

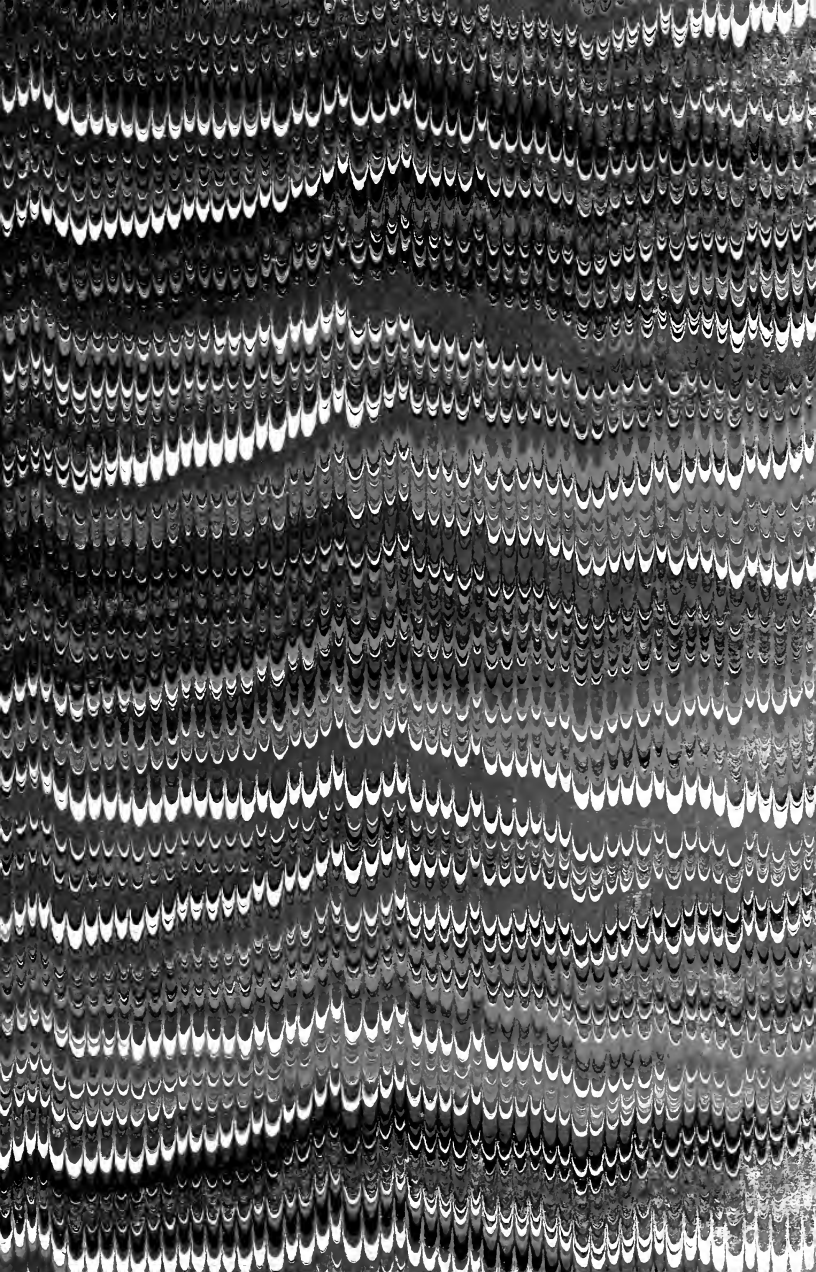


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BURNS'

POEMS

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT BURNS.

ILLUSTRATED.



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MEMOIR OF ROBERT BURNS.

ROBERT BURNS was born on the 25th day of January, 1759, in a small house about two miles from the town of Ayr, and within a few hundred yards of Alloway Church, which his poem of *Tam o' Shanter* has rendered immortal. The name, which the poet and his brother modernized into Burns, was originally Burnes, or Burness. Their father, William Burnes, was the son of a farmer in Kincardineshire, and had received the education common in Scotland to persons in his condition of life; he could read and write, and had some knowledge of arithmetic. His family having fallen into reduced circumstances, he was compelled to leave his home in his nineteenth year, and turned his steps toward the south in quest of a livelihood. He undertook to act as a gardener, and shaped his course to Edinburgh, where he wrought hard when he could obtain employment, passing through a variety of difficulties. From Edinburgh William Burnes passed westward into the county of Ayr, where he engaged himself as a gardener to the laird of Fairly, with whom he lived two years; then changed his service for that of Crawford of Doonside. At length, being desirous of settling in life, he took a perpetual lease of seven acres of land from Dr. Campbell, physician in Ayr, with the view of commencing nurseryman and public gardener, and, having built a house upon it with his own hands, married in December, 1757, Agnes Brown. The first fruit of this marriage was Robert, the subject of these memoirs. Before William Burnes had made much progress in preparing his nursery, he was withdrawn from that undertaking by Mr. Ferguson, who purchased the estate of Doonholm, in the immediate neighbourhood, and engaged him as his gardener and overseer, and this was his situation when our poet was born. When in the service of Mr. Ferguson, he lived in his own house, his wife managing her family, and her little dairy, which consisted of two, sometimes of three milch cows; and this state of unambitious content continued till the year 1766. His son Robert was sent by him, in his sixth year, to a school in Alloway Miln, about a mile distant, taught by a person of the name of Campbell; but this teacher being in a few months appointed master of the workhouse at Ayr, William Burnes, in conjunction with some other heads of families, engaged John Murdoch in his stead. The education of our poet, and of his brother Gilbert, was in common; and whilst under Mr. Murdoch, they learned to read English tolerably well, and to write a little. He also taught them the elements of English grammar, in which Robert made some proficiency—a circumstance which had considerable weight in the unfolding of his genius and character; as he soon became remarkable for the fluency and correctness of his expression, and read the few books that came in his way with much pleasure and improvement.

It appears that William Burnes approved himself greatly in the service of Mr. Ferguson, by his intelligence, industry, and integrity. In consequence of this, with a view of promoting his interest, Mr. Ferguson leased to him the farm of Mount Oliphant, in the parish of Ayr; consisting of upwards of seventy acres (about ninety, English Imperial measure), the rent of which was to be forty pounds annually for the first six years, and afterwards forty-five pounds.

Mr. Ferguson also lent him a hundred pounds to assist in stocking the farm, to which he removed at Whitsuntide, 1766. But this, in place of being of advantage to William Burnes, as it was intended by his former master, was the commencement of much anxiety and distress to the whole family, which is forcibly described by his son, Gilbert, in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop:

“Mount Oliphant, the farm my father possessed in the parish of Ayr, is almost the very poorest soil I know of in a state of cultivation. A stronger proof of this I cannot give, than that, notwithstanding the extraordinary rise in the value of lands in Scotland, it was, after a considerable sum laid out in improving it by the proprietor, let a few years ago five pounds per annum lower than the rent paid for it by my father thirty years ago. My father, in consequence of this, soon came into difficulties, which were increased by the loss of several of his cattle by accidents and disease. To the buffetings of misfortune, we could only oppose hard labour and the most rigid economy. We lived very sparingly. For several years butcher’s meat was a stranger in the house, while all the members of the family exerted themselves to the utmost of their strength, and rather beyond it, in the labours of the farm. My brother, at the age of thirteen, assisted in thrashing the crop of corn, and at fifteen was the principal labourer on the farm, for we had no hired servant, male or female. The anguish of mind we felt at our tender years, under these straits and difficulties, was very great. To think of our father growing old (for he was now above fifty) broken down with the long-continued fatigues of his life, with a wife and five other children, and in a declining state of circumstances; these reflections produced in my brother’s mind and mine sensations of the deepest distress. I doubt not but the hard labour and sorrow of this period of his life, was in a great measure the cause of that depression of spirits with which Robert was so often afflicted through his whole life afterwards. At this time he was almost constantly afflicted in the evenings with a dull headache, which, at a future period of his life, was exchanged for a palpitation of the heart, and a threatening of fainting and suffocation in his bed, in the night-time.

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

Of this frugal, industrious, and good man, the following beautiful character has been given by Mr. Murdoch:—“He was a tender and affectionate father; he took pleasure in leading his children in the path of virtue; not in driving them as some parents do, to the performance of duties to which they themselves are averse. He took care to find fault but very seldom; and therefore, when he did rebuke, he was listened to with a kind of reverential awe. A look of disapprobation was felt; a reproof was severely so; and a stripe with the *taws*, even on the skirt of the coat, gave heartfelt pain, produced a loud lamentation, and brought forth a flood of tears.

“He had the art of gaining the esteem and good-will of those that were labourers under him. I think I never saw him angry but twice: the one time it was with the foreman of the band, for not reaping the field as he was desired; and the other time it was with an old man, for using smutty innuendoes and *double entendres*. Were every foul-mouthed old man to receive a seasonable

check in this way, it would be to the advantage of the rising generation. As he was at no time overbearing to inferiors, he was equally incapable of that passive, pitiful, paltry spirit, that induces some people to *keep booing and booing* in the presence of a great man. He always treated superiors with a becoming respect; but he never gave the smallest encouragement to aristocratical arrogance. But I must not pretend to give you a description of all the manly qualities, the rational and Christian virtues, of the venerable William Burnes. Time would fail me. I shall only add, that he carefully practised every known duty, and avoided everything that was criminal; or, in the apostle's words, 'Herein did he exercise himself, in living a life void of offence towards God and towards men.' Oh for a world of men of such dispositions! We should then have no wars. I have often wished, for the good of mankind, that it were as customary to honour and perpetuate the memory of those who excel in moral rectitude, as it is to extol what are called heroic actions: then would the mausoleum of the friend of my youth overtop and surpass most of the monuments I see in Westminster Abbey!"

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

The gayety of many of Burns' writings, and the lively and even cheerful colouring with which he has portrayed his own character, may lead some persons to suppose, that the melancholy which hung over him towards the end of his days was not an original part of his constitution. It is not to be doubted, indeed, that this melancholy acquired a darker hue in the progress of his life; but, independent of his own and of his brother's testimony, evidence is to be found among his papers that he was subject very early to those depressions of mind, which are perhaps not wholly separable from the sensibility of genius, but which in him rose to an uncommon degree.

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

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

The society of Mauchline still subsists, and was in the list of subscribers to the first edition of the works of its celebrated associate.

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

The whole course of the Ayr is fine; but the banks of that river, as it bends to the eastward above Mauchline, are singularly beautiful, and they were frequented, as may be imagined, by our poet in his solitary walks. Here the muse often visited him.

At this time Burns' prospects in life were so extremely gloomy, that he had decided upon going out to Jamaica, and had procured the situation of overseer on an estate belonging to Dr. Douglas; not, however, without lamenting, that want of patronage should force him to think of a project so repugnant to his feelings, when his ambition aimed at no higher object than the station of an exciseman or gauger in his own country. But the situation in which he was now placed cannot be better illustrated than by introducing the letter which he wrote to Dr. Moore, giving an account of his life up to this period. "As it was never intended to see the light: elegance, or perfect correctness of composition,

will not be expected. These however, will be compensated by the opportunity of seeing our poet, as he gives the incidents of his life, unfold the peculiarities of his character with all the careless vigor and open sincerity of his mind.

“SIR :

MAUCHLINE, 2d August, 1787.

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

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

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

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

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

“My father was of the north of Scotland, the son of a farmer, and was thrown by early misfortunes on the world at large; where, after many years’ wanderings and sojournings, he picked up a pretty large quantity of observation and experience, to which I am indebted for most of my pretensions to wisdom. I have met with few who understood *men, their manners, and their ways*, equal to him; but stubborn, ungainly integrity, and headlong, ungovernable irascibility, are disqualifying circumstances; consequently, I was born a very poor man’s son. For the first six or seven years of my life, my father was gardener to a worthy gentleman of small estate in the neighborhood of Ayr. Had he continued in that station, I must have marched off to be one of the little underlings about a farm house; but it was his dearest wish and prayer to have it in his power to keep his children under his own eye till they could discern between good and evil; so, with the assistance of his generous master, my father ventured on a small farm on his estate. At those years I was by no means a favourite with anybody. I was a good deal noted for a retentive memory, a stubborn sturdy something in my disposition, and an enthusiastic idiot piety. I say *idiot piety*, because I was then but a child. Though it cost the schoolmaster some thrashings, I made an excellent English scholar; and by the time I was ten or eleven years of age, I was a critic in substantives, verbs, and participles. In my infant and boyish days, too, I owed much to an old woman who resided in the family, remarkable for her ignorance, credulity, and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, deadlights, wraiths, apparitions, cantraps, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery. This cultivated the

latent seeds of poetry; but had so strong an effect on my imagination, that to this hour, in my nocturnal rambles, I sometimes keep a sharp look-out in suspicious places; and though nobody can be more skeptical than I am in such matters, yet it often takes an effort of philosophy to shake off these idle terrors. The earliest composition that I recollect taking pleasure in was *The Vision of Mirza*, and a hymn of Addison's, beginning 'How are thy servants blessed, O Lord!' I particularly remember one half-stanza, which was music to my boyish ear—

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

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

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

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

"This kind of life—the cheerless gloom of a hermit, with the unceasing moil

of a galley-slave, brought me to my sixteenth year: a little before which period I first committed the sin of rhyme. You know our country custom of coupling a man and woman together as partners in the labours of the harvest. In my fifteenth autumn, my partner was a bewitching creature a year younger, than myself. My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language, but you know the Scottish idiom—she was a *bonnie, sweet, sounsie lass*. In short, she, altogether unwittingly to herself, initiated me into that delicious passion, which, in spite of acid disappointment, gin-horse prudence, and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys, our dearest blessing here below! How she caught the contagion, I cannot tell: you medical people talk much of infection from breathing the same air, the touch, &c. ; but I never expressly said I loved her. Indeed, I did not know myself why I liked so much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from our labours; why the tones of her voice made my heart-strings thrill like an Æolian harp; and particularly why my pulse beat such a furious rattan when I looked and fingered over her little hand to pick out the cruel nettle-stings and thistles. Among her other love-inspiring qualities, she sung sweetly; and it was her favourite reel to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme. I was not so presumptuous as to imagine that I could make verses like printed ones, composed by men who had Greek and Latin; but my girl sung a song, which was said to be composed by a small country laird's son, on one of his father's maids, with whom he was in love! and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he: for, excepting that he could smear sheep, and cast peats, his father living in the moorlands, he had no more school-craft than myself.

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

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

“In my seventeenth year, to give my manners a brush, I went to a country dancing-school.—My father had an unaccountable antipathy against these meetings; and my going was, what to this moment I repent, in opposition to his wishes. My father, as I said before, was subject to strong passions; from

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

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

sines and *co-sines* for a few days more ; but stepping into the garden one charming noon to take the sun's altitude, there I met my angel,

Like Proserpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower.—

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

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

“ My life flowed on much in the same course till my twenty-third year. *Vive l'amour, et vive la bagatelle*, were my sole principles of action. The addition of two more authors to my library gave me great pleasure ; Sterne and M'Kenzie—*Tristram Shandy* and *The Man of Feeling*—were my bosom favourites. Poesy was still a darling walk for my mind : but it was only indulged in according to the humour of the hour. I had usually half a dozen or more pieces in hand ; I took up one or the other, as it suited the momentary tone of the mind, and dismissed the work as it bordered on fatigue. My passions, when once lighted up, raged like so many devils till they got vent in rhyme ; and then the conning over my verses, like a spell, soothed all into quiet. None of the rhymes of those days are in print, except, *Winter, a Dirge*, the eldest of my printed pieces ; *The Death of Poor Mailie, John Barleycorn*, and songs, first, second, and third. Song second was the ebullition of that passion which ended the forementioned school business.

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

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

“ From this adventure, I learned something of a town life ; but the principal thing which gave my mind a turn was a friendship I formed with a young fellow, a very noble character, but a hapless son of misfortune. He was a son of a simple mechanic ; but a great man in the neighbourhood taking him under his patronage, gave him a genteel education, with a view of bettering

his situation in life. The patron dying just as he was ready to launch out into the world, the poor fellow in despair went to sea; where, after a variety of good and ill fortune, a little before I was acquainted with him, he had been set ashore by an American privateer, on the wild coast of Connaught, stripped of everything. I cannot quit this poor fellow's story without adding, that he is at this time master of a large West-Indiaman, belonging to the Thames.

"His mind was fraught with independence, magnanimity, and every manly virtue. I loved and admired him to a degree of enthusiasm, and of course strove to imitate him. In some measure I succeeded; I had pride before, but he taught it to flow in proper channels. His knowledge of the world was vastly superior to mine, and I was all attention to learn. He was the only man I ever saw who was a greater fool than myself, where woman was the presiding star; but he spoke of illicit love with the levity of a sailor, which hitherto I had regarded with horror. - Here his friendship did me a mischief, and the consequence was, that soon after I resumed the plough, I wrote the *Poet's Welcome*.^{*} My reading only increased, while in this town, by two stray volumes of *Pamela*, and one of *Ferdinand Count Fathom*, which gave me some idea of novels. Rhyme, except some religious pieces that are in print, I had given up; but meeting with *Fergusson's Scottish Poems*, I strung anew my wildly-sounding lyre with emulating vigour. When my father died, his all went among the hell-hounds that growl in the kennel of justice; but we made a shift to collect a little money in the family among us, with which, to keep us together, my brother and I took a neighbouring farm. My brother wanted my hair-brained imagination, as well as my social and amorous madness; but, in good sense, and every sober qualification, he was far my superior.

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

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

^{*} Rob the Rhymer's Welcome to his Bastard Child.

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

Hungry ruin had me in the wind.

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

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

Burns set out for Edinburgh in the month of November, 1786, and arrived on the second day afterwards, having performed his journey on foot. He was furnished with a letter of introduction to Dr. Blacklock from Mr. Laurie, to whom the Doctor had addressed the letter which has been represented as the immediate cause of his visiting the Scottish metropolis. He was acquainted with Mr. Stewart, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University, and had been entertained by that gentleman at Catrine, his estate in Ayrshire. He had been introduced by Mr. Alexander Dalziel to the Earl of Glencairn, who had expressed his high approbation of his poetical talents. He had friends, therefore, who could introduce him into the circles of literature, as well as of fashion, and his own manners and appearance exceeding every expectation that could have been formed of them, he soon became an object of general curiosity and admiration.

The scene that opened on our bard in Edinburgh was altogether new, and in a variety of other respects highly interesting, especially to one of his disposition of mind. To use an expression of his own he found himself “suddenly

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

From the men of letters in general, his reception was particularly flattering.

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

Burns entered into several parties of this description, with the usual vehemence of his character. His generous affections, his ardent eloquence, his brilliant and daring imagination, fitted him to be the idol of such associations; and accustoming himself to conversation of unlimited range, and to festive indulgences that scorned restraint, he gradually lost some portion of his relish for the more pure, but less poignant pleasures, to be found in the circles of taste, elegance and literature. The sudden alteration in his habits of life operated on him physically as well as morally. The humble fare of an Ayrshire peasant he had exchanged for the luxuries of the Scottish metropolis, and the effects of this change on his ardent constitution could not be inconsiderable. But whatever influence might be produced on his conduct, his excellent understanding suffered no corresponding debasement. He estimated his friends and associates of every description at their proper value, and appreciated his own conduct with a precision that might give scope to much curious and melancholy reflection. He saw his danger, and at times formed resolutions to guard against it; but he had embarked on the tide of dissipation, and was borne along its stream.

By the new edition of his poems, Burns acquired a sum of money that enabled him not only to partake of the pleasures of Edinburgh, but to gratify a desire he had long entertained, of visiting those parts of his native country most attractive by their beauty or their grandeur; a desire which the return of summer naturally revived. The scenery of the banks of the Tweed, and of its tributary streams, strongly interested his fancy; and, accordingly, he left Edinburgh on the 6th of May, 1787, on a tour through a country so much celebrated in the rural songs of Scotland. He travelled on horseback, and was accompanied, during some part of his journey, by Mr. Ainslie, writer to the signet, a gentleman who enjoyed much of his friendship and his confidence.

Having spent three weeks in exploring the interesting scenery of the Tweed, the Jed, the Teviot, and other border districts, Burns crossed over into Northumberland. Mr. Kerr and Mr. Hood, two gentlemen with whom he had become acquainted in the course of his tour, accompanied him. He visited Alnwick Castle, the princely seat of the Duke of Northumberland; the hermitage and old castle of Warkworth; Morpeth, and Newcastle. In this town he spent two days, and then proceeded to the southwest by Hexham and Wardrue, to Carlisle. After spending a day at Carlisle with his friend Mr. Mitchell, he returned into Scotland by way of Annan.

Of the various persons with whom he became acquainted in the course of this journey, he has, in general, given some account, and almost always a favourable one. From Annan, Burns proceeded to Dumfries, and thence through Sanquhar, to Mossgiel, near Mauchline, in Ayrshire, where he arrived about the 8th of June, 1787, after a long absence of six busy and eventful months. It will easily be conceived with what pleasure and pride he was received by his mother, his brothers and sisters. He had left them poor, and comparatively friendless; he returned to them high in public estimation, and easy in his circumstances. He returned to them unchanged in his ardent affections, and ready to share with them, to the uttermost farthing, the pittance that fortune had bestowed.

Having remained with them a few days, he proceeded again to Edinburgh, and immediately set out on a journey to the Highlands.

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

The different journeys already mentioned did not satisfy the curiosity of Burns. About the beginning of September he again set out from Edinburgh, on a more extended tour to the Highlands, in company with Mr. Nicol, with whom he had contracted a particular intimacy, which lasted during the remainder of his life. Mr. Nicol was of Dumfriesshire, of a descent equally humble with our poet. Like him he rose by the strength of his talents, and fell by the strength of his passions. He died in the summer of 1797. Having received the elements of a classical instruction at his parish school, Mr. Nicol made a very rapid and singular proficiency; and by early undertaking the office of an instructor himself, he acquired the means of entering himself at the University of Edinburgh. There he was first a student of theology, then a student of medicine, and was afterwards employed in the assistance and instruction of graduates in medicine, in those parts of their exercises in which the Latin language is employed. In this situation he was the contemporary and rival of the celebrated Dr. Brown, whom he resembled in the particulars of his history, as well as in the leading features of his character. The office of assistant-teacher in the High-School being vacant, it was as usual filled up by competition; and in the face of some prejudices, and perhaps of some well-founded objections, Mr. Nicol, by superior learning, carried it from all the other candidates. This office he filled at the period of which we speak.

Mr. Nicol and our poet travelled in a post-chaise, which they engaged for the journey, and passing through the heart of the Highlands, stretched northwards about ten miles beyond Inverness. There they bent their course eastward, across the island, and returned by the shore of the German Sea to Edinburgh. In the course of this tour, they visited a number of remarkable scenes, and the imagination of Burns was constantly excited by the wild and sublime scenery through which he passed.

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

turned his back on Gordon Castle; where he had promised himself some happy days.

Burns remained at Edinburgh during the greater part of the winter, 1787-8, and again entered into the society and dissipation of that metropolis.

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

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

It was not convenient for Mrs. Burns to remove immediately from Ayrshire, and our poet therefore took up his residence alone at Ellisland, to prepare for the reception of his wife and children, who joined him towards the end of the year.

The situation in which Burns now found himself was calculated to awaken reflection. The different steps he had of late taken were in their nature highly important, and might be said to have, in some measure, fixed his destiny. He had become a husband and a father; he had engaged in the management of a considerable farm, a difficult and labourious undertaking; in his success the happiness of his family was involved; it was time, therefore, to abandon the gaiety and dissipation of which he had been too much enamoured; to ponder seriously on the past, and to form virtuous resolutions respecting the future.

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

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

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

Besides his duties in the Excise and his social pleasures, other circumstances interfered with the attention of Burns to his farm. He engaged in the formation of a society for purchasing and circulating books among the farmers of his neighbourhood, of which he undertook the management; and he occupied himself occasionally in composing songs for the musical work of Mr. Johnson, then in the course of publication. These engagements, useful and honourable in themselves, contributed, no doubt, to the abstraction of his thoughts from the business of agriculture.

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

Hitherto Burns, though addicted to excess in social parties, had abstained from the habitual use of strong liquors, and his constitution had not suffered any permanent injury from the irregularities of his conduct. In Dumfries, temptations to "the sin that so easily beset him" continually presented themselves; and his irregularities grew by degrees into habits. These temptations unhappily occurred during his engagements in the business of his office, as well as during his hours of relaxation; and though he clearly foresaw the consequence of yielding to them, his appetites and sensations, which could not pervert the dictates of his judgment, finally triumphed over the powers of his will.

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

Burns had entertained hopes of promotion in the Excise; but circumstances occurred which retarded their fulfilment, and which, in his own mind, destroyed all expectation of their being ever fulfilled.

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

From October, 1795, to the January following, an accidental complaint confined him to the house. A few days after he began to go abroad, he dined at a tavern, and returned about three o'clock in a very cold morning, benumbed and intoxicated. This was followed by an attack of rheumatism, which confined him about a week. His appetite now began to fail: his hand shook, and

his voice faltered on any exertion or emotion. His pulse became weaker and more rapid, and pain in the larger joints, and in the hands and feet, deprived him of the enjoyment of refreshing sleep. Too much dejected in his spirits, and too well aware of his real situation to entertain hopes of recovery, he was ever musing on the approaching desolation of his family, and his spirits sunk into a uniform gloom.

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

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

The death of Burns made a strong and general impression on all who had interested themselves in his character, and especially on the inhabitants of the town and country in which he had spent the latter years of his life. The Gentlemen-Volunteers of Dumfries determined to bury their illustrious associate with military honours, and every preparation was made to render this last service solemn and impressive. The Fencible Infantry of Angushshire, and the regiment of cavalry of the Cinque Ports, at that time quartered in Dumfries, offered their assistance on this occasion; the principal inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood determined to walk in the funeral procession; and a vast concourse of persons assembled, some of them from a considerable distance, to witness the obsequies of the Scottish Bard. On the evening of the 25th of July, the remains of Burns were removed from his house to the Town Hall, and the funeral took place on the succeeding day. A party of the Volunteers, selected to perform the military duty in the churchyard stationed themselves in the front of the procession with their arms reversed; the main body of the corps surrounded and supported the coffin, on which were placed the hat and sword of their friend and fellow-soldier; the numerous body of attendants ranged themselves in the rear; while the Fencible regiments of infantry and cavalry lined the streets from the Town Hall to the burial-ground in the Southern churchyard, a distance of more than half a mile. The whole procession moved forward to that sublime and affecting strain of music, the *Dead March* in Saul; and three volleys fired over his grave marked the return of Burns to his parent earth! The spectacle was in a high degree grand and solemn, and according with the general sentiments of sympathy and sorrow which the occasion had called forth.

It was an affecting circumstance, that, on the morning of the day of her husband's funeral, Mrs. Burns was undergoing the pains of labour, and that during the solemn service we have just been describing, the posthumous son of our poet was born. This infant boy, who received the name of Maxwell, was not destined to a long life. He has already become an inhabitant of the same grave with his celebrated father.

The sense of his poverty, and of the approaching distress of his infant family, pressed heavily on Burns as he lay on the bed of death. Yet he alluded to his

indigence, at times, with something approaching to his wonted gayety.—“What business,” said he to Dr. Maxwell, who attended him with the utmost zeal, “has a physician to waste his time on me? I am a poor pigeon not worth plucking. Alas! I have not feather enough upon me to carry me to my grave.” And when his reason was lost in delirium, his ideas ran in the same melancholy train; the horrors of a jail were continually present to his troubled imagination, and produced the most affecting exclamations.

On the death of Burns, the inhabitants of Dumfries and its neighbourhood opened a subscription for the support of his wife and family. The subscription was extended to other parts of Scotland, and of England also, particularly London and Liverpool. By this means a sum was raised amounting to seven hundred pounds, and thus the widow and children were rescued from immediate distress, and the most melancholy of the forebodings of Burns happily disappointed.

Burns, as has already been mentioned, was nearly five feet ten inches in height, and a form that indicated agility as well as strength. His well-raised forehead, shaded with black curling hair, indicated extensive capacity. His eyes were large, dark, full of ardour and intelligence. His face was well formed; and his countenance uncommonly interesting and expressive. The tones of his voice happily corresponded with the expression of his features, and with the feelings of his mind. When to these endowments are added a rapid and distinct apprehension, a most powerful understanding, and a happy command of language—of strength as well as brilliancy of expression—we shall be able to account for the extraordinary attractions of his conversation—for the sorcery which, in his social parties, he seemed to exert on all around him. In the company of women this sorcery was more especially apparent. Their presence charmed the fiend of melancholy in his bosom, and awoke his happiest feelings; it excited the powers of his fancy, as well as the tenderness of his heart; and, by restraining the vehemence and the exuberance of his language, at times gave to his manners the impression of taste, and even of elegance, which in the company of men they seldom possessed. This influence was doubtless reciprocal.



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THE
 POETICAL WORKS
 OF
 ROBERT BURNS.

TRAGIC FRAGMENT.

The following lines are thus introduced by Burns in one of his manuscripts, printed in "Cromek's Reliques:"—"In my early years nothing less would serve me than courting the tragic muse. I was, I think, about eighteen or nineteen when I sketched the outlines of a tragedy, forsooth; but the bursting of a cloud of family misfortunes, which had for some time threatened us, prevented my further progress. In those days I never wrote down anything; so, except a speech or two, the whole has escaped my memory. The above, which I most distinctly remember, was an exclamation from a great character—great in occasional instances of generosity, and daring at times in villainies. He is supposed to meet with a child of misery, and exclaims to himself, as in the words of the fragment" :—

ALL devil as I am, a damnèd wretch,
 A harden'd, stubborn, unrepenting villain,
 Still my heart melts at human wretchedness ;
 And with sincere, though unavailing sighs,
 I view the helpless children of distress.
 With tears indignant I behold the oppressor [tion,
 Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction,
 Whose unsubmitting heart was all his crime.
 Even you, ye helpless crew, I pity you ;
 Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity ; [bonds,
 Ye poor, despised, abandon'd vagabonds,
 Whom vice, as usual, has turn'd o'er to ruin.

—Oh, but for kind, though ill-requited, friends, [lorn,
 I had been driven forth like you for-
 The most detested, worthless wretch
 among you !
 O injured God ! Thy goodness has en-
 dow'd me [peers,
 With talents passing most of my com-
 Which I in just proportion have abused
 As far surpassing other common vil-
 lains,
 As Thou in natural parts hadst given
 me more.

THE TORBOLTON LASSES.

The two following poems, written at different times, give a list of the eligible damsels in the poet's neighborhood :—

If ye gae up to yon hill-tap,
 Ye'll there see bonny Peggy ;
 She kens her faither is a laird,
 And she forsooth's a leddy.
 There Sophy ticht, a lassie bright,
 Besides a handsome fortune :
 Wha canna win her in a night,
 Has little art in courting.
 Gae down by Faile, and taste the ale,
 And tak a look o' Mysie ;
 She's dour¹ and din, a deil within,
 But aiblins² she may please ye.

¹ Obstinate.

² Perhaps.

If she be shy, her sister try,
 Ye'll maybe fancy Jenny,
 If ye'll dispense wi' want o' sense—
 She kens hersel she's bonny.
 As ye gae up by yon hillside,
 Speer¹ in for bonny Bessy;
 She'll gie ye a beck,² and bid ye licht,
 And handsomely address ye.
 There's few sae bonnie, nane sae guid,
 In a' King George' Dominion;
 If ye should doubt the truth o' this—
 It's Bessy's ain opinion.

IN Torbolton, ye ken, there are proper
 young men,
 And proper young lassies and a', man;
 But ken ye the Ronalds that live in the
 Bennals, [man,
 They carry the gree³ frae them a',
 Their father's a laird, and weel he can
 spare 't, [man,
 Braid money to tocher⁴ them a',
 To proper young men, he'll clink in the
 hand
 Gow d guineas a hunder or twa, man.

There's ane they ca' Jean, I'll warrant
 ye've seen
 As bonny a lass or as braw, man;
 But for sense and guid taste she'll vie
 wi' the best, [man.
 And a conduct that beautifies a',
 The charms o' the min', they langer
 they shine, [man;
 The mair admiration they draw,
 While peaches and cherries, and roses
 and lilies,
 They fade and they wither awa, man.

If ye be for Miss Jean, tak this frae a
 frien',
 A hint o' a rival or twa, man,
 The Laird o' Blackbyre wad gang
 through the fire,
 If that wad entice her awa, man.

The Laird o' Braehead has been on his
 speed, [man;
 For mair than a towmond⁵ or twa,
 The Laird o' the Ford will straught on
 a board,⁶
 If he canna get her at a', man.

Then Anna comes in, the pride o' her
 kin,
 The boast of our bachelors a', man;
 Sae sonsy⁷ and sweet, sae fully com-
 plete,
 She steals our affections awa, man.

If I should detail the pick and the
 wale⁸
 O' lasses, that live here awa, man,
 The fault wad be mine, if they didna
 shine, [man.
 The sweetest and best o' them a',

I lo'e her mysel, but darena weel tell,
 My poverty keeps me in awe, man,
 For making o' rhymes, and working at
 times.
 Does little or naething at a', man.

Yet I wadna choose to let her refuse,
 Nor hae't in her power to say na,
 man; [scure,
 For though I be poor, unnoticed, ob-
 My stomach's as proud as them a',
 man.

Though I canna ride in weel booted
 pride, [man,
 And flee o'er the hills like a' craw,
 I can haud up my head with the best o'
 the breed,
 Though fluttering ever so braw, man.

My coat and my vest, they are Scotch
 o' the best, [man,
 O' pairs o' guid breeks I hae twa,
 And stockings and pumps to put on my
 stumps, [man.
 And ne'er a wrang steek in them a',

My sarks⁹ they are few, but five o'
 them new, [man,
 Twal' hundred,¹⁰ as white as the snaw,
 A ten-shilling hat, a Holland cravat:
 There are no mony poets sae braw,
 man.

I never had frien's weel stockit in
 means,
 To leave me a hundred or twa, man;
 Nae weel-tocher'd aunts, to wait on:
 their drants,¹¹
 And wish them in hell for it a', man,

¹ Ask or call. ² Bow. ³ Palm. ⁴ Portion.
⁵ Twelvemonth. ⁶ Die and be stretched on
 a board.

⁷ Comely. ⁸ Choice.
⁹ Shirts. ¹⁰ A kind of cloth. ¹¹ Humors.

I' never was cannie¹² for hoarding o' money,
Or clauthtin't¹³ together at a' man,
I've little to spend, and naething to lend,
But deevil a shilling¹⁴ I awe, man.

WINTER.

A DIRGE.

Winter: a Dirge," was copied into Burns's Commonplace Book in April, 1784, and pre-faced with the following reflections:—"As I am what the men of the world, if they knew such a man, would call a whimsical mortal, I have various sources of pleasure and enjoyment, which are in a manner peculiar to myself, or some here and there such out-of-the-way person. Such is the peculiar pleasure I take in the season of Winter more than the rest of the year. This, I believe, may be partly owing to my misfortunes giving my mind a melancholy cast: but there is something even in the

'Mighty tempest, and the heavy waste,
Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,'

which raises the mind to a serious sublimity favorable to everything great and noble. There is scarcely any earthly object gives me more—I do not know if I should call it pleasure—but something which exalts me—something which enraptures me—than to walk in the sheltered side of a wood, or high plantation, in a cloudy winter-day, and hear the stormy wind howling among the trees and raving over the plain. It is my best season for devotion: my mind is wrapt up in a kind of enthusiasm to Him, who, in the pompous language of the Hebrew bard, 'walks on the wings of the wind.' In one of these seasons, just after a train of misfortunes, I composed the following:—"

THE wintry west extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blow; [forth
Or, the stormy north sends driving
The blinding sleet and snow: [down,
While tumbling brown, the burn comes
And roars frae bank to brae;
And bird and beast in covert rest,
And pass the heartless day.

"The sweeping blast, the sky o'er-cast,"*
The joyless winter-day,
Let others fear, to me more dear
Than all the pride of May:

¹² Careful. ¹³ Gathering greedily. ¹⁴ Owe.
* Dr. Young.

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
Those woes of mine fulfil,
Here, firm, I rest, they must be best,
Because they are Thy will!
Then all I want (oh, do Thou grant
This one request of mine!)
Since to enjoy Thou dost deny,
Assist me to resign.

A PRAYER,

UNDER THE PRESSURE OF VIOLENT ANGUISH.

In the Commonplace Book already alluded to the following melancholy note accompanies this Poem:—"There was a certain period of my life that my spirit was broken by repeated losses and disasters, which threatened, and indeed effected, the utter ruin of my fortune. My body, too, was attacked by that most dreadful distemper, a hypochondria, or confirmed melancholy. In this wretched state, the recollection of which makes me yet shudder, I hung my harp on the willow trees, except in some lucid intervals, in one of which I composed this Prayer:—"

O THOU great Being! what Thou art
Surpasses me to know:
Yet sure I am, that known to Thee
Are all Thy works below.
Thy creature here before Thee stands,
All wretched and distrest;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey thy high behest.
Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath!
Oh, free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death!
But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design;
Then man my soul with firm resolves,
To bear and not repine!

THE DEATH AND DYING WORDS OF POOR MAILIE.

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE.

(An Unco Mournfu' Tale.)

As Mailie and her lambs thegither
Was ae day nibbling on the tether,

Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,
 And owre she warsled¹ in the ditch;
 There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
 When Hughoc he cam doytin² by,
 Wi' glowering een, and lifted han's,
 Poor Hughoc like a statue stan's; [ed,
 He saw her days were near-hand end-
 But, waes my heart! he couldna mend
 it!

He gapèd wide, but naething spak—
 At length poor Mailie silence brak:—

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

Tell him, if e'er again he keep
 As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
 Oh, bid him never tie them mair
 Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair!
 But ca' them out to park or hill,
 And let them wander at their will;
 So may his flock increase, and grow
 To scores o' lambs, and packs o' woo!³

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

“Oh, bid him save their harmless
 lives [knives!

Frae³ dogs, and tods, and butchers'
 But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
 Till they be fit to fend themsel;
 And tent them duly, e'en and morn
 Wi' teats o' hay, and rippis o' corn,

“And may they never learn the
 gaets⁴

Of ither vile, wanrestfu'⁵ pets! [steal
 To slink through slaps, and reave and
 At stacks o' peas or stocks o' kail,
 So may they, like their great forbears,
 For mony a year come through the
 shears;

So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
 And bairns greet⁶ for them when
 they're dead. [heir,

“My poor toop-lamb, my son and
 Oh, bid him breed him up wi' care!
 And if he live to be a beast,
 To pit some havins⁷ in his breast!
 And warn him, what I winna name,
 To stay content wi' yowes at hame;
 And no to rin and wear his clouts,*

Like ither menseless,⁸ graceless brutes.

“And neist my yowie, silly thing,
 Guid keep the frae a tether string!
 Oh, may thou ne'er forgather up
 Wi' ony blastit,† moorland toop,
 But aye keep mind to moop and mell,
 Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel!

“And now, my bairns, wi' my last
 breath

I lea'e my blessin' wi' you baith:
 And when you think upo' your mither,
 Mind to be kin' to ane anither.

“Now, honest Hughoc, dinna fail
 To tell my master a' my tale;
 And bid him burn this cursed tether,
 And, for thy pains, thou's get my
 blether.”⁹

This said, poor Mailie turned her head,
 And closed her een amang the dead.

THE ELEGY.

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

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

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

Through a' the toun* she trotted by
 him;
 A lang half-mile she could descry him;
 Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy
 him

She ran wi' speed:
 A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh
 him

Than Mailie dead.
 I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
 And could behave hersel wi' mense:¹⁰

⁸ Senseless. ⁹ Bladder. ¹⁰ Decorum.

a piece of clothing with which rams are cum-
 bered at certain seasons, for a purpose which
 will hardly bear full explanation. Mr. Smith,
 in his recent edition of the poet's works,
 misled by the usual spelling of the word-clouts,
 which means hoofs or feet, and being appar-
 ently ignorant of this custom, robs the allusion
 of all its broad humor.

† A contemptuous term.

* Round the farm.

¹ Struggled. ² Walking Stupidly. ³ From.

⁴ Habits. ⁵ Restless. ⁶ Weep. ⁷ Good sense.

* Clouts, clothes or rags, with reference to

I'll say't, she never brak a fence
Through thievish greed.
Our bardie, lanely, keeps the spence†
Sin Mailie's dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,¹¹
Her living image in yow
Comes bleatin' to him, owre the
knowe,¹²

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

She was nae get o' moorland tips,
Wi' tawted ket,¹³ and hairy hips;
For her forbears were brought in ships
Frae yont the Tweed:

A bonnier flesh ne'er cross'd the clips
Than Mailie dead. [shape

Wae worth the man wha first did
That vile, wanchancie¹⁴ thing—a rape!
It maks guid fellows girn an' gape,†
Wi' chokin' dread;

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

Oh, a' ye bards on bonny Doon!
And wha on Ayr your chanter's tune!
Come, join the melancholious croon
O' Robin's reed!

His heart will never get aboon
His Mailie dead.

O WHY THE DEUCE SHOULD I REPINE.

The following is said to have been written
extempore:—

O WHY the deuce should I repine,
And be an ill foreboder?

I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine—
I'll go and be a sodger.

I gat some gear wi' meikle care,
I held it weel thegither; [mair—
But now it's gane, and something
I'll go and be a sodger.

THE BELLES OF MAUCLINE.

IN Maucline there dwells six proper
young belles, [bourhood a';
The pride o' the place and its neigh-

Their carriage and dress, a stranger
would guess,

In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a'.

Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markham's
divine; [Betty is brow;

Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss
There's beauty and fortune to get wi'
Miss Morton. [them a'.

But Armour's the jewel for me o'

A PRAYER

IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

"This 'Prayer' and the 'Stanzas,' which fol-
low," the poet wrote in his *Commonplace*
Book, "were composed when fainting fits,
and other alarming symptoms of pleurisy
or some other dangerous disorder, which
indeed still threatens me, first put natura
on the alarm. The stanzas are misgivings
in the hour of despondency and prospect of
death. The grand end of human life is to
cultivate an intercourse with that Being to
whom we owe life with every enjoyment:
that renders life delightful."

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

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

Thou know'st that thou hast form'd
me

With passions wild and strong;
And listening to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

Where human weakness has come
short,

Or frailty stept aside,
Do Thou, All-good! for such Thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

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

STANZAS.

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

WHY am I loth to leave this earthly
scene? [charms?

Have I so found it full of pleasing
Some drops of joy with draughts of ill
between; [newing storms

Some gleams of sunshine 'mid re-

¹¹ Dell. ¹² Knoll. ¹³ Matted fleece. ¹⁴ Unlucky.

† Shuts himself up in the parlor with his
sorrow.

‡ Grin and gasp—an allusion to hanging.

Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
 Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark
 abode? [arms;
 For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in
 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; [pray,

Then how should I for heavenly mercy
 Who act so counter heavenly mer-
 cy'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 power assist
 even me, [confine,

Those headlong furious passions to
 For all unfit I feel my powers to be,
 To rule their torrent in the allow'd
 line: [tence Divine.

Oh, aid me with Thy help, Omnipo-

THE FIRST PSALM.

THE man, in life wherever placed,
 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 given them peace and rest,
 But hath decreed that wicked men
 Shall ne'er be truly blest.

THE FIRST SIX VERSES OF THE NINETIETH PSALM.

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

Before the mountains heaved their
 heads

Beneath Thy forming hand,
 Before this ponderous globe itself,
 Arose at Thy command;

That power which raised and still up
 holds

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

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

Thou givest 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 takest them off
 With overwhelming sweep.

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

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ROB ERT RUISSEAU.

This fragment was found by Cromek among
 the poet's manuscripts. Ruisseau—a trans-
 lation of his own name—is French for
 rivulets.

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 fasht him,
 Except the moment that they crusht
 him: [em,
 For sune as chance or fate had hüsht
 Though e'er sae short,
 Then wi' a rhyme or song he lasht 'em,
 And thought it sport.

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

MAUCLINE BELLES.

O' leave novels, ye Mauchline belles !
 Ye'er 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; [brains,
 They heat your veins, and fire your
 [giel.
 And then ye're prey for Rob Moss-

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 hearts of
 steel;
 The frank address and *politesse*
 Are all finesse in Rob Mossgiel.

DEATH AND DR. HORNBOOK.

A TRUE STORY.

* "Death and Dr. Hornbook," says Gilbert Burns, "though not published in the Kilmarnock edition, was produced early in the year 1785. The schoolmaster of Torbolton parish, to eke out the scanty subsistence allowed to that useful class of men, set up a shop of grocery goods. Having accidentally fallen in with some medical books, and become most hobby-horsically attached to the study of medicine, he had added the sale of a few medicines to his little trade. He had got a shop-bill printed, at the bottom of which, overlooking his own incapacity, he had advertised that advice would be given in common disorders, at the shop gratis."

* Rob Mossgiel—Robert Burns of Mossgiel.

Robert was at a mason-meeting in Torbolton, when the dominie made too ostentatious a display of his medical skill. As he parted in the evening from this mixture of pedantry and physic at the place where he describes his meeting with Death, one of those floating ideas of apparitions mentioned in his letter to Dr. Moore crossed his mind; this set him to work for the rest of his way home. These circumstances he related when he repeated the verses to me the next afternoon, as I was holding the plough, and he was letting the water off the field beside me."

The mirth and amusement occasioned by the publication of the poem drove the schoolmaster out of the district, and he became session-clerk of the Gorbals parish, Glasgow, and died there in 1839.

SOME books are lies fra end to end
 And some great lies were never penn'd:
 E'en ministers, they hae been kenn'd,
 In holy rapture,
 A rousing whid¹ at times to vend,
 And nail't wi' Scripture

But this that I am gaun² to tell,
 Which lately on a night befell,
 Is just as true's the deil's in hell
 Or Dublin city:
 That e'er he nearer comes oursel
 'S a muckle pity.

The clachan yill³ had made me canty,
 I wasna fou, but just had plenty; [aye
 I stacher'd⁴ whiles,⁵ but yet took tent
 To free the ditches; [aye
 And hillocks, stanes and bushes kenn'd
 Frae ghaists and witches.

The rising moon began to glower⁶
 The distant Cumnock hills out-owre;
 To count her horns, wi' a' my power,
 I set mysel;
 But whether she had three or four,
 I couldna tell.

I was come round about the hill,
 And todlin'⁷ down on Willie's mill,*
 Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
 To keep me sicker:⁸ [will
 Though leeward whiles, against my
 I took a bicker.⁹

I there wi' something did forgather,
 That put me in an eerie swither,¹⁰

¹ Lie. ² Going. ³ Village ale. ⁴ Staggered. ⁵ Sometimes. ⁶ Stare. ⁷ Pottering. ⁸ Steady. ⁹ Short race. ¹⁰ An uncertain fear.

* Torbolton Mill, then occupied by William Muir, an intimate friend of the Burns family—hence called *Willie's mill*.

An awfu' scythe, out-owre aeshouter,
Clear-dangling, hang;
A three-taed liester¹¹ on the ither
Lay large and lang.

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
The queerest shape that e'er I saw,
For fient a wame¹² it had ava;
And then its shanks,
They weré as thin, as sharp and sma',
As checks o' branks.*

"Guid-een," quo' I; "friend, hae ye
been maw-in',
When ither folk are busy sawin'?"†
It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan',
but naething spak;
At length, says I, "Friend, whare ye
gaun'
Will ye go back?"

It spak right howe,¹³—"My name is
Death; [faith,
But be na fley'd,"¹⁴—Quoth I, "Guid
Ye're maybe come to stap my breath;
But tent me, billie;
I red¹⁵ ye weel, take care o' skaith,¹⁶
See, there's a gully!"¹⁷

"Guid man," quo' he, "put up your
whittle,
I'm no design'd to try its mettle;
But if I did, I wad be kittle¹⁸
To be mislear'd,¹⁹
I wad na mind it, no that spittle
Out-owre my beard."

"Weel, weel!" says I, "a bargain be't;
Come, gies your hand, and sae we're
gree't;
We'll ease our shanks²⁰ and tak a seat—
Come, gies your news;
This while † ye hae been mony a gate,²¹
At mony a house."

"Ay, ay,!" quo' he, and shook his
head,
"It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed

¹¹ A fishspear.

¹² Belly. ¹³ Hollow. ¹⁴ Frightened. ¹⁵ Warn.
¹⁶ Harm. ¹⁷ Clasp-knife. ¹⁸ I might be tempted.
¹⁹ Mischievous. ²⁰ Limbs. ²¹ Road.

* A kind of bridle.

† This encounter happened in seed-time of
1785.—B.

‡ An epidemic fever was then raging in that
country.—B.

Sin' I began to nick the thread
And choke the breath: [bread,
Folk maun do something for their
And sae maun Death.

"Sax thousand years are near hand
fled
Sin' I was to the butchering bred, [laid,
And mony a scheme in vain's been
To stap or scar me;
Till ane Hornbook's ta'en up the trade,
And faith he'll waur mo.

"Ye ken Jock Hornbook i' the clachan,
Deil mak his king's-hood in a spleu-
chan!²² [Buchan §
He's grown sae weel acquaint with
And ither chaps, [laughin',
The weans²³ haud out their fingers
And pouk my hips.²⁴

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

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

"Hornbook was by, wi' ready art,
And had sae fortified the part,
That when I looked to my dart,
It was sae blunt, [heart
Fient haet o't wad hae pierced the
O' a kail-runt.²⁵

"I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
I near-hand cowpit²⁶ wi' my hurry,
But yet the bauld apothecary
Withstood the shock;
I might as weel hae tried a quarry
O' hard whin rock.

"Even them he canna get attendéd,
Although their face he ne'er had kenn'd
it,
Just sh—e in a kail-blade and send it,

²² Tobacco-pouch. ²³ Children. ²⁴ Pluck
at his hams—show their contempt for him.

²⁵ Cabbage-stalk. ²⁶ Tumbled over.

§ Buchan's Domestic Medicine.—B.

As soon's he smells't,
Baith their disease and what will mend
it

At ance he tells't.

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

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

"Forbye some new, uncommon weap-
ons,
Urinus spiritus of capons; [ings,
Or mite-horn shavings, filings, scrap-
Distill'd *per se*;
Salalkali o' midge-tail clippings,
And mony mae."

"Waes me for Johnnie Ged's * hole
noo'."

Quo' I, if that thae news be true!
His braw calf-ward † whare gowans²⁷
grew,

Sae white and bonnie,
Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the pleugh;
'They'll ruin Johnnie!'

The creature grain'd an eldritch²⁸ laugh,
And says, "Ye needna yoke the pleugh,
Kirk-yards will soon be till'd enough,
Tak ye nae fear.

They'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a
sheugh²⁹
In twa-three year.

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

"An honest wabster to his trade,
Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce
weel-bred.

²⁷ Daisies. ²⁸ Uncarthy. ²⁹ Furrow.

* The grave-digger.

† The church-yard had been sometimes used
as an enclosure for calves.

Gat tippence-worth to mend her head
When it was sair;
The wife slade cannie to her bed.
But ne'er spak mair.

"A country laird had ta'en the batts,
Or some curmurring in his guts,
His only son for Hornbook sets,
And pays him well;
The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets,³⁰
Was laird himsel.

"A bonnie lass, ye kenn'd her name,
Some ill-brown drink had hoved her
wame
She trusts hersel, to hide the shame,
In Hornbook's care;
Horn sent her aff to her lang hame,
To hide it there.

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

"But hark! I'll tell you of a plot,
Though dinna ye be speaking o't;
I'll nail the self-conceited sot,
As dead's a herrin';
Neist time we meet, I'll wad a groat,
He's got his fairin'!"³¹

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

THE TWA HERDS; OR, THE HOLY TULZIE.

The Twa Herds were the Rev. John Russell assistant minister of Kilmarnock, and after-wards minister at Stirling, and the Rev. Alexander Moodie, parish minister at Riccarton, two zealous "Auld-Licht" men, members of the clerical party to whom Burns was opposed on all occasions. They had quarrelled over some question of parish boundaries; and in the presbytery, where the question had come up for settlement, they fell foul of each other after the manner of the wicked and ungodly. Mr. Lockhart says:—"There, in the open court, to which the announcement of the discussion had

³⁰ Young ewes.

³¹ Deserts.

drawn a multitude of the country-people, and Burns among the rest, the reverend divines, hitherto sworn friends and associates, lost all command of temper, and abused each other *coram populo*, with a fiery virulence of personal invective such as has long been banished from all popular assemblies wherein the laws of courtesy are enforced by those of a certain unwritten code." Burns seized the opportunity, and in "The Twa Herds" gave his version of the affair. It is only justice to the poet to mention, that he did not include this poem in any of the editions of his works published during his lifetime.

"Blockheads with reason wicked wits
abhor;
But fool with fool is barbarous civil
war." — POPE.

OH, a' ye pious godly flocks,
Weel fed on pastures orthodox,
Wha now will keep you frae the fox,
Or worrying tykes,¹
Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks,²
About the dikes?

The twa best herds in a' the wast,
That e'er gae gospel horn a blast,
These five and twenty simmers past,
Oh! dool to tell,
Hae had a bitter black outcast³
Atween themsel.

O Moodie man, and wordy Russell,
How could you raise so vile a bustle,
Ye'll see how New-Light herds will
whistle,

And think it fine:
The Lord's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle
Sin' I hae min'.

O sirs! whae'er wad hae expeckit,
Your duty ye wad sae negleckit,
Ye wha were ne'er by lairds respeckit,
To wear the plaid,
But by the brutes themselves eleckit,
To be their guide.

What flock wi' Moodie's flock could
rank,

Sae hale and hearty every shank?
Nae poison'd sour Arminian stank
He let them taste.

Frae Calvin's well, aye clear, they
drank,—
Oh, sic a feast!

The thummart,⁴ wil'-cat, brock,⁵ and
tod,⁶

Weel kenn'd his voice through a' the
wood,
He smelt their ilka hole and road,
Baith out and in,
And weel he liked to shed their bluid,
And sell their skin.

What herd like Russell tell'd his tale,
His voice was heard through muir and
dale,
He kenn'd the Lord's sheep, ilka tail,
O'er a' the height,
And saw gin they were sick or hale,
At the first sight.

He fine a mangy sheep could scrub,
Or nobly swing the gospel-club,
And New-Light herds could nicely
drub,
Or pay their skin; [dub,
Could shake them owre the burning
Or heave them in.

Sic twa—oh! do I live to see't,
Sic famous twa should disagree't,
And names like "villain," "hypo-
crite,"

Ilk ither gi'en,
While New-Light herds, wi' laughin'
spite,
Say neither's liein'!

A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld,
There's Duncan,* deep, and Peebles,†
shaul,⁸

But chiefly thou, apostle Auld,‡
We trust in thee,
That thou wilt work them, het and
cauld,
Till they agree.

Consider, sirs, how we're beset,
There's scarce a new herd that we get
But comes frae 'mang that cursèd set
I winna name;
I hope frae heaven to see them yet
In fiery flame.
Dalrymple § has been lang our fae,

⁷ Lying. ⁸ Shallow.

* Dr. Robert Duncan, minister of Dundonald.

† Rev. William Peebles, of Newton-upon Ayr.

‡ Rev. William Auld, minister of Mauchline.

§ Rev. Dr. Dalrymple, one of the ministers of Ayr.

¹ Dogs. ² Stray sheep and old ewes.
³ Quarrel. ⁴ Pole-cat. ⁵ Badger. ⁶ Fox.

M, Gill † has wrought us meikle-wae,
 And that cursed rascal ca'd M'Quhae, †
 And baith the Shaws, **
 That aft hae made us black and blae,
 Wi' vengefu' paws.

Auld Wodrow †† lang has hatched mis-
 chief,
 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 gray-nick quill,
 And that ye'll fin'.

Oh! a' ye flocks o'er a' the hills,
 By mosses, meadows, moors, and fells,
 Come, join your counsel and your skills,
 To cowe the lairds,
 And get the brutes the powers themselfs
 To choose their herds.

Then Orthodoxy yet may prance,
 And Learning in a woody⁹ dance,
 And that fell cur ca'd Common Sense,
 That bites sae sair,
 Be banish'd o'er the sea to France:
 Let him bark there.

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

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER.

The origin of this terrible satire may be briefly told as follows:—Gavin Hamilton, the special friend of the poet, had been denied the benefit of the ordinances of the church, because he was alleged to have made a journey on the Sabbath, and to have made one of his servants take in some potatoes from the garden on another Sunday—hence the allusion to his "kail and potatoes" in

⁹ Halter.

† Rev. William M'Gill, one of the ministers of Ayr.

†† Minister of St. Quivox.

** Dr. Andrew Shaw of Craigie, and Dr. David Shaw of Coylton.

†† Dr. Peter Wodrow, Torbolton.

the poem. William Fisher, one of Mr. Auld's elders, made himself somewhat conspicuous in the case. He was a great pretender to sanctity, and a punctilious stickler for outward observances. Poor man, he unfortunately merited the satire of the poet, as he was a drunkard, and latterly made too free with the church-money in his hands. Returning drunk from Mauchline one night, he fell into a ditch and died from exposure.

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

I bless and praise thy matchless might,
 Whan thousands thou 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,
 Through Adam's cause.

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

Yet I am here a chosen sample,
 To show thy grace is great and ample;
 I'm here a pillar in thy temple,
 Strong as a rock,
 A guide, a buckler, an example,
 To a' thy flock.

O Lord, thou kens what zeal I bear,
 When drinkers drink, and swearers
 swear,
 And singing there, and dancing here,
 Wi' great and sma';
 For I am keepit by thy fear,
 Free frae them a'.

But yet, O Lord! confess I must,
 At times I'm fash'd' wi' fleshy lust;
 And sometimes, too, wi' wardly trust,
 Vile self gets in,

¹ Troubled.

But thou remembers we are dust,
Defiled in sin.

D Lord! yestreen, thou kens, wi' Meg—
Thy pardon I sincerely beg,
Oh, may it ne'er be a livin' plague,
To my dishonor,
And I'll ne'er lift a lawless leg
Again upon her.

Besides, I farther maun avow,
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 fleshy thorn
Beset thy servant e'en and morn,
Lest he owre high and proud should
turn,

'Cause he's sae gifted;
If sae, thy 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'.

And whan we chasten'd him therefore,
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,²
As set the world in a roar

O' laughin' at us;—

Curse thou his basket and his store,
Kail and potatoes.

Lord, hear my earnest cry and prayer
Against the presby'try 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-tongued
Aiken,*

² Disturbance.

* William Aiken, a lawyer, a friend of the poet's.

My very heart ande saul are quakin',
To think how we stood groanin';
shakin',

And spat wi' dread,
While he, wi' hangin' lip and snakin',³
Held up his head.

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

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

EPITAPH ON HOLY WILLIE.

HERE Holy Willie's sair worn clay
Taks up its last abode;
His 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,¹
Till ance ye've heard my story.

Your pity I will not implore,
For pity ye ha nane!
Justice, alas! has gien him o'er,
And mercy's day is gane.

But hear me, sir, deil as ye are,
Look something to your credit;
A coof² like him wad stain your name,
If it were kent ye did it.

TO A MOUSE,

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

"The verses to the 'Mouse' and 'Mountain Daisy,'" Gilbert Burns says, "were composed on the occasions mentioned, and while the author was holding the plough:

³ Sneering. ¹ Little. ² Fool.

I could point out the particular spot where each was composed. Holding the plough was a favorite situation with Robert for poetic compositions, and some of his best verses were produced while he was at that exercise."

