

Bonnie 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 cureh, 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!
 I'se 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.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

Tune—"Up wi' the ploughman."

[The old words, of which these in the Museum are an altered and amended version, are in the collection of Herd.]

THE ploughman he's a bonnie lad,
 His mind is ever true, jo,
 His garters knit below his knee,
 His bonnet it is blue, jo.
 Then up wi' him 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 !

I will wash my ploughman's hose,
 And I will dress his o'erlay ;
 I will mak my ploughman's bed,
 And cheer him late and early.

I hae been east, I hae been west,
 I hae been at Saint Johnston ;
 The bonniest sight that e'er I saw
 Was the ploughman laddie dancin'.

Snow-white stockings on his legs,
 And siller buckles glancin' ;
 A gude blue bonnet on his head—
 And O, but he was handsome !

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' him my ploughman lad,
 And hey my merry ploughman !
 Of a' the trades that I do ken,
 Commend me to the ploughman.

LANDLADY, COUNT THE LAWIN.

Tune—"Hey tutti, taiti."

[Of this song, the first and second verses are by Burns: the closing verse belongs to a strain threatening Britain with an invasion from the iron-handed Charles XII. of Sweden, to avenge his own wrongs and restore the line of the Stuarts.]

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?

RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

Tune—"Macgregor of Rura's Lament."

["I composed these verses," says Burns, "on Miss Isabella M'Leod, of Raza, alluding to her feelings on the death of her sister, and the still more melancholy death of her sister's husband, the late Earl of Loudon, in 1796."]

RAVING winds around her blowing,
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing,
By a river hoarsely roaring,
Isabella stray'd deploring—
"Farewell hours that late did measure
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure;

Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow,
Cheerless night that knows no morrow!

“O'er the past too fondly wandering,
On the hopeless future pondering;
Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
Fell despair my fancy seizes.
Life, thou soul of every blessing,
Load to misery most distressing,
Gladly how would I resign thee,
And to dark oblivion join thee!”

HOW LONG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

To a Gaelic Air.

[Composed for the Museum: the air of this affecting strain is true Highland: Burns, though not a musician, had a fine natural taste in the matter of national melodies.]

How long and dreary is the night
When I am frae my dearie!
I sleepless lie frae e'en to morn,
Tho' I were ne'er sae weary.
I sleepless lie frae e'en to morn,
Tho' I were ne'er sae weary.

When I think on the happy days
I spent wi' you, my dearie,
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I but be eerie!
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie!

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
As ye were wae and weary!
It was na sae ye glinted by,
When I was wi' my dearie.
It was na sae ye glinted by,
When I was wi' my dearie.

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

Tune—" *Druimion dubh.*"

[The air of this song is from the Highlands: the verses were written in compliment to the feelings of Mrs. McLauchlan, whose husband was an officer serving in the East Indies.]

MUSING on the roaring ocean,
Which divides my love and me;
Wearying heaven in warm devotion,
For his weal where'er he be.

Hope and fear's alternate billow
Yielding late to nature's law,
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow
Talk of him that's far awa.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me;
Downy sleep, the curtain draw;
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that's far awa!

BLITHE WAS SHE.

Tune—" *Andro and his cutty gun.*"

[The heroine of this song, Euphemia Murray of Lintrose, was justly called the "Flower of Strathmore;" she is now widow of Lord Methven, one of the Scottish judges, and mother of a fine family. The song was written at Ochtertyre, in June, 1787.]

CHORUS.

Blithe, blithe and merry was she,
Blithe was she but and ben:
Blithe by the banks of Ern,
And blithe in Glenturit glen.

By Auchtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw;

But Phemie who a bonnier lass
Than braes of Yarrow ever saw.

Her looks were like a flow'er in May,
Her smile was like a simmer morn;
She tripped by the banks of Ern,
As light 's a bird upon a thorn.

Her bonnie face it was as meek
As ony lamb upon a lea;
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet,
As was the blink o' Phemie's ee.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
And o'er the Lowlands I hae been;
But Phemie was the blithest lass
That ever trod the dewy green.
Blithe, blithe and merry was she,
Blithe was she but and ben:
Blithe by the banks of Ern,
And blithe in Glenturit glen.

THE BLUDE RED ROSE AT YULE MAY BLOW.

Tune—"To daunton me."

[The Jacobite strain of "To daunton me," must have been in the mind of the poet when he wrote this pithy lyric for the Museum.]

THE blude red rose at Yule may blow,
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 so young,
Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue,
That is the thing you ne'er shall see;
For an auld man shall never 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 fèè,
 For an auld man shall never daunton me.

He hirples twa fauld as he dow,
 Wi' his teethless 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 sae young,
 Wi' his fause heart and flattering tongue,
 That is the thing you ne'er shall see;
 For an auld man shall never daunton me.

COME BOAT ME O'ER TO CHARLIE.

Tune—"O'er the water to Charlie."

[The second stanza of this song, and nearly all the third, are by Burns. Many songs, some of merit, on the same subject, and to the same air, were in other days current in Scotland.]

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 the sun that shines so early,
 If I had twenty thousand lives,
 I'd die as aft 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 with Charlie!

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

Tune—"The Rose-bud."

[The "Rose-bud" of these sweet verses was Miss Jean Cruikshank, afterwards Mrs. Henderson, daughter of William Cruikshank, of St. James's Square, one of the masters of the High School of Edinburgh: she is also the subject of a poem equally sweet.]

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
 Adown a corn-enclosed baw,
 Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
 All on a dewy morning.
 Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
 In a' its crimson glory spread,
 And drooping rich the dewy head,
 It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest
 A little linnet fondly prest,
 The dew sat chilly on her breast
 Sae early in the morning.
 She soon shall see her tender brood,
 The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
 Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
 Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,
 On trembling string or vocal air,
 Shall sweetly pay the tender care
 That tends thy early morning.
 So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
 Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
 And bless the parent's evening ray
 That watch'd thy early morning.

RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE.

Tune—"Rattlin', roarin' Willie."

"The hero of this chant," says Burns, "was one of the worthiest fellows in the world—William Dunbar, Esq., Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh, and Colonel of the Crochallan corps—a club of wits, who took that title at the time of raising the fencible regiments."]

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 blint 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' would 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 sittin' at yon board en';
 Sitting at yon board en',
 And amang good companie;
 Rattlin', roarin' Willie,
 Ye're welcome hame to me!

BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS.

Tune—"Neil Gow's Lamentation' for Abercainry."

[“This song,” says the poet, “I composed on one of the most accomplished of women, Miss Peggy Chalmers that was, now Mrs. Lewis Hay, of Forbes and Co.’s bank, Edinburgh.” She now lives at Pau, in the south of France.]

WHERE, braving angry winter’s storms,
 The lofty Ochels rise,
 Far in their shade my Peggy’s charms
 First blest my wondering eyes;
 As one who by some savage stream,
 A lonely gem surveys,
 Astonish’d, doubly marks its beam,
 With art’s most polish’d blaze.

Blest be the wild, sequester’d shade,
 And blest the day and hour,
 Where Peggy’s charms I first survey’d,
 When first I felt their power!
 The tyrant Death, with grim control,
 May seize my fleeting breath
 But tearing Peggy from my soul
 Must be a stronger death.

TIBBIE DUNBAR.

Tune—"Johnny M'Gill."

[We owe the air of this song to one Johnny M'Gill, a fiddler of Girvan, who bestowed his own name on it: and the song itself partly to Burns and partly to some unknown minstrel. They are both in the Museum.]

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 kindred,
 Sae high and sae lordly :
 But say thou wilt hae me
 For better for waur—
 And come in thy coatie,
 Sweet Tibbie Dunbar !

STREAMS THAT GLIDE IN ORIENT PLAINS.

Tune—"Morag."

[We owe these verses to the too brief visit which the poet, in 1787, made to Gordon Castle: he was hurried away, much against his will, by his moody and obstinate friend William Nicol.]

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

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

Wildly here without control,
 Nature reigns and rules the whole ;
 In that sober pensive mood,

Dearest to the feeling soul,
 She plants the forest, pours the flood ;
 Life's poor day I'll musing rave,
 And find at night a sheltering cave,
 Where waters flow and wild woods wave,
 By bonnie Castle-Gordon.

MY HARRY WAS A GALLANT GAY.

Tune—"Highlander's Lament."

[“The chorus.” says Burns, “I picked up from an old woman in Dumblane: the rest of the song is mine.” He composed it for Johnson: the tone is Jacobitical.]

My Harry was a gallant gay,
 Fu' stately strode he on the plain :
 But now he's banish'd far away,
 I'll never see him back again.
 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 set me down and greet my fill,
 And ay I wish him back again.

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 back again !
 O for him back again !
 I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land
 For Highland Harry back again.

THE TAILOR.

Tune—"The Tailor fell thro' the bed, thimbles an' a'."

[The second and fourth verses are by Burns, the rest is very old; the air is also very old, and is played at trade festivals and processions by the Corporation of Tailors.]

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 would be fain
 To see the bit tailor come skippin' again.

SIMMER'S A PLEASANT TIME.

Tune—"Ay waukin o'."

[Tytler and Ritson unite in considering the air of these words as one of our most ancient melodies. The first verse of the song is from the hand of Burns; the rest had the benefit of his emendations: it is to be found in the Museum.]

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 eerie;
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinking on my dearie.

Lanely night comes on,
 A' the lave are sleepin';
 I think on my bonnie 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.

BEWARE O' BONNIE ANN.

Tune—"Ye gallants bright."

[Burns wrote this song in honour of Ann Masterton, daughter of Allan Masterton, author of the air of Strathallan's Lament: she is now Mrs. Derbyshire, and resides in London.]

YE gallants bright, I rede ye right,
 Beware o' bonnie Ann;
 Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
 Your heart she will trepan.
 Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
 Her skin is like the swan;
 Sae jimply lac'd her gently waist,
 That sweetly ye might span.

Youth, grace, and love attendant move,
 And pleasure leads the van:
 In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
 They wait on bonnie Ann.
 The captive bands may chain the hands,
 But love enslaves the man;
 Ye gallants braw, I rede you a',
 Beware o' bonnie Ann!

WHEN ROSY MAY.

Tune—" *The gardener wi' his paidle.*"

[The air of this song is played annually at the procession of the Gardeners: the title only is old; the rest is the work of Burns. Every trade had, in other days, an air of its own, and songs to correspond; but toil and sweat came in harder measure, and drove melodies out of working-men's heads.]

WHEN rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
 To deck her gay green-spreading bowers,
 Then busy, busy are his hours—
 The gard'ner wi' his paidle.
 The crystal waters gently fa';
 The merry birds are lovers a';
 The scented breezes round him blaw—
 The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

When purple morning starts the hare
 To steal upon her early fare,
 Then thro' the dews he maun repair—
 The gard'ner wi' his paidle.
 When day, expiring in the west,
 The curtain draws of nature's rest,
 He flies to her arms he lo'es best—
 The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

BLOOMING NELLY.

Tune—" *On a bank of flowers.*"

[One of the lyrics of Allan Ramsay's collection seems to have been in the mind of Burns when he wrote this: the words and air are in the Museum.]

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 a wood ;
 He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
 Forgiving all and good.

THE DAY RETURNS.

Tune—"Seventh of November."

[The seventh of November was the anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Riddel, of Friars-Carse, and these verses were composed in compliment to the day.]

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.

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

Tune—"Lady Bandinsooth's Reel."

[These verses had their origin in an olden strain, equally lively and less delicate: some of the old lines keep their place: the title is old. Both words and air are in the Musical Museum.]

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 so sauey yet.
 I rue the day I sought her, O;
 I rue the day I sought her, O;
 Wha gets her needs na say he's woo'd,
 But he may say he's bought her, O!

Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet;
 Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet;
 Gae seek for pleasure where ye will,
 But here I never miss'd it yet.
 We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
 We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
 The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
 An' could na preach for thinkin' o't.

JAMIE, COME TRY ME.

Tune—" *Jamy, come try me.*"

[Burns in these verses caught up the startling note of an old song, of which little more than the startling words deserve to be remembered: the words and air are in the Musical Museum.]

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,
 Jamie, come try me;
 If thou would win my love,
 Jamie, come try me.

MY BONNIE MARY.

Tune—" *Go fetch to me a pint o' wine.*"

[Concerning this fine song, Burns in his notes says, "This air is Oswald's: the first half-stanza of the song is old, the rest is mine." It is believed, however, that the whole of the song is from his hand: in Hogg and Motherwell's edition of Burns, the starting lines are supplied from an olden strain: but some of the old strains in that work are to be regarded with suspicion.]

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
 An' fill it in a silver tassie;
 That I may drink, before I go,
 A service to my bonnie lassie;

The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith;
 Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry;
 The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
 And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
 The glittering spears are ranked ready;
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,
 The battle closes thick and bloody;
 It's not the roar o' sea or shore
 Wad make me langer wish to tarry;
 Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar—
 It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

THE LAZY MIST.

Tune—"The Lazy Mist."

[All that Burns says about the authorship of The Lazy Mist, is, "This song is mine."
 The air, which is by Oswald, together with the words, is in the Musical Museum.]

THE lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
 Concealing the course of the dark winding rill;
 How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear!
 As Autumn to Winter resigns the pale year.
 The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
 And all the gay foppery of summer is flown:
 Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
 How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues!

How long have I liv'd, but how much liv'd in vain!
 How little of life's scanty span may remain!
 What aspects, old Time, in his progress, has worn!
 What ties cruel Fate in my bosom has torn!
 How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd!
 And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd!
 Life is not worth having with all it can give—
 For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

THE CAPTAIN'S LADY.

Tune—"O mount and go."

[Part of this song belongs to an old maritime strain, with the same title: it was communicated, along with many other songs, made or amended by Burns, to the Musical Museum.]

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 shall 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.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

Tune—"Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey."

[Burns wrote this charming song in honour of Jean Armour: he archly says in his notes, "P. S. it was during the honey-moon." Other versions are abroad; this one is from the manuscripts of the poet.]

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,
 I dearly like the west,
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best:
 There wild-woods grow, and rivers row,
 And mony a hill between;
 But day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet and fair :
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
 I hear her charm the air :
 There's not a bonnie flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green,
 There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

O blaw, ye westlin winds, blaw saft
 Among the leafy trees,
 Wi' balny gale, frae hill and dale
 Bring hame the laden bees ;
 And bring the lassie back to me
 That's aye sae neat and clean ;
 Ae smile o' her wad banish care,
 Sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs and vows among the knowes
 Hae passed atween us twa !
 How fond to meet, how wae to part,
 That night she gaed awa !
 The powers aboon can only ken,
 To whom the heart is seen,
 That nane can be sae dear to me
 As my sweet lovely Jean !

FIRST WHEN MAGGY WAS MY CARE.

Tune—"Whistle o'er the lave o't."

[The air of this song was composed by John Bruce, of Dumfries, musician : the words, though originating in an olden strain, are wholly by Burns, and right bitter ones they are. The words and air are in the Museum.]

FIRST when Maggy was my care,
 Heaven, I thought, was in her air ;
 Now we're married—spier nae mair—
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.—

Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
 Bonnie Meg was nature's child;
 Wiser men than me's beguil'd—
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
 How we love, and how we 'gree,
 I care na by how few may see;
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.—
 Wha I wish were maggot's meat,
 Dish'd up in her winding sheet,
 I could write—but Meg maun see't—
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.

O WERE I ON PARNASSUS HILL.

Tune—"My love is lost to me."

[The poet welcomed with this exquisite song his wife to Nithsdale: the air is one of Oswald's.]

O, WERE I on Parnassus' hill!
 Or had of Helicon my fill;
 That I might catch poetic skill,
 To sing how dear I love thee.
 But Nith maun be my Muse's well;
 My Muse maun be thy bonnie sel':
 On Corsincon I'll glow'r and spell,
 And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay,
 For a' the lee-lang simmer's day
 I coudna sing, I coudna say,
 Mow much, how dear, I love thee.
 I see thee dancing o'er the green,
 Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
 Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—
 By heaven and earth I love thee!

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
 The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;

And aye I muse and sing thy name—
 I only live to love thee.
 Tho' I were doom'd to wander on
 Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
 Till my last weary sand was run ;
 Till then—and then I love thee.

THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.

To a Gaelic Air.

[“This air,” says Burns, “is claimed by Neil Gow, who calls it a Lament for his Brother. The first halfstanza of the song is old: the rest is mine.” They are both in the Museum.]

THERE'S a youth in this city,
 It were a great pity
 That he frae our lasses shou'd wander awa :
 For he's bonnie an' braw,
 Weel-favour'd an' a',
 And his hair has a natural buckle au' a'.
 His coat is the hue
 Of his bonnet sae blue ;
 His feck it is white as the new-driven snaw ;
 His hose they are blae,
 And his shoon like the slae,
 And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'.

For beauty and fortune
 The laddie's been courtin' ;
 Weel-featured, weel-tocher'd, weel-mounted and braw ;
 But chiefly the siller,
 That gars him gang till her,
 The pennie's the jewel that beautifies a'.
 There's Meg wi' the mailen
 That fain wad a haen him ;
 And Susie, whose 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'.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Tune—" *Faillte na Miosg.*"

[The words and the air are in the Museum, to which they were contributed by Burns. He says, in his notes on that collection, "The first halfstanza of this song is old; the rest mine." Of the old strain no one has recorded any remembrance.]

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
 A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
 Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
 The birth-place of valour, the country of worth:
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
 Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
 Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
 My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

JOHN ANDERSON.

Tune—" *John Anderson, my jo.*"

[Soon after the death of Burns, the very handsome Miscellanies of Brash and Reid, of Glasgow, contained what was called an improved John Anderson, from the pen of the Ayrshire bard; but, save the second stanza, none of the new matter looked like his hand.]

"John Anderson, my jo, John,
 When nature first began
 To try her cannie hand, John,
 Her master-piece was man;
 And you among them a', John,
 Sae trig frae tap to toe,
 She proved to be nae journeywork,
 John Anderson, my jo.]

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
 When we were first aequent,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent;

But now your brow is beld, John,
 Your locks are like the snaw;
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither;
 And mony a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither:
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go;
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

OUR THRISSLES FLOURISHED FRESII AND FAIR.

Tune—"Awa, Whigs, awa."

[Burns trimmed up this old Jacobite ditty for the Museum, and added some of the bitterest bits: the second and fourth verses are wholly his.]

CHORUS.

Awa, Whigs, awa!
 Awa, Whigs, awa!
 Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,
 Ye'll do nac gude at a'.

OUR thrisles flourish'd fresh and fair,
 And bonnie bloom'd our roses;
 But Whigs came like a frost in June,
 And wither'd a' our posies.

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,
 Wha gae the Whigs the power o't.

Our sad decay in Church and State
 Surpasses my describing:
 The Whigs came o'er us for a curse,
 And we hae done wi' thriving.

Grim vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,
 But we may see him wauken ;
 Gude help the day when royal heads
 Are hunted like a maukin.

Awa, Whigs, awa!

Awa, Whigs, awa!

Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,
 Ye'll do nae gude at a'.

CA' THE EWES.

Tune—"Ca' the ewes to the knowes."

[Most of this sweet pastoral is of other days: Burns made several emendations, and added the concluding verse. He afterwards, it will be observed, wrote for Thomson a second version of the subject and the air.]

CHORUS.

Ca' the ewes to the knowes,
 Ca' them whare the heather grows,
 Ca' them whare the burnie rows,
 My bonnie dearie!

As I gaed down the water-side,
 There I met my shepherd lad,
 He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,
 An' he ca'd me his dearie.

Will ye gang down the water-side,
 And see the waves sae sweetly glide,
 Beneath the hazels spreading wide?
 The moon it shines fu' clearly.

I was bred up at nae sic school,
 My shepherd lad, to play the fool,
 And a' the day to sit in dool,
 And naebody to see me.

Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet,
 Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet,
 And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,
 And ye sall be my dearie.

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
 I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd lad,
 And ye may rowe me in your plaid,
 And I sall be your dearie.

While waters wimple to the sea;
 While day bliks in the lift sae hie;
 'Till clay-could death sall blin' my e'e,
 Ye sall be my dearie.

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

MERRY HAE I BEEN TEETHIN' A HECKLE.

Tune—"Lord Breadalbane's March."

[Part of this song is old: Sir Harris Nicolas says it does not appear to be in the Museum: let him look again.]

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 am as happy's a king.

Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins,
 O' marrying Bess to gie her a slave:
 Blest be the hour she cool'd in her linens,
 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 blest be the day I did it again.



To Mary in Hiern.

*Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding path we met,
To live one day of joy.*



THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

Tune—"The Braes o' Ballochmyle."

[Mary Whitefoord, eldest daughter of Sir John Whitefoord, was the heroine of this song: it was written when that ancient family left their ancient inheritance. It is in the Museum, with an air by Allan Masterton.]

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 e'e.
 Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
 Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while,
 And ay the wild-wood echoes rang,
 Fareweel the Braes o' Ballochmyle!

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
 Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
 Ye birdies dumb, in 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 bonnie banks of Ayr,
 Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle!

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Tune—"Death of Captain Cook."

[This sublime and affecting Ode was composed by Burns in one of his fits of melaucholy, on the anniversary of Highland Mary's death. All the day he had been thoughtful, and at evening he went out, threw himself down by the side of one of his corn-rieks, and with his eyes fixed on "a bright, particular star," was found by his wife, who with difficulty brought him in from the chill midnight air. The song was already composed, and he had only to commit it to paper. It first appeared in the Museum.]

THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?

Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?
 That sacred hour can I forget,
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,
 To live one day of parting love?
 Eternity cannot 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 wildwoods, thick'ning green;
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
 Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene;
 The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on every spray—
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.
 Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care!
 Time but th' impression stronger makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
 My Mary, dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

 E P P I E A D A I R.

Tune—"My Eppie."

[“This song,” says Sir Harris Nicolas, “which has been ascribed to Burns by some of his editors, is in the Musical Museum without any name.” It is partly an old strain, corrected by Burns: he communicated it to the Museum.]

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,
 Dishonour defile me,
 If e'er I beguile thee,
 My Eppie Adair!

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR.

Tune—"Cameronian Rant."

[One Barclay, a dissenting clergyman in Edinburgh, wrote a rhyming dialogue between two rustics, on the battle of Sheriff-muir: Burns was in nowise pleased with the way in which the reverend rhymist handled the Highland clans, and wrote this modified and improved version.]

"O CAM ye here the fight to shun,
 Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?
 Or were ye at the Sherra-muir,
 And did the battle see, man?"
 I saw the battle, sair and tough,
 And reckin' red ran mony a sheugh,
 My heart, for fear, gaed sough for sough,
 To hear the thuds, and see the cluds,
 O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
 Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

The red-coat lads, wi' black cockades,
 To meet them were na slaw, man;
 They rush'd and push'd, and blude outgush'd,
 And mony a bouk did fa', man:
 The great Argyll led on his files,
 I wat they glaunc'd for twenty miles:
 They hough'd the clans like nine-pin kyles,

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 dared our Whigs
 And covenant true blues, man ;
 In lines extended lang and large,
 When bayonets opposed the targe,
 And thousands hasten'd to the charge,
 Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath
 Drew blades o' death, 'till out o' breath,
 They fled like frightened doos, man.

“ O how deil, Tam, can that be true ?
 The chase gaed frae the north, man ;
 I saw myself, they did pursue
 The horsemen back to Forth, man ;
 And at Dumblane, in my ain sight,
 They took the brig wi' a' their might,
 And straught to Stirling winged their flight ;
 But, cursed lot ! the gates were shut ;
 And mony a huntit, poor red-coat,
 For fear amaist did swarf, man ! ”

My sister Kate cam up the gate
 Wi' crowdie unto me, man ;
 She swore she saw some rebels run
 Frae Perth unto Dundee, man ;
 Their left-hand general had nae skill,
 The Angus lads had nae good-will
 That day their neebors' blood to spill ;
 For fear, by foes, that they should lose
 Their cogs o' brose—they scar'd at blows,
 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;
 And mony bade the world guid-night;
 Then ye may tell, how pell and mell,
 By red claymores, and muskets' knell,
 Wi' dying yell, the Tories fell,
 And Whigs to hell did flee, man.

YOUNG JOCKEY.

Tune—"Young Jockey."

[With the exception of three or four lines, this song, though marked in the Museum as an old song with additions, is the work of Burns. He often seems to have sat down to amend or modify old verses, and found it easier to make verses wholly new.]

YOUNG Jockey was the blythest lad
 In a' our town or here awa:
 Fu' blythe he whistled at the gaud,
 Fu' lightly danced he in the ha'.
 He roosed my een, sae bonnie blue,
 He roos'd my waist sae genty sma',
 And ay my heart came to my mou'
 When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
 Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw;
 And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain,
 When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'.
 An' ay the night comes round again,
 When in his arms he taks me a',
 An' ay he vows he'll be my ain,
 As lang's he has a breath to draw.

O, WILLIE BREW'D.

Tune—"Willie brew'd a peck o' maut."

[The scene of this song is Laggan, in Nithsdale, a small estate which Nicol bought by the advice of the poet. It was composed in memory of the house-heating. "We had such a joyous meeting," says Burns, "that Masterton and I agreed, each in our own way, to celebrate the business." The Willie who made the browst was, therefore, William Nicol: the Allan who composed the air, Allan Masterton; and he who wrote this choicest of convivial songs, Robert Burns.]

O, WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,
 And Rob and Allan cam to see:
 Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night,
 Ye wad na find in Christendie.
 We are na fou, we're no that fou,
 But just a drappie in our e'e;
 The cock may craw, the day may daw,
 And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
 Three merry boys, I trow, are we;
 And mony a night we've merry been,
 And mony mae we hope to be!

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!

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
 A cuckold, eoward loon is he!
 Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
 He is the king amang us three!
 We are na fou, we're no that fou,
 But just a drappie in our e'e;
 The cock may craw, the day may daw,
 And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

WHARE HAE YE BEEN.

Tune—"Killiecrankie."

[“This song,” says Sir Harris Nicolas, “is in the Museum without Burns’s name.” It was composed by Burns on the battle of Killiecrankie, and sent in his own handwriting to Johnson: he puts it into the mouth of a Whig.]

WHARE hae ye been sae braw, lad?
 Whare hae ye been sae brankie, O?
 O, whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?
 Cam ye by Killiecrankie, O?
 An’ ye had been whare I hae been,
 Ye wad na been so cantie, O;
 An’ ye had seen what I hae 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 on Athole gled,
 On the braes o’ Killiecrankie, O.

I GAED A WAEFU’ GATE YESTREEN.

Air—"The blue-eyed lass."

[This blue-eyed lass was Jean Jeffery, daughter to the minister of Lochmaben: she was then a rosy girl of seventeen, with winning manners and laughing blue eyes. She is now Mrs. Renwick, and lives in New York.]

I GAED a wae fu’ gate yestreen,
 A gate, I fear, I’ll dearlie rue;
 I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
 Twa lovely een o’ bonnie blue.
 ’Twas not her golden ringlets bright;
 Her lips, like roses, wat wi’ dew,
 Her heaving bosom, lily-white—
 It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd ;
 She charm'd my soul—I wist na how :
 And ay the stound, the deadly wound,
 Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.
 But spare to speak, and spare to speed ;
 She'll aiblins listen to my vow :
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
 To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

THE BANKS OF NITH.

Tune—"Robie donna Gorach."

[The command which the Comyns held on the Nith was lost to the Douglasses: the Nithsdale power, on the downfall of that proud name, was divided; part went to the Charteris's and the better portion to the Maxwells: the Johnstones afterwards came in for a share, and now the Scotts prevail.]

THE Thames flows proudly to the sea,
 Where royal cities stately stand ;
 But sweeter flows the Nith, to me,
 Where Comyns ance had high command :
 When shall I see that honour'd land,
 That winding stream I love so dear !
 Must wayward Fortune's adverse hand
 For ever, ever keep me here ?

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
 Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom !
 How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,
 Where lambkins wanton thro' the broom !
 Tho' wandering, now, must be my doom,
 Far from thy bonnie banks and braes,
 May there my latest hours consume,
 Among the friends of early days !

MY HEART IS A-BREAKING, DEAR TITTIE.

Tune—"Tam Glen."

[Tam Glen is the title of an old Scottish song, and older air: of the former all that remains is a portion of the chorus. Burns when he wrote it sent it to the Museum.]

My heart is a-breaking, dear Tittie!
 Some counsel unto me come len',
 To anger them a' is a pity,
 But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking wi' sie a braw fellow,
 In poortith I might make a fen';
 What care I in riches to wallow,
 If I maunna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie the laird o' Duneller,
 "Gude 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 so o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
 He'll gie me guid hunder marks ten:
 But, if it's ordain'd I maun 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 aue without failing,
 And thrice it was written—Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I lay waukin
 My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
 His likeness cam up the house staukin,
 And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear Tittie! don't tarry—
 Ill gie you my bonnie black hen,
 Gif ye will advise me to marry
 The lad that I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

FRÆ THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE.

Air—"Carron Side."

[Burns says, "I added the four last lines, by way of giving a turn to the theme of the poem, such as it is." The rest of the song is supposed to be from the same hand: the lines are not to be found in earlier collections.]

FRÆ the friends and land I love,
 Driv'n by fortune's felly spite,
 Frae my best belov'd I rove,
 Never mair to taste delight;
 Never mair maun hope to find,
 Ease frae toil, relief frae care:
 When remembrance wræks the mind,
 Pleasures but unveil despair.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
 Desert ilka blooming shore,
 Till the Fates, nae mair severe,
 Friendship, love, and peace restore;
 Till Revenge, wi' laurell'd head,
 Bring our banish'd hame again;
 And ilka loyal bonnie lad
 Cross the seas and win his ain.

SWEET CLOSES THE EVENING.

Tune—"Craigie-burn-wood."

[This is one of several fine songs in honour of Jean Lorimer, of Kemmis hall, Kirkmahoe, who for some time lived on the banks of Craigie-burn, near Moffat. It was composed in aid of the eloquence of a Mr. Gillespie, who was in love with her; but it did not prevail, for she married an officer of the name of Whelpdale, lived with him for a month or so; reasons arose on both sides which rendered separation necessary; she then took up her residence in Dumfries, where she had many opportunities of seeing the poet. She lived till lately.]

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 blithely awaukens the morrow;

But the pride of the spring in the Craigie-burn-wood,
Can yield to me nothing but sorrow.

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.

I canna tell, I maunna tell,
I darena for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

I see thee gracefu', straight, and tall,
I see thee sweet and bonnie;
But oh! what will my torments be,
If thou refuse thy Johnnie!

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.

But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
Say, thou lo'es nane before me;
And a' my days o' life to come
I'll gratefully adore thee.

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!

COCK UP YOUR BEAVER.

Tune—"Cock up your beaver."

[“Printed,” says Sir Harris Nicolas, “in the Musical Museum, but not with Burns’s name.” It is an old song, eked out and amended by the poet: all the last verse, save the last line, is his; several of the lines too of the first verse, have felt his amending hand; he communicated it to the Museum.]

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 behaviour—
 Hey, brave Johnnie lad,
 Cock up your beaver!

MEIKLE THINKS MY LOVE.

Tune—"My tocher's the jewel."

[These verses were written by Burns for the Museum, to an air by Oswald; but he wished them to be sung to a tune called "Lord Elcho's Favourite," of which he was an admirer.]

O MEIKLE thinks my love o' my beauty,
 And meikle thinks my love o' my kin;
 But little thinks my love I ken brawlie
 My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
 It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;
 It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee;
 My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller,
 He canna hae love to spare for me.

Your proffer o' love's an airt-penny,
 My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
 But an ye be crafty, I am eunnin',
 Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
 Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
 Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten tree,
 Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
 And ye'll crack your credit wi' nae uor me.

GANE IS THE DAY.

Tune—"Gudewife count the lawin."

[The air as well as words of this song were furnished to the Museum by Burns. "The chorus," he says, "is part of an old song."]

GANE is the day, and mirk's the night,
 But we'll ne'er stray for fan't o' light,
 For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
 And blude-red wine's the rising sun.
 Then gudewife count the lawin,
 The lawin, the lawin;
 Then gudewife count the lawin,
 And bring a coggie mair!

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
 And simple folk manna fight and fen;
 But here we're a' in ae accord,
 For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.

My coggie is a haly pool,
 That heals the wounds o' care and dool;
 And pleasure is a wanton trout,
 An' ye drink but deep ye'll find him out.
 Then gudewife count the lawin;
 The lawin, the lawin,
 Then gudewife count the lawin,
 And bring a coggie mair!

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE.

Tune—"There are few gude fellows when Willie's awa."

[The bard was in one of his Jacobitical moods when he wrote this song. The air is a well known one, called "There's few gude fellows when Willie's awa." But of the old words none, it is supposed, are preserved.]

BY yon eastle wa' at the close of the day,
 I heard a man sing, though his head it was gray;
 And as he was singing the tears down came,
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

The church is in ruins, the state is in jars ;
 Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars ;
 We darena weel say't though we ken wha's to blame,
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame !

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
 And now I greet round their green beds in the yerd.
 It brak the sweet heart of my faithfu' auld dame—
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burthen that bows me down,
 Since I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown ;
 But till my last moments my words are the same—
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame !

HOW CAN I BE BLYTHE AND GLAD?

Tune—" *The bonnie lad that's far awa.*"

[This lamentation was written, it is said, in allusion to the sufferings of Jean Armour, when her correspondence with Burns was discovered by her family.]

O how can I be blythe and glad,
 Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
 When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
 Is o'er the hills and far awa ?
 When the bonnie 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 e'e,
 To think on him that's far awa.
 But ay the tear comes in my e'e,
 To think on him that's far awa.

My father pat me frae his door,
 My friends they hae disown'd me a',
 But I hae aye will tak' my part,
 The bonnie lad that's far awa.
 But I hae aye will tak' my part,
 The bonnie lad that's far awa.

A pair o' gloves he gae to me,
 And silken snoods he gae me twa;
 And I will wear them for his sake,
 The bonnie lad that's far awa.
 And I will wear them for his sake,
 The bonnie lad that's far awa.

O weary winter soon will pass,
 And spring will clead the birken shaw;
 And my young babie will be born,
 And he'll be hame that's far awa.
 And my young babie will be born,
 And he'll be hame that's far awa.

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.

Tune—"I do confess thou art sae fair."

["I do think," says Burns, in allusion to this song, "that I have improved the simplicity of the sentiments by giving them a Scottish dress." The original song is of great elegance and beauty: it was written by Sir Robert Aytoun, secretary to Anne of Denmark, Queen of James I.]

I do confess thou art sae fair,
 I wad been o'er the hugs in luv,
 Had I na 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 sune it tines its scent and hue
 When pou'd and worn a common toy!
 Sic fate, ere lang, shall thee betide,
 Tho' thou may gaily bloom awhile
 Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside
 Like ony common weed and vile.

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

Tune—" *Yon wild mossy mountains.*"

[“This song alludes to a part of my private history, which it is of no consequence to the world to know.” These are the words of Burns: he sent the song to the Musical Museum; the heroine is supposed to be the “Nannie,” who dwelt near the Lugar.]

YON wild mossy mountains sac lofty and wide,
 That nurse in their bosom the youth o’ the Clyde,
 Where the grouse lead their coveys thro’ the heather to feed,
 And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.
 Where the grouse lead their coveys thro’ the heather to feed,
 And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.

Not Gowrie’s rich valleys, nor Forth’s sunny shores,
 To me hae the charms o’ yon wild, mossy moors;
 For there, by a lanely and sequester’d stream,
 Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.
 For there, by a lanely and sequester’d stream,
 Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,
 Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath;
 For there, wi’ my lassie, the day lang I rove,
 While o’er us unheeded flee the swift hours o’ love.
 For there, wi’ my lassie, the day lang I rove,
 While o’er us unheeded flee the swift hours o’ love.

She is not the fairest, altho’ she is fair;
 O’ nice education but sma’ is her share;
 Her parentage humble as humble can be;
 But I lo’e the dear lassie because she lo’es me.
 Her parentage humble as humble can be;
 But I lo’e the dear lassie because she lo’es me.

To beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
 In her armour of glances, and blushes and sighs?
 And when wit and refinement hae polish’d her darts,
 They dazzle our een, as they flee to our hearts.
 And when wit and refinement hae polish’d her darts,
 They dazzle our een, as they flee to our hearts.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond sparkling e'e,
 Has lustre outshining the diamond to me :
 And the heart beating love as I'm clasp'd in her arms,
 O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms !
 And the heart beating love as I'm clasp'd in her arms,
 O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms !

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNIE FACE.

Tune—"The Maid's Complaint."

[Burns found this song in English attire, bestowed a Scottish dress upon it, and published it in the Museum, together with the air by Oswald, which is one of his best.]

IT is na, Jean, thy bonnie face,
 Nor shape that I admire,
 Altho' thy beauty and thy grace
 Might weel awake desire.
 Something in ilka part 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.

WHEN I THINK ON THE HAPPY DAYS.

[These verses were in latter years expanded by Burns into a song, for the collection of Thomson: the song will be found in its place; the variations are worthy of preservation.]

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.

WHAN I SLEEP I DREAM.

[This presents another version of the song called "Simmer's a Pleasant Time," on page 422. Variations are to a poet what changes are in the thoughts of a painter, and speak of fertility of sentiment in both.]

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 bonnie lad
That has my heart a keeping.
Ay waukin' O, waukin' ay and wearie,
Sleep I canna get, for thinkin' o' my dearie.

Lanely nights come on,
A' the house are sleeping,
I think on my bonnie lad,
An' I blear my een wi' greetin'.
Ay wauking, &c.

I MURDER HATE.

[These verses are to be found in a volume which may be alluded to without being named, in which many of Burns's strains, some looser than these, are to be found.]

I MURDER hate by field or flood,
Tho' glory's name may screen us:

In wars at hame I'll spend my blood,
Life-giving wars of Venus.

The deities that I adore
Are social Peace and Plenty,
I'm better pleas'd to make one more,
Than be the death of twenty.

O GUDE ALE COMES.

[These verses are in the Museum: the first two are old, the concluding one is by Burns.]

O GUDE ale comes, and gude ale goes,
Gude ale gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon,
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

I had sax owsen in a plough,
They drew a' weel enough,
I sell'd them a' just ane by ane;
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

Gude ale hauds me bare and busy,
Gars me noop wi' the servant lizzie,
Stand i' the stool when I hae done,
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.
O gude ale comes, &c.

ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST.

[This is an old chaunt, out of which Burns brushed some loose expressions, added the third and fourth verses, and sent it to the Museum.]

ROBIN shure in hairst,
I shure wi' him,
Fient a heuk had I,
Yet I stack by him.

I gaed up to Dunse,
To warp a wab o' plaiden,

At his daddie's yett,
Wha met me but Robin.

Was na Robin bauld,
Tho' I was a cotter,
Play'd me sie a trick,
And me the ells's dochter?
Robin shure in hairst, &c.

Robin promis'd me
A' my winter vittle;
Fient haet he had but three
Goose feathers and a whittle.
Robin shure in hairst, &c.

BONNIE PEG.

[A fourth verse makes the moon a witness to the endearments of these lovers; but that poet sees more indiscreet matters than it is right to describe.]

As I came in by our gate end,
As day was waxin' weary,
O wha came 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 mair euehanting.

Wi' linked hands, we took the sands
A-down yon winding river;
And, oh! that hour and broomy bower,
Can I forget it ever?

GUDEEN TO YOU, KIMMER.

[This song in other days was a controversial one, and contained some sarcastic allusions to Mother Rome and her brood of seven sacraments, five of whom were illegitimate. Burns changed the meaning, and published his altered version in the Museum.]

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 na 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' Johnie's?
 Eh! atweel na:
 Twa o' them were gotten
 When Johnie was awa.
 We're a' noddin, &c.

Cats like milk,
 And dogs like broo;
 Lads like lasses weel,
 And lasses lads too.
 We're a' noddin, &c.

AIH, CHLORIS, SINCE IT MAY NA BE.

Tune—"Major Graham."

[Sir Harris Nicolas found these lines on Chloris among the papers of Burns, and printed them in his late edition of the poet's works.]

AIH, 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.

O SAW YE MY DEARIE.

Tune—"Eppie Macnab."

[“Published in the Museum,” says Sir Harris Nicolas, “without any name.” Burns corrected some lines in the old song, which had more wit, he said, than decency, and added others, and sent his amended version to Johnson.]

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 Joek Rab.
O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab!
O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab!
Whate'er thou hast done, be it late, be it soon,
Thou's welcome again to thy ain Joek 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 Joek 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.

WHIA IS THAT AT MY BOWER-DOOR?

Tune—"Lass, an I come near thee."

[The "Auld Man and the Widow," in Ramsay's collection, is said, by Gilbert Burns, to have suggested this song to his brother: it first appeared in the Museum.]

WHIA 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 you 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.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE.

Tune—"What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man."

[In the old strain, which partly suggested this song, the heroine threatens only to adorn her husband's brows: Burns proposes a system of domestic annoyance to break his heart.]

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
 What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
 Bad luck on the pennie that tempted my minnie
 To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'!
 Bad luck on the pennie that tempted my minnie
 To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'!

He's always compleenin' frae mornin' to e'enin',
 He hoasts and he hirples the weary day lang;
 He's doyl't and he's dozin', his bluid it is frozen,
 O, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!
 He's doyl't and he's dozin', his bluid it is frozen,
 O, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
 I never can please him, do a' that I can;
 He's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows:
 O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!
 He's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows:
 O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!

My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity,
 I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
 I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break him,
 And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.
 I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break him,
 And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

THE BONNIE WEE THING.

Tune—"Bonnie wee thing."

[^aComposed," says the poet, "on my little idol, the charming, lovely Davies.]

BONNIE wee thing, eannie wee thing,
 Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,

I wad wear thee in my bosom,
 Lest my jewel I should tine.
 Wishfully I look and languish
 In that bonnie face o' thine;
 And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
 Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty
 In a constellation shine;
 To adore thee is my duty,
 Goddess o' this soul o' mine!
 Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
 Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,
 Lest my jewel I should tine!

THE TITHER MORN.

To a Highland Air.

[“The tune of this song,” says Burns, “is originally from the Highlands. I have heard a Gaelic song to it, which was not by any means a lady’s song.” “It occurs,” says Sir Harris Nicolas, “in the Museum, without the name of Burns.” It was sent in the poet’s own handwriting to Johnson, and is believed to be his composition.]

THE tither morn,
 When I forlorn,
 Ancath an oak sat moaning,
 I did na trow
 I’d see my Jo,
 Beside me, gain the gloaming.
 But he sac trig,
 Lap o’er the rig,
 And dawtingly did cheer me,
 When I, what reck,
 Did least expee’,
 To see my lad so near me.

His bonnet he,
 A thought ajee,
 Cock’d sprush when first he clasp’d me;

And I, I wat,
 Wi' fairness grat,
 While in his grips he press'd me.
 Deil tak' the war!
 I late and air
 Hae wish'd since Joek departed;
 But now as glad
 I'm wi' my lad,
 As short syne broken-hearted.

Fu' aft at een
 Wi' dancing keen,
 When a' were blythe and merry,
 I ear'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 ony.

Æ FOND KISS.

Tune—"Rory Dal's Port."

[Believed to relate to the poet's parting with Clarinda. "These exquisitely affecting stanzas," says Scott, "contain the essence of a thousand love-tales." They are in the Museum.]

Æ fond kiss, and then we sever;
 Æ fareweel, and then for ever!
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
 Who shall say that fortune grieves him
 While the star of hope she leaves him?
 Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
 Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
 Naething could resist my Nancy;
 But to see her, was to love her;
 Love but her, and love for ever.—
 Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
 Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
 Never met—or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
 Ae foud kiss, and then we sever;
 Ae farewell, alas! for ever!
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

LOVELY DAVIES.

Tune—"Miss Muir."

[Written for the Museum, in honour of the witty, the handsome, the lovely, and unfortunate Miss Davies.]

O now shall I, unskilfu', try
 The poet's occupation,
 The tuncfu' powers, in happy hours,
 That whispers inspiration!
 Even they maun dare an effort mair,
 Than aught they ever gave us,
 Or they rehearse, in equal verse,
 The charms o' lovely Davies.

Each eye it cheers, when she appears,
 Like Phœbus in the morning,
 When past the shower, and ev'ry flower
 The garden is adorning.
 As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore,
 When winter-bound the wave is;

Sae droops our heart when we maun part
 Frae charming lovely Davies.

Her smile's a gift, frae 'boon the lift,
 That maks us mair than princes;
 A scepter'd hand, a king's commaud,
 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 pow'rs surrender:
 The eagle's gaze aloue 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.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

Tune—"The weary Pund o' Tow."

"This song," says Sir Harris Nicolas, "is in the Musical Museum; but it is not attributed to Burns. Mr. Allan Cunningham does not state upon what authority he has assigned it to Burns." The critical knight might have, if he had pleased, stated similar objections to many songs which he took without scruple from my edition, where they were claimed for Burns, for the first time, and on good authority. I, however, as it happens, did not claim the song wholly for the poet: I said "the idea of the song is old, and perhaps some of the words." It was sent by Burns to the Museum, and in his own handwriting.

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 bole,
 Beyond the ingle low,
 And ay she took the tither souk,
 To dronk 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.

 NAEBOODY.

Tune—"Naebody."

[Burns had built his house at Ellisland, sowed his first crop, the woman he loved was at his side, and hope was high; no wonder that he indulged in this independent strain.]

I HAE a wife o' my ain—
 I'll partake wi' naebody;
 I'll tak cuckold frae nae,
 I'll gie cuckold to naebody.
 I hae a penny to spen,
 There—thanks to naebody;
 I hae naething 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;
 Naebody cares for me,
 I'll care for naebody.

O, FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY, TAM!

Tune—"The Mouldiewort."

[In his memoranda on this song in the Museum, Burns says simply, "This song is mine." The air for a century before had to bear the burthen of very ordinary words.]

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 hand me down,
 And gar me look like bluntie, Tam!
 But three short years will soon wheel roun'—
 And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
 Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
 At kith or kin I need na spier,
 An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

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-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.

O KENMURE'S ON AND AWA.

Tune—"O Kenmure's on and awa, Willie."

[The second and third, and concluding verses of this Jacobite strain, were written by Burns: the whole was sent in his own handwriting to the Museum.]

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, Willie !
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine ;
 There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure'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 wi' sounding victorie,
 May Kenmure's lord come hame.

Here's him that's far awa, Willie !
 Here's him that's far awa ;
 And here's the flower that I love best—
 The rose that's like the snaw !

MY COLLIER LADDIE.

Tune—" *The Collier Laddie.*"

[The Collier Laddie was communicated by Burns, and in his handwriting, to the Museum : it is chiefly his own composition, though coloured by an older strain.]

WHERE live ye, my bonnie lass ?
 An' tell me what they ca' ye ;
 My name, she says, is Mistress Jean,
 And I follow the Collier Laddie.
 My name, she says, is Mistress Jean,
 And I follow the Collier Laddie.

See you not yon hills and dales,
 The sun shines on sae brawlie !

They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,
 Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie.
 They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,
 Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie.

Ye shall gang in gay attire,
 Weel buskit up sae gaudy ;
 And ane to wait on every hand,
 Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie.
 And ane to wait on every hand,
 Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie.

Tho' ye had a' the sun shines on,
 And the earth conceals sae lowly ;
 I wad turn my back on you and it a',
 And embrace my Collier Laddie.
 I wad turn my back on you and it a',
 And embrace my Collier Laddie.

I can win my five pennies a day,
 And spen't at night fu' brawlie ;
 And make my bed in the Collier's neuk,
 And lie down wi' my Collier Laddie.
 And make my bed in the Collier's neuk,
 And lie down wi' my Collier Laddie.

Lave for luvè is the bargain for me,
 Tho' the wee cot-house should haud me ;
 And the world before me to win my bread,
 And fair fa' my Collier Laddie.
 And the world before me to win my bread,
 And fair fa' my Collier Laddie.

NITHSDALE'S WELCOME FLAME.

[These verses were written by Burns for the Museum: the Maxwells of Terreagles are the lineal descendants of the Earls of Nithsdale.]

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 Terreagles fair,
 For their abode they chuse it ;
 There's no a heart in a' the land,
 But's lighter at the news o't.

Tho' stars in skies may disappear
 And angry tempests gather ;
 The happy hour may soon be near
 That brings us pleasant weather :
 The weary night o' care and grief
 May hae a joyful morrow ;
 So dawning day has brought relief—
 Fareweel our night o' sorrow !

AS I WAS A-WAND'RING.

Tune—"Rinn Meudial mo Mhealladh."

[The original song in the Gaelic language was translated for Burns by an Inverness-shire lady ; he turned it into verse, and sent it to the Museum.]

AS I was a-wand'ring ae midsummer e'enin',
 The pipers and youngsters were making their game ;
 Among them I spied my faithless fause lover,
 Which bled a' the wound 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 ! luvè forsaken's a tormenting pain.

Although he has left me for greed o' the siller,
 I dinna envy him the gains he can win ;
 I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow
 Than ever 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 it shall never be broken for ane.

BESS AND HER SPINNING-WHEEL.

Tune—"The sweet lass that lo'es me."

[There are several variations of this song, but they neither affect the sentiment, nor afford matter for quotation.]

O LEEZE me on my spinning wheel,
 O leeze me on the rock and reel;
 Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
 And haps me fiel and warm at e'en!
 I'll set me down and sing and spin,
 While laigh descends the simmer sun,
 Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—
 O leeze me on my spinning-wheel!

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
 And meet below my theekit cot;
 The scented birk and hawthorn white,
 Across the pool their arms unite,
 Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
 And little fishes' caller rest:
 The sun blinks kindly in the biel',
 Where blithe I turn my spinning-wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
 And Echo cons the doolfu' tale;
 The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
 Delighted, rival ither's lays:
 The craik amang the e'ov'r hay,
 The paitriek whirrin o'er the ley,
 The swallow jinkin round my shiel,
 Amuse me at my spinning-wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
 Aboon distress, below envy,
 O wha wad leave this humble state,
 For a' the pride of a' the great?

Amid their flaring, idle toys,
 Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
 Can they the peace and pleasure feel
 Of Bessy at her spinning-wheel?

O LUVE WILL VENTURE IN.

Tune—"The Posie."

["The Posie is my composition," says Burns, in a letter to Thomson. "The air was taken down from Mrs. Burns's voice." It was first printed in the Museum.]

O LUVE will venture in
 Where it daurna weel be seen;
 O luve will venture in
 Where wisdom ance has been.
 But I will down yon river rove,
 Among 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 baunny kiss
 O' her sweet bonnie mou;
 The hyacinth's for constaney,
 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 gray,
Where, like an aged man,
It stands at break of day.
But the songster's nest within the bush
I winna tak away—
And a' to be a posie
To my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu'
When the e'ening star is near,
And the diamond draps o' dew
Shall be her e'en sae clear;
The violet's for modesty,
Which weel she fa's to wear,
And a to be a posie
To my dear May.

I'll tie the posie round,
Wi' the silken band o' luv,
And I'll place it in her breast,
And I'll swear by a' above,
That to my latest draught of life
The band shall ne'er remove,
And this will be a posie
To my ain dear May.

COUNTRY LASSIE.

Tune—"The Country Lass."

[A manuscript copy before me, in the poet's handwriting, presents two or three immaterial variations of this dramatic song.]

In simmer when the hay was mawn,
 And corn wav'd green in ilka field,
 While claver blooms white o'er the lea,
 And roses blaw in ilka bield;
 Blithe Bessie in the milking shiel,
 Says—I'll be wed, come o't what will;
 Out spak a dame in wrinkled eild—
 O' guid advisement comes nae ill.

It's ye hae woocers mony ane,
 And, lassie, ye're but young, ye ken
 Then wait a wee, and cannie wale,
 A routhie butt, a routhie ben :
 There's Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
 Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;
 Tak this frae me, my bonnie hen,
 It's plenty beets the lover's fire.

For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
 I dinna care a single flie ;
 He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
 He has nae luvè to spare for me :
 But blithe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,
 And weel I wat he lo'es me dear :
 Ae blink o' him I wad nae gie
 For Buskie-glen and a' his gear.

O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught ;
 The canniest gate, the strife is sair ;
 But ay fu' han't is fechtin best,
 An hungry care's an unco care :
 But some will spend, and some will spare,
 An' wilfu' folk maun hae their will ;
 Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
 Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.

O, gear will buy me rigs o' land,
 And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
 But the tender heart o' leesome luvè,
 The gowd and siller canna buy;
 We may be poor—Robie and I,
 Light is the burden luvè lays on;
 Content and luvè brings peace and joy—
 What mair hae queens upon a throne?

F A I R E L I Z A .

A Gaelic Air.

[The name of the heroine of this song was at first Rabina: but Johnson, the publisher, alarmed at admitting something new into verse, caused Eliza to be substituted: which was a positive fraud; for Rabina was a real lady, and a lovely one, and Eliza one of air.]

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' sunny noon;
 Not the little sporting fairy,
 All beneath the summer moon;

Not the poet, in the moment
 Fancy lightens in his e'e,
 Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
 That thy presence gies to me.

YE JACOBITES BY NAME.

Tune—"Ye Jacobites by name."

[“Ye Jacobites by name,” appeared for the first time in the Museum: it was sent in the handwriting of Burns.]

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 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.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

[FIRST VERSION.]

[An Ayrshire legend says the heroine of this affecting song was Miss Kennedy, of Dalgarrock, a young creature, beautiful and accomplished, who fell a victim to her love for her kinsman, McDoual, of Logan.]

YE flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fair;
 ow can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae fit' o' care!

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
 That sings upon the bough;
 Thou minds me o' the happy days
 When my fause love was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie 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 bonnie Doon,
 To see the woodbine twine,
 And ilka bird sang o' its love;
 And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Frae aff its thorny tree;
 And my fause luvver staw the rose,
 But left the thorn wi' me.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

[SECOND VERSION.]

Tune—"Caledonian Hunt's Delight."

[Burns injured somewhat the simplicity of the song by adapting it to a new air, accidentally composed by an amateur who was directed, if he desired to create a Scottish air, to keep his fingers to the black keys of the harpsichord and preserve rhythm.]

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;

How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary, fu' o' care!
 Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
 That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,
 Departed—never to return!

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;
 And ilka bird sang o' its love,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
 And my fause lover stole my rose,
 But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

WILLIE WASTLE.

Tune—"The eight Men of Moidart."

[The person who is raised to the disagreeable elevation of heroine of this song, was, it is said, a farmer's wife of the old school of domestic care and uncleanness, who lived nigh the poet, at Ellisland.]

WILLIE WASTLE dwalt on Tweed,
 The spot they ca'd it Linkum-doddie,
 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 nae gie a button for her.

She has an e'e—she has but ane,
 The cat has twa the very colour:
 Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
 A clapper tongue wad deave a miller:
 A whiskin' beard about her mou',
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither—
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad nae gie a button for her.

She's bow hough'd, she's hem shinn'd,
 A limp' leg, a hand-breed shorter;
 She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
 To balauce fair in ilka quarter:
 She has a hump upon her breast,
 The twin o' that upon her shouther—
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad nae gie a button for her.

Auld baudrans by the ingle sits,
 An' wi' her loof her face a-washin';
 But Willie's wife is nae sae trig.
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion.
 Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
 Her face wad fyle the Logan-Water—
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad nae give a button for her.

LADY MARY ANN.

Tune—" *Craigtown's growing*."

[The poet sent this song to the Museum, in his own handwriting: yet part of it is believed to be old; how much cannot be well known, with such skill has he made his interpolations and changes.]

O Lady Mary Ann
 Looks o'er the castle wa',
 She saw three bonnie boys
 Playing at the ba';
 The youngest he was
 The flower amang them a'—
 My bonnie laddie's young,
 But he's growin' yet.

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,
And bonnie was its hue;
And the langer it blossom'd
The sweeter it grew;
For the lily in the bud
Will be bonnier yet.

Young Charlie Cochran
Was the sprout of an aik;
Bonnie and bloomin'
And straught was its make:
The sun took delight
To shine for its sake,
And it will be the brag
O' the forest yet.

The simmer is gane,
When the leaves they were green,
And the days are awa,
That we hae seen;
But far better days
I trust will come again,
For my bonnie laddie's young,
But he's growin' yet.

SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES IN A NATION.

Tune—"A parcel of rogues in a nation."