"John Blane," says Mr. Chambers, "who was farm-servant at Mossiel at the time of its composition, still (1838) lives at Kilmarnock. He stated to me that he recollected the incident perfectly. Burns was holding the plough, with Blane for his driver, when the little creature was observed running off across the field. Blane, having the *pettle*, or plough-cleaning utensil, in his hand at the moment, was thoughtlessly running after it, to kill it, when Burns checked him, but not angrily, asking what ill the poor mouse had ever done him. The poet then seemed to his driver to grow very thoughtful, and, during the remainder of the afternoon, he spoke not. In the night time he awoke Blane, who slept with him, and, reading the poem which had in the meantime been composed, asked what he thought of the *mouse* now."

WEE, sleekit, cowrin', tim'rous beastie,
Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou needna start awa' sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!¹
I wad be laith, to rin and chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle!²

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

I doubt na, whiles,³ but thou may
thieve; [live!
What then? poor beastie, thou maun
A daimen icker in a thrave*
'S a sma' o' request:
I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,⁴
And never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'!
And naething now to big⁵ a new ane
O' foggage green!
And bleak December's winds ensuin'
Baith snell⁶ and keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
And weary winter comin' fast.

¹ Hurrying run. ² Pattle or Pettle, the plough spade. ³ Sometimes. ⁴ Remainder.

⁵ Build. ⁶ Sharp.

* An ear of corn in a thrave—that is, twenty-four sheaves.

And cozie⁷ here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell.
Till, crash! the cruel coulter past
Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out for a' thy trouble,
But⁸ house or hauld,⁹
To thole¹⁰ the winter's sleety dribble,
And cranreuch¹¹ cauld.

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

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee.
But, och! I backward cast my ee
On prospects drear!
And forward, though I canna see,
I guess and fear.

HALLOWEEN.

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

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

UPON that night, when fairies light
On Cassilis Downans † dance,
Or owre the lays¹, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance;
Or for Colean the route is ta'en,
Beneath the moon's pale beams:

⁷ Comfortable. ⁸ Without. ⁹ Holding. ¹⁰ Endure. ¹¹ Hoar-frost.

¹ Fields.

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

There, up the cove, † to stray and rove,
Among the rocks and streams
To sport that night

Among the bonny winding banks,
Where Doon rins, wimplin', clear,
Where Bruce § ance ruled the martial
ranks,
And shook his Carrick spear,
Some merry, friendly, country-folks,
Together did convene, [stocks,
To burn their nits, and pou² their
And haud their Halloween
Fu' blithe that night.

The lasses feat,³ and cleanly neat,
Mair braw than when there're fine;
Their faces blithe, fu' sweetly kythe,⁴
Hearts leal,⁵ and warm, and kin':
The lads sae trig,⁶ wi' wooer-babs,⁷
Weel knotted on their garten,
Some unco blate,⁸ and some wi' gabs,⁹
Gar lasses' hearts gang startin'
Whiles fast at night.

Then, first and foremost, through the
kail,
Their stocks || maun a' be sought ance;
They steek¹⁰ their een, and graip¹¹ and
wale,¹²
For muckle anes and straught anes.
Poor hav'rel¹³ Will fell aff the drift,
And wander'd through the bow-kail,
And pou't, for want o' better shift,

² Pull. ³ Trim. ⁴ Show. ⁵ True. ⁶ Spruce.
⁷ Double loops. ⁸ Bashful. ⁹ Talk. ¹⁰ Close.
¹¹ Grope. ¹² Choose. ¹³ Half-witted.

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

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

|| 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.—B.

A runt was like a sow-tail,
Sae bow't¹⁴ that night.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or
nane,
They roar and cry a' throu'ther;
The very wee things, todlin',¹⁵ rin,
Wi' stocks out-owre their shouter;
And gif the custoc's sweet or sour.
Wi' joctelegs¹⁶ they taste them;
Syne cozily,¹⁷ aboon the door, [then
Wi' cannie¹⁸ care, they've plac'd
To lie that night.

The lasses staw¹⁹ frae 'mang them a'
To pou their stalks o' corn: *
But Rab slips out, and jinks about,
Behint the muckle thorn:
He gripet Nelly hard and fast;
Loud skirl'd²⁰ a' the lasses;
But her tap-pickle maist was lost,
When kitlin'²¹ in the fause-house †
Wi' him that night.

The auld guidwife's weel-hoordit nits;[†]
Are round and round divided,
And monie lads' and lasses' fates
Are there that night decided:
Some kindle coothie,²² side by side,
And burn thegither trimly;
Some start awa, wi' saucy pride,
And jump out-owre the chimlie
Fu' high that night.

Jean slips in twa wi' tentie ee;
Wha 'twas she wadna tell;
But this is Jock, and this is me,
She says in to hersel: [him,
He bleezed owre her, and she owre
As they wad never mair part;

¹⁴ Crooked. ¹⁵ Tottering. ¹⁶ Clasp-knives.
¹⁷ Comfortably. ¹⁸ Gentle. ¹⁹ Stole. ²⁰ Screamed.
²¹ Cuddling. ²² Agreeably.

* 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.—B.

† 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.—B.

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

Till, fuff! he started up the lum,²³
And Jean had e'en a sair heart
To see't that night.

Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail runt,
Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie;
And Mallie, nae doubt, took the
drunt,²⁴
To be compared to Willie;

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

Nell had the fause-house in her min',
She pits hersel and Rob in;
In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
Till white in ase they're sobbin';
Nell's heart was dancin' at the view,
She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't:
Rob, stowlins, prie'd²⁵ her bonny mou',
Fu' cozie²⁶ in the neuk for't,
Unseen that night.

But Merran sat behint their backs,
Her thoughts on Andrew Bell;
She lea'es them gashin'²⁷ at their cracks,
And slips out by hersel:
She through the yard the nearest taks,
And to the kiln goes then,
And darklins graipit for the bauks,²⁸
And in the blue-clue* throws then,
Right fear't that night.

And aye she win't,²⁹ and aye she swat,
I wat she made nae jaukin',³⁰
Till something held within the pat,
Guid Lord! but she was quakin'!
But whether 'twas the deil himsel,
Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',
Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
She didna wait on talkin'
To spier³¹ that night.

Wee Jenny to her grannie says,

²³ Chimney. ²⁴ Pet. ²⁵ Stealthily kissed.
³⁶ Snugly. ²⁷ Talking. ²⁸ Cross-beams.
²⁹ Winded. ³⁰ Dallying. ³¹ Inquire.

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

"Will ye go wi' me, grannie?
I'll eat the applet at the glass
I gat frae Uncle Johnnie.'
She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,³²
In wrath she was sae vap'rin',
She notice't na, an aizle³³ brunt
Her braw new worsset apron
Out through that night.

"Ye little skelpie-limmer's face!
I daur you try sic sportiu',
As seek the foul thief ony place,
For him to spae³⁴ your fortune,
Nae doubt but ye may get a sight!
Great cause ye hae to fear it;
For mony a ane has gotten a fright,
And lived and died delectet
On sic a night.

"Ae hairst afore the Sherramoor,—
I mind't as weel's yestreen,
I was a gilpey³⁵ then, I'm sure
I wasna past fifteen;
The simmer had been cauld and wat,
And stuff was unco green;
And aye a rantin' kirn³⁶ we gat,
And just on Halloween
It fell that night.

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

Then up gat fechtin' Jamie Fleck,
And he swore by his conscience,

³² Smoke. ³³ Cinder. ³⁴ Foretell.
³⁵ Young Girl. ³⁶ Harvest home.

† 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.—B.

‡ Steal out, unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp-seed, harrying 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 pot thee." Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, "Come after me and shaw thee," that is, show thyself; in which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, "Come after me and harrow thee."—B.

That he could saw hemp-seed a peck;
 For it was a' but nonsense. [pock,
 The auld guidman raight³⁷ down the
 And out a hanfu' gied him;
 Syne bade him slip frae 'mang the folk,
 Some time when nae ane see'd him,
 And try't that night.

He marches through amang the stacks,
 Though he was something sturtin';³⁸
 The graip³⁹ he for a harrow taks,
 And hauls⁴⁰ it at his curpin;⁴¹
 And every now and then he says,
 "Hemp-seed, I saw thee,
 And her that is to be my lass,
 Come after me, and draw thee
 As fast this night."

He whistled up Lord Lennox' march
 To keep his courage cheery;
 Although his hair began to arch,
 He was say fley'd⁴² and eerie:
 Till presently he hears a squeak,
 And then a grane and gruntle;
 He by his shouter gae a keek,
 And tumbled wi' a wintle⁴³
 Out-owre that night.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
 In dreadfu' desperation!
 And young and auld cam runnin' out
 To hear the sad narration;
 He swore 'twas hilchin⁴⁴ Jean M'Craw,
 Or crouchie⁴⁵ Merran Humphie, [a'—
 Till, stop! she trotted through them
 And wha was it but grumphie⁴⁶
 Asteer that night!

Meg fain wad to the barn hae gaen,
 To win three wechts⁴⁷ o' naething;*
 But for to meet the deil her lane,
 She pat but little faith in:

³⁷ Reached. ³⁸ Timorous. ³⁹ Dung-fork.
⁴⁰ Drags. ⁴¹ Rear. ⁴² Frightened. ⁴³ Stagger.
⁴⁴ Haling. ⁴⁵ Crookbacked. ⁴⁶ The pig.
⁴⁷ Corn-baskets.

* 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.—B.

She gies the herd a pickle⁴⁸ nits,
 And two red-cheekit apples,
 To watch, while for the barn she sets,
 In hopes to see Tam Kipples
 That very nicht.

She turns the key wi' cannie⁴⁹ thraw;
 And owre the threshold ventures;
 But first on Sawnie gies a ca'
 Syne bauldly in she enters:
 A ratton rattled up the wa',
 And she cried, Lord, perseve her!
 And ran through midden-hole and a',
 And pray'd wi' zeal and fervour,
 Fu' fast that night;

They hoyt⁵⁰ out Will wi' sair advice;
 They⁵¹ hecht him some fine braw ane;
 It chanced the stack he faddom't thrice†
 Was timmer-propt for thrawin';
 He taks a swirlie,⁵² auld moss-oak,
 For some black grousesome⁵³ carlin;
 And loot a winze,⁵⁴ and drew a stroke,
 Till skin in blypes⁵⁵ cam haulrin'
 Aff's nieves⁵⁶ that night.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
 As canty as a kittlin;
 But, och! that night amang the shaws,⁵⁷
 She got a fearfu' settlin'! [cairn,
 She through the whins,⁵⁸ and by the
 And owre the hill gaed scrievin, [burn†
 Whare three lairds' lands met at a
 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;⁵⁹
 Whyles round a rocky scaur⁶⁰ it strays;
 Whyles in a wiel⁶¹ it dimpl't;

⁴⁸ Few. ⁴⁹ Gentle. ⁵⁰ Urged. ⁵¹ Promised.
⁵² Knotty. ⁵³ Hideous. ⁵⁴ Oath. ⁵⁵ Shreds.
⁵⁶ Hands. ⁵⁷ Woods, ⁵⁸ Gorse. ⁵⁹ Wheeled
⁶⁰ Cliff. ⁶¹ Wood.

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

‡ You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south-running spring or rivulet, where "three lairds' lands meet, and dip your left shirt-sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake; and, 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.—B.

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 and the moon,
 The deil, or else an outler gye,⁶¹
 Gat up and gae a croon:⁶²
 Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool!⁶³
 Near lav'rock-height she jumpit;
 But mist a fit, and in the pool
 Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,
 Wi' a plunge that night.

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
 The luggies three|| are ranged,
 And every time great care is ta'en,
 To see them duly changed:
 Auld Uncle John, wha wedlock joys
 Sin' Mar's year did desire,
 Because he gat the toom⁶⁴ dish thrice,
 He heaved them on the fire
 In wrath that night.

Wi' merry songs, and friendly cracks,
 I wat they didna weary;
 And unco tales, and funny jokes,
 Their sports were cheap and cheery;
 Till butter'd so'ns,[§] wi' fragrant lunt,⁶⁵
 Set a' their gabs⁶⁶ a-sterin';
 Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,⁶⁷
 They parted aff careerin'
 Fu' blythe that night.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A DIRGE.

"Several of the poems," says Gilbert Burns,
 "were produced for the purpose of bring-
 ing forward some favourite sentiment of the

⁶¹ Unhoused heifer. ⁶² Moan. ⁶³ Burst its case. ⁶⁴ Empty. ⁶⁵ Smoke. ⁶⁶ Mouths. ⁶⁷ Spirits.

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

§ SOWENS.—The shell of the corn (called, in the rural districts, shellings) is steeped in water until all the fine meal particles are extracted; the liquid is then strained off, and boiled with milk and butter until it thickens.

author's. He used to remark to me that he could not well conceive a more mortifying picture of human life than a man seeking work. In casting about in his mind how this sentiment might be brought forward, the elegy, 'Man was Made to Mourn,' was composed."

An old Scottish ballad had suggested the form and spirit of this poem. "I had an old grand-uncle," says the poet to Mrs. Dunlop, "with whom my mother lived a while in her girlish years. The good old man was long blind ere he died, during which time his highest enjoyment was to sit down and cry, while my mother would sing the simple old song of 'The Life and Age of Man.'" From the poet's mother, Mr. Cromek procured a copy of this composition; it commences thus:—

"Upon the sixteen hundred year
 Of God and fifty-three
 Frae Christ was born, who bought us dear,
 As writings testify;
 On January the sixteenth day,
 As I did lie alone,
 With many a sigh and sob did say
 Ah! man was made to moan!"

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

"Young stranger, whither wanderest
 thou?"
 Began the reverend sage; [strain,
 "Does thirst of wealth thy step con-
 Or youthful pleasures rage?
 Or haply, prest with cares and woes.
 Too soon thou hast begun
 To wander forth with me to mourn
 The miseries of man.

"The Sun that overhangs yon moors,
 Outspreading far and wide,
 Where hundreds labour to support
 A haughty lordling's pride
 I've seen yon weary winter sun
 Twice forty times return,
 And every 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 is his right,
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn;
Then age and want—oh! ill match'd
pair!—

Show man was made to mourn.

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

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

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

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

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

“O Death! the poor man's dearest
friend—
The kindest and the best!

Welcome the hour my 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!”

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.

Gilbert Burns gives the following distinct account of the origin of this poem:—“Robert had frequently remarked to me 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.’ When Robert had not some pleasure in view in which I was not thought fit to participate, we used frequently to walk together, when the weather was favourable, on the Sunday afternoons—those precious breathing times to the laboring part of the community—and enjoyed such Sundays as would make one regret to see their number abridged. It was in one of these walks that I first had the pleasure of hearing the author repeat ‘The Cotter's Saturday Night.’ I do not recollect to have read or heard anything by which I was more highly electrified. The fifth and sixth stanzas, and the eighteenth, thrilled with peculiar ecstasy through my soul. The cotter, in the ‘Saturday Night,’ is an exact copy of my father in his manners, his family devotion, and exhortations; yet the other parts of the description do not apply to our family. None of us were ‘at service out among the farmers roun.’ Instead of our depositing our ‘sair-won penny-fee’ with our parents, my father laboured hard, and lived with the most rigid economy, that he might be able to keep his children at home, thereby having an opportunity of watching the progress of our young minds, and forming in them early habits of piety and virtue; and from this motive alone did he engage in farming, the source of all his difficulties and distresses.

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

My loved, my honor'd, much-respected
friend!

No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish
end: [and praise:

My dearest meed, a friend's esteem

To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
 The lowly train in life's sequester'd
 scene; [less ways:
 The native feelings strong, the guile-
 What Aiken in a cottage would have
 been; [happier there, I ween!
 Ah! though his worth unknown, far

November chill blows loud wi' angry
 sigh;¹ [close;
 The short'ning winter-day is near a
 The miry beasts retreating frae the
 plough; [their repose;
 The black'ning trains o' craws to
 The toil-worn cotter frae his labour
 goes, [end,
 This night his weekly moil is at an
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and
 his hoes, [spend,
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to
 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 through [noise and glee.
 To meet their dad, wi' flichterin'
 His wee bit ingle, blinking bonnily,
 His clean hearthstane, his thrifty
 wife's smile,
 The lispin infant prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary carking cares be-
 guile, [and his toil.
 And makes him quite forget his labour

Belyve,² the elder bairns come drapping
 in, [roun':
 At service out among the farmers
 Some ca' the plough, some herd, some
 tentie rin
 A cannie errand to a neibor town:
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman
 grown, [her ee,
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in
 Comes hame, perhaps to show a braw
 new gown,
 Or deposit her sair-won penny fee,
 To help her parents dear, if they in
 hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters
 meet, spiers:³
 And each for other's welfare kindly

The social hours, swift-wing'd unnotic-
 ed, fleet; [hears;
 Each tells the uncos⁴ that he sees or
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful
 years;

Anticipation forward points the view.
 The mother, wi' her needle and her
 shears, [the new—
 Gars auld claes look amaisht as weel's
 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.
 Their master's and their mistress's
 command,

The younkers a' are warn'd to obey;
 And mind their labours wi' an eydent⁵
 hand, [jauk⁶ or play:
 And ne'er, though out o' sight, to
 "And oh! be sure to fear the Lord al-
 way! [night!

And mind your duty, duly, morn and
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang
 astray [might:
 Implore His counsel and assisting
 They never sought in vain that sought
 the Lord aright!"

But, hark! a rap comes gently to the
 door, [same,
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the
 Tells how a neibor lad cam o'er the
 moor, [hame.

To do some errands, and convoy her
 The wily mother sees the conscious
 flame [cheek,
 Sparkle in Jenny's ee, and flush her
 Wi' heart-struck anxious care, inquires
 his name, [speak;
 While Jenny hafflins is afraid to
 Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae
 wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him
 ben; [er's eye;
 A strappin' youth; he taks the moth-
 Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
 The father cracks of horses, ploughs,
 and kye. [wi' joy,

The youngster's artless heart o'erflows
 But blate⁷ and lathefu',⁸ scarce can
 weel behave; [spy
 The mother, wi' a woman' wiles, can
 What makes the youth sae bashfu'
 and sae grave;

Weel pleased to think her bairn's re-
 spected like the lave,⁹

¹ Moan.² By and by.³ Inquires.⁴ Strange things. ⁵ Diligent. ⁶ Dally⁷ Bashful. ⁸ Hesitating. ⁹ Other people.

Oh happy love!—where love like this
 is found!— [yond compare!
 Oh heart-felt raptures!—bliss be-
 I've paced much this weary, mortal
 round, [declare—
 And sage experience bids me this
 "If Heaven a draught of heavenly
 pleasure spare,
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest
 pair, [tender tale,
 In other's arms, breathe out the
 Beneath the milk-white thorn, that
 scents the evening gale."
 Is there, in human form, that bears a
 heart, [truth!
 A wretch! a villain! lost to love and
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring
 art, [youth?
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting
 Curse on his perjured arts! dissem-
 bling smooth! [exiled?
 Are honour, virtue, conscience, all
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o'er
 their child? [distraction wild!
 Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their
 But now the supper crowns their sim-
 ple board, [Scotia's food:
 The halesome parritch,¹⁰ chief of
 The soupe¹¹ their only hawkie¹² does
 afford, [her cood:
 That yont the hallan¹³ snugly chows
 The dame brings forth, in complimen-
 tal mood, [kebbuck,¹⁴ fell,¹⁵
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd
 And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it
 guid: [tell,
 The frugal wife, garrulous, will
 How 'twas a towmond¹⁶ auld, sin' lint
 was i' the bell.
 The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious
 face, [wide;
 They, round the ingle, form a circle
 The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal
 grace, [pride;
 The big ha' Bible, ance his father's
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets¹⁷ wearing thin and
 bare; [Zion glide,
 Those strains that once did sweet in

He wales¹⁸ a portion with judicious
 care; [with solemn air,
 And "Let us worship GOD," he says,
 They chant their artless notes in simple
 guise; [noblest aim:
 They tune their hearts, by far the
 Perhaps "Dundee's" wild-warbling
 measures rise, [the name;
 Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of
 Or noble "Elgin" beets the heaven-
 ward flame, [lays:
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy
 Compared with these, Italian trills are
 tame; [raise;
 The tickled ear no heartfelt raptures
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's
 praise.
 The priest-like father reads the sacred
 page, [on high;
 How Abram was the friend of GOD
 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 [cry;
 Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire;
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred
 lyre.
 Perhaps the Christian volume is the
 theme, [was shed;
 How guiltless blood for guilty man
 How HE, who bore in heaven the
 second name, [His head:
 Had not on earth whereon to lay
 How His first followers and servants
 sped; [a land:
 The precepts sage they wrote to many
 How he, who lone in Patmos banish'd,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
 And heard great Bab'lon's doom pro-
 nounced by
 Heaven's command.
 Then kneeling down, to HEAVEN'S
 ETERNAL KING, [band prays:
 The saint, the father, and the hus-
 Hope "springs exulting on triumphant
 wing,"* [future days:
 That thus they all shall meet in
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh or shed the bitter
 tear,

¹⁰ Porridge. ¹¹ Milk. ¹² Cow. ¹³ Porch.
¹⁴ Cheese. ¹⁵ Biting. ¹⁶ Twelvemonth.
¹⁷ Gray temples.

¹⁸ Selects.

* Pope's "Windsor Forest."

Together hymning their Creator's
praise,

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

Compared with this, how poor re-
ligion's pride, [art,

In all the pomp of method and of
When men display to congregations
wide [heart!

Devotion's every grace, except the
The Power, incensed, the pageant will
desert [stole:

The pompous strain, the sacerdotal
But, haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language
of the soul; [enrol.

And in his book of life the inmates poor
Then homeward all take off their sev-
eral way;

The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent-pair their secret homage
pay, [request

And proffer up to heaven the warm
That HE, who stills the raven's clamor-
ous nest, [pride,

And decks the lily fair in flowery
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the
best, [provide;

For them and for their little ones
But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace
divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's
grandeur springs, [ered abroad:

That makes her loved at home, rev-
Princes and lords are but the breath of
kings, [of GOD;"]

"An honest man's the noblest work
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly
road, [hind.

The cottage leaves the palace far be-
What is a lordling's pomp?—a cum-
brous load, [kind,

Disguising oft the wretch of human
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness
refined!

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! [lives prevent

And, oh! may Heaven their simple

From luxury's contagion, weak and
vile! [rent,

Then, howe'er crown and coronets be
A virtuous populace may rise the
while, [much-loved isle.

And stand a wall of fire around their

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide

That stream'd through Wallace's
undaunted heart; [pride,

Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic
Or nobly die, the second glorious
part,

(The patriot's God, peculiarly Thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and
reward!)

Oh, never, never, Scotia's realm desert;
But still the patriot, and the patriot-
bard, [ment and guard!

In bright succession raise, her orna-

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL.

"Oh prince! Oh chief of many throned
powers,
That led th' embattled seraphim to war!"
—MILTON.

O THOU! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,*

Wha in yon cavern grim and sootie,
Closed under hatches,

Spairgest about the brunstane cootie,†
To scaud poor wretches!

Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee,
And let poor damned bodies be;

I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
E'en to a deil,

* A well-known term applied to Satan in
Scotland in allusion to his hoofs or cloots.

† *Spairges* is the best Scots word in its
place I ever met with. The deil is not stand-
ing flinging the liquid brimstone on his
friends with a ladle, but we see him standing
at a large boiling vat, with something like a
golf-bat, striking the liquid this way and that
way aslant, with all his might, making it fly
through the whole apartment, while the in-
mates are winking and holding up their arms
to defend their faces. This is precisely the
idea conveyed by *spairging*: flinging it in any
other way would be *laving* or *splashing*.—
THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

‡ The legitimate meaning of this word is a
small wooden tub; here it implies not only
the utensil, but liquid brimstone; just as a
toper talks of his *can* or his *cogie*, meaning
both the liquor and the utensil in which it is
held.

To skelp and scaud poor dogs like me,
And hear us squeel !

Great is thy power, and great thy
fame ;

Far kenn'd and noted is thy name :
And though yon lowin' heugh's¹ thy
hame,

Thou travels far : [lame,
And, faith ! thou's neither lag nor
Nor blate nor scour.²

Whyles ranging like a roaring lion,
For prey a' holes and corners tryin' :
Whyles on the strong-wing'd tempest
flyin',

Tirlin'³ the kirks ;
Whyles in the human bosom pryin',
Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my reverend grannie say,
In lanely glens ye like to stray :
Or where auld ruin'd castles, gray,
Nod to the moon,
Ye fright the nightly wanderer's way
Wi' eldritch croon.⁴

When twilight did my grannie sum-
mon, [woman !
To say her prayers, douce, honest
Aft yont the dike she's heard you
bummin',

Wi' eerie drone ;
Or, rustlin', through the boortries⁵
comin',
Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night, [light,
The stars shot down wi' sklentin'⁶
Wi' you, myself, I gat a fright

Ayont the lough ;
Ye, like a rash-bush, stood in sight,
Wi' waving sough.

The cudgel in my nieve⁷ did shake,
Each bristled hair stood like a stake,
When wi' an eldritch, stoor quack,
quack,

Among the springs,
Awa' ye squatter'd, like a drake,
On whistling wings.

Let warlocks grim, and wither'd hags,
Tell how wi' you, on ragweed nags,
They skim the muirs and dizzy crags,
Wi' wicked speed ;

¹ Burning pit. ² Apt to be frightened. ³ Un-
covering. ⁴ Uncertainly moan. ⁵ Elder-trees.
⁶ Glancing. ⁷ Fist.

And in kirk-yards renew their leagues
Owre howkit⁸ dead.

Thence countra wives, wi' toil and
pain, [vain :
May plunge and plunge the kirk in
For, oh ! the yellow treasure's ta'en
By witching skill ;

And dawtit⁹ twal-pint hawkie's gaen
As yell's¹⁰ the bill.

Thence mystic knots mak great abuse
[crouse ;
On young guidmen, fond, keen, and
When the best wark-lune i' the
house,

By cantrip wit,
Is instant made no worth a louse,
Just at the bit.

When thowes dissolve the snawy
hoord,
And float the jinglin' icy boord,
Then water-kelpies haunt the foord,
By your direction ;
And 'nighted travellers are allured
To their destruction.

And aft your moss-traversing spun-
kies § [is :
Decoy the wight that late and drunk
The bleezin', curst, mischievous mon-
keys

Delude his eyes,
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
Ne'er mair to rise.

When mason's mystic word and grip
In storms and tempests raise you up,
Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,
Or, strange to tell !

The youngest brother ye wad whip
Aff straught to hell !

Lang syne, in Eden's bonnie yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were
pair'd,

And all the soul of love they shared,
The raptured hour,
Sweet on the fragrant flowery sward,
In shady bower. ||

⁸ Disinterred. ⁹ Petted. ¹⁰ Milkless. !
§ Will o' the wisp.

|| This verse ran originally thus :—

Lang syne in Eden's happy scene
When strappin' Adam's days were green,
And Eve was like my bonnie Jean,
My dearest part,
A dancin', sweet, young, handsome queen
Wi' guileless heart.

Then you, ye auld sneck-drawing
dog ![¶]

Ye came to Paradise incog.,
And play'd on man a curs'd brogue,
(Black be your fa'!)

And gied the infant, warld a shog,¹¹
'Maist ruin'd a'.

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,¹²
Wi' reekit duds,¹³ and reestit gizz,¹⁴
Ye did present your smoutie¹⁵ phiz
'Mang better folk,

And sklent¹⁶ on the man of Uzz
Your spitefu' joke?

And how ye gat him i' your thrall,
And brak him out o' house and hall,
While scabs and blotches did him gall,
Wi' bitter claw,

And lows'd his ill-tongued, wicked
scawl,¹⁷

Was warst ava?

But a' your doings to rehearse,
Your wily snares and fechtin' fierce,
Sin' that day Michael did you pierce,
Down to this time,
Wad ding a Lallan¹⁸ tongue or Erse,¹⁹
In prose or rhyme.

And now old Cloots, I ken ye're thinkin',
A certain Bardie's rantin', drinkin',
Some luckless hour will send him
linkin'

To your black pit;

But, faith, he'll turn a corner jinkin',²⁰
And cheat you yet.

But, fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben !
Oh, wad ye tak a thought and men' !
Ye aiblins²¹ might—I dinna ken—

Still hae a stake—

I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Even for your sake !

THE JOLLY BEGGARS.

A CANTATA.

This famous poem, or rather drama, is founded on a scene actually witnessed by the poet. In company with his friends, John Richmond and James Smith, he was pass-

¹¹ Shake. ¹² Hurry. ¹³ Smoked clothes. ¹⁴ Singed hair. ¹⁵ Dirty. ¹⁶ Glanced. ¹⁷ Scolding wife. ¹⁸ Lowland. ¹⁹ Celtic. ²⁰ Dodging. ²¹ Perhaps.

¶ Literally, withdrawing a latch burglariously—here it means taking an advantage—getting into Paradise on false pretences.

ing Poosie Nansie's, when their attention being attracted by sounds of mirth and jollity proceeding from the interior, they entered, and were rapturously welcomed by the motley band of beggars and tinkers carousing there. Burns professed to have been greatly delighted with the scene, more especially with the jolly behaviour of a maimed old soldier. In a few days he recited portions of the poem to John Richmond, who used to speak of songs by a sweep and a sailor which did not appear in the completed manuscript.

RECITATIVO.

When lyart¹ leaves bestrew the yird,²
Or wavering like the baukie-bird,³

Bedim cauld Boreas' blast;

When hailstones drive wi' bitter skyte,⁴
And infant frosts begin to bite,

In hoary cranreuch⁵ drest;

Ae night at e'en a merry core

O' randie, gangrel⁶ bodies,

In Poosie Nansie's held the splore,⁷

To drink their orra duddies:⁸

Wi' quaffing and laughing,

They ranted and they sang;

Wi' jumping and thumping,

The vera girdle* rang.

First, neist the fire, in auld red rags,

Ane sat, weel braced wi' mealy bags,

And knapsack a' in order:

His doxy lay within his arm,

Wi' usquebae and blankets warm—

She blinket on her sodger:

And aye he gied the tozie drab

The tither skelpin' kiss,

While she held up her greedy gab,

Just like an aumos dish.†

Ilk smack still, did crack still,

Just like a cadger's ‡ whup,

Then staggering and swaggering

He roar'd this ditty up—

AIR.

TUNE—"Soldiers' Joy."

I am a son of Mars, who have been in
many wars,

¹ Gray. ² Earth. ³ The bat. ⁴ Dash. ⁵ Thin white frost. ⁶ Vagrant. ⁷ Merry meeting. ⁸ Odd garments.

* A circular iron plate, on which, when hung over the fire, oat cakes are baked.

† The aumos, or beggar's dish, was a wooden platter or bowl, which every mendicant carried in the olden time as part of his professional accoutrements. It was used to receive the aumos or alms in the shape of oat meal, broth, milk, or porridge.

‡ A cadger is a vendor of various kinds of merchandise, who employs a horse or ass in carrying about his wares from place to place.

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 lead-
er breathed his last,
When the bloody die is 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 batteries, ¶ [a limb;
And there I left for witness an arm and
Yet let my country need me, with Elliot
** to head me, [of the drum.
I clatter on my stumps at the sound

Lal de daudle, &c.

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

Lal de daudle, &c.

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

Lal de daudle, &c.

RECITATIVO.

He ended; and the kebars⁹ sheuk
Aboon the chorus roar;

⁹ Rafters.

§ The battle-field in front of Quebec, where
General Wolfe fell in the arms of victory in
1759.

¶ El Moro, a strong castle defending Havan-
nah, which was gallantly stormed when the
city was taken by the British in 1762.

§ The destruction of the Spanish floating
batteries during the famous siege of Gibraltar
in 1782, on which occasion the gallant Captain
Curtis rendered the most signal service.

** George Augustus Elliot, created Lord
Heathfield, for his memorable defence of Gib-
raltar, during the siege of three years. He
died in 1790.

While frighted rattons¹⁰ backward leuk,
And seek the benmost¹¹ bore;

A fairy fiddler frae the neuk,
He skirled out "Encore"
But up arose the martial chuck,
And laid the loud uproar.

AIR.

TUNE—"Soldier laddie."

I once was a maic, though I cannot tell
when, [men;
And still my delight is in proper young
Some one of a troop of dragoons was
my daddie,
No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie,
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

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

But the godly old chaplain left him in
the lurch, [the church;
The sword I forsook for the sake of
He ventured the soul, and I risk'd the
body, [laddie.
'Twas then I proved false to my sodger
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

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

But the peace it reduced me to beg in
despair, [fair,
Till I met my old boy at a Cunningham
His rags regimental they flutter'd so
gaudy,
My heart it rejoiced at a sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

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

¹⁰ Mats.

¹¹ Innermost.

RECITATIVO.

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

At length wi' drink and courting dizzy
 He stoiter'd up and made a face;
 Then turn'd and laid a smack on Griz-
 zie, [grimace:—
 Syne tuned his pipes wi' grave

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 beuk,
 And I held awa' to the school;
 I fear I my talent misteuk,
 But what will ye hae of a fool?

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

I ance was tied up like a stirk,¹²
 For civilly swearing and quaffing!
 I ance was abused in the kirk,
 For touzling¹³ a lass i' my daffin.¹⁴

Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport,
 Let naebody name wi' a jeer;
 There's even, I'm tauld, i' the court
 A tumbler ca'd the Premier.

Observed ye yon reverend lad
 Mak faces to tickle the mob?
 He rails at our mountebank squad—
 It's rivalship just i' the job.

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

RECITATIVO.

Then neist outspak a raulc carlin,¹⁵
 Wha ken't fu' weel to cleek the ster-
 ling,
 For monie a pursie she had hookit,
 And had in monie a well been doukit.

¹² Bullock. ¹⁵ Rumpling. ¹⁴ Merriment.
¹³ Stout Bedlam.

Her dove had been a Highland laddie,
 But weary fa' the waefu' woodie!¹⁶
 Wi' sighs and sobs she thus began
 To wail her braw John Highland-
 man:—

AIR.

TUNE—"Oh, an ye were Dead, Guid-
 man!"

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

CHORUS.

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

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

We rangèd a' from Tweed to Spey,
 And lived like lords and ladies gay;
 For a lawland face he fearèd none,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.
 Sing, hey, &c.

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

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

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,¹⁷
 Her strappin' limb and gaucy middle
 (He reach'd nae higher)

¹⁶ The gallows. ¹⁷ Play.

Had holed his heartie like a riddle,
And blawn't on fire.

Wi' hand on haunch, and upward ee,
He croon'd his gamut, one, two, three,
Then in an arioso key,

The wee Apollo,
Set off wi' allegretto glee
His giga solo.

AIR.

TUNE—"Whistle owre the lave o't."

Let me ryke¹⁸ up to dight¹⁹ 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 at my trade,
And a' the tunes that e'er I played,
The sweetest still to wife or maid,
Was whistle owre the lave o't.

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

I am, &c.

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

I am, &c.

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

I am, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Her charms had struck a sturdy caird,²⁰
As weel as poor gut-scraper;
He taks the fiddler by the beard,
And drows a roosty rapier—

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

Wi' ghastry ee, poor Tweedle-dee
Upon his hunkers²¹ bended,
And pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face,
And sae the quarrel ended.

But though his little heart did grieve
When round the tinkler press'd her,
He feign'd to snirtle²² 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 ta'en the gold, I've been enroll'd
In many a noble squadron: [march'd
But vain they search'd, when off I
To go and clout²³ the caudron,
I've ta'en the gold, &c.

Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,
Wi' a' his noise and ca'prin',
And tak a share wi' those that bear
The budget and the apron.
And by that stoup, my faith and houp,
And by that dear Kilbagie,
If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,
May I ne'er weet my cragie.²⁴
And by that stoup, &c.

RECITATIVO.

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

But urchin Cupid shot a shaft
That play'd a dame a shavie,²⁵
The fiddler raked her fore and aft,
Ahint the chicken cavie.
Her lord, a wight o' Homer's craft,²⁶
Though limping wi' the spavie,
He hirpled up, and lap like daft,
And shored²⁷ them Dainty Davie
O' boot that night.

He was a care-defying blade
As ever Bacchus listed,
Though 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;

¹⁸ Reach. ¹⁹ Wipe. ²⁰ Tinker. ²¹ Hams.

†† To spit him like a plover.

²² Laugh. ²³ Patch. ²⁴ Throat. ²⁵ A
trick. ²⁶ A ballad-singer. ²⁷ Offered.

He hated nought but—to be sad,
And thus the muse suggested
His sang that night.

AIR.

TUNE—"For a' that, and a' that."

I am a bard of no regard,
Wi' gentle folks, and a' that:
But Homer-like, the glowrin' byke,²⁸
Frae town to town I draw that.

CHORUS.

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

I never drank the Muses' stank,²⁹
Castalia's burn, and a' that;
But there it streams, and richly reams,
My Helicon, I ca' that.

For a' that, &c.

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

For a' that, &c.

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

For a' that, &c.

Their tricks and craft hae out me daft,
They've ta'en me in, and a' that;
But clear your decks, and here's the sex!

I like the jads for a' that.

CHORUS.

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

RECITATIVO.

So sang the bard—and Nansie's wa's
Shook wi' a thunder of applause,
Re-echoed from each mouth;
They toom'd their pokes and pawn'd
their duds,
They scarcely left to co'er their fuds,
To quench their lowin' drouth,³⁰

Then owre again, the jovial thrang,
The poet did request,
To loose his pack and wale³¹ a sang,
A ballad o' the best;
He, rising, rejoicing,
Between his two Deborah s,
Looks round him, and found them
Impatient for the chorus.

AIR.

TUNE. — "Jolly Mortals, fill your
Glasses."

See! the smoking bowl before us,
Mark our 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.

²⁸ The staring crowd. ²⁹ Pool. ³⁰ Burning thirst.

³¹ Choose.

THE VISION.

This beautiful poem depicts, in the highest strain of poetical eloquence, a struggle which was constantly going on in the poet's mind between the meanness and poverty of his position and his higher aspirations and hopes of independence, which he found it impossible ever to realize. It must have been evident to his mind that poetry alone was not to elevate him above the reach of worldly cares; yet in this poem, as in many others, he accepts the poetical calling as its own sweet and sufficient reward. In the appearance of the Muse of Coila, the matter is settled after a fashion as beautiful as poetical. In the Kilmarnock edition of his poems, the allusion to his Jean in his description of the Muse's appearance;—

“Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen
Till half a leg was scripply seen,
And such a leg! my bonny Jean
Could only peer it;
Sae straught, sae taper, tight, and clean,
Nane else cam near it—”

was replaced by the name of another charmer, in consequence, it is presumed, of his quarrel with her father. When the Edinburgh edition appeared, his old affections had again asserted their sway, and her name was restored. In a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, dated February, 1788, the poet, in allusion to Miss Rachel Dunlop, one of her daughters, being engaged on a painting representing “The Vision,” says:—“I am highly flattered by the news you tell me of Coila. I may say to the fair painter who does me so much honor, as Dr. Beattie says to Ross, the poet, of his Muse Scots, from which, by the by, I took the idea of Coila; ('tis a poem of Beattie's in the Scottish dialect, which perhaps you have never seen):—

‘Ye shake your head, but o' my fegs,
Ye've set auld Scots on her legs;
Lang had she hen wi' buffs and flegs,
Bumbazed and dizzie;
Her fiddle wanted strings and pegs—
Wae's me, poor hizzie!’”

DUAN FIRST.*

THE sun had closed the winter day,
The curlers quat their roaring play.†

* *Duan*, a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digressive poem. See his “*Cathloda*,” vol. ii. of Macpherson's translation.—B.

† *Curling* is a wintry game peculiar to the southern counties of Scotland. When the ice is sufficiently strong on the lochs, a number of individuals, each provided with a large stone of the shape of an oblate spheroid, smoothed at the bottom, range themselves on two sides, and being furnished with handles, play against each other. The game resembles bowls, but is much more animated, and keenly enjoyed. It is well characterized by the poet as a *roaring play*.

And hungered maukin ta'en her way
To kail-yards green,
While faithless snaws ilk step betray
Whare she has been.

The thrasher's weary flingin'-tree¹
The lee-lang day had tirèd me;
And when the day had closed his ee,
Far i' the west,
Ben i' the spence, † right pensivello,
I gaed to rest.

There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,²
I sat and eyed the spewing reek,³
That fill'd wi' hoast-provoking smeeek,
The auld clay biggin';
And heard the restless rattons⁵ squeak
About the riggin'.

All in this mottie,⁶ misty clime,
I backward mused on wasted time,
How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
And done naething,
But stringin' blethers⁷ up in rhyme,
For fools to sing.

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

I started, muttering, Blockhead! coof!¹⁸
And heaved on high my waukit loof,⁹
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 sneck¹⁰
did draw
And jee! the door gaed to the wa';
And by my ingle-lowe I saw,
Now bleezin' bright,
A tight, outlandish hizzie, braw,
Come full in sight.

Ye needna doubt, I held my whisht;
The infant aith, half-form'd, was
crusht.

¹ The flail. ² Fireside. ³ Smoke. ⁴ Smoke.
⁵ Rats. ⁶ Hazy. ⁷ Nonsense. ⁸ Fool. ⁹ Hard-
ened palm. ¹⁰ Latch.

† The parlour of the farm-house of Moss-
giel—the only apartment besides the kitchen.

I glower'd as eerie's I'd been dusht¹¹
 In some wild glen;
 When sweet, like modest Worth, she
 blusht,
 And stepped ben.¹²

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

A 'hare-brain'd sentimental trace'
 Was strongly marked in her face,
 A wildly-witty, rustic grace
 Shone full upon her;
 Her eye e'en turn'd on empty space,
 Beam'd keen with honour.

Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen,
 Till half a leg was scrimply seen;
 And such a leg! my bonny Jean
 Could only peer it;
 Sae straught, sae taper, tight¹³, and
 clean,
 Nane else cam near it.

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

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

Here, Doon pour'd down his far-fetched
 floods
 There, well-fed Irvine stately thuds:¹⁴
 Auld hermit Ayr staw¹⁵ through his
 woods,
 On to the shore,
 And many a lesser torrent scuds,
 With seeming roar.

Low, in a sandy valley spread,

An ancient borough § rear'd her head;
 Still, as in Scottish story read,
 She boasts a race
 To every nobler virtue bred,
 And polish'd grace.

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

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

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

There, where a sceptred Pictish
 shadett
 Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid,
 I mark'd a martial race, portray'd
 In colors strong;
 Bold, soldier-featured, undismayed
 They strode along.
 Through many a wild romantic grove §§

§ The town of Ayr.

¶ The Wallaces.—B.

¶ Sir William Wallace.—B.

** Adam Wallace of Richardton, cousin to the immortal preserver of Scottish independence.—B.

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

‡‡ Coilus, king of the Picts, from whom the district of Kyle is said to take its name, lies buried, as tradition says, near the family seat of the Montgomerys of Coilsfield, where his burial-place is still shown.—B.

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

¹¹ Frightened. ¹² Into the room. ¹³ Handsome, well-formed. ¹⁴ Sounds. ¹⁵ Stole.

Near many a hermit-fancied cove,
(Fit haunts for friendship or for love,)
In musing mood,
An aged judge, I saw him rove,
Dispensing good.

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

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

DUAN SECOND.

WITH musing-deep, astonish'd stare,
I view'd the heavenly seeming fair ;
A whispering throb did witness bear
Of kindred sweet,
When with an elder sister's air
She did me greet :—

“ All hail ! my own inspired bard !
In me thy native Muse regard ;
Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
Thus poorly low !
I come to give thee such reward
As we bestow.

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

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

“ 'Mong swelling floods of reeking
gore,

||| The Rev. Dr. Matthew Stewart, the celebrated mathematician, and his son, Mr. Dugald Stewart, the elegant expositor of the Scottish school of metaphysics, are here meant, their villa of Catrine being situated on the Ayr.

¶¶ Colonel Fullarton.—B.

They ardent, kindling spirits, pour ;
Or, 'mid the vena 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 lay ;
Or tore, with noble ardor stung,
The sceptic's bays.

“ To lower orders are assign'd
The humbler ranks of human kind,
The rustic bard, the laboring hind,
The artisan ;
All choose, as various they're inclined,
The various man,

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

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

“ Some bounded to a district-space,
Explore at large man's infant race,
To mark the embryotic trace
Of rustic bard :
And careful note each opening 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 power.

*** The Loudoun branch of the Campbells is here meant: Mossiel, and much of the neighbouring ground was then the property of the Earl of Loudon.

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,
Fired 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 every floweret's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
In every grove,
I saw thee eye the general mirth
With boundless love.

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

"When youthful love, warm-blushing,
strong
Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
Th' adorèd 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,
Misdled my Fancy's meteor-ray,
By passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from Heaven.

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

"Thou canst not learn, nor can I show.
To paint with Thomson's landscape
glow;

Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
With Shenstone's art,
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
Warm on the heart.

"Yet all beneath the unrivall'd rose,
The lowly daisy sweetly blows.
Though large forest's monarch throw
His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows.
Adown the glade.

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

"To give my counsels all in one,
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
Preserve the dignity of man,
With soul erect;
And trust the universal plan
Will all protect.

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

A WINTER NIGHT,

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

WHEN biting Boreas, fell¹ and doure,²
Sharp shivers through the leafless
bower; [glower,³
When Phœbus gies a short-lived
Far south the lift,⁴
Dim-darkening through the flaky
shower,
Or whirling drift:

As night the storm the steeples rocked,
Poor labour sweet in sleep was locked,

¹ Keen. ² Stern. ³ Stare. ⁴ Sky.

While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-
choked,

Wild-eddying swirl,
Or through the mining outlet bocked,⁵
Down headlong hurl.

Listening the doors and winnocks⁶
rattle,

I thought me on the ourie⁷ cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle⁸

O' winter war,
And through the drift, deep-lairing
sprattle,⁹

Beneath a scour.¹⁰

Ilk happing¹¹ bird, wee, helpless thing,
That, in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,

What comes o' thee?
Whare wilt thou cover thy chittering
wing,

And close thy ee!

Even you, on murdering errands toil'd,
Lone from your savage homes exiled,
The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cot
spoil'd,

My heart forgets,
While pitiless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats.

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

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

“Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier
gust!

And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost!
Descend, ye chilly, 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,

[her side,
How pamper'd Luxury, Flattery by
The parasite empoisoning her ear,
With all the servile wretches in the
rear,

[wide;
Looks o'er proud Property, extended
And eyes the simple rustic hind,
Whose toil upholds the glittering
show,

A creature of another kind,
Some coarser substance unrefined,
Placed for her lordly use thus far, thus
vile, below.

“Where, where is Love's fond, tender
throe,

With lordly Honour's lofty brow,
The powers you proudly own?
Is there, beneath Love's noble name,
Can harbour dark the selfish aim,
To bless himself alone!

Mark maiden innocence a prey
To love-pretending snares,
This boasted Honour turns away,
Shunning soft Pity's rising sway,
Regardless of the tears and unavail-
ing prayers!

[squalid nest,
Perhaps this hour, in misery's
She strains your infant to her joyless
breast, [rocking blast!
And with a mother's fears shrinks at the

“O ye who, sunk in beds of down,
Feel not a want but what yourselves
create, [fate
Think for a moment on his wretched
Whom friends and fortune quite dis-
own. [call,

Ill satisfied keen nature's clamorous
Stretch'd on his straw he lays him-
self to sleep, [chinky wall,
While through the ragged roof and
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 crushèd low
By cruel Fortune's undeservèd blow!
Affliction's sons are brothers in distress,
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the
bliss!?”

⁵ Belched. ⁶ Windows. ⁷ Shivering.

⁸ Dashing storm. ⁹ Struggle. ¹⁰ Cliff.

¹¹ Hopping,

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

But deep this truth impress'd my
mind—

Through all His works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God.

SCOTCH DRINK.

This poem, written after the manner of Ferguson's "Caller Water," is not to be taken as evidence of the poet's feelings and practices. It was suggested, along with the following poem, by the withdrawal of an Act of Parliament empowering Duncan Forbes of Culloden to distil whisky on his barony of Ferintosh, free of duty, in return for services rendered to the Government. This privilege was a source of great revenue to the family; and as Ferintosh whisky was cheaper than that produced elsewhere, it became very popular, and the name Ferintosh thus became something like a synonyme for whisky over the country. Compensation for the loss of privilege, to the tune of £21,580, was awarded to the Forbes family by a jury. Attention was further drawn to "the national beverage" at this time by the vexatious and oppressive way in which the Excise laws were enforced at the Scotch distilleries. Many distillers abandoned the business; and as barley was beginning to fall in price in consequence, the county gentlemen supported the distillers, and an act was passed relieving the trade from the obnoxious supervision. These circumstances gave the poet his cue; and the subject was one calculated to evoke his wildest humour. Writing to Robert Muir, Kilmarnock, he says, "I here enclose you my 'Scotch Drink,' and may the — follow with a blessing for your edification. I hope some time before we hear the gowk, [cuckoo] to have the pleasure of seeing you at Kilmarnock, when I intend we shall have a gill between us in a matchkin stoup, which will be a great comfort and consolation to your humble servant, R. B."

"Gie him strong drink, until he wink
That's sinking in despair;
And liquor guid to fire his bluid,
That's prest wi' grief and care;

There let him bouse, and deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his loves or debts,
And minds his griefs no more."

—SOLOMON'S PROVERBS xxxi. 6, 7.

Let other poets raise a fracas¹
'Bout vines, and wines, and drucken
Bacchus,

¹ A row.

And crabbit names and stories wrack²
us,

And grate our lug,³ [us,
I sing the juice Scotch beare can mak
In glass or jug.

O thou, my Muse! guid auld Scotch
drink, [thou jink,⁵
Whether through wimplin'⁴ worms
Or, richly brown, ream o'er the blink,
In glorious faem,
Inspire me, till I lisp and wink,
To sing thy name!

Let husky wheat the haughs adorn,
And aits set up their awnie horn,⁶
And peas and beans, at e'en or morn,
Perfume the plain,
I eze me on thee, John Barleycorn,
Thou king o' grain!

On the aft Scotland chows her cood,
In souple scones,⁷ the wale o' food!
Or tumblin' in the boilin' flood
Wi' kail and beef;

But when thou pours thy strong heart's
blood,
There thou shines chief.

Food fills the wame, and keeps us
livin';
Though life's a gift no worth receivin'
When heavy dragg'd wi' pine⁸ and
grievin';

But oil'd by thee,
The wheels o' life gae down-hill,
scrievin'⁹

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,¹⁰
Wi' gentles thou erects thy head;
Yet humbly kind in time o' need,
The poor man's wine.*
His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
Thou kitchens¹¹ fine.

² Bother. ³ Ear. ⁴ Crooked. ⁵ Steal.

⁶ Beard. ⁷ Cakes. ⁸ Pain. ⁹ Gliding glee-
somenly. ¹⁰ Silver jugs. ¹¹ Relishest.

* Ale is meant, which is frequently mixed
with porridge instead of milk.

Thou art the life o' public haunts;
But thee, what were our fairs and
rants?

Even goodly meetings o' the saunts,
By thee inspired,
When gaping they besiege the tents, †
Are doubly fired.

That merry night we get the corn in,
Oh, sweetly then thou reams the horn
in!

Or reekin' a new-year morning
In cog or bicker,¹²
And just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,
And gusty sucker!¹³

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,
And plowmen gather wi' their graith,¹⁴
Oh, rare! to see thee fizz and freath
I' the lugget caup!¹⁵
Then Burnewin¹⁶ comes on like death
At every chap.

Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel;
The brawnie, bainie, ploughman chiel,
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,
The strong forehammer,
Till block and studie ring and reel,
Wi' dinsome clamour.

When skirlin' weanies¹⁷ see the light,
Thou maks the gossips clatter bright,
How fumblin' cuifs¹⁸ their dearies
slicht;

Nae howdie¹⁹ gets a social night,
Or plack²⁰ frae them.

When neibors anger at a plea,
And just as wud as wud²¹ can be,
How easy can the barley-bree
Cement the quarrel!
It's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee
To taste the barrel.

Alake! that e'er my Muse has reason
To wyte²² her countrymen wi' treason!
But mony daily weet their weason²³
Wi' liquors nice,

And hardly, in a winter's season,
E'er spier²⁴ her price.

Wae worth that brandy, burning trash,
Fell source o' mony a pain and brash!²⁵
'Twins mony a poor, doylt, drucken
hash²⁶

O' half his days;
And sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
To her worst faes,

Ye Scots, wha wish auld Scotland well!
Ye chief, to you my tale I tell,
Poor plackless devils like mysel,
It sets you ill,
Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,²⁷
Or foreign gill.

May gravels round his blether wrench,
And gouts torment him inch by inch,
Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch²⁸
O' sour disdain,
Out-owre a glass o' whisky punch
Wi' honest men.

O whisky! soul o' plays and pranks!
Accept a Hardie's gratefu' thanks!
When wanting thee, what tuneless
cranks

Are my poor verses!
Thou comes—they rattle i' their ranks
At ither's a—es.

Thee, Ferintosh! oh, sadly lost!
Scotland lament frae coast to coast!
Now colic grips, and barkin' hoast,²⁹
May kill us a';
For loyal Forbes's charter'd boast,
Is ta'en awa'!

Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise,
Wha mak the whisky-stells their prizel!
Haud up thy han', deil! ance, twice,
thrice!

There, seize the blinkers!³⁰
And bake them up in brunstane pies
For a poor damn'd drinkers.

Fortune! if thou'll but gie me still
Hale breeks, a scone, and whisky gill,
And rowth³¹ o' rhyme to rave at will,
Tak a' the rest,
And deal't about as thy blind skill
Directs the best.

¹² Wooden vessels. ¹³ Toothsome sugar.
¹⁴ Implements. ¹⁵ Cup with ears. ¹⁶ The
blacksmith. ¹⁷ Screaming children. ¹⁸ Awk-
ward fools. ¹⁹ Midwife. ²⁰ Coin. ²¹ Mad.
²² Charge. ²³ Throat.

†The tents for refreshment at out-of door
communions. (See "Holy Fair.")

²⁴ Ask. ²⁵ Sickness. ²⁶ Rough fellow.
²⁷ Meddle. ²⁸ Face with a grin. ²⁹ Cough.
³⁰ A contemptuous term. ³¹ Abundance.

REMORSE.

A FRAGMENT.

The following lines occur in an early Commonplace-book of the poet's, and probably relate to the consequences of his first serious error:—

Of all the numerous ills that hurt our peace,
That press the soul, or wring the mind
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, worse far, the pangs of keen re-
The torturing, gnawing consciousness
-of guilt—

Of guilt perhaps where we've involved
The young, the innocent, who fondly
lo'ed us,

Nay, more—that very love their cause
O' burning hell! in all thy store of tor-
ments,

There's not a keener lash!
Lives there a man so firm, who, while
Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime,
Can reason down its agonizing throbs;
And, after proper purpose of amend-
ment,

Can firmly force his jarring thoughts
Oh, happy, happy, enviable man!
Oh, glorious magnanimity of soul!

ANSWER TO A POETICAL
EPISTLE,

SENT TO THE AUTHOR BY A TAILOR.

A tailor in the neighbourhood of Mauchline
having taken it upon him to send the poet a
rhymed homily on his loose conversation
and irregular behaviour, received the fol-
lowing lines in reply to his lecture:—

What ails ye now, ye lousie bitch,
To thrash my back at sic a pitch?
Losh, man! hae mercy wi' your natch,¹
Your bodkin's bauld,
I didna suffer half sae much
Frae Daddie Auld.

¹ Crip.

What though at times, when I grow
crouse,²

I gie the dames a random pouse,
Is that enough for you to scouse³
Your servant sae? [pouse
Gae mind your seam, ye prick-the-
And jag-the-flae.

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

And maybe, Tam, for a' my cants,⁴
My wicked rhymes, aud drucken rant
I'll gie auld cloven Clottie's haun.
An unco slip yet,
And snugly sit among the saunts
At Davie's hip yet.

But fegs,⁵ the session says I maun
Gae fa' upon anither plan,
Than garrin' lasses cowp the cran
Clean heels owre gowdy.
And sairly thole⁶ their mither's ban
Afore the howdy.⁷

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, and answer for't,
Ye're blamed for jobbin'."

Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on,
And snooved⁸ awa' before the session;
I made an open, fair confession—
I scorned to lie; [sion,
And syne Mess John, beyond expres-
Fell foul o' me.

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

"Geld you!" quo' he, "and what for
no?
If that your right hand, leg or toe,
Should ever prove your spiritual foe,
You should remember

² Happy. ³ Scold. ⁴ Tricks. ⁵ Faith. ⁶ Bear.
⁷ Midwife. ⁸ Snacked

To cut it aff—and what for no
Your dearest member?"

"Na, na," quo' I, "I'm no for that,
Gelding's nae better than 'tis ca't;
I' rather suffer for my faut,

A hearty fawit,
As sair owre hip as ye can draw't,
Though I should rue it.

"Or gin ye like to end the bother,
To please us a', I've just aeither—
When next wi' yon lass I forgather,

Whate'er betide it,
I'll frankly gie her't a' thegither,
And let her guide it."

But, sir, this pleased them warst ava,
Therefore, Tam, when that I saw,
I said, "Guid night," and cam awa',

And left the session;
I saw they were resolvèd a'
On my oppression.

THE AUTHOR'S EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER

TO THE SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

For an account of the circumstances which
gave rise to the following lines, see the in-
troduction to the poem entitled "Scotch
Drink," p. 65.

"Dearest of distillations! last and best!
How art thou lost!"

—*Parody on Milton.*

Ye Irish lords, ye knights and squires,
Wha represent our brughs and shires,
And doucely¹ manage our affairs

In parliament,
To you a simple Bardie's prayers
Are humbly sent.

Alas! my roopit* Muse is hearsel?²
Your honours' heart wi' grief 'twad
pierce,

To see her sittin' on her a—e
Low i' the dust,
And scrachin'³ out prosaic verse
And like to burst!

¹ Soberly. ² Hoarse. ³ Screaming hoarsely
—the cry of fowls when displeased.

* A person with a sore throat and a dry
tickling cough, is said to be roopy.

† Some editors give this 'screechin',
(screaming), but, taken in connection with
the hoarseness, every one who has heard the
word used will endorse our reading.

Tell them wha hae the chief direction
Scotland and me's in great affliction,
E'er sin they laid that curst restriction
On aqua vitæ; [tion,
And rouse them up to strong convic-
And move their pity.

Stand forth and tell yon Premier
youth, †

The honest, open, naked truth:
Tell him o' mine and Scotland's drouth,⁴

His servants humble:
The muckle devil blaw ye south,
If ye dissemble!

Does ony great man glunch⁵ and gloom?
Speak out, and never fash your
thoom!⁶

Let posts and pensions sink or soon⁷
Wi' them wha grant 'em:

If honestly they canna come,
Far better want 'em.

In gath'rin' votes you werena slak,
Now stand as tightly by your tack;
Ne'er claw your lug,⁸ and fidge⁹ your
back,

And hum and haw;
But raise your arm, and tell your
crack¹⁰

Before them a'.

Paint Scotland greetin'¹¹ owre her
thrissle: [whissle;

Her mutchkin stoup as toom's¹² a
And damn'd excisemen in a bussle,
Sezzin' a stell,

Triumphant cruslin'¹³ t like a mussle
Or lampit shell.

Then on the tither hand present her.
A blackguard smuggler right behind
her,

And cheek-for-chow a chuffle¹³ vintner,
Colleaguin join,

Picking her pouce as bare as winter
Of a' kind coin.

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

Thus dung in staves,
And plunder'd o' her hindmost groat
By gallows knaves?