[This song was written by Burns in a moment of honest indignation at the northern scoundrels who sold to those of the south the independence of Scotland, at the time of the Union.]

FAREWHEEL, to a' our Scottish fame,
Fareweel our ancient glory,
Fareweel even to the Scottish name,
Sae fam'd in martial story.

Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands,
 And Tweed rins to the ocean,
 To mark where England's province stands—
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

What force or guile could not subdue,
 Thro' many warlike ages,
 Is wrought now by a coward few
 For hireling traitors' wages.
 The English steel we could disdain;
 Secure in valour's station;
 But English gold has been our bane—
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

O would, or I had seen the day
 That treason thus could sell us,
 My auld gray 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.

THE CARLE OF KELLYBURN BRAES.

Tune—"Kellyburn Braes."

[Of this song Mrs. Burns said to Cromek, when running her finger over the long list of lyrics which her husband had written or amended for the Museum, "Robert gaed this one a terrible brushing." A considerable portion of the old still remains.]

THERE lived a carle on Kellyburn braes,
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie 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 bonnie wi' thyme),
 He met wi' the devil; says, "How do yow 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 bonnie 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 bonnie 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 bonnie wi’ thyme),
 “But if ye can match her, ye’re waur 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 bonnie 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’s carried her hame to his ain hallan-door;
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi’ thyme),
 Syne bade 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 bonnie 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 carlin gaed thro’ them like ony wud bear,
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi’ thyme),
 Whate’er she gat hands on cam 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 bonnie 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 bonnie 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 devil he swore by the kirk and the bell,
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie 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 bonnie 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 bonnie 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."

JOCKEY'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS.

Tune—"Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss."

[Burns, when he sent this song to the Museum, said nothing of its origin: and he is silent about it in his memoranda.]

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 hve, ye winds that blaw,
 Plashy sleet and beating rain !
 Spare my hve, thou feathery snaw,
 Drifting o'er the frozen plain.

When the shades of evening creep
 O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,
 Sound and safely may he sleep,
 Sweetly blithe 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.

LADY ONLIE.

Tune—" *The Ruffian's Rant.*"

[Communicated to the Museum in the handwriting of Burns: part, but not much, is believed to be old.]

A' THE lads o' Thornie-bank,
 When they gae to the shore o' Bucky,
 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 bien, 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.

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

Tune—" *Captain O'Kean.*"

["Composed," says Burns to M'Murdo, "at the desire of a friend who had an equal enthusiasm for the air and the subject." The friend alluded to is supposed to be Robert Cleghorn: he loved the air much, and he was much of a Jacobite.]

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
 The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale;
 The hawthorn trees blow in the dew of the morning,
 And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale:
 But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
 While the lingering moments are number'd by care;
 No flow'rs gaily springing, nor birds sweetly singing,
 Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice,
 A king and a father to place on his throne?
 His right are these hills, and his right are these 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 proved so loyal in hot-bloody trial—
 Alas! I can make you no sweeter return!

SONG OF DEATH.

Tune—"Oran an Doig."

["I have just finished the following song," says Burns to Mrs. Dunlop, "which to a lady, the descendant of Wallace, and herself the mother of several soldiers, needs neither preface nor apology."]

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

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
 Now gay with the bright setting sun;
 Farewell loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties—
 Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe!
 Go frighten the coward and slave;
 Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
 No terrors hast thou to the brave!

Thou strik'st the dull peasant—he sinks in the dark,
 Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
 Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark!
 He falls in the blaze of his fame!

In the field of proud honour—our swords in our hands,
 Our king and our country to save—
 While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
 Oh! who would not die with the brave!

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

Tune—"Afton Water."

[The scenes on Afton Water are beautiful, and the poet felt them, as well as the generous kindness of his earliest patroness, Mrs. General Stewart, of Afton-lodge, when he wrote this sweet pastoral.]

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 neighbouring hills,
 Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;
 There daily I wander as noon rises high,
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow!
 There, oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
 The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how 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 steins thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton! among thy green braes,
 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays!
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream—
 Flow gently, sweet Afton! disturb not her dream!

THE SMILING SPRING.

Tune—"The Bonnie Bell."

[*"Bonnie Bell,"* was first printed in the *Museum*: who the heroine was the poet has neglected to tell us, and it is a pity.]

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 bonnie Bell.

The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer,
 And yellow Autumn presses near,
 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 bonnie Bell.

THE CARLES OF DYSART.

Tune—"Hey ca' thro'."

[Communicated to the *Museum* by Burns in his own handwriting: part of it is his composition, and some believe the whole.]

Up wi' the carles o' Dysart,
 And the lads o' Buckhaven,
 And the kimmers o' Largo,
 And the lasses o' Leven.
 Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
 For we 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 behin',
 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.

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

Tune—"The Weavers' March."

[Sent by the poet to the Museum. Neither tradition nor criticism has noticed it, but the song is popular among the looms, in the west of Scotland.]

WHERE Cart rins rowin to the sea,
 By mony a flow'r and spreading tree,
 There lives a lad, the lad for me,
 He is a gallant weaver,
 Oh, I had woocers nught or nine,
 They gied me rings and ribbons fine;
 And I was fear'd my heart would fine,
 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 delight in op'ning flowers;
 While corn grows green in simmer showers,
 I'll love my gallant weaver.

THE BAIRNS GAT OUT.

Tune—"The deuks dang o'er my daddie."

[Burns found some of the sentiments and a few of the words of this song in a strain, rather rough and homespun, of Scotland's elder day. He communicated it to the Museum.]

THE bairns gat out wi' an unco shout,
 The deuks dang o'er my daddie, O!
 The fien'-ma-care, quo' the feirie auld wife,
 He was but a paidlin body, O!
 He paidles out, an' he paidles in,
 An' he paidles late an' early, O!
 This seven lang years I hae lien by his side,
 An' he is but a fusionless earlie, O!

O, haud your tongue, my feirie auld wife,
 O, haud your tongue, now Nansie, O!
 I've seen the day, and sae hae ye,
 Ye wadna been sae donsie, O!
 I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose,
 And cuddled me late and early, O!
 But downa do's come o'er me now,
 And, oh! I feel it sairly, O!

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

Tune—"She's fair and fause."

[One of the happiest as well as the most sarcastic of the songs of the North: the air is almost as happy as the words.]

SHE'S fair and fause that causes my smart,
 I lo'ed her meikle and lang;
 She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
 And I may e'en gae hang.
 A coof cam in wi' routh o' gear,
 And I hae tint my dearest dear;
 But woman is but warld's gear,
 Sae let the bonnie 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 form's fa'n to thy share,
 'Twad been o'er meikle to gien thee mair—
 I mean an angel mind.

THE EXCISEMAN.

Tune—"The Deil cam' fiddling through the town."

[Composed and sung by the poet at a festive meeting of the excisemen of the Dumfries district.]

THE deil cam' fiddling through the town,
 And danced awa wi' the Exciseman,
 And ilka wife cries—"Auld Mahoun,
 I wish you luck o' the prize, man!"
 The deil's awa, the deil's awa,
 The deil's awa wi' the Exciseman;
 He's dane'd awa, he's dane'd awa,
 He's dane'd awa wi' the Exciseman!

We'll mak our maut, we'll brew our drink,
 We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man;
 And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil
 That dane'd awa wi' the Exciseman.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
 There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
 But the ae best dance e'er cam to the land
 Was—the deil's awa wi' the Exciseman.
 The deil's awa, the deil's awa,
 The deil's awa wi' the Exciseman:
 He's dane'd awa, he's dane'd awa,
 He's dane'd awa wi' the Exciseman.

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

Tune—"Lass of Inverness."

[As Burns passed slowly over the moor of Culloden, in one of his Highland tours, the lament of the Lass of Inverness, it is said, rose on his fancy: the first four lines are partly old.]

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,
 Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
 For e'en and morn, she cries, alas!
 And ay the saut tear blin's her e'e:
 Drumossie moor—Drumossie day—
 A waefu' day it was to me!
 For there I lost my father dear,
 My father dear, and brethren three.

Their winding sheet the bluidy clay,
 Their graves are growing green to see:
 And by them lies the dearest lad
 That ever blest a woman's e'e!
 Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
 A bluidy man I trow thou be;
 For mony a heart thou hast made sair,
 That ne'er did wrong to thine or thee.

A RED, RED ROSE.

Tune—"Graham's Strathspey."

[Some editors have pleased themselves with tracing the sentiments of this song in certain street ballads: it resembles them as much as a sour sloe resembles a dropripe damson.]

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 play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
 So deep in luve am I:
 And I will luve thee still, my dear,
 'Till a' the seas gang dry.

'Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
 I will luvè thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luvè!
 And fare thee weel a-while!
 And I will come again, my luvè,
 Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

LOUIS, WHAT RECK I BY THEE.

Tune—"Louis, what reck I by thee."

[The Jeannie of this very short, but very clever song, is Mrs. Burns. Her name has no chance of passing from the earth if impassioned verse can preserve it.]

LOUIS, what reck I by thee,
 Or Geordie on his ocean?
 Dyvor, beggar loons to me—
 I reign in Jeannie'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!

HAD I THE WYTE.

Tune—"Had I the wyte she bade me."

[Burns in evoking this song out of the old verses did not cast wholly out the spirit of ancient license in which our minstrels indulged. He sent it to the Museum.]

HAD I the wyte, had I thè wyte,
 Had I the wyte 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 rangunshoch, glum gudeman
 Is out and owre 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 wadua manhood been to blame,
 Had I unkindly used her?
 He claw'd her wi' the ripplin-kame,
 And blue and bluidy bruised her;
 When sie a husband was frae hame,
 What wife but had excused her?

I dighted ay her een sae blue,
 And bann'd the crutel randy;
 And weel I wat her willing mou'
 Was e'en like sugar-candy.
 A gloamin-shot it was I wot,
 I lighted on the Monday;
 But I cam through the Tysday's dew,
 To wanton Willie's brandy.

COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

Tune—"Coming through the rye."

[The poet in this song removed some of the coarse chaff, from the old chant, and fitted it for the Museum, where it was first printed.]

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 warld ken?
 Jenny's a' wat, poor body;
 Jenny's seldom dry;
 She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
 Coming through the rye.

YOUNG JAMIE, PRIDE OF A' THE PLAIN.

Tune—"The Carlin o' the Glen."

[Sent to the Museum by Burns in his own handwriting: part only is thought to be his.]

YOUNG Jamie, pride of a' the plain,
 Sac gallant and sac gay a swain;
 Thro' 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 sac late did range and rove,
 And chang'd with every moon my love,
 I little thought the time was near,
 Repentance I should buy sac 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!

OUT OVER THE FORTH.

Tune—"Charlie Gordon's Welcome Home."

[In one of his letters to Cunningham, dated 11th March, 1791, Burns quoted the four last lines of this tender and gentle lyric, and inquires how he likes them.]

OUT over the Forth I look to the north,
 But what is the north and its Highlands to me?
 The south nor the east gie ease to my breast,
 The far foreign land, or the wild rolling sea.

But I look to the west, when I gae to rest,
 That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be;
 For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,
 The lad that is dear to my babie and me.

THE LASS OF ECCLEFECHAN.

Tune—"Jacky Latin."

[Burns in one of his professional visits to Ecclefechan, was amused with a rough old district song, which some one sung: he rendered, at a leisure moment, the language more delicate and the sentiments less warm, and sent it to the Museum.]

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 gutcher has
 A hich house and a laigh ane,
 A' for bye, my bonnie sel',
 The toss of Ecclefechan.

O hand your tongue now, Luckie Laing,
 O hand 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 COOPER O' CUDDIE.

Tune—" *Bab at the Bowster.*"

[The wit of this song is better than its delicacy: it is printed in the Museum, with the name of Burns attached.]

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 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.

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 stau', 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.

S O M E B O D Y.

Tune—" *For the sake of somebody.*"

[Burns seems to have borrowed two or three lines of this lyric from Ramsay: he sent it to the Museum.]

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 wad I not ?
 For the sake o' somebody !

THE CARDIN' O'T.

Tune—" *Salt-fish and dumplings.*"

[“ This song,” says Sir Harris Nicolas, “ is in the Musical Museum, but not with Burns’s name to it.” It was given by Burns to Johnson in his own handwriting.]

I COOT a stane o’ haslock woo’,
 To make a wat to Johnny o’t ;
 For Johnny is my only jo,
 I lo’e him best o’ ony yet.
 The cardin’ o’t, the spinnin’ o’t,
 The warpin’ o’t, the winnin’ o’t ;
 When ilka ell east me a groat,
 The tailor staw the lynin o’t.

For though his locks be lyart gray,
 And tho’ 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 east me a groat,
 The tailor staw the lynin o’t.

WIEN JANUAR' WIND.

Tune—"The lass that made the bed for me."

[Burns found an old, clever, but not very decorous strain, recording an adventure which Charles the Second, while under Presbyterian rule in Scotland, had with a young lady of the house of Port Letham, and exercising his taste and skill upon it, produced the present—still too free song, for the Museum.]

WIEN Januar' wind was blawing cauld,
 As to the north I took my way,
 The mirksome night did me enfauld,
 I knew nae 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 with due respect;
 And to salute her wi' a kiss,
 I put my arms about her neck.

"Haud aff your hands, young man," she says,
 "And dinna sae uncivil be:
 If ye hae onie love for me,
 O wrang nae my virginie!"

Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
 Her teeth were like the ivorie;
 Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
 The lass that made the bed to me.

Her bosom was the driven snaw,
 Twa drifted heaps sac 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 ay she wist not 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;
 But aye she blush'd, and aye she sigh'd,
 And said, "Alas! ye've ruin'd me."

I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne,
 While the tear stood twinklin in her e'e;
 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 bonnie lass made the bed to me,
 The braw lass made the bed to me;
 I'll ne'er forget till the day I die,
 The lass that made the bed to me!

SAE FAR AWA.

Tune—"Dalkeith Maiden Bridge."

[This song was sent to the Museum by Burns, in his own handwriting.]

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 true 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 hers, sae far awa;
 But fairer never touch'd a heart
 Than hers, the Fair sae far awa.

I'LL AY CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

Tune—"I'll gae nae mair to yon town."

[Jean Armour inspired this very sweet song. Sir Harris Nicolas says it is printed in Cromek's Reliques: it was first printed in the Museum.]

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 bonnie Jean again.
 There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess,
 What brings me back the gate again;
 But she my fairest faithfu' lass,
 And 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!
 I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
 And by yon garden green, again;
 I'll ay ca' in by you town,
 And see my bonnie Jean again.

O, WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN.

Tune—"I'll ay ca' in by yon town."

[The beautiful Lucy Johnstone, married to Oswald, of Aucheneruive, was the heroine of this song: it was not, however, composed expressly in honour of her charms. "As I was a good deal pleased," he says in a letter to Syme, "with my performance, I, in my first fervour, thought of sending it to Mrs. Oswald." He sent it to the Museum, perhaps also to the lady.]

CHORUS.

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 you gay green shaw,
 She wanders by you 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 you bonnie braes of Ayr;
 But my delight in yon town,
 And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.

Without my love, not a' the charms
 O' Paradise could yield me joy;

But gie me Lucy in my arms,
 And welcome Lapland's dreary sky!

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
 Tho' raging winter rent the air;
 And she a lovely little flower,
 That I wad tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town,
 Yon sinkin' sun's gane down upon;
 A fairer than's in yon town
 His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

If angry fate is sworn my foe,
 And suffering I am doom'd to bear;
 I careless quit all else below,
 But spare me—spare me, Lucy dear!

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
 A thought frae her shall ne'er depart,
 And she—as fairest is her form!
 She has the truest, kindest heart!
 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.

O MAY, THY MORN.

Tune—"May, thy morn."

[Our lyrical legends assign the inspiration of this strain to the accomplished Clarinda. It has been omitted by Chambers in his "People's Edition" of Burns.]

O MAY, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet
 As the mirk night o' December;
 For sparkling was the rosy wine,
 And private was the chamber:
 And dear was she I dare na name,
 But I will ay remember.
 And dear was she I dare na name,
 But I will ay remember.

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 o' the quorum.
 And here's to them we dare na tell,
 The dearest o' the quorum!

LOVELY POLLY STEWART.

Tune—"Ye're welcome, Charlie Stewart."

[The poet's eye was on Polly Stewart, but his mind seems to have been with Charlie Stewart, and the Jacobite ballads, when he penned these words:—they are in the Museum.]

O LOVELY Polly Stewart!
 O charming Polly Stewart!
 There's not a flower that blooms in May
 That's half so fair as thou art.
 The flower it blows, it fades and fa's,
 And art can ne'er renew it;
 But worth and truth eternal youth
 Will give to Polly Stewart.

May he whose arms shall fauld thy charms,
 Possess a leal and true heart;
 To him be given to ken the heaven
 He grasps in Polly Stewart.
 O lovely Polly Stewart!
 O charming Polly Stewart!
 There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
 That's half so sweet as thou art.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

Tunc—"If thou't play me fair play."

[A long and wearisome ditty, called "The Highland Ladd and Lowland Lassie," which Burns compressed into these stanzas, for Johnson's Museum.]

THE bonniest lad that e'er I saw,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Wore a plaid, and was fu' braw,
 Bonnie Highland laddie.
 On his head a bonnet blue,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
 His royal heart was firm and true,
 Bonnie Highland laddie.

Trumpets sound, and cannons roar,
 Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie ;
 And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,
 Bonnie Lowland lassie.
 Glory, honour, now invite,
 Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
 For freedom and my king to fight,
 Bonnie Lowland lassie.

The sun a backward course shall take,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Ere aught thy manly courage shake,
 Bonnie Highland laddie.
 Go, for yourself procure renown,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
 And for your lawful king, his crown,
 Bonnie Highland laddie.

ANNA, THY CHARMS.

Tunc—"Bonnie Mary."

[The heroine of this short, sweet song is unknown: it was inserted in the third edition of his Poems.]

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 forgiv'n;
 For sure 'twere impious to despair,
 So much in sight of Heav'n.

CASSILLIS' BANKS.

Tune—[unknown.]

[It is supposed that "Highland Mary," who lived sometimes on Cassillis's banks, is the heroine of these verses.]

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 of love,
 The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e!

The chield wha boasts o' warld's walth
 Is aften laird o' meikle care;
 But Mary she is a' my ain—
 Ah! fortune canna gie me mair.
 Then let me range by Cassillis' banks,
 Wi' her, the lassie dear to me,
 And catch her ilka glance o' love,
 The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e!

TO THEE, LOVED NITH.

Tune—[unknown.]

[There are several variations extant of these verses, and among others one which transfers the praise from the Nith to the Dee; but to the Dee, if the poet spoke in his own person, no such influences could belong.]

To thee, lov'd Nith, thy gladsome plains,
 Where late wi' careless thought I rang'd,

Though prest wi' care and sunk in woe,
To thee I bring a heart unchang'd.

I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes,
Tho' mem'ry there my bosom tear;
For there he rov'd that brake my heart,
Yet to that heart, ah! still how dear!

BANNOCKS O' BARLEY.

Tune—"The Killogie."

[“This song is in the Museum” says Sir Harris Nicolas, “but without Burne’s name.” Burne took up an old song, and letting some of the old words stand, infused a Jacobite spirit into it, wrote it out, and sent it to the Museum.]

BANNOCKS o’ bear meal,
Bannocks o’ barley;
Here’s to the Highlandman’s
Bannocks o’ barley.
Wha in a bralzie
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?

HEE BALOU.

Tune—"The Highland Balou.

[“Published in the Musical Museum,” says Sir Harris Nicolas, “but without the name of the author.” It is an old strain, eked out and amended by Burns, and sent to the Museum in his own handwriting.]

HEE balou ! my sweet wee Donald,
 Picture o’ the great Clanronald ;
 Brawlie kens our wanton chief
 Wha got my young Highland thief.

Leeze me on thy bonnie 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 furdur :
 Herry the louns o’ the laigh countree,
 Syne to the Highlands hame to me.

WAE IS MY HEART.

Tune—"Wae is my heart."

[Composed, it is said, at the request of Clarke, the musician, who felt, or imagined he felt, some pangs of heart for one of the loveliest young ladies in Nithsdale, Phillis M’Murdo.]

WAE is my heart, and the tear’s in my e’e ;
 Lang, lang, joy’s been a stranger to me ;
 Forsaken and friendless, my burden I bear,
 And the sweet voice of pity ne’er sounds in my ear.

Love, thou hast pleasures, and deep hae I loved ;
 Love, thou hast sorrows, and sair hae I proved ;
 But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
 I can feel by its throbbings will soon be at rest.

O, if I were where happy I hae been,
 Down by yon stream, and yon bonnie castle green ;
 For there he is wand’ring, and musing on me,
 Wha wad soon dry the tear frae his Phillis’s e’e.

HERE'S HIS HEALTH IN WATER.

Tune—"The Job of Journey-work."

[Burns took the hint of this song from an older and less decorous strain, and wrote these words, it has been said in humorous allusion to the condition in which Jean Armour found herself before marriage; as if Burns could be capable of anything so insulting. The words are in the Museum.]

ALTHO' my back be at the wa',
 An' 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!

MY PEGGY'S FACE.

Tune—"My Peggy's Face."

[Composed in honour of Miss Margaret Chalmers, afterwards Mrs. Lewis Hay, one of the wisest, and, it is said, the wittiest of all the poet's lady correspondents. Burns, in the note in which he communicated it to Johnson, said he had a strong private reason for wishing it to appear in the second volume of the Museum.]

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, heav'nly fair,
 Her native grace so void of art,
 But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
 The kindling lustre of an eye;

Who but owns their magic sway!
 Who but knows they all decay!
 The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
 The gen'rous purpose, nobly dear,
 The gentle look, that rage disarms—
 These are all immortal charms.

G L O O M Y D E C E M B E R .

Tune—"Wandering Willie."

[These verses were, it is said, inspired by Clariuda, and must be taken as a record of his feelings at parting with one dear to him to the latest moments of existence—the Mrs. Mac of many a toast, both in serious and festive hours.]

ANCE mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December!
 Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care:
 Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
 Parting wi' Nancy, oh! ne'er to meet mair.
 Fond lovers' parting is sweet painful pleasure,
 Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;
 But the dire feeling, O farewell for ever!
 Is anguish unmingled, and agony pure.

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

M Y L A D Y ' S G O W N , T H E R E ' S G A I R S U P O N ' T .

Tune—"Gregg's Pipes."

[Most of this song is from the pen of Burns: he corrected the improprieties, and infused some of his own lyric genius into the old strain, and printed the result in the Museum.]

My lady's gowu, there's gairs upon't,
 And gowden flowers sac rare upon't;

But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
 My lord thinks meikle mair upon't.
 My lord a-hunting he is gane,
 But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane;
 By Colin's cottage lies his gane
 If Colin's Jenny be at hame.

My lady's white, my lady's red,
 And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude;
 But her ten-pund lands o' tocher guid
 Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.

Out o'er yon muir, out o'er yon moss,
 Where gor-cocks thro' the heather pass,
 There wons auld Colin's bonnie lass,
 A lily in a wilderness.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
 Like music notes o' lovers' hymns:
 The diamond dew is her een sae blue,
 Where laughing love sae wanton swims.

My lady's dink, my lady's drest,
 The flower and fancy o' the west;
 But the lassie that a man lo'es best,
 O that's the lass to make him blest.
 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 meikle mair upon't.

AMANG THE TREES.

Tune—"The King of France, he rade a race."

[Burns wrote these verses in scorn of those, and they are many, who prefer

"The capon craws and queer ha ha's!"]

of emasculated Italy to the original and delicious airs, Highland and Lowland, of old Caldonia: the song is a fragment—the more's the pity.]

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 eapon eraws and queer ha ha's,
 They made our lugs grow cerie, O ;
 The hungry bike did scrape and pike,
 'Till we were wae and weary, O ;
 But a royal ghaist wha ance was cas'd
 A prisoner aughteen year awa,
 He fir'd a fiddler in the north
 That dang them tapsalteerie, O.

THE GOWDEN LOCKS OF ANNA.

Tune—"Banks of Banna."

[“ Anne with the golden locks,” one of the attendant maidens in Burns’s howff. in Dumfries, was very fair and very tractable, and, as may be surmised from the song, had other pretty ways to render herself agreeable to the customers than the serving of wine. Burns recommended this song to Thomson; and one of his editors makes him say. “ I think this is one of the best love-songs I ever composed,” but these are not the words of Burns; this contradiction is made openly, lest it should be thought that the bard had the bad taste to prefer this strain to dozens of others more simple, more impassioned, and more natural.]

YESTREEN I had a pint o’ wine,
 A place where body saw na’ ;
 Yestreen lay on this breast o’ mine
 The gowden locks of Anna.
 The hungry Jew in wilderness
 Rejoicing o’er his manna,
 Was naething to my hinny bliss
 Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs tak the east and west,
 Frae Indus to Savannah !
 Gie me within my straining grasp
 The melting form of Anna.

There I'll despise imperial charms,
 An empress or sultana,
 While dying raptures in her arms
 I give and take with Anna!

Awa, thou flaunting god o' day!
 Awa, thou pale Diana!
 Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray,
 When I'm to meet my Anna.
 Come in thy raven plumage, night!
 Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a';
 And bring an angel pen to write
 My transports wi' my Anna!

The kirk an' state may join, and tell
 To do sic things I maunna:
 The kirk and state may gang to hell,
 And I'll gae to my Anna.
 She is the sunshine of my e'e,
 To live but her I canna:
 Had I on earth but wishes three,
 The first should be my Anna.

MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O.

[This is the first song composed by Burns for the national collection of Thomson: it was written in October, 1792. "On reading over the *Lea-rig*," he says, "I immediately set about trying my hand on it, and, after all, I could make nothing more of it than the following." The first and second verses were only sent: Burns added the third and last verse in December.]

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star
 Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo;
 And owsen frae the furrow'd field
 Return sae dowf and weary, O!
 Down by the burn, where scented birks¹
 Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo;
 I'll meet thee on the *lea-rig*,
 My ain kind dearie, O!

¹ For "scented birks," in some copies, "birken buds."

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
 I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O;
 If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
 My ain kind dearie, O!
 Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,
 And I were ne'er sae weary, O,
 I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O!

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
 To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
 At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
 Alang 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!

TO MARY CAMPBELL.

[“ In my very early years,” says Burns to Thomson, “ when I was thinking of going to the West Indies, I took the following farewell of a dear girl. You must know that all my earlier love-songs were the breathings of ardent passion, and though it might have been easy in after times to have given them a polish, yet that polish, to me, would have defaced the legend of my heart, so faithfully inscribed on them. Their uncouth simplicity was, as they say of wines, their race.” The heroine of this early composition was Highland Mary.]

Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
 And leave old Scotia's shore?
 Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
 Across th' Atlantic's roar?

O sweet grows the lime and the orange,
 And the apple on the pine;
 But a' the charms o' the Indie
 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!

THE WINSOME WEE THING.

[These words were written for Thomson: or rather made extempore. "I might give you something more profound," says the poet, "yet it might not suit the light-horse gallop of the air, so well as this random clink."]

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

I never saw a fairer,
 I never lo'ed a dearer;
 And niest 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 bonnie 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.

BONNIE LESLEY.

[“I have just,” says Burns to Thomson, “been looking over the ‘Collier’s bonnie Daughter,’ and if the following rhapsody, which I composed the other day, on a charming Ayrshire girl, Miss Lesley Baillie, as she passed through this place to England, will suit your taste better than the ‘Collier Lassie,’ fall on and welcome.” This lady was soon afterwards married to Mr. Cuning, of Logie.]

O SAW ye bonnie Lesley
 As she ga’ed o’er the border?
 She’s gane, like Alexander,
 To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
 And love but her for ever;
 For Nature made her what she is,
 And never made anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
 Thy subjects we, before thee:
 Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
 The hearts o’ men adore thee.

The deil he could na scaith thee,
 Or aught that wad belang thee;
 He’d look into thy bonnie face,
 And say, “I canna wrang thee.”

The powers aboon will tent thee;
 Misfortune sha’ na steer thee:
 Thour’t like themselves so 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 bonnie.

HIGHLAND MARY.

Tune—"Catherine Ojic."

[Mary Campbell, of whose worth and beauty Burns has sung with such deep feeling, was the daughter of a mariner, who lived in Greenock. She became acquainted with the poet while on service at the castle of Montgomery, and their strolls in the woods and their roaming trystes only served to deepen and settle their affections. Their love had much of the solemn as well as of the romantic: on the day of their separation they plighted their mutual faith by the exchange of Bibles: they stood with a running stream between them, and lifting up water in their hands vowed love while woods grew and waters ran. The Bible which the poet gave was elegantly bound: "Ye shall not swear by my name falsely," was written in the bold Mauchline hand of Burns, and underneath was his name, and his mark as a freemason. They parted to meet no more: Mary Campbell was carried off suddenly by a burning fever, and the first intimation which the poet had of her fate, was when, it is said, he visited her friends to meet her on her return from Cowal, whither she had gone to make arrangements for her marriage. The Bible is in the keeping of her relations: we have seen a lock of her hair; it was very long and very bright, and of a hue deeper than the flaxen. The song was written for Thomson's work.]

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie!
 There Simmer first unfauld her robes,
 And there the langest tarry;
 For there I took the last fareweel
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
 As underneath their fragrant shade
 I clasp'd her to my bosom!
 The golden hours, on angel wings,
 Flew o'er me and my dearie;
 For dear to me, as light and life,
 Was my sweet Highland Mary!

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
 Our parting was fu' tender;
 And, pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore oursels asunder;
 But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flower sae early!—
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
 That wraps my Highland Mary!

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

AULD ROB MORRIS.

[The starting lines of this song are from one of no little merit in Ramsay's collection: the old strain is sarcastic; the new strain is tender: it was written for Thomson.]

THERE'S auld Rob Morris that wons in you glen,
 He's the king o' guid fellows and wale of auld men;
 He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,
 And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.

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 e'e.

But oh! she's an heiress,—auld Robin's a laird
 And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard;
 A wooer like me manna hope to come speed;
 The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
 The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane:
 I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
 And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O had she but been of a lower degree,
 I then might hae hop'd she wad suil'd upon me!
 O, how past deserving had then been my bliss,
 As now my distraction no words can express!

DUNCAN GRAY.

[This Duncan Gray of Burns, has nothing in common with the wild old song of that name, save the first line, and a part of the third, neither has it any share in the sentiments of an earlier strain, with the same title, by the same hand. It was written for the work of Thomson.]

DUNCAN GRAY cam 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, the wooing o't;
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
 Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
 Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
 Slighted love is sair to bide,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
 For a haughty hizzie die?
 She may gae to—France for me!
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes let doctors tell,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
 Meg grew sick—as he grew heal,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Something in her bosom wrings,
 For relief a sigh she brings:
 And O, her een, they spak sic things:
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

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

O POORTITH CAULD.

Tune—"I had a horse."

[Jean Lorimer, the Chloris and the "Lassie with the lint-white locks" of Burns, was the heroine of this exquisite lyric: she was at that time very young; her shape was fine, and her "dimpled cheek and cherry mon" will be long remembered in Nithsdale.]

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!

Her een sae bonnie blue betray
 How she repays my passion;
 But prudence is her o'erword ay,
 She talks of rank and fashion.

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?

How blest the humble cotter's fate!¹
 He wooes 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.

[“Galla Water” is an improved version of an earlier song by Burns: but both songs owe some of their attractions to an older strain, which the exquisite air has made popular over the world. It was written for Thomson.]

THERE'S braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
 That wander thro' the blooming heather;
 But Yarrow braes nor Ettrick shaws
 Can match the lads o' 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 bonnie 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 treasure!

¹ “The wild-wood Indian's Fate,” in the original MS.

LORD GREGORY.

[Dr. Wolcot wrote a Lord Gregory for Thomson's collection, in imitation of which Burns wrote his, and the Englishman complained, with an oath, that the Scotchman sought to rob him of the merit of his composition. Wolcot's song was, indeed, written first, but they are both but imitations of that most exquisite old ballad. "Fair Annie of Lochryan," which neither Wolcot nor Burns valued as it deserved: it far surpasses both their songs.]

O MIRK, mirk is this midnight hour,
 And loud the tempest's roar;
 A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tow'r,
 Lord Gregory, ope thy door!

An exile frae her father's ha',
 And a' for loving thee;
 At least some pity on me shaw,
 If love it may nae be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove
 By bonnie Irwin-side,
 Where first I own'd that virgin-love
 I lang, lang had denied?

How aften didst thou pledge and vow
 Thou wad for ay be mine;
 And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,
 It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
 And flinty is thy breast—
 Thon 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!

MARY MORISON.

Tune—"Bide ye yet."

[“The song prefixed,” observes Burns to Thomson, “is one of my juvenile works. I leave it in your hands. I do not think it very remarkable, either for its merits or its demerits.” “Of all the productions of Burns,” says Hazlitt, “the pathetic and serious love-songs which he has left behind him, in the manner of the old ballads, are, perhaps, those which take the deepest and most lasting hold of the mind. Such are the lines to Mary Morison.” The song is supposed to have been written on one of a family of Morisons of Mauchline.]

O MARY, at thy window be,
 It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!
 Those smiles and glances let me see
 That make the miser's treasure poor:
 How blithely wad I bide the stour,
 A weary slave frae sun to sun;
 Could I the rich reward secure,
 The lovely Mary Morison!

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
 The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
 To thee my fancy took its wing,
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
 Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
 And yon the toast of a' thè town,
 I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
 “Ye are na Mary Morison.”

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
 Or canst thou break that heart of his,
 Whase only faut is loving thee?
 If love for love thou wilt na gie,
 At least be pity to me shown;
 A thought ungentle canna be
 The thought o' Mary Morison.

WANDERING WILLIE.

[FIRST VERSION.]

[The idea of this song is taken from verses of the same name published by Herd: the heroine is supposed to have been the accomplished Mrs. Riddel. Erskine and Thomson sat in judgment upon it, and, like true critics, squeezed much of the natural and original spirit out of it. Burns approved of their alterations; but he approved, no doubt, in bitterness of spirit.]

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
 Now tired with wandering, haud awa hame;
 Come to my bosom, my ae only dearie,
 And tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Loud blew the cauld winter winds at our parting;
 It was na the blast brought the tear in my e'e;
 Now welcome the simmer, and welcome my Willie,
 The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Ye hurricanes, rest in the cave o' your slumbers!
 O how your wild horrors a lover alarms!
 Awaken, ye breezes, row gently, ye billows,
 And waft my dear laddie anee mair to my arms.

But if he's forgotten his faithfulest Nannie,
 O still flow between us, thou wide roaring main;
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

WANDERING WILLIE.

[LAST VERSION.]

[This is the "Wandering Willie" as altered by Erskine and Thomson, and approved by Burns, after rejecting several of their emendations. The changes were made chiefly with the view of harmonizing the words with the music—an Italian mode of mending the harmony of the human voice.]

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
 Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame;
 Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
 Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
 Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e;
 Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,
 The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your 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.

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH!

[Written for Thomson's collection: the first version which he wrote was not happy in its harmony: Burns altered and corrected it as it now stands, and then said, "I do not know if this song be really mended."]

Oh, open the door, some pity to show,
 Oh, open the door to me, Oh!¹
 Tho' thou has been false, I'll ever prove true,
 Oh, open the door to me, Oh!

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
 But cauldier thy love for me, Oh!
 The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
 Is nought to my pains frae thee, Oh!

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
 And time is setting with me, Oh!
 False friends, false love, farewell! for mair
 I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, Oh!

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide;
 She sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh!
 My true love! she cried, and sank down by his side,
 Never to rise again, Oh!

¹ This second line was originally—"If love it may na be, Oh!"

JESSIE.

Tune—"Bonnie Dundee."

[Jessie Staig, the eldest daughter of the provost of Dumfries, was the heroine of this song. She became a wife and a mother, but died early in life: she is still affectionately remembered in her native place.]

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 demèauour's the jewel of a'!

THE POOR AND HONEST SODGER

Air—"The Mill, Mill, O."

[Burns, it is said, composed this song, once very popular, on hearing a maimed soldier relate his adventures, at Brownhill, in Nithsdale: it was published by Thomson, after suggesting some alterations, which were properly rejected.]

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
 And gentle peace returning,
 Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
 And mony a widow mourning;
 I left the lines and tented field,
 Where lang I'd been a lodger,
 My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
 A poor and honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
 My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
 And for fair Scotia, hame again,
 I cheery on did wander.
 I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
 I thought upon my Nancy,
 I thought upon the witching smile
 That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
 Where early life I sported;
 I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,
 Where Nancy aft I courted:
 Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
 Down by her mother's dwelling!
 And turn'd me round to hide the flood
 That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,
 Sweet as you hawthorn's blossom,
 O! happy, happy, may he be
 That's dearest to thy bosom!
 My purse is light, I've far to gang,
 And fain wad be thy lodger;
 I've serv'd my king and 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'd,
 Forget him shall I never:
 Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
 Ye freely shall partake it,
 That gallant badge—the dear cockade—
 Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
 Syne pale like onie lily;
 She sank within my arms, and cried,
 Art thou my ain dear Willie?

By him who made you sun and sky—
 By whom true love's regarded,
 I am the man; and thus may still
 True lovers be rewarded!

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
 And find thee still true-hearted;
 Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
 And mair we'se ne'er be parted.
 Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,
 A mailen plenish'd fairly;
 And come, my faithful sodger lad,
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

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

MEG O' THE MILL.

Air—"Hey! bonnie lass, will you lie in a barrack?"

[“Do you know a fine air,” Burns asks Thomson, April, 1793, “called ‘Jackie Hume’s Lament?’ I have a song of considerable merit to that air: I’ll enclose you both song and tune, as I have them ready to send to the Museum.” It is probable that Thomson liked these verses too well to let them go willingly from his hands: Burns touched up the old song with the same starting line, but a less delicate conclusion, and published it in the Museum.]

O KEN ye what Meg o’ the Mill has gotten?
 An’ ken ye what Meg o’ the Mill has gotten?
 She has gotten a coof wi’ a claut o’ siller,
 And broken the heart o’ the barley Miller.

The Miller was 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 bonnie side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing;
 And wae on the love that is fixed 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!

BLYTHE HAE I BEEN.

Tune—"Liggeran Cosh."

[Burns, who seldom praised his own compositions, told Thomson, for whose work he wrote it, that "Blythe hae I been on yon hill," was one of the finest songs he had ever made in his life, and composed on one of the most lovely women in the world. The heroine was Miss Lesley Baillie.]

BLYTHE hae I been on yon hill
 As the lambs before me;
 Careless ilka thought and free
 As the breeze flew o'er me.
 Now nae longer sport and play,
 Mirth or sang can please me;
 Lesley is sae fair and coy,
 Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy is the task,
 Hopeless love declaring:
 Trembling, I dow nocht but glow'r,
 Sighing, dumb, despairing!
 If she winna ease the thraws
 In my bosom swelling,
 Underneath the grass-green sod
 Soon maun be my dwelling.

LOGAN WATER.

[“Have you ever, my dear sir,” says Burns to Thomson, 25th June, 1793, “felt your bosom ready to burst with indignation on reading of those mighty villains who divide kingdom against kingdom, desolate provinces, and lay nations waste, out of the wantonness of ambition, or often from still more ignoble passions? In a mood of this kind to-day I recollected the air of Logan Water. If I have done anything at all like justice to my feelings, the following song, composed in three-quarters of an hour’s meditation in my elbow-chair, ought to have some merit.” The poet had in mind, too, during this poetic fit, the beautiful song of Logan braes, by my friend John Mayne, a Nithsdale poet.

O LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide,
 That day I was my Willie’s bride!
 And years sinsyne hae o’er us run,
 Like Logan to the simmer sun.
 But now thy flow’ry banks appear
 Like drumlic winter, dark and drear,
 While my dear lad mann 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 breathing flowers;
 Blythe Morning lifts his rosy eye,
 And Evening’s tears are tears of joy:
 My soul, delightless, a’ surveys,
 While Willie’s far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
 Amang her nestlings sits the thrush;
 Her faithfu’ mate will share her toil,
 Or wi’ his song her cares beguile:
 But I, wi’ my sweet nurslings here,
 Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
 Pass widow’d nights and joyless days,
 While Willie’s far frae Logan braes.

O wae upon you, men o’ state,
 That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
 As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,
 Sae may it on your heads return!

How can your flinty hearts enjoy
 The widow's tears, the orphan's cry?¹
 But soon may peace bring happy days,
 And Willie hame to Logan braes!

THE RED, RED ROSE.

Air—"Hughie Graham."

[There are snatches of old song so exquisitely fine that, like fractured crystal, they cannot be mended or eked out, without showing where the hand of the restorer has been. This seems the case with the first verse of this song, which the poet found in Witherspoon, and completed by the addition of the second verse, which he felt to be inferior, by desiring Thomson to make his own the first verse, and let the other follow, which would conclude the strain with a thought as beautiful as it was original.]

O WERE my love you 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 renewed.

O gin my love were you red rose,
 That grows upon the castle wa';
 And I mysel' a drap o' dew,
 Into her bonnie breast to fa'!
 Oh, there beyond expression blest,
 I'd feast on beauty a' the night;
 Scal'd on her silk-soft faulds to rest,
 Till fley'd awa by Phoebus' light.

¹ Originally—

"Ye mind na, 'mid your cruel joys,
 The widow's tears, the orphan's cries."

BONNIE JEAN.

[Jean M'Murdo, the heroine of this song, the eldest daughter of John M'Murdo of Drumlanrig, was, both in merit and look, very worthy of so sweet a strain, and justified the poet from the charge made against him in the West, that his beauties were not other men's beauties. In the M'Murdo manuscript, in Burns's handwriting, there is a well-merited compliment which has slipt out of the printed copy in Thomson:—

“Thy *handsome* foot thou shalt na set
In barn or byre to trouble thee.”]

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen,
When a' the fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.

And aye she wrought her mammie's wark,
And ay she sang so merrilie :
The blithest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest ;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
The 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' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
And ay she sighs wi' care and pain ;
Yet wist na what her ail might be,
Or what wad mak her weel again.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
 And did na joy blink in her e'e,
 As Robie tauld a tale of love,
 Ae e'enin' on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
 The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
 His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
 And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:

O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
 O canst thou think to fancy me!
 Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
 And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
 Or naething else to trouble thee;
 But stray amang the heather-bells,
 And tent the waving corn wi' me.

Now what could artless 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."

[The ladies of the M'Murdo family were graceful and beautiful, and lucky in finding a poet capable of recording their charms in lasting strains. The heroine of this song was Phillis M'Murdo; a favourite of the poet. The verses were composed at the request of Clarke, the musician, who believed himself in love with his "charming pupil." She laughed at the presumptuous fiddler.]

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 I did share;
 While you 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.

HAD I A CAVE.

Tune—"Robin Adair."

[Alexander Cunningham, on whose unfortunate love-adventure Burns composed this song for Thomson, was a jeweller in Edinburgh, well connected, and of agreeable and polished manners. The story of his faithless mistress was the talk of Edinburgh, in 1793, when these words were written: the hero of the lay has been long dead; the heroine resides, a widow, in Edinburgh.]

HAD I a cave on some wild, distant shore,
 Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar;
 There would I weep my woes,
 There seek my lost repose,
 Till grief my eyes should close,
 Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of womankind, canst thou declare,
 All thy fond plighted vows—fleeing as air!
 To thy new lover hie,
 Laugh o'er thy perjury,
 Then in thy bosom try
 What peace is there!

BY ALLAN STREAM.

[“Bravo! say I,” exclaimed Burns, when he wrote these verses for Thomson. “It is a good song. Should you think so too, not else, you can set the music to it, and let the other follow as English verses. Autumn is my propitious season; I make more verses in it than all the year else.” The old song of “O my love Annie’s very bonnie,” helped the muse of Burns with this lyric.]

By Allan stream I chanced to rove
 While Phœbus sank beyond Benledi;
 The winds were whispering through the grove,
 The yellow corn was waving ready;
 I listened to a lover’s sang,
 And thought on youthfu’ pleasures mony:
 And aye the wild wood echoes rang—
 O dearly do I lo’e thee, Annie!

O happy be the woodbine bower,
 Nae nightly bogle make it eerie;
 Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
 The place and time I met my dearie!
 Her head upon my throbbing breast
 She sinking, said, “I’m thine for ever!”
 While mony a kiss the seal imprest,
 The sacred vow,—we ne’er should sever.

The haunt o’ Spring’s the primrose brae,
 The Simmer joys the flocks to follow;
 How cheery thro’ her shortening day,
 Is Autumn, in her weeds o’ yellow!
 But can they melt the glowing heart,
 Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure,
 Or thro’ each nerve the rapture dart,
 Like meeting her our bosom’s treasure?

O WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU.

[In one of the variations of this song the name of the heroine is Jeanie: the song itself owes some of the sentiments as well as words to an old favourite Nithsdale chant of the same name. "Is Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad," Burns inquires of Thomson, "one of your airs? I admire it much, and yesterday I set the following verses to it." The poet, two years afterwards, altered the fourth line thus:—

"Thy Jeany will venture wi' ye, my lad,"

and assigned this reason: "In fact, a fair dame at whose shrine I, the priest of the Nine, offer up the incense of Parnassus; a dame whom the Graces have attired in witchcraft, and whom the Loves have armed with lightning; a fair one, herself the heroine of the song, insists on the amendment, and dispute her commands if you dare."]

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 you come to court me,
 And come nae unless the back-yett be a-jee;
 Syne up the back-stile, and let naebody see,
 And come as ye were na comin' to me,
 And come as ye were na comin' to me.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
 Gang by me as tho' that ye ear'd na a flie;
 But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
 Yet look as ye were nae lookin' at me,
 Yet look as ye were nae lookin' at me.

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

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.

ADOWN WINDING NITH.

[“Mr. Clarke,” says Burns to Thomson, “begs you to give Miss Phillis a corner in your book, as she is a particular flame of his. She is a Miss Phillis M'Murdo, sister to 'Bonnie Jean;' they are both pupils of his.” This lady afterwards became Mrs. Norman Lockhart, of Cornwath.]

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.
 Awa wi' your belles and your beauties,
 They never wi' her can compare:
 Whaever has met wi' my Phillis,
 Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

The daisy amused my fond fancy,
 So artless, so simple, so wild;
 Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis,
 For she is simplicity's child.

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.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
 They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie:
 Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine,
 Its dew-drop o' diamond, her eye.

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

But beauty how frail and how fleeting,
 The bloom of a fine summer's day!
 While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
 Will flourish without a decay.
 Awa wi' your belles and your beauties,
 They never wi' her can compare:
 Whaever has met wi' my Phillis
 Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

COME, LET ME TAKE THEE.

Air—" *Cauld Kail.*"

[Burns composed this lyric in August, 1793, and tradition says it was produced by the charms of Jean Lorimer. "That tune, *Cauld Kail.*" he says to Thomson, "is such a favourite of yours, that I once more roved out yesterday for a gloamin-shot at the Muses; when the Muse that presides over the shores of Nith, or rather my old inspiring, dearest nymph, Coila, whispered me the following:"]

COME, let me take thee to my breast,
 And pledge we ne'er shall sunder;
 And I shall spurn as vilest dust
 The world's wealth and grandeur:
 And do I hear my Jeanie own
 That equal transports move her?
 I ask for dearest life alone,
 That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
 I clasp my countless treasure;
 I'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share,
 Than sic a moment's pleasure:
 And by thy een, sae bonnie blue,
 I swear I'm thine for ever!
 And on thy lips I seal my vow,
 And break it shall I never.

DAINTY DAVIE.

[From the old song of "Dainty Davie" Burns has borrowed only the title and the measure. The ancient strair records how the Rev. David Williamson, to escape the pursuit of the dragoons, in the time of the persecution, was hid, by the devout Lady of Cherrytrees, in the same bed with her ailing daughter. The divine lived to have six wives beside the daughter of the Lady of Cherrytrees, and other children besides the one which his hiding from the dragoons produced. When Charles the Second was told of the adventure and its upshot, he is said to have exclaimed, "God's fish! that beats me and the oak: the man ought to be made a bishop."]

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.
 Meet me on the warlock knowe,
 Dainty Davie, dainty Davie,



Bruce's Adversity.

For the proud usurpers low!

Tyrants fall in every foe!

Adversity in every blow!

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.

When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then thro' the dews I will repair,
To meet my faithfu' Davie.

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

BRUCE TO HIS MEN AT BANNOCKBURN.

[FIRST VERSION.]

Tune—"Hey, tuttie taitie."

[Syme of Ryedale states that this fine ode was composed during a storm of rain and fire, among the wilds of Glenken in Galloway: the poet himself gives an account much less romantic. In speaking of the air to Thomson, he says, "There is a tradition which I have met with in many places in Scotland, that it was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn. This thought, in my solitary wanderings, warmed me to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of liberty and independence, which I threw into a kind of Scottish ode, fitted to the air, that one might suppose to be the royal Scot's address to his heroic followers on that eventful morning." It was written in September, 1793.]

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour:

See approach proud Edward's pow'r—
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor-kuave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By our sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!—
Let us do or die!

BANNOCKBURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

[SECOND VERSION.]

[Thomson acknowledged the charm which this martial and national ode had for him, but he disliked the air, and proposed to substitute that of Lewis Gordon in its place. But Lewis Gordon required a couple of syllables more in every fourth line, which loaded the verse with expletives, and weakened the simple energy of the original: Burns consented to the proper alterations, after a slight resistance; but when Thomson, having succeeded in this, proposed a change in the expression, no warrior of Bruce's day ever resisted more sternly the march of a Southron over the border. "The only line," says the musician, "which I dislike in the whole song is,

'Welcome to your gory bed!'

gory presents a disagreeable image to the mind, and a prudent general would avoid saying anything to his soldiers which might tend to make death more frightful than it is." "My ode," replied Burns, "pleases me so much that I cannot alter it: your proposed alterations would, in my opinion, make it tame." Thomson cries out, like the timid wife of Coriolanus, "Oh, God, no blood!" while Burns exclaims, like that Roman's heroic mother, "Yes, blood! it becomes a soldier more than gilt his trophy." The ode as originally written was restored afterwards in Thomson's collection.]

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 lour;
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,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Caledonian! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By our sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be—shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! let us do, or die!

BEHOLD THE HOUR.

Tune—"Oran-gaail."

[“The following song I have composed for the Highland air that you tell me in your last you have resolved to give a place to in your book. I have this moment finished the song, so you have it glowing from the mint.” These are the words of Burns to Thomson: he might have added that the song was written on the meditated voyage of Clarinda to the West Indies, to join her husband.]

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-fowl round me cry,
Across the rolling, dashing roar,
I'll westward turn my wistful eye :
Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,
Where now my Nancy's path may be !
While thro' thy sweets she loves to stray,
O tell me, does she muse on me ?

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER.

Tune—“*Fee him, father!*”

[“I do not give these verses,” says Burns to Thomson, “for any merit they have. I composed them at the time in which ‘Patie Allan’s mither died, about the back o’ mid-night,’ and by the lee side of a bowl of punch, which had overset every mortal in company, except the hautbois and the muse.” To the poet’s intercourse with musicians we owe some fine songs.]

THOU hast left me ever, Jamie !
Thou hast left me ever ;
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie !
Thou hast left me ever.
Aften hast thou vow'd that death
Only should us sever ;
Now thou's left thy lass for ay—
I maun see thee never, Jamie,
I'll see thee never !

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie !
Thou hast me forsaken ;
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie !
Thou hast me forsaken.
Thou canst love anither jo,
While my heart is breaking :
Soon my weary een I'll close,
Never mair to waken, Jamie,
Ne'er mair to waken !

AULD LANG SYNE.

["Is not the Scotch phrase," Burns writes to Mrs. Dunlop, "Auld lang syne, exceedingly expressive? There is an old song and tune which has often thrilled through my soul: I shall give you the verses on the other sheet. Light be the turf on the breast of the heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious fragment." "The following song," says the poet, when he communicated it to George Thomson, "an old song of the olden times, and which has never been in print, nor even in manuscript, until I took it down from an old man's singing, is enough to recommend any air." These are strong words, but there can be no doubt that, save for a line or two, we owe the song to no other minstrel than "minstrel Burns."]

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to min' ?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days o' lang syne ?
 For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne !

We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu't the gowans fine ;
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
 Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
 Frae mornin' sun till dine :
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
 Sin' auld lang syne.

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.

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

FAIR JEANY.

Tune—"Saw ye my father?"

[In September, 1793, this song, as well as several others, was communicated to Thomson by Burns. "Of the poetry," he says, "I speak with confidence: but the music is a business where I hint my ideas with the utmost diffidence."

WHERE are the joys I have met in the morning,
That danc'd to the lark's early song?
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
At evening the wild woods among?

No more a-winding the course of yon river,
And marking sweet flow'rets so fair:
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaken our 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 caused this wreck in my bosom,
Is Jeany, fair Jeany 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.

DELUDED SWAIN, THE PLEASURE.

[To the air of the "Collier's Daughter." Burns bids Thomson add the following old Bacchanal: it is slightly altered from a rather stiff original.]

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 dote 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.

N A N C Y.

[This song was inspired by the charms of Clarinda. In one of the poet's manuscripts the song commences thus:

Thine am I, my lovely Kate,
 Well thou mayest discover;
 Every pulse along my veins
 Tell the ardent lover.

This change was tried out of compliment, it is believed, to Mrs. Thomson; but Nancy ran more smoothly on the even road of lyrical verse than Kate.]

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.

HUSBAND, HUSBAND.

Tune—"Jo Janet."

["My Jo Janet," in the collection of Allan Ramsay, was in the poet's eye when he composed this song, as surely as the matrimonial bickerings recorded by the old minstrels were in his mind. He desires Thomson briefly to tell him how he likes these verses: the response of the musician was, "Inimitable."]

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."

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

Air—"The Sutor's Tochter."

[Composed, it is said, in honour of Janet Miller, of Dalswinton, mother to the present Earl of Marr, and then, and long after, one of the loveliest women in the south of Scotland.]

WILT thou be my dearie ?
 When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
 Wilt thou let me cheer thee ?
 By the treasure of my soul,
 That's the love I bear thee !
 I swear and vow that only thou
 Shall ever be my dearie.
 Only thou, I swear and vow,
 Shall ever be my dearie.

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.

BUT LATELY SEEN.

Tune—"The Winter of Life."

[This song was written for Johnson's Museum, in 1794: the air is East Indian: it was brought from Hindostan by a particular friend of the poet. Thomson set the words to the air of Gil Morrice: they are elsewhere set to the tune of the Death of the Linnet.]

BUT lately seen in gladsome green,
 The woods rejoiced the day;
 Thro' gentle showers and laughing flowers,
 In double pride were gay:
 But now our joys are fled
 On winter blasts awa!
 Yet maiden May, in rich array,
 Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow, nae kindly thowe
 Shall melt the snaws of age;
 My trunk of eild, but buss or bield,
 Sinks in Time's wintry rage.
 Oh! age has weary days,
 And nights o' sleepless pain!
 Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,
 Why comes thou not again?

TO MARY.

Tune—"Could aught of song."

[These verses, inspired partly by Hamilton's very tender and elegant song,

"Ah! the poor shepherd's mournful fate,"

and some unrecorded "Mary" of the poet's heart, is in the latter volumes of Johnson. "It is inserted in Johnson's Museum," says Sir Harris Nicolas, "with the name of Burns attached." He might have added that it was sent by Burns, written with his own hand.]

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.

HERE'S TO THY HEALTH, MY BONNIE LASS.

Tune—"Laggan Burn."

[“This song is in the Musical Museum, with Burns's name to it.” says Sir Harris Nicolas. It is a song of the poet's early days, which he trimmed up, and sent to Johnson.]

HERE'S to thy health, my bonnie lass,
Gude night, and joy be wi' thee;
I'll come na mair to thy bower-door,
To tell thee that I lo'e thee.
O dinna think, my pretty pink,
But I can live without thee:
I vow and swear I dinna care
How lang ye look about ye.

Thou'rt ay sae free informing me
Thou hast na 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 na scant, I'll bode nae want,
 As lang's I get employment.

But far off 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.

THE FAREWELL.

Tune—" *It was a' for our rightfu' king.*"

[*"It seems very doubtful,"* says Sir Harris Nicolas, "how much, even if any part, of this song was written by Burns: it occurs in the Musical Museum, but not with his name." Burns, it is believed, rather pruned and beautified an old Scottish lyric, than composed this strain entirely. Johnson received it from him in his own handwriting.]