⁴ Thirst. ⁵ Frown. ⁶ Trouble, your thumb.
⁷ Swim. ⁸ Ear. ⁹ Shrug. ¹⁰ Talc. ¹¹ Weep-
ing. ¹² Empty. ¹³ Fat-faced.

† William Pitt.

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

God bless your honours, cant ye see't,
The kind, auld, cantie carlin greet,¹⁴
And no get warmly to your feet,
And gar them hear it,
And tell them wi' a patriot heat,
Ye winna bear it?

Some o' you nicely ken the laws,
To round the period and pause,
And wi' rhetoric clause on clause
To make harangues;
Then echo through St. Stephen's w's
Auld Scotiand's wrangs.

Dempster, ¶ a true-blue Scot I'se war-
ran';
Thee, aith-detesting, chaste [ran,**
And that glib-gabbet¹⁵ Highland baron,
The laird o' Graham; ††
And ane, a chap that's damn'd auld-
farran,¹⁶
Dundas his name. ††

Erskine, §§ a spunkie¹⁷ Norland baillie;
True Campbells, Frederick and Ilay; ¶¶
And Livingstone, the bauld Sir Willie;
And mony ithers,
Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully
Might own for brithers.

¹⁴ The cheerful old wife cry. (Scotland personified.) ¹⁵ Ready-tongued. ¹⁶ Sagacious. ¹⁷ Plucky.

§ Colonel Hugh Montgomery, who had served in the American war, and was then representing Ayrshire.

¶ James Boswell of Auchinleck, the biographer of Dr. Samuel Johnson.

¶ George Dempster of Dunnichen, Forfarshire.

** Sir Adam Ferguson of Kilkerran, then member for Edinburgh.

†† The Marquis of Graham.

†† Henry Dundas, afterwards Viscount Melville.

§§ Thomas Erskine, afterwards Lord Erskine.

¶¶ Lord Frederick Campbell, brother to the Duke of Argyll, and Ilay Campbell, then Lord Advocate.

Thee, Sodger Hugh, my watchman
stented, ¶¶
If bardies e'er are represented;
I ken if that your sword were wanted,
Ye'd lend your hand:
But when there's ought to say anent it,
Ye're at a stand.***

Arouse, my boys: exert your mettle,
To get auld Scotland back her kettle;
Or, faith! I'll wad my new plough-
pettle,¹⁸
Ye'll see't or lang,
She'll teach you, wi' a reekin' whittle,¹⁹
Anither sang.

This while she's been in crankous²⁰
mood,
Her lost militia fired her bluid;
(Deil na they never mair do good.)
Play'd her that pliskie!²¹
And now she's like to rin red-wud²²
About her whisky.

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

For God's sake, sirs, then speak her
fair,
And straik²³ her cannie wi' the hair,
And to the muckle House repair
Wi' instant speed,
And strive, wi' a' your wit and lear,
To get remead.

Yon ill-tongued tinkler, Charlie Fox,
May taunt you wi' his jeers and mocks;
But gie him't het, my hearty cocks!
E'en cove the caddie!²⁴
And send him to his dicing-box
And sportin' lady.

Tell yon guid bluid o' auld Bocon-
nock's †††

¹⁸ Plough-staff. ¹⁹ Knife. ²⁰ Ill-tempered, restless. ²¹ Trick. ²² Mad. ²³ Stroke. ²⁴ Fellow.

¶¶ Being member for Ayrshire, the poet speaks of him as his stented or vanguard watchman.

*** This stanza alludes to Hugh Montgomery's imperfect elocution.

††† William Pitt was the grandson of Robert Pitt of Boconnock, in Cornwall.

I'll be his debt twa mashlum bannocks, †††
 And drink his health in auld Nanse
 'Tinnock's, §§§
 Nine times a week,
 If he some scheme, like tea and winnocks, ††††
 Wad kindly seek.

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

††† Cakes made of oats, beans, and peas, with a mixture of wheat or barley flour.

§§§ A worthy old hostess of the author's in Mauchline, where he sometimes studied politics over a glass of guid old Scotch drink.—B. "Nanse Tinnock is long deceased, and no one has caught up her mantle. She is described as having been a true *ale-wife*, in the proverbial sense of the word—close, discreet, civil, and no tale-teller. When any neighbouring wife came, asking if *her John* was here, 'Oh, no,' Nanse would reply, shaking money in her pocket as she spoke, 'he's no here,' implying to the querist that the husband was not in the house, while she meant to herself that he was not among her half-pence—thus keeping the word of promise to the ear, but breaking it to the hope. Her house was one of two stories, and had a front towards the street, by which Burns must have entered Mauchline from Mossiel. The date over the door is 1744. It is remembered however, that Nanse never could understand how the poet should have talked of enjoying himself in her house 'nine times a week.' The *lad*, she said, 'hardly ever drank three half-mutchkins under her roof in his life.' Nanse, probably, had never heard of the *poetical* license. In truth, Nanse's hostelry was not the only one in Mauchline which Burns resorted to: a rather better-looking house, at the opening of the owgate, kept by a person named John Dove, and then, and still bearing the arms of Sir John Whiteford of Ballochmyle, was also a haunt of the poet's having this high recommendation, that its back windows surveyed those of the house in which his 'Jean' resided. The reader will find in its proper place a droll epitaph on John Dove, in which the honest landlord's religion is made out to be a mere comparative appreciation of his various liquors."—CHAMBERS.

¶¶¶ Pitt, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, had gained some credit by a measure introduced in 1784 for preventing smuggling of tea by reducing the duty, the revenue being compensated by a tax on windows.

¶¶¶ Mixtie-maxtie is Scotch for a mixture of incongruous elements. Hotch-potch is a dish composed of all sorts of vegetables. This coalition, like many others since, was in the poet's eyes an unnatural banding together of men of different opinions.

Auld Scotland has a raucle²⁵ tongue;
 She's just a devil wi' a rung:²⁶
 And if she promise auld or young
 To tak their part,
 Though by the neck she should be
 strung,
 She'll no desert.

And now, ye chosen Five-and-Forty, **** [ye;
 May still your mother's heart support
 Then though a minister grow dory,²⁷
 And kick your place,
 Ye'll snap your fingers, poor and
 hearty,

Before his face.

God bless your honours a' your days
 Wi' sowps²⁸ o' kail and brats o' claise,²⁹
 In spite o' a' the thievish kaes³⁰
 That haunt St. Jamie's!
 Your humble poet sings and prays
 While Rab his name is.

POSTSCRIPT.

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

What though their Phoebus kinder
 warms, [charms!
 While fragrance blooms and beauty
 When wretches range, in famish'd
 swarms,

The scented groves,
 Or, hounded forth, dishonour arms
 In hungry droves.

Their gun's a burthen on their shoulder;
 They downa bide³¹ the stink o' pouthier;
 Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring
 swither³²

To stan' or rin, [ther,³³
 Till skelp—a shot—they're aff a' throu'-
 To save their skin.

²⁵ Rough. ²⁶ Cudgel. ²⁷ Sulky. ²⁸ Spoonfuls. ²⁹ Rags o' clothes. ³⁰ Jackdaws. ³¹ They dare not stand. ³² Uncertainty. ³³ Pell mell.

**** The number of Scotch representatives.

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

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

Sages their solemn een may steek,³⁴
And raise a philosophic reek,³⁵
And physically causes seek,
In clime and season;
But tell me whisky's name in Greek,
I'll tell the reason.

Scotland, my auld, respected mither!
Though whiles ye moistify your
leather,
Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather,
Ye tine³⁶ your dam;
Freedom and whisky gang thegither!—
Tak aff your dram!

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

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

Most editors have alluded to the tenderness of Burns towards the lower animals; this is a true poetic instinct, and with him was unusually strong. The Ettrick Shepherd says, in a note to this poem:—"Burns must have been an exceedingly good and kind-hearted being; for whenever he has occasion to address or mention any subordinate being, however mean, even a mouse or a flower, then there is a gentle pathos in his language that awakens the finest feelings of the heart."

A GUID New-Year I wish thee, Maggie!
Hae, there's a rip¹ to thy auld baggie.
Though thou's howe-backit now and
knaggie,²

³⁴ Eyes may shut. ³⁵ Smoke. ³⁶ Lose.

¹ A handful of corn in the stalk, ² Bent-backed and ridged.

I've seen the day
Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie
Out owre the lay.³

Thou now thou's dowie,⁴ stiff and
crazy,
And thy auld hide's as white's a daisy,
I've seen the dappl't, sleek and glazie,⁵
A bonny gray:
He should been tight that daur't to
raize⁶ thee,
Ance in a day.

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
A filly buirdly, steeve and swank,⁷
And set weel down a shapely shank,
As e'er tread yird;⁸
And could hae flown out-owre a stank,⁹
Like ony bird.

It's now some nine-and-twenty year,
Sin' thou was my guid father's meer:
He gied me thee, o' tocher¹⁰ clear,
And fifty mark; [gear,
Though it was sma', twas weel won
And thou was stark.¹¹

When first I gaed to woo my Jenny,
Ye then was trottin' wi' your Minnie,¹²
Though ye was trickie, slee, and fun-
nie,

Ye ne'er was donsie¹³
But hamely, towie, quiet, and cannie,¹⁴
And unco sonsie.¹⁵

That day ye pranced wi' muckle pride
When ye bure hame my bonny bride:
And sweet and gracefu' she did ride,
Wi' maiden air!

Kyle-Stewart* I could hae braggèd¹⁶
wide,
For sic a pair.

Though now ye dow but hoyte and
hoble,¹⁷
And wintle like a saumont coble,¹⁸
That daf ye was jinker¹⁹ noble,
For heels and win'!

³ Grass-field. ⁴ Low-spirited. ⁵ Shin-
ing. ⁶ Excite. ⁷ Stately, strong, active.
⁸ Earth. ⁹ Ditch. ¹⁰ Dowry. ¹¹ Strong.
¹² Mother. ¹³ Mischievous. ¹⁴ Good-
natured. ¹⁵ Engaging. ¹⁶ Challenged.
¹⁷ Can but limp and totter. ¹⁸ Twist, like
the ungainly boat used by salmon fishers.
¹⁹ Runner.

* The district between the Ayr and the
Doon.

And ran them till they a' did wauble,²⁰
Far, far, behin'!

When thou and I were young and
skeigh,²¹

And stable-meals at fairs were dreigh,²²
How thou would prance, and snore and
skreigh

And tak the road!

Town's bodies ran, and stood abeigh,²³
And ca't thee mad.

When thou was corn't, and I was mel-
low,

We took the road aye like a swallow:

At Brooses²⁴ thou had ne'er a fellow,

For pith and speed;

But every tail thou pay't them hollow,
Whare'er thou gaed.

The sma' droop-rumpl't,²⁵ hunter cat-
tle, [tle;²⁶

Might aiblins waur't thee for a brat-
But sax Scotch miles thou try't their
mettle,

And gar't them whaizle²⁷

Nae whup nor spur, but just a wattle²⁸
O' saugh or hazle.

Thou was a noble fittie-lan',²⁹

As e'er in tug or tow was drawn!

Aft thee and I, in aught hours' gaun,

In guid March weather,

Hae turn'd sax rood beside our han',

For days thegither.

Thou never braindg't, and fecht, and
fliskit,³⁰ [kit,³¹

But thy auld tail thou wad hae whis-
And spread abreed thy well-fill'd bris-
ket,³²

Wi' pith and pow'r,

'Till spritty knowes wad rair't and
risket,³³

And slypet owre.

When frosts lay lang, and snaws were
deep,

And threaten'd labour back to keep,

²⁰ Stagger—exhausted.

²¹ Mettlesome.

²² Scarce

²³ Aside.

²⁴ Wedding races.

²⁵ Sloping-backed. ²⁶ Might perhaps have
beaten thee for a short race.

²⁷ Wheeze.

²⁸ A switch. ²⁹ The near horse of the hind-
most pair in the plough. ³⁰ Never pulled by
fits or starts, or fretted. ³¹ Shaken. ³² Breast.

³³ Till hard, dry hillocks would open with a
cracking sound, the earth falling gertly over.

I gied thy cog³⁴ a wee bit heap

Aboon the timmer;

I kenn'd my Maggie wadna sleep

For that, or simmer.

In cart or car thou never reestit;³⁵ [it;
The steyest³⁶ brae thou wad hae faced
Thou never lap, and sten't, and breast-
it,³⁷

Then stood to blaw;

But just thy step a wee thing hastit,³⁸

Thou snoov't awa.

My pleugh is now thy bairn-time a';³⁹

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 and
twa,

The vera warst.

Mony a sair darg⁴⁰ we twa hae wrought,

And wi' the weary warl' fought!

And mony 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 deser-
vin',

And thy auld days may end in starvin',

For my last fou,

A heapit stimpart,⁴¹ I'll reserve ane

Laid by for you.

We've worn to crazy years thegither;

We'll toyte⁴² about wi' ane anither;

Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether

To some hain'd rig,⁴³ [er,

Whare ye may nobly rax⁴⁴ your leath-

Wi' sma' fatigue.

THE TWA DOGS:

A TALE.

Gilbert Burns says:—"The tale of 'The Twa
Dogs' was composed after the resolution of
publishing was nearly taken. Robert had a
dog, which he called Luath, that was a
great favourite. The dog had been killed
by the wanton cruelty of some person, the

³⁴ Wooden measure. ³⁵ Stopped. ³⁶ Steep-
est. ³⁷ Never leaped, reared, or started for
ward. ³⁸ Quickened. ³⁹ My plough team
are all thy children. ⁴⁰ Day's labour. ⁴¹ A
measure of corn the eighth part of a bushel.
⁴² Totter. ⁴³ Saved ridge of grass. ⁴⁴ Stretch.

night before my father's death. Robert said to me that he should like to confer such immortality as he could bestow on his old friend Luath, and that he had a great mind to introduce something into the book under the title of 'Stanzas to the Memory of a Quadruped Friend'; but this plan was given up for the poem as it now stands. Cæsar was merely the creature of the poet's imagination, created for the purpose of holding chat with his favourite Luath." The factor who stood for his portrait here was the same of whom he writes to Dr. Moore in 1787:—"My indignation yet boils at the scoundrel factor's insolent threatening letters, which used to set us all in tears." All who have been bred in country districts will have no difficulty in finding parallels to the factor of the poem. Often illiterate and unfeeling, they think to gain the favour of the laird by an over-zealous pressure on poor but honest tenants, who, if gently treated, would struggle through their difficulties.

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' auld King Coil,¹
Upon a bonny day in June,
When wearing through the afternoon,
Twa dogs that werena thrang² 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,³
Show'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs;
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for cod.

His lockéd, letter'd, braw brass collar
Show'd him the gentleman and scholar;
But thou he was o' high degree,
The fent⁴ a pride—nae pride had he;
But wad hae spent an hour caressin',
Even wi' a tinkler-gypsy's messan.⁵
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nae tawted⁶ tyke, though e'er sae
duddie,⁷

But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
And stroan't⁸ on stanes and hillocks
wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,
A rhyming, ranting, roving billie, [him,
Wha for his friend and comrade had
And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him,
After some dog in Highland sang,*

¹ The middle district of Ayrshire. ² Busy.
³ Ears. ⁴ A petty oath—"the devil a bit o'";
⁵ Cur. ⁶ Matted and dirty. ⁷ Ragged.
⁸ Pissed.

* Cuchullin's dog in Ossian's "Fingal."
—B.

Was made lang syne—Lord knows how
lang.

He was a gash⁹ and faithfu' tyke,
As ever lap a sheugh¹⁰ or dike.
His honest sonsie, baws'nt face,¹¹
Aye gat him friends in ilka place.
His breast was white, his touzie¹² back
Weel clad wi' coat 'o glossy black;
His gaucie¹³ tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung o'er his hurdies¹⁴ wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,¹⁵
And unco pack and thick¹⁶ thegither;
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and
snowkit,¹⁷ [howkit;¹⁸
Whyles mice and moudieworts they
Whyles scour'd awa' in lang excursion,
And worried ither in diversion;
Until wi' daffin¹⁹ weary grown,
Upon a knowe²⁰ they sat them down,
And there began a lang digression
About the lords o' the creation.

CÆSAR.

I've often wonder'd, honest Luath,
What sort o' life poor dogs like you
have,
And when the gentry's life I saw,
What way poor bodies lived awa.

Our laird gets in his racked rents,
His coals, his kain, and a' his stents;²¹
He rises when he likes himself;
His flunkies answer at the bell;
He ca's his coach, he ca's his horse;
He draws a bonny silken purse [steeks,²²
As 'ang's my tail, whare, through the
The yellow-letter'd Geordie keeks.²³

Frae morn to e'en it's nought but toil-
ing,
At baking, roasting, frying boiling;
And though the gentry first are
stechin,²⁴
Yet e'en the ha' folk fill their pechan²⁵
Wi' sauce, ragouts, and siclike trash-
trie,

⁹ Knowing. ¹⁰ Ditch. ¹¹ His honest
comely, white-striped face. ¹² Shaggy.
¹³ Bushy. ¹⁴ Hips. ¹⁵ Fond of each other.
¹⁶ Very interested and friendly. ¹⁷ Scented.
¹⁸ Sometimes for mice and moles they dug.
¹⁹ Sporting. ²⁰ Hillock. ²¹ His corn rents and
assessments. ²² Stitches. ²³ Glances. ²⁴ Stuff-
ing. ²⁵ Stomach.

That's little short o' downright wastrie,
 Our whipper-in, we, blastit wonner,²⁶
 Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner
 Better than ony tenant man
 His honour has in a' the lan';
 And what poor cot-folk pit their
 painch²⁷ in,
 I own it's past my comprehension.

LUATH

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they're fasht²⁸
 enough;
 A cotter howkin' in a sheugh,²⁹
 Wi' dirty stanes biggin' a dike,
 Baring a quarry, and siclike;
 Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains,
 A smytrie o' wee duddie weans,³⁰
 And nought but his han' darg³¹ to keep
 Them right and tight in thack and rape³²
 And when they meet wi' sair disasters,
 Like loss o' health or want o' masters,
 Yemaist wad think, a wee touch langer,
 And they maun starve o' cauld and
 hunger;
 But how it comes I never kenn'd yet,
 They're maistly wonderfu' contented;
 And buirdly chieils, and clever hizzies,³³
 Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But then to how ye're negleckit, [it!
 How huff'd, and cuff'd, and disrespek-
 Lord, man, our gentry care as little
 For delvers, ditchers, and sic cattle;
 They gang as saucy by poor folk
 As I wad by a stinkin' brock.³⁴
 I've noticed, on our laird's court-day,
 And mony a time my heart's been wae,
 Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
 How they maun thole a factor's snash:³⁵
 He'll stamp and threaten, curse and
 swear;
 He'll apprehend them, poind their gear;
 While they maun stan', wi' aspect
 humble,
 And hear it a', and fear and tremble!
 I see how folk live that hae riches;
 But surely poor folk maun be wretches!

²⁶ Wonder, a contemptuous appellation.
²⁷ Paunch. ²⁸ Troubled. ²⁹ Digging in a
 ditch. ³⁰ A number of ragged children.
³¹ Day's work. ³² Under a roof-tree.—
 literally, thatch and rope. ³³ Stalwart men
 and clever women. ³⁴ Badger. ³⁵ Bear a
 factor's abuse.

LUATH.

They're no sae wretched 's ane wad
 think;
 Though constantly on poortith's³⁶ brink:
 They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
 The view o't gies them little fright.

Then chance and fortune are sae guided,
 They're aye in less or mair provided:
 And though fatigued wi' close employ-
 ment,
 A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
 Their gushie³⁷ weans and faithfu'
 wives; [pride,
 The prattling things are just their
 That sweetens a' their fire-side; [py³⁸
 And whyles twalpenne worth o' nap-
 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 ferlie³⁹ at the folk in Lon'on.

As bleak-faced Hallowmas returns,
 They get the jovial ranting kirns,⁴⁰
 When rural life o' every station-
 Unite in common recreation; [Mirth
 Love blinks, Wit slaps, and social
 Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins
 They bar the door on frosty win's;
 The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
 And sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
 The luntin pipe and sneeshin mill⁴¹
 Are handed round wi' right guid will;
 The cantie⁴² auld folks crackin' crouse,⁴³
 The young anes rantin' through 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 mony a creditable stock
 O' decent, honest, fawsont⁴⁴ folk,
 Are riven out baith root and branch,
 Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
 Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster

³⁶ Poverty. ³⁷ Thriving. ³⁸ Ale or
 whisky. ³⁹ Wonder. ⁴⁰ Harvest-homes.
⁴¹ The smoking pipe and snuff-box. ⁴² Cheer-
 ful. ⁴³ Talking briskly. ⁴⁴ Seemly.

In favour wi' some gentle master,
Wha aiblins⁴⁵ thrang a parliamentin'
For Britain's guid his saul indentin'—

CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it; [it.
For Britain's guid! guid faith, I doubt
Say rather, gaun as Premiers lead him;
And saying Ay or No's they bid him:
At operas and plays parading,
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading;
Or maybe, in a frolic daft,
To Hague or Calais taks a waft,⁴⁶
To make a tour, and tak a whirl,
To learn *bon ton*, and see the worl'.

There, at Vienna or Versailles,
He rives his father's auld entails;⁴⁷
Or by Madrid he takes the route, [te;⁴⁸
To thrum guitars, and fecht wi' now-
Or down Italian vista startles, [tles,
Whore-hunting among groves o' myr-
Then bouses drumly German water,
To mak himsel look fair and fatter,
And clear the consequential sorrows,
Love-gifts of Carnival signoras.
For Britain's guid!—for her destruction!
Wi' dissipation, feud, and faction!

LUATH.

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

Oh, would they stay aback fra courts,
And please themselves wi' country
sports,

It wad for every ane be better,
The Laird, The Tenant, and the Cot-
ter!

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 moorcock,
The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk.

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

CÆSAR.

Lord, man, were ye but whyles whare
I am,

The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.
It's true they needna starve nor sweat,
Through winter's cauld or simmer's
heat;

[banes,
They've nae sair wark to craze their
And fill auld age wi' grips and granes:⁴⁹
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themselfs to vex them;
And aye the less they hae to sturt⁵⁰
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 dizzens done, she's unco weel:
But Gentlemen, and Ladies warst,
Wi' evendown want o' wark are curst.
They loiter, lounging, lank, and lazy;
Though deil haet⁵¹ ails them, yet
uneasy;

Their days insipid, dull, and tasteless;
Their nights unquiet, lang, and restless;
And e'en their sports, their balls and
races,

Their galloping through public places,
There's sic parade, sic pomp and art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart,

The men cast out in party matches,
Then sowther⁵² a' in deep debauches;
Ae night they're mad wi' drink and
whoring,

Neist day their life is past enduring.

The Ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great and gracious a' as sisters;
But hear their absent thoughts o' ither.
They're a' run deils and jads⁵³ the-
gither. [tie,

Whyles, owre the wee bit cup and pla-
They sip the scandal potion pretty:
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks,
Pore owre the devil's pictured beuks;
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
And cheat like ony unhang'd black-
guard. [man;

There's some exception, man and wo-
But this is Gentry's life in common.

⁴⁵ Perhaps. ⁴⁶ A trip. ⁴⁷ Breaks the entail
on his estate. ⁴⁸ See bull-fights.

⁴⁹ Pains and groans. ⁵⁰ Trouble. ⁵¹ Devil
a thing. ⁵² Solder. ⁵³ A giddy girl.

By this, the sun was out o' sight,
 And darker gloaming brought the
 night: [drone;
 The bum-clock⁵⁴ humm'd. wi' lazy
 The kye stood rowtin⁵⁵ i' the loan:
 When up they gat and shook their lugs,
 Rejoiced they werena men, but dogs;
 And each took aff his several way,
 Resolved to meet some ither day.

TO A LOUSE,

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

Burns's fastidious patrons and patronesses sometimes ventured to lecture him on the homeliness and vulgarity of some of his themes. "The Address to a Louse" was a notable instance. The poet defended it on account of the moral conveyed, and he was right, we think. He was ever impatient of criticism and suggestions; and, judging from the kind of criticisms and suggestions frequently offered to him, we may be glad that he so frequently followed his own judgment.

HA! whare ye gaun, ye crowin'
 ferlie!¹

Your impudence protects you sairly:

I canna say but ye strunt² rarely,
 Owre gauze and lace;

Though, faith, I fear ye dine but
 sparely

On sic a place

Ye ugly, creepin', blastit wonner, [ner,
 Detested, shunn'd, by saunt and sin-
 How dare ye set your fit upon her,
 Sae fine a lady?

Gae somewhere else, and seek your
 dinner

On some poor body

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle³
 There ye may creep, and sprawl, and
 sprattle⁴

Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle,
 In shoals and nations;

Whare horn nor bane ne'er daur un-
 settle⁵

Your thick plantations.

⁵⁴ Beetle. ⁵⁵ Lowing.

¹ Wonder. ² Strut. ³ Swift crawl in some beggar's hair. ⁴ Scramble. ⁵ Where the hair is never combed.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight
 Below the fatt'rils,⁶ snug and tight;
 Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right
 Till ye've got on it,
 The very tapmost, towering height
 O' Miss's bonnet.

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose
 out,

As plump and gray as ony grozet:⁷

Oh for some rank, mercurial rozet,⁸
 Or fell, red smeddom,⁹

I'd gie you sic a hearty doze o't,
 Wad dress your droddum!¹⁰

I wadna been surpris'd to spy
 You on an auld wife's flannen toy:¹¹

Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
 On's wyliecoat;¹²

But Miss's fine Lunardi!¹³ fie!
 How daur ye do't?

O Jenny, dinna toss your head,
 And set your beauties a' abroad!

Ye 'ittle ken what curs'd speed
 The blastie's makin'!

The winks and finger-ends, I dread,
 Are notice takin'!

Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
 To see oursels as others see us!

It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
 And foolish notion: [us

What airs in dress and gait wad lea'e
 And even devotion!

THE ORDINATION.

"For sense they little owe to frugal
 Heaven—
 To please the mob, they hide the little
 given."

KILMARNOCK wabsters,¹ fidge and claw
 And pour your creeshie nations:²

And ye wha leather rax³ and draw
 Of a' denominations,†

⁶ The ribbon ends. ⁷ Gooseberry. ⁸ Rosin.
⁹ Powder. ¹⁰ Breach. ¹¹ Flannel cap.
¹² Flannel Waistcoat.

¹ Weavers. ² Greasy crowds. ³ Stretch.

* A kind of bonnet, at one time fashionable, called after an Italian aeronaut.

† Kilmarnock was then a town of between three and four thousand inhabitants, most of whom were engaged in the manufacture of carpets and other coarse woollen goods, or in the preparation of leather.

Swith to the Laigh Kirk, ane and a',
And there tak up your stations;
Then aff to Begbie's † in a raw,
And pour divine libations
For joy this day.

Curst Common Sense, that imp o' hell,
Cam in with Maggie Lauder; ‡
But Oliphant aft made her yell,
And Russell sair misca'd her; §
This day Mackinlay taks the flail,
And he's the boy will blaud⁴ her!
He'll clap a shangan⁵ on her tail,
And set the bairns to daud⁶ her
Wi' dirt this day.

Mak hastè and turn king David owre,
And lilt wi' holy clangor;
O' double verse come gie us four,
And skirl up the Bangor:
'This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure,⁷
Nae mair the kuaves shall wrang her,
For Heresy is in her power.
And gloriously she'll whang⁸ her
Wi' pith this day.

Come, let a proper text be read,
And touch it aff wi' vigour,
How graceless Ham || leugh at his dad,
Which made Canaan a nigger;
Or Phinehas ¶ drove the murdering
blade,
Wi' whore-aborring rigour;
Or Zipporah, ** the scauldin' jade,
Was like a bluidy tiger
I' the 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 owre the flock to feed,
And punish each transgression;
Espesial, rams that cross the breed,
Gie them sufficient threshin',
Spare them nae day.

⁴ Slap. ⁵ A cleft stick. ⁶ Bespatter. ⁷ A dust.
⁸ Lash.

† A tavern near the church kept by a person of this name.

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

§ Oliphant and Russell were ministers of the Auld-Licht party.

|| Genesis ix. 22.

¶ Numbers xxv. 8.

** Exodus iv. 25.

Now, auld Kilmarnock, cock thy tail,
And toss thy horns fu' canty;⁹ [dale,
Nae mair thou'lt rowte¹⁰ out-owre the
Because thy pasture's scanty;
For lapfu's large o' gospel kail
Shall fill thy crib in plenty,
And runts¹¹ o' grace the pick and wale,
No gien 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'; [cheep,
Come, screw the pegs, wi' tunefu'
And o'er the thairms¹² be tryin';
Oh, rare! to see our elbucks wheep,¹³
And a' like lamb-tails flyin'
Fu' fast this day!

Lang, Patronage, wi' rod o' airn,
Has shored¹⁴ the Kirk's undoin',
As lately Fenwick, †† sair forfairn,¹⁵
Has proven to its ruin:
Our patron, honest man! Glencairn,
He saw mischief was brewin';
And, like a godly elect bairn,
He's waled¹⁶ us out a true ane,
And sound this day.

Now, Robinson, †† harangue nae mair,
Bul steek your gab¹⁷ for ever:
Or try the wicked town of Ayr,
For there they'll think you clever!
Or, nae reflection on your lear,
Ye may commence a shaver;
Or to the Netherton §§ repair,
And turn a carpet-weaver
Aff-hand this day.

Mutrie ||| and you were just a match,
We never had sic twa drones:
Auld Horniè did the Laigh Kirk watch,
Just like a winkin' baudrons,¹⁸

And aye he catch'd the tither wretch,
To fry them in his caudrons:

⁹ Merry. ¹⁰ Low. ¹¹ Cabbage stems.
¹² Strings. ¹³ Elbows jerk. ¹⁴ Threatened.
¹⁵ Menaced. ¹⁶ Chosen. ¹⁷ Shut your mouth.
¹⁸ A cat.

†† Rev. William Boyd, minister of Fenwick, whose settlement had been disputed.

‡‡ The colleague of the newly-ordained clergyman—a moderate.

§§ A part of the town of Kilmarnock.

||| The deceased clergyman, whom Mr Mackinlay succeeded.

But now his honour maun detach,
Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons,
Fast, fast this day.

See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes
She's swingein'¹⁹ through the city ;
Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays!
I vow its unco pretty : [face,
There, Learning, with his Greekish
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 and fell,²⁰
As ane were peelin' onions !
Now there—they're packèd aff to hell,
And banish'd our dominions
Henceforth this day.

O happy day ! rejoice, rejoice !
Come bouse about the porter !
Morality's demure decoys
Shall here nae mair find quarter :
Mackinlay, Russell, are the boys,
That Heresy can torture,
They'll gie her on a rape a hoys,²¹
And cove²² her measure shorter
By the head some day.

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,
And here's, for a conclusion,
To every New-Light *** mother's son,
From this time forth, Confusion :
If mair they deave²³ us wi' their din,
Or patronage intrusion,
We'll light a spunk,²⁴ and, every skin,
We'll ring them aff in fusion,
Like oil some day.

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 ;

¹⁹ Whipping. ²⁰ The flesh under the skin.
²¹ A swing in a rope. ²² Cut. ²³ Deafen.
²⁴ A match.

¶¶ The well-known author of the "Essay on Truth."
*** "New Light" is a cant phrase, in the west of Scotland, for those religious opinions which Dr. Taylor of Norwich has defended so strenuously.—B.

The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
May hae some pyles o' caft in ;
So ne'er a fellow-creature slight
For random fits o' daffin."
—SOLOMON.—Eccles. vii. 16.

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

Hear me, ye venerable core,
As counsel for poor mortals, [door
That frequent past douce¹ Wisdom's
For glakit² Folly's portals ;
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
Would here propone defences,
Their donsie³ tricks, their black mis-
takes,
Their failings and mischances.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compared,
And shudder at the niffer,⁴
But cast a moment's fair regard,
What maks the mighty differ ?
Discount what scant occasion gave,
That purity ye pride in,
And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)
Your better art o' hiding.

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

See social life and glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking, [grow
Till, quite transmugrifed,⁵ they're
Debauchery and drinking :
Oh would they stay to calculate
The eternal consequences :
Or your more dreaded hell to state,
Damnation of expenses !

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
Tied up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor frailty names
Suppose a change o' cases ;

¹ Thoughtful. ² Senseless. ³ Unlucky
⁴ Comparison. ⁵ Transformed.

A dear-loved lad, convenience snug,
 A treacherous inclination—
 But, let me whisper i' your lug,⁶
 Ye're aiblins' nae temptation.

Then gently scan your brother man,
 Still gentler sister woman; [wrang,⁸
 Though they may gang a kennin'⁸
 To step aside, is human:
 One point must still be greatly dark,
 The moving *why* they do it:
 And just as lamely can ye mark
 How far perhaps they rue it.

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

THE INVENTORY,

IN ANSWER TO A MANDATE BY THE
 SURVEYOR OF TAXES.

SIR, as your mandate did request,
 I send you here a faithfu' list
 O' guid's and gear, and a' my graith,
 To which I'm clear to gie my aith.

Imprimis, then, for carriage cattle,
 I hae four brutes o' gallant mettle,
 As ever drew afore a pettle,¹
 My han'-afore's² a guid auld *has-been*.
 And wight and willfu' a' his days been
 My han'-ahin's³ a weel-gaun filly,
 That aft has borne me hame fae Killie,*
 And your auld burro' mony a time,
 In days when riding was nae crime—
 But ance, when in my wooing pride,
 I, like a blockhead boost⁴ to ride,
 The wilfu' creature sae I pat to
 (Lord, pardon a' my sins, and that too!)
 I play'd my filly sic a shavie,⁵
 She's a bedevil'd wi' the spavie.
 My fur-ahin's⁶ a worthy beast,

⁶ Ear. ⁷ Perhaps. ⁸ A little bit.

¹ A plough spade. ² The foremost horse on the left-hand in the plough. ³ The hindmost horse on the left-hand in the plough. ⁴ Must needs. ⁵ A trick. ⁶ The hindmost horse on the right-hand in the plough.

* Kilmarnock.

As e'er in tug or tow was traced. [tie,
 The fourth's a Highland Donald has-
 A damn'd red-wud Kilburnie blastie!
 Forbye a cowte,⁷ o' cowte's the wale,⁸
 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 hae but few,
 Three carts, and twa are feckly⁹ new;
 An auld wheelbarrow, mair for token
 Ae leg and baith the trams are broken;
 I made a poker o' the spin'le,
 And my auld mither brunt the trin'ie.

For men, I've three mischievous boys,
 Run-deils fot rantin' and for noise
 A gauesman ane, a thrasher t'other;
 Wee Davoc hauds the nowte in fother¹⁰
 I rule them, as I ought, discreetly,
 And aften labour them completely;
 And aye on Sundays duly, nightly,
 I on the question targe¹¹ them tightly,
 Till, faith, wee Davoc's turn'd sae
 gleg¹²
 Though scarcely langer than my leg,
 He'll screed you aff Effectual Callin'[†]
 As fast as ony in the dwelling.

I've nane in female servan' station,
 (Lord, keep me ae frae a' temptation!)
 I hae nae wife, and that my bliss is,
 And ye hae laid nae tax on misses;
 And then, if kirk folks dinna clutch
 me,
 I ken the devils darena touch me.
 Wi' weans I'm mair than weel con-
 tented,
 Heaven sent me ane mair than I wanted.
 My sonsie,¹³ smirking, dear-bought
 Bess,[‡]
 She stares the daddy in her face,
 Enough of ought you like but grace;
 But her, my bonny sweet wee lady,
 I've paid enough for her already,
 And gin ye tax her or her mither,
 B' the Lord! ye'se get them a' the-
 gither.

⁷ A colt. ⁸ Choice. ⁹ Nearly. ¹⁰ Keeps the cattle in fodder. ¹¹ Task. ¹² So sharp
¹³ Comely.

† A leading question in the Shorter Catechism of the Westminster Assembly of divines.

‡ A child born to the poet by a female servant of his mother's

And now, remember, Mr Aiken,
 Nae kind of license out I'm taken;
 Frae this time forth I do declare,
 I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair;
 Through dirt and dub for life I'll
 paidle,¹⁴

Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle;
 My travel a' on foot I'll shank¹⁵ 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've wrote
 it,
 The day and date as under noted;
 Then know all ye whom it concerns,
Subscripsi huic, ROBERT BURNS.
 MOSSGIEL, February 22, 1786.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE
 PLOUGH IN APRIL, 1876.

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,
 Thou's met me in an evil hour;
 For I maun crush amang the stoure¹
 Thy slender stem:
 To spare thee now is past my power,
 Thou bonny gem.

Alas! it's no thy neibor sweet,
 The bonny lark, companion meet,
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weat,
 Wi' speckled breast,
 When upward springing, blithe, to
 greet,
 The purpling east.

Could blew the bitter-biting north
 Upon thy early, humble birth;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted² forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
 High sheltering woods and wa's maun
 shield;
 But thou, beneath the random bield³
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie⁴ stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

¹⁴ Tramp. ¹⁵ Walk.

¹ Dust. ² Peeped. ³ Shelter. ⁴ Barren.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise;
 But now the *shave* uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies!

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

Such is the fate of simple bard,
 On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
 Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
 Who long with wants and woes has
 striven,
 By human pride or cunning driven,
 To misery's brink.
 Till wrench'd of every stay but heaven,
 He, ruin'd, sink!

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

LAMENT,

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

After mentioning the appearance of "Holy Willie's Prayer," which alarmed the kirk-session so much that they held several meetings to look over their spiritual artillery, if haply any of it might be pointed against profane rhymers, Burns states:—"Unluckily for me, my wanderings led me on another side, within point-blank shot of their heaviest metal. This is the unfortunate story that gave rise to my printed poem, 'The Lament.' This was a most melancholy affair, which I cannot yet bear to reflect on, and had very nearly given me one or two of the principal qualifications for a place among those who have lost the character, and mistaken the reckoning of rationality. I had been for some days skulking from covert to covert, under all the terrors of a jail; as some ill-advised people had uncou-

pled the merciless pack of the law at my heels. I had taken the last farewell of my few friends; my chest was on the road to Greenock; I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia, 'The Gloomy Night is Gathering Fast,' when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of mine overthrew all my schemes, by opening new prospects to my poetic ambition."

It is scarcely necessary," Gilbert Burns says, "to mention that 'The Lament' was composed on that unfortunate passage in his matrimonial history which I have mentioned in my letter to Mrs. Dunlop, [alluding to his connexion with Jean Armour.] After the first distraction of his feelings had subsided, that connexion *could no longer be concealed*. Robert durst not engage with a family in his poor, unsettled state, but was anxious to shield his partner by every means in his power, from the consequences of their imprudence. It was agreed, therefore, between them, that they should make a legal acknowledgment of an irregular and private marriage, that he should go to Jamaica to *push his fortune*, and that she should remain with her father till it might please Providence to put the means of supporting a family in his power."

"Alas! how oft does goodness wound itself,
And sweet affection prove the spring of woe!"
—HOME.

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

I joyless view thy rays adorn
The faintly-markèd distant hill:
I joyless view thy trembling horn,
Reflected in the gurgling rill:
My fondly-fluttering heart, be still!
Thou busy power, remembrance
cease!

Ah! must the agonising 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 Powers above;
The promised father's tender name;
These were the pledges of my love!

Encircled in her clasping arms, [flown,
How have the raptured moments

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 through rough distress!
Then who her pangs and pains will
Her sorrows share, and make them
less?

Ye wingèd hours that o'er us pass'd,
Enraptured more, the more enjoy'd,
Your dear remembrance in my breast,
My fondly-treasured thoughts employ'd.
That breast, how dreary now, and
For her too scanty once of room!
Even every ray of hope destroy'd,
And not a wish to gild the gloom!

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

And when my nightly couch I try,
Sore harass'd out with care and
grief,
My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn
Keep watchings with the nightly
thief:

Or if I slumber, fancy, chief, [fright:
Reigns haggard-wild, in soar af-
Even day, all-bitter, brings relief,
From such a horror-breathing night.

O thou bright queen, who o'er th' ex-
panse,
Now highest reign'st with boundless
Oft has thy silent-marking glance
Observed us, fondly wandering stray!
The time unheeded, sped away, [high,
While love's luxurious pulse beat
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 every joy and pleasure torn,
 Life's weary vale I wander through;
 And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
 A faithless woman's broken vow.

DESPONDENCY :

AN ODE.

A sorrow or a cross is half conquered when, by telling it, some dear friend becomes, as it were, a sharer in it. Burns poured out his troubles in verse with a like result. He says, "I think it is one of the greatest pleasures attending a poetic genius, that we can give our woes, cares, joys, and loves, an embodied form in verse, which to me is ever immediate ease."

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 and weary road,
 To wretches such as I !

Dim backward as I cast my view,
 What sickening scenes appear !

What sorrows yet may pierce me through,

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 !

Even when the wish'd end's denied,
 Yet while the busy means are plied,

They bring their own reward :

Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
 Unfitted with an aim,

Meet every 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 evening thought,

By unfrequented stream,

The ways of men are distant brought,

A faint collected dream ;

While praising, and raising

His thoughts to heaven on high,

As wand'ring, meand'ring,

He views the solemn sky.

Than I, no lonely hermit placed

Where never human footstep traced,

Less fit to play the part ;

The lucky moment to improve,

And just to stop, and just to move,

With self-respecting art : [joys

But, ah ! those pleasures, loves, and

Which I too keenly taste,

The solitary can despise,

Can want, and yet be blest !

He needs not, he needs not,

Or human love or nate,

Whilst I here, must cry here

At perfidy ingrate !

Oh ! enviable, early days, [maze,

When dancing thoughtless pleasure's

To care, to guilt unknown !

How ill exchanged for riper times,

To feel the follies, or the crimes,

Of others, or my own !

Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,

Like linnets in the bush,

Ye little know the ills ye court,

When manhood is your wish !

The losses, the crosses,

That active man engage !

The fears all, the tears all,

Of dim declining age !

ODE TO RUIN.

Currie says :—" It appears from internal evidence that the above lines were composed in 1786, when 'Hungry Ruin had him in the wind.' The 'dart' that

'Cut my dearest tie,

And quivers in my heart,

is evidently an allusion to his separation from his 'bonny Jean.' Burns seems to have glanced into futurity with a prophetic eye: images of misery and woe darkened the distant vista: and when he looked back on his career he saw little to console him.—'I have been, this morning,' he observes, '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 me of a ruined temple. What strength, what proportion, in some parts ! What unsightly gaps, what prostrate ruin in others ! I kneeled down before the Father of mercies and said, "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." I rose, eased and strengthened."

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-resolved, despairing eye,
I see each aimed dart ;
For one has cut my dearest tie,
And quivers in my heart.
Then lowering and pouring,
The storm no more I dread ;
Though thick'ning and black'ning,
Round my devoted head.

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

ADDRESS OF BEELZEBUB

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE HIGHLAND
SOCIETY.

The history of this poem is as follows :—“ On Tuesday, May 23, there was a meeting of the Highland Society at London for the encouragement of the fisheries in the Highlands, &c. Three thousand pounds were immediately subscribed by eleven gentlemen present for this particular purpose. The Earl of Breadalbane informed the meeting that five hundred persons had agreed to emigrate from the estates of Mr. Macdonald of Glengarry ; that they had subscribed money, purchased ships, &c., to carry their design into effect. The noblemen and gentlemen agreed to co-operate with the Government to frustrate their design ; and to recommend to the principal noblemen and

gentlemen in the Highlands to endeavour to prevent emigration, by improving the fisheries, agriculture, and manufactures, and particularly to enter into a subscription for that purpose.” This appeared in the *Edinburgh Advertiser* of 30th May, 1786. Remembering the outcry made a few years ago against Highland evictions, we cannot help being somewhat surprised at the poet's indignation. Mackenzie of Applecross, who figures in the poem, was a liberal landowner. Mr. Knox, in his tour of the Highlands, written about the same time as the Address, states that he had relinquished all feudal claims upon the labour of his tenants, paying them for their labour. The Address first appeared in the *Scot's Magazine* with the following heading :—“ 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 Shakespeare, Covent Garden, to concert ways and means to frustrate the designs of five 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 lords 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.”

LONG life, my lord, and health be yours
Unscath'd by hunger'd Highland
boors ;¹ [gar,
Lord, grant nae duddie² desperate beg-
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 thae lakes and seas
They'll mak what rules and laws they
please ;
Some daring Hancock, or a Franklin,
May set their Highland bluid a rank-
lin' ; [them,
Some Washington again may head
Or some Montgomery, fearless lead
them,
Till God knows what may be effected
When by such heads and hearts di-
rected—
Poor dunghill sons of dirt and mire
May to Patrician rights aspire ! [ville,
Nae sage North, now, nor sager Sack-
To watch and premier o'er the pack
vile,

¹ Clodhoppers. ² Ragged.

And whare will ye get Howes and
Clintons

To bring them to a right repentance,
To cowe the rebel generation,
And save the honour o' the nation?
They and be damn'd! what right hae
they

To meat or sleep, or light o' day?
Far less to riches, power, 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
baillies,

I canna say but they do gaylies;³
Then lay aside a' tender mercies,
And tiri the hallions to the birses;⁴
Yet while they're only poind't and
herriet,⁵ [spirit;

They'll keep their stubborn Highland
But smash them! crash them a' to
spails!⁶

And rot the dyvors⁷ i' the jails!
The young dogs, swinge⁸ them to the
labour;

Let wark and hunger mak them sober!
The hizzies, if they're aughtlins faw-
sont,⁹

Let them in Drury Lane be lesson'd!
And if the wives and dirty brats
E'en tigger¹⁰ at your doors and yetts,¹¹
Flaffan wi' duds and gray wi' beas',¹²
Frightin' awa' your deucks and geese,
Get out a horsewhip or a jowler,¹³

The langest thong, the fiercest growler,
And gar¹⁴ the tatter'd gypsies pack
Wi' a' their bastards on their back!

Go on, my lord! I lang to meet you,
And in my house at hame to greet you;
Wi' common lords ye shanna mingle,
The benmost neuk¹⁵ beside the ingle,¹⁶

At my right han' assign'd your seat,
'Tween Herod's hip and Polycrate,—
Or if you on your station tarrow,¹⁷

Between Almagro and Pizzaro,
A seat, I'm sure ye're well deservin't;
And till ye come—Your humble ser-
vant,
BEELZEBUB.

June 1st, Anno Mundi, 5700 [A. D. 1786.]

³ Pretty well. ⁴ And strip the clowns to the
skin. ⁵ Sold out and despoiled. ⁶ Chips,
⁷ Bankrupts. ⁸ Whip. ⁹ The girls if they
be at all handsome. ¹⁰ Beg. ¹¹ Gates.
¹² Fluttering in rags and gray with vermin.
¹³ A dog. ¹⁴ Make. ¹⁵ The innermost
corner. ¹⁶ Fire place. ¹⁷ Complain.

A DREAM.

The publication of "The Dream" in the Ed-
inburgh edition of the poems, according to
many, did much to injure the poet with the
dispensers of Government patronage. Mrs.
Dunlop and others endeavoured in vain to
prevent its publication. The free-spoken
and humorous verses of Burns contrast odd-
ly with the servile ode of Warton, which
Burns represents himself as having fallen
asleep in reading.

"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
birthday levee; and in his dreaming fancy
made the following ADDRESS.—BURNS.

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

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

For me, before a monarch's face,
Even there I winna flatter;
For neither pension, post, nor place,
Am I your humble debtor:

¹ Would make you believe.

* Thomas Warton then filled this office.
His ode for June 4, 1786, begins as follows:—

"When freedom nursed her native fire
In ancient Greece, and ruled the lyre,
Her bards disdainful, from the tyrant's
brow
The tinsel gifts of flattery tore,
But paid to guiltless power their willing
vow,
And to the throne of virtuous kings,"
&c.

On these verses, the rhymes of the Ayrshire
bard must be allowed to form an odd enough
commentary.—CHAMBERS.

So, nae reflection on your grace,
Your kingship to bespatter;
There's mony waur² been o' the race,
And aiblins³ ane been better
Than you this day.

'Tis very true, my sovereign king,
My skill may weel be doubted:
But facts are chiefs that winna ding,⁴
And downa⁵ be disputed:
Your royal nest, beneath your wing,
Is e'en right reft and clouted⁶
And now the third part of the string,
And less will gang about it
Than did ae day. †

Far be't frae me that I aspire
To blame your legislation,
Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,
To rule this mighty nation!
But, faith! I muckle doubt, my sire,
Ye've trusted ministration
To chaps,⁷ 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 best⁸ to pasture
I the craft some day.

I'm no mistrusting Willie Pitt,
When taxes he enlarges,
(And Will's a true guid fallow's get, †
A name not envy spairges.)⁹
That he intends to pay your debt,
And lessen a' your charges;
But, God-sake! let nae saving fit
Abridge your bonny barges §
And boats this day.

² Many worse. ³ Perhaps. ⁴ Beat. ⁵ Will not. ⁶ Broken and patched. ⁷ Fellows. ⁸ Behoved. ⁹ Bespatters.

† In this verse the poet alludes to the immense curtailment of the British dominion at the close of the American war, and the cession of the territory of Louisiana to Spain.

‡ Gait, gett, or gyte, a homely substitute for the word child in Scotland. The above stanza is not the only testimony of admiration which Burns pays to the great Earl of Chatham.

§ On the supplies for the navy being voted, spring, 1786, Captain Macbride counselled

Adieu, my liege! may Freedom geek¹⁰
Beneath your high protection;
And may you rax¹¹ Corruption's neck,
And gie her for dissection!
But since I'm here, I'll no neglect,
In loyal, true affection,
To pay your queen, with due respect,
My fealty and subjection
This great birthday.

Hail, Majesty Most Excellent!
While nobles strive to please ye,
Will ye accept a compliment
A simple poet gies ye? [lent,
Thae bonnie bairn-time,¹² Heaven has
Still higher may they heeze¹³ 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 [sails,
Down pleasure's stream, wi' swelling
I'm tauld ye're driving rarely;
But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
And curse your folly sairly,
That e'er ye brak Diana's pales,
Or rattled dice wi' Charlie, ¶
By night or day.

Yet aft a ragged cowte's¹⁴ been known
To mak a noble aiver,¹⁵
So, ye may doucely¹⁶ fill a throne,
For a' their clish-ma-claver;¹⁷
There, him at Agincourt ¶ wha shone,
Few better were or braver:
And yet, wi' funny, queer Sir John, **
He was an unco shaver¹⁸
For mony a day.

For you, right reverend Osnaburg, ††
Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter,
Although a ribbon at your lug
Wad been a dress completer:
As ye disown yon paughty¹⁹ dog
That bears the keys o' Peter,
Then, swith! and get a wife to hug,

¹⁰ Lift her head. ¹¹ Stretch. ¹² Children. ¹³ Raise. ¹⁴ Colt. ¹⁵ Horse. ¹⁶ Wisely. ¹⁷ Idle scandal. ¹⁸ A humourous wag. ¹⁹ Haughty.

some changes in that force, particularly the giving up of 64-gun ships, which occasioned a good deal of discussion.

¶ The Right Hon. Charles James Fox.

¶ King Henry V.—B.

** Sir John Falstaff—*vide* Shakespeare.—B

†† The Duke of York.

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, §§ stem and stern,
Weel rigg'd for Venus' barter;
But first hang out, that she'll discern,
Your hymeneal charter,
Then heave aboard your grapple-airn,
And, large upon her quarter,
Come full that day.

Ye, lastly, bonny blossoms a',
Ye royal lasses dainty,
Heaven mak you guid as weel as braw,
And gie you lads a-plenty:
But sneer na British boys awa',
For kings are unco scant aye;²⁰
And German gentles are but sma',
They're better just than want aye
On ony day.

God bless you a'! consider now,
Ye're unco muckle dautit;²¹
But ere the course o' life be through,
It may be bitter sautit:²²
And I hae seen their coggie fu',²³
That yet hae tarrow't²⁴ at it;
But or the day was done, I trow,
The laggen they hae clautit²⁵
Fu' clean that day.

THE HOLY FAIR.*

This is by far the ablest of the satires Burns levelled at the Church; and his worst enemies could not avoid confessing that it was as well deserved as it was clever. Scenes such as the poet describes had become a scandal and a disgrace to the Church. The poem was met by a storm of abuse from his old enemies; but, amid all their railings, they did not fail to lay it to heart, and from that time forward there was a manifest improvement in the bearing of ministers and people on such occasions. This is not the least of its merits in the eyes of his countrymen of the present day. Notwithstanding the daring levity of some of its allusions and incidents, the poet has strictly confined himself to the sayings and doings of the assembled multitude—the sacred rite itself is never once mentioned.

²⁰ Always scarce. ²¹ Too much flattered.

²² Salted. ²³ Platter full. ²⁴ Grumbled.

²⁵ They have scraped out the dish.

†† William IV., then Duke of Clarence.

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

* Holy Fair is a common phrase in the west of Scotland for a sacramental occasion.—B.

"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 à-la-Mode.*

UPON a simmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair,
I walkèd forth to view the corn,
And snuff the caller' air.
The rising sun owre Galston† muirs,
Wi' glorious light was glintin';²
The hares were hirplin³ down the furs,⁴
The lav'rocks they were chantin'
Fu' sweet that day.

As lightsomely I glower'd⁵ abroad,
To see a scene sae gay,
Three hizzies,⁶ early at the road,
Cam skelpin' up the way;
Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,
But ane wi' lyart' lining;
The third, that gaed a-wee a-back,
Was in the fashion shining
Fu' gay that day.

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

Wi' bonnet aff, quothe I, "Sweet lass,
I think ye seem to ken me;
I'm sure I've seen that bonny face,
But yet I canna name ye."
Quo' she, and laughin' as she spak,
And taks me by the hands,
"Ye, for my sake, hae gien the feck⁵
Of a' the ten commands
A screed some day.

"My name is Fun—your crony dear,
The nearest friend ye hae;
And this is Superstition here,
And that's Hypocrisy.
I'm gaun to Mauchline holy fair,

¹ Fresh. ² Glancing. ³ Limping. ⁴ Fur-rows. ⁵ Looked. ⁶ Wenches. ⁷ Gray, ⁸ Most.

† The adjoining parish to Mauchline.

To spend an hour in daffin';⁹
Gin ye'll go there, yon runkled 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 sark¹⁰ on,
And meet you on the holy spot;
Faith, we'se hae fine remarkin'!
Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,¹¹
And soon I made me ready;
For roads were clad, frae side to side,
Wi' mony a weary body,
In droves that day.

Here farmers gash,¹² in ridin' graith,¹³
Gaed hoddin'¹⁴ by their cotters;
There, swankies¹⁵ young, in braw
braid claith,
Are springin' owre the gutters;
The lasses, skelpin' barefit, thrang,
In silks and scarlets glitter;
Wi' sweet-milk cheese, in mony a
whang,¹⁶
And farls,¹⁷ baked wi' butter,
Fu' crump that day.

When by the plate we set our nose,
Weel heapèd up wi' ha'pence,
A greedy glower Black-bonnet† throws,
And we maun draw our tippence.
Then in we go to see the show,
On very side they're gath'rin'
Some carrying dails,¹⁸ some chairs and
stools,
And some are busy bleth'rin'¹⁹
Right loud that day.

Here stands a shed to fend the showers,
And screen our country gentry,
There Racer Jess,§ and twa-three
whores,

⁹ Sport. ¹⁰ Shirt. ¹¹ Breakfast-time. ¹² Sensible. ¹³ Attire. ¹⁴ Jogging. ¹⁵ Striplings. ¹⁶ Cut. ¹⁷ Cakes. ¹⁸ Planks, or boards, to sit on. ¹⁹ Chatting.

† A colloquial appellation bestowed on the church elders or deacons, who in landward parishes in the olden time generally wore black bonnets on Sundays, when they officiated at "the plate" in making the usual collection for the poor.—MOTHERWELL.

§ The following notice of Racer Jess appeared in the newspapers of February, 1818:—"Died at Mauchline a few weeks since, Janet Gibson, consigned to immortality by Burns in his 'Holy Fair,' under the turf appellation of 'Racer Jess.' She was the daughter of 'Poose Nansie,' who figures in 'The Jolly Beggars.' She was remarkable for her pedestrian

Are blinkin' at the entry;
Here sits a raw of tittlin'²⁰ jades,
Wi' heaving breast and bare neck,
And there a batch o' wabster lads,
Blackguarding frae Kilmarnock,
For fun this day.

Here some are thinkin' on their sins,
And some upo' their claes;
Ane curses feet that fyled²¹ his shins,
Anither sighs and prays:
On this hand sits a chosen swatch,²²
Wi' screw'd-up grace-proud faces;
On that a set o' chaps at watch,
Thrang winkin' on the lasses
To chairs that day.

Oh, happy is that man and blest!
Nae wonder that it pride him!
Whase ane dear lass, that he likes best,
Comes clinkin' down beside him!
Wi' arm-reposed on the chair back,
He sweetly does compose him;
Which, by degrees, slips round her
neck,
An's loof²³ upon her bosom,
Unkenn'd that day.

Now a' the congregation o'er
Is silent expectation:
For Moodie|| speels²⁴ the holy door,
Wi' tidings o' damnation.
Should Hornie, as in ancient days,
'Mang sons o' God present him,
The very sight o' Moodie's face
To's ain het hame had sent him
Wi' fright that day.

Hear how he clears the points o' faith
Wi' rattlin' and wi' thumpin'!
Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
He's stampin' and he's jumpin'!
His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd-up
snout,

²⁰ Whispering. ²¹ Soiled. ²² Sample. ²³ Hand. ²⁴ Climbs.

powers, and sometimes ran long distances for a wager."

|| Moodie was the minister of Riccarton, and one of the heroes of "The Twa Herds." He was a never-failing assistant at the Mauchline sacraments. His personal appearance and style of oratory were exactly such as described by the poet. He dwelt chiefly on the terrors of the law. On one occasion he told the audience that they would find the text in John viii. 44, but it was so applicable to their case that there was no need of his reading it to them. The verse begins, "Ye are of your father the devil."

His eldritch²⁵ squeal, and gestures,
Oh, how they fire the heart devout,
Like cantharidian plasters,
On sic a day!

But, hark! the tent has changed its
voice!

There's peace and rest nae langer:
For a' the real judges rise,
They canna sit for anger.
Smith²⁴ opens out his cauld harangues
On practice and on morals;
And aff the godly pour in thrangs,
To gie the jars and barrels
A lift that day.

What signifies his barren shine
Of moral powers and reason?
His English style and gesture fine,
Are a' clean out o' season.
Like Socrates or Antonine,
Or some auld pagan heathen,
The moral man he does define,
But ne'er a word o' faith in
That's right that day.

In guid time comes an antidote
Against sic poison'd nostrum;
For Peebles, frae the Water-fit,**
Ascends the holy rostrum:
See, up he's got the Word o' God,
And meek and mild²⁶ has view'd it,
While Common Sense †† has taken the
road,
And's aff and up the Cowgate, ††
Fast, fast, that day.

²⁵ Uearily. ²⁶ Primly.

† Mr. (afterwards Dr.) George Smith, minister of Galston—the same whom the poet introduces, in a different feeling, under the appellation of Irvine-side, in "The Kirk's Alarm." Burns meant on this occasion to compliment him on his rational mode of preaching, but the reverend divine regarded the stanza as satirical.

** The Rev. Mr. (afterwards Dr.) William Peebles, minister of Newton-upon-Ayr, sometimes named, from its situation, *the Water-fit*, and the moving hand in the prosecution of Dr. McGill, on which account he is introduced into "The Kirk's Alarm." He was in great favour at Ayr among the orthodox party, though much inferior in ability to the heterodox ministers of that ancient burgh.