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 turn'd 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.

O STEER HER UP.

Tune—" *O steer her up, and haud her gawn.*"

[Burns, in composing these verses, took the introductory lines of an older lyric, eked them out in his own way, and sent them to the Museum.]

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 take it ill, jo,
 Then lea'e the lassie till her fate,
 And time nae longer spill, jo :
 Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute,
 But think upon it still, jo,
 That gin the lassie winna do't,
 Ye'll fin' anither will, jo.

O AY MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.

Tune—"My wife she dang me."

[Other verses to the same air, belonging to the olden times, are still remembered in Scotland: but they are only sung when the wine is in, and the sense of delicacy out. This song is in the Museum.]

O AY my wife she dang me,
 And aft my wife did bang me,
 If ye gie a woman a' her will,
 Gude faith, she'll soon o'er-gang ye.
 On peace and rest my mind was bent,
 And fool I was I married;
 But never honest man's intent
 As cursedly miscarried.

Some sairie comfort still at last,
 When a' their days are done, man;
 My pains o' hell on earth are past,
 I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man.
 O ay my wife she dang me,
 And aft my wife did bang me,
 If ye gie a woman a' her will,
 Gude faith, she'll soon o'er-gang ye.

OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

Tune—"Lass o' Livistone."

[Tradition says this song was composed in honour of Jessie Lewars, the Jessie of the poet's death-bed strains. It is inserted in Thomson's collection: variations occur in several manuscripts, but they are neither important nor curious.]

OH, wert thou in the cauld blast,
 On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
 My plaidie to the angry airt,
 I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee:
 Or did misfortune's bitter storms
 Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
 Thy bield should be my bosom,
 To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
 Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
 The desert were a paradise,
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there :
 Or were I monarch o' the globe,
 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
 The brightest jewel in my crown
 Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

HERE IS THE GLEN.

Tune—" *Banks of Cree.*"

[Of the origin of this song the poet gives the following account. "I got an air, pretty enough, composed by Lady Elizabeth Heron, of Heron, which she calls 'The Banks of Cree.' Cree is a beautiful romantic stream: and as her ladyship is a particular friend of mine, I have written the following song to it."]

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

'Tis not Maria's whispering call ;
 'Tis but the balmy-breathing gale,
 Mix'd with some warbler's dying fall,
 The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear !
 So calls the woodlark in the grove,
 His little, faithful mate to cheer,
 At once 'tis music—and 'tis love.

And art thou come ? and art thou true ?
 O welcome, dear to love and me !
 And let us all our vows renew
 Along the flow'ry banks of Cree.

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

Tune—"O'er the hills, &c."

["The last evening," 29th of August, 1794, "as I was straying out," says Burns, "and thinking of 'O'er the hills and far away,' I spun the following stanzas for it. I was pleased with several lines at first, but I own now that it appears rather a flimsy business. I give you leave to abuse this song, but do it in the spirit of Christian meekness."]

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.
 On the seas and far away,
 On stormy seas and far away;
 Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day
 Are ay with him that's far away.

When in summer's noon I faint,
 As weary flocks around me pant,
 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!

At the starless midnight hour,
 When winter rules with boundless power:
 As the storms the forest tear,
 And thunders rend the howling air,
 Listening to the doubling roar,
 Surging on the rocky shore,
 All I can—I weep and pray,
 For his weal that's far away.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
 And bid wild war his ravage end,

Man with brother man to meet,
 And as a brother kindly greet:
 Then may heaven with 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 and far away,
 On stormy seas and far away;
 Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
 Are ay with him that's far away.

CA' THE YOWES.

[Burns formed this song upon an old lyric, an amended version of which he had previously communicated to the Museum: he was fond of musing in the shadow of Lincluden towers, and on the banks of Cluden Water.]

CA' the yowes to the knowes,
 Ca' them whare the heather grows,
 Ca' them whare the burnie rowes—
 My bonnie dearie!
 Hark the mavis' evening sang
 Sounding Cluden's woods amang!
 Then a fauldin let us gang,
 My bonnie dearie.

We'll gae down by Cluden side,
 Thro' the hazels spreading wide,
 O'er the waves that sweetly glide
 To the moon sae clearly.

Yonder Cluden's silent towers,
 Where at moonshine midnight hours,
 O'er the dewy bending flowers,
 Fairies dance so cheery.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
 Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
 Nocht of ill may come thee near,
 My bonnie dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
 Thou hast stown my very heart;
 I can die—but canna part—
 My bonnie dearie!
 Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
 Ca' them where the heather grows;
 Ca' them where the burnie rowes—
 My bonnie dearie!

SHE SAYS SHE LOVES ME BEST OF A'.

Tune—"Onagh's Waterfall."

[The lady of the flaxen ringlets has already been noticed: she is described in this song with the accuracy of a painter, and more than the usual elegance of one: it is needless to add her name, or to say how fine her form and how resistless her smiles.]

SÆ flaxen were her ringlets,
 Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
 Bewitchingly o'er-arching
 Twa laughin' een o' bonnie 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' bonnie face,
 When first her bonnie face I saw;
 And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion;
 Her pretty ankle is a spy,
 Betraying fair proportion,
 Wad mak 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 no mair;
 Hers are the willing chains o' love,
 By conquering beauty's sovereign law;

And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
 And gaudy show at sunny noon ;
 Gie me the lonely valley,
 The dewy eve, and rising moon ;
 Fair beaming, and streaming,
 Her silver light the boughs amang ;
 While falling, recalling,
 The amorous thrush concludes his sang ;
 There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
 By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
 And hear my vows o' truth and love,
 And say thou lo'es me best of a' ?

SAW YE MY PHELY.

[QUASI DICAT PHILLIS.]

Tune—" *When she cam ben she bobbit.*"

[The despairing swain in this song was Stephen Clarke, musician, and the young lady whom he persuaded Burns to accuse of inconstancy and coldness was Phillis M'Murdo.]

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 winna come hame to her Willy.

What says she, my dearest, my Phely ?
 What says she, my dearest, my Phely ?
 She lets thee to wit that she has thee forgot,
 And for ever disowns thee, her 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's broken the heart o' thy Willy.

HOW LANG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

Tune—" *Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.*"

[On comparing this lyric, corrected for Thomson, with that in the Museum, it will be seen that the former has more of elegance and order: the latter quite as much nature and truth: but there is less of the new than of the old in both.]

How lang and dreary is the night,
 When I am frae my dearie;
 I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
 Though I were ne'er sae weary.
 For oh! her lanely nights are lang;
 And oh! her dreams are cerie;
 And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,
 That's absent frae her dearie.

When I think on the lightsome days
 I spent wi' thee, my dearie;
 And now what seas between us roar—
 How can I be but cerie?

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours;
 The joyless day how dreary!
 It was na sae ye glinted by,
 When I was wi' my dearie.
 For oh! 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.

LET NOT WOMAN E'ER COMPLAIN.

Tune—" *Duncan Gray.*"

[“These English songs,” thus complains the poet, in the letter which conveyed this lyric to Thomson, “gravel me to death: I have not that command of the language that I have of my native tongue. I have been at ‘Duncan Gray,’ to dress it in English, but all I can do is deplorably stupid. For instance:”]

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.

THE LOVER'S MORNING SALUTE TO HIS MISTRESS.

Tune—"Deil tak the wars."

[Burns has, in one of his letters, partly intimated that this morning salutation to Chloris was occasioned by sitting till the dawn at the punch-bowl, and walking past her window on his way home.]

SLEEP'ST thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature?
 Rosy Morn now lifts his eye,
 Numbering ilka bud which nature
 Waters wi' the tears o' joy:
 Now through the leafy woods,
 And by the reeking floods,
 Wild nature's tenants freely, gladly stray;
 The lintwhite in his bower
 Chants o'er the breathing flower;
 The lav'rock to the sky
 Ascends wi' songs 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'crest 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.

CHLORIS.

Air—“*My lodging is on the cold ground.*”

[The origin of this song is thus told by Burns to Thomson. “On my visit the other day to my fair Chloris, that is the poetic name of the lovely goddess of my inspiration, she suggested an idea which I, on my return from the visit, wrought into the following song.” The poetic elevation of Chloris is great: she lived, when her charms faded, in want, and died all but destitute.”]

MY Chloris, mark how green the groves,
 The primrose banks how fair:
 The balmy gales awake the flowers,
 And wave thy flaxen hair.

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
 And o'er the cottage sings;
 For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
 To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
 In lordly lighted ha':
 The shepherd stops his simple reed,
 Blythe, in the birken shaw.

The princely revel may survey
 Our rustie daunce wi' scorn;
 But are their hearts as light as ours,
 Beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd, in the flow'ry 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.

CHLOE.

Air—"Daintie Davie."

[Burns, despairing to fit some of the airs with such verses of original manufacture as Thomson required, for the English part of his collection, took the liberty of bestowing a Southron dress on some genuine Caledonian lyrics. The origin of this song may be found in Ramsay's miscellany: the bombast is abated, and the whole much improved.]

It was the charming month of May,
 When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay,
 One morning, by the break of day,
 The youthful charming Chloe
 From peaceful slumber she arose,
 Girt on her mantle and her hose,
 And o'er the flowery mead she goes,
 The youthful charming Chloe.
 Lovely was she by the dawn,
 Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
 Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
 The youthful charming Chloe.

The feather'd people you might see,
 Perch'd all around, on every tree,
 In notes of sweetest melody
 They hail the charming Chloe ;
 Till painting gay the eastern skies,
 The glorious sun began to rise,
 Out-rivall'd by the radiant eyes
 Of youthful, charming Chloe.
 Lovely was she by the dawn,
 Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
 Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
 The youthful, charming Chloe.

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

Tune—"Rothenmarche's Rant."

["Conjugal love," says the poet, "is a passion which I deeply feel and highly venerate: but somehow it does not make such a figure in poeie as that other species of the passion, where love is liberty and nature law. Musically speaking, the first is an instrument of which the gamut is scanty and confined, but the tones inexpressibly sweet, while the last has powers equal to all the intellectual modulations of the human soul." It must be owned that the bard could render very pretty reasons for his rapture about Jean Lorimer.]

LASSIE wi' the lint-white locks,
 Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks?
 Wilt thou be my dearie, O?
 Now nature cleeds the flowery lea,
 And a' is young and sweet like thee;
 O wilt thou share its joy wi' me,
 And say thou'lt be my dearie, O?

And when the welcome simmer shower
 Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
 We'll to the breathing woodbine bower
 At sultry moon, my dearie, O.

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.

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,
 Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks?
 Wilt thou be my dearie, O?

FAREWELL, THOU STREAM.

Air—"Nancy's to the greenwood gane."

[This song was written in November, 1794: Thomson pronounced it excellent.]

FAREWELL, thou stream that winding flows
 Around Eliza's dwelling!
 O mem'ry! spare the cruel throes
 Within my bosom swelling:
 Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
 And yet in secret languish,
 To feel a fire in ev'ry vein,
 Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
 I fain my griefs would cover;
 The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
 Betray the hapless lover.
 I know thou doom'st me to despair,
 Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me;
 But oh, Eliza, hear one prayer—
 For pity's sake forgive me!

The music of thy voice I heard,
 Nor wist while it enslav'd me;
 I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
 'Till fears no more had sav'd me:
 The unwary sailor thus aghast,
 The wheeling torrent viewing;
 'Mid circling horrors sinks at last
 In overwhelming ruin.

O PHILLY, HAPPY BE THAT DAY.

Tune—"The Sow's Tail."

["This morning" (19th November, 1794), "though a keen blowing frost," Burns writes to Thomson, "in my walk before breakfast I finished my duet: whether I have uniformly succeeded, I will not say: but here it is for you, though it is not an hour old."]

HE.

O PHILLY, happy be that day,
 When roving through the gather'd hay;
 My youthfu' heart was stown away,
 And by thy charms, my Philly.

SHE.

O Willy, ay 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 eares wi' joy,
 Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye
 As is a 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 aye,
And that's my ain dear Philly.

SHE.

What's a' joys that gowd can gie?
I care nae wealth a single flie;
The lad I love's the lad for me,
And that's my own dear Willy.

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

Tune—"Lumps o' Pudding."

[Burns was an admirer of many songs which the more critical and fastidious regarded as rude and homely. "Todlin Hame" he called an unequalled composition for wit and humour, and "Andro wi' his cutty Gun," the work of a master. In the same letter, where he records these sentiments, he writes his own inimitable song, "Contented wi' Little."]

CONTENTED wi' little, and cantic wi' mair,
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
I gie them a skelp, as they're creepin' alang,
Wi' a cog o' guid swats, and an auld Scottish sang.

I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought;
But man is a sodger, and life is a faught:

My mirth and guid humour are coin in my pouch,
And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night o' guid fellowship sowthers it a':
When at the blithe end o' our journey at last,
Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?

Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way;
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae:
Come ease, or come travail; come pleasure or pain;
My warst word is—"Welcome, and welcome again!"

CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS.

Tune—"Roy's Wife."

[When Burns transcribed the following song for Thomson, on the 20th of November, 1794, he added, "Well! I think this, to be done in two or three turns across my room, and with two or three pinches of Irish blackguard, is not so far amiss. You see I am resolved to have my quantum of applause from somebody." The poet in this song complains of the coldness of Mrs. Riddel: the lady replied in a strain equally tender and forgiving.]

CANST thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Well thou know'st my aching heart—
And canst thou leave me thus for pity?
Is this thy plighted, fond regard,
Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?
Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
An aching, broken heart, my Katy!

Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
That fickle heart of thine, my Katy!
Thou may'st find those will love thee dear—
But not a love like mine, my Katy!
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?

MY NANNIE'S AWA.

Tune—" *There'll never be peace.*"

[Clarinda, tradition avers, was the inspirer of this song, which the poet composed in December, 1794, for the work of Thomson. His thoughts were often in Edinburgh: on festive occasions, when, as Campbell beautifully says, "The wine-cup shines in light," he seldom forgot to toast Mrs. Mac.]

Now in her green mantle blythe nature arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw;
But to me it's delightless—my Nannie's awa!

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weat o' the morn;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o' Nannie—and Nanny's awa!

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn o' the gray-breaking dawn,
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night fa',
Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa!

Come autumn sae pensive, in yellow and gray,
And soothe me with tidings o' nature's decay;
The dark dreary winter, and wild driving snaw,
Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa!

O WIA IS SIEE THAT LOVES ME.

Tune—" *Morag.*"

[“ This song,” says Sir Harris Nicolas, “ is said, in Thomson's collection, to have been written for that work by Burns: but it is not included in Mr. Cunningham's edition.” If Sir Harris would be so good as to look at page 245, vol. V., of Cunningham's edition of Burns, he will find the song: and if he will look at page 28, and page 193 of vol. III. of his own edition, he will find that he has not committed the error of which he accuses his fellow-editor, for he has inserted the same song twice. The same may be said of the song to Chloris, which Sir Harris has printed at page 312, vol. II., and at page 189, vol. III., and of “ Ae day a brow woeer came down the lang glen,” which appears both at page 224 of vol. II., and at page 183 of vol. III.]

O WIA is she that lo'es me,
And has my heart a-keeping?

O sweet is she that lo'es me,
 As dews of simmer weeping,
 In tears the rose-buds steeping!
 O that's the lassie of my heart,
 My lassie ever dearer;
 O that's the queen of womankind,
 And ne'er a aue to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie
 In grace and beauty charming,
 That e'en thy chosen lassie,
 Erewhile thy breast sae warming
 Had ne'er sic powers alarming.

If thou hadst heard her talking,
 And thy attentions plighted,
 That ilka body talking,
 But her by thee is slighted,
 And thou art all delighted.

If thou hast met this fair one;
 When frae her thou hast parted,
 If every other fair one,
 But her, thou hast deserted,
 And thou art broken-hearted;
 O that's the lassie o' my heart,
 My lassie ever dearer;
 O that's the queen o' womankind,
 And ne'er a aue to peer her.

CALEDONIA.

Tune—"Caledonian Hunt's Delight."

[There is both knowledge of history and elegance of allegory in this singular lyric: it was first printed by Currie.]

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 Oreades was her domain,
 To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would :
 Her heav'nly relations there fixed her reign,
 And pledg'd her their godheads to warrant it good.

A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,
 The pride of her kindred the heroine grew ;
 Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore
 " Whoe'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter shall rue !"
 With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,
 To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn ;
 But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort,
 Her darling amusement, the hounds and the horn.

Long quiet she reign'd ; till thitherward steers
 A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand :
 Repeated, successive, for many long years,
 They darkened the air, and they plunder'd the land :
 Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,
 They'd 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 disturbed her repose,
 With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife ;
 Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose,
 And robb'd him at once of his hope 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 hypotenuse ;
 Then ergo, she'll match them, and match them always.

O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

Tune—"Cordwainer's March."

[The air to which these verses were written, is commonly played at the Saturnalia of the shoemakers on King Crispin's day. Burns sent it to the Museum.]

O LAY thy loof in mine, lass,
 In mine, lass, in mine, lass ;
 And swear on thy white hand, lass,
 That thou wilt be my ain.
 A slave to love's unbounded sway,
 He aft has wrought me meikle wae ;
 But now he is my deadly fae,
 Unless thou be my ain.

There's 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 in mine, lass,
 In mine, lass, in mine, lass ;
 And swear on thy white hand, lass,
 That thou wilt be my ain.

THE FETE CHAMPETRE.

Tune—"Killiecrankie."

[Written to introduce the name of Cunninghame, of Enterkin, to the public. Tents were erected on the banks of Ayr, decorated with shrubs, and strewn with flowers, most of the names of note in the district were invited, and a splendid entertainment took place; but no dissolution of parliament followed as was expected, and the Lord of Enterkin, who was desirous of a seat among the "Commons," poured out his wine in vain.]

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;
 Aubank, wha guess'd the ladies' taste,
 He gies a 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 Politicks to fetter,
 As theirs 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' bouny 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',
 Claub up the starry sky, man:
 Reflected beams dwell in the streams,
 Or down the current shatter;
 The western breeze steals thro' the trees,
 To view this Fête Champêtre.

How many a robe sae gaily floats!
 What sparkling jewels glance, man!
 To Harmony's enchanting notes,
 As moves the mazy dance, man.
 The echoing wood, the winding flood,
 Like Paradise did glitter,
 When angels met, at Adam's yett,
 To hold their Fête Champêtre.

When Politics came there, to mix
 And make his ether-stane, man!
 He circled round the magic ground,
 But entrance found he nae, 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.

HERE'S A HEALTH.

Tune—"Here's a health to them that's awa."

[The Charlie of this song was Charles Fox; Tammie was Lord Erskine; and M'Leod, the maiden name of the Countess of Loudon, was then, as now, a name of influence both in the Highlands and Lowlands. The buff and blue of the Whigs had triumphed over the white rose of Jacobitism in the heart of Burns, when he wrote these verses.]

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 of the clan,
 Altho' that his band be sma'.
 May liberty meet wi' success!
 May prudence protect her frae evil!
 May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
 And wander their way to the devil!

Here's a health to them that's awa,
 Here's a health to them that's awa;
 Here's a health to Tammie, the Norland laddie,
 That lives at the lug o' the law!
 Here's freedom to him that wad read,
 Here's freedom to him that wad write!
 There's name ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,
 But they wham the truth wad indite.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
 Here's a health to them that's awa,
 Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a chieftain worth gowd,
 Tho' bred amang mountains o' snaw!
 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'!

IS THERE, FOR HONEST POVERTY.

Tune—"For a' that, and a' that."

[In this noble lyric Burns has vindicated the natural right of his species. He modestly says to Thomson, "I do not give you this song for your book, but merely by way of *vice la bagatelle*; for the piece is really not poetry, but will be allowed to be two or three pretty good prose thoughts inverted into rhyme." Thomson took the song, but hazarded no praise.]

Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that?
 The coward-slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure, and a' that;
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that!

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin gray, and a' that;
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man, for a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that;
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that!

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd—a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that:
 Though hundreds worship at his word
 He's but a coof for a' that:
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His riband, star, and a' that,
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A king can make a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that,
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that,

The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that ;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that !

CRAIGIE-BURN WOOD.

[Craigie-burn Wood was written for George Thomson: the heroine was Jean Lorimer. How often the blooming looks and elegant forms of very indifferent characters lend a lasting lustre to painting and poetry!]

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigie-burn,
And blithe awakes the morrow ;
But a' the pride o' spring's return
Can yield me nocht but sorrow.

I see the flowers and spreading trees,
I hear the wild birds singing ;
But what a weary wight can please,
And care his bosom wringing ?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
Yet dare na for your anger ;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love anither,
When you green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither.

O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING YET.

Tune—"Let me in this ae night."

[The thoughts of Burns, it is said, wandered to the fair Mrs. Riddel, of Woodleigh Park, while he composed this song for Thomson. The idea is taken from an old lyric, of more spirit than decorum.]

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet,
 Or art thou waking, I would wit?
 For love has bound me hand and foot,
 And I would fain be in, jo.
 O let me in this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night,
 For pity's sake this ae night;
 O rise and let me in, jo!

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet!
 Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet:
 Tak pity on my weary feet,
 And shield me frae the rain, jo.

The bitter blast that round me blaws,
 Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
 The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
 Of a' my grief and pain, jo.
 O let me in this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night;
 For pity's sake this ae night,
 O rise and let me in, jo!

O TELL NA ME O' WIND AND RAIN.

[The poet's thoughts, as rendered in the lady's answer, are, at all events, not borrowed from the sentiments expressed by Mrs. Riddel, alluded to in song "Canst thou leave me thus," on page 564; there she is tender and forgiving: here she is stern and cold.]

O TELL na me o' wind and rain
 Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain!
 Gae baek the gate ye cam again,
 I winna let you in, jo.
 I tell you now this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night,
 And ance for a' this ae night,
 I winna let you in, jo!

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
 That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
 Is nocht to what poor she endures,
 That's trusted faithless man, jo.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
 Now trodden like the vilest weed :
 Let simple maid the lesson read,
 The weird may be her ain, jo.

The bird that charm'd his summer-day,
 Is now the cruel fowler's prey ;
 Let witless, trusting woman say
 How aft her fate's the same, jo.
 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 DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

Tune—"Push about the jorum."

[This national song was composed in April, 1795. The poet had been at a public meeting, where he was less joyous than usual: as something had been expected from him, he made these verses, when he went home, and sent them, with his compliments, to Mr. Jackson, editor of the Dumfries Journal. The original, through the kindness of my friend, James Milligan, Esq., is now before me.]

DOES haughty Gaul invasion threat,
 Then let the loons beware, Sir,
 There's wooden walls upon our seas,
 And volunteers on shore, Sir.
 The Nith shall run to Corsincon,
 And Criffel sink in Solway,
 Ere we permit a foreign foe
 On British ground to rally !

O let us not, like snarling tykes,
 In wrangling be divided ;
 Till slap come in an unco loon
 An wi' a rung decide it.

Be Britain still to Britain true,
 Amang oursels united;
 For never but by British hands
 Maun British wrangs be righted!

The kettle o' the kirk and state,
 Perhaps a clout may fail in't;
 But deil a foreign tinkler loon
 Shall ever ea' 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.

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 damn'd together!
 Who will not sing, "God save the King,"
 Shall hang as high's the steeple;
 But while we sing, "God save the King,"
 We'll ne'er forget the people.

ADDRESS TO THE WOOD-LARK.

Tune—"Where'll bonnie Ann lie."

[The old song to the same air is yet remembered: but the humour is richer than the delicacy; the same may be said of many of the fine hearty lyrics of the elder days of Caledonia. These verses were composed in May, 1795, for Thomson.]

O STAY, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay!
 Nor quit for me the trembling spray;
 A hapless lover courts thy lay,
 Thy soothing fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
 That I may catch thy melting art;
 For surely that would touch her heart,
 Wha kills me wi' disdain.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
 And heard thee as the careless wind?
 Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd,
 Sic notes o' woe could wauken.

Thou tells o' never-ending care;
 O' speechless grief and dark despair:
 For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!
 Or my poor heart is broken!

ON CHLORIS BEING ILL.

Tune—"Ay wakin' O."

[An old and once popular lyric suggested this brief and happy song for Thomson: some of the verses deserve to be held in remembrance.

Ay wakin, oh,
 Wakin ay and weary
 Sleep I canna get
 For thinkin' o' my dearie.]

LONG, long the night,
 Heavy comes the morrow,
 While my soul's delight
 Is on her bed of sorrow.
 Can I cease to care?
 Can I cease to languish?
 While my darling fair
 Is on the couch of anguish?

Every hope is fled,
 Every fear is terror;
 Slumber even I dread,
 Every dream is horror.

Hear me, Pow'rs divine!
 Oh, in pity hear me!
 Take aught else of mine,
 But my Chloris spare me!
 Long, long the night,
 Heavy comes the morrow,
 While my soul's delight
 Is on her bed of sorrow.

CALEDONIA.

Tune—"Humours of Glen."

[Love of country often mingles in the lyric strains of Burns with his personal attachments, and in few more beautifully than in the following, written for Thomson: the heroine was Mrs. Burns.]

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
 Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume;
 Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green brockan,
 Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom:
 Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
 Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen;
 For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
 A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny 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.

'Twas NA HER BONNIE BLUE EEN.

Tune—"Laddie, lie near me."

[Though the lady who inspired these verses is called Mary by the poet, such, says tradition, was not her name: yet tradition, even in this, wavers, when it avers one while that Mrs. Riddel, and at another time that Jean Lorimer was the heroine.]

'Twas na her bonnie blue een was my ruin;
 Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoing:
 'Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind us,
 'Twas the bewitching, sweet stown glance o' kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
 Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me!
 But tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever,
 Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
 And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest!
 And thou'rt the angel that never can alter—
 Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.

HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS.

Tune—"John Anderson, my jo."

["I am at this moment," says Burns to Thomson, when he sent him this song, "holding high converse with the Muses, and have not a word to throw away on a prosaic dog, such as you are." Yet there is less than the poet's usual inspiration in this lyric, for it is altered from an English one.]

How cruel are the parents
 Who riches only prize,
 And, to the wealthy booby,
 Poor woman sacrifice!
 Meanwhile the hapless daughter
 Has but a choice of strife;
 To shun a tyrant father's hate,
 Become a wretched wife.

The ravening hawk pursuing,
 The trembling dove thus flies,
 To shun impelling ruin
 Awhile her pinions tries;
 Till of escape despairing,
 No shelter or retreat,
 She trusts the ruthless falconer,
 And drops beneath his feet!

MARK YONDER POMP.

Tune—"Deil tak the wars."

[Burns tells Thomson, in the letter enclosing this song, that he is in a high fit of poetizing, provided he is not cured by the strait-waistcoat of criticism. "You see," said he, "how I answer your orders; your tailor could not be more punctual." This strain in honour of Chloris is original in conception, but wants the fine lyrical flow of some of his other compositions.]

MARK yonder pomp of costly fashion
 Round the wealthy, titled bride :
 But when compar'd with real passion,
 Poor is all that princely pride.
 What are the showy treasures ?
 What are the noisy pleasures ?
 The gay gaudy glare of vanity and art :
 The polish'd jewel's blaze
 May draw the 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 worshipp'd deity,
 And feel thro' every vein Love's raptures roll.

THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

Tune—" *This is no my ain house.*"

[Though composed to the order of Thomson, and therefore less likely to be the offspring of unsolicited inspiration, this is one of the happiest of modern songs. When the poet wrote it, he seems to have been beside the "fair dame at whose shrine," he said. "I, the priest of the Nine, offer up the incense of Parnassus."]

O THIS is no my ain lassie,
 Fair tho' the lassie be ;
 O weel ken I my ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her e'e.

I see a form, I see a face,
 Ye weel may wi' the fairest place :
 It wants, to me, the witching grace,
 The kind love that's in her e'e.

She's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall,
 And lang has had my heart in thrall ;
 And ay it charms my very saul,
 The kind love that's in her e'e.

A thief sac pawkie is my Jean,
 To steal a blink, by a' unseen ;
 But gleg as light are lovers' een,
 When kind love is in the e'e.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
 It may escape the learned clerks ;
 But weel the watching lover marks
 The kind love that's in her e'e.

O this is no my ain lassie,
 Fair tho' the lassie be ;
 O weel ken I my ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her e'e.