†† Dr. Mackenzie, then of Mauchline, afterwards of Irvine, had recently conducted some village controversy under the title of "Common Sense." Some local commentators are of opinion that he, and not the personified abstraction is meant.

‡‡ A street so called which faces the tent in

Wee Miller§§ neist the guard relieves,
And orthodoxy raibles,²⁷
Though in his heart he weel believes
And thinks it auld wives' fables:
But, faith! the birkie wants a manse,
So, cannily he hums them;
Although his carnal wit and sense
Like haflins-ways²⁸ o'ercomes him
At times that day.

Now but and ben the change-house fills
Wi' yill-caup commentators:
Here's crying out for bakes²⁹ and gills.
And there the pint-stoup clatters:
While thick and thrang, and loud and
lang,
Wi' logic and wi' Scripture,
They raise a din, that, in the end,
Is like to breed a rupture
O' wrath that day.

Leeze me on drink! it gies us mair
Than either school or college:
It kindles wit, it waukens lair,
It pangs³⁰ us fou o' knowledge,
Be't whisky gill, or penny wheep,
Or ony stronger potion,
It never fails, on drinking deep,
To kittle³¹ up our notion
By night or day.

The lads and lasses, blithely bent,
To mind baith saul and body,
Sit round the table weel content,
And steer about the toddy.
On this ane's dress, and that ane's leuk,
The're making observations;
While some are cozie i' the neuk,³²
And forming assignations
To meet some day.

But now the Lord's ain trumpet touts,
Till a' the hills are rarin',
And echoes back return the shouts,
Black Russell ||| is na sparin';

²⁷ Rattles. ²⁸ Like Haflins-ways—almost.
²⁹ Biscuits. ³⁰ Crams. ³¹ Rouse. ³² Snug in the corner.

Mauchline.—B. The same street in which Jean Armour lived.

§§ The Rev. Mr. Miller, afterwards minister of Kilmaurs. He was of remarkably low stature, but enormous girth. Burns believed him at the time to lean at heart to the moderate party. This stanza, virtually the most depreciatory in the whole poem, is said to have retarded Miller's advancement.

|| The Rev. John Russell, at this time minister of the chapel of ease, Kilmarnock, after

His piercing words, like Highland
swords,

Divide the joints and marrow;
His talk o' hell, whare devils dwell;
Our vera sauls does harrow ¶¶
Wi' fright that day.

A vast, unbottom'd, boundless pit,
Fill'd fu' o' lowin' brunstane,
Whase ragin' flame, and scorchin' heat,
Wad melt the hardest whunstane!
The half-asleep start up wi' fear,
And think they hear it roarin',
When presently it does appear
'Twas but some neibor snorin'
Asleep that day.

'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell
How many stories past,
And how they crowded to the yill
When they were a' dismist:
How drink gaed round, in cogs and
caups,
Among the forms and benches: [laps
And cheese and bread, frae women's
Was dealt about in lunches,
And dands³³ that day.

In comes a gaucie,³⁴ gash³⁵ guidwife,
And sits down by the fire, [knife;
Syne draws her kebbuck³⁶ and her
The lasses they are shyer.
The auld guidmen, about the grace,
Frae side to side they bother,
Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
And gies them't like a tether,
Fu' lang that day.

Waesucks!³⁷ for him that gets nae lass,
Or lasses that hae naething!
Sma' need has he to say a grace,
Or melvie³⁸ his braw claithing!
O wives, be mindfu' ance yersel
How bonny lads ye wanted,
And dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,³⁹
Let lasses be affronted
On sic a day!

³³ Lumps. ³⁴ Fat. ³⁵ Sagacious. ³⁶ Cheese.
³⁷ Alas. ³⁸ Soil. ³⁹ Cheese-crust.

wards minister of Stirling—one of the heroes of "The Twa Herds." "He was," says a correspondent of Cunningham's, "the most tremendous man I ever saw; Black Hugh Macpherson was a beauty in comparison. His voice was like thunder, and his sentiments were such as must have shocked any class of hearers in the least more refined than those whom he usually addressed."

¶¶ Shakespeare's "Hamlet." —B.

Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattlin' tow,
Begins to jow and croon;⁴⁰ [dow⁴¹
Some swagger hame, the best they
Some wait the afternoon,
At slaps⁴² the billies⁴³ halt a blink,
Till lasses strip their shoon: [drink,
Wi' faith and hope, and love and
They're a' in famous tune
For crack that day.

How many hearts this day converts
O' sinners and o' lasses! [gane,
Their hearts o' stane, gin night, are
As saft as ony flesh is.
There's some are fou o' love divine;
There's some are fou o' brandy;
And mony jobs that day begin
May end in houghmagandy⁴⁴
Some ither day.

VERSES ON A SCOTCH BARD, GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

The following playfully personal lines were written by the poet when he thought he was about to leave the country in 1786 for Jamaica:—

A' YE wha live by sowps o' drink,
A' ye wha live by cranbo-clink,¹
A' ye wha live and never think,
Come, mourn wi' me!
Our billie's gien us a' a jink,²
And owre the sea.

Lament him a' ye rantin' core,
Wha dearly like a random splore,³
Nae mair he'll join the merry roar
In social key;
For now he's taken anither shore,
And owre the sea!

The bonny lasses weel may wiss him,
And in their dear petitions place him;
The widows, wives, and a' may bless
him,

Wi' tearfu' ee;
For weel I wat⁴ they'll sairly miss him
That's owre the sea!
O Fortune, they hae room to grumble!

⁴⁰ Sing and groan. ⁴¹ Can. ⁴² Breaches
in fences. ⁴³ Lads. ⁴⁴ Fornication.

¹ Versifying. ² "Our friend has eluded us."
³ Frolic. ⁴ Well I know.

Hadst thou ta'en aff some drowsy
buddle⁵ [ble,⁶
Wha can do nought but fyke and fum-
"Twad been nae plea;
But he was gleg⁷ as ony wumble,⁸
That's owre the seal

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

In flinders⁹ flee;
He was her laureate mony a year
That's owre the seal

He saw misfortune's cauld nor'-west
Lang mustering up a bitter blast;
A jillet¹⁰ brak his heart at last,
Ill may she be!
So, took a berth afore the mast,
And owre the sea.

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,¹¹
On scarce a bellyfu' o' drumnock,¹²
Wi' his proud, independent stomach
Could ill agree;
So, row't his hurdies¹³ in a hammock,
And owre the sea.

He ne'er was gien to great misguiding,
Yet coin his pouches¹⁴ wadna 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,
And hap him in a cozie biel;¹⁵
Ye'll find him aye a dainty chiel,¹⁶
And fu' o' glee;
He wadna wrang the very 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 gillie¹⁷
That's owre the sea!

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

Of this beautiful epitaph, which Burns wrote
for himself, Wordsworth says,—“Here is a

⁵ Bungler. ⁶ “Make a fuss.” ⁷ Sharp.
⁸ Wimbie. ⁹ Shreds. ¹⁰ Jilt. ¹¹ Rod. ¹² Meal
and water. ¹³ Wrapt his hams. ¹⁴ Pockets.
¹⁵ Warm Shelter. ¹⁶ Kindly fellow. ¹⁷ My
last gill.

sincere and solemn avowal—a public decla-
ration from his own will—a confession at
once devout, poetical, and human—a history
in the shape of a prophecy!”

Is there a whim-inspirèd fool, [rule,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for
Owre blate¹ to seek, owre proud to
snool?²

Let him draw near;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,³
And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng?

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

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

A DEDICATION TO GAVIN HAM- ILTON, ESQ.

EXPECT na, sir, in this narration,
A fleechin',¹ fleth'rin'² dedication,
To roose³ you up, and ca you guid,
And sprung o' great and noble bluid,
Because ye're surnamed like his Grace,
Perhaps related to the race;
Then when I'm tired, and sae are ye,
Wi' mony a fulsome, sinfu' lie,
Set up a face, how I stop short,
For fear your modesty be hurt.

¹ Bashful. ² Be obsequious. ³ Lamenta-
tion.

¹ Flattering. ² Fawning. ³ Praise.

This may do—maun do, sir, wi' them
 wha [wamefu'⁴
 Maun please the great folks for a
 For me! sae laigh⁵, I needna bow,
 For, Lord be thankit, I can plough;
 And when I downa⁶ yoke a naig,
 Then, Lord be thankit, I can beg;
 Sae I shall say, and that's nae flatterin',
 Its just sic poet, and sic patron.

The poet, some guid angel help him,
 Or else, I fear, some ill ane skelp⁷ 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 every hand it will allow'd be,
 He's just—nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely⁸ 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 abused,
 And rascals whyles that do him wrang,
 Even that he doesna mind it lang:
 As master, landlord, husband, father,
 He doesna 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 through terror of damnation;
 It's just a carnal inclination.

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

No—stretch a point to catch a plack;⁸
 Abuse a brother to his back:
 Steal through a winnock⁹ frae a whore,
 But point the rake that taks the door.
 Be to the poor like ony whunstone,

And haud their noses to the grunstone,
 Ply every art o' legal thieving;
 No matter, stick to sound believing.

Learn three-mile prayers, and half-
 mile graces, [faces;
 Wi' weel-spread looves,¹⁰ and lang wry
 Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan,
 And damn a' parties but your own;
 I'll warrant then, ye're nae deceiver—
 A steady, sturdy, stanch believer.

O ye wha leave the springs o' Calvin,
 For gumlie¹¹ 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 Heaven commission gies
 him; [moans,
 While o'er the harp pale Misery
 And strikes the ever-deepening 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 needna tak it ill)
 I thought them something like yoursel
 Then patronise them wi' your favour,
 And your petitioner shall ever—
 I had amaist said, ever *pray*;
 But that's a word I needna say:
 For prayin' I hae little skill o't;
 I'm baith dead-sweer,¹² and wretched
 ill o't;
 But I se repeat each poor man's prayer
 That kens or hears about you, sir—

“May ne'er Misfortune's growling
 bark [Clerk!]*
 Howl through the dwelling o' the
 May ne'er his generous, honest heart
 For that same generous spirit smart!

¹⁰ Palms. ¹¹ Muddy. ¹² Unwilling.

*A term applied to Mr. Hamilton from his
 having acted in that capacity to some of the
 county courts.

⁴ Bellyful. ⁵ Low. ⁶ Cannot. ⁷ Beat. ⁸ A
 Coin—third part of a penny. ⁹ Window.

May Kennedy's far honour'd name
 Lang beat his hymeneal flame
 Till Hamiltons, at least a dizen,
 Are frae their nuptial labours risen :
 Five bonny lasses round their table,
 And seven braw fellows stout and able
 To serve their king and country weel,
 By word, or pen, or pointed steel !
 May health and peace, with mutual
 rays,
 Shine on the evening o' his days ;
 Till his wee curlie John's† ier-oe,¹³
 When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
 The last, sad, mournful rites bestow !"

I will not wind a lang conclusion
 Wi' complimentary effusion :
 But whilst your wishes and endeavours
 Are blest wi' Fortune's smiles and
 favours,

I am, dear sir, with zeal most fervent,
 Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which Powers above prevent !)
 That iron-hearted carl, Want,
 Attended in his grim advances,
 By sad mistakes and black mischances,
 While hopes, and joys, and pleasures
 fly him,

Make you as poor a dog as I am,
 Your humble servant then no more ;
 For who would humbly serve the poor ?
 But by a poor man's hopes in Heaven !
 While recollection's power is given,
 If, in the vale of humble life,
 The victim sad of Fortune's strife,
 I, through the tender gushing tear,
 Should recognize my master dear,
 If friendless, low, we meet together,
 Then, sir, your hand—my friend and
 brother !

INVITATION TO A MEDICAL GENTLEMAN

TO ATTEND A MASONIC ANNIVERSARY
 MEETING.

FRIDAY first's the day appointed,
 By our Right Worshipful anointed,
 To hold our grand procession,
 To get a blade of Johnny's morals,

¹³ Great-grandchild.

† John Hamilton, Esq., a worthy scion of a
 noble stock.

And taste a swatch¹ o' Manson's ba-
 rels,

I' the way of our profession.
 Our Master and the Brotherhood
 Wad a' be glad to see you ;
 For me I would be mair than proud
 To share the mercies wi' you.
 If death, then, wi' skaith, then,
 Some mortal heart is hechtin'²
 Inform him, and storn him,
 That Saturday ye 'll fecht him.³

ROBERT BURNS.

THE FAREWELL.

"The following touching stanzas," says Cunningham, "were composed in the autumn of 1786, when the prospects of the poet darkened, and he looked towards the West Indies as a place of refuge, and perhaps of hope. All who shared his affections are mentioned—his mother—his brother Gilbert—his illegitimate child, Elizabeth,—whom he consigned to his brother's care, and for whose support he had appropriated the copyright of his poems,—and his friends Smith, Hamilton, and Aiken; but in nothing he ever wrote was his affection for Jean Armour more tenderly or more naturally displayed."

"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 loved tender fair,
 To those whose bliss, whose being hang upon
 him,
 To helpless children! then, oh, then! he feels
 The point of misery festering in his heart,
 And weakly weeps his fortune like a coward.
 Such, such am I!—undone!"

—THOMSON'S *Edward and Eleanora*.

FAREWELL, old Scotia's bleak do-
 mains,
 Far dearer than the torrid plains
 Where rich ananas blow !
 Farewell, a mother's blessing dear !
 A brother's sigh ! a sister's tear !
 My Jean's heart-rending throe !
 Farewell, my Bess ! though 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,
 Oh, then befriend my Jean !

¹ Sample ² Threatening. ³ Fight.

What bursting anguish tears my heart !

From thee, my Jeanie, must I part !

Thou, weeping, answerest, " No !"

Alas ! misfortune stares my face,

And points to ruin and disgrace,

I, for thy sake must go !

Thee, Hamilton and 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 !

—
 X LINES WRITTEN ON A BANK-
 NOTE.

WAE worth thy power, thou cursèd leaf !

Fell source o' a' my woe and grief !

For lack o' thee I've lost my lass !

For lack o' thee I scrimp my glass.

I see the children of affliction

Unaided, through thy cursed restriction.

I've seen the oppressor's cruel smile,

Amid his hapless victim's spoil,

And, for thy potency vainly wish'd

To crush the villain in the dust.

For lack o' thee, I leave this much-loved shore,

Never, perhaps, to greet auld Scotland more.

R. B.—Kyle.

VERSES TO AN OLD SWEET-
 HEART AFTER HER MARRIAGE.

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A
 COPY OF HIS POEMS PRESENTED
 TO THE LADY.

ONCE fondly loved, and still remembered dear, [vows!

Sweet early object of my youthful
 Accept this mark of friendship, warm
 sincere,— [allows.

Friendship ! 'tis all cold duty now

And when you read the simple, artless
 rhymes, [more,—

One friendly sigh for him—he asks no
 Who distant burns in flaming torrid
 climes, [roar.

— Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic's

VERSES WRITTEN UNDER
 VIOLENT GRIEF.

The following lines, which first appeared in the *Sun* newspaper, April 1823, appear to have been originally written on a leaf of a copy of his poems presented to a friend:—

ACCEPT the gift a friend sincere

Wad on thy worth be pressin' ;

Remembrance oft may start a tear,

But oh ! that tenderness forbear,

Though 'twad my sorrows lessen.

My morning raise sae clear and fair,

I thought sair storms wad never

Bedew the scene; but grief and care

In wildest fury hae made bare

My peace, my hope, for ever !

You think I'm glad; oh, I pay weel

For a' the joy I borrow,

In solitude—then, then I feel

I canna to myself conceal

My deeply-ranklin' sorrow.

Farewell ! within thy bosom free

A sigh may whiles awaken;

A tear may wet thy laughin' ee,

For Scotia's son—ance gay like thee

Now hopeless, comfortless, forsaken!

—
 THE CALF.

TO THE REV. MR. JAMES STEVEN.

The Rev. James Steven was afterwards one of the Scottish clergy in London, and ultimately minister of Kilwinning in Ayrshire,

It appears that the poet, while proceeding to church at Mauchline, one day, called on his friend Mr. Gavin Hamilton, who, being unwell, could not accompany him, but desired him, as parents were wont to do with children, to bring home a note of the text. Burns called on his return, and sitting down for a minute at Mr. Hamilton's business table, wrote the following lines as an answer to his request. It is also said that the poet had a wager with his friend Hamilton, that he would produce a poem within a certain time, and that he gained it by producing "The Calf."

On his text, MALACHI iv. 2—"And they shall go forth, and grow up like CALVES of the stall."

RIGHT, sir ! your text I'll prove it true,
 Though heretics may laugh;

For instance; there's yoursel just now,
 God knows, an unco calf !

And should some patron be so kind
As bless you wi' a kirk,
I doubt na, sir, but then we'll find
Ye're still as great a stirk.¹

But if the lover's raptur'd hour
Shall ever be your lot,
Forbid it, every heavenly power,
You e'er should be a stot!²

Though, when some kind connubial
dear
Your but-and-ben³ 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,⁴
Few men o' sense will doubt your
claims
To rank amang the nowte.⁵

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!"

WILLIE CHALMERS.

Mr. 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:—R. B.

MADAM:

Wi' braw new branks,¹ in mickle pride,
And eke² a braw new brechan,³
My Pegasus I'm got astride,
And up Parnassus pechin;⁴ [crush,
Whiles owre a bush, wi' downward
The doited beastie⁵ stammers;
Then up he gets, and off he sets,
For sake o' Willie Chalmers.

I doubt na, lass, that weel-kenn'd name
May cost a pair o' blushes;
I am nae stranger to your fame,
Nor his warm-urgèd wishes.
Your bonny face, sae mild and sweet,
His honest heart enamours,
And faith ye'll no be lost a whit,
Though waired⁶ on Willie Chalmers:

¹ A one-year-old-bullock. ² Ox. ³ Kitchen and parlour. ⁴ Bellow. ⁵ Cattle.
⁶ Stupid animal. ² Also. ³ Collar. ⁴ Panting.

And 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 shore⁷ [tie,
Some mim-mou'd⁸ pouter'd⁹ pries-
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', glowrin¹⁰ country laird
May warsale¹¹ for your favour;
May claw his lug¹² and straik¹³ his
beard,
And hoast¹⁴ up some palaver,
My bonny maid, before ye wed
Sic clumsy-witted hammers,¹⁵
Seek Heaven for help, and barefit
skelp¹⁶
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 deil a hair I roose¹⁷ him.
My powers aboon unite you soon,
And fructify your amours,—
And every year come in mair dear
To you and Willie Chalmers:

TAM SAMSON'S ELEGY.*

"No poet," says Cunningham, "ever emblazoned fact with fiction more happily than Burns: the hero of this poem was a respectable old nursery-seedsman in Kilmarnock greatly addicted to sporting, and one of the poet's earliest friends, who loved curling on the ice in winter, and shooting on the moors in the season. When no longer able to march over hill and hag in quest of
'Pattricks, teals, moor-pouts, and plivers,'

⁷ Promise. ⁸ Prim. ⁹ Powdered. ¹⁰ Staring.
¹¹ Strive. ¹² Ear. ¹³ Stroke. ¹⁴ Cough.
¹⁵ Blockheads. ¹⁶ Run. ¹⁷ Flatter.

* When this worthy old sportsman went out last muirfowl season, he supposed it was to be, in Ossian's phrase, "the last of his fields;" and expressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the muirs. On this hint the author composed his elegy and epitaph.—B.

he loved to lie on the lang settle, and listen to the deeds of others on field and flood; and when a good tale was told, he would cry, 'Hech, man! three at a shot; that was famous!' Some one having informed Tam, in his old age, that Burns had written a poem — 'a gay queer ane' — concerning him, he sent for the bard, and, in something like wrath, requested to hear it: he smiled grimly at the relation of his exploits, and then cried out, 'I'm no dead yet, Robin — I'm worth ten dead fowk: wherefore should ye say that I am dead?' Burns took the hint, retired to the window for a minute or so, and coming back, recited the 'per Contra,'

'Go, Fame, and canter like a filly,'

with which Tam was so delighted that he rose unconsciously, rubbed his hands, and exclaimed, 'That'l do — ha! ha! — that'l do!' He survived the poet, and the epitaph is inscribed on his gravestone in the churchyard of Kilmarnock.¹

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

HAS auld Kilmarnock seen the deil?
Or great Mackinlay† thrawn¹ his heel?
Or Robinsont‡ again grown weel,
To preach and read?

"Na, waur than a'!" cries ilka chiel,
"Tam Samson's dead!"

Kilmarnock lang may grunt and grane,
And sigh, and sob, and greet² her
lane, [wean
And cleed³ her bairns, man, wife, and
In mourning weed;
To Death, she's dearly paid the kane⁴ —
Tam Samson's dead!

The brethren o' the mystic level
May hing their head in waefu' bevel,
While by their nose the tears will re-
vel,

Like ony bead;
Death's gien the lodge an unco devel⁵ —
Tam Samson's dead!

When Winter muffles up his cloak,
And binds the mire up like a rock;

¹ Twisted. ² Cry. ³ Clothe. ⁴ Rent paid in kind. ⁵ Blow.

† A certain preacher, a great favourite with the million. *Vide* "The Ordination," stanza II.—B.

‡ Another preacher, an equal favourite with the few, who was at that time ailing. For him, see also "The Ordination," stanza IX.—B.

When to the lochs the curlers flock

Wi' glesome 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; [score, —
But now he lags on Death's hog.
Tam Samson's dead!

Now safe the stately salmon sail,
And trouts be-dropp'd wi' crimson hail,
And eels weel kenn'd for souple tail,
And gedds⁶ for greed,
Since dark in Death's fish-creel we wail
Tam Samson's dead!

Rejoice, ye birring pairicks⁷ a';
Ye cootie⁸ moorcocks, crousel⁹ craw;
Ye maukins,¹⁰ cock your fud fu' brav,
Withouten dread;
Your mortal fae is now awa, —
Tam Samson's dead!

That waefu' morn be ever mourn'd
Saw him in shootin' graith¹¹ 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 ankles fetters;
In vain the burns cam' down like wa-
ters,

An acre braid!

Now every auld wife, greetin' clatters,
Tam Samson's dead!

Owre mony a weary hag¹² he limpit,
And aye the tither shot he thumpit,¹³
Till coward Death behind him jumpit,
Wi' deadly feide,¹⁴
Now he proclaims, wi' tout¹⁵ 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;

"Lord, five!" he cried, and owre did
stagger —

Tam Samson's dead!

⁶ Pikes. ⁷ Whirring partridges. ⁸ Feather-legged. ⁹ Gleefully. ¹⁰ Hares. ¹¹ Dress. ¹² Moss. ¹³ Fired. ¹⁴ Fend. ¹⁵ Sound.

Ilk hoary hunter mourn'd a brither;
Ilk sportsman youth bemoan'd a father:
Yon auld gray stane, amang the heather,

Marks out his head,
Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyming
blether,

Tam Samson's dead!

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

When angust winds the heather wave,
And sportsmen wander by yon grave,
Three volleys let his memory crave
O' pouthr and lead,
Till Echo answer frae her cave—
Tam Samson's dead!

Heaven rest his saul, whar'er he be!
Is the wish o' mony mae than me;
He had twa fauts, or maybe three,
Yet what remead?
Ae social honest man want we—
Tam Samson's dead!

EPITAPH.

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

PER CONTRA.

Go, Fame, and canter like a filly,
Through a' the streets and neuks o'
Killie,[§]
Tell every social, honest billie
To cease his grievin',
For yet, unscathed¹⁶ by Death's gleg
gullie,¹⁷
Tam Samson's leevin'!

A PRAYER,

LEFT BY THE AUTHOR AT A REVER-
END FRIEND'S HOUSE, IN THE
ROOM WHERE HE SLEPT.
O THOU dread Power, who reign'st
above!

¹⁶ Unharm'd. ¹⁷ Sharp knife.

§ Killie is a phrase the country-folks some-
times use for the name of a certain town in
the west [Kilmarnock.]—B.

I know Thou wilt me hear,
When for this scene of peace and love
I make my prayer sincere.

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

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

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

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

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

THE BRIGS OF AYR.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN BALLANTYNE,
ESQ., AYR.

In the autumn of 1786, a new bridge was begun to be erected over the river at Ayr, in order to supersede an old structure which had long been found unsuitable, and was then becoming dangerous; and while the work was being proceeded with, under the chief magistracy of Mr. Ballantyne, the poet's generous patron, he seized the opportunity to display his gratitude by inscribing the poem to him. The idea of the poem appears to have been taken from Fergusson's "Dialogue between the Plainstanes and the Causeway;" the treatment of the subject is, however, immeasurably superior to the older piece, and peculiarly Burns' own.

The simple bard, rough at the rustic
plough, [bough;
Learning his tuneful trade from every
The chanting linnet, or the mellow
thrush, [green-thorn bush;
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the
The soaring lark, the perching red-
breast shrill,

Or deep-toned plovers, gray, wild-
whistling o'er the hill ; [shed,
Shall he, nurst in the peasant's lowly
To hardy independence bravely bred,
By early poverty to hardship steel'd,
And train'd to arms in stern Misfor-
tune's field— [crimes,
Shall he be guilty of their hireling
The servile, mercenary Swiss of
rhymes ?

Or labour hard the panegyric close.
With all the venal soul of dedicating
prose ? [rudely sings,
No! though his artless strains he
And throws his hand uncouthly o'er
the strings, [bard,
He glows with all the spirit of the
Fame, honest fame, his great, his dear
reward ! [he trace,
Still, if some patron's generous care
Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with
grace ; [ble name,
When Ballantyne befriends his hum-
And hands the rustic stranger up to
fame, [bosom swells,
With heart-felt throes his grateful
The god-like bliss, to give, alone ex-
cels.

'Twas when the stacks get on their
winter-hap,¹ [won crap ;
And thack² and rape secure the toil-
Potato-bings³ are snuggèd up frae
skaith⁴ [breath ;
O' coming Winter's biting, frosty
The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer
toils, [cious spoils
Unnumber'd buds and flowers' deli-
Seal'd up with frugal care in massive
waxen piles, [the weak,
Are doom'd by man, that tyrant o'er
The death o' devils, smoor'd⁵ wi' brim-
stone reek : [every side,
The thundering guns are heard on
The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter
wide . [Nature's tie,
The feather'd field-mates, bound by
Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage
lie [bleeds,
(What warm, poetic heart, but inly
And execrates man's savage, ruthless
deeds !)

Nae mair the flower in field or meadow
springs, [rings,
Nae mair the grove with airy concert
Except, perhaps, the robin's whistling
glee, [tree:
Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang
The hoary morns precede the sunny
days, [noontide blaze,
Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the
While thick the gossamer waves wan-
ton in the rays.

'Twas in that season, when a simple
bard, [ward,
Unknown and poor, simplicity's re-
Ae night, within the ancient brugh of
Ayr, [care,
By whim inspired, or haply prest wi'
He left his bed and took his wayward
route, [left about:
And down by Simpson's* wheel'd the
(Whether impell'd by all-directing
Fate,

To witness what I after shall narrate;
Or penitential pangs for former sins,
Led him to rove by quondam Merran
Dins;

Or whether, rapt in meditation high,
He wander'd out, he knew not where
nor why) [ber'd two,
The drowsy Dungeon clock† had num-
And Wallace Tower‡ had sworn the
fact was true: [ing roar,
The tide-swoln Firth, wi' sullen sound-
Through the still night dash'd hoarse
along the shore. [ee:
All else was hush'd as Nature's closèd
The silent moon shone high o'er tower
and tree: [beam,
The chilly frost, beneath the silver
Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glitter-
ing stream.

When, lo! on either hand the listening
bard, [heard;
The clanging sugh of whistling wings is
Two dusky forms dart through the
midnight air [ing hare;
Swift as the gos§ drives on the wheel-

* A noted tavern at the Auld Brig end.—B.

† A clock in a steeple connected with the old jail of Ayr.

‡ The clock in the Wallace Tower—an anomalous piece of antique masonry, surmounted by a spire, which formerly stood in the High street of Ayr.

§ The goshawk, or falcon.—B.

¹ Covering. ² Thatch. ³ Heaps. ⁴ Harm.

⁵ Smothered.

Ane on the Auld Brig his airy shape
 uprears,
 The ither flutters o'er the rising piers:
 Our warlock rhym'er instantly descried
 The sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr
 preside. [joke,
 (That bards are second-sighted is nae
 And ken the lingo of the spiritual folk;
 Says, spunkies, kelpies, a', they can
 explain them, [ken⁶ them:)
 And even the very deils they brawly
 Auld Brig appear'd o' ancient Pictish
 race,
 The very wrinkles Gothic in his face
 He seem'd as he wi' Time had wars-
 tled lang, [bang⁸
 Yet, toughly doure,⁷ he bade an unco
 New Brig was buskit in a braw new
 coat,
 That he at Lon'on frae ane Adams got;
 In's hand five taper staves as smooth's
 a bead,
 Wi' virls and whirlygigums at the head.
 The Goth was stalking round with anx-
 ious search, [arch;—
 Spying the time-worn flaws in every
 It chanced his new-come neibor took
 his ee, [he!
 And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had
 Wi' thiefless⁹ sneer to see his modish
 mien, [e'en:—
 He, down the water, gies him this guid

AULD BRIG.

I doubt na frien', ye'll think ye're nae
 sheep-shank,¹⁰ [to bank!
 Ance ye were streekit¹¹ owre frae bank
 But gin ye be a brig as auld as me—
 Though, faith, that date I doubt ye'll
 never see— [a boddle,¹²
 There'll be, if that date come, I'll wad
 Some fewer whigmaleeries in your nod-
 dle.

NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal, ye but show your little
 mense,¹³ [sense;
 Just much about it, wi' your scanty
 Will your poor narrow footpath of a
 street— [when they meet—
 Where twa wheelbarrows tremble

⁶ Well know. ⁷ Toughly obdurate. ⁸ He endured a mighty blow. ⁹ Spited. ¹⁰ No worthless thing. ¹¹ Stretched. ¹² Bet a doit. ¹³ Civility.

Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane and
 lime, [time!
 Compare wi' bonay brigs o' modern
 There's men o' taste would tak the
 Ducait Stream, [and swim,
 Though they should cast the very sark
 Ere they would grate their feelings wi'
 the view
 O' sic an ugly Gothic hulk as you.

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk!¹⁴ puff'd up wi'
 windy pride! [and tide;
 This mony a year I've stood the flood
 And though wi' crazy eild¹⁵ I'm sair
 forfairn,¹⁶ [cairn!
 I'll be a brig when ye're a shapeless
 As yet ye little ken about the matter,
 But twa-three winters will inform ye
 better. [rains,
 When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day
 Wi' deepening deluge, o'erflow the
 plains, [brawling Coil,
 When from the hills where springs the
 Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil,
 Or where the Greenock winds his moor-
 land course, [source,
 Or haunted Garpal¹⁷ draws his feeble
 Aroused by blustering winds and spot-
 ting thowes, [rowes;
 In mony a torrent down his snaw-broo
 While crashing ice, borne on the roar-
 ing spate,¹⁷ [the gate;¹⁸
 Sweeps dams, and mills, and brigs a' to
 And from Glenbuck,^{**} down to the
 Ratton-key,†† [ling sea—
 Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd tumb-
 Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never
 rise! [pouring skies.
 And dash the gumlie jaups¹⁹ up to the
 A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
 That Architecture's noble art is lost!

¹⁴ Fool. ¹⁵ Age. ¹⁶ Enfeebled. ¹⁷ Flood.
¹⁸ Way. ¹⁹ Muddy spray.

! A noted ford, just above the Auld Brig.—
 B.

* The Banks of Garpat Water—one of the
 places in the West of Scotland where
 these fancy-scaring beings known by the
 name of ghaists still continue pertinaciously
 to inhabit.—B.

** The source of the river Ayr.—B.

†† A small landing-place above the large
 key.—B.

NEW BRIG.

Fine Architecture, trowth, I needs
 must say o't, [the gate o't!
 The Lord be thankit that we've tint²⁰
 Gaunt, ghaistly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
 Hanging with threatening jut, like
 precipices; [coves,
 O'erarching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring
 Supporting roofs fantastic, stony
 groves; [ture drest,
 Windows and doors, in nameless sculp-
 With order, symmetry, or taste unblest;
 Forms like some bedlam statuary's
 dream, [whim;
 The crazed creations of misguided
 Forms might be worship'd on the ben-
 ded knee, [free,
 And still the second dread command be
 Their likeness is not found on earth, in
 air, or sea. [building taste
 Mansions that would disgrace the
 Of any mason reptile, bird, or beast;
 Fit only for a doited²¹ monkish race,
 Or frosty maids forsworn the dear
 embrace; [notion
 Or cuifs²² of later times wha held the
 That sullen gloom was sterling true
 devotion;
 Fancies that our guid brugh denies
 protection! [with resurrection!
 And soon may they expire, unblest

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear-remember'd ancient
 yealings,²³ [ed feelings!
 Were ye but here to share my wound-
 Ye worthy provoses, and mony a baillie,
 Wha in the paths o' righteousness did
 toil aye; [veeners,
 Ye dainty deacons, and ye douce con-
 To whom our moderns are but causey-
 cleaners! [town;
 Ye godly councils wha hae blest this
 Ye godly brethren o' the sacred gown,
 Wha meekly gae your hurdies to the
 smiters; [godly writers;
 And (what would now be strange) ye
 A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the
 broo,²⁴ [or do!
 Were ye but here, what would ye say
 How would your spirits groan in deep
 vexation

To see each melancholy alteration;
 And, agonizing, curse the time and
 place [race!
 When ye begat the base, degenerate
 Nae langer reverend men, their coun-
 try's glory, [braid story!
 In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain
 Nae langer thrifty citizens and douce,
 Meet owre a pint, or in the council-
 house; [less gentry,
 But staumrel,²⁵ corkey-headed, grace-
 The herryment and ruin of the coun-
 try; [by barbers,
 Men three parts made by tailors and
 Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on
 damn'd new brigs and harbours!

NEW BRIG.

Now haud you there! for faith ye've
 said enough, [through;
 And muckle mair than ye can mak to
 That's aye a string auld doited gray-
 beards harp on, [on.
 A topic for their peevishness to carp
 As for your priesthood, I shall say but
 little, [tle;
 Corbies and clergy are a shot right kit-
 But, under favour o' your langer
 beard, [spared;
 Abuse o' magistrates might weel be
 To liken them to your auld-warld
 squad,
 I must needs say comparisons are odd.
 In Ayr, wag-wits nae mair can hae a
 handle [dal;
 To mouth "a citizen" a term o' scan-
 Nae mair the council waddles down
 the street,
 In all the pomp of ignorant conceit;
 No difference but bulkiest or tallest,
 With comfortable dullness in for bal-
 last; [caution,
 Nor shoals nor currents need a pilot's
 For regularly slow, they only witness
 motion; [hops and raisins,
 Men wha grew wise priggin' owre
 Or gather'd liberal views in bonds and
 seisins, [tramp,
 If haply Knowledge, on a random
 Had shored²⁶ them wi' a glimmer of his
 lamp, [betray'd them,
 And would to Common Sense for once

²⁰ Lost. ²¹ Stupid. ²² Fools. ²³ Coevals.
²⁴ Water.

²⁵ Half-witted. ²⁶ Exposed.

Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to
aid them.

What further elishmaclaver²⁷ might
been said, [to shed,
What bloody wars, if sprites had blood
No man can tell; but all before their
sight,
A fairy train appear'd in order bright;
Adown the glittering stream they feat-
ly danced;
Bright to the moon their various dress-
es glanced: [neat,
They footed o'er the watery glass so
The infant ice scarce bent beneath
their feet; [rung.
While arts of minstrelsy among them
And soul-ennobling bards heroic dit-
ties sung.
Oh, had M^r Lachlan, †† thairm²⁸. inspir-
ing sage, [engage,
Been there to hear this heavenly band
When through his dear strathspeys
they bore with Highland rage;
Or when they struck old Scotia's melt-
ing airs,
The lover's raptured joys or bleeding
cares; [nobler fired,
How would his Highland lug²⁹ been
And even his matchless hand with
finer touch inspired! [appear'd,
No guess could tell what instrument
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 advanced in years;
His hoary head with water-lilies
crown'd, [bound.
His manly leg with garter-tangle
Next came the loveliest pair in all the
ring, [with Spring;
Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand
Then, crown'd with flowery hay, came
Rural Joy, [eye:
And Summer, with his fervid beaming

²⁷ Palaver. ²⁸ Cat-gut. ²⁹ Ear.

†† A well-known performer of Scottish music
on the violin.—B.

All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing
horn, [nodding corn,
Led yellow Autumn, wreathed with
Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did
hoary show:
By Hospitality with cloudless brow.
Next follow'd Courage, with his mar-
tial stride, [coverts hide;
From where the Feal §§ wild-woody
Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
A female form came from the towers
of Stair: || [trode
Learning and Worth in equal measures
From simple Catrine, their long-loved
abode: ¶¶ [a hazel wreath,
Last, white-robed Peace, crowned with
To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
The broken iron instruments of death;
At sight of whom our sprites forgot
their kindling wrath.

LINES

ON MEETING WITH LORD DAER.

In 1786, Professor Dugald Stewart, the well-
known expounder of the Scottish system
of metaphysics, resided in a villa at Catrine,
on the Ayr, a few miles from the poet's
farm; and having heard of his astonishing
poetical productions, through Mr. Macken-
zie, a talented and generous surgeon in
Mauchline, he invited Burns to dine with
him, accompanied by his medical friend.
The poet seems to have been somewhat
alarmed at the idea of meeting so distin-
guished a member of the literary world;
and, to increase his embarrassment, it hap-
pened that Lord Daer, (son of the Earl of
Selkirk,) an amiable young nobleman, was
on a visit to the professor at the time. The
result, however, appears to have been rath-
er agreeable than otherwise to the poet,
who has recorded his feelings on the sub-
ject in the following lines:—

THIS wot ye all whom it concerns,
I, Rhymer Robin, alias Eurns,
October twenty third,
A ne'er-to-be-forgotten day!
Sae far I sprachled¹ up the brae,
I dinner'd wi' a lord.

¹ Clambered.

§§ The poet here alludes to Captain Mont-
gomery of Coilsfield—soger Hugh—afterwards
twelfth Earl of Eglinton, whose seat of Coils-
field is situated on the Feal, or Faile, a tribu-
tary stream of the Ayr.

|| A compliment to his early patroness, Mrs.
Stewart of Stair.

¶¶ A well-merited tribute to Professor Du-
gald Stewart.

I've been at drucken writers' feasts,
Nay, been bith fou 'mang godly
priests;

(Wi' rev'rence be it spoken !)

I've even join'd the honour'd jorum
When mighty squireships o' the quorum,

Their hydra drouth did sloken.

But wi' a lord!—stand out, my shin:
A lord—a peer—an earl's son!—

Up higher yet, my bonnet !

And sic a lord!—lang Scotch ells twa,
Our peorage he o'erlooks them a',

As I look o'er my sonnet.

But, oh ! for Hogarth's magic power !
To show Sir Bardie's willyart glower,²

And how he stared an stammer'd !

When goavan,³ as if led wi' branks,⁴
And stumpin' on his ploughman shanks

He in the parlour hammer'd.

To meet good Stewart little pain is,
Or Scotia's sacred Demosthenes;

Thinks I, they are but men !

But Burns, my lord—guid God ! I
doited !⁵

My knees on ane anither knoited,⁶
As faltering I gaed ben !⁷

I sidling shelter'd in a nook,

And at his lordship steal't a look,

Like some portentous omen;

Except good sense and social glee,

And (what surprised me) modesty,

I markèd 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 wi' noble, youthful DAER,

For he but meets a brother.

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

Writing to his friend, William Chalmers, the poet says: "I enclose you two poems, which I have carded and spun since I pass'd Glenbuck. 'Fair Burnet' is the heavenly Miss Burnet, daughter of Lord Monboddo, 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!"

EDINA ! Scotia's darling seat !

All hail thy palaces and towers,

Where once beneath a monarch's feet

Sat Legislation's sovereign powers!

From marking wildly-scatter'd flowers,

As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,

And singing, lone, the lingering 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 enlarged, 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,

Heaven's beauties on my fancy shine;

I see the Sire of Love on high,

And own His work indeed divine.

There, watching high the least alarms,

Thy rough, rude fortress gleams
afar:

Like some bold veteran, gray in arms,

And mark'd with many a seamy scar:

The ponderous wall and massy bar

Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,

Have oft withstood assailing war,

And oft repell'd the invader's shock.

² Bewildered stare. ³ Moving
stupidly. ⁴ Bridle. ⁵ Became stupefied.
⁶ Knocked. ⁷ Into the room.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying
tears,

I view that noble, stately dome,
Where Scotia's kings of other years,
Famed heroes! had their royal home;
Alas! how changed the times to come!
Their royal namelaw in the dust!
Their hapless race wild-wandering
room! [just.

Though rigid law cries out, "I was

Wild beats my heart to trace your
steps,

Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Through hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
Old Scotia's bloody lion bore;
Even I who sing in rustic lore,
Haply, my sires have left their shed,
And faced grim Danger's loudest roar,
Bold-following where your father's
led!

Edina! Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and towers,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's sovereign powers!
From marking wildly-scatter'd flowers,
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the lingering hours,
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

THE POET'S WELCOME TO HIS ILLEGITIMATE CHILD.*

There can be no doubt that the feeling which prompted the composition of this and similar poems was not that of the reckless libertine who was lost to all shame and was without regard for the good opinion of his fellows. Lockhart hits the truth when he says:—"To wave" (in his own language) 'the quantum of the sin,' he who, two years afterwards, wrote the 'Cotter's Saturday Night' had not, we may be sure, hardened his heart to the thought of bringing additional sorrow and unexpected shame to the

* The subject of these verses was the poet's illegitimate daughter whom, in "The Inventory," he styles his

"Sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess."

She grew up to womanhood, was married, and had a family. Her death is thus announced in the *Scots Magazine*, December 8, 1817:—"Died, Elizabeth Burns, wife of Mr. John Bishop, overseer at Polkemmet, near Whitburn. She was the daughter of the celebrated Robert Burns, and the subject of some of his most beautiful lines.

fireside of a widowed mother. But his false pride recoiled from letting his jovial associates guess how little he was able to drown the whispers of the 'still small voice;' and the fermenting bitterness of a mind ill at ease within itself escaped, (as may be too often traced in the history of satirists,) in the shape of angry sarcasms against others, who, whatever their private errors might be, had at least done him no wrong. It is impossible not to smile at one item of consolation which Burns proposes to himself on this occasion:—

The mair they talk, I'm kenn'd the better;
E'en let them clash!

This is indeed a singular manifestation of 'the last infirmity of noble minds.'

THOU'S welcome, wean! mishanter!
fa' me,

If ought of thee, or of thy mammy,
Shall ever danton me, or awe me,
My sweet wee lady,
Or if I blush when thou shalt ca' me
Tit-ta or daddy.

Wee image of my bonny Betty,
I fatherly will kiss and daut² thee,
As dear and near my heart I set thee
Wi' as guid will,
As a' the priests had seen me get thee
That's out o' hell.

What though they ca' me fornicator,
And tease my name in kintra clatter:³
The mair they talk I'm kenn'd the
better,

E'en let them clash!⁴

An auld wife's tongue's a feckless⁵
matter

To gie ane fash.⁶

Sweet fruit o' mony a merry dint,
My funny toil is now a' tint,
Sin' thou came to the warld asklent,⁷
Which fools may scoff at;
In my last plack thy part's be in't—
The better half o't.

And if thou be what I wad hae thee,
And tak the counsel I shall gie thee,
A lovin' father I'll be to thee,
If thou be spared. [thee;
Through a' thy childish years I'll ee
And think 't weel wared.

Guid grant that thou may aye inherit
Thy mither's person, grace, and merit,

¹ Misfortune. ² Fondle. ³ Country talk. ⁴ Cossip. ⁵ Very small. ⁶ Trouble. ⁷ Irregularly.

And thy poor worthless daddy's spirit,
Without his failin's,
'Twill please me mair to hear and see't,
Than stockit mailins.⁸

TO MRS C—,

ON RECEIVING A WORK OF HANNAH
MORE'S.

THOU flattering mark of friendship
kind,
Still may thy pages call to mind
The dear, the beauteous donor !
Though sweetly female every part,
Yet such a head, and more the heart,
Does both the sexes honour.
She show'd her taste refined and just
When she selected thee,
Yet deviating, own I must,
For so approving me.
But kind still, I mind still
The giver in the gift,
I'll bless her, and wiss her
A friend above the lift.¹

TO MISS LOGAN.

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

Miss Susan Logan was the sister of the Major Logan, to whom Burns wrote a rhymed epistle. He was indebted to both for many pleasant hours when he was suffering from despondency.

AGAIN the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driven,
And you, though scarce in maiden
prime,
Are so much nearer heaven.

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

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

VERSES

INTENDED TO BE WRITTEN BELOW A
NOBLE EARL'S PICTURE.

"The enclosed stanzas," said the poet, in a letter to his patron, the Earl of Glencairn,

"I intended to write below a picture or profile of your lordship, could I have been so happy as to procure one with anything of a likeness."

WHOSE is that noble, dauntless brow ?
And whose that eye of fire ? [mien
And whose that generous princely
Even rooted foes admire ?

Stranger, to justly show that brow,
And mark that eye of fire, [tints
Would take His hand, whose vernal
His other works admire.

Bright as a cloudless summer sun,
With stately port he moves;
His guardian seraph eyes with awe
The noble ward he loves.

Among the illustrious Scottish sons
That chief thou mayst discern:
Mark Scotia's fond returning eye—
It dwells upon Glencairn.

TO A HAGGIS.

The haggis is a dainty peculiar to Scotland, though it is supposed to be an adaptation of a French dish. It is composed of minced offal of mutton, mixed with meal and suet, to which are added various condiments by way of seasoning, and the whole is tied up tightly in a sheep's stomach, and boiled therein. Although the ingredients of this dish are not over inviting, the poet does not far exceed poetic license in singing its praises. We would recommend the reader to turn to page 173 of vol. i. of Wilson's "Noctes Ambrosianæ," where he will find a graphic and humorous description of a monster haggis, and what resulted from cutting it up. The *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 1829, made the following statement:—"About sixteen years ago there resided at Mauchline Mr. Robert Morrison, cabinetmaker." He was a great crony of Burns', and it was in Mr Morrison's house that the poet usually spent the 'mids o' the day' on Sunday. It was in this house that he wrote his celebrated 'Address to a Haggis,' after partaking liberally of that dish as prepared by Mrs. Morrison."

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

⁸ Stocked farms.

¹ Sky.

¹ Jolly. ² Small intestines.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your pin* wad help to mend a mill
In time of need,
While through your pores the dew's
distil

Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic labour dight,³
And cut you up wi' ready slight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright
Like ony ditch;
And then, oh, what a glorious sight,
Warm-reekin',⁴ rich!

Then horn for horn they stretch and
strive,
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,
Till all their weel-swallow'd kytes belyve†
Are bent like drums;
Then auld guidman, maist like to rive,⁵
Bethankit hums.

Is there that owre his French ragoût,
Or olio that wad staw a sow,⁶
Or fricassee wad make her spew?⁷
Wi' perfect scunner,⁸
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu'
view

On sic a dinner?

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,
As feckless⁹ as a wither'd rash,
His spindle-shank a guid whip-lash,
His nieve¹⁰ anit;
Through bloody flood or field to dash,
Oh, how unfit!

But mark the rustic, haggis-fed,
The trembling earth resounds his
tread,
Clap in his wallee nieve a blade,
He'll mak it whistle;
And legs, and arms, and heads will
snead,¹¹

Like taps o' thrissle.

Ye powers wha mak mankind your
care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,

Auld Scotland wants nae skinking
ware!¹²

That jaups¹³ in luggies,¹⁴
But if ye wish her gratefu' prayer,
Gie her a haggis!

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. WOODS* ON HIS BENE-
FIT NIGHT, MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1787.

WHEN by a generous public's kind ac-
claim, [fame,
That dearest meed is granted—honest
When here your favour is the actor's
lot, [got;
Nor even the man in private life for-
What breast so dead to heavenly vir-
tue's glow, [ful thro' ?
But heaves impassion'd with the grate-

Poor is the task to please a barbar-
ous throng, [ern's song;
It needs no Siddons' powers in South-
But here an ancient nation famed afar,
For genius, learning high, as great in
war—

Hail, CALEDONIA! name for ever dear!
Before whose sons I'm honour'd to ap-
pear!

Where every science—every nobler
That can inform the mind, or mend
the heart, [found,
Is known: as grateful nations oft have
Far as the rude barbarian marks the
bound.

Philosophy, no idle pedant dream,
Here holds her search by heaven-taught
Reason's beam; [force,
Here History paints with elegance and
The tide of Empire's fluctuating course;
Here Douglas forms wild Shakespeare
into plan,
And Harley rouses all the god in man,
When well-form'd taste and sparkling
wit unite [bright,
With manly lore, or female beauty

¹² Thin stuff. ¹³ Splashes. ¹⁴ In wooden
dishes.

³ Wipe. ⁴ Smoking. ⁵ Burst. ⁶ Pig.
⁷ Vomit. ⁸ Loathing. ⁹ Pithless. ¹⁰ Fist.
¹¹ Cut off.

* A wooden skewer with which it is lifted
out and into the vessel in which it is cooked.

† Till all their well-swollen bellies by-and-
by.

† Henry Mackenzie, author of "The Man of
Feeling."

(Beauty, where faultless symmetry and
grace,
Can only charm us in the second place),
Witness my heart, how oft with pant-
ing fear, [here :
As on this night, I've met these judges
But still the hope Experience taught
to live, [give.
Equal to judge—you 're candid to for-
No hundred-headed Riot here we meet,
With decency and law beneath his
feet : [name ;
Nor Insolence assumes fair Freedom's
Like CALEDONIANS, you applaud or
blame.

O Thou dread Power ! whose empire-
giving hand [honour'd land !
Has oft been stretch'd to shield the
Strong may she glow with all her an-
cient fire !
May every son be worthy of his sire !
Firm may she rise with generous dis-
dain [chain !
At Tyranny's, or direr Pleasure's,
Still self-dependent in her native
shore, [loudest roar,
Bold may she brave grim Danger's
Till Fate the curtain drops on worlds
to be no more.

NATURE'S LAW.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO GAVIN HAM-
ILTON, ESQ.

These verses were first published in Mr. Pickering's edition of the poet's works, printed from the original MS. in the poet's handwriting. They appear to have been written shortly after "Bonny Jean" had presented him with twins.

"Great Nature spoke—observant man
obey'd." —POPE.

LET other heroes boast their scars,
The marks of sturt and strife;
And other poets sing of wars,
The plagues of human life—
Shame fa' the fun, wi' sword and gun,
To slap mankind like lumber !
I sing his name and nobler fame,
Wha multiplies our number.

Great Nature spoke, with air benign,
"Go on, ye human race !
This lower world I you resign;
Be fruitful and increase.

The liquid fire of strong desire
I've pour'd it in each bosom;
Here, in this hand, does mankind stand,
And there is beauty's blossom !"

The hero of these artless strains,
A lowly bard was he,
Who sung his rhymes in Coila's plains,
With mickle mirth and 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 obedience due: [flowers
Propitious Powers screen'd the young
From mildews of abortion:
And lo ! the bard, a great reward,
Has got a double portion !

Auld cantie Coil may count the day,
As annual it returns,
The third of Libra's equal sway,
That gave another Burns,
With future rhymes, and other times,
To emulate his sire;
To sing old 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 flower of ancient nations;
And Burns' spring, her fame to sing,
To endless generations !

THE HERMIT.

WRITTEN ON A MARBLE SIDEBOARD IN
THE HERMITAGE BELONGING TO THE
DUKE OF ATHOLE, IN THE WOOD OF
ABERFELDY.

WHOE'ER thou art, these lines now
reading, [receding,
Think not, though from the world
I joy my lonely days to lead in
This desert drear; [ing,
That fell remorse, a conscience bleed-
Hath led me here.

No thought of guilt my bosom sours,
 Free-will'd I fled from courtly bowers;
 For well I saw in halls and towers
 That lust and pride,
 The arch fiend's dearest, darkest
 powers,

In state preside.

I saw mankind with vice incrust'd;
 I saw that Honour's sword was rusted;
 That few for aught but folly lusted;
 That he was still deceived who trusted
 To love or friend,
 And hither came, with men disgust'd,
 My life to end.

in this lone cave, in garments lowly,
 Alike a foe to noisy folly,
 And brow-bent gloomy melanchol
 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 im-
 ploring,

This wish I sigh—

“Let me, O 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 vexa-
 tion,
 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!

SKETCH OF A CHARACTER.

“This fragment,” says Burns to Dugald Stewart, “I have not shown to man living till I now send it to you. It forms the postulate, 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.”

A LITTLE, upright, pert, tart, tripping
 wight, [light:
 And still his precious self his dear de-
 Who loves his own smart shadow in
 the streets [meets:
 Better than e'er the fairest she lie
 A man of fashion, too, he made his
 tour [l'Amour!
 Learn'd *Vive la bagatelle, et Vive*
 So travell'd monkies their grimace im-
 prove, [love
 Polish their grin, nay, sigh for ladies'
 Much specious lore, but little under-
 stood;
 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.

VERSES

ON READING IN A NEWSPAPER THE
 DEATH OF JOHN M'LEOD, ESQ., BRO-
 THER TO A YOUNG LADY, A PARTIC-
 ULAR FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S.

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

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

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

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.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR.

Sir James Hunter Blair, who died in 1787, was a partner in the eminent banking house of Sir William Forbes & Co., of Edinburgh.

THE lamp of day, with ill-presaging
glare, [ern wave;
Dim, cloudy, sunk beneath the west-
The inconstant blast howl'd through
the darkening air, [cave.
And hollow whistled in the rocky

Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and
dell, [royal train,*
Once the loved haunts of Scotia's
Or mused where limpid streams, once
hallow'd, well, † [fane. ‡
Or mouldering ruins mark the sacred

The increasing blast roar'd round the
beetling rocks, [starry sky,
The clouds swift-wing'd flew o'er the
The groaning trees untimely shed their
locks, [startled eye.
And shooting meteors caught the

The paly moon rose in the livid east,
And 'mong the cliffs disclosed a stately
form, [breast,
In weeds of woe, that frantic beat her
And mix'd her wailings with the
raving storm.

* The King's Park, at Holyrood House.

† St. Anthony's Well.

‡ St. Anthony's Chapel.

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,
'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I
view'd: [woe,
Her form majestic droop'd in pensive
Th [her eye in tears
imbued.

Reversed that spear redoubtable in war,
Reclined that banner, erst in fields
unfur'd, [afar,
That like a deathful meteor gleam'd
And braved the mighty monarchs of
the world.

"My patriot son fills an untimely
grave!" [she cried;
With accents wild and lifted arms
"Low lies the hand that oft was
stretch'd to save, [honest pride.
Low lies the heart that swell'd with

"A weeping country joins a widow's
tear, [phan's cry;
The helpless poor mix with the or-
The drooping arts surround their pa-
tron's bier, [heartfelt sigh!
And grateful science heaves the

"I saw my sons resume their ancient
fire. [blow:
I saw fair Freedom's blossoms richly
But ah! how hope is born but to expire!
Relentless Fate has laid their guard-
ian low.

"My patriot falls, but shall he lie un-
sung, [worthless name?
While empty greatness saves a
No; every Muse shall join her tuneful
tongue, [fame.
And future ages hear his growing

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

TO MISS FERRIER,

ENCLOSING THE ELEGY ON SIR J. H.
BLAIR.

NÆ heathen name shall I prefix
Frae Pindus or Parnassus;
Auld Reekie dings¹ them a' to sticks,
For rhyme-inspiring lasses.

¹ Beats.

Jove's tunefu' dochters three times
 three
 Made Homer deep their debtor;
 But, gien the body half an ee,
 Nine Ferriers wad done better!

Last day my mind was in a bog,
 Down George's street I stoited;²
 A creeping, cauld, prosaic fog
 My very senses doited.³

Do what I dought⁴ to set her free,
 My saul lay in the mire;
 Ye turn'd a neuk⁵—I saw your ee—
 She took the wing like fire!

The mournfu' sang I here enclose,
 In gratitude I send you;
 And [wish and] pray in rhyme sincere,
 A' guid things may attend vou

LINES

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

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
 These northern scenes with weary feet
 I trace; [steep,
 O'er many a winding dale and painful
 The abodes of covey'd grouse and timid
 sheep,

My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
 Till famed Breadalbane opens to my
 view,— [divides,

The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen
 The woods, wild scatter'd clothe their
 ample sides; [among the hills.

The outstretching lake, embosom'd
 The eye with wonder and amazement
 fills [pride,

The Tay, meandering sweet in infant
 The palace, rising on its verdant side;
 The lawns, wood-fringed in Nature's
 native taste; [haste;

The hillocks, dropt in Nature's careless
 The arches, striding o'er the new-born
 stream; [beam—

The village, glittering in the noontide

Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,

² Tottered. ³ Stupefied. ⁴ Would.
⁵ Corner.

Lone wan - ring by the hermit's mossy
 cell: [woods!
 The sweeping theatre of hanging
 The incessant roar of headlong tum-
 bling floods.

Here Poesy might wake her Heaven-
 taught lyre, [tive fire;
 And look through Nature with crea-
 Here, to the wrongs of Fate half-recon-
 ciled, [der wild;
 Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wan-
 And Disappointment, in these lonely
 bounds, [ling wounds;
 Find balm to soothe her bitter rank-
 Here heart-struck Grief might heaven-
 ward stretch her scan, [man.
 And injured Worth forget and pardon

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR WATER.*

TO THE NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

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

The lightly-jumpin' glowrin' trouts,
 That through 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
 among,

In gasping death to swallow.

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 shored¹ me;
 But had I in my glory been,
 He, kneeling, wad adored me.

¹ Promised.

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

Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
 In twisting strength I rin ;
 There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
 Wild-roaring o'er a linn .
 Enjoying large each spring and well,
 As nature gave them me,
 I am, although I say 't mysel,
 Worth gaun² a mile to see.

Would, then, my noblest master please
 To grant my highest wishes,
 He'll shade my banks wi' towering
 trees,
 And bonny spreading bushes,
 Delighted doubly, then, my lord,
 You 'll wander on my banks,
 And listen mony a grateful bird
 Return you tuneful thanks.

The sober laverock,³ 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 mavis⁴ 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 storms ;
 And coward maukins⁵ sleep secure
 Low in their grassy forms ,
 The shepherd here shall make his
 seat,
 To weave his crown of flowers ;
 Or find a sheltering safe retreat
 From prone descending showers.

And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
 Shall meet the loving pair,
 Despising worlds with all their wealth,
 As empty idle care. [charms
 The flowers shall vie in all their
 The hour of heaven to grace,
 And birks extend their fragrant arms
 To screen the dear embrace.

Here haply, too, at vernal dawn,
 Some musing bard may stray,
 And eye the smoking dewy lawn,
 And misty mountain gray ,
 Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,⁶
 Mild-chequering through the trees,

Rave to my darkly-dashing stream,
 Hoarse swelling on the breeze.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
 My lowly banks o'erspread,
 And view, deep-bending in the pool,
 Their shadows' watery bed !
 Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest
 My craggy cliffs adorn ;
 And, for the little songster's nest,
 The close-embowering thorn.

So may old Scotia's darling hope,
 Your little angel band,
 Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
 Their honour'd native land !
 So may through Albion's furthest ken,
 To social-flowing glasses,
 The grace be—" Athole's honest men,
 And Athole's bonny lasses!"

 LINES

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

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

 CASTLE-GORDON.

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

² Going. ³ Lark. ⁴ Thrush. ⁵ Hares.
⁶ The harvest moon.