NOW SPRING HAS CLAD THE GROVE IN GREEN.

TO MR. CUNNINGHAM.

[Composed in reference to a love disappointment of the poet's friend, Alexander Cunningham, which also occasioned the song beginning,

"Had I a cave on some wild distant shore."]

Now spring has clad the grove in green,
 And strew'd the lea wi' flowers :
 The furrow'd waving corn is seen
 Rejoice in fostering showers ;
 While ilka thing in nature join
 Their sorrows to forego,
 O why thus all alone are mine
 The weary steps of woe ?

The trout within you wimpling burn
 Glides swift, a silver dart,
 And safe beneath the shady thorn
 Defies the angler's art :
 My life was ance that careless stream,
 That wanton trout was I ;
 But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
 Has scorch'd my fountains dry.

The little flow'ret's peaceful lot,
 In yonder cliff that grows,
 Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
 Nae ruder visit knows,
 Was mine ; till love has o'er me past,
 And blighted a' my bloom,
 And now beneath the with'ring blast
 My youth and joy consume.

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs
 And climbs the early sky,
 Winnowing blythe her dewy wings
 In morning's rosy eye ;
 As little reekt I sorrow's power,
 Until the flow'ry snare
 O' witching love, in luckless hour,
 Made me the thrall o' care.

O had my fate been Greenland snows,
 Or Afric's burning zone,
 Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes,
 So Peggy ne'er I'd known!
 The wretch whose doom is, "Hope nae mair,"
 What tongue his woes can tell!
 Within whase bosom, save despair,
 Nae kinder spirits dwell.

O BONNIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

[To Jean Lorimer, the heroine of this song, Burns presented a copy of the last edition of his poems, that of 1793, with a dedicatory inscription, in which he moralizes upon her youth, her beauty, and steadfast friendship, and signs himself Coila.]

O BONNIE was yon rosy brier,
 That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man,
 And bonnie she, and ah, how dear!
 It shaded frae the e'enin sun.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew
 How pure, amang the leaves sae green:
 But purer was the lover's vow
 They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
 That crimson rose, how sweet and fair!
 But love is far a sweeter flower
 Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
 Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine;
 And I the world nor wish, nor scorn,
 Its joys and griefs alike resign.

FORLORN, MY LOVE, NO COMFORT NEAR.

Tune—" *Let me in this ae night.*"

["How do you like the foregoing?" Burns asks Thomson, after having copied this song for his collection. "I have written it within this hour: so much for the speed of my Pegasus: but what say you to his bottom?"]

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.
 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.

Cold, alter'd friendship's cruel part,
 To poison Fortune's ruthless dart,
 Let me not break thy faithful heart,
 And say that fate is mine, love.

But dreary tho' the moments fleet,
 O let me think we yet shall meet!
 That only ray of solace sweet
 Can on thy Chloris shine, love.
 O wert thou, love, but near me;
 But near, near, near me;
 How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
 And mingle sighs with mine, love.

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOPER.

Tune—"The Lothian Lassie."

["Gateslack," says Burns to Thomson, "is the name of a particular place, a kind of passage among the Lowther Hills, on the confines of Dumfriesshire: Dalgarnock, is also the name of a romantic spot near the Nith, where are still a ruined church and burial-ground." To this, it may be added that Dalgarnock kirk-yard is the scene where the author of Waverley finds Old Mortality repairing the Cameronian grave-stones.]

LAST May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
 And sair wi' his love he did deave me;
 I said there was naething I hated like men,
 The deuce gae wi'm, to believe, believe me,
 The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me!

He spak o' the darts in my bonnie blaek 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 aff-hand, were his proffers:
 I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or ear'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 Gateslack to my blaek 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 shonther I gae him a blink,
 Lest neebors might say I was saucey;

My wooer he eaper'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 my auld shoon suited her shauchled feet,
 But, heavens! how he fell a swearin', a swearin',
 But, heavens! how he fell a swearin'.

He begged, for Gudesake, I wad be his wife,
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;
 So, e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

CHLORIS.

Tune—"Caledonian Hunt's Delight."

["I am at present," says Burns to Thomson, when he communicated these verses, "quite occupied with the charming sensations of the toothache, so have not a word to spare—such is the peculiarity of the rhythm of this air, that I find it impossible to make another stanza to suit it." This is the last of his strains in honour of Chloris.]

WHY, why tell thy lover,
 Bliss he never must enjoy:
 Why, why undeceive him,
 And give all his hopes the lie?

O why, while fancy raptured, slumbers,
 Chloris, Chloris all the theme,
 Why, why wouldst thou, cruel,
 Wake thy lover from his dream?

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

[This song is said to be Burns's version of a Gaelic lament for the ruin which followed the rebellion of the year 1745: he sent it to the Museum.]

Oh! I am come to the low countrie,
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
 Without a penny in my purse,
 To buy a meal to me.

It was na sae in the Highland hills,
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
 Nae woman in the country wide
 Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye,
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
 Feeding on yon hills so high,
 And giving milk to me.

And there I had three score o' yowes,
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
 Skipping on yon bonnie knowes,
 And casting woo' to me.

I was the happiest of a' the clan,
 Sair, sair, may I repine;
 For Donald was the brawest lad,
 And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie Stewart cam' at last,
 Sae far to set us free;
 My Donald's arm was wanted then,
 For Scotland and for me.

Their 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.

TO GENERAL DUMOURIER.

PARODY ON ROBIN ADAIR.

[Burns wrote this "Welcome" on the unexpected defection of General Dumourier.]

YOU'RE welcome to despots, Dumourier ;
 You're welcome to despots, Dumourier ;
 How does Dampiere do ?
 Ay, and Bournonville, too ?
 Why did they not come along with you, Dumourier ?

I will fight France with you, Dumourier ;
 I will fight France with you, Dumourier ;
 I will fight France with you,
 I will take my chance with you ;
 By my soul I'll dance a dance with you, Dumourier.

Then let us fight about, Dumourier ;
 Then let us fight about, Dumourier ;
 Then let us fight about,
 Till freedom's spark is out,
 Then we'll be damn'd, no doubt, Dumourier.

PEG-A-RAMSEY.

Tune—" *Cauld is the e'enin' blast.*"

[Most of this song is old: Burns gave it a brushing for the Museum.]

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 a bonnie Peg-a-Ramsey
 Gat grist to her mill.

THERE WAS A BONNIE LASS.

[A snatch of an old strain, trimmed up a little for the Museum.]

THERE was a bonnie lass,
 And a bonnie, bonnie lass,
 And she lo'ed her bonnie laddie dear;
 Till war's loud alarms
 Tore her laddie frae her arms,
 Wi' mony a sigh and tear.

Over sea, over shore,
 Where the cannons loudly roar,
 He still was a stranger to fear;
 And nocht could him quell,
 Or his bosom assail,
 But the bonnie lass he lo'ed sae dear.

O MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET.

[Burns, it is said, composed these verses, on meeting a country girl, with her shoes and stockings in her lap, walking homewards from a Dumfries fair. He was struck with her beauty, and as beautifully has he recorded it. This was his last communication to the Museum.]

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 chanc'd 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 you 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 meek, Mally's sweet,
 Mally's modest and discreet,
 Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
 Mally's every way complete.

HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

Tune—"Balinamona Ora."

[Communicated to Thomson, 17th of February, 1796, to be printed as part of the poet's contribution to the Irish Melodies: he calls it "a kind of rhapsody."]

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.
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher;
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
 The nice yellow guineas for me.

Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows,
 And withers the faster, the faster it grows;
 But the rapturous charm o' the bonnie green knowes,
 Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonnie white yowes.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
 The brightest o' beauty may eloy when possess;
 But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,
 The langer ye hae them—the mair they're carest.
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher;
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
 The nice yellow guineas for me.

JESSY.

Tune—" *Here's a health to them that's awa.*"

[Written in honour of Miss Jessie Lewars, now Mrs. Thomson. Her tender and daughter-like attentions soothed the last hours of the dying poet, and if immortality can be considered a recompense, she has been rewarded.]

HERE's a health to ane I lo'e dear ;
 Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear ;
 Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
 And soft as their parting tear—Jessy !

Altho' thou maun never be mine,
 Altho' even hope is denied ;
 'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
 Than aught in the world beside—Jessy !

I mourn through the gay, gaudy day,
 As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms :
 But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
 For then I am lockt in thy arms—Jessy !

I guess by the dear angel smile,
 I guess by thy love rolling e'e ;
 But why urge the tender confession
 'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree ?—Jessy !
 Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear ;
 Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear ;
 Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
 And soft as their parting tear—Jessy !

FAIREST MAID ON DEVON BANKS.

Tune—" *Rothemurche.*"

[On the 12th of July, 1796, as Burns lay dying at Brow, on the Solway, his thoughts wandered to early days, and this song, the last he was to measure in this world, was dedicated to Charlotte Hamilton, the maid of the Devon.]

FAIREST maid on Devon banks,
 Crystal Devon, winding Devon,

Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
 And smile as thou were wont to do?
Full well thou know'st I love thee, dear!
Could'st thou to malice lend an ear!
O! did not love exclaim "Forbear,
 Nor use a faithful lover so."

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 on Devon banks,
 Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
 And smile as thou were wont to do?

GLOSSARY.

⁶ THE *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong *oo* is commonly spelled *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scottish language, is marked *oo* or *ui*. The *a*, in genuine Scottish words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scottish diphthong *ae* always, and *ea* very often, sound like the French *e* masculine. The Scottish diphthong *cy* sounds like the Latin *ei*."

A.

A', all.
Aback, away, aloof, backwards.
Abeigh, at a shy distance.
Aboon, above, up.
Abroad, abroad, in sight, to publish.
Abreed, in breadth.
Ac, one.
Aff, off.
Affloof, off hand, extempore, without premeditation.
Afore, before.
Aft, off.
Aften, often.
Aglee, off the right line, wrong, awry.
Aiblin, perhaps.
Ain, own.
Airn, iron, a tool of that metal, a mason's chisel.
Airles, earnest money.
Airt-penny, a silver penny given as erles or hiring money.
Airt, quarter of the heaven, point of the compass.
Agre, on one side.
Attour, moreover, beyond, besides.
Aith, an oath.
Ails, oats.
Aiver, an old horse.
Aizle, a hot cinder, an ember of wood.
Alack, alas.
Alone, alone.
Akwairt, awkward, athwart.
Annalist, almost.
Among, among.
An', and, if.
Ance, once.
Ane, one.
Anent, overagainst, concerning, about.

Another, another.
Ase, ashes, of wood, remains of a hearth fire.
Asteer, abroad, stirring in a lively manner.
Ayneesh, between.
Aught, possession, as "in a' my aught," in all my possession.
Auld, old.
Auld-farran', auld farran', sagacious, prudent, cunning.
Ava, at all.
Awa, away, begone.
Awfu', awful.
Auld-shoon, old shoes literally, a discarded lover metaphorically.
Aumos, gift to a beggar.
Aumos-dish, a beggar's dish in which the aumos is received.
Awn, the beard of barley, oats, &c.
Awenie, bearded.
Ayont, beyond.

B.

Ba', ball.
Babie-clouts, child's first clothes.
Backets, ash-boards, as pieces of basket for removing ashes.
Baeklin, comin', coming back, returning.
Back-yett, private gate.
Baile, endured, did stay.
Baggie, the belly.
Bairn, a child.
Bairn-time, a family of children, a brood.
Baith, both.
Ballets, ballants, ballads.
Ban, to swear.
Bane, bone.

Bang, to beat, to strive, to excel.
Bannock, flat, round, soft cake.
Bardie, diminutive of bard.
Barefit, barefooted.
Barley-bree, barley-broo, blood of barley, malt-liquor.
Barmie, of, or like barm, yeasty.
Bitch, a crew, a gang.
Bitts, botts.
Buckie-bird, the bat.
Buabrons, a cat.
Buuld, bold.
Buns'nt, having a white stripe down the face.
Be, to let be, to give over, to cease.
Bets, hoots.
Bear, barley
Bearded-bear, barley with its bristly head.
Beaslie, diminutive of beasl.
Beel, beck, to add fuel to a fire, to bask.
Beld, bald.
Belyre, by and by, presently, quickly.
Ben, into the spence or parlour.
Benmost-hare, the remotest hole, the innermost recess
Bethankit, grace after meat.
Beuk, a book.
Bicker, a kind of wooden dish, a short rapid race.
Bickering, careering, hurrying with quarrelsome intent.
Birnie, birnie ground is where thick heath has been burnt, leaving the birns, or unconsumed stalks, standing up sharp and stubbly.
Be', or *bidd*, shelter, a sheltered place, the sunny nook of a wood.

- Bien*, wealthy, plentiful.
Big, to build.
Biggin, building, a house.
Bignit, built.
Bill, a bull.
Billie, a brother, a young fellow, a companion.
Bing, a heap of grain, potatoes, &c.
Birdie-cocks, young cocks, still belonging to the brood.
Birk, birch.
Birkie, a clever, a forward, conceited fellow.
Birring, the noise of part-ridges when they rise.
Birses, bristles.
Bit, crisis, nick of time, place.
Bizz, a bustle, to buzz.
Black's the grun', as black as the ground.
Blastie, a shrivelled dwarf, a term of contempt, full of mischief.
Blastit, blasted.
Blate, bashful, sheepish.
Blather, bladder.
Blat, a flat piece of anything, to slap.
Blaudin-shower, a heavy driving rain; a blauding signifies a beating.
Blaw, to blow, to boast; "blaw i' my luz," to flatter.
Bleerit, bedimmed, eyes hurt with weeping.
Bleer my een, dim my eyes.
Bleezing, bleeze, blazing, flame.
Blellun, idle talking fellow.
Blether, to talk idly.
Bleth rin, talking idly.
Blink, a little while, a smiling look, to look kindly, to shine by fits.
Blinker, a term of contempt; it means, too, a lively engaging girl.
Blinkin', smirking, smiling with the eyes, looking lovingly.
Blirt and bearie, out-burst of grief, with wet eyes.
Blue-gown, one of those beggars who get annually, on the king's birth-day, a blue cloak or gown with a badge.
Bluid, blood.
B'ype, a shred, a large piece.
Bobbit, the obeisance made by a lady.
Bock, to vomit, to gush intermittently.
Bocked, gushed, vomited.
Bulle, a copper coin of the value of two pennies Scots.
Bogie, a small morass.
Bonnie, or *bonny*, handsome, beautiful.
Bonnock, a kind of thick cake of bread, a small jannock or loaf made of oatmeal. See *Bannock*.
Boord, a board.
Bore, a hole in a wall, a cranny.
Boortree, the shrub elder, planted much of old in hedges of baryards and gardens.
- Bost*, behaved, must needs, wilfulness.
Botch, botch, an angry tumour.
Bousing, drinking, making merry with liquor.
Book, body.
Bow-kait, cabbage.
Bow-hought, out-kneed, crooked at the knee joint.
Bowl, bowll, bended, crooked.
Brackens, fern.
Bras, a declivity, a precipice, the slope of a hill.
Braid, broad.
Braik, an instrument for rough-dressing flax.
Brainge, to run rashly forward, to churn violently.
Braing't, 'the horse braing't,' plunged and fretted in the harness.
Brak, broke, became insolvent.
Branks, a kind of wooden curb for horses.
Brankie, gaudy.
Brash, a sudden illness.
Brats, coarse clothes, rags, &c.
Brattle, a short race, hurry, tury.
Braw, fine, handsome.
Brawlys, or *brawlie*, very well, finely, heartily, bravely.
Braxies, diseased sheep.
Breastiv, diminutive of breast.
Breastit, did spring up or forward; the act of mounting a horse.
Brechame, a horse-collar.
Breckens, fern.
Breef, an invulnerable or irresistible spell.
Brecks, breeches.
Brent, bright, clear; "a brent brow," a brow high and smooth.
Brewin', brewing, gathering.
Bree, juice, liquid.
Brig, a bridge.
Brunstane, brimstone.
Bristel, the breast, the bosom.
Brither, a brother.
Brock, a badger.
Brogue, a hum, a trick.
Broo, broth, liquid, water.
Broose, broth, a race at country weddings; he who first reaches the bridegroom's house on returning from church wins the broose.
Browst, ale, as much malt liquor as is brewed at a time.
Brough, a burgh.
Bruisie, a broil, combustion.
Bruut, did burn, burnt.
Brust, to burst, burst.
Buchan-bullers, the boiling of the sea among the rocks on the coast of Buchan.
Buckskin, an inhabitant of Virginia.
Buff our beef, thrash us soundly, give us a beating behind and before.
- Buff and blue*, the colours of the Whigs.
Buirdly, stout made, broad built.
Bum-clock, the humming beetle that flies in the summer evenings.
Bummin, humming as bees, buzzing.
Bummle, to blunder, a drone, an idle fellow.
Bummler, a blunderer, one whose noise is greater than his work.
Bunker, a window-seat.
Bure, did bear.
Burn, burnie, water, a rivulet, a small stream which is heard as it runs.
Burniewin', burn the wind, the blacksmith.
Burr-thistle, the thistle of Scotland.
Buskil, dressed.
Buskil-nest, an ornamented residue.
Bustle, a bustle.
But, bol, without.
But and ben, the country kitchen and parlour.
By himself, lunatic, distracted, beside himself.
Byke, a bee-hive, a wild beehive.
Byre, a cow-house, a sheep-pen.

C.

- Ca'*, to call, to name, to drive.
Ca't, called, driven, calved.
Cadger, a carrier.
Cadie, or *caddie*, a person, a young fellow, a public messenger.
Cuff, chaff.
Ca'nd, a tinker, a maker of horn spoons and teller of fortunes.
Cairn, a loose heap of stones, a rustic monument.
Ca'ward, a small enclosure for calves.
Calimanco, a certain kind of cotton cloth worn by ladies.
Callan, a boy.
Caller, fresh.
Callot, a loose woman, a follower of a camp.
Cannie, gentle, mild, dexterous.
Cannilie, dexterously, gently.
Cantie, or *canty*, cheerful, merry.
Cantraip, a charm, a spell.
Cup-stane, capstone, topmost stone of the building.
Car, a rustic cart with or without wheels.
Carreerin', moving cheerfully.
Custock, the stalk of a cabbage.
Carl, an old man.
Carl-hemp, the male stalk of hemp, easily known by its superior strength and stature, and being without seed.
Carlin, a stout old woman.
Cartes, cards.

- Caudron*, a cauldron.
Cauk and keel, chalk and red clay.
Cauld, cold.
Caup, a wooden drinking vessel, a cup.
Cavie, a hen-coop.
Chanter, drone of a bagpipe.
Chap, a person, a fellow.
Chaup, a stroke, a blow.
Check for chow, close and united, brotherly, side by side.
Cheekit, cheeked.
Cherp, a chirp, to chirp.
Chiel, or *cheal*, a young fellow.
Chintie, or *chimtie*, a fire-grate, fire-place.
Chimla-lug, the fire-side.
Chirps, cries of a young bird.
Chattering, shivering, trembling.
Chockin, choking.
Chow, to chew; a quid of tobacco.
Chuckie, a brood-hen.
Chuffie, fat-faced.
Clachan, a small village about a church, a hamlet.
Claise, or *clacs*, clothes.
Clait, cloth.
Claiting clothing.
Clavers and havers, agreeable nonsense, to talk foolishly.
Clapper claps, the clapper of a mill; it is now silenced.
Clap-cluck, clapper of a mill.
Charlie, dirty, filthy.
Clarkit, wrote.
Clash, an idle tale.
Clatter, to tell little idle stories, an idle story.
Clauht, snatched at, laid hold of.
Claut, to clean, to scrape.
Clautd, scraped.
Claw, to scratch.
Cleed, to clothe.
Cleek, hook, snatch.
Cleekin, a brood of chickens, or ducks.
Clegs, the gad flies.
Clinkin', "clinking down," sitting down hastily.
Clintum-bell, the church bell; he who rings it; a sort of beadle.
Clips, wool-shears.
Clishmaclaver, idle conversation.
Clock, to hatch, a beetle.
Cluckin, hatching.
Clood, the hoof of a cow, sheep, &c.
Clootie, a familiar name for the devil.
Clour, a bump, or swelling, after a blow.
Cloutin, repairing with cloth.
Cluds, clouds.
Clunk, the sound in setting down an empty bottle.
Coazin, wheedling.
Coble, a fishing-boat.
Cod, a pillow.
Coft, bought.
Cof, and *coggie*, a wooden dish.
Coila, from Kyle, a district in Ayrshire, so called, saith tradition, from Coil, or Coilus, a Pictish monarch.
Collie, a general, and sometimes a particular name for country curs.
Collie-shangie, a quarrel among dogs, an Irish row.
Commaun, command.
Convoyed, accompanied lovingly.
Cool'd in her linens, cool'd in her death-shift.
Cood, the eud.
Coof, a blockhead, a niunny.
Cookit, appeared and disappeared by fits.
Cooser, a stallion.
Coost, did east.
Coot, the ankle, a species of water-fowl.
Corbies, blood crows.
Cootie, a wooden dish, rough-legged.
Care, corps, party, clan.
Corn't, fed with oats.
Colter, the inhabitant of a house, or cottage.
Couthie, kind, loving.
Cove, a cave.
Cove, to terrify, to keep under, to lop.
Coop, to barter, to tumble over.
Coop the cran, to tumble a fall bucket or basket.
Cowpit, tumbled.
Cowrin, cowering.
Cowte, a colt.
Cosie, snug.
Crabbit, crabbed, fretful.
Creuks, a disease of horses.
Crack, conversation, to converse, to boast.
Crackin', cracked, conversing, conversed.
Craft, or *craft*, a field near a house, in old husbandry.
Craig, *craige*, neck.
Craiks, cries or calls incessantly, a bird, the corn-rail.
Crambo-clink, or *crambo-jingle*, rhymes, doggrel verses.
Crank, the noise of an ungreased wheel—metaphorically inharmonious verse.
Crankous, fretful, captious.
Cranreuch, the hoar-frost, called in Nithsdale "frost-rhyme."
Crap, a crop, to crop.
Craw, a crow of a cock, a rook.
Creel, a basket, to have one's wits in a creel, to be crazed, to be fascinated.
Creshie, greasy.
Crool, or *Croud*, to coo as a dove.
Croon, a hollow and continued moan; to make a noise like the low roar of a bull; to hum a tune.
Crooning, humming.
Crouchie, crook-backed.
Crouse, cheerful, courageous.
Crouslly, cheerfully, courageously.
- Crowdie*, a composition of oatmeal, boiled water and butter; sometimes made from the broth of beef, mutton, &c., &c.
Crowdie time, breakfast time.
Crowlin, crawling, a deformed creeping thing.
Crummie's nicks, marks on the horns of a cow.
Crummock, *crummet*, a cow with crooked horns.
Crummock driddle, walk slowly, leaning on a staff with a crooked head.
Crump-crumpin, hard and brittle, spoken of bread; frozen snow yielding to the foot.
Cront, a blow on the head with a cudgel.
Cuddle, to clasp and caress.
Cummock, a short staff with a crooked head.
Curch, a covering for the head, a kerchief.
Curchie, a curtesy, female obeisance.
Curter, a player at a game on the ice, practised in Scotland, called curling.
Curle, curled, whose hair falls naturally in ringlets.
Curling, a well-known game on the ice.
Curmurring, murmuring, a slight rumbling noise.
Curran, the crupper, the rump.
Curple, the rear.
Cushat, the dove, or wood-pigeon.
Cutty, short, a spoon broken in the middle.
Cutty stool, or *Creepie Chair*, the seat of shame, stool of repentance.

D.

- Daddie*, a father.
Daffin, merriment, foolishness.
Dafli, merry, giddy, foolish;
Dafibuckie, mad fish.
Daimen, rare, now and then;
Daimen icker, an ear of corn occasionally.
Dainty, pleasant, good-humoured, agreeable, rare.
Dandered, wandered.
Darkins, darkling, without light.
Dawd, to thrash, to abuse;
Dawdin-shooters, rain urged by wind.
Daur, to dare; *Daurt*, dared.
Daury or *Daurk*, a day's labour.
Daur, *daurna*, dare, dare not.
Davoc, diminutive of Davie, as Davie is of David.
Dawd, a large piece.
Dawin, dawning of the day.
Dawit, *dawlet*, fondled, caressed.
Dearties, diminutive of dears, sweethearts.

- Dearthfu'*, dear, expensive.
Deave, to deafen.
Deil-ma-care, no matter for all that.
Deleerit, delirious.
Describe, to describe, to perceive.
Deuks, ducks.
Dight, to wipe, to clean corn from chaff.
Ding, to worst, to push, to surpass, to excel.
Dink, neat, lady-like.
Dinna, do not.
Dirt, a slight tremulous stroke or pain, a tremulous motion.
Distain, stain.
Dizen, a dozen.
Dochter, daughter.
Doited, stupidified, silly from age.
Doll, stupidified, crazed; also a fool.
Donsie, unlucky, affectedly neat and trim, pettish.
Doodle, to dandle.
Dool, sorrow, to lament, to mourn.
Doos, doves, pigeons.
Dorty, saucy, nice.
Douse, or *douce*, sober, wise, prudent.
Dowcely, soberly, prudently.
Daught, was or were able.
Daup, larksided.
Daup-skiper, one that strikes the tail.
Dour and din, sullen and sorrowful.
Douser, more prudent.
Dow, am or are able, can.
Dowff, pithless, wanting force.
Dowie, worn with grief, fatigue, &c., half asleep.
Downu, am or are not able, cannot.
Doyle, wearied, exhausted.
Dozen, stupidified, the effects of age, to dozen, to benumb.
Drab, a young female beggar; to spot, to stain.
Drap, a drop, to drop.
Dropping, dropping.
Draunting, drawing, speaking with a sectarian tone.
Dreep, to ooze, to drop.
Dreigh, tedious, long about it, lingering.
Dribble, drizzling, trickling.
Driddle, the motion of one who tries to dance but moves the middle only.
Drift, a drove, a flight of fowls, snow moved by the wind.
Droddum, the breech.
Drone, part of a bagpipe, the chanter.
Droop rampft, that droops at the crupper.
Droukt, wet.
Drouth, thirst, drought.
Drucken, drunken.
Drunly, middy.
Drummoek, or *Drammoek*, meal and water mixed, raw.
Drunt, pet, sour humour.
- Dub*, a small pond, a hollow filled with rain water.
Duats, rags, clothes.
Duddie, ragged.
Dung-lang, worsted, pushed, stricken.
Dunted, throbbled, beaten.
Dush-dunsh, to push, or butt as a ram.
Dusht, overcome with superstitious fear, to drop down suddenly.
Dyror, bankrupt, or about to become one.
- E.
- E'e*, the eye.
Een, the eyes, the evening.
Ebree, the eyebrow.
Evenin', the evening.
Eerie, frightened, haunted, dreading spirits.
Eild, old age.
Elbuck, the elbow.
Eldritch, ghastly, frightful, elvish.
En', end.
Enbrugh, Edinburgh.
Enough, and *enouch*, enough.
Especial, especially.
Ether-stone, stone formed by adders, an adder bead.
Ette, to try, attempt, aim.
Eydent, diligent.
- F.
- Fa'*, fall, lot, to fall, fate.
Fa' that, to enjoy, to try, to inherit.
Faddom's, fathomed, measured with the extended arms.
Faes, foes.
Faem, foam of the sea.
Faiket, forgiven or excused, abated, a demand.
Fainness, gladness, overcome with joy.
Fairin', fairs, a present brought from a fair.
Fallow, fellow.
Fand, did find.
Farl, a cake of bread; third part of a cake.
Fash, trouble, care, to trouble, to care for.
Fasheous, troublesome.
Fasht, troubled.
Fasten e'en, Fasten's even.
Faught, fight.
Faugh, a single farrow, out of lea, fallow.
Fauld, and *Fald*, a fold for sheep, to fold.
Fault, fault.
Fawesont, decent, seemly.
Feal, loyal, steadfast.
Fearfu', fearful, frightful.
Fear't, affrighted.
Feal, neat, spruce, clever.
Fecht, to fight.
Fechtin', fighting.
Fek and *fek*, number, quantity.
Fekot, an under-waistcoat.
Fekfu', large, brawny, stout.
Fekless, puny, weak, silly.
- Fekty*, mostly.
Feg, a fig.
Fegs, faith, an exclamation.
Féile, feud, enmity.
Fell, keen, biting; the flesh immediately under the skin; level moor.
Felly, relentless.
Fend, *Fen*, to make a shift, contrive to live.
Ferlie, or *ferieg*, to wonder, a wonder, a term of contempt.
Fetch, to pull by fits.
Fetcht, pulled intermittently.
Fey, strange; one marked for death, predestined.
Fidge, to fidget, fidgeting.
Fidgit-fain, tickled with pleasure.
Fient, fiend, a petty oath.
Fien ma care, the devil may care.
Fier, sound, healthy; a brother, a friend.
Fierrie, bustle, activity.
Fisse, to make a rustling noise, to fidget, bustle, fuss.
Fit, foot.
Fittie-lan, the nearer horse of the hindmost pair in the plough.
Fizz, to make a hissing noise, fuss, disturbance.
Fluffin', the motion of rags in the wind; of wings.
Fluinen, flannel.
Flandrekins, foreign generals, soldiers of Flanders.
Flang, threw with violence.
Fleech, to supplicate in a flattering manner.
Fleechin', supplicating.
Fleesh, a fleecce.
Fleg, a kick, a random blow, a fight.
Flether, to decoy by fair words.
Flethrin', *flethers*, flattering—smooth wheedling words.
Fley, to scare, to frighten.
Flichter, *flichtering*, to flutter as young nestlings do when their dam approaches.
Flinders, shreds, broken pieces.
Flingin'-tree, a piece of limber hung by way of partition between two horses in a stable; a flail.
Flisk, *flisky*, to fret at the yoke.
Flisket, fretted.
Flitter, to vibrate like the wings of small birds.
Fluttering, fluttering, vibrating, moving tremulously from place to place.
Finkie, a servant in livery.
Flyte, *flyting*, scold; flyting, scolding.
Foor, hastened.
Foord, a ford.
Forebears, forefathers.
Forbye, besides.
Forfairn', distressed, worn out, jaded, forlorn, destitute.

Forgather, to meet, to encounter with.
Forgie, to forgive.
Forwaxed, worn out.
Forjesket, jaded with fatigue.
Fuaf, full, drunk.
Foughten, forfoughten, troubled, fatigued.
Foul-thief, the devil, the archfiend.
Fouth, plenty, enough, or more than enough.
Fove, a measure, a bushel; also a pitchfork.
Frae, from.
Freuth, froth, the frothing of ale in the tankard.
Frien', friend.
Frosty calker, the heels and front of a horse-shoe, turned sharply up for riding on an icy road.
Fu', full.
Fud, the scut or tail of the hare, coney, &c.
Fuff, to blow intermittently.
Fuchant, full-handed; said of one well to live in the world.
Fummie, full of merriment.
Fur ahin, the hindmost horse on the right hand when ploughing.
Furder, further, succeed.
Furm, a form, a bench.
Fusionless, spiritless, without sap or soul.
Fyke, trifling cares, to be in a fuss about trifles.
Fytle, to soil, to dirty.
Fytl, soiled, dirtied.

G.

Gab, the mouth, to speak boldly or pertly.
Gaberlunzie, wallet-man, or tinker.
Gae, to go; *gaed*, went; *gane* or *gaen*, gone; *gaun*, going.
Gael or *gate*, way, maner, road.
Gairs, parts of a lady's gown.
Gang, to go, to walk.
Gangrel, a wandering person.
Gar, to make, to force to; *gar't*, forced to.
Garten, a garden.
Gash, wise, sagacious, talkative, to converse.
Gatty, failing in body.
Gawcy, jolly, large, plump.
Gaud and *gad*, a rod or goad.
Gaudsman, one who drives the horses at the plough.
Gaun, going.
Gaunted, yawned, longed.
Gaulie, a thoughtless person, and something weak.
Gayties, gylie, pretty well.
Gear, riches, goods of any kind.
Geek, to toss the head in wantonness or scoru.
Geel, a pike.
Gentles, great folks.
Genty, elegant.
Geordie, George, a guinea, called Geordie from the head of King George.

Get and *geat*, a child, a young one.
Ghaist, ghaistis, a ghost.
Gie, to give; *gied*, gave; *gien*, given.
Giflie, diminutive of gift.
Giglets, laughing maidens.
Gillie, gillock, diminutive of gill.
Gilpey, a half-grown, half-formed boy or girl, a romping lad, a hoyden.
Gimmer, an ewe two years old, a contemptuous term for a woman.
GIN, if, against.
Gipsey, a young girl.
Girdle, a round iron plate on which oat-cake is fired.
Girn, to grin, to twist the features in rage, agony, &c.; grinning.
Gizz, a periwig, the face.
Glaikil, inattentive, foolish.
Glaice, a sword.
Glaizie, glittering, smooth, like glass.
Glauned, grasped, snatched at eagerly.
Girran, a potherie girran, a little vigorous animal; a horse rather old, but yet active when heated.
Gled, a hawk.
Gleg, sharp, ready.
Gley, a squint, to squint; *agley*, off at a side, wrong.
Gleyde, an old horse.
Glib-gabbit, that speaks smoothly and readily.
Glieb o' lan', a portion of ground. The ground belonging to a manse is called "the glieb," or portion.
Glint, glintin', to peep.
Glinted by, went brightly past.
Gloamin, the twilight.
Gloamin-shot, twilight-musing; a shot in the twilight.
Glowr, to stare, to look; a stare, a look.
Glowran, amazed, looking suspiciously, gazing.
Glum, displeased.
Gor-cocks, the red-game, red-cock, or moor-cock.
Gowan, the flower of the daisy, dandelion, hawkweed, &c.
Gowany, covered with daisies.
Gowawn, walking as if blind, or without an aim.
Gowl, gold.
Gowl, to howl.
Gowff, a fool; the game of golf, to strike, as the bat does the ball at golf.
Gowk, term of contempt, the cuckoo.
Grane or *grain*, a groan, to groan; *graining*, groaning.
Graip, a pronged instrument for cleaning cowhouses.
Graith, accoutrements, furniture, dress.
Grannie, grandmother.
Grape, to grope; *grapet*, groped.

Great, grit, intimate, familiar.
Gree, to agree; to bear the gree, to be decidedly victor; *greet*, agreed.
Green-graff, green grave.
Gruesome, loathsome, grim.
Greed, to shed tears, to weep; *greetin'*, weeping.
Grey-neck-quill, a quill unfit for a pen.
Griens, longs, desires.
Griees, stewards.
Grippit, seized.
Groavin-Maul, drink for the cummers at a lying-in.
Groat, to get the whistle of one's groat; to play a losing game, to feel the consequences of one's folly.
Grosel, a goose-berry.
Gronph, a grunt, to grunt.
Gronphie, Gronphon, a sow; the snorting of an angry pig.
Grun', ground.
Grunstone, a grindstone.
Gruntle, the pbiz, the snout, a grunting noise.
Gruzie, a mouth which pokes out like that of a pig.
Grushie, thick, of thriving growth.
Gude, guid, guids, the Supreme Being, good, goods.
Gude auld-has-been, was once excellent.
Guid-mornin', good-morrow.
Guid-even, good evening.
Guidfather and *guidmother*, father-in-law, and mother-in-law.
Guidman and *guidwife*, the master and mistress of the house; *young guidman*, a man newly married.
Gully or *Gullie*, a large knife.
Gultravage, joyous mischief.
Gunlic, muddy.
Gumption, discernment, knowledge, talent.
Gusty, gustfu', tasteful.
Gut-scraper, a fiddler.
Gutcher, grandsire.

II.

Ha', hall.
Ha' Bible, the great Bible that lies in the hall.
Haddin', house, home, dwelling-place, a possession.
Hae, to have, to accept.
Haen, had (the participle of hae); haven.
Hael, fient hael, a petty oath of negation; nothing.
Haffet, the temple, the side of the head.
Haffins, nearly half, partly, not fully grown.
Hag, a gulf in mosses and moors, moss-ground.
Haggis, a kind of pudding, boiled in the stomach of a cow, or sheep.
Hain, to spare, to save, to lay out at interest.
Hain'd, spared; hain'd gear, boarded money.
Hainst, harvest.

- Halth*, a petty oath.
- Havers*, nonsense, speaking without thought.
- Haf'*, or *hald*, an abiding place.
- Hale*, or *haill*, whole, tight, healthy.
- Hallan*, a particular partition-wall in a cottage, or more properly a seat of turf at the outside.
- Hallowmass*, Hallow-ewe, 31st October.
- Haly*, holy; "haly-pool," holy well with healing qualities.
- Hame*, home.
- Hammered*, the noise of feet like the din of hammers.
- Han's bread*, hand's breath.
- Hanks*, thread as it comes from the measuring reel, quantities, &c.
- Hansel-throne*, throne when first occupied by a king.
- Hap*, an outer garment, mantle, plaid, &c.; to wrap, to cover, to hap.
- Hargyals*, heart, liver, and lights of an animal.
- Hap-shackled*, when a fore and hind foot of a ram are fastened together to prevent leaping, he is said to be hap-shackled. A wife is called "the kirk's hap-shackle."
- Happer*, a hopper, the hopper of a mill.
- Happing*, hopping.
- Hap-step-an'-loop*, hop, step, and leap.
- Harkit*, hearkened.
- Harn*, a very coarse linen.
- Hash*, a fellow who knows not how to act with propriety.
- Hastil*, hastened.
- Houd*, to hold.
- Haughs*, low-lying, rich land, valleys.
- Haurt*, to drag, to pull violently.
- Haurtin*, tearing off, pulling roughly.
- Haver-meal*, oatmeal.
- Haveril*, a half-witted person, half-witted, one who habitually talks in a foolish or incoherent manner.
- Havins*, good manners, decorum, good sense.
- Hawkie*, a cow, properly one with a white face.
- Heapit*, heaped.
- Healsome*, healthful, wholesome.
- Harse*, hoarse.
- Heather*, heath.
- Hech*, oh strange! an exclamation during heavy work.
- Hecht*, promised, to foretell something that is to be got or given, foretold, the thing foretold, offered.
- Heckle*, a board in which are fixed a number of sharp steel prongs upright for dressing hemp, flax, &c.
- Hec balou*, words used to soothe a child.
- Heels-over-gawdie*, topsy-turvy, turned the bottom upwards.
- Heeze*, to elevate, to rise, to lift.
- Hellin*, the rudder or helm.
- Herd*, to tend flocks, one who tends flocks.
- Herrin'*, a herring.
- Herry*, to plunder; most properly to plunder birds' nests.
- Herryment*, plundering, devastation.
- Hersel-hirsel*, a flock of sheep, also a herd of cattle of any sort.
- Het*, hot, heated.
- Heugh*, a crag, a ravine; *coal-heugh*, a coal-pit; *twain heugh*, a blazing pit.
- Hilch*, *hiltchin'*, to halt, halting.
- Hiny*, honey.
- Hing*, to hang.
- Hirple*, to walk crazily, to walk lamely, to creep.
- Histic*, dry, chapt, barren.
- Hitch*, a loop, made a knot.
- Hizzie*, huzzy, a young girl.
- Hoddin*, the motion of a husbandman riding on a cart-horse, humble.
- Hoddin-gray*, woollen cloth of a coarse quality, made by mingling one black fleece with a dozen white ones.
- Hoggie*, a two-year-old sheep.
- Hog-score*, a distance line in curling drawn across the rink. When a stone fails to cross it, a cry is raised of "A hog, a hog!" and it is removed.
- Hog-shoulder*, a kind of horse-play by justling with the shoulder; to justle.
- Hootie-craw*, a blood crow, corbie.
- Hool*, outer skin or case, a nutshell, a pea-husk.
- Hoolie*, slowly, leisurely.
- Hoord*, a hoard, to hoard.
- Hoortil*, hoarded.
- Horn*, a spoon made of horn.
- Hornie*, one of the many names of the devil.
- Host*, or *hoast*, to cough.
- Hoslin*, coughing.
- Hoteh'd*, turned topsy-turvy, blentled, ruined, moved.
- Houghmagandie*, loose behaviour.
- Howlet*, an owl.
- Housie*, diminutive of house.
- Howe*, *hored*, to heave, to swell.
- Howdie*, a midwife.
- Howe*, hollow, a hollow or dell.
- Howebackil*, sunk in the back, spoken of a horse.
- Howff*, a house of resort.
- Hook*, to dig.
- Howlet*, digged.
- Hookin'*, digging deep.
- Hoy*, *hoy't*, to urge, urged.
- Hoyses*, a pull upwards.
- "Hoyses a creel," to raise a basket; hence "hoisting creels."
- Hoye*, to amble crazily.
- Hughoc*, diminutive of Hughie, as Hughie is of Hugh.
- Hums and hankers*, mumbles and seeks to do what he cannot perform.
- Hunkers*, kneeling and falling back on the hams.
- Hurcheon*, a hedgehog.
- Hurdies*, the loins, the crupper.
- Hushion*, a cushion, also a stocking wanting the foot.
- Huchyalled*, to move with a hilch.

I.

- Icker*, an ear of corn.
- Ieroe*, a great grandchild.
- Ik*, or *ilka*, each, every.
- Ill-deedie*, mischievous.
- Ill-willie*, ill-natured, malicious, niggardly.
- Ingne*, genius, ingenuity.
- Ingie*, fire, fireplace.
- Ingie-low*, light from the fire, flame from the hearth.
- I rede ye*, I advise ye, I warn ye.
- I see*, I shall or will.
- Ither*, other, one another.

J.

- Jad*, jade; also a familiar term among country folks for a giddy young girl.
- Jauk*, to dally, to trifle.
- Jaukin'*, trifling, dallying.
- Jawner*, talking, and not always to the purpose.
- Jaup*, a jerk of water; to jerk, as agitated water.
- Jaw*, coarse rallery, to pour out, to shut, to jerk as water.
- Jillet*, a jilt, a giddy girl.
- Jimp*, to jump, slender in the waist, handsome.
- Jink*, to dodge, to turn a corner; a sudden turning, a corner.
- Jink an' dille*, moving to music, motion of a fiddler's elbow. Starting here and there with a tremulous movement.
- Jinker*, that turns quickly, a gay sprightly girl.
- Jinkin'*, dodging, the quick motion of the bow on the fiddle.
- Jirt*, a jerk, the emission of water, to squirt.
- Jocteyg*, a kind of knife.
- Jouk*, to stoop, to bow the head, to conceal.
- Jow*, *to jow*, a verb, which includes both the swinging motion and pealing sound of a large bell; also the undulation of water.
- Jundie*, to justle, a push with the elbow.

K.

Kae, a daw.
Kail, colewort, a kind of broth.
Kailraut, the stem of colewort.
Kain, fowls, &c., paid as rent by a farmer.
Kebers, rafters.
Keckuck, a cheese.
Keckle, joyous cry; to cackle as a hen.
Keek, a keek, to peep.
Kelpies, a sort of mischievous water-spirit, said to haunt fords and ferries at night, especially in storms.
Ken, to know; *ken'd* or *ken't*, knew.
Kennin, a small matter.
Kel-Kitty, matted, a fleece of wool.
Kiaughl, carking, anxiety, to be in a flutter.
Kitt, to truss up the clothes.
Kimmer, a young girl, a gossip.
Kin', kindred.
Kin', kind.
King's-shool, a certain part of the entrails of an ox.
Kintira, *kintrie*, country.
Kirn, the harvest supper, a churn.
Kirsen, to christen, to baptize.
Kist, chest, a shop-counter.
Kitchen, anything that eats with bread, to serve for soup, gravy.
Kittle, to tickle, ticklish.
Kittling, a young cat. The ace of diamonds is called among rusties the kittlin's ee.
Knuggie, like knags, or points of rocks.
Knappin-hammer, a hammer for breaking stones; *knapp*, to strike or break.
Knurlin, crooked but strong, knotty.
Knawe, a small, round hillock, a knoll.
Kuittle, to cuddle; *kuittin*, cuddling, fondling.
Kye, cows.
Kyle, a district in Ayrshire.
Kyle, the belly.
Kythe, to discover, to show one's self.

L.

Labour, thrash.
Laddie, diminutive of lad.
Laggen, the angle between the side and the bottom of a wooden dish.
Lairgh, low.
Lairing, *lairie*, wading, and sinking in snow, mud, &c., miry.
Laith, loath, impure.
Laitheic, bashful, sheepish, abstemious.
Lallans, Scottish dialect, Lowlands.
Lambie, diminutive of lamb.
Lamma's moon, harvest-moon.

Lampit, a kind of shell-fish, a limpet.
Lan', land, estate.
Lan'-afore, foremost horse in the plough.
Lan'-ahin, hindmost horse in the plough.
Lane, lone; *my lane*, *thy lane*, &c., myself alone.
Lanely, lonely.
Lang, long; *to think lang*, to long, to weary.
Lap, did leap.
Late and air, late and early.
Lave, the rest, the remainder, the others.
Laverock, the lark.
Lawlan', lowland.
Lay my dead, attribute my death.
Leal, loyal, true, faithful.
Lear, learning, lore.
Lec-lang, live-long.
Leesome lave, happy, glad-some love.
Leeze me, a phrase of congratulatory endearment; I am happy in thee or proud of thee.
Leister, a three-pronged and barbed dart for striking fish.
Leugh, did laugh.
Leuk, a look, to look.
Libbet, castrated.
Lick, *licket*, beat, thrashen.
Lift, sky, firmament.
Lightly, sneeringly, to sneer at, to undervalue.
Lill, a ballad, a tune, to sing.
Limmer, a kept mistress, a strumpet.
Limp't, limped, hobbled.
Link, to trip along; *linkin*, tripping along.
Linn, a waterfall, a cascade.
Lint, flax; *lint i' the bell*, flax in flower.
Lint-white, a linnen, flaxen.
Loan, the place of milking.
Loaning, lane.
Loof, the palm of the hand.
Loof, did let.
Looves, the plural of loof.
Losh mau! rustic exclamation modified from Lord man.
Loun, a fellow, a ragamuffin, a woman of easy virtue.
Loup, leap, startled with pain.
Louper-like, lan-louper, a stranger of a suspected character.
Lowe, a flame.
Lowin', flaming; *lowin-drouth*, burning desire for drink.
Lowrie, abbreviation of Lawrence.
Lowse, to loose.
Lowsed, unbound, loosed.
Lug, the ear.
Lug of the law, at the judgment-seat.
Lugget, having a handle.
Luggie, a small wooden dish, with a handle.
Lun, the chimney; *lum-head*, chimney-top.

Lunch, a large piece of cheese, flesh, &c.
Lunt, a column of smoke, to smoke, to walk quickly.
Lyard, of a mixed colour, gray.

M.

Mae, and *mair*, more.
Maggot's-meat, food for the worms.
Mahoun, Satan.
Maiten, a farm.
Mait, most, almost.
Maitly, mostly, for the greater part.
Mak', to make; *makin'*, making.
Mally, Molly, Mary.
Mang, among.
Manse, the house of the parish minister is called "the Manse."
Mantele, a mantle.
Mark, marks. This and several other nouns which in England require an s to form the plural, are in Scotch, like the words sheep, deer, the same in both numbers.
Mark, *merk*, a Scottish coin, value thirteen shillings and four-pence.
Marled, party-coloured.
Mar's year, the year 1715. Called Mar's year from the rebellion of Erskine, Earl of Mar.
Martial chuck, the soldier's camp-comrade, female companion.
Mashlum, mixed corn.
Mash, to wash, as malt, &c., to infuse.
Maskin-pat, teaport.
Maukin, a bare.
Moun, *mauna*, must, must not.
Maul, malt.
Mavis, the thrush.
Maw, to mow.
Mawin, mowing; *mawn*, mowed; *maw'd*, mowed.
Mawn, a small basket, without a handle.
Meere, a mare.
Melancholious, mournful.
Melder, a load of corn, &c., sent to the mill to be ground.
Nell, to be intimate, to meddle, also a mallet for pounding barley in a stone trough.
Metrie, to soil with meal.
Men', to mead.
Mense, good manners, decorum.
Menseless, ill-bred, rude, impudent.
Merle, the blackbird.
Messin, a small dog.
Middin, a dunghill.
Middin-creels, dung-baskets, panniers in which horses carry manure.
Middin-hole, a gutter at the bottom of a dunghill.

- Milkin-shiel*, a place where cows or ewes are brought to be milked.
- Min*, prim, affectedly meek.
- Min-mou'd*, gentle-mouthed.
- Min'*, to remember.
- Minwae*, minut.
- Mind'*, mind it, resolved, intending, remembered.
- Minnie*, mother, dam.
- Mirk*, dark.
- Misca'*, to abuse, to call names; *misca'd*, abused.
- Mischaunter*, accident.
- Mislead*, mischievous, unmannerly.
- Mistek*, mistook.
- Mither*, mother.
- Mittie-mattie*, confusedly mixed, mish-mash.
- Moose*, mother, dam.
- Mistak*, mistook.
- Mittie-mattie*, confusedly mixed, mish-mash.
- Moistify*, moistified, to moisten to soak; moistened, soaked.
- Mons-meg*, a large piece of ordnance, to be seen at the Castle of Edinburgh, composed of iron bars welded together and then hooped.
- Moos*, earth.
- Mony*, or *monie*, many.
- Moop*, to nibble as a sheep.
- Moortan*, of or belonging to moors.
- Morn*, the next day, to-morrow.
- Mou*, the month.
- Mouliwort*, a mole.
- Mouste*, diminutive of mouse.
- Muckle*, or *mickle*, great, big, much.
- Muses-stank*, muses-rill, a stank, slow-flowing water.
- Musie*, diminutive of muse.
- Mustin-kail*, broth, composed simply of water, shelled barley, and greens; thin poor broth.
- Mutchkin*, an English pint.
- Myself*, myself.
- N.
- Na'*, no, not, nor.
- Nae*, or *na*, no, not any.
- Naething*, or *naithing*, nothing.
- Nag*, a horse, a nag.
- Name*, none.
- Nappy*, ale, to be tipsy.
- Negleckit*, neglected.
- Neibar*, a neighbour.
- Neuk*, nook.
- Neist*, next.
- Nieve*, *nief*, the fist.
- Nievefu'*, handful.
- Niffer*, an exchange, to barter.
- Niger*, a negro.
- Nine-tailed cat*, a hangman's whip.
- Nit*, a nut.
- Norland*, of or belonging to the north.
- Notic'd*, noticed.
- Nowte*, black cattle.
- O.
- O*, of.
- O'ergang*, overbearingness, to treat with indignity, literally to tread.
- O'erlay*, an upper cravat.
- Ony*, or *onie*, any.
- Or*, is often used for ere, before.
- Orra-duddies*, superfluous rags, old clothes.
- O'l*, of it.
- Ourie*, drooping, shivering.
- Oursel*, *oursels*, ourselves.
- Oulders*, outliers; cattle unhoused.
- Ower*, *owre*, over.
- Owre-hip*, striking with a fore-hammer, by bringing it with a swing over the hip.
- Owsen*, oxen.
- Oxlered*, carried or supported under the arm.
- P.
- Pack*, intimate, familiar; twelve stone of wool.
- Paille*, *pavillen*, to walk with difficulty, as if in water.
- Painch*, paunch.
- Patrick*, a partridge.
- Pang*, to cram.
- Parle*, courtship.
- Parishen*, parish.
- Parritch*, oatmeal pudding, a well-known Scotch drink.
- Pat*, did put, a pot.
- Pattle*, or *pettle*, a small spade to clean the plough.
- Paughty*, proud, haughty.
- Pauky*, cunning, sly.
- Pay'l*, paid, beat.
- Peat-reek*, the smoke of burning turf, a bitter exhalation, whisky.
- Pech*, to fetch the breath shortly, as in an asthma.
- Pechan*, the crop, the stomach.
- Pechin*, respiring with difficulty.
- Pennie*, riches.
- Pel*, a domesticated sheep, &c., a favourite.
- Pettle*, to cherish.
- Philabeg*, the kilt.
- Phraise*, fair speeches, flattery, to flatter.
- Phraisin*, flattering.
- Pibroch*, a martial air.
- Pickle*, a small quantity, one grain of corn.
- Pigmy-scraper*, little fiddler; a term of contempt for a bad player.
- Pint-stoup*, a two-quart measure.
- Pine*, pain, uneasiness.
- Pingle*, a small pan for warming children's sops.
- Plack*, an old Scotch coin, the third part of an English penny.
- Plackless*, pennyless, without money.
- Plaidie*, diminutive of plaid.
- Platte*, diminutive of plate.
- Plew*, or *plough*, a plough.
- Pliskie*, a trick.
- Pluurose*, primroses.
- Puck*, a meal-bag.
- Pound*, to seize on cattle, or take the goods as the laws of Scotland allow, for rent, &c.
- Poorlith*, poverty.
- Posie*, a nosegay, a garland.
- Pou*, *pow'd*, to pull, pulled.
- Pouk*, to pluck.
- Pousse*, a hare or cat.
- Prouse*, to pluck with the hand.
- Poul*, a pelt, a chick.
- Pou'l*, did pull.
- Pouthery*, fiery, active.
- Pow*, the head, the skull.
- Pownie*, a little horse, a pony.
- Powther*, or *pouther*, gunpowder.
- Preclair*, supereminent.
- Preen*, a pin.
- Prent*, printing, print.
- Pris*, to taste; *pris'd*, tasted.
- Prief*, proof.
- Prig*, to cheapen, to dispute; *priggin*, cheapening.
- Primise*, demure, precise.
- Propone*, to lay down, to propose.
- Pound*, *pund o' tow*, pound, pound weight of the refuse of flax.
- Pye*, a magpie.
- Pyle*, a *pyle o' caff*, a single grain of chaff.
- Pystle*, epistle.
- Q.
- Quat*, quit.
- Quak*, the cry of a duck.
- Quach*, a drinking-cup made of wood with two handles.
- Quey*, a cow from one to two years old, a heifer.
- Queans*, queans.
- Quakin*, quaking.
- R.
- Ragweed*, herb-ragwort.
- Raible*, to rattle, nonsense.
- Rair*, to roar.
- Raise*, to madden, to inflame.
- Rauferzed*, fatigued, overpowered.
- Ranpin*, raging.
- Ramstam*, thoughtless, forward.
- Raulie*, a scolding sturdy beggar, a shrew.
- Ranlin'*, joyous.
- Raploch*, properly a coarse cloth, but used for coarse.
- Rarely*, excellently, very well.
- Rash*, a rush; *rash-buss*, a bush of rushes.
- Ratton*, a rat.
- Rauche*, rash, stout, fearless, reckless.
- Raught*, reached.
- Raw*, a row.
- Rax*, to stretch.
- Ream*, cream, to cream.
- Reamin'*, brimful, frothing.
- Reave*, take by force.
- Rebute*, to repulse, rebuke.
- Reck*, to heed.
- Rede*, counsel, to counsel, to discourse.
- Red-peats*, burning turfs.
- Red-wat-shod*, walking in blood over the shoe-tops.