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, [flood:
 She plants the forest, pours the
 Life's poor day I'll musing rave,
 And find at night a sheltering cave,
 Where waters flow and wild woods
 wave,
 By bonny Castle-Gordon

ON SCARING SOME WATER FOWL IN LOCH TURIT.

A WILD SCENE AMONG THE HILLS OF
 OCHTERTYRE.

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
 For me your watery haunts 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 given
 A ray direct from pitying Heaven,
 Glories in his heart humane—
 And creatures for his pleasure slain.
 In these savage, liquid plains,
 Only known to wandering swains,

Where the mossy rivulet strays,
 Far from human haunts and wars
 All on nature you depend,
 And life's poor season peaceful spend.
 Or, if man's superior might
 Dare invade your native right,
 On the lofty ether borne,
 Man with all his powers you scorn.
 Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
 Other lakes and other springs ;
 And the foe you cannot brave
 Scorn at least to be his slave.

TO MISS CRUIKSHANK,

A VERY YOUNG LADY. WRITTEN ON
 THE BLANK LEAF OF A BOOK PRE-
 SENTED TO HER BY THE AUTHOR.

This young lady was the subject of one of the
 poet's songs, "A Rosebud by my Early
 Walk." She was the daughter of Mr. Cruik-
 shank, No. 30 St. James' Square, Edin-
 burgh, with whom the poet resided for
 some time during one of his visits to Edin-
 burgh. She after wards became the wife of
 Mr. Henderson, a solicitor in Jedburgh.

BEAUTEOUS rosebud, young and gay,
 Blooming in thy early May,
 Never mayst thou, lovely flower!
 Chilly shrink in sleety shower !
 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!
 Not even Sol too fiercely view
 Thy bosom blushing still with dew!

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

POETICAL ADDRESS TO MR. WIL- LIAM TYTLER.

WITH A PRESENT OF THE BARD'S
 PICTURE.

William Tytler, Esq., of Woodhouselee, to
 whom these lines were addressed, wrote a

work in defence of Mary Queen of Scots; and earned the gratitude of Burns, who had all a poet's sympathies for the unfortunate and beautiful queen. Mr. Tytler was grandfather to Patrick Fraser Tytler, the author of "The History of Scotland."

REVERED defender of beauteous Stuart,
art,

Of Stuart, a name once respected,—
A name which to love was the mark of
a true heart,

But now 'tis despised and neglected.

Though something like moisture con-
globes in my eye,

Let no one misdeem me disloyal ;
A poor friendless wanderer may well
claim a sigh, [royal.

Still more, if that wanderer were

My fathers that name have revered on
a throne :

My fathers have fallen to right it ;
Those fathers would spurn their degener-
erate son, [slight it.

That name should he scoffingly

Still in prayers for King George I most
heartily join,

The queen and the rest of the gentry ;
Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing
of mine—

Their title's avow'd by my country.

But why of this epocha make such a
fuss

That gave us the Hanover stem ;
If bringing them over was lucky for us,
I'm sure 'twas as lucky for them.

But, loyalty, truce ! we're on danger-
ous ground, [alter ?

Who knows how the fashions may
The doctrine to-day that is loyalty
sound,

To-morrow may bring us a halter.

I send you a trifle, a head of a bard,

A trifle scarce worthy your care :
But accept it, good sir, as a mark of re-
gard,

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.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ROB-
ERT DUNDAS, ESQ., OF ARNIS-
TON,*

LATE LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COURT
OF SESSION.

In a letter to Dr. Geddes, Burns tells the fate of this poem, and makes his own comment :—" The following elegy 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 me than if I had been a strolling fiddler who had made free with his lady's name over a silly new reel ! Did the gentleman imagine that I looked for any dirty gratuity !"

LONE on the bleak hills the straying
flocks [tering rocks ;

Shun the fierce storms among the shel-
Down foam the rivulets, red with dash-
ing rains ; [tant plains ;

The gathering floods burst o'er the dis-
Beneath the blast the leafless forests
groan ;

The hollow caves return a sullen moan.

Ye hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye
caves, [waves !

Ye howling winds, and wintry-swelling
Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye,
Sad to your sympathetic scenes I fly ;

Where, to the whistling blast and wa-
ter's roar [plore.

Pale Scotia's recent wound I may de-
Oh heavy loss, thy country ill could
bear !

A loss these evil days can ne'er repair !
Justice, the high vicegerent of her God,
Her doubtful balance eyed, and sway'd
her rod ;

She heard the tidings of the fatal blow,
And sunk, abandon'd to the wildest
woe.

Wrongs, injuries, from many a dark-
some den, [men :

Now gay in hope explore the paths of
See, from his cavern, grim Oppression
rise,

* Elder brother to Viscount Melville, born 1713, appointed President in 1760, and died December 13, 1787, after a short illness.

And throw on Poverty his cruel eyes ;
Keen on the helpless victim see him
fly, [cry.
And stifle, dark, the feebly-bursting

Mark ruffian Violence, distained with
crimes, [times ;
Rousing elate in these degenerate
View unsuspecting Innocence a prey,
As guileful Fraud points out the erring
way :

While subtle Litigation's pliant tongue
The life-blood equal sucks of Right
and Wrong : [listen'd tale,
Hark ! injured Want recounts th' un-
And much-wrong'd Misery pours the
unpitied wail !

Ye dark waste hills, and brown un-
sightly plains, [strains :
To you I sing my grief-inspired
Ye tempests, rage ! ye turbid torrents,
roll !

Ye suit the joyless tenor of my soul.
Life's social haunts and pleasures I re-
sign, [ings mine,
Be nameless wilds and lone wander-
To mourn the woes my country must
endure, [cure.
That wound degenerate ages cannot

TO CLARINDA,

ON THE POET'S LEAVING EDINBURGH.

The maiden name of Clarinda was Agnes Craig. At the time Burns made her acquaintance she was the wife of a Mr. M'Lehose, from whom she had been separated on account of incompatibility of temper, etc. She seems to have entertained a sincere affection for the poet. Burns, who was always engaged in some affair of the heart, seems to have been much less sincere. His letters to her are somewhat forced and stilted, and contrast very unfavourably with those of hers, which have been preserved. He soon forgot her, however, to her great regret and mortification. She was beautiful and accomplished, and a poetess. (See prefatory note to Letters to Clarinda.) Burns thus alludes to one of her productions:—
“Your last verses to me have so delighted me that I have got an excellent old Scots air that suits the measure, and you shall see them in print in the *Scots Musical Museum*, a work publishing by a friend of mine in this town. The air is ‘The Banks of Spey,’ and is most beautiful. I want four stanzas—you gave me but three, and one of them alluded to an expression in my former letter: so I have taken your first two verses,

with a slight alteration in the second, and have added a third; but you must help me to a fourth. Here they are; the latter half of the first stanza would have been worthy of Sappho; I am in raptures with it:—

“Talk not of Love, it gives me pain.
For love has been my foe;
He bound me with an iron chain,
And plunged me deep in woe.

“But friendship's pure and lasting joys
My heart was form'd to prove;
There, welcome, win, and wear the prize,
But never talk of Love.

“Your friendship much can make me blest.
Oh ! why that bliss destroy?
Why urge the odious [only] one request
You know I must [will] deny?”

“P.S.—What would you think of this for a fourth stanza?

“Your thought, if Love must harbour there.
Conceal it in that thought;
Nor cause me from my bosom tear
The very friend I sought.”

These verses are inserted in the second volume of the *Musical Museum*.

CLARINDA, mistress of my soul,
The measured 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?
Deprived 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?

TO CLARINDA.

WITH A PRESENT OF A PAIR OF DRINK- ING-GLASSES.

FAIR empress of the poet's soul,
And queen of poetesses;
Clarinda, take this little boon,
This humble pair of glasses.

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

"To those that 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!"

Long may we live! long may we love!
 And long may we be happy!
 And never may we want a glass
 Well charged with generous nappy!

TO CLARINDA.

BEFORE I saw Clarinda's face,
 My heart was blithe and gay,
 Free as the wind, or feather'd race
 That hop from spray to spray.

But now dejected I appear,
 Clarinda proves unkind;
 I, sighing, drop the silent tear,
 But no relief can find.

In plaintive notes my tale rehearses
 When I the fair have found;
 On every tree appear my verses
 That to her praise resound.

But she, ungrateful, shuns my sight,
 My faithful love disdains,
 My vows and tears her scorn excite—
 Another happy reigns.

Ah, though my looks betray,
 I envy your success;
 Yet love to friendship shall give way,
 I cannot wish it less.

TO CLARINDA.

"I BURN, I burn, as when through
 ripen'd corn, [are borne!]"
 By driving winds, the crackling flames
 Now maddening wild, I curse that
 fatal night; [my guilty sight.
 Now bless the hour which charm'd
 In vain the laws their feeble force
 oppose; [vanquish'd foes:
 Chain'd at his feet they groan Love's
 In vain Religion meets my shrinking
 eye,
 I dare not combat—but I turn and fly
 Conscience in vain upbraids the unhal-
 low'd fire, [expire;
 Love grasps its scorpions—stifled they
 Reason drops headlong from his sacred
 throne,

Your dear idea reigns, and reigns alone:
 Each thought intoxicated homage
 yields,
 And riots wanton in forbidden fields!

By all on high adoring mortals know!
 By all the conscious villain fears below!
 By your dear self!—the last great oath
 I swear—
 Nor life nor soul was ever half so dear!

LINES

WRITTEN IN FRIARS' CARSE HERMIT-
 AGE, ON THE BANKS OF THE NITH.

(First Version.)

Burns thought so well of this poem, that he preserved both copies. The first was written in June, 1783. The MS. of the amended copy is headed, "Altered from the foregoing, in December, 1788." The hermitage in which these lines were written was on the property of Captain Riddell of Friars' Carse, a beautiful house with fine grounds, a mile above Ellisland. One of the many kindly favours extend to the poet by Captain Riddell and his accomplished lady was the permission to wander at will in the beautiful grounds of Friars' Carse. The first six lines were graven with a diamond on a pane of glass in a window of the hermitage.

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

Life is but a day at most,
 Sprung from night, in darkness lost;
 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 an idle, restless 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 prepared,
 Guard whatever 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,
 Quoth the Beadsman on Nithside.

LINES

WRITTEN IN FRIARS' CARSE HERMIT
 AGE, ON NITHSIDE.

(*Second Version.*)

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

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

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

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

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

As the shades of evening close,
 Beckoning thee to long repose ;
 As life itself becomes disease,
 Seek the chimney-neuk of ease,
 There ruminate with sober thought
 On all thou'st seen, and heard, and
 wrought ;
 And teach the sportive youngers round,
 Saws of experience sage and sound ;
 Say, man's true, genuine estimate,

The grand criterion of his fate,
 Is not—Art thou high or low ?
 Did thy fortune ebb or flow ?
 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 Heaven
 To Virtue or to Vice is given.
 Say, " To be just, and kind, and wise
 There solid Self enjoyment lies ;
 That foolish, selfish, faithless ways
 Lead to the wretched, vile and base."

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

Stranger, go ! Heaven be thy guide !
 Quoth the Beadsman of Nithside.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR THE
 DEATH OF HER SON.

The poet says—"The Mother's Lament" was composed partly with a view to Mrs. Fergusson of Craighdarroch, and partly to the worthy patroness of my early unknown muse, Mrs. Stewart of Afton." It was also inserted in the *Musical Museum*, to the tune of "Finlayston House."

FATE gave the word, the arrow sped,
 And pierced 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, fond, I bare my breast.
 Oh, do thou kindly lay me low
 - With him I love, at rest !

ELEGY ON THE YEAR 1788.

A SKETCH.

Cunningham says:—"Truly has the ploughman bard described the natures of those illustrious rivals, Fox and Pitt, under the similitude of the 'birdie cocks.' Nor will the allusion to the 'hand-cuffed, muzzled, half-shackled regent' be lost on those who remember the alarm into which the nation was thrown by the king's illness."

FOR lords or kings I dinna mourn,
E'en let them die—for that they're
born!

But oh! prodigious to reflect!
A towmont,¹ sirs, is gane to wreck!
O Eighty-eight, in thy sma' space
What dire events hae taken place!
Of what enjoyments thou hast rest us!
In what a pickle thou hast left us!

The Spanish empire's tint² a head,
And my auld toothless Bawtie's³ dead;
The tulzie's⁴ sair 'tween Pitt and Fox,
And our guidwife's wee birdie cocks;
The tane is game, a bluidy 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,
And cry till ye be hoarse and roopit,
For Eighty-eight he wish'd you weel,
And gied you a' baith gear⁵ and meal;
E'en mony a plack, and mony a peck,
Ye ken yoursels, for little feck!⁶

Ye bonny lasses, dight⁷ your een,
For some o' you hae tint a frien';
In Eighty-eight, ye ken,⁸ was ta'en
What ye'll ne'er hae to gie again.

Observe the very nowte⁹ and sheep,
How dowf and dowie¹⁰ now they creep;
Nay, even the yirth itsel does cry,
For Embragh wells are grutten¹¹ dry.

O Eighty-nine, thou's but a bairn,
And no owre auld, I hope to learn!
Thou beardless boy, I pray tak care,
Thou now hast got thy daddy's chair,
Nae hand-cuff'd, muzzled, half-shack-
led regent,
But like himsel, a full, free agent.
Be sure ye follow out the plan

Nae waur¹² than he did, honest man!
As muckle better as you can.

Jan. 1, 1789.

TO CAPTAIN RIDDEL OF GLEN-
RIDDEL.EXTEMPORE LINES ON RETURNING A
NEWSPAPER.

The newspaper sent contained some sharp
strictures on the poet's works.

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, [ing.
No murders or rapes worth the nam-

Our friends the reviewers, those chip-
pers and hewers,
Are judges of mortar and stone, sir;
But of *meet* or *unmeet*, in a *fabric*
complete,
I 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, [know it!
And then all the world, sir, should

ODE:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
MRS. OSWALD.

The origin of this bitter and not very creditable effusion is thus related by the poet in a letter to Dr. Moore:—"The enclosed 'Ode' is a compliment to the memory of the late Mrs. Oswald of Auchincruive. You probably knew her personally, an honour which I cannot boast, but I spent my early years in her neighbourhood, and among her servants and tenants. I know that she was detested with the most heartfelt cordiality. However, in the particular part of her conduct which roused my poetical wrath she was much less blamable. In January last, on my road to Ayrshire, I had to put up at Bailie Whigham's in Sanquhar, the only tolerable inn in the place. The frost was keen, and the grim evening and howling wind were ushering in a night of snow and drift. My horse and I were both much

¹ Twelvemonth. ² Lost. ³ His dog.
⁴ Fight. ⁵ Goods. ⁶ Work. ⁷ Wipe. ⁸ Know.
⁹ Cattle. ¹⁰ Pithless and low spirited. ¹¹ Wept.

¹² Worse.

fatigued with the labours of the day; and just as my friend the baillie and I were bidding defiance to the storm, over a smoking bowl, in wheels the funeral pageantry of the late Mrs. Oswald; and poor I am forced to brave all the terrors of the tempestuous night, and jade my horse—my young favorite horse, whom I had just christened Pegasus—further on, through the wildest hills and moors of Ayrshire, to New Cumnock, the next inn. The powers of poesy and prose sink under me when I would describe what I felt. Suffice it to say that, when a good fire at New Cumnock had so far recovered my frozen sinews, I sat down and wrote the enclosed "Ode." The poet lived to think more favourably of the name: one of his finest lyrics, "Oh, wat ye wha's in yon town," was written in honour of the beauty of the succeeding Mrs. Oswald.

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

STROPHIE.

View the wither'd beldam's face—
Can thy keen inspection trace [grace?
Aught of humanity's sweet melting
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— [lasting rest!
She goes, but not to realms of ever-

ANTISTROPHE.

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

EPODE.

And are they of no more avail,
Ten thousand glittering pounds a year?
In other worlds can Mammon fail,
Cannipotent as he is here?
Oh, bitter mockery of the pompous bier,
While down the wretched vital part is
driven! [science clear,
The cave-lodged beggar, with a con-
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to
heaven.

TO JOHN TAYLOR.

"The poet," says a correspondent of Cunningham's, "it seems, during one of his journeys over his ten parishes as an exciseman, had arrived at Wanlockhead on a winter day, when the roads were slippery with ice, and Jenny Geddes, his mare, kept her feet with difficulty. The blacksmith of the place was busied with other pressing matters in the forge and could not spare time for 'frosting' the shoes of the poet's mare, and it is likely he would have proceeded on his dangerous journey, had he not bethought himself of propitiating the son of Vulcan with verse. He called for pen and ink, wrote these verses to John Taylor, a person of influence in Wanlockhead; and when he had done, a gentleman of the name of Sloan, who accompanied him, added these words:—'J. Sloan's best compliments to Mr. Taylor, and it would be doing him and the Ayrshire bard a particular favour, if he would oblige them instanter with his agreeable company. The road has been so slippery that the riders and the brutes were equally in danger of getting some of their bones broken. For the poet, his life and limbs are of some consequence to the world; but for poor Sloan it matters very little what may become of him. The whole of this business is to ask the favour of getting the horses' shoes sharpened.' On the receipt of this, Taylor spoke to the smith, the smith flew to his tools, sharpened the horses' shoes, and, it is recorded, lived thirty years to say he had never been 'weel paid but ance, and that was by the 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 slipshod giddy Pegasus
Was but a sorry walker;
To Vulcan then Apollo goes,
To get a frosty caulker.*

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.

RAMAGE'S, *three o'clock.*

* A nail put into a shoe to prevent the foot from slipping in frosty weather.

SKETCH:

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

In a letter to Mrs. Dunlop the poet says, "I have a poetic whim in my head, which I at present dedicate or rather inscribe, to the Right Hon. Charles James Fox; but how long that fancy may hold, I cannot say. A few of the first lines I have just rough-sketch'd as follows:—"

How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite;
[and their white;
How virtue and vice blend their black
How genius the illustrious father of
fiction, [tradition—
Confounds rule and law, reconciles con-
I sing: if these mortals, the critics,
should bustle, [whistle!
I care not, not I—let the critics go

But now for a patron, whose name
and whose glory [story.
At once may illustrate and honour my

Thou first of our orators, first of our
wits; [seem mere lucky hits;
Yet whose parts and acquirements
With knowledge so vast, and with
judgment so strong, [far wrong;
No man with the half of 'em e'er went
With passions so potent, and fancies so
bright, [quite right;—
No man with the half of 'em e'er went
A sorry, poor misbegot son of the
Muses
For using thy name offers fifty excuses.

Good Lord, what is man? for as simple
he looks, [his crooks;
Do but try to develop his hooks and
With his depths and his shallows, his
good and his evil; [the devil.
All in all he's a problem must puzzle
On his one ruling passion Sir Pope
hugely labours,
That, like the 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, [have miss'd him;
One trifling particular truth should
For, spite of his fine theoretic positions,
Mankind is a science defies definitions.

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

But truce with abstraction, and truce
with a Muse, [deign to peruse:
Whose rhymes you 'll perhaps, sir, ne'er
Will you leave your justings, your jars,
and your quarrels, [ding laurels?
Contending with Billy for proud-nod-
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; [ceal 'em,
Not cabinets even of kings would con-
He 'd up the back-stairs, and by God
he would steal 'em.
Then feats like Squire Billy's you ne'er
can achieve 'em, [thieve him.
It is not, outdo him, the task is out-

VERSES

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

This poem was founded on a real incident. James Thomson, a neighbour of the poet's, states that having shot at, and wounded a hare, it ran past the poet, who happened to be near. "He cursed me, and said he would not mind throwing me into the water; and I'll warrant he could hae done't, though I was both young and strong."

INHUMAN man! curse on thy barb'rous
art, [eye;
And blasted be thy murder-aiming
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 [yield.
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime

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

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

DELIA.

AN ODE.

This ode was sent to the *Star* newspaper with the following characteristic letter :—" Mr. Printer,—If the productions of a simple ploughman can merit a place in the same paper with the other favourites of the Muses who illuminate the *Star* with the lustre of genius, your insertion of the enclosed trifle will be succeeded by future communications from yours, etc.,

" ROBERT BURNS.

" ELLISLAND, NEAR DUMFRIES, May 18, 1789."

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

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

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

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

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTHACHE.

WRITTEN WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS
GRIEVOUSLY TORMENTED BY THAT
DISORDER.

My curse upon the venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortured gums along;
And through 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 neighbour's sympathy may ease us,
Wi' pitying moan:
But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases,
Aye mocks our groan!

Adown my beard the slavers trickle!
I kick the wee stools o'er the mickle,
As round the fire the giglets keckle,¹
To see me loup;²
While raving mad, I wish a heckle*
Were in their doup.

Of a' the numerous human dools,³
Ill hairsts, daft bargains, cutty-stools,
Or worthy friends raked i' the mools,⁴
Sad sight to see!
The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools,
Thou bear'st the gree.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
Whence a' the tones o' misery yell,
And rankèd plagues their numbers
tell,
In dreadfu' raw, [bell
Thou, Toothache, surely bear'st the
Amang them a'!

O thou grim mischief-making chiel,
That gars the notes of discord squeel,
Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
In gore a shoe thick.
Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
A towmond's⁵ toothache!

¹ The mirthful children laugh. ² Jump.
³ Troubles. ⁴ Grave—earth. ⁵ Twelve-month's.

* A frame in which is stuck, sharp ends uppermost, from fifty to a hundred steel spikes, through which the hemp is drawn to straighten it for manufacturing purposes.

THE KIRK'S ALARM.

A SATIRE.

We quote Lockhart's account of the origin of the "Kirk's Alarm."—"M'Gill and Dalrymple, the two ministers of the town of Ayr, had long been suspected of entertaining heterodox opinions on several points, particularly the doctrine of original sin and the Trinity; and the former at length published 'An Essay on the Death of Jesus Christ,' which was considered as demanding the notice of the Church courts. More than a year was spent in the discussions which arose out of this: and at last, Dr. M'Gill was fain to acknowledge his errors, and promise that he would take an early opportunity of apologising for them to his congregation from the pulpit, which promise, however, he never performed. The gentry of the country took, for the most part, the side of M'Gill, who was a man of cold, unpopular manners, but of unreproached moral character, and possessed of some accomplishments. The bulk of the lower orders espoused, with far more fervid zeal, the cause of those who conducted the prosecution against this erring doctor. Gavin Hamilton, and all persons of his stamp, were, of course, on the side of M'Gill—Auld and the Mauchline elders with his enemies. Robert Aiken, a writer in Ayr, a man of remarkable talents, particularly in public speaking, had the principal management of M'Gill's cause before the presbytery and the synod. He was an intimate friend of Hamilton's, and through him had about this time formed an acquaintance which soon ripened into a warm friendship with Burns. Burns was, therefore, from the beginning, a zealous, as in the end he was, perhaps, the most effective, partisan of the side on which Aiken had staked so much of his reputation."

ORTHODOX, orthodox,

Wha believe in John Knox,

Let me sound an alarm to your conscience—

There's a heretic blast

Has been blawn i' the wast.

That what is not sense must be non-sense.

Doctor Mac, * Doctor 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,

* Dr. M'Gill.

To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing;
Provost John† is still deaf
To the Church's relief,
And Orator Bob ‡ is its ruin.

D'rymple mild, § D'rymple mild,
Though your heart's like a child,
And your life like the new-driven
snaw;

Yet that winna save ye,
Auld Satan must have ye, [twa.
For preaching that three's ane and

Rumble John, || Rumble John,
Mount the steps wi' a groan,
Cry the book is wi' heresy cramm'd;
Then lug out your ladle,
Deal brimstone like adle,¹
And roar every note of the damn'd.

Simper James, ¶ Simper James,
Leave the fair Killie² 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, ** Singet³ 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, †† Daddy Auld,
There's a tod⁴ in the fauld,
A tod meikle waur than the clerk; ††
Though ye downa do skaith,⁵
Ye'll be in at the death,
And if ye canna bite, ye can bark.

¹ Putrid water. ² Kilmarnock. ³ Singed.
⁴ Fox. ⁵ Harm.

† John Ballantyne, Esq., provost of Ayr, to whom the "Twa Brigs" is dedicated.

‡ Mr. Robert Aiken, writer in Ayr, to whom the "Cotter's Saturday Night" is inscribed. He was agent for Dr. M'Gill in the presbytery and synod.

§ The Rev. Dr. William Dalrymple, senior minister of the collegiate church of Ayr.

|| The Rev. John Russell, celebrated in the "Holy Fair."

¶ The Rev. James Mackinlay, the hero of the "Ordination."

** The Rev. Alexander Moodie, of Riccarton, one of the heroes of the "Twa Herds."

†† The Rev. Mr. Auld, of Mauchline.

‡‡ The clerk was Mr. Gavin Hamilton, who had been a thorn in the side of Mr. Auld.

Davie Bluster, §§ Davie Bluster,
For a saunt if ye muster,
The corps is no nice of recruits;
Yet to worth let's be just.
Royal blood ye might boast,
If the ass were the king of the brutes.

Jamie Goose, ||| Jamie Goose,
Ye hae made but toom roose,⁶
In hunting the wicked lieutenant;
But the doctor's your mark,
For the Lord's haly ark [in't.
He has cooper'd and ca'd' a wrang pin

Poet Willie, ¶¶ Poet Willie,
Gie the Doctor a volley, [wit;
Wi' your "Liberty's chain" and your
O'er Pegasus' side
Ye ne'er laid a stride, [he —.
Ye but smelt, man, the place where

Andro Gouk, *** Andro Gouk,
Ye may slander the book, [tell ye;
And the book nane the waur, let me
Though ye're rich and look big,
Yet lay by hat and wig, [value.
And ye'll hae a calf's head o' sma'

Barr Steenie, ††† Barr Steenie,
What mean ye, what mean ye?
If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,
Ye may hae some pretence
To havins⁷ and sense,
Wi' people wha ken ye nae better.

Irvine side, ††† Irvine side,
Wi' your turkey-cock pride,
Of manhood but sma' is your share;
Ye've the figure, 'tis true,
Even your faes will allow,
And your friends they daur grant you
nae mair.

Muirland Jock, §§§ Muirland Jock,
When the Lord makes a rock

⁶ Empty fame. ⁷ Driven. ⁸ Good manners.

§§ Mr. Grant, Ochiltree.

¶ Mr. Young, Cumnock.

¶¶ The Rev. Dr. Peebles, of Newton-upon-Ayr, the author of an indifferent poem on the centenary of the revolution, in which occurred the line to which the poet alludes.

*** Dr. Andrew Mitchell, Monkton, a wealthy member of presbytery.

††† Rev. Stephen Young, Barr.

†† Rev. Mr. George Smith, Galston.

§§§ Mr. John Shepherd, Muirkirk.

To crush Common Sense for her sins,
If ill manners were wit,
'There's no mortal so fit
To confound the poor Doctor at ance.

Holy Will, |||| Holy Will,
There was wit i' your skull
When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor;
The timmer is scant,
When ye're ta'en for a saunt,
Wha should swing in a rape for an
hour.

Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons,
Seize your spiritual guns,
Ammunition you never can need
Your hearts are the stuff
Will be powther enough,
And your skulls are storehouses o' lead.

Poet Burns, Poet Burns,
Wi' your priest-skelping turns,
Why desert ye your auld native shire?
Your Muse is a gipsy—
E'en though she were tipsy,
She could ca' us nae waur than we are.

THE WHIST

Burns says:—"As the authentic prose history of the 'Whistle' is curious, I shall here give it:—In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our James the Sixth, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony whistle, which at the commencement of the orgies he laid on the table, and whoever was 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 Scots Bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority. After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton, ancestor of the present worthy baronet of that name, who, after three days' and three nights' hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table,

And blew on the whistle his requiem shrill.

Sir Walter, son of Sir Robert before men

|||| William Fisher, clder in Mauchline whom Burns so often scourged.

tioned, afterwards lost the whistle to Walter Riddel of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir Walter's. On Friday, the 16th of October, 1789, at Friars' Carse, the whistle was once more contended for, as related in the ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwellton; Robert Riddel, Esq., of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the whistle, and in whose family it had continued; and Alexander Ferguson, Esq., of Craigdarroch, likewise descended from the great Sir Robert, which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field."

A good deal of doubt was at one time felt as to whether Burns was present at the contest for the whistle—Professor Wilson having contended that he was not present: citing as evidence a letter to Captain Riddel, which will be found in the General Correspondence. These doubts are now set at rest. Captain Riddel, in replying to the letter mentioned, invited the poet to be present. He answered as follows:—

“The king's poor blackguard slave am I,
And scarce dow spare a minute;
But I'll be with you by-and-by,
Or else the devil's in it!”—B.

Mr. Chambers places the matter still further beyond doubt by quoting the testimony of William Hunter, then a servant at Friars' Carse, who was living in 1851, and who distinctly remembered that Burns was there, and, what was better still, that Burns was remarkably temperate during the whole evening, and took no part in the debauch.

I SING of a whistle, a whistle of worth,
I sing of a whistle, the pride of the
North, [Scottish king,
Was brought to the court of our good
And long with this whistle all Scot-
land shall ring.

Old Loda * still rueing the arm of
Fingal, [his hall—
The god of the bottle sends down from
“This whistle's your challenge—to
Scotland get o'er, [me more!”
And drink them to hell, sir, or ne'er see

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles
tell, [pions fell;
What champions ventured, what cham-
The son of great Loda was conqueror
still, [shrill,
And blew on the whistle his requiem

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and
the Skarr, [in war,
Unmatch'd at the bottle, unconquer'd

He drank his poor godship as deep as
the sea, [he.
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy
has gain'd; [remain'd;
Which now in his house has for ages
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: [and law;
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth,
And trusty Glenriddel, so skill'd in old
coins: [old wines.
And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in

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

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

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would
pretend, [—or his friend,
But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe
Said, Toss down the whistle, the prize
of the field, [he'd yield.
And, knee-deep in claret, he'd die ere

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes
repair, [care;
So noted for drowning of sorrow and
But for wine and for welcome not more
known to fame, [sweet lovely dame.
Than the sense, wit, and taste, of a

A bard was selected to witness the
fray, [day;
And tell future ages the feats of the
A bard who detested all sadness and
spleen, [had been.
And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard

The dinner being over, the claret they
ply; [of joy;
And every new cork is a new spring of

* See Ossian's Caric-thura.—B.

† See Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides.—B.

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

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

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

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious
 and sage, [wage:
 No longer the warfare, ungodly, would
 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; [bumpers contend?
 But who can with Fate and quart-
 Though Fate said—A hero shall perish
 in light; [fell the knight.
 So up rose bright Phœbus—and down

Next up rose our bard, like a prophet
 in drink: [tion shall sink!
 "Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when crea-
 But if thou wouldst flourish immortal
 in rhyme, [the sublime!
 Come—one bottle more—and have at

"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; [god of day!"
 The field thou hast won, by yon bright

VERSES

ON CAPTAIN GROSE'S PEREGRINATIONS
 THROUGH SCOTLAND, COLLECTING
 THE ANTIQUITIES OF THAT KING-
 DOM.

Captain Grose, the hero of this poem, author
 of a work on the Antiquities of Scotland,
 was an enthusiastic antiquary, fond of good
 wine and good company. Burns met him
 at the hospitable table of Captain Riddel of

Friars' Carse. He died in Dublin, of an
 apoplectic fit, in 1791, in the 52d year of his
 age.

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brithers
 Scots,
 Frae Maidenkirke* 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 you chance to light
 Upon a fine, fat, fodge² wight,
 O' stature short, but genius bright,
 That's he, mark weel—
 And wow! he has an unco slight
 O' cauk and keel.†

By some auld, houlet-haunted biggin'.‡
 Or kirk deserted by its riggin',
 It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in
 Some eldritch³ part,
 Wi' deils, they say, Lord save's! col-
 leaguin'
 At some black art.

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chau-
 mer,
 Ye gipsy gang that deal in glamour,⁴
 And you, deep read in hell's black
 grammar,
 Warlocks and witches;
 Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
 Ye midnight bitches!

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

He has a fouth⁵ o' auld nick-nackets,
 Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets,§
 Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets
 A towmond guid; [ets,
 And parritch-pats, and auld saut-back-
 afore the flood.

- 1 Heed. 2 Plump. 3 Unholy. 4 Black art.
 5 Abundance.

* An inversion of the name of Kirkmaiden,
 in Wigtonshire, the most southerly parish in
 Scotland.

† Alluding to his powers as a draughtsman.

‡ See his "Antiquities of Scotland."—B.

§ See his "Treatise on Ancient Armour and
 Weapons."—B.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder;
Auld Tubal Cain's fire-shool and fender;
That which distinguisèd the gender
O' Balaam's ass;
A broomstick o' the witch o' Endor,
Weel shod wi' brass.

Forbye he'll shape you aff, fu' gleg,⁶
The cut of Adam's philabeg:
The knife that nicket Abel's craig⁷
He'll prove you fully,
It was a faulding jocteleg,
Or lang-kail gully.

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

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

LINES WRITTEN IN A WRAPPER,
ENCLOSING A LETTER TO CAPTAIN
GROSE.

Burns having undertaken to gather some antiquarian and legendary material as to the ruins in Kyle, in sending them to Captain Grose under cover to Mr. Cardonnel, a brother antiquary, the following verses, in imitation of the ancient ballad of "Sir John Malcolm," were enclosed. Cardonnel read them everywhere, much to the captain's annoyance, and to the amusement of his friends.

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 drownèd in the river Forth?
Iram, coram, dago.
Is he slain by Highlan' bodi's?
Igo and ago,
And eaten like a wether-haggis?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he to Abra'm's bosom gane!
Igo and ago,
Or haudin' Sarah by the wame?
Iram, coram, dago.

Where'er he be, the Lord be near him!
Igo and ago,
As for the deil, he daurna steer him!
Iram, coram, dago.

But please transmit the enclosed letter,
Igo and ago,
Which will oblige your humble debtor,
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye 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.

SKETCH—NEW YEAR'S DAY,

[1790.]

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

On the original MS. of these lines, the poet writes as follows:—"On second thoughts I send you this extempore blotted sketch. It is just the first random scrawl; but if you think the piece worth while, I shall retouch it, and finish it. Though I have no copy of it, my memory serves me."

THIS day, Time winds the 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,

* Major, afterwards General, Andrew Dunlop, Mrs. Dunlop's second son.

† Miss Rachel Dunlop, who afterwards married Robert Glasgow, Esq.

⁶ Full quickly. ⁷ Throat.

And blooming Keith's † engaged with
 (Gray) [row—
 From housewife cares a minute bor
 That grandchild's cap will do to-mor
 row—

And join with me a-moralising,
 This day's propitious to be wise in.

First, what did yesternight deliver?

“Another year is gone forever!”

And what is this day's strong sugges-
 tion? [on!”

“The passing moment's all we rest
 Rest on—for what? what do we here?
 Or why regard the passing year? [lore?
 Will Time, amused with proverb'd
 Add to our date one minute more?

A few days may—a few years must—
 Repose us in the silent dust,

Then is it wise to damp our bliss?

Yes—all such reasonings are amiss!

The voice of Nature loudly cries,
 And many a message from the skies,
 That something in us never dies:

That on this frail, uncertain state,

Hang matters of eternal weight:

That future life, in worlds unknown,

Must take its hue from this alone;

Whether as heavenly glory bright,

Or dark as Misery's woful night

Since, then, my honour'd, first of
 friends,

On this poor being all depends,
 Let us the important *now* employ,
 And live as those who never die.

Though you, with days and honours
 crown'd,

Witness that filial circle round,

(A sight, life's sorrows to repulse,

A sight, pale Envy to convulse),

Others now claim your chief regard;

Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY EVENING,

[1790.]

Burns, writing to his brother Gilbert, says :—
 “We have gotten a set of very decent
 players here just now: I have seen them an

† Miss Keith Dunlop, the youngest daughter.

evening or two. David Campbell, in Ayr,
 wrote to me by the manager of the company,
 a Mr. Sutherland, who is a man of apparent
 worth. On New Year's Day I gave him the
 following prologue, which he spouted to his
 audience with applause:—

No song nor dance I bring from yon
 great city [more's the pity.

That queens it o'er our taste—the
 Though, by-the-by, abroad why will
 you roam? [at home

Good sense and taste are natives ætæq
 But not for panegyric I appear,

I come to wish you all a good new year!
 Old Father Time deutes me here be

fore ye, [story

Not for to preach, but tell his simple

The sage grave ancient cough'd, and

bade me say, [day.”

“You're one year older this important

If wiser, too—he hinted some sugges-
 tion, [the question;

But 'twould be rude, you know, to ask

And with a would-be roughish leer and

wink, [word—“Think!”

He bade me on you press this one

Ye sprightly youths, quite flush'd with
 hope and spirit, [of merit,

Who think to storm the world by dint

To you the dotard has a deal to say,

In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb

way! [less rattle,

He bids you mind, amid your thought-

That the first blow is ever half the

battle; [to snatch him,

That though some by the skirt may try

Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch

him; [bearing,

That whether doing, suffering, or for-

You may do miracles by persevering.

Last, though not least in love, ye faith-
 ful fair, [care!

Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar

To you old Bald-pate smoothes his

wrinkled brow, [portant Now!

And humbly begs you'll mind the im-

To crown your happiness he asks your

leave,

And offers bliss to give and to receive.

For our sincere, though haply weak,
 endeavours,

With grateful pride we own your
 many favours;

And howsoe'er our tongues may ill re-
veal it, [it.
Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel

TO THE OWL.

This poem was originally printed, from a MS. in the poet's handwriting, by Cromek, who threw some doubts on its being written by Burns. But as the MS. copy showed occasional interlineations in the same hand, there can be little doubt, we presume, as to its authenticity.

SAD bird of night, what sorrows call
thee forth, [night hour?
To vent thy plaints thus in the mid-
Is it some blast that gathers in the
north, [bower?
Threatening to nip the verdure of thy

Is it, sad owl, that Autumn strips the
shade, [forlorn?
And leaves thee here, unshelter'd and
Or fear that Winter will thy nest in-
vade? [mourn?
Or friendless melancholy bids thee

Shut out, lone bird, from all the
feather'd train, [ing gloom;
To tell thy sorrows to the unheed-
No friend to pity when thou dost com-
plain, [thy home.
Grief all thy thought, and solitude

Sing on, sad mourner! I will bless thy
strain, [song:
And pleas'd in sorrow listen to thy
Sing on, sad mourner; to the night
complain, [along.
While the lone echo wafts thy notes

Is beauty less, when down the glowing
cheek [fall?
Sad, piteous tears, in native sorrows
Less kind the heart when anguish bids
it break? [call?
Less happy he who lists to pity's

Ah no, sad owl! nor is thy voice less
sweet, [is there;
That sadness tunes it, and that grief
That Spring's gay notes, unskill'd, thou
canst repeat; [repair.
That sorrow bids thee to the gloom

Nor that the treble songsters of the day
Are quite estranged, sad bird of
night! from thee; [ing spray,
Nor that the thrush deserts the even-
When darkness calls thee from thy
reverie.

From some old tower, thy melancholy
dome, [solitudes
While the gray walls, and desert
Return each note, responsive to the
gloom [woods.
Of ivied coverts and surrounding

There hooting, I will list more pleas'd
to thee
Than ever lover to the nightingale;
Or drooping wretch, oppress'd with
misery, [tale.
Lending his ear to some condoling

VERSES

ON AN EVENING VIEW OF THE RUINS
OF LINCLUDEN ABBEY.*

YE holy walls, that, still sublime,
Resist the crumbling touch of time;
How strongly still your form displays
The piety of ancient days!
As through your ruins hoar and gray--
Ruins yet beauteous in decay--
The silvery moonbeams trembling fly;
The forms of ages long gone by
Crowd thick on Fancy's wondering eye,
And wake the soul to musings high.
Even now, as lost in thought profound,
I view the solemn scene around,
And, pensive, gaze with wistful eyes,
The past returns, the present flies;
Again the dome, in pristine pride,
Lifts high its roof and arches wide,
That, knit with curious tracery,
Each Gothic ornament display.
The high-arch'd windows, painted fair,
Show many a saint and martyr there.
As on their slender forms I gaze,
Methinks they brighten to a blaze!
With noiseless step and taper bright,
What are ye on forms that meet my
sight?

* On the banks of the river Cluden, and at a short distance from Dumfries, are the beautiful ruins of the Abbey of Lincluden, which was founded in the time of Malcolm, the fourth King of Scotland.

Slowly they move, while every eye
Is heavenward raised in ecstasy.
'Tis the fair, spotless, vestal train,
That seek in prayer the midnight fane.
And, hark! what more than mortal
sound

Of music breathes the pile around?
'Tis the soft-chanted choral song,
Whose tones the echoing aisles prolong;
Till, thence return'd, they softly stray
O'er Cluden's wave, with fond delay;
Now on the rising gale swell high,
And now in fainting murmurs die;
The boatmen on Nith's gentle stream,
That glistens in the pale moonbeam,
Suspend their dashing oars to hear
The holy anthem loud and clear;
Each worldly thought a while forbear,
And mutter forth a half-form'd prayer.
But as I gaze, the vision fails,
Like frost-work touch'd by southern
gales;

The altar sinks, the tapers fade,
And all the splendid scene's decay'd.

In window fair the painted pane
No longer glows with holy stain,
But through the broken glass the gale
Blows chilly from the misty vale;
The bird of eve flits sullen by,
Her home these aisles and arches high!
The choral hymn, that erst so clear
Broke softly sweet on Fancy's ear,
Is drown'd amid the mournful scream
That breaks the magic of my dream!
Roused by the sound, I start and see
The ruin'd sad reality!

PROLOGUE,

FOR MR. SUTHERLAND'S BENEFIT
NIGHT, DUMFRIES.

This prologue was accompanied with the following letter to Mr. Sutherland, the manager of the Dumfries Theatre:—

"Monday Morning.

"I was much disappointed in wanting your most agreeable company yesterday. However, I heartily pray for good weather next Sunday; and whatever aerial being has the guidance of the elements, he may take any other half dozen of Sundays he pleases, and clothe them with

Vapours, and clouds, and storms,
Until he terrify himself
At combustion of his own raising.

I shall see you on Wednesday forenoon. In the greatest hurry.—R. B."

WHAT needs this din about the town
o' Lon'on, [is comin'?
How this new play and that new sang
Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle'
courted? [imported?
Does nonsense mend like whisky, when
Is there nae poet, burning keen for
fame, [hame?
Will try to gie us sangs and plays at
For comedy abroad he needna toil,
A fool and knave are plants of every
soil; [Greece
Nor need he hunt as far as Rome and
To gather matter for a serious piece;
There's themes enow in Caledonian
story, [glory.
Would show the tragic muse in a' her

Is there no daring bard will rise and
tell [less fell?
How glorious Wallace stood, how hap-
Where are the Muses fled that could
produce
A drama worthy o' the name o' Bruce;
How here, even here, he first un-
sheath'd the sword, [lord?
'Gainst mighty England and her guilty
And after mony a bloody, deathless do-
ing, [jaws of ruin?
Wrench'd his dear country from the
Oh for a Shakespeare or an Otway
scene [queen!
To draw the lovely, hapless Scottish
Vain all the omnipotence of female
charms [bellion's arms.
'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Re-
She fell, but fell with spirit truly Ro-
man, [woman:
To glut the vengeance of a rival
A woman—though 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 though your fathers, prodigal of
life,
A Douglas followed to the martial strife,
Perhaps if bowls row right, and Right
succeeds, [leads!
Ye yet may follow where a Douglas

¹ Much.

As ye hae generous done, if a' the
land [hand ;
Would take the Muses' servants by the
Not only hear, but patronise, befriend
them, [commend them ;
And where ye justly can commend,
And aiblins when they winna stand the
test, [their best !
Wink hard and say the folks hae done
Would a' the land do this, then I'll be
caution [tion,
Ye'll soon hae poets o' the Scottish na-
Will gar Fame blaw until her trumpet
crack, [back !
And warsle² Time, and lay him on his
For us and for our stage should ony
spier,³ [this bustle here ?"
"Whia's aught thae chiefl maks a'
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, [ye strike.
But like good mithers, shore⁴ before
And gratefu' still I hope ye'll ever find
us, [ness
For a' the patronage and meikle kind-
We've got frae a' professions, sets and
ranks; [get but thanks.
God help us! we're but poor—ye'se

STANZAS ON THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY.

On being questioned as to the propriety of
satirising people unworthy of his notice,
and the Duke of Queensberry being cited as
an instance, Burns drew out his pencil and
penned the following bitter lines as his re-
ply:—

How shall I sing Drumlanrig's Grace—
Discarded remnant of a race
Once great in martial story ?
His forbears' virtues all contrasted—
The very name of Douglas blasted—
His that inverted glory.

Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore;
But he has superadded more,
And sunk them in contempt;
Follies and crimes have stain'd the
name; [claim,
But, Queensberry, thine the virgin
From aught that's good exempt.

VERSES TO MY BED.

THOU bed, in which I first began
To be that various creature—*man* !
And when again the fates decree,
The place where I must cease to be;—
When sickness comes, to whom I fly,
To soothe my pain, or close mine eye;—
When cares surround me where I weep,
Or lose them all in balmy sleep;—
When sore with labour whom I court
And to thy downy breast resort—
Where, too, ecstatic joys I find,
When deigns my Delia to be kind—
And full of love in all her charms,
Thou givest the fair one to my arms.
The centre thou, where grief and pain,
Disease and rest, alternate reign.
Oh, since within thy little space
So many various scenes take place;
Lessons as useful shalt thou teach,
As sages dictate—churchmen preach;
And man convinced by thee alone,
This great important truth shall own:—
That thin partitions do divide
The bounds where good and ill reside;
That nought is perfect here below;
But *bliss* still bordering upon *woe*.

ELEGY ON PEG NICHOLSON.

Peg Nicholson, the "good bay mare," be-
longed to Mr. William Nicol, a fast friend
of the poet's, and was so named from a
frantic virago who attempted the life of
George III. The poet enclosed the follow-
ing verses in a letter to his friend, in
February, 1790, with a long account of the
deceased mare, which letter will be found
in the correspondence of that year.

PEG Nicholson was a good bay mare
As ever trode on air;¹
But now she's floating down the Nith,
And past the mouth o' Cairn.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
And rode through thick and 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; [was
And much oppress'd and bruised she
As priest-rid cattle are.

² Wrestle. ³ Ask. ⁴ Threaten.

¹ Iron.

LINES

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

KINDSIR, I've read your paper through,
And faith, to me 'twas really new! [ted?
How guess'd ye, sir, what maist I wan-
This mony a day I've gran'd¹ and gaun-
ted² [in',

To ken what French mischief was brew-
Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin';
That vile doup-skelper, Emperor
Joseph,

If Venus yet had got his nose off;
Or how the collieshangie³ works
Atween the Russians and the Turks;
Or if the Swede, before he halt,
Would play anither Charles the Twalt:
If Denmark, anybody spak o't;
Or Poland, wha had now the tack⁴ o't;
How cut-throat Prussian blades were
lingin'⁵,

How libbet⁶ Italy was singin':
If Spaniards, 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 sleekit⁷ Chatham Will was livin',
Or glakit⁸ Charlie got his nieve⁹ in;
How Daddie Burke the plea was cook-
in'. [in';¹⁰

If Warren Hastings' neck was yeuk-
How cesses, stents, and fees were
rax'd,¹¹

Or if bare a—s yet were tax'd;
The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,
Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera
girls;

If that daft buckie, Geordie Wales,
Was threshin' still at hizzies' tails;
Or if he was grown oughtlins douser,¹²
And no a perfect kintra cooser.
A' this and mair I never heard of;
And but for you I might despair'd of.

¹ Groaned. ² Yawned. ³ Quarrel.

⁴ Lease. ⁵ Hanging. ⁶ Castrated. ⁷ Sly.

⁸ Thoughtless. ⁹ Fist. ¹⁰ Itching.

¹¹ Stretched. ¹² At all more sober.

So gratefu', back your news I send you,
And pray, a' guid things may attend
you!

ELLISLAND, *Monday Morning*, 1790.

ELEGY ON CAPTAIN MATTHEW
HENDERSON,

A GENTLEMAN WHO HELD THE PAT-
ENT FOR HIS HONOURS IMMEDIATE-
LY FROM ALMIGHTY GOD.

The following note was appended to the
original MS. of the *Elegy*:—"Now that you
are over with the sirens of flattery, the har-
pies of corruption, and the furies of ambi-
tion—those infernal deities that, on all sides
and in all parties, preside over the villain-
ous business of politics—permit a rustic
muse of your acquaintance to do her best to
soothe you with a song. You knew Hender-
son. I have not flattered his memory."

In a letter to Dr. Moore, dated February 1791,
the poet says:—"The *Elegy* on Captain
Henderson is a tribute to the memory of a
man I loved much. Poets have in this the
same advantage as Roman Catholics; they
can be of service to their friends after they
have passed that bourne where all other
kindness ceases to be of any avail. Whether,
after ail, either the one or the other be of
any real service to the dead is, I fear, very
problematical; but I am sure they are high-
ly gratifying to the living. Captain Hender-
son was a retired soldier, of agreeable man-
ners and upright character, who had a lodg-
ing in Carrubber's Close, Edinburgh, and
mingled with the best society of the city;
he dined regularly at Fortune's Tavern,
and was a member of the Capillaire Club,
which was composed of all who inclined to
the witty and the joyous."

"Should the poor be flattered?"

—SHAKESPEARE.

But now his radiant course is run,

For Matthew's course was bright;

His soul was like the glorious sun,

A matchless heavenly light!

O DEATH! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
The meikle devil wi' a woodie¹

Haur!² thee hame to his black smiddie,*

O'er hurcheon³ hides,

And like stock-fish come o'er his stud-
die⁴

Wi' thy auld sides!

He's gane! he's gane! he's frae us
torn!

The ae best fellow e'er was born!

¹ Halter. ² Drag. ³ Hedgehog. ⁴ Anvil.

* *Smiddie*, a blacksmith's shop—hence the
appropriateness of its use in the present in-
stance.

Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall
mourn

By wood and wild,
Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,
Frae man exiled !

Ye hills ! near neighbors o' the starns,⁵
That proudly cock your cresting cairns !
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing years,⁶
Where Echo slumbers !
Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,
My wailing numbers !

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens !⁷
Ye hazelly shaws and briery dens !
Ye burnies, wimplin' down your glens,
Wi' toddlin' din, †
Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,⁸
Frae lin to lin !

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lea;
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see;
Ye woodbines, hanging bonnie
In scented bowers;
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
The first o' flowers.

At dawn, when every grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at its head,
At even, when beans their fragrance
shed,

I' the rustling gale,
Ye maukins whiddin'⁹ through the
glade,
Come, join my wail.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood;
Ye grouse that crap¹⁰ the heather bud;
Ye curlews calling through a clud:¹¹
Ye whistling plover;
And mourn, ye whirring pairick¹²
brood!—
He's gane forever.

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'ing craiks¹³ 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,¹⁴ frae your ivy bower,
In some auld tree or eldritch¹⁵ tower,
What time the moon, wi' silent glow-
er,¹⁶

Sets up her horn,
Wail through the dreary midnight hour
Till waukrife¹⁷ morn !

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains !
Oft have ye heard my canty¹⁸ 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 kep¹⁹ a tear:
Thou, Simmer, while each corny spear
Shoots up its head,
Thy gay, green, flowery tresses shear
For him that's dead !

Thou, Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy fallow mantle tear !
Thou, Winter, hurling through 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 forever ?
And hast thou cross'd that unknown
river,

Life's dreary bound ?
Like thee, where shall I find another
The world around !

⁶ Stars. ⁶ Eagles. ⁷ Wood-pigeon knows.
⁸ Bounds. ⁹ Hares running. ¹⁰ Crop, eat.
¹¹ Cloud. ¹² Partridge.

† With the noise of one who goes hesitat-
ingly or insecurely.

‡ We can hardly convey the meaning here ;
but we know of no better word.

¹³ Landrails. ¹⁴ Owls. ¹⁵ Haunted. ¹⁶ Stare
¹⁷ Wakening. ¹⁸ Happy. ¹⁹ Catch.

Go to your sculptured 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,
 The sympathetic tear maun fa'—
 For Matthew was a kind man !

If thou art stanch without a stain,
 Like the unchanging blue, man,
 This was a kinsman o' 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.

TAM O' SHANTER:

A TALE.

Captain Grose, in the introduction to his "Antiquities of Scotland," says, "To my ingenious friend, Mr. Robert Burns, I have been seriously obligated; he was not only

at the pains of making out what was most worthy of notice in Ayrshire, the country honoured by his birth, but he also wrote, expressly for this work, the *pretty tale* annexed to Alloway Church." This pretty tale was "Tam o' Shanter," certainly the most popular of all our poet's works. In a letter to Captain Grose, No. CCXXVII. of the General Correspondence, Burns gives the legend which formed the groundwork of the poem:—"On a market day in the town of Ayr, a farmer from Carrick, and consequently whose way laid by the very gate of Alloway kirkyard, in order to cross the river Doon at the old bridge, which is about two or three hundred yards farther on than the said gate, had been detained by his business, till by the time he reached Alloway it was the wizard hour, between night and morning. Though he was terrified with a blaze streaming from the kirk, yet it is a well-known fact that to turn back on these occasions is running by far the greatest risk of mischief,—he prudently advanced on his road. When he had reached the gate of the kirkyard, he was surprised and entertained, through the ribs and arches of an old Gothic window, which still faces the highway, to see a dance of witches merrily footing it round their old sooty blackguard master, who was keeping them all alive with the power of his bagpipe. The farmer, stopping his horse to observe them a little, could plainly descry the faces of many old women of his acquaintance and neighbourhood. How the gentleman was dressed tradition does not say, but that the ladies were all in their smocks; and one of them happening unluckily to have a smock which was considerably too short to answer all the purpose of that piece of dress, our farmer was so tickled that he involuntarily burst out, with a loud laugh, 'Weel luppen. Maggie wi' the short sark!' and, recollecting himself, instantly spurred his horse to the top of his speed. I need not mention the universally-known fact that no diabolical power can pursue you beyond the middle of a running stream. Lucky it was for the poor farmer that the river Doon was so near, for notwithstanding the speed of his horse, which was a good one, against he reached the middle of the arch of the bridge, and consequently the middle of the stream, the pursuing, vengeful hags, were so close at his heels that one of them actually sprung to seize him; but it was too late, nothing was on her side of the stream but the horse's tail, which immediately gave way at her infernal grip, as if blasted by a stroke of lightning; but the farmer was beyond her reach. However, the unsightly, tailless condition of the vigorous steed was, to the last hour of the noble creature's life, an awful warning to the Carrick farmers not to stay too late in Ayr markets."

Douglas Grahame of Shanter, a farmer on the Carrick shore, who was in reality the drunken, careless being the poet depicts him, became the hero of the legend, and several ludicrous stories current about him were woven into it with admirable skill. It is reported of him that one market day being in

Ayr he had tied his mare by the bridle to a ring at the door of a public house, and while he was making himself happy with some cronies inside, the idle boys of the neighbourhood pulled all the hair out of the mare's tail. This was not noticed until the following morning, when, becoming bewildered as to the cause of the accident, he could only refer it to the agency of witchcraft. It is further related of Grahame that when a debauch had been prolonged until the dread of the "sulky sullen dame" at home rose up before him, he would frequently continue drinking rather than face her, even although delay would add to the terrors of the inevitable home-going.

The poem was composed in one day in the winter of 1790. Mrs. Burns informed Cromek that the poet had lingered longer by the river side than his wont, and that taking the children with her, she went out to join him, but perceiving that her presence was an interruption to him, she lingered behind him: her attention was attracted by his wild gesticulations and ungovernable mirth, while he was reciting the passages of the poem as they arose in his mind.

"Of brownyis and of bogillis full is this buke."
—GAWIN DOUGLAS.

WHEN chapman billies¹ leave the street,

And drouthy² neibors neibors meet,
As market days are wearin' late,
And folk begin to tak the gate;³
While we sit bousing at the nappy,⁴
And gettin' fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,⁵
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

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

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum,⁶ [blellum;⁷
A blethering, blustering, drunken
That frae November till October,
Ae market day thou wasna sober;

That ilk a melder,⁸ wi' the miller
Thou sat as lang as thou hadst siller;⁸
That every naig⁹ was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the Lord's house, even on Sunday,

[Monday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton† Jean till
She prophesied that, late or soon,
Thou wouldst be found deep drown'd
in Doon!
Or catch'd wi' warlocks i' the mirk,¹⁰
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars¹¹ me greet
To think how many counsels sweet,
How many lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale:—Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco¹² right,
Fast by an ingle,¹³ bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats,¹⁴ that drank di-

vinely;
And at his elbow Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy¹⁵ crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither—
They had been fou for weeks thegither!
The night they drave on wi' sangs and clatter,

And aye the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious;

The Souter tauld his queerest stories,
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair¹⁶ and rustle—
Tam didna mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel among the nappy!
As bees flee hame wi' lades¹⁷ o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
[glorious,
Kings may be blest, but Tam was
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

⁸ Money. ⁹ Horse. ¹⁰ Dark. ¹¹ Makes.
¹² Unusually. ¹³ Fire. ¹⁴ Foaming ale.
¹⁵ Thirsty. ¹⁶ Roar ¹⁷ Loads.

* Any quantity of corn sent to the mill is called a melder.

† The village where a parish church is situated is usually called the Kirkton (Kirk-town) in Scotland. A certain Jean Kennedy, who kept a reputable public house in the village of Kirkeswald, is here alluded to.

¹ Fellows. ² Thirsty. ³ Road. ⁴ Ale.
⁵ Breaches in hedges or walls. ⁶ A worthless fellow. ⁷ A talker of nonsense, a boaster and a drunken fool.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed!
 Or like the snowfall in the river,
 A moment white—then melts forever;
 Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
 Evanescent amid the storm.
 Nae man can tether¹⁸ time or tide;
 The hour approaches Tam maun ride,
 That hour, o' night's black arch the
 keystone, [in;
 That dreary hour he mounts his beast
 And sic¹⁹ 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 showers rose on the blast;
 The speedy gleams the darkness swal-
 low'd; [low'd
 Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bel
 That night, a child might understand
 The deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg,
 A better never lifted leg, [mire,
 Tam skelpit²⁰ on through dub and
 Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
 Whiles holding fast his guid blue bon-
 net,
 Whiles crooning²¹ o'er some auld Scots
 sonnet; [cares,
 Whiles glowering²² round wi' prudent
 Lest bogles²³ catch him unawares.
 Kirk Alloway was drawing nigh, [cry:
 Where ghaists and houlets²⁴ nightly

By this time he was 'cross the foord,
 Where in the snaw the chapman
 smoor'd;²⁵
 And past the birks and meikle stane
 Where drunken Charlie brak's neck-
 bone; [cairn²⁶
 And through the whins, and by the
 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 a' his floods;
 The doubling storm roars through the
 woods;
 The lightnings flash frae pole to pole;

Near and more near the thunders roll;
 When, glimmering through the groan-
 ing trees,
 Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a breeze;
 Through ilka bore²⁷ the beams were
 glancing, [ing.
 And loud resounded mirth and danc-

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
 What dangers thou canst mak us scorn!
 Wi' tippenny,²⁸ we fear nae evil,
 Wi' usquebae,²⁹ we'll face the devil!—
 The swat sae ream'd in Tammie's nod-
 dle,³⁰

Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle.³¹
 But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
 Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
 She ventured forward on the light,
 And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!
 Warlocks and witches in a dance;
 Nae cotillon brent-new³² frae France;
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and
 reels,

Put life and mettle i' their heels:
 At winnock-bunker,³³ i' the east,
 There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
 A towzie tyke,³⁴ black, grim, and
 large,
 To gie them music was his charge:
 He screw'd the pipes, and gart³⁵ them
 skirl,³⁶

Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.³⁷
 Coffins stood round, like open presses,
 That shaw'd the dead in their last
 dresses;

And by some devilish cantrip³⁸ 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;³⁹
 Twa span lang, wee,⁴⁰ unchristen'd
 bairns;

A thief, new-cuttet frae a rape,
 Wi' his last gasp his gab⁴¹ 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,

¹⁸ Tie up. ¹⁹ Such. ²⁰ Rode with careless speed. ²¹ Humming. ²² Staring. ²³ Spirits. ²⁴ Ghosts and owls. ²⁵ Pedlar was smothered. ²⁶ Stone-heap.