- Red-wind*, stark mad.
Ree, half drunk, fuddled; a *ree yawl*, a wild horse.
Reek, smoke.
Reekin', smoking.
Reekit, smoked, smoky.
Reestit, stook restive; stunted, withered.
Remead, remedy.
Requite, requited.
Restricketed, restricted.
Rew, to smile, look affectionately, tenderly.
Rickles, shocks of corn, stooks.
Riddle, instrument for purifying corn.
Rief-randies, men who take the property of others, accompanied by violence and rude words.
Rig, a ridge.
Rin, to run, to melt; *rimin'*, running.
Rink, the course of the stones, a term in curling on ice.
Rip, a handful of unthreshed corn.
Ripples, pains in the back and loins, sounds which usher in death.
Ripplin-kame, instrument for dressing flax.
Riskit, a noise like the tearing of roots.
Rockin', a denomination for a friendly visit. In former times young women met with their distaffs during the winter evenings, to sing, and spin, and be merry; these were called "rockings."
Roke, distaff.
Rood, stands likewise for the plural, roods.
Roon, a shred, the selvage of woollen cloth.
Roose, to praise, to commend.
Roun', round, in the circle of neighbourhood.
Rouplet, hoarse, as with a cold.
Row, to roll, to rap, to roll as water.
Row't, rolled, wrapped.
Route, to low, to bellow.
Routh, plenty.
Rowtin', lowing.
Rozel, rosin.
Rumble-jumpton, rough common-sense.
Run-dells, downright devils.
Rung, a cudgel.
Rund, the stem of colewort or cabbage.
Runkled, wrinkled.
Ruth, a woman's name, the hook so called, sorrow.
Ryke, reach.
- S.
- Sae*, so.
Saift, soft.
Sair, to serve, a sore; *sairie*, sorrowful.
Sairly, sorely.
Sair't, served.
Sark, a shirt.
Sarkit, provided in shirts.
- Saugh*, willow.
Saugh-woodies, withies, made of willows, now supplanted by ropes and chains.
Saul, soul.
Saumont, salmon.
Saunt, *saunlet*, saint; to varnish.
Saul, salt.
Saw, to sow.
Sawin', sowing.
Sax, six.
Scauld, to scald.
Scauld, to scold.
Scaur, apt to be scared; a precipitous bank of earth which the stream has washed red.
Scawl, a scold.
Soone, a kind of bread.
Soonner, a loathing, to loath.
Scraich and *Screegh*, to scream, as a heu or part-ridge.
Screeed, to tear, a rent; *screeeding*, tearing.
Scrieve, *scrieven*, to glide softly, gleesomely along.
Scrimp, to scant.
Scrimpel, scant, scanty.
Scroggie, covered with under-wood, bushy.
Sculdudrey, fornication.
Seizin', seizing.
Sel, self; a *body's sel*, one's self alone.
Sell't, did sell.
Sen', to send.
Servan', servant.
Settin', settling; to get a *settin'*, to be frighted into quietness.
Sets, *sets off*, goes away.
Shachtel-feet, ill-shaped.
Shair'd, a shred, a shard.
Shangan, a stick cleft at one end for pulling the tail of a dog, &c., by way of mischief, or to frighten him away.
Shank-it, walk it; *shanks*, legs.
Shaul, shallow.
Shaver, a humorous wag, a barber.
Shavie, to do an ill turn.
Shaw, to show; a small wood in a hollow place.
Sheep-shank, to think one's self nae sheep-shank, to be conceited.
Sherra-muir, Sheriff-Muir, the famous battle of, 1715.
Sheugh, a ditch, a trench, a sluice.
Shiel, *shealing*, a shepherd's cottage.
Shill, shrill.
Shog, a shock, a push off at one side.
Shoo, ill to please, ill to fit.
Shool, a shovel.
Shoon, shoes.
Shore, to offer, to threaten.
Shor'd, half offered and threatened.
Shoulder, the shoulder.
Shot, one traverse of the shuttle from side to side of the web.
Sic, such.
- Sicker*, sure, steady.
Sidelins, sideling, slanting.
Silken-snood, a fillet of silk, a token of virginity.
Siller, silver, money, white.
Simmer, summer.
Sin, a son.
Sinsye, since then.
Skaithe, to damage, to injure, injury.
Skeigh, proud, nice, saucy, mettled.
Skeigh, shy, maiden coyness.
Skellum, a noisy reckless fellow.
Skelp, to strike, to slap; to walk with a smart tripping step, a smart stroke.
Skelp-timmer, a technical term in female scolding.
Skelpin, *skelpt*, striking, walking rapidly, literally striking the ground.
Skinklin, thin, gauzy, sealtery.
Skirling, shrieking, crying.
Skirl, to cry, to shriek shrilly.
Skirtl, shrieked.
Sklent, slant, to run aslant, to deviate from truth.
Skented, ran, or hit, in an oblique direction.
Skouth, vent, free action.
Skreigh, a scream, to scream, the first cry uttered by a child.
Skyte, a worthless fellow, to slide rapidly off.
Skyrin, party-coloured, the checks of the tartan.
Slae, sloe.
Shade, did slide.
Slap, a gate, a breach in a fence.
Slaw, slow.
Slee, *sleest*, sly, slyest.
Sleekit, sleek, sly.
Slibbery, slippery.
Slip-slood, smooth shod.
Sloken, quench, slake.
Slupe, to fall over, as a wet furrow from the plough.
Sippet-der, fell over with a slow reluctant motion.
Sna', small.
Sneddum, dust, powder, mettie, sense, sagacity.
Smiddy, smithy.
Smirking, good-natured, winking.
Smoor, *smooed*, to smother, smothered.
Smoutie, smutty, obscene; *smoutie phiz*, sooty aspect.
Smytrie, a numerous collection of small individuals.
Snapper, mistake.
Snash, abuse, Billingsgate, impertinence.
Snow, snow, to snow.
Snow-broo, melted snow.
Snowie, snowy.
Snap, to lop, to cut off.
Sneed-besoms, to cut brooms.
Sneeshin, snuff.
Sneeshin-mill, a snuff box.
Snell and *snelly*, bitter, biting; *snellest*, bitterest.

- Snick-drawing*, trick, contriving.
- Snick*, the latchet of a door.
- Snirt-snirtle*, concealed laughter, to breathe the nostrils in a displeased manner.
- Snool*, one whose spirit is broken with oppressive slavery; to submit tamely, to sneak.
- Snoove*, to go smoothly and constantly, to sneak.
- Snook*, *snookit*, to scent or snuff as a dog, scented, snuffed.
- Soldyer*, a soldier.
- Sonsie*, having sweet engaging looks, lucky, jolly.
- Soom*, to swim.
- Sook*, to snick, to drink long and enduringly.
- Souple*, flexible, swift.
- Soupled*, supplied.
- Souther*, to solder.
- Souter*, a shoemaker.
- Sowens*, the fine flour remaining among the seeds of oatmeal made into an agreeable pudding.
- Sowp*, a spoonful, a small quantity of anything liquid.
- Swath*, to try over a tune with a low whistle.
- Spae*, to prophesy, to divine.
- Spails*, chips, splinters.
- Spaul*, a limb.
- Spairge*, to clash, to soil, as with mire.
- Spates*, sudden floods.
- Spaviet*, having the spavin.
- Spreat*, a sweeping torrent after rain or thaw.
- Speel*, to climb.
- Spence*, the parlour of a farmhouse or cottage.
- Spier*, to ask, to inquire; *spiert*, inquired.
- Spinnin'-graith*, wheel and roke and lint.
- Splatter*, to splutter, a splutter.
- Spleughan*, a tobacco-pouch.
- Splore*, a frolic, noise, riot.
- Sprachled*, scrambled.
- Sprattle*, to scramble.
- Spreckled*, spotted, speckled.
- Spring*, a quick air in music, a Scottish reel.
- Sprit*, *spret*, a tough-rooted plant something like rushes, jointed-leaved rush.
- Sprittie*, full of spirits.
- Spunk*, fire, nettle, wit, spark.
- Spunkie*, nettlesome, fiery; will o' the wisp, or iguis fatuus; the devil.
- Spartle*, a stick used in making oatmeal pudding or porridge, a notable Scottish dish.
- Squad*, a crew or party, a squadron.
- Squatter*, to flutter in water, as a wild-duck, &c.
- Squattle*, to sprawl in the act of hiding.
- Squeel*, a scream, a screech, to scream.
- Stacher*, to stagger.
- Stack*, a rick of corn, hay, peats.
- Staggie*, a stag.
- Stag*, a two-year-old horse.
- Stalwart*, stately, strong.
- Stang*, sting, stung.
- Stan'*, to stand; *stan't*, did stand.
- Stane*, stone.
- Stank*, did stink, a pool of standing water, slow-moving water.
- Stap*, stop, stove.
- Stark*, stout, potent.
- Startle*, to run as cattle stung by the gadfly.
- Staukin*, stalking, walking disdainfully, walking without an aim.
- Stawmrel*, a blockhead, half-witted.
- Staw*, did steal, to surfet.
- Steck*, to cram the belly.
- Steekin*, cramming.
- Steek*, to shut, a stitch.
- Steer*, to molest, to stir.
- Steeve*, firm, compacted.
- Stell*, a still.
- Sten*, to rear as a horse, to leap suddenly.
- Stravagin*, wandering without an aim.
- Stents*, tribute, dues of any kind.
- Stey*, steep; *styyest*, steepest.
- Stubble*, stubble; *stubble-rig*, the reaper in harvest who takes the lead.
- Stiek-an'-stow*, totally, altogether.
- Stilt-stults*, a crutch; to limp, to halt; poles for crossing a river.
- Stimpart*, the eighth part of a Winchester bushel.
- Stirk*, a cow or bullock a year old.
- Stook*, a plant of colewort, cabbages.
- Stoekin'*, stocking; *throwing the stoek-in'*, when the bride and bridegroom are put into bed, the former throws a stocking at random among the company, and the person whom it falls on is the next that will be married.
- Stook*, *stooked*, a shock of corn, made into shocks.
- Stol*, a young bull or ox.
- Stound*, sudden pang of the heart.
- Stoup*, or *stowp*, a kind of high narrow jug or dish with a handle for holding liquids.
- Stowre*, dust, more particularly dust in motion; *stowric*, dusty.
- Stowlins*, by stealth.
- Stown*, stolen.
- Sloyte*, the walking of a drunken man.
- Strack*, did strike.
- Strae*, straw; *to die a fair strae death*, to die in bed.
- Straik*, to stroke; *straiket*, stroked.
- Strappen*, tall, handsome, vigorous.
- Strath*, low alluvial land, a holm.
- Straught*, straight.
- Streck*, stretched, to stretch.
- Striddle*, to straddle.
- Stroom*, to spout, to piss.
- Stroup*, the spout.
- Studdie*, the anvil.
- Stunpie*, diminutive of stump; a grub pen.
- Strunt*, spirituous liquor of any kind; to walk sturdily, to be affronted.
- Stuff*, corn or pulse of any kind.
- Sturt*, trouble; to molest.
- Sturtin*, frightened.
- Stymc*, a glimmer.
- Sucker*, sugar.
- Sual*, should.
- Sugh*, the continued rushing noise of wind or water.
- Swamp*, a pluckless fellow, with little heart or soul.
- Sathron*, Southern, an old name of the English.
- Swaird*, sword.
- Swall'd*, swelled.
- Swank*, stately, jolly.
- Swankie*, or *swanker*, a tight strapping young fellow or girl.
- Swap*, an exchange, to barter.
- Swarfed*, swooned.
- Swad*, did sweat.
- Swatch*, a sample.
- Swats*, drink, good ale, new ale or wort.
- Sweerc*, lazy, averso; *dead-sweerc*, extremely averso.
- Swoor*, swore, did swear.
- Swinge*, to beat, to whip.
- Swinke*, to labour hard.
- Swirkie*, knaggy, full of knots.
- Swirl*, a curve, an eddying blast or pool, a knot in the wood.
- Swith*, get away.
- Swither*, to hesitate in choice, an irresolute wavering in choice.
- Syebon*, a thick-necked onion.
- Syne*, since, ago, then.

T.

- Tackets*, broad-headed nails for the heels of shoes.
- Tac*, a toe; *three-tac*, having three prongs.
- Tak*, to take; *takin*, taking.
- Tangle*, a sea-weed used as salad.
- Tap*, the top.
- Tapelless*, heedless, foolish.
- Targe*, *targe them tightly*, cross-question them severely.
- Tarrow*, to murmur at one's allowance.
- Tarry-breaks*, a sailor.
- Tassie*, a small measure for liquor.
- Taudid*, or *tald*, told.
- Taupie*, a foolish thoughtless young person.
- Tauted*, or *tautie*, matted together (spoken of hair and wool).

Tawie, that allows itself peaceably to be handled (spoken of a cow, horse, &c.).

Twat, a small quantity.

Teethless bawlie, toothless cur.

Teethless gab, a mouth wanting the teeth, an expression of scorn.

Ten-hours-bite, a slight feed to the horse while in the yoke in the forenoon.

Tent, a field pulpit, heed, caution; to take heed.

Tentie, heedful, cautious.

Tentless, heedless, careless.

Tough, tough.

Thack, thatch; *thack an' rape*, clothing and necessities.

Thae, these.

Thairms, small guts, fiddle-strings.

Thankit, thanked.

Thackit, thatched.

Thegither, together.

Themsel', themselves.

Thick, intimate, familiar.

Thigger, crowding, make a noise; a seeker of alms.

Thir, these.

Thirl, to thrill.

Thirled, thrilled, vibrated.

Thole, to suffer, to endure.

Thow, a thaw, to thaw.

Thowless, slack, lazy.

Thrang, through, busy, a crowd.

Thrapple, throat, windpipe.

Thraw, to sprain, to twist, to contradict.

Thrawin', twisting, &c.

Thraon, sprained, twisted, contradicted, contradiction.

Threap, to maintain by dint of assertion.

Threshin', threshing; *threshin'-tree*, a flail.

Thirteen, thirteen.

Thistle, thistle.

Through, to go on with, to make out.

Throuther, pell-mell, confusedly (through-ither).

Thrum, sound of a spinning-wheel in motion, the thread remaining at the end of a web.

Thud, to make a loud intermittent noise.

Thunnart, foomart, polcat.

Thumpit, thumped.

Thysel', thyself.

Till, to it.

Timmer, timber.

Tine, to lose; *tint*, lost.

Tinkler, a tinker.

Tip, a ram.

Tippence, twopence, money.

Tirl, to make a slight noise, to uncover.

Tirlin', *Urted*, uncovering.

Tither, the other.

Tittle, to whisper, to prate idly.

Tittin, whispering.

Tocher, marriage portion; *tocher bands*, marriage bonds.

Tod, a fox, "*Tal & the fauld*," fox in the fold.

Toddlie, to totter, like the walk of a child; *todden-dow*, toddling dove.

Too-fa', "Too fa' o' the nicht," when twilight darkens into night; a building added, a lean-to.

Toom, empty.

Toomed, emptied.

Toop, a ram.

Toss, a toast.

Tossie, warm and ruddy with warmth, good-looking, intoxicating.

Toun, a hamlet, a farmhouse.

Tout, the blast of a horn or trumpet, to blow a horn or trumpet.

Towzles, *towzling*, rousing, ruffling the clothes.

Tow, a rope.

Twomond, a twelvemonth.

Twozie, rough, shaggy.

Toy, a very old fashion of female head-dress.

Toyle, to totter like old age.

Trams, *barrow-trams*, the handles of a barrow.

Transmigrifed, transmigrated, metamorphosed.

Trashtrie, trash, rubbish.

Trickie, full of tricks.

Triy, spruce, neat.

Trindy, cleverly, excellently, in a seemly manner.

Tridle, *trintle*, the wheel of a barrow, to roll.

Trinkin', trickling.

Troggers, *troggin'*, wandering merchants, goods to truck or dispose of.

Trow, to believe, to trust to.

Trowth, truth, a petty oath.

Trysts, appointments, love meetings, cattle shows.

Tumbler-wheels, the wheels of a kind of low cart.

Tag, raw hide, of which in old time plough-traces were frequently made.

Tay or tow, either in leather or rope.

Talzie, a quarrel, to quarrel, to fight.

Twa, two; *twa-fald*, twofold.

Twa-three, a few.

Tweal, it would.

Twad, twelve; *twalpennic worth*, a small quantity, a penny-worth.—N. B. One penny English is 12d. Scotch.

Twa faul, twofold.

Twin, to part.

Twistle, twisting, the art of making a rope.

Tylke, a dog.

Tysday, Tuesday.

U.

Unback'd filly, a young mare hitherto unsaddled.

Unco, strange, uncouth, very, very great, prodigious.

Unco's, news.

Unfauld, unfold.

Unken'd, unknown.

Unsieker, uncertain, wavering, insecure.

Unskaited, undamaged, unhurt.

U'po', upon.

V.

Vap'rin, vapouring.

Vauntic, joyous, delight which cannot contain itself.

Vera, very.

V'rd, a ring round a column, &c.

Vogie, vain.

W.

W'w, wall, *wal's*, walls.

Wabster, a weaver.

Wad, would, to bet, a bet, a pledge.

Wadna, would not.

Wadset, land on which money is lent, a mortgage.

Wae, woe; *wae-fu'*, sorrowful; wailing.

Wae-fu'-woodie, hangman's rope.

Waesweks! *Wae's me!* Alas! O the pity!

Waf flower, wall-flower.

Waf, wool; the cross thread that goes from the shuttle through the web.

Waijs an' crocks, stray sheep and old ewes past breeding.

Wair, to lay out, to expend.

Wale, choice, to choose.

Wal'd, chose, chosen.

Walie, ample, large, jolly, also an exclamation of distress.

Wane, the belly.

Wanefu', a bellyful.

Wanchanic, unlucky.

Wanrest, *wauressfu'*, restless, unrestful.

Wark, work.

Wark-tune, a tool to work with.

Wark's-worm, a miser.

Wark, or *wark*, world.

Warklock, a wizard; *warklock-knooe*, a knoll where warklocks once held tryste.

Warkly, worldly, eager in amassing wealth.

Warrant, a warrant, to warrant.

Warsle, wrestle.

Wurst'd, or *wurst'led*, wrestled.

Wastrie, prodigality.

Wat, wet; *I wat—I wot—I know*.

Wat, a man's upper dress; a sort of mantle.

Water-brose, brose made of meal and water simply, without the addition of milk, butter, &c.

Wattle, a twig, a wand.

Wauble, to swing, to reel.

Waukin', waking, watching.

Waukth, thickened as fullers do cloth.

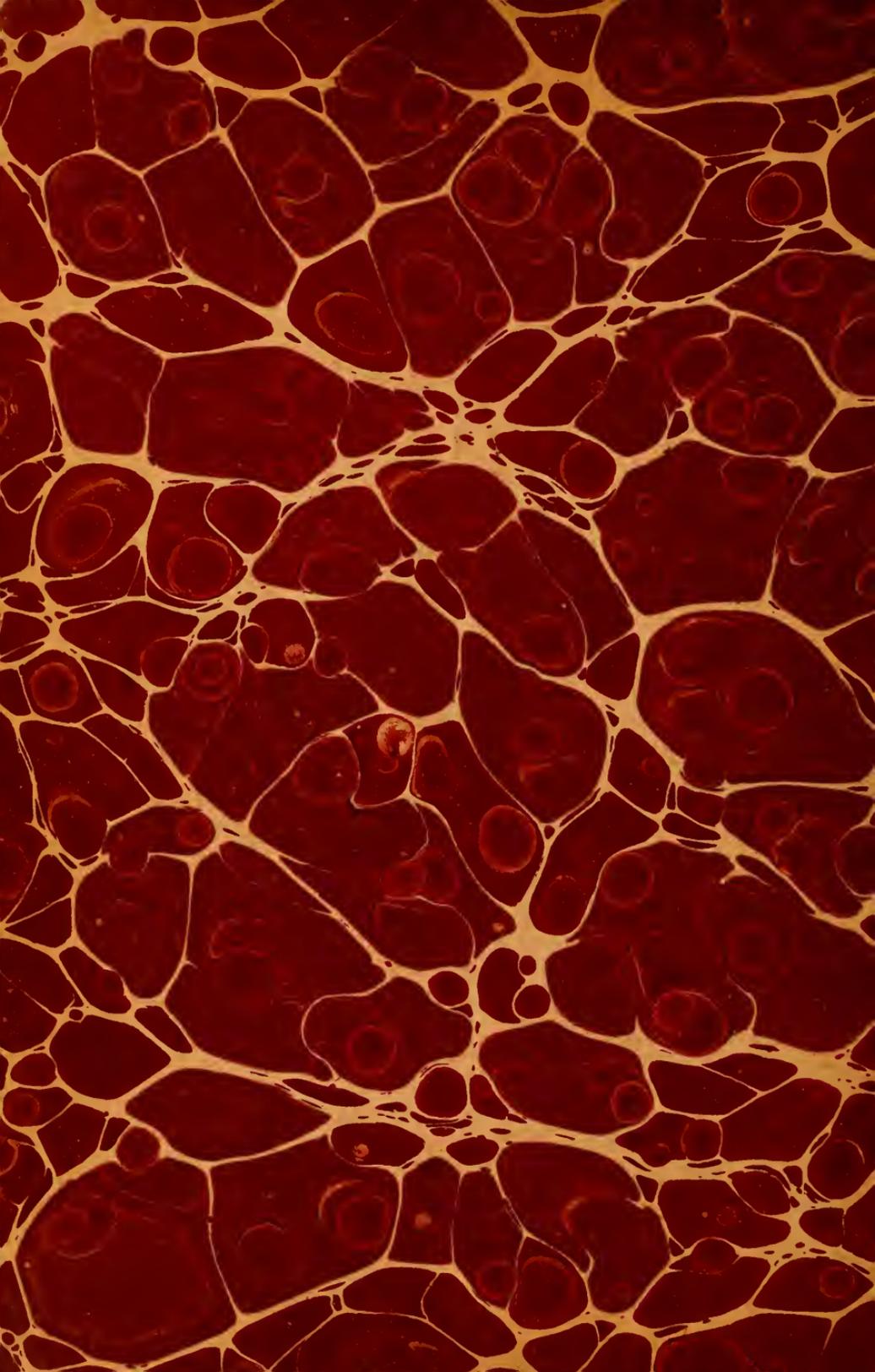
Waukrife, not apt to sleep.

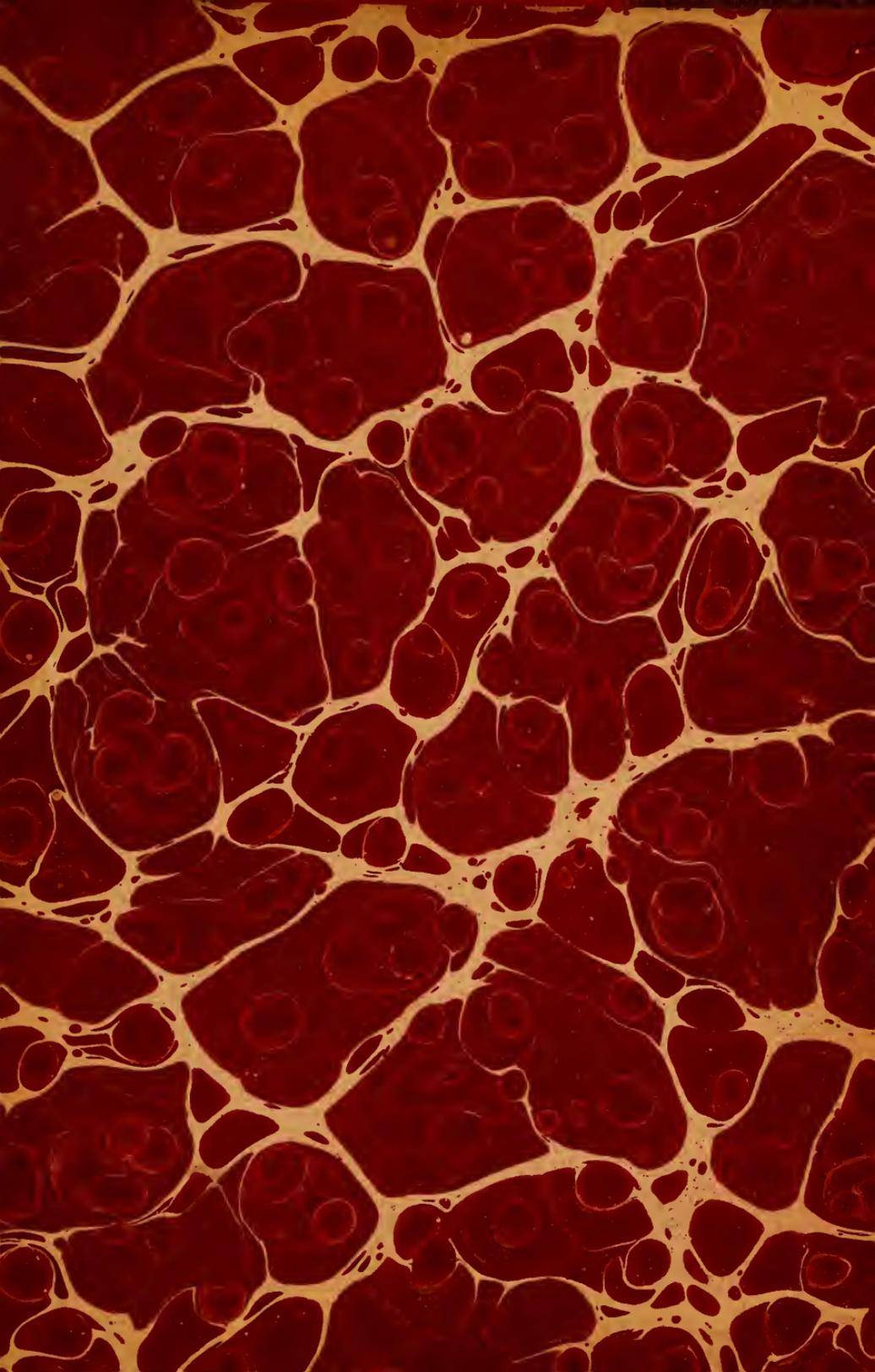
- Waar*, worse, to worst.
Waur't, worsted.
Wean, a child.
Weary-widdle, toilsome contest of life.
Weason, weasand, windpipe.
Weaven' the stocking, to knit stockings.
Weeder-clips, instrument for removing weeds.
Wee, little; *wee things*, little ones, *wee bits*, a small matter.
Wel, well, *welfare*, welfare.
Wet, rain, wetness; to wet.
We'se, we shall.
Who, who.
Whaize, to wheeze.
Whalpit, whelped.
Whang, a leathern thong, a piece of cheese, bread, &c.
Where, where; *where'er*, wherever.
Wheep, to fly nimbly, to jerk; penny-wheep, small-beer.
Whase, who's, whose—who is.
Whut reck, nevertheless.
Whid, the motion of a hare running, but not frightened—a lie.
Whidden, running as a hare or coney.
Whigmelceries, whims, faucies, crotchets.
Whilk, which.
Whingin', crying, complaining, fretting.
Whirligiguns, useless ornaments, trifling appendages.
Whistle, a whistle, to whistle.
Whisht, si-nence; *to hold one's whist*, to be silent.
Whisk, *whisket*, to sweep, to lash.
Whiskin' beard, a beard like the whiskers of a cat.
Whiskit, lashed, the motion of a horse's tail removing flies.
Whitter, a hearty draught of liquor.
Whittle, a knife.
Whunstone, a whinstone.
Wi', with.
Wick, to strike a stone in an oblique direction, a term in curling.
Widdifu, twisted like a withy, one who merits banging.
Wiel, a small whirlpool.
Wife-wifkie, a diminutive or endearing name for a wife.
Wight, stout, enduring.
Willyart-glover, a bewildered dismayed stare.
Wimple-womplet, to meander, meandered, to enfold.
Wimplin', waving, meandering.
Win', to wind, to winnow.
Win'in'-thread, putting thread into hanks.
Win't, winded as a bottom of yarn.
Win', wind.
Win, live.
Winna, will not.
Winoock, a window.
Winsome, hearty, vaunted, gay.
Wittle, a staggering motion, to stagger, to reel.
Wiss, to wish.
Withoutin, without.
Wizeened, hide-bound, dried, shrunk.
Wizee, a curse or imprecation.
Wunner, a wonder, a contemptuous appellation.
Woo', wool.
Woo, to court, to make love to.
- Wuddie*, a rope, more properly one of withs or willows.
Woor-bobs, the garter knitted below the knee with a couple of loops.
Wor'dy, worthy.
Worsel, worsted.
Wrack, to tease, to vex.
Wud, wild, mad; *wud-mad*, distracted.
Wumble, a wimble.
Wrath, a spirit, a ghost, an apparition exactly like a living person, whose appearance is said to forbode the person's approaching death; also wrath.
Wrang, wrong, to wrong.
Wreeth, a drifted heap of snow.
Wytiecoat, a flannel vest.
Wyle, blame, to blame.

Y.

- Y'*, this pronoun is frequently used for thou.
Yeans long much.
Yealings, born in the same year, coevals.
Year, is used both for singular and plural, years.
Yell, barreu, that gives no milk.
Yerk, to lash, to jerk.
Yerket, jerked, lashed.
Yestreen, yesternight.
Yett, a gate.
Yout's, itches.
Yll, ale.
Yrd, yirded, earth, earthed, buried.
Yokid', yoking.
Yont, ayont, beyond.
Yorr, lively.
Yowe, an ewe.
Yowie, diminutive of *yowe*.
Yule, Christmas.

THE END.





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