²⁷ Every hole in the wall. ²⁸ Twopenny ale. ²⁹ Whisky. ³⁰ The ale so wrought in Tam-
 mie's head. ³¹ A small coin. ³² Brand-new. ³³ A kind of window seat. ³⁴ A rough dog. ³⁵ Made. ³⁶ Scream. ³⁷ Vibrate. ³⁸ Spell. ³⁹ Irons. ⁴⁰ Small. ⁴¹ Mouth.

The gray hairs yet stack to the heft:⁴²
 †

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

As Tammie glower'd,⁴³ amazed and
 curious, [ous:

The mirth and fun grew fast and furi-
 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,⁴⁴
 And coost⁴⁵ her duddies⁴⁶ to the wark,
 And linket⁴⁷ at it in her sark.⁴⁸

Now Tam! O Tam! had thae been
 queans,⁴⁹

A' plump and strappin' in their teens,
 Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flan-
 nen,⁵⁰ [linen! §

Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder
 Thir breeks⁵¹ o' mine, my only pair,
 That ance were plush, o' guid blue
 hair,

I wad hae gien them aff my hurdies,⁵²
 For ae blink⁵³ o' the bonny burdies!⁵⁴

But wither'd beldams, auld, and droll,
 Rigwoodie⁵⁵ hags, wad spean⁵⁶ a foal,
 Lowpin' and flingin' on a cummock,⁵⁷
 I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd⁵⁸ what was what fu'
 browlie,⁵⁹ [walie,"⁶⁰ ¶
 "There was ae winsome wench and

⁴² Handle. ⁴³ Stared. ⁴⁴ Till each old
 beldam smoked with sweat. ⁴⁵ Strip. ⁴⁶
 Clothes. ⁴⁷ Tripped. ⁴⁸ Shirt. ⁴⁹ Young
 girls. ⁵⁰ Greasy flannel. ⁵¹ These breeches.
⁵² Hams. ⁵³ Look. ⁵⁴ Lasses. ⁵⁵ Gallows-
 worthy. ⁵⁶ Wean. ⁵⁷ Jumping and capering
 on a staff. ⁵⁸ Knew. ⁵⁹ Full well. ⁶⁰ A
 hearty girl and jolly.

† The following four lines were, in the
 original MS., in this place:—

Three lawyers' tongues turn'd inside out,
 Wi' lies seam'd like a beggar's clout:¹
 And priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck,
 Lay stinking, vile, in every nook.²

The poet omitted them at the suggestion of
 Mr. Tytler of Woodhouselee.

¹ Rags. ² Corner.

§ The manufacturers' term for a fine linen
 woven in a reed of 1700 divisions.—CROMEK.

¶ Allan Ramsay.

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 bonny boat,
 And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
 And kept the country side in fear.)
 Her cutty sark,⁶¹ o' Paisley harn,
 That, while a lassie,⁶² she had worn,
 In longitude though sorely scanty,
 It was her best, and she was vauntie.⁶³

Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
 That sark she coft⁶⁴ for her wee Nan-
 nie, [riches.)
 Wi' twa pund Scots. ('twas a' her
 Wad ever graced a dance o' witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun
 cour,⁶⁵

Sic flights are far beyond her power;
 To sing how Nannie lap and flang,⁶⁶
 (A souple jade⁶⁷ she was and strang,⁶⁸)
 And how Tam stood, like ane be-
 witch'd,

And thought his very een enrich'd;
 Even Satan glower'd, and fidedg fu'
 fain, [and main:

And hotched'd⁶⁹ and blew wi' might
 Till first ae caper, syne⁷⁰ anither,
 Tam tint⁷¹ his reason a' thegither,
 And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-
 sark!"

And in an instant a' was dark:
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
 When out the hellish legion sallied.
 As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,⁷²
 When plundering herds assail their
 byke,⁷³

As open pussie's mortal foes, [nose;
 When, pop! she starts before their
 As eager runs the market-crowd,
 When "Catch the thief!" resounds
 aloud;

So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
 Wi' mony an eldritch⁷⁴ screech and
 hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'lt get thy
 fairin'⁷⁵;
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!
 In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!

⁶¹ Short shirt. ⁶² Girl. ⁶³ Proud of it. ⁶⁴
 Bought. ⁶⁵ Lower. ⁶⁶ Jumped and kicked.
⁶⁷ Girl. ⁶⁸ Strong. ⁶⁹ Hitched. ⁷⁰ Then.
⁷¹ Lost. ⁷² Fuss. ⁷³ Hive. ⁷⁴ Unearthly.
⁷⁵ Deserts.

Kate soon will be a wofu' woman!
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
 And win the keystone¶ of the brig;
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,
 A running stream they darena cross;
 But ere the keystone she could make
 The fient⁷⁶ a tail she had to shake!
 For Nannie, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;⁷⁷
 But little wist⁷⁸ she Maggie's mettle—
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,
 But left behind her ain gray tail;
 The carlin claught her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
 Ilk⁷⁹ man and mother's son, take heed:
 Whane'er to drink you are inclined,
 Or Cutty-sarks run in your mind,
 Think! ye may buy the joys owre
 dear—

Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD,

BORN IN PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES OF FAMILY DISTRESS.

The mother of the child was Miss Susan Dunlop, daughter of Burns' friend, Mrs. Dunlop. She had married a French gentleman of birth and fortune, named Henri, who died prematurely. Some time afterwards, Mrs. Henri went to the south of France, where she died, leaving her child exposed to all the dangers of the revolutionary excesses. He was carefully tended by an old domestic of the family's, and restored to his friends when the tranquillity of the country was secured.

SWEET floweret, pledge o' meikle love,
 And ward o' mony a prayer; [move,
 What heart o' stane would thou na
 Sae helpless, sweet, and fair!

November hirples' o'er the lea,
 Chill on thy lovely form;

⁷⁶ Ne'er. ⁷⁷ Design. ⁷⁸ Knew. ⁷⁹ Each.

¹ Moves slowly.

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

And gane, alas! the sheltering tree
 Should shield thee from the storm.

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

May He, the friend of woe and want,
 Who heals life's various stounds,²
 Protect and guard the mother-plant,
 And heal her cruel wounds!

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

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

ELEGY ON MISS BURNET OF MONBODDO.

Miss Burnet was the daughter of the accomplished and eccentric Lord Monboddo. She is alluded to in the "Address to Edinburgh," (p. 101.)

Fair Burnet strikes th' adoring eye,
 Heaven's beauties on my fancy shine;
 I see the Sire of Love on high,
 And own His work indeed divine.

She was one of the most beautiful women of her time, and died of consumption in the twenty-third year of her age.

LIFE ne'er exulted in so rich a prize
 As Burnet, lovely from her native
 skies; [blow,
 Nor envies Death so triumph'd in a
 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, [best is known.
 As by His noblest work the Godhead

In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye
 groves; [flowery shore,
 Thou crystal streamlet with thy
 Ye woodland choir that chant your idle
 loves,
 Ye cease to charm—Eliza is no more!

² Pangs.

Ye heathy wastes, immix'd with reedy
fens; [rushes stored;
Ye mossy streams, with sedge and
Ye rugged cliffs, o'erhanging dreary
glens.
To you I fly, ye with my soul accord.

Princes, whose cumbrous pride was all
their worth, [hail?
Shall venal lays their pompous exit
And thou, sweet excellence! forsake
our earth, [wail?
And not a Muse in honest grief be-

We saw thee shine in youth and beau-
ty's pride, [yond the spheres;
And virtue's light, that beams be-
But, like the sun eclipsed at morning
tide, [of tears
Thou left'st us darkling in a world

The parent's heart that nestled fond in
thee, [and care
That heart how sunk, a prey to grief
So deckt the woodbine sweet yon aged
tree; [and bare
So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak

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

This poem is said to have been written at the instigation of Lady Winifred Maxwell Constable, daughter of William Maxwell, Earl of Nithsdale, who rewarded him with a present of a valuable snuff-box, having a portrait of Queen Mary on the lid. In a letter to Graham of Fintry, enclosing a copy of "The Lament," the poet says:—"Whether it is that the story of our Mary Queen of Scots has a peculiar effect on the feelings of a poet, or whether I have, in the enclosed ballad, succeeded beyond my usual poetic success, I know not, but it has pleased me beyond any effort of my Muse for a good while past."

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 IAV ROCKS wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing;

The merle, in his noontide bower,
Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis wild, wi' mony a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest;
In love and freedom they rejoice.
Wi' care or thrali 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' bonny France,
Where happy I hae been;
Fu' lightly rise I in the morn,
As blithe lay down at e'en
And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman!—
My sister and my fae,
Grim Vengeance yet shall whet a sword
That through thy soul shall gae!
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee; [woe
Nor the balm that draps on wounds of
Frae woman's pitying ee.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine!
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine!
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee: [friend,
And where thou meet'st thy mother's
Remember him for me!

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

LAMENT FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

The early death of the Earl of Glencairn
robbed the poet of an intelligent friend and

patron. Burns enclosed the "Lament in a letter to Lady Elizabeth Cunningham, the sister of the earl, from which we quote the following:—"My heart glows, and shall ever glow, with the most grateful sense and remembrance of his lordship's goodness. The sables' did ^{not} self the honour to wear to his lordship's memory were not the 'mockery of woe.' Nor shall my gratitude perish with me! If, among my children, I shall have a son that has a heart, he shall hand it down to his child as a family honour, and a family debt, that my dearest existence I owe to the noble house of Glencairn."

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,
By fits the sun's departing beam
Look'd on the fading yellow woods
That waved o'er Lugar's winding
stream

Beneath a craigy steep, a bard,
Laden with years and meikle pain,
In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
Whom death had all untimely ta'en.

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
Whose trunk was mouldering down
with years;

His locks were bleach'd white with [time,
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears;
And as he touched his trembling harp,
And as he tuned his doleful sang,
The winds lamenting through 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 ee;
But nocht in all revolving time
Can gladness bring again to me.

"I am a bending agèd tree,
That long has stood the wind and
rain;

But now has come a cruel blast,
And my last hold of earth is gane:
Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom;
But I maun lie before the storm,
And ithers plant them in my room.

"I've seen 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 flower among our barons bold,
His country's pride—his country's
stay!

In weary being now I pine,
For a' the life of life is dead,
And hope has left my agèd ken,
On forward wing forever fled.

"Awake thy last sad voice, my harp!
The voice of woe and wild despair;
Awake! resound thy latest lay—
Then sleep in silence evermair!
And thou, my last, best, only friend,
That fillest an untimely tomb,
Accept this tribute from the bard
Thou brought from Fortune's mirk-
est gloom.

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

"Oh! why has worth so short a
date,
While villains ripen gray with time?
Must thou, the noble, generous,
great,
Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime!
Why did I live to see that day?
A day to me so full of woe!—
Oh! had I met the mortal shaft
Which laid my benefactor low!

"The bridegroom may forget the
bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen:
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast donè for me!"

LINES

SENT TO SIR JOHN WHITEFOORD,
BART., OF WHITEFOORD, WITH THE
FOREGOING POEM.

THOU, who thy honour as thy God re-
verest, [earthly fear'st,
Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought
To thee this votive-offering I impart,
The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
The friend thou valued'st, I the patron
loved; [approved.
His worth, his honour, all the world
We'll mourn till we too go as he has
gone,
And tread the dreary path to that dark
world unknown.

ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF
THOMSON,

ON CROWNING HIS BUST AT EDNAM,
ROXBURGHSHIRE, WITH BAYS.

The Earl of Buchan invited the poet to be
present at the coronation of Thomson's
bust, on Ednam Hill. He could not attend,
but sent the following "Address" in-
stead:—

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!

VERSES

TO JOHN MAXWELL OF TERRAUGHTY,
ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

HEALTH to the Maxwells' veteran chief!
Health, aye unsour'd by care or grief:
Inspired, I turn'd Fate's sybil leaf
This natal morn;
I see thy life is stuff o' prief,¹
Scarce quite half worn.

This day thou metes threescore eleven,
And I can tell that bounteous Heaven
(The second sight, ye ken, is given
To ilka² poet)

On thee a tack o' seven times seven
Will yet bestow it.

If envious buckies³ view wi' sorrow
The lengthen'd days on this blest mor-
row,

May Desolation's lang-teeth'd harrow,
Nine miles an hour,
Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah,
In brunstane stoure!⁴

But for thy friends, and they are mony,
Baith honest men and lasses bonny,
May couthie⁵ Fortune, kind and canny,
In social glee, [ny,
Wi' mornings blithe and e'enings fun-
Bless them and thee!

Fareweel, auld birkie!⁶ Lord be near
ye,
And then the deil he daurna steer ye:
Your friends aye love, your faes aye
fear ye;

For me, shafne fa' me,
If neist my heart I dinna wear ye,
While BURNS they ca' mel

THE VOWELS:

A TALE.

'Twas where the birch and sounding
thong are plied,
The noisy domicile of pedant pride;
Where Ignorance her darkening vapour
throws, [blows;
And Cruelty directs the thickening
Upon a time, Sir Abece the great,
In all his pedagogic powers elate,

¹ Proof. ² Every. ³ Bucks. ⁴ Dust. ⁵ Lov-
ing. ⁶ A lively fellow.

His awful chair of state resolves to
mount, [count.
And call the trembling Vowels to ac-

First enter'd A, a grave, broad, solemn
wicht, [sight!

but, an! deform'd, dishonest to the
His twisted head look'd backward on
his way, [grunted ai!

And flagrant from the scourge, he
Reluctant, E stalk'd in; with piteous
race [face!

The jostling tears ran down his honest
That name, that well-worn name, and
all his own, [throne!

Pale he surrenders at the tyrant's
The pedant stifles keen the Roman
sound [compound;

Not all his mongrel diphthongs can
And next the title following close be-
hind, [sign'd.

He to the nameless ghastly wretch as-

The cobweb'd Gothic dome resounded
Y!

In sullen vengeance, I disdain'd reply:
The pedant swung his felon cudgel
round, [the ground!

And knocked the groaning vowel to

In rueful apprehension enter'd O,
The wailing minstrel of despairing
woe; [pert,

The inquisitor of Spain the most ex-
Might there have learnt new mysteries
of his art: [ing, U

So grim, deform'd, with horrors enter-
His dearest friend and brother scarcely
knew!

As trembling U stood staring all
aghast, [him fast,

The pedant in his left hand clutch'd
In helpless infants' tears he dipp'd his
right, [his sight.

Baptized him *eu*, and kick'd him from

ADAM A—'S PRAYER.

The circumstances under which the following lines were written were as follows:—The servant of a Mauchline innkeeper having been too indulgent to one of her master's customers, a number of reckless young fellows, among whom was Adam A—, an ill-made little fellow, made her "ride the *دبابة* — that is, placed her astride a wooden pole, and carried her through the streets.

An action being raised against the offenders, Adam A— absconded. While skulking about, Burns met him and suggested that he needed some one to pray for him: "Just do't yourself, Burns; I know no one so fit," Adam replied. Adam A—'s Prayer was the result.

GUDE pity me, because I'm little,
For though I am an elf o' mettle,
And can, like ony wabster's¹ shuttle,
Jink² there or here; [tle
Yet, scarce as lang's a guid kail whit-
I'm unco queer.

And now thou kens our woefu' case,
For Geordie's jurr³ we're in disgrace,
Because we've stang'd her through the
place,

And hurt her spleuchan,
For which we daurna show our face
Within the clachan.⁴

And now we're dern'd⁵ in glens and
hollows,
And hunted, as was William Wallace,
Wi' constables, those blackguard fal-
lows,

And sodgers baith;
But Gude preserve us frae the gallows,
That shamefu' death!

Auld, grim, black-bearded Geordie's
sel,

Oh, shake him o'er the mouth o' hell,
There let him hing, and roar, and yell,
Wi' hideous din,

And if he offers to rebel,
Just heave⁶ him in.

When Death comes in, wi' glimmering
blink, [wink,

And tips auld drunken Nanse † the
May Hornie gie her doup a clink
Ahint his yett,⁷

And fill her up wi' brimstone drink,
Red, reeking, het.

There's Jockie and the haveril Jenny, ‡
Some devils seize them in a hurry,

¹ Weaver's. ² Dodge. ³ Knife. ⁴ Village.
⁵ Hidden. ⁶ Pitch. ⁷ Gate.

* "Jurr" is in the west of Scotland a colloquial term for "journeyman," and is often applied to designate a servant of either sex.

† Geordie's w

‡ Geordie's son and daughter.

And waff them in the infernal wherry
Straught through the lake,
And gie their hides a noble curry,
Wi' oil of aik.

As for the jurr, poor worthless body,
She's got mischief enough already ;
Wi' stang'd hips, and buttocks bluidy,
She's suffer'd sair ;
But may she wintle in a woodie.⁸
If she whore mair.

VERSES TO JOHN RANKINE.*

Æ day, as Death, that grusome 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 gar-
ter,
To him that wintles¹ in a halter,
Ashamed himsel to see the wretches,
He mutters, glowerin'² at the bitches,
"By God, I'll not be seen behind them,
Nor'mang the spritual core present
them,
Without, at least, æ honest man,
To grace this damn'd infernal clan."
By Adamhill a glance he threw,
"Lord God !" quoth he, "I have it
now ;
There's just the man I want, i' faith !"
And quickly stoppit Rankine's breath.

ON SENSIBILITY.

TO MY DEAR AND MUCH-HONOURED
FRIEND, MRS. DUNLOP OF DUNLOP.

SENSIBILITY, how charming,
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell ;
But distress, with horrors arming,
Thou hast also known too well !

Fairest flower, behold the lily,
Blooming in the sunny ray :
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
See it prostrate on the clay.

⁸ Struggle in a halter.

¹ Struggles. ² Staring.

* John Rankine of Adamhill, the "rough,
rude, ready-witted Rankine" of the Epistle.

Hear the woodlark charm the forest,
Telling o'er his little joys ;
Hapless bird ! a prey the surest,
To each pirate of the skies.

Dearly bought the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow ;
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

LINES ON FERGUSSON.

The following lines were inscribed by Burns
on a blank leaf of a copy of the periodical
publication entitled the *World*, from which
they have been copied :—

ILL - FATED genius ! Heaven - taught
Fergusson ! [yield a tear,
What heart that feels and will not
To think life's sun did set ere well be-
gun [career.
To shed its influence on thy bright
Oh, why should truest worth and ge-
nius pine [Woe,
Beneath the iron grasp of Want and
While titled knaves and idiot great-
ness shine [stow !
In all the splendour Fortune can be-

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN,

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS SPOKEN BY
MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BEN-
EFIT NIGHT.

WHILE Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty
things, [kings ;
The fate of empires and the fall of
While quacks of state must each pro-
duce his plan, [man ;
And even children lisp the rights of
Amid this mighty fuss, just let me
mention, [tention.
The rights of woman merit some at-

First, in the sexes' intermix'd con-
nexion, [tection.
One sacred right of woman is, pro-
The tender flower that lifts its head,
elate, [fate,
Helpless, must fall before the blasts of
Sunk on the earth, defaced its lovely
form, [storm.
Unless your shelter ward th' impending

Our second right—but needless here is
caution, [ion ;
To keep that right inviolate 's the fash-
Each man of sense has it so full before
him. [orum.
He'd die before he'd wrong it—'tis de-

There was, indeed, in far less polish'd
days, [naughty ways ;
A time, when rough, rude man, had
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 ; [well bred !—
Now, well-bred men—and ye are all
Most justly think (and we are much
the gainers) [manners.
Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor

For right the third, our last, our best,
our dearest, [the nearest,
That right to fluttering female hearts
Which even the rights of kings in low
prostration [miration !
Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear ad-
In that blest sphere alone we live and
move ; [love ;
There taste that life of life—immortal
Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flir-
tations, airs, [dares—
'Gainst such a host what flinty savage
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, [tions !
With bloody armaments and revolu-
Let majesty your first attention sum-
mon,
Ah ! *ça ira* ! THE MAJESTY OF WOMAN !

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CHILD.

The following lines were composed on the
death of a daughter, which took place sud-
denly while the poet was absent from
home :—

OH, sweet be thy sleep in the land of
the grave,
My dear little angel forever ; [slave.
For ever—OH NO ! let not man be a
His hopes from existence to sever.

Though cold be the clay where thou
pillow'st thy head,
In the dark silent mansions of sorrow,
The spring shall return to thy low nar-
row bed, [row.
Like the beam of the daystar to-mor-

The flower-stem shall bloom like thy
sweet seraph form, [som ;
Ere the spoiler had nipt thee in blos-
When thou shrunk from the scowl of
the loud winter storm,
And nestled thee close to that bosom.

Oh, still I behold thee, all lovely in
death,
Reclined on the lap of thy mother,
When the tear trickled bright, when
the short stifled breath, [other.
Told how dear ye were aye to each

My child, thou art gone to the home of
thy rest, [ye,
Where suffering no longer can harm
Where the songs of the good, where
the hymns of the blest,
Through an endless existence shall
charm thee.

While he, thy fond parent, must sigh-
ing sojourn
Through the dire desert regions of
sorrow,
O'er the hope and misfortune of being
to mourn,
And sigh for his life's latest morrow.

TO A KISS.

HUMID seal of soft affections,
Tenderest pledge of future bliss,
Dearest tie of young connexions,
Love's first snowdrop, virgin kiss !

Speaking silence, dumb confession,
Passion's birth, and infant's play,
Dove-like fondness, chaste concession,
Glowing dawn of brighter day,

Sorrowing joy, adieu's last action,
When lingering lips no more must
join,
What words can ever speak affection
So thrilling and sincere as thine !

SONNET.

ON HEARING A THRUSH SING IN A
MORNING WALK; WRITTEN JAN. 25,
1793, THE BIRTHDAY OF THE AU-
THOR.

SING on, sweet thrush, upon the leaf-
less bough, [strain:
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy
See, aged Winter, 'mid his surly
reign, [brow.

At thy blithe carol clears his furrow'd
So in lone Poverty's dominion drear,
Sits meek Content with light unan-
xious heart, [them part,
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids
Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or
fear.

I thank Thee, Author of this opening
day! [orient skies!

Thou whose bright sun now gilds you
Riches denied, Thy boon was purer
joys, [away!
What wealth could never give nor take

Yet come, thou child of Poverty and
Care;
The mite high Heaven bestow'd, that
mite with thee I'll share.

IMPROMPTU ON MRS. RIDDEL'S
BIRTHDAY.

NOVEMBER 4, 1793.

OLD Winter with his frosty beard
Thus once to Jove his prayer preferr'd—
“What have I done, of all the year,
To bear this hated doom severe?
My cheerless suns no pleasure know;
Night's horrid car drags dreary, slow;
My dismal months no joys are crown-
ing, [ing.
But spleeny English, hanging, drown-

“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.” [sto-
“'Tis done!” says Jove; so ends my
And Winter once rejoiced in glory.

EPISTLE FROM ESOPUS TO
MARIA.

The Esopus of this epistle was Williamson, the actor; and the Maria to whom it is addressed was Mrs. Riddel—“A lady,” says Allan Cunningham, “whose memory will be held in grateful remembrance, not only for her having forgiven the poet for his lampoons, but for her having written a sensible, clear, heart-warm account of him when laid in the grave. Mrs. Riddle was a sincere friend and admirer of Burns, who quarrelled with her on account of some fancied slight. Williamson was a member of the dramatic company which frequently visited Dumfries. He had been a frequent visitor at Mrs. Riddel's. While the dramatic company were at Whitehaven, the Earl of Lonsdale committed them to prison as vagrants. Burns had no favour for the Earl of Lonsdale, and managed in the epistle to gratify his aversion to him, as well as his temporary anger with Mrs. Riddel. His behaviour towards the latter was as discreditable to him as Mrs. Riddel's generosity in forgiving it was worthy of her goodness and her high opinion of his better nature.”

FROM those drear solitudes and frowsy
cells, [dwells;
Where infamy with sad repentance
Where turnkeys make the jealous mor-
tal fast, [past;
And deal from iron hands the spare re-
Where truant 'prentices, yet young in
sin, [in;
Blush at the curious stranger peeping
Where strumpets, relics of the drunken
roar, [no more;
Resolve to drink, nay, half to whore,
Where tiny thieves, not destined yet to
swing, [string:
Beat hemp for others riper for the
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; [gipsy poll'd,
Will make thy hair, though erst from
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;
On haughty chieftain, 'mid the din of
arms, [charms;
In Highland bonnet woo Malvina's

Whilst sans-culottes stoop up the
 mountain high,
 And steal from me Maria's prying eye.
 Blest Highland bonnet! once my
 proudest dress, [press.
 Now prouder still, Maria's temples
 I see her wave thy towering plumes
 afar, [war;
 And call each coxcomb to the wordy
 I see her face the first of Ireland's
 sons, [bronze;
 And even out-Irish his Hibernian
 The crafty colonel leaves the tartan'd
 lines, [shines;
 For other wars, where he a hero
 The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate
 bred, [the head;
 Who owns a Bushby's heart without
 Comes, 'mid a string of coxcombs to
 display
 That *veni, vidi, vici*, is his way;
 The shrinking bard adown an alley
 skulks, [Woolwich hulks:
 And dreads a meeting worse than
 Though there, his heresies in church
 and state [mer's fate;
 Might well award him Muir and Pal-
 Still she undaunted reels and rattles on,
 And dares the public like a noontide
 sun. [stagger
 (What scandal call'd Maria's janty
 The ricket reeling of a crooked swag-
 ger; [venom when
 Whose spleen e'en worse than Burns'
 He dips in gall unmix'd his eager
 pen,— [ing line,
 And pours his vengeance in the burn-
 Who christen'd thus Maria's lyre
 divine;
 The idiot strum of vanity bemused,
 And even the abuse of poesy abused;
 Who call'd her verse a parish work-
 house, made [or stray'd ?
 For motley, foundling fancies, stolen

 A workhouse! ha, that sound awakes
 my woes, [pose!
 And pillows on the thorn my rack'd re-
 In durance vile here must I wake and
 weep, [steep!
 And all my frowsy couch in sorrow
 That straw where many a rogue has
 lain of yore,
 And vermin'd gipsies littered heretofore.

Why, Lonsdale, thus thy wrath on va-
 grants pour, [dure?
 Must earth no rascal save thyself en-
 Must thou alone in guilt immortal
 swell
 And make a vast monopoly of hell?
 Thou know'st the virtues cannot hate
 thee worse; [curse?
 The vices also, must they club their
 Or must no tiny sin to others fall,
 Because thy guilt's supreme enough
 for all?

Maria, send me to thy griefs and
 cares;
 In all of these sure thy Esopus shares.
 As thou at all mankind the flag un-
 furls, [hurls?
 Who on my fair one satire's vengeance
 Who calls thee pert, affected, vain co-
 quette,
 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. [and I?
 For who can write and speak as thou
 My periods that deciphering defy,
 And thy still matchless tongue that
 conquers all reply.

MONODY ON A LADY FAMED FOR
 HER CAPRICE.*

How cold is that bosom which folly
 once fired,
 How pale is that cheek where the
 rogue lately glisten'd!
 How silent that tongue which the
 echoes oft tired,
 How dull is that ear which to flat-
 tery so listen'd!

 If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
 From friendship and dearest affec-
 tion removed;
 How doubly severe, Eliza, thy fate,
 Thou diedst unwept as thou livedst
 unloved.

* This was another of the poet's splenetic attacks on Mrs. Riddel.

Loves, Graces, and Virtues, I call not
 on you; [not a tear
 So shy, grave, and distant, ye shed
 But come, all ye offspring of Folly so
 true, [cold bier.
 And flowers let us cull for Eliza's
 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, [rued the rash deed.
 For none e'er approach'd her but
 We'll sculpture the marbie, we'll
 measure the lay;
 Here Vanity strums on her idiot lyre;
 There keen Indignation shall dart on
 her prey, [deem from his ire.
 Which spurning Contempt shall re-

POEM ON PASTORAL POETRY.

HAIL, Poesie! thou nymph reserved!
 In chase o' thee, what crowds hae
 swerved
 Frae common sense, or sunk enerved
 'Mang heaps o' clavers;¹
 And och! owre aft thy joes² hae
 starved
 'Mid a' thy favours!
 Say, lassie, why thy train amang,
 While loud the trump's heroic clang,
 And sock or buskin skelp alang
 To death or marriage;
 Scarce ane has tried the shepherd sang
 But wi' miscarriage?
 In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives;
 Eschylus' pen Will Shakespeare drives;
 Wee Pope, the knurlin,³ till him rives⁴
 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 skinklin⁵
 patches
 O' heathen tatters:
 I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,
 That ape their betters.

In this braw age o' wit and lear,
 Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair
 Blaw sweetly in its native air
 And rural grace;
 And wi' the far-famed Grecian share
 A rival place?

Yes! there is ane; a Scottish callan—
 There's ane; come forrit, honest Allan!
 Thou need na jouk⁶ behint the hallan,
 A chiel sae clever;
 The teeth o' time may gnaw Tantallar,
 But thou's for ever!

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

In gowany glens thy burnie strays,
 Where bonny 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

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RIDDEL,
 ESQ., OF GLEN RIDDEL.†
 No more, ye warblers of the wood, no
 more! [my soul:
 Nor pour your descant, grating, on
 Thou young-eyed Spring, gay in thy
 verdant stole—
 More welcome were to me grim Win-
 ter's wildest roar.
 How can ye charm, ye flowers, with all
 your dyes? [friend!
 Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my
 How can I to the tuneful strain at-
 tend?

⁶ Hide.

* Allan Ramsay.

† Robert Riddel, Esq., of Friars' Carse, a
 very worthy gentleman, and one from whom
 Burns had received many obligations.

¹ Nonsense. ² Lovers. ³ Dwarfish.
⁴ Draws. ⁵ Thin or gauzy.

That strain flows round the untimely
tomb where Riddel lies!

Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes
of woe! [his bier:

And soothe the Virtues weeping o'er
The Man of Worth, who has not left
his peer, [low.

Is in his narrow house, for ever darkly

Thee, Spring, again with joy shall
others greet, [meet.

Me, memory of my loss will only

LIBERTY:

A FRAGMENT.

Writing to Mrs. Dunlop from Castle-Douglas, the poet says:—"I am just going to trouble your critical patience with the first sketch of a stanza I have been framing as I passed along the road. The subject is Liberty: you know, my honoured friend, how dear the theme is to me. I design it as an irregular ode for General Washington's birthday. After having mentioned the degeneracy of other kingdoms, I come to Scotland thus:—

THEE, Caledonia, thy wild heaths
among, [sacred song;

Thee, famed for martial deed and
To thee I turn with swimming eyes;

Where is that soul of freedom fled?
Inmingled with the mighty dead,

Beneath the hallow'd turf where
Wallace lies!

Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of
death!

Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep;
Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,

Nor give the coward secret breath.
Is this the power in freedom's war

That went to bid the battle rage?
Behold that eye which shot immortal

hate,
Braved usurpation's boldest daring!

That arm which, nerved with thunder-
ing fate, [ing:

Crush'd the despot's proudest bear-
One quench'd in darkness, like the

sinking star, [powerless age.
And one the palsied arm of tottering,

.....

His royal visage seam'd with many a
scar, [form,

That Caledonian rear'd his martial

Who led the tyrant-quelling war.
Where Bannockburn's ensanguined
flood

Swell'd with mingling hostile blood,
Soon Edward's myriads struck with
deep dismay, [their way.

And Scotia's troop of brothers win
(Oh, glorious deed to bay a tyrant's
band! [land!

Oh, heavenly joy to free our native
While high their mighty chief pour'd
on the doubling storm.

VERSES

TO MISS GRAHAM OF FINTRY, WITH A PRESENT OF SONGS.

HERE, where the Scottish Muse im-
mortal lives, [bers join'd,

In sacred strains and tuneful num-
Accept the gift, though humble he who

gives; [mind.
Rich is the tribute of the grateful

So may no ruffian feeling in thy breast
Discordant jar thy bosom-chords

among! [rest,
But Peace attune thy gentle soul to

Or Love, ecstatic, wake his seraph
song!

Or Pity's notes, in luxury of tears,
As modest Want the tale of woe re-
veals; [endears,

While conscious Virtue all the strain
And heav'n-born Piety her sanction

seals.

THE TREE OF LIBERTY.

This poem was taken from a MS. in the poet's handwriting in the possession of Mr. James Duncan, Mosesfield, near Glasgow, and was first printed in Mr. Robert Chambers' edition of the poet's works, 1838.

HEARD ye o' the tree o' France,
I wotna' what's the name o't;

Around it a' the patriots dance,
Weel Europe kens the fame o't.

It stands where ance the Bastille stood,
A prison built by kings, man,

When Superstition's hellish brood
Kept France in leading-strings, man.

¹ Know not.

Upo' this tree there grows sic fruit,
 Its virtues a' can tell, man;
 It raises man aboon the brute,
 It makes him ken himsel, man.
 Gif ance the peasant taste a bit,
 He's greater than a lord, man,
 And wi' the beggar shares a mite
 Of a' he can afford, man.

This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth,
 To comfort us 'twas sent, man:
 To gie the sweetest blush o' health,
 And mak us a' content, man.
 It clears the een, it cheers the heart,
 Maks high and low guid friens, man,
 And he wha acts the traitor's part
 It to perdition sends, man,

My blessings aye attend the chiel²
 Wha pitied Gallia's slaves, man,
 And staw³ a branch, spite o' the deil,
 Frae yont⁴ the western waves, man.
 Fair Virtue water'd it wi' care,
 And now she sees wi' pride, man,
 How weel it buds and blossoms there,
 Its branches spreading wide, man.

But vicious folk aye hate to see
 The works o' Virtue thrive, man;
 The courtly vermin's bann'd the tree,
 And grat⁵ to see it thrive, man;
 King Louis thought to cut it down,
 When it was unco⁶ sma', man;
 For this the watchman cracked his
 crown,
 Cut aff his head and a', man.

A wicked crew syne,⁷ on a time,
 Did tak a solemn aith, man,
 It ne'er should flourish to its prime,
 I wat⁸ they pledged their faith, man.
 Awa' they gaed,⁹ wi' mock parade,
 Like beagles hunting game, man,
 But soon grew weary o' the trade,
 And wish'd they'd been at hame,
 man.

For Freedom, standing by the tree,
 Her sons did loudly ca', man;
 She sang a sang o' liberty,
 Which pleased them ane and a', man.
 By her inspired, the new-born race
 Soon drew the avenging steel, man;

The hirelings ran — her foes gied¹⁰
 chase,
 And bang'd¹¹ the despot weel, man.

Let Britain boast her hardy oak,
 Her poplar and her pine, man,
 Auld Britain ance could crack her joke,
 And o'er her neighbours shine, man.
 But seek the forest round and round,
 And soon 'twill be agreed, man,
 That sic a tree cannot be found
 'Twixt London and the Tweed, man.

Without this tree, alake, this life
 Is but a vale o' woe, man;
 A scene o' sorrow mix'd wi' strife,
 Nae real joys we know, man.
 We labour soon, we labour late,
 To feed the titled knave, man;
 And a' the comfort we're to get
 Is that ayont the grave, man.

Wi' plenty o' sic trees, I trow,
 The world would live in peace, man;
 The sword would help to mak a plough,
 The din o' war wad cease, man.
 Like brethren in a common cause,
 We'd on each other smile, man;
 And equal rights and equal laws
 Wad gladden every isle, man.

Wae worth the loon¹² wha wadna eat
 Sic halesome dainty cheer, man;
 I'd gie my shoon frae aff my feet,
 To taste sic fruit, I s wear, man.
 Syne let us pray, auld England may
 Sure plant this far-famed tree, man;
 And blithe we'll sing, and hail the day
 That gives us liberty, man.

TO CHLORIS.

The Chloris of the following lines, and of several songs of the poet's, was a Mrs. Whelpdale, the beautiful daughter of Mr. William Lorimer, farmer of Kemmis Hall, near Ellisland. Her marriage was unfortunate, for a few months after it took place she was separated from her husband, whom she did not again meet for twenty-three years.

'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young,
 fair friend,
 Nor thou the gift refuse,
 Nor with unwilling ear attend
 The moralising Muse.

² Man. ³ Stole. ⁴ From beyond. ⁵ Wept.
⁶ Very. ⁷ Then. ⁸ Know. ⁹ Went.

¹⁰ Gave. ¹¹ Beat. ¹² Fellow.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,

Must bid the world adieu
(A world 'gainst peace in constant arms)
To join the friendly few.

Since thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
Chill came the tempest's lower;
(And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
Did nip a fairer flower.)

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

Thine is the self-approving glow,
On conscious honour's part:
And, dearest gift of Heaven below,
Thine friendship's truest heart.

The joys refined of sense and taste,
With every Muse to rove:
And doubly were the poet blest,
These joys could he improve.

VERSES

ON THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WOODS NEAR DRUMLANRIG.

The Duke of Queensberry, who was no favourite of the poet's, and who was deservedly held in little esteem wherever his character was known, had (we quote from Mr. Chambers) "stripped his domains of Drumlanrig in Dumfriesshire, and Neidpath in Peeblesshire, of all the wood fit for being cut, in order to enrich the Countess of Yarmouth, whom he supposed to be his daughter, and to whom, by a singular piece of good fortune on her part, Mr. George Selwyn, the celebrated wit, also left a fortune, under the same, and probably equally mistaken, impression."

As on the banks o' wandering Nith
Ae smiling summer morn I stray'd,
And traced its bonny howes and haughs,
Where linties sang and lambkins
play'd,
I sat me down upon a craig,
And drank my fill o' fancy's dream,
When, from the eddy deep below,
Uprose the genius of the stream.

Dark, like the frowning rock, his brow,
And troubled like his wintry wave,

And deep, as sighs¹ the boding wind
Amang his eaves, the sigh he gave—
"And came ye here, my sou," he
cried,
"To wander in my birken shade?
To muse some favourite Scottish theme,
Or sing some favourite Scottish
maid!

"There was a time, it's nae lang syne,²
Ye might hae seen me in my pride,
When a' my banks sae bravely saw
Their woody pictures in my tide;
When hanging beech and spreading
elm
Shaded my stream sae clear and cool;
And stately oaks their twisted arms
Threw broad and dark across the
pool:

"When glinting through the trees ap-
pear'd
The wee white cot aboon the mill,
And peacefu' rose its ingle reek,³
That slowly curl'd up the hill.
But now the cot is bare and cauld,
Its branchy shelter's lost and gane,
And scarce a stinted birk is left
To shiver in the blast its lane."

"Alas!" said I, "what ruefu' chance
Has twin'd⁴ ye o' your stately trees!
Has laid your rocky bosom bare?
Has stripp'd the cleeding⁵ o' your
braes!
Was it the bitter eastern blast,
That scatters blight in early spring?
Or was't the wil-fire scorch'd their
boughs,
Or canker-worm wi' secret sting?"

"Nae eastlin blast," the sprite replied;
"It blew na here sae fierce and fell;
And on my dry and halesome banks
Nae canker-worms get leave to
dwell:
Man! cruel man!" the genius sigh'd—
As through the cliffs he sank him
down— [trees,
"The worm that gnaw'd my bonny
That reptile wears a ducal crown!"

¹ Sighs. ² Since. ³ The smoke of its fire.
⁴ Reft. ⁵ Clothing.

ADDRESS

SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER
BENEFIT NIGHT.

"We have had a brilliant theatre here this season," the poet writes to Mrs. Dunlop; "only, as all other business does, it experiences a stagnation of trade from the epidemical complaint of the country—*want of cash*. I mention our theatre merely to lug in an occasional address which I wrote for the benefit night of one of the actresses."

STILL anxious to secure your partial
favour, [than ever,
And not less anxious, sure, this night
A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such
matter, [ing better;
"T'would vamp my bill, said I, if noth-
So sought a poet, roosted near the skies,
Told him I came to feast my curious
eyes; [printed;

Said nothing like his works was ever
And last, my Prologue-business slyly
hinted. [man of rhymes,

"Ma'am, let me tell you," quoth my
"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, [Repentance;

Rouse from his sluggish slumbers fell
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, [for crying?

D'ye think, said I, this face was made
I'll laugh, that's poz—nay, more, the
world shall know it: [Poet!

And so, your servant! gloomy Master
Firm as my creed, sirs, 'tis my fix'd be-
lief,

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, [eye;
Still under bleak Misfortune's blasting
Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive—

To make three guineas do the work of
five: [I am witch!

Laugh in Misfortune's face—the bed-
Say you'll be merry, though you can't
be rich. [love,

Thou other man of care, the wretch in
Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast
strove; [ject,

Who, as the boughs all temptingly pro-
Measured in desperate thought—a
rope—thy neck— [the deep,

Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs
Peerest to meditate the healing leap:

Wouldst thou be cured, thou silly,
moping elf, [thyself:

Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at
Learn to despise those frowns now so
terrific, [specific.

And love a kinder—that's your grand

To sum up all, be merry, I advise;
And as we're merry, may we still be
wise!

TO COLLECTOR MITCHELL.

The poet died within a few months of writing
this. But Collector Mitchell, who was a
sincere friend to him, was not aware of
his distress at this time.

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'¹ 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 hizzie² down ye sent it,
It would be kind;

And while my heart wi' life-blood
dunted,³

I'd bear't in mind.

So may the auld year gang⁴ out moan-
ing

To see the new come laden, groaning,
Wi' double plenty o'er the loaning⁵

To thee and thine;
Domestic peace and comforts crowning
The hale design.

¹ Dancing. ² Girl. ³ Throbbled. ⁴ Go.
⁵ The road leading to the farm.

POSTSCRIPT.

Ye've heard this while how I've been
 licket,⁶
 And by fell Death was nearly nicket;⁷
 Grim loun ! he gat me by the fecket,⁸
 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, [o' t,
 And by that life, I'm promised mair
 My hale and weel I'll tak a care o' t,
 A teutier⁹ way:
 Then fareweel folly, hide and hair o' t,
 For ance and aye !

TO COLONEL DE PEYSTER.*

My honour'd colonel, deep I feel
 Your interest in the poet's weel.
 Ah ! now sma' heart hae I to speel¹
 The steep Parnassus.
 Surrounded thus by bolus pill
 And potion glasses.

Oh, what a canty² warld were it,
 Would pain, and care, and sickness
 spare it;
 And fortune, favour worth and merit
 As they deserve !
 And aye a rowth³, roast beef and
 claret;
 Syne⁴ wha wad starve ?

Dame Life, though fiction out may
 trick her, [her;
 And in paste gems and frippery deck
 Oh ! flickering, feeble, and unsicker⁵
 I've found her still,
 Aye wavering, like the willow wicker,⁶
 'Tween good and ill.

Then that curst carmagnole, auld Satan,
 Watches, like baudrons⁷ by a ratton,
 Our sinfu' saul to get a claut⁸ on
 Wi' felon ire;
 Syne whip ! his tail ye'll ne'er cast
 saut⁹ on—
 He's aff like fire.

⁶ Beaten. ⁷ Cut off. ⁸ Waistcoat. ⁹ More careful.

¹ Climb. ² Happy. ³ Abundance. ⁴ Then. ⁵ Insecure. ⁶ Twig. ⁷ Cat. ⁸ Claw. ⁹ Salt.

* Arentz de Peyster, colonel of the Gentleman Volunteers of Dumfries, of which Burns was a member. He had made some kind inquiries as to the poet's health.

Ah, Nick ! ah, Nick ! it is nae fair,
 First showing us the tempting ware,
 Bright wines and bonny lasses rare,
 To put us daft,¹⁰
 Syne weave, unseen, the spider snare
 O' hell's damn'd waft.

Poor man, the flee aft bizzes by,
 And aft as chance he comes thee nigh,
 Thy auld damn'd elbow yeuks¹¹ wi'
 joy,
 And hellish pleasure;
 Already in thy fancy's eye,
 Thy sicker treasure.

Soon, heels-o'er-gowdie !¹² in he gangs,
 And, like a sheep-head on a tangs,
 Thy girning¹³ laugh enjoys his pangs
 And murdering wrestle,
 As, dangling in the wind, he hangs
 A gibbet's tassel.

But lest you think I am uncivil,
 To plague you with this draunting¹⁴
 drivel,
 Abjuring a' intentions evil,
 I quat my pen:
 The Lord preserve us frae the devil !
 Amen ! Amen !

TO MISS JESSY LEWARS, DUMFRIES,

WITH A PRESENT OF BOOKS.

Cunningham says :—" Miss Jessy Lewars watched over the poet and his little household during his declining days with all the affectionate reverence of a daughter. For this she has received the silent thanks of all who admire the genius of Burns, or look with sorrow on his setting sun ; she has received more—the undying thanks of the poet himself ; his songs to her honour, and his simple gifts of books and verse, will keep her name and fame long in the world."

THINE be the volumes, Jessy, fair,
 And with them take the poet's prayer—
 That Fate may in her fairest page,
 With every kindest, best presage
 Of future bliss, enrol thy name;
 With native worth, and spotless fame,
 And wakeful caution still aware
 Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare.
 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.

¹⁰ Mad. ¹¹ Itches. ¹² Topsy-turvy. ¹³ Grinning. ¹⁴ Drawling.

EPISTLES.

EPISTLE TO JOHN RANKINE

ENCLOSING SOME POEMS.

O ROUGH, rude, ready-witted Rankine,
The wale¹ o' cocks for fun and drinkin'!
There's mony godly folks are thinkin'
Your dreams* and tricks
Will send you, Korah-like, a-sinkin',
Straught to auld Nick's.

Ye hae sae mony cracks and cants,²
And in your wicked, drucken rants,³
Ye mak a devil o' the saunts,

And fill them fou;†

And then their failings, flaws, and
wants,

Are a' seen through.

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it!
That holy robe, oh, dinna tear it! [it,
Spare't for their sakes wha aften wear
The lads in black!

But your curst wit, when it comes
near it,

Rives't⁵ aff their back.

Think, wicked sinner, wha ye're skaith-
ing,⁶ [claithing†
It's just the blue-gown badge and

O' saunts; tak that, ye lea'e them nae-
thing

To ken them by,

Frae ony unregenerate heathen
Like you or I.

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

Though, faith, sma' heart hae I to
sing! [wing!
My muse dow' scarcely spread her
I've play'd mysel a bonny spring,
And danced my fill!
I'd better gaen and sair't⁸ the king,
At Bunker's Hill.

'Twas ae night lately, in my fun,
I gaed a roving wi' the gun,
And brought a patrick⁹ to the grun',
A bonny hen,
And, as the twilight was begun,
Thought nane wad ken.¹⁰

The poor wee thing was little hurt;
I strakit¹¹ it a wee for sport, [for't;
Ne'er thinking they wad fash¹² me
But, diel-ma-care!
Somebody tells the poacher-court
The hale affair.

Some auld-used hands had ta'en a note,
That sic a hen had got a shot,

¹ Choice. ² Stories and tricks. ³ Bouts.
⁴ Topsy. ⁵ Pulls it. ⁶ Injuring.

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

† A minister or elder, some say Holy Willie, had called on Rankine, and had partaken so freely of whisky-toddy as to have ended by tumbling dead-drunk on the floor.

‡ "The allusion here is to a privileged class of mendicants well known in Scotland by the name of 'Blue Gowns.' The order was instituted by James V. of Scotland, the royal 'Gaberlunzie-Man.'"

⁷ Dare ⁸ Served. ⁹ Partridge. ¹⁰ Know:
¹¹ Stroked. ¹² Trouble.

§ A song he had promised the author.—B.

I was suspected for the plot;
 I scorn'd to lie;
 So gat the whistle o' my groat,
 And pay't the fee.

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

As soon's the clocking-time is by,
 And the wee pouts begun to cry,
 Lord, I'se hae sportin' by and by,
 For my gowd guinea.
 Though I should herd the buckskin
 kye
 For't in Virginia.

Trouth, they had muckle for to blame!
 'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,
 But twa-three draps about the wame
 Scarce through the feathers.
 And baith a yellow George to claim
 And thole their blethers!¹³

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

EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

A BROTHER POET.

January, 1785.

David Sillar, to whom this epistle was addressed, was a native of Torbolton, a poet and scholar. He was for many years a schoolmaster at Irvine, and was latterly a magistrate of that town. He published a volume of poems in the Scottish dialect.

WHILE winds frae aff Ben Lomond
 blaw,
 And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
 And hing¹ us owre the ingle,²
 I set me down to pass the time,
 And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
 In hamely westlin jingle.³
 While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
 Ben to the chimla lug.⁴

¹³ Nonsense.

¹ Hang. ² Fire. ³ Homely
 west country dialect. ⁴ Chimney corner.

I grudge a wee the great folk's gift,
 That live sae bien⁵ and snug:
 I tent⁶ 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 shared;
 How best o' chiefl⁷ are whiles in want,
 While coofs⁸ on countless thousands
 rant,⁹

And ken na how to wair't;¹⁰
 But, Davie, lad, ne'er fash¹¹ your head,
 Though we hae little gear,¹²
 We're fit to win our daily bread,
 As lang's we're hale and fier:¹³
 "Mair spier na, nor feer na,"¹⁴
 Auld age ne'er mind a feg,¹⁵
 The last o't, the warst o't,
 Is only but to beg.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en, [thin,
 When banes are crazed, and bluid is
 Is doubtless great distress!
 Yet then content could make us blest;
 Even then, sometimes, we'd snatch a
 taste

Of truest happiness.
 The honest heart, that's free frae a'
 Intended fraud or guile,
 However Fortune kick the ba',
 Has aye some cause to smile:
 And mind still, you'll find still,
 A comfort this nae sma';
 Nae mair then, we'll care then,
 Nae farther can we fa.'

What though like commoners of air,
 We wander out we know not where,
 But either house or hall! [woods,
 Yet nature's charms—the hills and
 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 sowth¹⁶ a tune:

⁵ Comfortable. ⁶ Heed. ⁷ Men. ⁸ Fools.
⁹ Live extravagantly. ¹⁰ Spend it. ¹¹ Trouble.
¹² Goods or wealth. ¹³ Whole and sound.
¹⁴ More ask not, nor fear not. ¹⁵ Fig. ¹⁶ Whistle.

Syne rhyme till't, we'll time till't,
And sing't when we hae dune.

It's no in titles nor in rank:
It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank

To purchase peace and rest:
It's no in making muckle mair;¹⁷
It's no in books, it's no in lear;¹⁸

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 aye's the part aye
That makes us right or wrang

Think ye that sic¹⁹ as you and I, [dry,
Wha drudge and drive through wet and
Wi' never-ceasing toil;

Think ye, are we less blest than they
Wha scarcely tent²⁰ 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.

Though losses and crosses
Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae other where.

But tent me, Davie, ace o' hearts! [tes,
(To say aught less wad wrang the car-
And flattery I detest,)

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

There's a' the pleasures o' the heart,
The lover and the frien';
Ye hae your Meg,* your dearest part,
And I my darling Jean!
It warms me, it charms me,
To mention but her name:
It heats me, it beets me,
And sets me a' on flame!

Oh, all ye powers who rule above!
O Thou, whose very self art love!
Thou know'st my words sincere!
The life-blood streaming through my
heart,

Or my more dear immortal part,
Is not more fondly dear!
When heart-corroding care and grief
Deprive my soul of rest,
Her dear idea brings relief
And solace to my breast.
Thou Being, all-seeing,
Oh, hear my fervent prayer!
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!

Oh, how that name inspires my style!
The words come skelpin',²¹ rank and
Amaist²² before I ken!²³ [file,
The ready measure rins as fine
As Phœbus and the famous Nine
Were glowerin' owre my pen.
My spaviet²⁴ Pegasus will limp,
Till ance he's fairly het, [jump,²⁷
And then he'll hilch,²⁵ and stilt,²⁶ and
And rin an unco fit.

²¹ Dancing. ²² Almost. ²³ Know. ²⁴ Spavined. ²⁵ Hobble. ²⁶ Halt. ²⁷ Jump

* Sillar's flame was a lass of the name of Margaret Orr, who had charge of the children of Mrs. Stewart of Stair. It was not the fortune of "Meg" to become Mrs. Sillar.

But lest then, the beast then,
Should rue²⁸ this hasty ride,
I'll light now, and dight²⁹ now
His sweaty, wizen'd³⁰ hide.

EPISTLE TO JOHN LAPRAIK,

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD.

April 1, 1785.

WHILE briers and woodbines budding
green,
And pairicks¹ scraichin² loud at e'en,
And morning poussie³ whiddin seen,
Inspire my Muse,
This freedom in an unknown frien'
I pray excuse.

On Fasten-e'en we had a rockin',*
To ca' the crack⁴ and weave our
stockin';
And there was muckle⁵ fun and jokin',
Ye needna doubt;
At length we had a hearty yokin'⁶
At sang about.

There was ae sang, among the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleased me best,
That some kind husband had address
To some sweet wife:
It thir'd the heart-strings through the
breast,
A' to the life.†

I've scarce heard ough't described sae
weel,
What generous manly bosoms feel;
Thought I, "Can this be Pope, or
Steele,
Or Beattie's wark?"
They tauld me 'twas an odd kind chiel'
About Muirkirk.

It pat me fidgin-fain⁸ to hear't,
And sae about him there I spiert;⁹

²⁸ Repent. ²⁹ Wipe. ³⁰ Withered.

¹ Partridges. ² Screaming. ³ The hare.
⁴ To drive the talk. ⁵ Much. ⁶ Bout. ⁷ Man.
⁸ Made me fidget with desire. ⁹ Inquired.

* In former times young women were wont to meet together, each having her distaff or rock for the purpose of spinning while the song and the gossip went round.

† This song is entitled, "When I upon thy bosom lean."

Then a' that kent¹⁰ him round declared
He had ingine;¹¹
That nane excell'd it, few cam near't,
It was sae fine.

That, set him to a pint of ale,
And either douce¹² or merry tale,
Or rhymes and sangs he'd made himsel,
Or witty catches
'Tween Inverness and Teviotdale
He had few matches.

Then up I gat, and swore an aith,¹³
Though I should pawn my pleugh and
graitl¹⁴
Or die a cadger pownie's death,
At some dike back,
A pint and gill I'd gie them baith
To hear you crack.

But, first and foremost, I should tell,
Amaist as soon as I could spell,
I to the crambo-jingle¹⁵ fell,
Though rude and rough:
Yet crooning¹⁶ to a body's sel
Does weel enough.

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

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

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

Or knappin'-hammers.

A set o' dull, conceited hashes,¹⁷
Counfuse their brains in college classes!
They gang in stirks,¹⁸ and come out
asses,

Plain truth to speak;

¹⁰ Knew. ¹¹ Genius or geniality. ¹² Sober.
¹³ Oath. ¹⁴ Tackle. ¹⁵ Doggerel verses.
¹⁶ Humming. ¹⁷ Blockheads. ¹⁸ Year-old cattle.

And syne¹⁹ they think to climb Par-
nassus

By dint o' Greek!

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire!
That's a' the learning I desire;
Then, though I drudge through dub
and mire

At pleugh or cart,
My Muse, though hamely in attire,
May touch the heart.

Oh for a spunk o' Allan's²⁰ glee,
Or Fergusson's, the bauld and slee,²¹
Or bright Lapraik's, my friend to be,
If I can hit it!
That would be lear²² enough for me,
If I could get it!

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

I winna²³ blaw about mysel;
As ill I like my faults to tell;
But friends and folk that wish me well,
They sometimes roose²⁴ me;
Though I maun²⁵ own, as mony still
As far abuse me.

There's ae wee faut²⁶ they whiles lay
to me,
I like the lasses—Gude forgie me!
For mony a plack they wheedle frae
me,
At dance or fair;
Maybe some ither thing they gie me,
They weel can spare.

But Mauchline race, or Mauchline fair,
I should be proud to meet you there;
We'se gie ae night's discharge to Care,
If we forgather,
And hae a swap²⁷ o' rhymin' ware
Wi' ane'anither.

The four-gill chap²⁸ we'se gar²⁹ him
clatter,

And kirsen³⁰ him wi' reekin' water;
Syne we'll sit down and tak our whit-
ter,³¹

To cheer our heart;
And faith, we'se be acquainted better
Before we part.

There's naething like the honest nap-
py³²
Whar'll³³ ye e'er see men sae happy,
Or women sounsie, saft, and sappy³⁴
'Tween morn and morn,
As them wha like to taste the drappy³⁵
In glass or horn!

I've seen me dais't³⁶ upon a time,
I scarce could wink, or see a styme,³⁷
Just ae half-mutchkin does me prime,
Aught less is little,
Then back I rattle on the rhyme,
As gleg's a whittle!³⁸

Awa' ye selfish war'ly race, [grace,
Wha think that havins,³⁹ sense, and
E'en love and friendship, should give
place

To catch-the-plack!⁴⁰
I dinna⁴¹ like to see your face,
Nor hear your crack.⁴²

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

But to conclude my long epistle,
As my auld pen's worn to the gristle;
Twa lines frae you would gar me fis-
sle,⁴³

Who am, most fervent,
While I can either sing or whistle,
Your friend and servant.

SECOND EPISTLE TO LAPRAIK.

April 21, 1785.

WHILE new-ca'd kye rowte¹ at the
stake,
And pownies reek² in pleugh or braik,³

³⁰ Christen. ³¹ Hearty draught. ³² Ale.
³³ Where will. ³⁴ Comely. ³⁵ Smalldrop.
³⁶ Stupid. ³⁷ See in the least. ³⁸ As keen as
a knife. ³⁹ Decorum, ⁴⁰ To seek after
money. ⁴¹ Do not. ⁴² Talk. ⁴³ Fidget.
¹ Driven cows low. ² Smoke. ³ Harrow.

¹⁹ Then. ²⁰ Allan Ramsay. ²¹ Sly.
²² Learning. ²³ Will not. ²⁴ Praise. ²⁵ Must
²⁶ Small fault. ²⁷ An exchange. ²⁸ Stoup.
²⁹ Make.

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,⁴ wi' weary legs,
 Ratlin' the corn out-owre the rigs,
 Or dealing through amang the naigs
 Their ten-hours' bite,
 My awkward Muse sair pleads and
 begs
 I wouldna write.

The tapetless ramfeezled hizzie,⁵
 She's saft at best, and something lazy,
 Quo' she, "Ye ken, we've been sae
 busy,
 This month, and mair,
 That, trouth, my head is grown right
 dizzy,
 And something sair."

Her dowff⁶ excuses pat me mad:
 "Conscience," says I, "ye thowless
 jad!⁷
 I'll write, and that a hearty blaud,⁸
 This vera night;
 So dinna ye affront your trade,
 But rhyme it right.

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

Sae I gat paper in a blink,⁹
 And down gaed stumple in the ink:
 Quo' I, "Before I sleep a wink,
 I vow I'll close it;
 And if ye winna mak it clink,¹⁰
 By Jove I'll prose it!"

Sae, I've begun to scrawl, but whether
 In rhyme, or prose, or baith thegither,
 Or some hotch-potch* that's rightly
 neither,
 Let time mak proof;

But I shall scribble down some
 blether¹¹

Just clean aff-loof. †

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge and
 carp,
 Though Fortune use you hard and [sharp;
 Come, kittle¹² up your moorland-harp
 Wi' glesome touch!
 Ne'er mind how Fortune waft and
 warp;

She's but a bitch.

She's gien¹³ me mony a jert and fleg,¹⁴
 Sin' I could striddle owre a rig;
 But, by the Lord, though I should beg
 Wi, lyart pow,¹⁵
 I'll laugh, and sing, and shake my leg,
 As lang's I dow!¹⁶

Now comes the sax and twentieth sim-
 mer

I've seen the bud up' the timmer,¹⁷
 Still persecuted by the limmer¹⁸
 Frae year to year;
 But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,¹⁹
 I, Rob, am here.

Do you envy the city gent,
 Behint a kist to lie and sklent, †
 Or purse-proud, big wi' cent. per cent.
 And muckle wame,²⁰
 In some bit brugh to represent
 A bailie's name?

Or is't the paughty,²¹ feudal thane,
 Wi' ruffled sark and glancing cane,
 Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank
 bane,

But lordly stalks,
 While caps and bonnets aff are ta'en,²²
 As by he walks.

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

Were this the charter of our state,
 "On pain o' hell be rich and great,"

⁴ Worn sore with fatigue. ⁵ The heedless and exhausted jade. ⁶ Silly. ⁷ Lazy jade. ⁸ Quantity. ⁹ Twinkling. ¹⁰ Rhyme.

* Hotch potch is the Scotch name for a soup made of all sorts of vegetables. No other explanation could give a proper idea of the meaning of the phrase here.

¹¹ Nonsense. ¹² Tickle. ¹³ Given. ¹⁴ Jerk and kick. ¹⁵ Gray head. ¹⁶ Can. ¹⁷ Tree. ¹⁸ Jade. ¹⁹ Girl. ²⁰ Big belly. ²¹ Haughty. ²² Taken.

† Scotticism for extemporaneous.
 † Behind a counter to lie and leer.

Damnation then would be our fate
 Beyond remead;
 But, thanks to Heaven, that's no the
 gate
 We learn our creed.

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

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

Though here they scrape, and squeeze,
 and growl,
 Their worthless nievefu²³ of a soul
 May in some future carcase howl,
 The forest's fright;
 Or in some day-detesting owl
 May shun the light.

Then may Lapraik and Burns arise,
 To reach their native kindred skies,
 And sing their pleasures, hopes, and
 joys,
 In some mild sphere,
 Still closer knit in friendship's ties
 Each passing year!

EPISTLE TO JOHN GOUDIE, KIL- MARNOCK,

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS ESSAYS.

John Goudie was a Kilmarnock tradesman.
 His Essay, fully discussing the authority of
 the Holy Scriptures, first appeared in 1780,
 and a new edition in 1785. The publication
 of the new edition called forth the following
 epistle from the poet:—

O GOUDIE! terror of the Whigs,
 Dread of black coats and reverend wigs,
 Sour Bigotry, on her last legs,
 Girnin',¹ looks back,
 Wishin' the ten Egyptian plagues
 Wad seize you quick.

²³ Handful.

¹ Grinning.

Poor gapin', glowrin,² Superstition,
 Waes me! she's in a sad condition;
 Fie! bring Black Jock,* her state
 physician,

To see her water:
 Alas! there's ground o' great suspision
 She'll ne'er get better.

Auld Orthodoxy long did grapple,
 But now she's got an unco ripple;³
 Haste, gie her name u' i' the chapel,
 Nigh unto death;
 See how she fetches at the thrapple,⁴
 And gasps for breath!

Enthusiasm's past redemption,
 Gaen⁵ in a galloping consumption,
 Not a' the quacks, wi' a' their gump-
 tion,⁶

Will ever mend her.
 Her feeble pulse gies strong presump-
 tion -

Death soon will end her.

'Tis you and Taylor† are the chief,
 Wha are to blame for this mischief;
 But gin the Lord's ain folk gat leave,
 A toom⁷ tar-barrel
 And twa red peats⁸ wad send relief,
 And end the quarrel.

EPISTLE TO WILLIAM SIMPSON, OCHILTREE.

May, 1785.

William Simpson was schoolmaster of Ochil-
 tree, a parish a few miles south of Mauch-
 line. According to Mr. Chambers, he had
 sent a rhymed epistle to Burns, on reading
 his satire of the "Twa Herds," which called
 forth the following beautiful epistle in re-
 ply:—

I GAT your letter, winsome¹ Willie;
 Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you braw-
 lie,²
 Though I maun say't, I wad be silly,
 And unco vain,
 Should I believe, my coaxin' billie,³
 Your flatterin' strain.

² Staring. ³ Pains in the back and loins.
⁴ Throat. ⁵ Gone. ⁶ Knowledge. ⁷ Empty.
⁸ Two burning peats to set fire to the tar
 barrel.

¹ Hearty. ² Heartily. ³ Fellow.

* The Rev. John Russell, Kilmarnock, one
 of the heroes of the "Twa Herds."

† Dr. Taylor of Norwich.—B.

But I se believe ye kindly meant it,
I sud⁴ be faith, to think ye hinted
Ironic satire, sidelin sklentet⁵
On my poor Music,
Though in sic phrasin⁶ terms, ye've
penn'd it,
I scarce excuse ye.

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

(O Fergusson, thy glorious parts
Ill suited law's dry musty arts!
My curse upon your whunstone hearts,
Ye E'nbrugh gentry!
The tithe o' what ye waste at cartes⁷
Wad stow'd⁸ his pantry!)

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
Or lasses gie my heart a screed,⁹
As whiles they're like to be my dead,
(O sad disease!)
I kittle¹⁰ up my rustic reed;
It gies me ease.

Auld Coila§ now may fidge fu' fain,¹¹
She's gotten poets o' her ain, [hain¹³
Chiels¹² wha their chanter's winna
But tune their lays,
Till echoes a' resound again
Her weel-sung praise.

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

Ramsay and famous Fergusson
(Gied Forth and Tay a lift aboon,¹⁴

⁴ Should. ⁵ Obliquely directed. ⁶ Flattering.
⁷ Cards. ⁸ Stored. ⁹ Rent. ¹⁰ Tickle.
¹¹ Fidget with joy. ¹² Fellows. ¹³ Will not
spare. ¹⁴ Above.

* A basket. When a person's wits are supposed to be a wool-gathering, he is said to be in a creel.

† Allan Ramsay, and William Hamilton of Gilbertfield, a forgotten poet and contemporary of Ramsay's.

‡ Robert Fergusson, the poet.

§ An application frequently applied by Burns to the district of Kyle.

Yarrow and Tweed, to mony a tune,
Owre Scotland rings,
While Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, and Doon,
Nabody sings.

Th' Illissus, Tiber, Thames, and
Seine,
Glide sweet in mony a tunefu' line!
But, Willie, set your fit to mine,
And cock¹⁵ your crest,
We'll gar¹⁶ our streams and burnies
shine
Up wi' the best.

We'll sing auld Coila's plains and fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather-bells,
Her banks and braes, her dens and
dells,
Where glorious Wallace
Aft bare the gree,¹⁷ as story tells,
Frae southron billies.

At Wallace' name what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace' side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,¹⁸
Or glorious died.

Oh, sweet are Coila's haughs¹⁹ and
woods, [buds,
When lintwhites chant among the
And jinkin²⁰ hares, in amorous whids, |
Their love enjoy,
While through the braes the cushat
croods²¹
With wailfu' cry!

Even winter bleak has charms to me,
When winds rave through the naked
tree;
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
Are hoary gray.
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
Darkening the day!

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

¹⁵ Elevate. ¹⁶ Make. ¹⁷ Often bore the bell.
¹⁸ Their shoes red in blood. ¹⁹ Meadows.
²⁰ Dodging. ²¹ Coos.

| A word expressive of the quick, nimble
movements of the hare.

The Muse, nae poet ever fand²² her,
Till by himself he learn'd to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
And no think lang;
Oh, sweet to stray, and pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang!

The war'ly race may drudge and drive,
Hog-shouther, jundie,²³ stretch, and
strive—
Let me fair Nature's face describe,²⁴
And I, wi' pleasure,
Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
Bum owre²⁵ their treasure

Fareweel, "my rhyme-composing
brither!" [ither²⁶ to
We've been owre lang unkenn'd to
Now let us lay our heads thegither,
In love fraternal,
May Envy wallop²⁷ in a tether²⁸
Black fiend, infernal!

While Highlandmen hate tolls and
taxes; [braxies,²⁹
While moorlan' herds like guid fat
While *terra firma* on her axis
Diurnal turns,
Count on a friend, in faith and practice,
In ROBERT BURNS.

POSTSCRIPT.

My memory's no worth a preen;²⁹
I had amaist forgotten clean
Ye bade me write you what they mean
By this New Light,* *
'Bout which our herds sae aft hae been
Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but cal-
lans³⁰
At grammar, logic, and sic talents,
They took nae pains their speech to
balance,

Or rules to gie,³¹
But spak their thoughts in plain, braid
lallans,³²
Like you or me.

in thae auld times, they thought the
moon,
Just like a sark,³³ or pair of shoon,³⁴
Wore by degrees, till her last roon³⁵
Gaed past their viewing;
And shortly after she was done,
They gat a new one.

This pass'd for certain—undisputed:
It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,
Till chiefls³⁶ gat up and wad confute it,
And ca'd it wrang:
And muckle din there was about it,
Baith loud and lang.

Some herds, weel learn'd upo' the
beuk,³⁷ [teuk;³⁸
Wad threap³⁸ auld folk the thing mis-
For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a
neuk,⁴⁰
And out o' sight,
And backlins⁴¹ comin', to the leuk⁴²
She grew mair bright.

This was denied—it was affirm'd;
The herd and hirsels⁴³ were alarm'd;
The reverend gray-beards raved and
storm'd
That beardless laddies⁴⁴
Should think they better were in-
form'd
Than their auld daddies⁴⁵

Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks;
Frae words and aiths to clours and
nicks;⁴⁶
And mony a fallow gat his licks,⁴⁷
Wi' hearty crunt;⁴⁸
And some, to learn them for their
tricks,
Were hang'd and brunt.

This game was play'd in many lands,
And Auld-Light caddies⁴⁹ bure sic
hands [sands
That, faith, the youngsters took the
Wi' nimble shanks,⁵⁰
Till lairds forbade, by strict commands,
Sic bluidy pranks.

But New-Light herds gat sic a cove,⁵¹
Folk thought them ruin'd stick and
stowe,⁵²

²² Found. ²³ Jostle, push. ²⁴ Describ.
²⁵ Hum over. ²⁶ Too long unknown to
each other. ²⁷ Struggic. ²⁸ Rope. ²⁹ Pin.
³⁰ Juveniles. ³¹ Give. ³² Lowland speech.

¹ ¶ Sheep which have died of disease; and
tur which are understood to belong to the shep-
herds as their perquisites.

¹ ** An allusion to the "Twa Herds."

³³ Shirt. ³⁴ Shoes. ³⁵ Shred. ³⁶ Fellows.
³⁷ Book. ³⁸ Arguer. ³⁹ Mistook. ⁴⁰ Corner.
⁴¹ Backwards. ⁴² Look. ⁴³ Flocks. ⁴⁴ Lads.
⁴⁵ Fathers. ⁴⁶ Blows and cuts. ⁴⁷ Got a beat-
ing. ⁴⁸ Dint. ⁴⁹ Fellows. ⁵⁰ Legs. ⁵¹ Such
a fright. ⁵² Stump and rump.

Till now amais't on every knowe⁵³
 Ye'll find ane plac'd;
 And some their New-Light fair avow,
 Just quite barefaced.

Nae doubt the Auld-Light flocks are
 bleatin'; [sweatin'];
 Their zealous herds are vex'd and
 Mysel, I've even seen them greetin'⁵⁴
 Wi' girnin'⁵⁵ spite,
 To hear the moon sae sadly lied on,
 By word and writē.

But shortly they will cōwe the loons!⁵⁶
 Some Auld-Light herds in nēbor towns
 Are mind't, in things they ca' balloons,
 To tak a flight,
 And stay ae month amang the moons,
 And see them right.

Guid observation they will gie them;
 And when the auld moon's gaun to
 lea'e them, [wi' them,
 The hindmost shaird,⁵⁷ they'll fetch it
 Just i' their pouch,⁵⁸
 And when the New-Light billies⁵⁹ see
 them,
 I think they'll crouch!

Sae, ye observed that a' this clatter⁶⁰
 Is naething but a "moonshine matter;"
 But though dull prose-folk Latin splat-
 ter

In logic tulzie,⁶¹
 I hope we bardies ken some better
 Than mind sic brulzie.⁶²

THIRD EPISTLE TO JOHN LAPRAIK

This epistle did not appear in either of the editions of his works which the poet saw through the press. It was written while in the midst of his second harvest, at Mossiel—an unfortunate one, as it proved; for being both a late and a wet season, an evil conjunction on the cold wet soil, half the crops were lost.

September 13, 1785.

GUID speed and furdur* to you, Johnny,
 Guid health, hale han's, and weather
 bonny;

⁵³ Hillock. ⁵⁴ Crying. ⁵⁵ Grinning. ⁵⁶ Rascals. ⁵⁷ Shred. ⁵⁸ Pocket. ⁵⁹ Fellows. ⁶⁰ Gossip. ⁶¹ Contention. ⁶² Broils.

* Good speed and success in furtherance to you.

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 thrash your rigs,†
 Nor kick your rickles² aff their legs,
 Sendin' the stuff o'er muirs and hagg's³
 Like drivin' wrack;

But may the tapmast grain that wags
 Come to the sack.

I'm bizzie too, and skelpin'⁴ at it,
 But bitter, daudin'⁵ showers hae wat it,
 Sae my auld stumple pen I gat it
 Wi' muckle wark,
 And took my jocteleg⁶ and whatt'⁷ it,
 Like only clark.

It's now twa month that I'm your
 debtor, [ter,
 For your braw, nameless, dateless let-
 Abusin' me for harsh ill nature
 On holy men,
 While deil a hair yoursel ye're better.
 But mair profane.

But let the kirk-folk ring their bells,
 Let's sing about our noble sels;
 We'll cry nae jads⁸ frae heathen hills
 To help or roose⁹ us,
 But browster wives¹⁰ and whisky stills,
 They are the muses.

Your friendship, sir, I winna quat it,
 And if ye mak objections at it,
 Then han' in nieve¹¹ some day we'll
 knot¹² it,

And witness take,
 And when wi' usquebae we've wat it,
 It winna break.

But if the beast and branks¹³ be spared
 Till kye be gaun¹⁴ without the herd,
 And a' the vittel¹⁵ in the yard,
 And theekit¹⁶ right,

I mean your ingle-side to guard
 Ae winter night.

¹ Cutting. ² Stooks, or shocks of corn. ³ Morasses. ⁴ Driving at it. ⁵ Wind-driven. ⁶ Clasp-knife. ⁷ Cut or sharpened it. ⁸ Muses. ⁹ Rouse. ¹⁰ Ale-house wives. ¹¹ Hand in fist. ¹² Bind. ¹³ Bridle. ¹⁴ Going. ¹⁵ Victual. ¹⁶ Thatched.

† May Boreas never shake the corn in your ridges.

Then muse-inspirin' aqua vitae [witty,
Shall make us baith sae blithe and
Till ye forget ye're auld and gatty,¹⁷
And be as canty¹⁸ [ty.¹⁹
As ye were nine years less than thret-
Sweet ane and twenty !

But stooks are cowpit²⁰ wi' the blast,
And now the sinn keeks²¹ in the west,
Then I maun rin amang the rest,
And quat my chanter;
Sae I subscribe myself in haste,
Yours, RAB THE RANTER.

EPISTLE TO THE REV. JOHN M'MATH.

The Rev. John M'Math was at this time assistant to the Rev. Peter Wodrow of Torbolton. As a copy of "Holy Willie's Prayer" accompanied the epistle, we need hardly say he was a member of the New-light party. The bleak ungenial harvest weather is very graphically pictured in the first verse.

September 17, 1785.

WHILE at the stook the shearers¹ cower
To shun the bitter blaudin² shower,
Or in gulravage rinnin' scower³
To pass the time,
To you I dedicate the hour
In idle rhyme.

My Musie, tired wi' mony a sonnet
On gown, and ban', and douce⁴ black
bonnet,
Is grown right eerie⁵ now she's done it,
Lest they should blame her,
And rouse their holy thunder on it
And anathem her.

I own 'twas rash, and rather hardy,
That I, a simple country 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 half-mile
graces;

Their raxin'⁶ conscience,
Whase greed, revenge, and pride dis-
graces

Waur nor⁷ their nonsense.

There's Gawn,* misca't⁸ waur than a
beast,

Wha has mair honour in his breast
Than mony scores as guid's the priest
Wha sae abus't him.

And may a bard no crack his jest
What way they've use't him?

See him, the poor man's friend in need,
The gentleman in word and deed,
And shall his fame and honour bleed
By worthless skellums,⁹
And not a muse erect her head
To cowe the blellums?¹⁰

O Pope, had I thy satire's darts,
To gie the rascals their deserts,
I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts,
And tell aloud,
Their jugglin' hocus-pocus arts,
To cheat the crowd.

God knows, I'm no the thing I should
be,
Nor am I even the thing I could be,
But twenty times I rather would be
An atheist clean,
Than under gospel colours hid be
Just for a screen.

An honest man may like a glass,
An honest man may like a lass,
But mean revenge, and malice fause,¹¹
He'll still disdain,
And then cry zeal for gospel laws,
Like some we ken.

They take religion in their mouth;
They talk o' mercy, grace, and truth,
For what?—to gie their malice skouth¹²
On some puir wight,¹³
And hunt him down, o'er right and
ruth,¹⁴
To ruin straight.

¹⁷ Frail. ¹⁸ Happy. ¹⁹ Thirty. ²⁰ Over-
turned. ²¹ Sun blinks.

¹ Harvest people. ² Pelting. ³ Run riotous-
ly for amusement. ⁴ Sedate. ⁵ Timorous.

⁶ Stretching. ⁷ Worse than. ⁸ Misnamed.
⁹ Wretches. ¹⁰ Fellows. ¹¹ False. ¹² Scope.
¹³ Fellow. ¹⁴ Mercy.

* Gavin Hamilton, Esq.

All hail, Religion! maid divine!
 Pardon a Muse sae mean as mine,
 Who, in her rough imperfect line,
 Thus daurs to name thee;
 To stigmatise false friends of thine
 Can ne'er defame thee.

Though blocht and foul wi' mony a
 stain,
 And far unworthy of thy train,
 With trembling voice I tune my strain
 To join with those
 Who boldly daur thy cause maintain
 In spite o' foes:

In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs,
 In spite o' undermining jobs,
 In spite o' dark banditti stabs
 At worth and merit,
 By scoundrels, even wi' holy robes,
 But hellish spirit.

O Ayr! my dear, my native ground,
 Within thy presbyterial bound,
 A candid liberal band is found
 Of public teachers,
 As men, as Christians too, renown'd,
 And manly preachers.

Sir, in that circle you are named;
 Sir, in that circle you are famed;
 And some, by whom your doctrine's
 blamed,
 (Which gies you honour),
 Even, sir, by them your heart's es-
 teem'd,
 And winning manner.

Pardon this freedom I have ta'en,
 And if impertinent I've been,
 Inpute it not, good sir, in aye
 Whase heart ne'er wrang'd ye,
 But to his utmost would befriend
 Ought that belang'd ye.

SECOND EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

A BROTHER POET.

AULD NEIBOR,

I'm three times doubly o'er your debtor,
 For your auld-farrant' friend'ly letter;
 Though I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter,
 Ye speak sae fair,
 For my pair, silly, rhyming clatter
 Some less maun sair.²

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle;
 Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle,³
 To cheer you through the weary widdle⁴
 O' war'ly cares,
 Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle⁵
 Your auld gray hairs.

But, Davie, lad, I'm rede ye're glakit,⁶
 I'm tauld the Muse ye hae negleckit;
 And gif it's sae, ye sud be licket⁷
 Until ye fyke,⁸
 Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faikit,⁹
 Be haint¹⁰ wha like.

For me, I'm on Parnassus' brink
 Rivin'¹¹ the words to gar¹² them clink;
 Whiles dais't¹³ wi' love, whiles dais't
 wi' drink,
 Wi' jads or masons;
 And whiles, but aye owre late, I think
 Braw sober lessons.

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
 Commen' me to the bardie clan;
 Except it be some idle plan
 O' rhyming clink,
 The devil-haet,¹⁴ that I sud ban,
 They ever think.

Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o'
 livin',
 Nae cares to gie us joy or grievin';
 But just the pouchie¹⁵ put the nieve¹⁶
 in,
 And while ought's there,
 Then hiltie skiltie¹⁷ we gae scrievin',¹⁸
 And fash¹⁹ nae mair.

Leeze me²⁰ on rhyme! its aye a treas-
 ure.
 My chief, amais't my only pleasure,
 It hame, a-fiel', at wark, or leisure,
 The Muse, poor hizzie!²¹
 Though rough and raploch²² be her
 measure,
 She's seldom lazy.

Haud to the Muse, my dainty Davie,
 The warl may play you mony a sha-
 vie,²³

³ Elbow dodge and jerk. ⁴ Struggle. ⁵ Fondle. ⁶ I fear you are foolish. ⁷ Should be beaten. ⁸ Shrug. ⁹ Spared. ¹⁰ Saved. ¹¹ Twisting. ¹² Make. ¹³ Stupid. ¹⁴ The devil a bit. ¹⁵ Pocket. ¹⁶ Fist. ¹⁷ Helter skelter. ¹⁸ Go smoothly. ¹⁹ Trouble. ²⁰ A term of endearment, an expression of happiness or pleasure. ²¹ Lass. ²² Coarse. ²³ Trick.

¹ Sagacious. ² Must serve.

But for the Muse she'll never leave ye,
 Though e'er so puir,
 Na, even though limpin' wi' the spav-
 vic²⁴
 Frae door to door.

EPISTLE TO JAMES SMITH.

James Smith, one of Burns' earliest friends, was a merchant in Mauchline. He was present at the scene in "Poosie Nansie's," which suggested "The Jolly Beggars."

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

DEAR SMITH, the sleest,¹ paukie² thief,
 That e'er attempted stealth or rief,³
 Ye surely hae some warlock breef⁴
 Owre human hearts;
 For ne'er a bosom yet was prief⁵
 Against your arts.

For me, I swear by sun and moon,
 And every star that blinks aboon,
 Ye've cost me twenty pair of shoon⁶
 Just gaun to see you;
 And every ither pair that's done,
 Mair ta'en I'm wi' you.

That auld capricious carlin,⁷ Nature,
 To mak amends for scrimpit⁸ 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 barmie⁹ noddle's working prime,
 My fancy yerkit¹⁰ up sublime
 Wi' hasty summon:
 Hae ye a leisure moment's time
 To hear what's comin'?

Some rhyme a neibor's name to lash;
 Some rhyme (vain thought!) for needfu'
 cash; [clash,¹¹
 Some rhyme to court the country
 And raise a din,¹²
 For me, an aim I never fash;¹³
 I rhyme for fun. .

²⁴ Spavin.

¹ Slyest. ² Knowing. ³ Robbery. ⁴ Spell.
⁵ Proof. ⁶ Shoes. ⁷ Woman. ⁸ Stinted.
⁹ Yeasty. ¹⁰ Fermented. ¹¹ Gossip, ¹² Noise.
¹³ Trouble.

The star that rules my luckless lot
 Has fated me the russet coat,
 And damn'd my fortune to the groat;
 But in requit,
 Has blessed me wi' a random shot
 O' country wit.

This while my notion's ta'en a sklent,¹⁴
 To try my fate in guid black prent;
 But still, the mair I'm that way bent,
 Something cries, "Hoolie!"¹⁵
 I rede¹⁶ you, honest man, tak tent,¹⁷
 Ye'll shaw your folly.

"There's ither poets much your betters,
 Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters,
 Hae thought they had insured 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,
 And teach the lanely heights and
 howes¹⁸
 My rustic sang.

I'll wander on, with tentless¹⁹ heed
 How never halting moments speed,
 Till Fate shall snap the brittle thread:
 Then, all-unknown,
 I'll lay me with 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 owre side!
 And large, before Enjoyment's gale,
 Let's tak the tide.

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

The magic wand then let us wield,
 For, ance that five-and-forty's speel'd,²⁰

¹⁴ Twist. ¹⁵ Beware. ¹⁶ Warn. ¹⁷ Care.
¹⁸ Hollows. ¹⁹ Aimless. ²⁰ Climbed.

See, crazy, weary, joyless Eild,²¹
 Wi' wrinkled face,
 Comes hostin',²² hirplin',²³ owre the
 field,
 Wi' creepin' pace.

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

O Life! how pleasant is thy morning,
 Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
 Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
 We frisk away, [ing,
 Like schoolboys, at the expected warn-
 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 though the puny wound appear,
 Short while it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flowery spot,
 For which they never toil'd or swat;²⁴
 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;
 Through fair, through foul, they urge
 the race
 And seize the prey:
 Then cannie,²⁵ in some cozie²⁶ place,
 They close the day.

And others like your humble servan',
 Poor wights!²⁷ nae rules nor rodes ob-
 servin'
 To right or left, eternal swervin',
 They zig-zag on; [vin',
 Till curst with age, obscure and star-
 They aften groan.

Alas! what bitter toil and straining—
 But trace with peevish, poor complain-
 ing!

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

My pen I here fling to the door,
 And kneel, "Ye Powers!" and warm
 implore,
 "Though I should wander Terra o'er,
 In all her climes,
 Grant me but this, I ask no more,
 Aye rowth²⁸ o' rhymes.

"Gie dreeping roasts to country lairds,
 Till icicles hing frae their beards;
 Gie fine braw claes to fine life-guards,
 And maids of honour!
 And yill and whisky gie to cairds,²⁹
 Until they sconner,³⁰

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

"While ye are pleased to keep me
 hale,
 I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal,
 Be't water-brose, or muslin-kail,³¹
 Wi' cheerfu' face,
 As lang's the Muses dinna fail
 To say the grace."

An anxious ee I never throws
 Behint my lug³² or by my nose;
 I jouk³³ beneath Misfortune's blows
 As weel's I may,
 Sworn foe to Sorrow, Care, and Prose,
 I rhyme away.

O ye douce³⁴ folk, that live by rule,
 Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool,
 Compared wi' you—O fool! fool! fool!
 How much unlike!
 Your hearts are just a standing pool,
 Your lives a dike!³⁵

Nae harebrain'd, sentimental traces,
 In your unletter'd nameless faces!

²⁸ Abundance. ²⁹ Tinkers. ³⁰ Are nauseated.

³¹ Broth made without meat. ³² Ear.

³³ Stoop. ³⁴ Serious. ³⁵ Blank as a wall.

* George Dempster of Dunnichen, a parlia-
 mentary orator of the time.

²¹ Age. ²² Coughing. ²³ Limping.

²⁴ Sweated. ²⁵ Quietly. ²⁶ Snug. ²⁷ Fellows.

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 ferly³⁶ though ye do despise
 The hairum-scairum, ram-stam³⁷ 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 scarce gang ony where—
 Then, Jamie, I shall say nae mair
 But quat my sang,
 Content wi' you to mak a pair,
 Where'er I gang.

EPISTLE TO GAVIN HAMILTON,
 Esq.,

RECOMMENDING A BOY

Gavin Hamilton, solicitor in Mauchline, was a warm and generous friend of the poet's, a New-Light partisan who had suffered from Auld-Light persecutions.

MOSGAVILLE, *May 3, 1786.*

I HOLD it, sir, my bounden duty
 To warn you how that Master Tootie,
 Alias, Laird M'Gaun,
 Was here to hire you lad away
 'Bout whom ye spak the tither day,
 And wad hae done't aff han'.¹
 But lest he learn the callan² tricks,
 As, faith, I muckle doubt him,
 Like scrapin' out auld Crummie's
 nicks,
 And tellin' lies about them:
 As lieve³ then, I'd have then,
 Your clerkship he should sair,
 If sae be, ye may be
 Not fitted other where.

Although I say't, he's gleg⁴ enough,
 And 'bout a house that's rude and
 rough,
 The boy might learn to swear,
 But then wi' you he'll be sae taught,

³⁶ Wonder. ³⁷ Reckless.

¹ Off-hand. ² Boy. ³ More willingly.
⁴ Sharp.

And get sic fair example straught,
 I haena ony fear.
 Ye'll catechise him every quirk,
 And shore⁵ him weel wi' hell;
 And gar⁶ him follow to the kirk—
 Aye when ye gang yoursel.
 If ye then, maun be then
 Frae hame this comin' Friday;
 Then please sir, to lea'e, sir,
 The orders wi' your lady.

My word of honour I hae gien,
 In Paisley John's, that night at e'en,
 To meet the world's worm;⁷
 To try to get the twa to gree,
 And name the airles⁸ and the fee,
 In legal mode and form.
 I ken he weel a sneck can draw,⁹
 When simple bodies let him;
 And if a dovil be at a',
 In faith he's sure to get him.
 To phrase you, and praise you,
 Ye ken your laurate scorns:
 The prayer still, you share still.
 Of grateful MINSTREL BURNS.

POETICAL INVITATION TO MR.
 JOHN KENNEDY.

This rhymed epistle was accompanied by a prose letter, and a copy of the "Cotter's Saturday Night." Kennedy had interested himself greatly in the success of the Kilmarnock edition of the poems. He was afterwards factor to the Marquis of Breadalbane.

Now Kennedy, if foot or horse
 E'er bring you in by Mauchline corse,¹
 Lord, man, there's lasses there wad
 force

A hermit's fancy; [worse,
 And down the gate, in faith they're
 And mair unchancy.

But, as I'm sayin', please step to Dow's,
 And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews,
 Till some bit callant² bring me news
 That you are there,
 And if we dinna haud a bouze
 I'se ne'er drink mair.

⁵ Threaten. ⁶ Make. ⁷ Avaricious creature. ⁸ Earnest money. ⁹ Can take advantage.

¹ Mauchline market cross. ² Boy

It's no I like to sit and swallow,
Then like a swine to puke and wallow;
But gie me just a true good fallow,
Wi' right ingine,³
And a punkie,⁴ ance to make us mellow,
And then we'll shine.

Now, if ye're ane o' world's folk,
Wha rate the wearer by the cloak,
And sklent⁵ on poverty their joke,
Wi' bitter sneer,
Wi' you no friendship will I troke,⁶
Nor cheap nor dear.

But if, as I'm informèd 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 gud be wi' you.

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

This epistle was addressed to Andrew Aiken, the son of his old friend Robert Aiken, writer in Ayr. Andrew Aiken afterwards earned distinction in the service of his country.

May, 1786.

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu'
friend,

A something to have sent you,
Though it should serve nae other end
Than just a kind memento,
But how the subject-theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine,
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Ye'll try the world fu' soon my lad,
And, Andrew dear, believe me,
You'll find mankind an unco squad,¹
And muckle they may grieve ye:
For care and trouble set your thought,
Even when your end's attain'd,
And a' your views may come to nought,
Where every nerve is strain'd.

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

³ Genius or temperament. ⁴ Whisky is meant. ⁵ Throw. ⁶ Exchange.

¹ Queer lot.

But, och ! mankind are unco² weak,
And little to be trusted;
If self the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted !

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
Their fate we shouldna censure,
For still the important end of life
They equally may answer;
A man may hae an honest heart,
Though poortith³ hourly stare him;
A man may tak a neibor's part,
Yet-hae na cash to spare him.

Aye free aff han' ⁴ your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony;⁵
But still keep something to yoursel
Ye scarcely tell to ony,
Conceal yoursel, as weel's ye can
Frae critical dissection;
But keek⁶ through every other man,
Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection.

The sacred lowe o' weel-placed love,
Luxuriantly indulge it;
But never tempt the illicit rove,
Though 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 gear⁷ by every wile
That's justified by honour;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train-attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

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

The great Creator to revere
Must sure become the creature;
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And even the rigid feature:

² Very. ³ Poverty. ⁴ Off-hand. ⁵ Bosom companion. ⁶ Look pryngly. ⁷ Wealth.

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-driven,
A conscience but a canker—
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heaven
Is sure a noble anchor!

Adieu, dear, amiabl' 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 reck the rede
Than ever did th' adviser!

EPISTLE TO MR. M'ADAM OF CRAIGENGILLAN.

The following was written on receiving a letter, congratulating him on his poetic efforts, from Mr. M'Adam.

SIR, o'er a gill I gat your card,
I trow' it made me proud;
"See wha taks notice o' the bard!"
I lap² and cried fu' loud,

Now deil-ma-care about their jaw,
The senseless, gawky³ million;
I'll cock my nose aboon them a'—
I'm roos'd⁴ by Craigengillan!

'Twas noble, sir; 'twas like yoursel,
To grant your high protection.
A great man's smile, ye ken fu' well,
Is aye a blest infection.

Though by his* banes wha in a tub
Match'd Macedonian Sandy!†
On my ain legs, through dirt and dub,
I independent stand aye.

And when those legs to guid warm
kail,⁵
Wi' welcome canna bear me;
A lee dike-side,⁶ a sybow⁷ tail,
And barley scone⁸ shall cheer me.

Heaven spare you lang to kiss the
breath
O' mony flowery simmers!
And bless your bonny lasses baith—
I'm tauld they're loe'some kimmers!⁹

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.

EPISTLE TO MAJOR. LOGAN.

Major Logan, a retired military officer, lived at Park House, near Ayr, with his mother and sister—the latter the Miss Logan to whom Burns addressed some verses, with a present of Beattie's poems.

HAIL, thairm' inspirin', rattlin' Willie!
Though Fortune's road be rough and hilly
To every fiddling, rhyming billie,
We never heed,
But tak it like the unback'd filly,
Proud o' her speed.

When idly goavan² whiles we saunter,
Yirr, Fancy barks, awa' we canter,
Up hill, down brae, till some mischan-
ter,³

Some black bog-hole,
Arrests us, then the scaith and banter
We're forced to thole.⁴

Hale be your heart! hale be your fiddle!
Lang may your elbuck jink and did-
dle,⁵ [dle⁶
To cheer you through the weary wid-
O' this wide warl'.
Until you on a cummock driddle⁷
A gray-hair'd earl.

⁵ Broth. ⁶ A shady wall-side. ⁷ The young onion. ⁸ Cake. ⁹ Heart-enticing creatures.

¹ Fiddle-string. ² Walking aimlessly ³ Mishap. ⁴ Bear. ⁵ Elbow dodge and jerk. ⁶ Struggle. ⁷ Until you hobble on a staff.

* These two lines also occur in the Second Epistle to Davie.

¹ Vow. ² Leaped. ³ Silly. ⁴ Praised.

* Diogenes.

† Alexander the Great.

Come wealth, come poortith⁸ late or
soon, [tune,
Heaven send your heart-strings aye in
And screw your temper-pins aboon,
A fifth or mair,
The melancholious, lazy croon⁹
O' cankrie care!

May still your life from day to day
Nae *lente largo* in the play,
But *allegretto forte* gay
Harmonious flow:
A sweeping, kindling, bauld strath-
spey—
Encore! Bravo!

A blessing on the cheery gang
Wha dearly like a jig or sang,
And never think o' right and wrang
By square and rule,
But as the clegs¹⁰ o' feeling stang
Are wise or fool!

My hand-waled¹¹ curse keep hard in
chase [race,
The harpy, hoodock,¹² purse-proud
Wha count on poortith as disgrace—
Their tuneless hearts!
May fireside discords jar a base
To a' their parts!

But come, your hand, my careless
brither—
I th' ither warl', if there's anither—
And that there is I've little swither¹³
About the matter—
We cheek for chow¹⁴ shall jog the-
gither,
I'se ne'er bid better.

We've faults and failings—granted
clearly,
We're frail backsliding mortals merely,
Eve's bonny squad, priests wyte¹⁵ them
sheerly,¹⁶
For our grand fa' [ly—
But still—but still—I like them dear-
God bless them a'!

Ochon! for poor Castalian drinkers,
When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers,¹⁷

The witching, cursed, delicious blink-
ers¹⁸
Hae put me hyte,¹⁹ [ers,²⁰
And gart me weet my waukrife wink-
Wi' girnin'²¹ spite.

But by you moon!—and that's high
swearin'—
And every star within my hearin'!
And by her een wha was a dear ane!²²
I'll ne'er forget;
I hope to gie the jads²³ a clearin'
In fair play yet.

My loss I mourn, but not repent it,
I'll seek my pursie whare I tint it,²³
Ance to the Indies I were wanted,
Some cantrip²⁴ hour,
By some sweet elf I'll yet be dinted,
Then, *Vive l'amour!*

Faites mes baisemains respectueuses.
To sentimental sister Susie,
And honest Lucky; no to roose²⁵ ye,
Ye may be proud,
That sic a couple Fate allows ye
To grace your blood.

Nae mair at present can I measure,
And trouth my rhymin' ware's nae
treasure; [leisure.
But when in Ayr, some half hour's
Be't light, be't dark,
Sir Bard will do himsel the pleasure
T' call at Park.

ROBERT BURNS.

MOSSGIEL, Oct. 30, 1786.

TO THE GUIDWIFE OF WAU- CHOPE HOUSE.

Mrs. Scott of Wauchope, to whom this epistle was addressed, was a lady of considerable taste and talent, a writer of verse, and something of an artist. She was niece to Mrs. Cockburn, authoress of a beautiful version of "The Flowers of the Forest."

GUIDWIFE,

I mind it weel, in early date, [plate,¹
When I was beardless, young, and
And first could thrash the barn,

¹⁵ Pretty girls. ¹⁹ Mad. ²⁰ Sleepy eyelids.
²¹ Grinning. ²² Lasses. ²³ Lost. ²⁴ Witch-
ing. ²⁵ Praise.

¹ Bashful.

† An allusion to the unfortunate termination of his courtship with Jean Armour.

⁸ Poverty. ⁹ Drone. ¹⁰ Gadflies. ¹¹ Chosen.

¹² Money-loving. ¹³ Doubt. ¹⁴ Joke. ¹⁵ Blame.

¹⁶ Sorely. ¹⁷ Sprightly girls.

Or haud a yokin' at the pleugh;
And though forfoughten² sair enough,
Yet unco proud to learn:

When first amang the yellow corn
A man I reckon'd was,
And wi' the lave³ ilk merry morn
Could rank my rig and lass,
Still shearing, and clearing,
The tither stookèd raw,
Wi' claivers and haivers⁴
Wearing the day awa'.

Even then, a wish, (I mind its power,)
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast—
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some usefu' plan or beuk could make,
Or sing a sang at least.
The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear,
I turn'd the weeder-clips aside,
And spared the symbol dear:
No nation, no station,
My envy e'er could raise,
A Scot still, but blot still,
I knew nae higher praise.

But still the elements o' sang,
In formless jumble right and wrang,
Wild floated in my brain;
Till on that hairst⁵ I said before,
My partner in the merry core,
She roused the forming strain:
I see her yet, the sonsie quean,⁶
That lighted up my jingle,
Her witching smile, her pauky een,
That gart⁷ my heart-strings tingle!
I frèd, inspirèd,
At every kindling keek,⁸
But bashing and dashing,
I fearèd aye to speak.

Health to the sex! ilk guid chiel⁹ says,
Wi' merry dance in winter-days,
And we to share in common:
The gust o' joy, the balm of woe,
The saul o' life, the heaven below,
Is rapture-giving woman.
Ye surly sumpsh,¹⁰ who hate the name,
Be mindfu' o' your mither:
She, honest woman, may think shame
That ye're connected with her.

Ye're wae¹¹ men, ye're nae men,
That slight the lovely dears;
To shame ye, disclaim ye,
Ilk honest birkie¹² 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;¹³
'Twad please me to the Nine.
I'd be mair vauntie¹⁴ o' my hap,¹⁵
Douce hingin'¹⁶ owre my curple,¹⁷
Than ony ermine ever lap,
Or proud imperial purple.
Fareweel then, lang heal then.
And plenty be your fa',
May losses and crosses
Ne'er at your hallan¹⁸ ca'!

EPISTLE TO WILLIAM CREECH.

William Creech was the publisher of the first Edinburgh edition of the poet's works. He was the most celebrated publisher of his time in Edinburgh; and it was his good fortune to be the medium through which the works of the majority of that band of eminent men who made Edinburgh the head-quarters of literature during the latter half of the eighteenth century, passed to the world. This epistle was written during the poet's Border tour, and while Creech was in London.

AULD chuckie¹ Reekie's² sair distrest
Down droops her ance weel-burnisht
crest,
Nae joy her bonny buskit³ nest
Can yield ava,⁴
Her darling bird that she lo'es best,
Willie's awa'!

O Willie was a witty wight,⁵
And had o' things an unco slight;⁶
Auld Reekie aye he keptit tight,
And trig and braw:
But now they'll busk her like a fright—
Willie's awa'!

The stiffest o' them a' he bow'd;
The bauldest o' them a' he cow'd;

¹¹ Woeful. ¹² Fellow. ¹³ Worn. ¹⁴ Proud.
¹⁵ Covering. ¹⁶ Bravely hanging. ¹⁷ Rump.
¹⁸ Porch.

¹ Literally a hen. ² Edinburgh. ³ Decorated. ⁴ At all. ⁵ Fellow. ⁶ A great knowledge.

² Fatigued. ³ Rest. ⁴ Idle stories and gossip.
⁵ Harvest. ⁶ Comely lass. ⁷ Made. ⁸ Glance.
⁹ Fellow. ¹⁰ Blockheads.

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,⁸ and
fools,
Frae colleges and boarding-schools,
May sprout like simmer puddock⁹
stools

In glen or shaw;
He wha could brush them down to
mools¹⁰—
Willie's awa'!

The brethren o' the Commerce-Chau-
mer* [our;
May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clam-
He was a dictionar and grammar
Amang them a';
I fear they'll now mak mony a stam-
mer¹¹—
Willie's awa'!

Nae mair we see his levee door
Philosophers and poets pour,
And toothy critics by the score,
In bloody raw!
The adjutant o' a' the core
Willie's awa'!

Now worthy Gregory's † Latin face,
Tyler's ‡ and Greenfield's § modest
grace,
Mackenzie, || Stewart, ¶ sic a brace
As Rome ne'er saw;
They a' maun¹² meet some ither place—
Willie's awa'!

Poor Burns—e'en Scotch drink canna
quicken, [en,
He cheeps¹³ like some bewilder'd chick-
Scared frae its minnie¹⁴ and the cleck-
in¹⁵
By hoodie-craw,
Grief's gien his heart an uncō kickin'—
Willie's awa'!

⁷ Fellow. ⁸ Simpletons, sluts—gowk means literally cuckoo, also a fool. ⁹ Toad. ¹⁰ The dust. ¹¹ Stumble. ¹² Must. ¹³ Chirps. ¹⁴ Mother. ¹⁵ Brood.

* The Chamber of Commerce, of which Creech was secretary.

† Dr. James Gregory.

‡ Tyler of Woodhouselee.

§ Professor of Rhetoric in the University.

|| Henry Mackenzie.

¶ Dugald Stewart.

Now every sour-mou'd gamin' blea-
lum,¹⁶
And Calvin's folk, are fit to fell him;
And self-conceited critic skellum¹⁷
His quill may draw;
He wha could brawlie¹⁸ ward their bel-
lum¹⁹—
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, streekit²⁰ out to bleach
In winter snaw,
When I forget thee, Willie Creech,
Though far awa'!

May never wicked Fortune touzle²¹ him!
May never wicked men bamboozle²²
him!
Until a pow²³ as auld's Methusalem
He canty²⁴ claw!
Then to the blessed New Jerusalem,
Fleet wing awa'!

EPISTLE TO HUGH PARKER.

Mr. Hugh Parker was a Kilmarnock merchant, and an early friend and admirer of the poet's.

In this strange land, this uncouth
clime,
A land unknown to prose or rhyme;
Where words ne'er crost the muse's
heckles,*
Nor limpet¹ in poetic shackles;
A land that Prose did never view it,
Except when drunk he stachert²
through it;
Here, ambush'd by the chimla cheek,³
Hid in an atmosphere of reek,⁴
I hear a wheel thrum i' the neuk,⁵
I hear it—for in vain I leuk.

¹⁶ Talking fellow. ¹⁷ A term of contempt.
¹⁸ Easily. ¹⁹ Attacks. ²⁰ Stretched. ²¹ Teaze.
²² Bother. ²³ Head. ²⁴ Cheerful.

¹ Limped. ² Staggered. ³ Chimney corner.
⁴ Smoke. ⁵ Corner.

* A series of sharp-pointed spikes through which flax is drawn in dressing it for manufacture. Its application here is obvious.

The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel,
 Enhuskèd 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 kenn'd face but Jenny Ged-
 des.†

Jenny, my Pegasean pride!
 Dowie⁶ she saunters down Nithside,
 And aye a westlin leuk she throws,
 While tears hap' o'er her auld brown
 nose!

Was it for this wi' canny⁸ care,
 Thou bure the bard through many a
 shire?

At howes⁹ or hillocks never stumbled,
 And late or early never grumbled?
 Oh, had I power like inclination,
 I'd heeze¹⁰ 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-mor-
 row,

Down the zodiac urge the race,
 And cast dirt on his godship's face;
 For I could lay my bread and kail
 He'd ne'er cast saut upo' thy tail.
 Wi' a' this care and a' this grief,
 And sma,' sma' prospect of relief,
 And nought but peet-reek i' my head,
 How can I write what ye can read?
 Torbolton, twenty-fourth o' June,
 Ye'll find me in a better tune:
 But till we meet and weet¹¹ our whistle,
 Tak this excuse for nae epistle.

ROBERT BURNS.

FIRST EPISTLE TO R. GRAHAM, ESQ., OF FINTRY.

Robert Graham of Fintry was a Commis-
 sioner of Excise.

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

Then first she calls the useful many
 forth; [worth:
 Plain plodding industry and sober
 Thence peasants, farmers, native sons
 of earth, [their birth:
 And merchandise' whole genus take
 Each prudent cit a warm existence
 finds, [kinds.
 And all mechanics' many -apron'd
 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, [flow,
 The martial phosphorus is taught to
 She kneads the lumpish philosophic
 dough, [grave designs,
 Then marks th' unyielding mass with
 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, pronounced 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 conscious glee
 (Nature may have her whim as well as
 we, [show it)

Her Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to
 She forms the thing, and christens it—
 a Poet, [and sorrow,

Creature, though oft the prey of care
 When blest to-day, unmindful of to-
 morrow.

A being form'd t' amuse his graver
 friends,

Admired and praised—and there the
 homage ends:

Amortal 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,

⁶ Sadly. ⁷ Hop. ⁸ Gentle. ⁹ Hollows. ¹⁰
 Eaise. ¹¹ Wet.

† The poet's mare.

She laugh'd at first, then felt for her
 poor work. [kind,
 Pitying the propless climber of man-
 She cast about a standard tree to find,
 And, to support his helpless woodbine
 state, [great,
 Attach'd him to the generous truly
 A title, and the only one I claim,
 To lay strong hold for help on boun-
 teous Graham.

Pity the tuneful Muses' hapless tram,
 Weak, timid landsmen on life's stormy
 main! [stuff,
 Their hearts no selfish stern, absorbent
 That never gives—though humbly
 takes enough; [soon,
 The little fate allows, they share as
 Unlike sage, proverb'd, wisdom's hard-
 wrung boon. [depend,
 The world were blest did bliss on them
 Ah, that "the friendly e'er should
 want a friend!" [son,
 Let prudence number o'er each sturdy
 Who life, and wisdom at one race be-
 gun, [rule,
 Who feel by reason and who give by
 (Instinct's a brute, and sentiment a
 fool!) [should—
 Who make poor *will do* wait upon *I*
 We own they're prudent, but who feels
 they're good? [eye!
 Ye wise ones, hence! ye hurt the social
 God's image rudely etch'd on base
 alloy!

But come, ye who the godlike, pleasure
 know, [bestow!
 Heaven's attribute distinguish'd— to
 Whose arms of love would grasp the
 human race [tier's grace;
 Come thou who givest with all a cour
 Friend of my life, true patron of my
 rhymes! [times
 Prop of my dearest hopes for future
 Why shrinks my soul half-blushing,
 half-afraid, [aid?
 Backward, abash'd to ask thy friendly
 I know my need, I know thy giving
 hand, [mand,
 I crave thy friendship at thy kind com-
 But there are such who court the tune-
 ful Nine— [be mine!
 Heavens! should the branded character
 Whose verse in manhood's pride
 sublimely flows,

Yet vilest reptiles in their begging
 prose.
 Mark, how their lofty, independent
 spirit [merit!
 Soars on the spurning wing of injured
 Seek not the proofs in private life to
 find; [wind!
 Pity the best of words should be but
 So to heaven's gate the lark's shrill
 song ascends,
 But grovelling on the earth the carol
 ends.

In all the clam'rous cry of starving
 want, [front,
 They dun benevolence with shameless
 Oblige them, patronise their tinsel lays,
 They persecute you all your future
 days! [stain,
 Ere my poor soul such deep damnation
 My horny fist assume the plough again,
 The piebald jacket let me patch once
 more; [fore,
 On eighteenpence a week I've lived be-
 Though, thanks to Heaven, I dare even
 that last shift! [gift;
 I trust, meantime, my boon is in thy
 That, placed by thee upon the wish'd
 for height, [sight,
 Where man and nature fairer in her
 My Muse may imp her wing for some
 sublimer flight.

EPISTLE TO JAMES TAIT OF GLENCONNER.

AULD comrade dear, and brither sinner,
 How's a' the folk about Glenconner?
 How do ye this blae eastlin' win',
 That's like to blaw a body blin'?
 For me, my faculties are frozen,
 My dearest member nearly dozen,¹
 I've sent you here, by Johnnie Simson,
 Twa sage philosophers to glimpse on!
 Smith, wi' his sympathetic feeling,
 And Reid, to common sense appealing.
 Philosophers have fought an wrangled,
 And meikle Greek and Latin mangled,
 Till wi' their logic-jargon tired,
 And in the depth of science mired,
 To common sense they now appeal,
 What wives and wabsters² see and feel.
 But, hark, ye, frien'! I charge you
 strictly,

¹ Numbed. ² Weavers.

Peruse them, and return them quickly,
 For now I'm grown sae cursèd douce³
 I pray and ponder butt the house;
 My shins, my lane,⁴ I there sit roastin',
 Perusing Bunyan, Brown and Boston;
 Till by and by, if I haud on,
 I'll grunt a real gospel-groan:
 Already I begin to try it,
 To cast my een up like a pyet,⁵
 When by the gun she tumbles o'er,
 Fluttering and gasping in her gore:
 Sae shortly you shall see me bright,
 A burning and a shining light.

My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen,
 The ace and wale⁶ 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,
 And views beyond the grave comfort
 him,
 His worthy family, far and near,
 God bless them a' wi' grace and gear!

My auld schoolfellow, preacher Willie,
 The manly tar, my mason Billie,
 And Auchtenbay, 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!
 And no forgetting Wabster Charlie,
 I'm tauld he offers very fairly.
 And, Lord, remember singing Sannock
 Wi' hale-breeks,⁷ saxpence, and a ban-
 nock.⁸
 And next my auld acquaintance, Nan,
 Since she is fitted to her fancy;
 And her kind stars hae airted⁹ till her
 A good chiel wi' a pickle siller.¹⁰
 My kindest, best respects I sen' it,
 To cousin Kate and sister Janet; [tious,
 Tell them, frae me, wi' chieils¹¹ be cau-
 For, faith, they'll aiblins¹² fin' them
 fashious;¹³

To grant a heart is fairly civil,
 But to grant a maidenhead's the devil.
 And lastly, Jamie, for yoursel,
 May guardian angels tak a spell,
 And steer you seven miles south o' hell:
 But first, before you see heaven's glory,
 May ye get mony a merry story,

³ Serious. ⁴ By myself. ⁵ Magpie. ⁶ Choice. ⁷ Whole breeches. ⁸ Oat cake. ⁹ Directed. ¹⁰ Some money. ¹¹ Fellows. ¹² Perhaps. ¹³ Troublesome.

Mony a laugh, and mony a drink,
 And aye enough o' needfu' clink.¹⁴

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

ROB THE RANTER.

EPISTLE TO DR. BLACKLOCK, IN ANSWER TO A LETTER.

Dr. Blacklock, the blind poet, had been educated for the Church, but in consequence of his blindness was disappointed of a charge. He kept a boarding-school for young men attending college. He was much respected by the literati of the town; but, what is more important, it was his letter to Mr. Georgie Lawrie of Kilmarnock, the friend of Burns, which fired the poet's ambition, and induced his visit to Edinburgh, and the abandonment of his projected departure for the West Indies.

ELLISLAND, *October 21, 1789.*

Wow, but your letter made me vaunt-
 tie!¹
 And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie?²
 I kenn'd it still your wee bit jauntie
 Wad bring you to:
 Lord send you aye as weel's I want ye,
 And then ye'll do.

The ill-thief blaw the Heron* south!
 And never drink be near his drouth!³
 He tauld mysel, by word o' mouth,
 He'd tak my letter;
 I lippen'd⁴ to the chiel in trouth⁵
 And bade⁶ nae better.

But aiblins honest Master Heron
 Had at the time some dainty fair one
 To ware⁷ his theologic care on,
 And holy study;
 And tired o' sauls to waste his lear⁸ on,
 E'en tried the body.

But what d'ye think, my trusty fier,⁹
 I'm turn'd a gauger¹⁰—Peace be here!

¹⁴ Money.

¹ Proud. ² Cheerful. ³ Thirst. ⁴ Trusted. ⁵ A petty oath. ⁶ Deserved. ⁷ Spend. ⁸ Learning. ⁹ Friend. ¹⁰ Exciseman. ¹¹ Heron, author of a History of Scotland published in 1800; and, among various other works, of a respectable life of our poet himself.—CURRIE.

Parnassian queans,¹¹ I fear, I fear,
 Ye'll now disdain me!
 And then my fifty pounds a year
 Will little gain me.

Ye glaikit,¹² gleesome, dainty damies,
 Wha, by Castalia's wimplin' streamies,
 Lowp,¹³ 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'
 duddies¹⁴ [is

Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud
 I needna vaunt,¹⁵
 But I'll sned besoms¹⁶ thraw saugh
 woodies,¹⁷

Before they want.

Lord, help me through this world o'
 care!

I'm weary sick o't late and air;¹⁸
 Not but I hae a richer share

Than mony ithers;

But why should ae man better fare,
 And a' men brithers?

Come, firm Resolve, take thou the van,
 Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man![†]
 And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
 A lady fair.

Wha does the utmost that he can,
 Will whiles¹⁹ do mair.

conclude my silly rhyme,
 (I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time,
 To make a happy fire-side clime.

To weans²⁰ and wife;

That's the true pathos and sublime
 Of human life.

My compliments to sister Beckie;
 And eke the same to honest Lucky,

I wat she is a dainty chuckie, †
 As e'er tread clay!
 And gratefully, my guid auld cockie §
 I'm yours for aye.

ROBERT BURNS.

SECOND EPISTLE TO
 ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ., OF
 FINTRY,

ON THE CLOSE OF THE DISPUTED ELEC-
 TION BETWEEN SIR JAMES JOHNSTON
 AND CAPTAIN MILLER, FOR THE
 DUMFRIES DISTRICT OF BOROUGH.

FINTRY, my stay in wordly strife,
 Friend o' my Muse, friend o' my life,
 Are ye as idle's I am?
 Come then, wi' uncouth, kintra fleg,¹
 O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg,
 And ye shall see me try him.

I'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig* bears,
 Wha left the all important cares
 Of princes and their darlin's:
 And, bent on winning borough touns,
 Came shaking hands wi' wabster louns,
 And kissing barefit carlins²

Combustion through our boroughs rode,
 Whistling his roaring pack abroad,
 Of mad, unmuzzled lions;
 As Queensberry "buff and blue"
 unfurl'd,
 And Westerha † Hopetoun hurl'd
 To every Whig defiance.

But cautious Queensberry left the war,
 The unmanner'd dust might soil his
 star;

Besides, he hated bleeding:
 But left behind him heroes bright,
 Heroes in Cæsarean fight,
 Or Ciceronian pleading

¹¹ Lassés. ¹² Foolish ¹³ Jump. ¹⁴ Rags
 o' clothing. ¹⁵ Boast. ¹⁶ Cut brooms. ¹⁷
 Twist willow withes. ¹⁸ Early. ¹⁹ Some-
 times. ²⁰ Children.

† The male hemp—that which bears the
 seed. "Ye have a stalk o' carl-hemp in you,"
 is a Scotch remark, and means that a man has
 more stamina in him than ordinary.

¹ Country kick. ² Barefooted women.

† Chuckie—literally, hen. Often used as a
 familiar term of endearment in speaking of a
 female.

§ Cockie—literally, cock. Used in the same
 way as chuckie.

* The fourth Duke of Queensberry, of in-
 famous memory.

† Sir James Johnston, the Tory candidate.

Oh, for a throat like huge Mons-Meg,
To muster o'er each ardent Whig
Beneath Drumlanrig's banners,
Heroes and heroines commix,
All in the field of politics,
To win immortal honours.

M'Murdo† and his lovely spouse
(Th' enamour'd laurels kiss her brows) |
Led on the Loves and Graces:
She won each gaping burgess' heart,
While he, all conquering, play'd his
part
Among their wives and lasses.

Craigdarroch§ led a light-arm'd corps;
Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour,
Like Hecla streaming thunder:
Glenriddel, || skill'd in rusty coins,
Blew up each Tory's dark designs,
And bared the treason under.

In either wing two champions fought,
Redoubt'd Staig, ¶ who set at nought
The wildest savage Tory;
And Welsh,** who ne'er yet flinch'd
his ground,
High-waved his magnum-bonum round
With Cyclopean fury.

Miller brought up the artillery ranks,
The many-pounders of the Banks,
Resistless desolation!
While Maxwelton, that baron bold,
Mid Lawson's †† port trench'd his
hold,
And threaten'd worse damnation.

To these, what Tory hosts opposed;
With these, what Tory warriors closed,
Surpasses my discribing:
Squadrons extended long and large,
With furious speed rush'd to the
charge,
Like raging devils driving.

What verse can sing, what prose
narrate,

† Chamberlain of the Duke of Queensberry
at Drumlanrig, and a friend of the poet's.

§ Fergusson of Craigdarroch.

|| Captain Riddel of Glenriddel, another
friend of the poet's.

¶ Provost Staig of Dumfries.

** Sheriff Welsh.

†† A wine merchant in Dumfries.

The butcher deeds of bloody Fate
Amid this mighty tulzie! ³
Grim Horror griund—pale Terror
roar'd,
As Murther at his thrapple shored, ⁴
And Hell mix'd in the brulzie! ⁵

As Highland crags by thunder cleft,
When lightnings fire the stormy list, ⁶
Hurl down wi' crashing rattle:
As flames among a hundred woods;
As headlong foam a hundred floods;
Such is the rage of battle!

The stubborn Tories dare to die;
As soon the rooted oaks would fly
Before th' approaching fellers:
The Whigs come on like Ocean's roar;
When all his wintry billows pour
Against the Buchan Bulls. ††

Lo, from the shades of Death's deep
night,
Departed Whigs enjoy the fight,
And think on former daring:
The muffled murtherer of Charles §§
The Magna-Charta flag unfurls,
All deadly gules its bearing.

Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fame,
Bold Scringgeour || follows gallant
Grahame, ¶¶
Auld Covenanters shiver.
(Forgive, forgive, much-wrong'd Mon-
trose!
While death and hell engulf thy foes,
Thou liv'st on high forever!)

Still o'er the field the combat burns,
The Tories, Whigs, give way by turns;
But Fate the word has spoken;
For woman's wit and strength o' man,
Alas! can do but what they can—
The Tory ranks are broken!

Oh that my een were flowing burns!

³ Conflict. ⁴ Threatened. ⁵ Broil. ⁶ Fir-
mament.

†† The "Bulls of Buchan" is an appella-
tion given to a tremendous rocky recess on
the Aberdeenshire coast, near Peterhead—
having an opening to the sea, while the top is
open. The sea, constantly raging in it, gives
it the appearance of a pot or boiler, and hence
the name.

§§ The executioner of Charles I. was
masked.

|| John Earl of Dundee.

¶¶ The great Marquis of Montrose.

My voice a lioness that mourns
Her darling cub's undoing!
That I might greet, that I might cry,
While Tories fall, while Tories fly,
And furious Whigs pursuing!

What Whig but wails the good Sir
James?

Dear to his country by the names,
Friend, patron, benefactor!
Not Pulteney's wealth can Pulteney
save, [brave!
And Hopetoun falls, the generous
And Stewart,*** bold as Hector.

Thou, Pitt, shalt rue this overthrow,
And Thurlow growl a curse of woe:
And Melville melt in wailing!
Now Fox and Sheridan rejoice!
And Burke shall sing, "O Prince arise!
Thy power is all prevailing."

For your poor friend, the bard afar
He hears, and only hears, the war,
A cool spectator purely;
So when the storm the forest rends,
The robin in the hedge descends,
And sober chirois securely.

Additional verse in Closeourn MS.—

Now for my friends' and brethren's
sakes,
And for my dear-loved Land o' Cakes,
I pray with holy fire:
Lord, send a rough-shod troop o' hell,
O'er a' wad Scotland buy or sell,
To grind them in the mire

THIRD EPISTLE TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ., OF FINTRY

LATE crippled of an arm, and now a
leg.*
about to beg a pass for leave to beg
Dull, listless, teased, dejected, and
depress,

*** Stewart of Hillside.

* Burns wrote to Mrs. Dunlop, on the 7th of February, 1791, "that, by a fall, not from my horse, but with my horse, I have been a cripple for some time, and this is the first day my arm and hand have been able to serve me in writing."

(Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest.)
Will generous Graham list to his
poet's wail? [her tale.)
(It soothes poor Misery, heark'ning to
And hear him curse the light he first
survey'd, [trade!
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming

Thou, Nature! partial Nature! I
arraign:

Of thy caprice maternal I complain.
The lion and the bull thy care have
found,

One shakes the forests; and one spurns
the ground:

Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail
his shell,

Th' evennom'd wasp, victorious, guards
his cell;

Thy minions, kings, defend, control,
devour, [power:

In all th' omnipotence of rule and
Foxes and statesmen subtle wiles
insure; [secure,

The cit and polecat stink, and are
Toads with their poison, doctors with
their drug,

The priest and hedgehog in their robes
are snug;

Even silly woman has her warlike arts,
Her tongue and eyes—her dreaded
spear and darts. [hard,

But, oh! thou bitter stepmother and
To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—
the bard!

A thing unteachable in wordly skill,
And half an idiot, too, more helpless
still; [dun,

No heels to bear him from the opening
No claws to dig, his hated sight to
shun; [worn,

No horns, but those by luckless Hymen
And those, alas! not Amalthea's horn:
No nerves olfactory, Mammon's trusty
cur, [fur:—

Clad in rich Dullness' comfortable
In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
He bears the unbroken blast from
every side [heart,

Vampire booksellers drain him to the
And scorpion critics curseless venom
dart.

Critics!—appall'd I venture on the
name, [of fame:

Those cut-throat bandits in the paths

Bloody dissectors, worse than ten
 Monroes † [expose.
 He hacks to teach, they mangle to
 His heart by causeless wanton malice
 wrung, [stung.
 By blockheads' daring into madness
 His well-won bays, than life itself
 more dear, [sprig must wear.
 By miscreants torn, who ne'er one
 Foil'd, bleeding, tortured, in the
 unequal strife, [life:
 The hapless poet flounders on through
 Till, fled each hope that once his bosom
 fired, [inspired,
 And fled each muse that glorious once
 Low sunk in squalid unprotected age,
 Dead, even resentment, for his injured
 page. [less critic's rage.
 He heeds or feels no more the ruth-
 So, by some hedge, the generous steed
 deceased, [feast,
 For half-starved snarling curs a dainty
 By toil and famine worn to skin and
 bone, [son.
 Lies senseless of each tugging bitch's

O Dullness ! portion of the truly blest !
 Calm'd 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, [not starve.

They only wonder "some folks" do
 The grave sage hern thus easy picks
 his frog, [less dog.

And thinks the mallard a sad worth-
 When disappointment snaps the clue
 of Hope, [darkling grope,

And through disastrous night they
 With deaf endurance sluggishly they
 bear, [fortune's care."

And just conclude that "fools are
 So, heavy, passive to the tempest's
 shocks, [stupid ox.

Strong on the sign-post stands the

Not so the idle Muse's mad-cap train,
 Not such the workings of their moon-
 struck brain !

In equanimity they never dwell,
 By turns in soaring heaven or vaulted
 hell.

I dread thee, Fate, relentless and
 severe, [fear !

With all a poet's, husband's, father's
 Already one stronghold of hope is lost—
 Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust ;

(Fled, like the sun eclipsed as noon
 appears, [tears.)

And left us darkling in a world of
 Oh ! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish
 prayer !— [spare !

Fintry, my other stay, long bless and
 Through a long life his hopes and
 wishes crown, [go down !

And bright in cloudless skies his sun
 May bliss domestic smooth his private
 path, [latest breath,

Give energy to life, and soothe his
 With many a filial tear circling the bed
 of death !

FOURTH EPISTLE TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ., OF FINTRY.

The following verses were written in ac-
 knowledge of the favour the previous
 epistle prayed for.

I CALL no goddess to inspire my strains,
 A fabled Muse may suit a bard that
 feigns; [burns,

Friend of my life ! my ardent spirit
 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 ! [night;

And all ye many sparkling stars of
 If aught that giver from my mind
 efface;

If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace;
 Then roll to me along your wandering
 spheres,

Only to number out a villain's years !

† The allusion here is to Alexander Munro, the distinguished Professor of Anatomy in the University of Edinburgh in Burns' day.

EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, ETC.

THOUGH FICKLE FORTUNE HAS DECEIVED ME.

"The following," says Burns, "was written extempore, under the pressure of a heavy train of misfortunes, which, indeed, threatened to undo me altogether. It was just at the close of that dreadful period mentioned already (in *Commonplace-book*, March, 1784); and though the weather has brightened up a little with me since, yet there has always been a tempest brewing round me in the grim sky of futurity, which I pretty plainly see will, some time or other, perhaps ere long, overwhelm me, and drive me into some doleful dell, to pine in solitary, squalid wretchedness."

THOUGH fickle Fortune has deceived
me, [ill;

She promised fair and perform'd but
Of mistress, friends, and wealth be-
reaved me, [still.

Yet I bear a heart shall support me

I'll act with prudence as far's I'm able,

But if success I must never find,

Then come, Misfortune, I bid thee wel-
come. [mind.

I'll meet thee with an undaunted

ON JOHN DOVE, INNKEEPER, MAUCHLINE.

HERE lies Johnny Pigeon;

What was his religion?

Whae'er desires to ken,¹
To some other warl'

Maun follow the carl,²

For here Johnny Pigeon had nanel

¹ Know. ² Old man.

Strong ale was ablution—

Small beer persecution,

A dram was *memento mori*;

But a full flowing bowl

Was the saving his soul,

And port was celestial glory.

TO A PAINTER.

While in Edinburgh, the poet paid a visit to the studio of a well-known painter, whom he found at work on a picture of Jacob's Dream; and having looked at the sketch for a little, he wrote the following verses on the back of it:—

DEAR —, I'll gie ye some advice,

You'll tak it no uncivil:

You shouldna paint at angels mair,

But try to paint the devil.

To paint an angel's kittle wark,

Wi' auld Nick there's less danger;

You'll easy draw a weel-kent face,

But no sae weel a stranger.

R. B.

EPITAPH ON THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

The following lines were inscribed on a small headstone erected over the grave of the poet's father, in Alloway Kirkyard:—

O YE whose cheek the tear of pity
stains; [attend!

Draw near with pious reverence, and

Here lie the loving husband's dear re-
mains. [friend-

The tender father, and the generous

The pitying heart that felt for human
 woe; [human pride;
 The dauntless heart that fear'd no
 The friend of man, to vice alone a foe:
 'For even his failings lean'd to vir-
 tue's side.'*

A FAREWELL.

These lines form the conclusion of a letter
 from Burns to Mr. John Kennedy, dated
 Kilmarnock, August, 1786.

FAREWELL, *dear friend!* may guid
 luck hit you,
 And, 'mang her favourites admit you!
 If e'er Detraction shone to smite you,
 May nane believe him!
 And ony deil that thinks to get you,
 Good Lord deceive him.

ON A WAG IN MAUCLINE.

The wag here meant was James Smith, the
 James Smith of the epistle commencing
 "Dear Smith, the sleest, pawkie thief."

LAMENT him, Mauchline husbands a',
 He aften did assist ye;
 For had ye staid whole years awa',
 Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye.
 Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye pass
 To school in bands thegither,
 Oh, tread ye lightly on his grass—
 Perhaps he was your father.

POETICAL REPLY TO AN INVI-
TATION.

MOSSGIEL, 1786.

SIR,
 Yours this moment I unseal,
 And faith, I am gay and hearty!
 To tell the truth and shame the deil,
 I am as fou as Bartie:†
 But foorsday, sir, my promise leal,
 Expect me o' your party,
 If on a beastie I can speel,
 Or hurl in a cartie.—R. B.

TO A YOUNG LADY IN A
CHURCH.

During the poet's Border tour, he went to
 church one Sunday, accompanied by Miss

* Goldsmith.

† A proverbial saying, which may be inter-
 preted by a line of an old song:—

"I'm no just fou, but I'm gayley yet."

Ainslie, the sister of his traveling compan-
 ion. The text for the day happened to con-
 tain a severe denunciation of obstinate sin-
 ners: and Burns, observing the young lady
 intently turning over the leaves of her Bible
 in search of the passage, took out a small
 piece of paper, and wrote the following
 lines upon it, which he immediately passed
 to her:—

FAIR maid, you need not take the hint,
 Nor idle texts pursue;
 'Twas *guilty sinners* that he meant,
 Not *angels* such as you!

VERSES

WRITTEN UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF
 FERGUSSON, THE POET, IN A COPY OF
 THAT AUTHOR'S WORKS PRESENTED
 TO A YOUNG LADY IN EDINBURGH,
 MARCH, 17, 1787.

CURSE on ungrateful man, that can be
 pleased, [pleasure!
 And yet can starve the author of the
 O thou, my elder brother in misfortune,
 By far my elder brother in the Musés,
 With tears I pity thy unhappy fate!
 Why is the bard unpitied by the world,
 Yet hasso keen a relish of its pleasures!

ON THE ILLNESS OF A FAVOUR-
ITE CHILD.

Now health forsakes that angel face,
 Nae mair my dearie smiles;
 Pale sickness withers ilka grace,
 And a' my hopes beguiles.

The cruel Powers reject the prayer
 I hourly mak for thee!
 Ye heavens, how great is my despair,
 How can I see him die!

EXTEMPORE ON TWO LAWYERS.

During Burns' first sojourn in Edinburgh, in
 1787, he paid a visit to the Parliament
 House, and the result was two well-drawn
 sketches of the leading counsel of the day—
 the Lord Advocate, Mr. Hay Campbell
 (afterwards Lord President), and the Dean
 of Faculty, Harry Erskine.

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 gapèd for 't, he grapèd² for 't,
He found it was awa', man;
But what his common sense cam short,
He kèd out wi' law, man.

DEAN OF FACULTY.

Collected Harry stood a wee,
Then open'd out his arm, man;
His lordship sat wi' ruefu' ee,
And eyed the gathering storm, man:
Like wind-driven hail, it did assail,
Or torrents owre a linn, man;
The Bench sae wise, lift up their eyes,
Half-waken'd wi' the din, man.

THE HIGHLAND WELCOME.

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.

EXTEMPORE ON WILLIAM
SMELLIE,

AUTHOR OF THE "PHILOSOPHY OF
NATURAL HISTORY," AND MEMBER
OF THE ANTIQUARIAN AND ROYAL
SOCIETIES OF EDINBURGH.

Smellie belonged to a club called the Crochallan Fencibles, of which Burns was a member.

SHREWD Willie Smellie to Crochallan
came, [the same;
The old cock'd hat, the gray surtout,
His bristling beard just rising in its
might, [shaving night;
'Twas four long nights and days to
His uncomb'd grizzly locks wild star-
ing, thatch'd [unmatch'd:
A head for thought profound and clear
Yet though his caustic wit was biting,
rude, [good.
His heart was warm, benevolent, and

VERSES WRITTEN ON A
WINDOW OF THE INN
AT CARRON.

The following lines were written on being refused admittance to the Carron iron-works:—

WE cam na here to view your warks
In hopes to be mair wise,
But only lest we gang to hell,
It may be nae surprise:

But when we tirl'd at your door,
Your porter dought na hear us;
Sae may, should we to hell's yetts come
Your billy Satan sair us!

LINES ON VIEWING STIRLING
PALACE.

The following lines were scratched with a diamond on a pane of glass in a window of the Inn at which Burns put up, on the occasion of his first visit to Stirling. They were quoted to his prejudice at the time, and no doubt did him no good with those who could best serve his interests. On his next visit to Stirling, he smashed the pane with the butt-end of his riding whip:—

HERE Stuarts once in glory reign'd,
And laws for Scotland's weal ordain'd;
But now unroof'd their palace stands,
Their sceptre's sway'd by other hands;
The injured Stuart line is gone,
A race outlandish fills their throne—
An idiot race, to honour lost: [most.
Who know them best despise them

THE REPROOF.

RASH mortal, and slanderous poet, thy
name [of fame;
Shall no longer appear in the records
Dost not know, that old Mansfield,
who writes like the Bible,
Says, 'The more 'tis a truth, sir, the
more 'tis a libel?

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER THE PICTURE OF THE
CELEBRATED MISS BURNS.

CEASE, ye prudes, your envious railing,
Lovely Burns has charms—confess.
True it is, she had one failing—
Had a woman ever less?

¹ Lost. ² Groped.

ON INCIVILITY SHOWN TO HIM
AT INVERARY.

The poet having halted at Inverary during his first Highland tour, put up at the inn; but on finding himself neglected by the landlord, whose house was filled with visitors to the Duke of Argyle, he resented the incivility in the following lines:—

WHOE'ER he be that sojourns here,
I pity much his case,
Unless he come to wait upon
The lord their god, his Grace.

There's nathing here but Highland
pride,
And Highland cauld and hunger;
If Providence has sent me here,
'Twas surely in His anger.

ON A SCHOOLMASTER.

HERE lie Willie Michie's banes;
O Satan, when ye tak him,
Gie him the schoolin' o' your weans,
For clever deils he 'll mak 'em!

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO THE LANDLADY OF THE
INN AT ROSSLYN.

My blessings on you, sonsie wife;
I ne'er was here before; [knife,
You've gien us walth for horn and
Nae heart could wish for more.

Heaven keep you free frae care and
strife,
Till far ayont fourscore;
And, while I toddle on through life,
I'll ne'er gang by your door.

INNOCENCE.

Innocence
Looks gayly-smiling on; while rosy
Pleasure [wreath,
Hides young Desire amid her flowery
And pours her cup luxuriant; mantling
high [and Bliss!
The sparkling heavenly vintage—Love

ON ELPHINSTONE'S TRANSLA-
TION OF MARTIAL'S "EPI-
GRAMS."

"Stopping at a merchant's shop in Edinburgh," says Burns, "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— [ther!"]
'Twas laurell'd Martial roaring, "Mur-

LINES

WRITTEN ON A PANE OF GLASS IN
THE INN AT MOFFAT.

While Burns was in the inn at Moffat one day, the "charming, lovely Davies" of one of his songs happened to pass, accompanied by a tall and portly lady; and on a friend asking him why God had made Miss Davies so small and the other lady so large, he replied:—

ASK why God made the gem so small,
And why so huge the granite?
Because God meant mankind should set
The higher value on it.

LINES

SPOKEN EXTEMPORE ON BEING AP-
POINTED TO THE EXCISE.

SEARCHING auld wives' barrels,
Och, hon! the day! [laurels;
That clarty barm should stain my
But—what'll ye say? [weans
These movin' things ca'd wives and
Wad move the very hearts o' stanes!

EPITAPH ON W——.

STOP, thief! Dame Nature cried to
Death,
As Willie drew his latest breath;
You have my choicest model ta'en,
How shall I make a fool again?

ON A PERSON NICKNAMED THE
MARQUIS.

The person who bore this name was the land-

lord of a tavern in Dumfries frequented by Burns. In a moment of weakness he asked the poet to write his epitaph, which he immediately did, in a style not at all to the taste of the Marquis.

HERE lies a mock Marquis, whose
titles were sham'm'd;
If ever he rise—it will be to be damn'd.

TO JOHN M'MURDO, ESQ.

John M'Murdo was steward to the Duke of Queensberry, and the faithful friend of Burns during the whole period of his residence in Nithsdale.

OH could I give thee India's wealth
As I this trifle send!
Because thy joy in both would be
To share them with a friend.

But golden sands did never grace
The Heliconian stream;
Then take what gold could never buy—
An honest bard's esteem.

TO THE SAME.

BLEST be M'Murdo to his latest day!
No envious cloud o'ercast his evening
ray; [Care,
No wrinkle furrow'd by the hand of
Nor ever sorrow add one silver hair!
Oh, may no son the father's honour
stain, [pain!
Nor ever daughter give the mother

ON CAPTAIN FRANCIS GROSE.

One night at table, when the wine had circulated pretty freely, and
"The mirth and fun grew fast and
furious,"
Captain Grose, it is said, amused with the sallies of the poet, requested a couplet on himself. Having eyed the copulent antiquary for a little, Burns repeated the following:—

THE devil got notice that Grose was
a-dying, [came flying;
So whip at the summons old Satan
But when he approach'd where poor
Francis lay moaning, [a-groaning,
And saw each bedpost with its burden
Astonish'd, confounded, cried Satan,
"By God! [nable load!"
I'll want 'im, ere I take such a dam-

ON GRIZZEL GRIM.

HERE lies with Death auld Grizzel
Grim,
Lincluden's ugly witch;
O Death, how horrid is thy taste
To lie with such a bitch!

ON MR. BURTON.

Burns having on one occasion met a young Englishman of the name of Burton, he became very importunate that the poet should compose an epitaph for him. "In vain," says Cunningham, "the bard objected that he was not sufficiently acquainted with his character and habits to qualify him for the task; the request was constantly repeated with a "Dem my eyes, Burns, do write an epitaph for me; oh, dem my blood, do, Burns, write an epitaph for me." Overcome by his importunity, Burns at last took out his pencil and produced the following:—

HERE cursing, swearing Burton lies,
A buck, a beau, or Dem my eyes!
Who in his life did little good; [blood!
And his last words were—Dem my

POETICAL REPLY TO AN INVITATION.

THE king's most humble servant, I
Can scarcely spare a minute;
But I'll be wi' you by and by,
Or else the devil's in it.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE STAR.

"Burns at one period," says Cunningham, "was in the habit of receiving the *Star* newspaper gratuitously; but as it came somewhat irregularly to hand, he sent the following lines to head-quarters, to insure more punctuality:—

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

ON BURNS' HORSE BEING IMPOUNDED.

WAS e'er puir poet sae befitted, [ted?
The maister drunk—the horse commit-

Puir harmless beast ! tak thee nae care,
Thou'lt be a horse when he's nae mair
(*may'r.*)

LINES

SENT TO A GENTLEMAN WHOM HE HAD
OFFENDED.

THE friend whom wild from wisdom's
way

The fumes of wine infuriate send;
(Not moony madness more astray;)
Who but deplores that hapless
friend?

Mine was the insensate frenzied part !
Ah ! why should I such scenes out-
live !

Scenes so abhorrent to my heart !
'Tis thine to pity and forgive.

VERSES TO JOHN RANKINE,

ON HIS WRITING TO THE POET THAT A
GIRL IN THAT PART OF THE COUNTRY
WAS WITH CHILD BY HIM.

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

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

ON SEEING MISS FONTENELLE
IN A FAVOURITE CHARACTER.

SWEET *naïveté* of feature,
Simple, wild, enchanting elf,
Not to thee, but thanks to Nature,
Thou art acting but thyself.

Wert thou awkward, stiff, affected,
Spurning nature, torturing art;
Loves and graces all rejected,
Then indeed thou'dst act a part.

ON GABRIEL RICHARDSON,
BREWER, DUMFRIES.

HERE brewer Gabriel's fire's extinct,
And empty all his barrels:
He's blest—if, as he brew'd, he drink—
In upright honest morals.

THE BLACK-HEADED EAGLE:

A FRAGMENT ON THE DEFEAT OF THE
AUSTRIANS BY DUMOURIER, AT GEM-
APPE, NOVEMBER, 1792.

THE black-headed eagle,
As keen as a beagle,
He hunted owre height and owre howe;
But fell in a trap
On the braes of Gemappe,
E'en let him come out as he dowe.

ON A SHEEP'S-HEAD.

Having been dining at the Globe Tavern,
Dumfries, on one occasion when a sheep's-
head happened to be the fare provided, he
was asked to give something new as a
grace, and instantly replied :—

O LORD, when hunger pinches sore,
Do Thou stand us in stead,
And send us from Thy bounteous store
A tup or wether head !—Amen.

After having dined, and greatly enjoyed this
dainty, he was again asked to return thanks,
when, without a moment's premeditation,
he at once said :—

O Lord, since we have feasted thus,
Which we so little merit,
Let Meg now take away the flesh,
And Jock bring in the spirit !—Amen.

ON THE DEATH OF A LAP-DOG
NAMED ECHO.

IN wood and wild, ye warbling throng,
Your heavy loss deplore;
Now half-extinct your powers of song,
Sweet Echo is no more.

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

ON SEEING THE BEAUTIFUL
SEAT OF LORD GALLOWAY.

This and the three following verses were written as political squibs during the heat of a contested election:—

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,
Through many a far-famed sire !
So ran the far-famed Roman way,
So ended—in a mire !

TO THE SAME.

ON THE AUTHOR'S 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.

HOWLET FACE.

One of the Lords of Justiciary, says a correspondent of Mr. Chambers', while on circuit at Dumfries, had dined one day at Mr. Miller's of Dalswinton; and having, according to the custom of the time, taken wine to such an extent as to affect his sight, said to his host, on entering the drawing-room, and at the same time pointing to one of his daughters, who was thought an uncommonly handsome woman, "Wha's you howlet-faced thing in the corner?" The circumstance having been related to Burns, who happened to dine there next day, he took out his pencil and wrote the following lines, which he handed to Miss Miller:—

How daur ye ca' me howlet-faced,
Ye ugly glowering spectre ?
My face was but the keekin' glass,
And there ye saw your picture!

THE BOOK-WORMS.

Having been shown into a magnificent library, while on a visit to a nobleman, and observing a splendidly-bound, but uncut and worm-eaten, copy of Shakespeare on the table, the poet left the following lines in the volume:—

THROUGH and through the inspired
leaves,
Ye maggots, make your windings;
But, oh, respect his lordship's taste,
And spare the golden bindings!

EPIGRAM ON BACON.

Brownhill was a posting station some fifteen miles from Dumfries. Dining there on one occasion, the poet met a Mr. Ladyman, a commercial traveller, who solicited a sample of his "rhyming ware." At dinner, beans and bacon were served, and the landlord, whose name was Bacon, had, as was his wont, thrust himself somewhat offensively into the company of his guests.

AT Brownhill we always get dainty
good cheer, [year;
And plenty of bacon each day in the
We've all things that's neat, and mostly
in season, [me a year;
But why always BACON?—come, give

THE EPITAPH.

In this stinging epitaph Burns satirizes Mrs. Riddel of Woodley Park. He had taken offence because she seemed to pay more attention to officers in the company than to the poet, who had a supreme contempt for "epauletted puppies," as he delighted to call them.

HERE lies, now a prey to insulting
neglect, [life's beam:
What once was a butterfly, gay in
Want only of wisdom denied her re-
spect, [esteem.
Want only of goodness denied her

ON MRS. KEMBLE.

The poet having witnessed the performance of Mrs. Kemble in the part of Yarico, one night at the Dumfries theatre, seized a piece of paper, wrote these lines with a pencil, and handed them to the lady at the conclusion of the performance:—

KEMBLE, thou curst my unbelief
Of Moses and his rod;
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief
The rock with tears had flow'd.

THE CREED OF POVERTY.

"When the Board of Excise," says Cunningham, "informed Burns that his business was to act, and not think, he read the order to a friend, turned the paper, and wrote as follows:—"

IN politics if thou wouldst mix,
 And mean thy fortunes be;
 Bear this in mind—"Be deaf and blind;
 Let great folks hear and see."

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S POCKET-BOOK.

The following lines indicate how strongly Burns sympathized with the lovers of liberty during the first outbreak of the French Revolution:—

GRANT me, indulgent Heaven, that I
 may live [give;
 To see the miscreants feel the pain they
 Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free
 as air, [which were.
 Till slave and despot be but things

THE PARSON'S LOOKS.

Some one having remarked that he saw falsehood in the very look of a certain reverend gentleman, the poet replied:—

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.

EXTEMPORE,

PINNED TO A LADY'S COACH.

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 be as rotten's her heart.

ON ROBERT RIDDEL.

The poet traced these lines with a diamond on the window of the hermitage of Friars' Carse, the first time he visited it after the death of his friend the Laird of Carse.

To Riddel, much-lamented man,
 This ivied cot was dear;
 Reader, dost value matchless worth?
 This ivied cot revere.

ON EXCISEMEN.

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW IN DUMFRIES.

"One day," says Cunningham, "while in the King's Arms Tavern, Dumfries, Burns overheard a country gentleman talking disparagingly concerning excisemen. The poet went to a window, and on one of the panes wrote this rebuke with his diamond:—"

YE men of wit and wealth, why all
 this sneering [a hearing;
 'Gainst poor excisemen? give the cause
 What are poor landlords' rent-rolls?
 taxing ledgers;
 What premiers—what? even mon-
 archs' mighty gaugers:
 Nay, what are priests, those seeming
 godly wise men? [cise men?
 What are they, pray, but spiritual ex-

VERSES

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE GLOBE TAVERN, DUMFRIES.

THE graybeard, old Wisdom, may
 boast of his treasures,
 Give me with gay Folly to live;
 I grant him calm-blooded, time-settled
 pleasures,
 But Folly has rapture to give.

THE SELKIRK GRACE.

The poet having been on a visit to the Earl of Selkirk at St. Mary's Isle, was asked to say grace at dinner. He repeated the following words, which have since been known in the district as "The Selkirk Grace:—"

SOME hae meat, and canna eat,
 And some wad eat that want it;
 But we hae meat, and we can eat.
 And sae the Lord be thankit.

EPITAPH ON A SUICIDE.

EARTH'D up here lies an imp o' hell,
 Planted by Satan's dibble—
 Poor silly wretch he's damn'd himsel
 To save the Lord the trouble.

TO DR. MAXWELL,

ON MISS JESSIE STAIG'S RECOVERY.

"How do you like the following epigram," says the poet, in a letter to Thomson, "which I wrote the other day on a lovely young girl's recovery from a fever? Doctor

Maxwell was the physician who seemingly saved her from the grave; and to him I address the following:—

MAXWELL, if merit here you crave,
That merit I deny;
You save fair Jessie from the grave?—
An angel could not die.

THE PARVENU.

Burns being present in a company where an ill-educated *parvenu* was boring every one by boasting of the many great people he had lately been visiting, gave vent to his feelings in the following lines:—

No more of your titled acquaintances
boast, [been;
And in what lordly circles you've
An insect is still but an insect at most,
Though it crawl on the head of a
queen!

POETICAL INSCRIPTION

FOR AN ALTAR TO INDEPENDENCE.

The following lines were inscribed on an altar erected at the seat of Heron of Kerrrough-tree. They were written in 1795, when the hopes and triumphs of the French Revolution had made it a fashion to raise altars to Freedom, and plant trees to Liberty.

THOU of an independent mind,
With soul resolved, with soul resign'd;
Prepared 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.

EXTEMPORE TO MR. SYME,

ON REFUSING TO DINE WITH HIM

Dec. 17, 1795.

No more of your guests, be they titled
or not,
And cookery the first in the nation;
Who is proof to thy personal converse
and wit
Is proof to all other temptation.

TO MR. SYME,

WITH A PRESENT OF A DOZEN OF PORTER.

JERUSALEM TAVERN, DUMFRIES.

O! had the malt thy strength of mind,
Or hops the flavour of thy wit,
'Twere drink for first of humankind,
A gift that e'en for Syme were fit.

INSCRIPTION ON A GOBLET.

THERE'S death in the cup—sae beware!
Nay, more—there is danger in touch-
ing;
But wha can avoid the fell snare?
The man and his wine's sae bewitch-
ing!

THE TOAST.

Burns having been called on for a song at a dinner given by the Dumfries Volunteers in honour of the anniversary of Rodney's great victory of the 12th of April, 1782, gave the following lines in reply to the call:—

INSTEAD of a song, boys, I'll give you
a toast—
Here's the memory of those on the
twelfth that we lost!—
That we lost, did I say? nay, by
Heaven, that we found;
For their fame it shall last while the
world goes round.

The next in succession, I'll give you—
The King! [may he swing!
Whoe'er would betray him, on high
And here's the grand fabric, Our free
Constitution, [olution;
As built on the base of the great Rev-
And longer with politics not to be
cramm'd, [damn'd!
Be Anarchy cursed, and be Tyranny
And who would to Liberty e'er prove
disloyal [first trial!
May his son be a hangman, and he his

ON THE POET'S DAUGHTER.

The following lines were written on the loss of an "only daughter and darling chad" of the poet's, who died in the autumn of 1795:—

HERE lies a rose, a budding rose,
Blasted before its bloom:
Whose innocence did sweets disclose
Beyond that flower's perfume.

To those who for her loss are grieved,
This consolation's given—
She's from a world of woe relieved,
And blooms a rose in heaven.

ON A COUNTRY LAIRD.

BLESS the Redeemer, 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 forever!

THE TRUE LOYAL NATIVES.

The origin of these lines is thus related by Cromek:—"When politics ran high the poet happened to be in a tavern, and the following lines—the production of one of 'The True Loyal Natives'—were handed over the table to Burns:—

'Ye sons of sedition, give ear to my song,
Let Syme, Burns, and Maxwell, pervade
every throng; [quack,
With Craiken the attorney, and Mundell the
Send Willie the monger to hell with a smack.'

The poet took out a pencil and instantly wrote this reply:—"

YE true "Loyal Natives" attend to my
song, [long;
In uproar and riot rejoice the night
From envy and hatred your corps is
exempt, [of contempt?
But where is your shield from the darts

EPITAPH ON TAM THE CHAPMAN.

Tam the chapman was a Mr. Kennedy, a travelling agent for a commercial house. The following lines were composed on his recovery from a severe illness:—

As Tam the Chapman on a day
Wi' Death forgather'd by the way,
Weel pleased, he greets a wight¹ sae
famous, [Thomas,
And Death was nae less pleased wi'
Wha cheerfully lays down the pack,
And there blows up a hearty crack;²
His social, friendly, honest heart
Sae tickled Death, they couldna part:

¹ Fellow.

² Gossip.

Sae, after viewing knives and garters,
Death takes him hame to gie him
quarters.

EPITAPH ON ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.

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

ON A FRIEND.

AN honest man here lies at rest,
As e'er God with His image blest!
The friend of man, the friend of truth;
The friend of age, 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, [this.
If there is none, he made the best of

ON GAVIN HAMILTON.

THE poor man weeps—here Gavin
sleeps,
Whom canting wretches blamed:
But with such as he, where'er he be,
May I be saved or damn'd!

ON WEE JOHNNY.

HIC JACET WEE JOHNNY.

John Wilson, the printer of the Kilmarnock edition of the poet's works.

WHOE'ER thou art, O reader, know
That Death has murder'd Johnny!
And here his body lies fu' low—
For saul he ne'er had ony.

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

HERE souter Hood in death does
sleep;—
To hell, if he's gone thither,
Satan, gie him thy gear¹ to keep,
He'll haud² it weel thegither.

¹ Wealth. ² Hold.

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

James Humphrey, a working mason, was the "noisy polemic" of this epitaph. Burns and he frequently disputed on Auld-Light and New-Light topics, and Humphrey, although an illiterate man, not unfrequently had the best of it. He died in great poverty, having solicited charity for some time before his death. We have heard it said that in soliciting charity from the strangers who arrived and departed by the Mauchline coach, he grounded his claims to their kindness on the epitaph—"Please sirs, I'm Burns' bletherin' bitch!"

BELOW thir stanes lie Jamie's banes:
O Death, it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin' bitch
Into thy dark dominion!

ON A NOTED COXCOMB.

LIGHT lay the earth on Billy's breast,
His chicken heart so tender;
But build a castle on his head,
His skull will prop it under.

ON MISS JEAN SCOTT OF
ECCLEFECHAN.

The young lady, the subject of these lines, dwelt in Ayr, and cheered the poet, not only by her sweet looks, but also with her sweet voice.

OH! had each Scot of ancient times
Been, Jeannie Scott, as thou art,
The bravest heart on English ground,
Had yielded like a coward!

ON A HENPECKED COUNTRY
SQUIRE.

As Father Adam first was fool'd,
A case that's still too common,
Here lies a man a woman ruled—
The devil ruled the woman.

ON THE SAME.

O DEATH, hadst thou but spared his
life
Whom we this day lament!
We freely wad exchanged the wife,
And a' been weel content!
E'en as he is, cauld in his graff,
The swap¹ we yet will do't;

¹ Exchange.

Tak thou the carlin's* carcass aff,
Thou'se get the saul to boot.

ON THE SAME.

ONE Queen Artemisia, as old stories tell,
When deprived of her husband she
loved so well,
In respect for the love and affection
he'd show'd her
She reduced him to dust and she drank
up the powder. [complexion,
But Queen Netherplace, of a different
When call'd on to order the funeral
direction,
Would have eat her dead lord, on
a slender pretence,
Not to show her respect, but—to save
the expense!

JOHNNY PEEP.

Burns having been on a visit to a town in Cumberland one day, entered a tavern and opened the door of a room, but on seeing three men sitting, he was about to withdraw, when one of them shouted, "Come in, Johnny Peep." The poet accordingly entered, and soon became the ruling spirit of the party. In the midst of their mirth, it was proposed that each should write a verse of poetry, and place it along with a half-crown, on the table—the best poet to have his half-crown returned, and the other three to be spent in treating the party. It is almost needless to say that the palm of victory was awarded to the following lines by Burns:—

HERE am I, Johnny Peep;
I saw three sheep,
And these three sheep saw me;
Half-a-crown apiece
Will pay for their fleece,
And so Johnny Peep gets free.

THE HENPECKED HUSBAND.

It is said that the wife of a gentleman, at whose table the poet was one day dining, expressed herself with more freedom than propriety regarding her husband's extravagant convivial habits, a rudeness which Burns rebuked in these sharp lines:—

CURSED be the man, the poorest wretch
in life,
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife!

* Carlin—a woman with an evil tongue. In older times used with reference to a woman suspected of having dealings with the devil.

Who has no will but by her high per-
 mission; [session;
 Who has not sixpence but in her pos-
 Who must to her his dear friend's
 secret tell; [than hell!
 Who dreads a curtain-lecture worse
 Were such the wife had fallen to my
 part, [heart;
 I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her
 I'd charm her with the magic of a
 switch, [verse bitch.
 I'd kiss her maids, and kick the per-

ON ANDREW TURNER.

IN se'enteen hunder and forty-nine,
 Satan took stuff to mak a swine,
 And cuist it in a corner;
 But wily he changed his plan,
 And shaped it something like a man,
 And ca'd it Andrew Turner.

A GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

O THOU, who kindly dost provide
 For every creature's want!
 We bless thee, God of nature wide,
 For all thy goodness lent:
 And, if it please thee, heavenly Guide,
 May never worse be sent;
 But, whether granted or denied,
 Lord, bless us with content!—Amen.

ON MR. W. CRUIKSHANK.

One of the masters of the High School, Edin-
 burgh, and a well-known friend of the
 poet's.

HONEST Will's to heaven gane,
 And mony shall lament him;
 His faults they a' in Latin lay,
 In English nane e'er kent them.

ON WAT.

Sic a reptile was Wat,
 Sic a miscreant slave,
 That the very worms damn'd him
 When laid in his grave.
 "In his flesh there's a famine,"
 A starved reptile cries;
 "And his heart is rank poison,"
 Another replies.

ON THE KIRK OF LAMINGTON
 IN CLYDESDALE.

Having been stayed by a storm one Sunday at
 Lamington in Clydesdale, the poet went to
 church; but the day was so cold, the place
 so uncomfortable, and the sermon so poor,
 that he left the following poetic protest
 in the pew:—

As cauld a wind as ever blew,
 A caulder kirk, and in't but few;
 As cauld a minister's e'er spak,
 Ye'se a' be het ere I come back.

A MOTHER'S ADDRESS TO HER
 INFANT.

MY blessin's upon thy sweet wee lippie;
 My blessin's upon thy bonny ee-brie!
 Thy smiles are sae like my blithe sod-
 ger laddie, [me!
 Thou's aye the dearer and dearer to

VERSES

WRITTEN ON A PANE OF GLASS, ON
 THE OCCASION OF A NATIONAL
 THANKSGIVING FOR A NAVAL -VIC-
 TORY.

YE hypocrites! are these your pranks?
 To murder men, and gie God thanks!
 For shame! gie o'er—proceed no fur-
 ther— [ther!
 God won't accept your thanks for mur-

I MURDER hate by field or flood,
 Though 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 pleased to make one more,
 Than be the death of twenty.

MY bottle is my holy pool,
 That heals the wounds o' care and dool;
 And pleasure is a wanton trout,
 An' ye drink it dry, ye'll find him out.

ON JOHN BUSHBY.

Bushby, it seems, was a sharp-witted, clever
 lawyer, who happened to cross the poet's
 path in politics, and was therefore consid-
 ered a fair subject for a lampoon.

HERE lies John Bushby, honest man!
 Cheat him, devil, gin you can.

LINES TO JOHN RANKINE.

These lines were written by Burns while on his death-bed, and forwarded to Rankine immediately after the poet's death.

HE who of Rankine sang lies stiff and dead,
 And a green grassy hillock laps his head;
 Alas! alas! a devilish change indeed!

TO MISS JESSY LEWARS.

During the last illness of the poet," says Cunningham, "Mr. Brown, the surgeon who attended him, came in, and stated that he had been looking at a collection of wild beasts just arrived, and pulling out the list of the animals, held it out to Jessy Lewars. The poet snatched it from him, took up a pen, and with red ink wrote the following on the back of the paper, saying, 'Now 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.

On another occasion, while Miss Lewars was waiting upon him during his illness, he took up a crystal goblet, and writing the following lines on it, presented it to her:—

FILL me with the rosy wine,
 Call a toast—a toast divine;
 Give the poet's darling name,
 Lovely Jessy be the name;
 Then thou mayst freely boast
 Thou hast given a peerless toast.

ON THE SICKNESS OF MISS JESSY LEWARS.

On Miss Lewars complaining of illness in the hearing of the poet, he said he would provide for the worst, and seizing another crystal goblet, he wrote as follows:—

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.

ON THE RECOVERY OF JESSY LEWARS.

On her recovering health, the poet said "There is a poetic reason for it," and composed the following:—

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.

A BOTTLE AND AN HONEST FRIEND.

Some doubt has been expressed by the brother of the poet as to the authenticity of this small piece:—

"There's nane that's blest of humankind
 But the cheerful and the gay, man.
 Fal, la!" &c.

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 of care, man!
 Then catch the moments as they fly,
 And use them as ye ought, man;
 Believe me, Happiness is shy, [man.
 And comes not aye when sought,

GRACE AFTER DINNER.

O THOU, in whom we live and move,
 Who madest 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.

ANOTHER.

LORD, we thank Thee and adore,
 For temp'ral gifts we little merit;
 At present we will ask no more—
 Let William Hyslop give the spirit!

SONGS.

MY HANDSOME NELL.

TUNE—"I am a man unmarried."

Nelly Kilpatrick, the heroine of this song, was the daughter of the village blacksmith, and the poet's first partner in the labours of the harvest-field. She was the "sonsie quean" he sings of, whose "witching smile" first made his heart-strings tingle. "This song," he says, "was the first of my performances, and done at an early period of my life, when my heart glowed with honest, warm simplicity—unacquainted and uncorrupted with the ways of a wicked world. It has many faults; but I remember I composed it in a wild enthusiasm of passion; and to this hour I never recollect it but my heart melts—my blood sallies, at the remembrance."

OH, once I loved a bonny lass,
Aye, and I love her still;
And whilst that virtue warms my breast
I'll love my handsome Nell.

Fal, lal de ral, &c.

As bonny lasses I hae seen,
And mony full as braw;¹
But for a modest, gracefu' mien,
The like I never saw.

A bonny lass, I will confess,
Is pleasant to the ee
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 aye sae clean and neat,
Baith decent and genteel;
And then there's something in her gait
Gars² ony dress look weel.

¹ Well dressed.

² Makes.

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 soull
For absolutely in my breast
She reigns without control.

I DREAM'D I LAY WHERE FLOWERS WERE SPRINGING.

"These two stanzas," says the poet, "which are among the oldest of my printed pieces, I composed when I was seventeen."

I DREAM'D I lay where flowers were
springing
Gayly in the sunny beam,
Listening to the wild birds singing
By a falling crystal stream:
Straight the sky grew black and daring;
Through the woods the whirlwinds
rave;
Trees with agèd arms were warring,
O'er the swelling, drumliq wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
Such the pleasures I enjoy'd;
But lang or¹ noon, loud tempests storm-
ing,
A' my flowery bliss destroy'd. [me,
Though fickle Fortune has deceived
(She promised fair, and perform'd
but ill,)

Of mony a joy and hope bereaved me,
I bear a heart shall support me still.

¹ Ere.

MY NANNIE, O.

TUNE—"My Nannie, O."

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 and shrill:
 The night's baith mirk and rainy, O;
 But I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,
 And owre the hills to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, and
 young,
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:
 May ill befa' the flattering tongue
 That wad beguile my Nannie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 As spotless as she's bonny, O:
 The opening gowan,¹ wat wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
 And few there be that ken me, O;
 But what care I how few they be,
 I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.

My riches a's my penny-fee,²
 And I maun guide it cannie, O;
 But waf's gear³ ne'er troubles me,
 My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view
 His sheep and kye thrive bonny, O;
 But I'm as blithe that hauds his plough,
 And has na care but Nannie, O.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by,
 I'll tak what Heaven will sen' me, O;
 Nae ither care in life have I
 But live and love my Nannie, O!

O TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

TUNE—"Invercauld's Reel."

O TIBBIE, I hae seen the day
 Ye wadna been sae shy;
 For lack o' gear ye lightly¹ me,
 But, trowth, I care na by.

Yestreen I met you on the moor,
 Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure.²
 Ye geck³ at me because I'm poor,
 But feint a hair care I.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
 Because ye hae the name o' clink,⁴
 That ye can please me at a wink
 Whene'er ye like to try.

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean
 Although his pouch o' coin were clean,
 Wha follows ony saucy quean,⁵
 That looks sae proud and high.

Although a lad were e'er sae smart,
 If that he want the yellow dirt
 Ye'll cast yer head anither airt,⁶
 And answer him fu' dry.

But if he hae the name o' gear,⁷
 Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
 Though hardly he, for sense or lear,⁸
 Be better than the kye.⁹

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 wadna gie her in her sark!¹⁰
 For thee, wi' a' thy thousan' mark I
 Ye need na look sae high.

ON CESSNOCK BANKS.

TUNE—"If he be a butcher neat and trim."

ON Cessnock banks there lives a lass,
 Could I describe her shape and mien,
 The graces of her weelfaurd¹ face,
 And the glancing of her sparkling
 een.

She's fresher than the morning dawn,
 When rising Phœbus first is seen,
 When dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn;
 And she's twa glancing, sparkling
 een.

She's stately, like yon youthful ash
 That grows the cowslip braes be-
 tween,

¹ Daisy. ² Wages. ³ World's wealth.⁴ Slight.⁵ Dust driven by the wind. ⁶ Mock. ⁷ Money. ⁸ Wench. ⁹ Direction. ¹⁰ Wealth.¹ Well-favoured.

And shoots it's head above each bush;
And she's twa glancing, sparkling
een.

She's spotless as the flowering thorn,
With flowers so white and leaves so
green,
When purest in the dewy morn;
And she's twa glancing, sparkling
een.

Her looks are like the sportive lamb,
When flowery May adorns the scene,
That wantons round its bleating dam;
And she's twa glancing, sparkling
een.

Her hair is like the curling mist [e'en
That shades the mountain-side at
When flower-reviving rains are past;
And she's twa glancing, sparkling
een.

Her forehead's like the showery bow,
When shining sunbeams intervene,
And gild the distant mountain's brow;
And she's twa glancing, sparkling
een.

Her voice is like the evening thrush
That sings on Cessnock banks un-
seen, [bush;
While his mate sits nestling in the
And she's twa glancing, sparkling
een.

Her lips are like the cherries ripe
That sunny walls from Boreas
screen— [sight;
They tempt the taste and charm the
And she's twa glancing, sparkling
een.

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep
With fleeces newly washen clean,
That slowly mount the rising steep;
And she's twa glancing, sparkling
een.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean
When Phœbus sinks behind the seas;
And she's twa glancing, sparkling
een.

But it's not her air, her form, her face,
Though matching beauty's fabled
queen,
But the mind that shines in every grace,
And chiefly in her sparkling een.

IMPROVED VERSION.

On Cessnock banks *a lassie dwells,*
Could I describe her shape and mien,
Our lassies a' she far excels;
And she's 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;
And she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

She's stately, like yon youthful ash
That grows the cowslip braes be-
tween, [fresh;
And drinks the stream with vigour
And she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

She's spotless, *like* the flowering thorn,
With flowers so white, and leaves so
green,

When purest in the dewy morn;
And she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

Her looks are like the *vernal May,*
When evening Phœbus shines serene,
While birds rejoice on every spray;
And she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

Her hair is like the curling mist [e'en
That *climbs* the mountain-sides at
When flower-reviving rains are past;
And she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

Her forehead's like the showery bow,
When *gleaming* sunbeams intervene,
And gild the distant mountain's brow;
And she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

Her cheeks are like yon crimson gem,
The pride of all the flowery scene,
Just opening on its thorny stem;
And she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

Her teeth are like the nightly snow,
When pale the morning rises keen,
While hid the mur'm'ring streamlets
flow;
And she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

Her lips are like *yon* cherries, ripe
That sunny walls from Boreas
screen— [sight;
They tempt the taste and charm the
And she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze,
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean
When Phœbus sinks behind the seas;
And she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

Her voice is like the evening thrush,
That sings on Cessnock banks un-
seen, [bush;
While his mate sits nestling in the
And she's twa sparkling, *roguish* een.
ut it's not her air, her form, her face,
Though matching beauty's fabled
queen, [grace;
'Tis the mind that shines in every
And chiefly in her *roguish* een.

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 the sentiments were the genuine feelings of my heart at the time it was written."

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;
Though 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;
Resolved was I, at least to try,
To mend my situation, O.

In many a way, and vain essay,
I courted Fortune's favour, O;
Some cause unseen still slept 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 tired at last,
With Fortune's vain delusion, O,
I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams,
And came to this conclusion, O:
The past was bad, and the future hid;
Its good or ill untried, O;
But the present hour was in my power,
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,
Through life I'm doomed 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,
Though Fortune's frown still hunts
me down,
With all her wonted malice, O:
I make indeed my daily bread,
But ne'er can make it farther, O;
But as daily bread is all I need,
I do not much regard her, O.

When sometimes by my labour
I earn a little money, O,
Some unforeseen misfortune
Comes generally upon me, O:
Mischance, mistake, or by neglect,
Or my good-natured 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 clow
I will prefer before you, O!

JOHN BARLEYCORN:

A BALLAD.

The following is an improvement of an early song of English origin, a copy of which was obtained by Mr. Robert Jameson from a black-letter sheet in the Pepys Library, Cambridge, and first published in his "Ballads."

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 hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And showers began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong;
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

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 tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They fill'd up a darksome pit
With water to the brim;
They heav'd in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him further woe:
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller used him worst of all—
He crushed him 'tween two stones.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's
blood,
And drank it round and round,

And still the more and more they
drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise;
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his woe;
'Twill heighten all his joy:
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Though 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!

MONTGOMERY'S PEGGY.

TUNE—"Gala Water."

"Montgomery's Peggy," says the poet, "who had been bred in a style of life rather elegant, was my deity for six or eight months."

ALTHOUGH 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 wi' Montgomery's
Peggy.

MARY MORISON.

TUNE—"Bide ye yet."

O MARY, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trust'd hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see
That make the miser's treasure poor:
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun;
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling
string, [ha',

The dance gaed through the lighted
To thee my fancy took its wing—

I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
Though this was fair, and that was
braw,

And von the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',

“Ye are na Mary Morison.”

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace

Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?

Or canst thou break that heart of his

Whase only faut is loving thee?

If love for love thou wilt na gie,

At least be pity to me shown;

A thought ungentle canna be

The thought o' Mary Morison.

THE RIGS O' BARLEY.

TUNE—“Corn Rigs are Bonny.”

It was upon a Lammas night,

When corn rigs are bonny,
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 kent her heart was a' my ain,

I loved her most sincerely:

I kiss'd her owre and owre again,

Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace!

Her heart was beating rarely,

My blessings on that happy place,

Amang the rigs o' barley!

But by the moon and stars so bright,

That shone that hour so clearly!

She aye shall bless that happy night,

Amang the rigs o' barley.

I hae been blithe wi' comrades dear;

I hae been merry drinkin'!

I hae been joyfu' gath'rin' gear;

I hae been happy thinkin':

But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Though three times doubled fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

Corn rigs, and barley rigs,

And corn rigs are bonny:

I'll ne'er forget that happy night,

Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

PEGGY.

TUNE—“I had a horse, I had nae mair.”

Now westlin winds and slaught'ring
guns

Bring autumn's pleasant weather;

The moorcock springs on whirring
wings,

Amang the blooming heather:

Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,

Delights the weary farmer;

And the moon shines bright, when I
rove at night,

To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells;

The plover loves the mountains;

The woodcock haunts the lonely dells;

The soaring hern the fountains:

Through 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 every 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; [cry

The sportsman's joy, the murderin'

The fluttering, gory pinion!

But Peggy, dear, the evening'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;

¹ Wood-pigeon.

I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
Swear how I love thee dearly:
Not vernal showers to budding flowers,
Not autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be, as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely charmer!

GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O!

TUNE—"Green grow the rashes."

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 every han',
In every hour that passes, O:
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O?

The warl'y¹ race may riches chase,
And riches still may fly them, O;
And though at last they catch them
fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

But gie me a canny² hour at een,
My arms about my dearie, O,
And warl'y cares, and warl'y men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie,³ O.

For you sae douce,⁴ ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly loved the lasses, O.

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O,
Her 'prentice hand she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O.

THE CURE FOR ALL CARE.

TUNE—"Prepare, my dear brethren, to the
tavern let's fly."

The poet composed this song shortly after
joining the Torbolton Mason Lodge, which
was long noted in the west for its festivities.

No churchman am I for to rail, and to
write, [fight,
No statesman nor soldier to plot or to
No sly man of business contriving a
snare— [my care.
For a big-bellied bottle's the whole of

The peer I don't envy, I give him his
bow; [low;
I scorn not the peasant, though ever so
But a club of good fellows, like those
that are here, [care.
And a bottle like this, are my glory and

Here passes the squire on his brother—
his horse; [his purse;
There centum per centum, the cit with
But see you the crown, how it waves
in the air! [care.
There a big-bellied bottle still eases my

The wife of my bosom, alas! she did
die; [fly;
For sweet consolation to church I did
I found that old Solomon provèd it fair,
That a big-bellied bottle's a cure for all
care.

I once was persuaded a venture to
make; [wreck;—
A letter informed me that all was to
But the pursy old landlord just wad-
dled up stairs [cares.
With a glorious bottle that ended my

"Life's cares they are comforts,"—a
maxim laid down
By the bard, what d'ye call him, that
wore the black gown; [a hair;
And faith, I agree with the old prig to
For a big-bellied bottle's a heaven of a
care.

ADDED IN A MASON LODGE.

Then fill up a bumper, and make it
o'erflow, [throw;
And honours masonic prepare for to
May every true brother of the compass
and square [with care!
Have a big-bellied bottle when harass'd

MY JEAN!

TUNE—"The Northern Lass."

"The heroine of this sweet snatch," says Cun-
ningham, "was bonny Jean. It was com-
posed when the poet contemplated the West
India voyage, and an eternal separation
from the land and an ~~was~~ was dear to
him."

THOUGH cruel fate should bid us part,
Far as the pole and line,
Her dear idea round my heart
Should tenderly entwine.

¹ Worldly. ² Happy, lucky. ³ Topsy-turvy.
⁴ Grave.

Though mountains rise, and deserts
howl,

And oceans roar between;
Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,
I still would love my Jean.

A FRAGMENT.

TUNE—"John Anderson my Jo."

ONE night as I did wander,
When corn begins to shoot,
I sat me down to ponder
Upon an auld tree root:
Auld Ayr ran by before me,
And bicker'd¹ to the seas;
A cushat croodled² o'er me,
That echo'd through the braes.

WHEN CLOUDS IN SKIES DO COME TOGETHER.

"The following," says the poet in his first Commonplace Book, "was an extempore effusion, composed under a train of misfortunes which threatened to undo me altogether."

WHEN clouds in skies do come together
To hide the brightness of the
sun [weather
There will surely be some pleasant
When a' their storms are past and
gone.

Though fickle Fortune has deceived
me, [but ill;
She promised fair, and perform'd
Of mistress, friends, and wealth be-
reaved me, [still.

Yet I bear a heart shall support me
I'll act with prudence, as far's I'm able;
But if success I must never find,
Then come Misfortune. I bid thee wel-
come, [mind.
I'll meet thee with an undaunted

ROBIN.

TUNE—"Daisy Davie."

It is related that when the poet's mother felt her time approach, his father took horse in the darkness of a stormy January night, and set out for Ayr to procure the necessary

female attendant. On arriving at the ford of a rivulet which crossed the road, he found it so deep in flood, that a female wayfarer sat on the opposite side unable to cross; and, notwithstanding his own haste, he conveyed the woman through the stream on his horse. On returning from Ayr with the midwife, he found the gipsy, for such she proved to be, seated at his cottage fire-side; and on the child's being placed in the lap of the woman, shortly after his birth, she is said to have inspected his palm, after the manner of her tribe, and made the predictions which the poet has embodied in the song.

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,
Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin';
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin' Robin!

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five and twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Januar win
Blew hansel in on Robin.

The gossip keekit' in his loof,³
Quo' she, wha lives will see the proof
This waly² boy will be nae coof⁴—
I think we'll ca' him Robin.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit till us a',
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

But, sure as three times three mak
nine,
I see, by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin',
So leeze⁵ me on thee, Robin.

Guid faith, quo' she, I doubt ye gar
The bonny lasses lie aspar,
But twenty fauts ye may hae waur,
So blessin's on thee, Robin!

LUCKLESS FORTUNE.

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!

¹ Raced leapingly. ² Wood-pigeon cooed.

³ Peeped. ⁴ Palm. ⁵ Goodly. ⁶ Fool. ⁷ A term of endearment.

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.

THE MAUCLINE LADY.

TUNE—"I had a horse, I had nae mair."

WHEN first I came to Stewart Kyle,
My mind it was na steady:
Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade,
A mistress still I had aye;

But when I came roun' by Mauchline
town,
Not dreading ony body,
My heart was caught, before I thought,
And by a Mauchline lady.*

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

TUNE—"Braes o' Ballochmyle."

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea,
Nae laverock¹ sang on hillock green,
But nature sicken'd on the ee.
Through faded groves Maria sang,
Hersel in beauty's bloom the while,
And aye the wild-wood echoes rang,
Fareweel the Braes o' Ballochmyle!

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
Ye birdies dumb in withering bowers,
Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
But here, alas! for me nae mair
Shall birdie charm or floweret smile:
Fareweel the bonny banks of Ayr,
Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Balloch-
myle!

YOUNG PEGGY.

TUNE—"The last time I cam o'er the muir."

YOUNG Peggy blooms our bonniest lass,
Her blush is like the morning,

The rosy dawn the springing grass
With pearly gems adorning:
Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
That gild the passing shower,
And glitter o'er the crystal streams,
And cheer each freshening 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, like the evening, mild,
When feather'd tribes are courting,
And little lamb ins 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 spiteful 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 RANTIN' DOG THE DADDIE O'T.

TUNE—"East neuk o' Fife."

The subject of this lively ditty was a girl of the name of Elizabeth Paton, a domestic servant in the poet's house, and the mother of his illegitimate child—"sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess." "I composed it," he says, "pretty early in life, and sent it to a young girl, a very particular acquaintance of mine, who was at the time under a cloud."

Oh wha my babie-clouts¹ will buy?
Oh wha will tent² me when I cry?
Wha will kiss me where I lie?—
The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

Oh wha will own he did the faut?
Oh wha will buy the groanin' maut?³

¹ Lark.

* Jean Armour.

¹ Baby-clothes. ² Heed. ³ Malt to brew ale to welcome the birth of a child.

Oh 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.

MENIE. †

TUNE—"Johnny's Gray Breeks."

The chorus of this beautiful lyric was borrowed by Burns from a song composed by an Edinburgh gentleman; but it has been generally objected to by critics as interfering with the sombre sentiments of the lines.

AGAIN rejoicing nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

CHORUS.

And man I still on Menie dote,
And bear the scorn that's in her ee?
For it's jet, jet black, and it's like a hawk,
And it winna let a body be!

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
In vain to me the violets spring;
In vain to me in glen or shaw¹
The mavis and the lintwhite² sing.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie³ seedsman stalks;
But life to me's a weary dream,
A dream of ane that never wauks.⁴

The wanton coot the water skims,
Among the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
And everything is blest but I.

The shepherd steeks⁵ his faulding slap,⁶ [shrill;
And owre the moorlands whistles

⁴ Fidget with delight.

¹ Wood. ² Linnet. ³ Heedful. ⁴ Wakes.
⁵ Shuts. ⁶ Gate.

* The stool of repentance, on which culprits formerly sat when making public satisfaction in the church.

† The common abbreviation of Mariamne.

Wi' wild, unequal, wandering step,
I meet him on the dewy hill.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,

Blithe waukens by the daisy's side,
And mounts and sings on fluttering wings, [glide.
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward

Come, Winter, with thy angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree;
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
When nature all is sad like me!

LAMENT,

WRITTEN AT A TIME WHEN THE POET
WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE SCOTLAND.

TUNE—"The Banks of the Devon."

These verses were first given to the public in the columns of the *Dunfries Journal*.

O'ER the mist-shrouded cliffs of the
lone mountain straying,
Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave,
What woes wring my heart while intently surveying
The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave!

Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wail, [native shore;
Ere ye toss me afar from my loved
Where the flower which bloom'd sweetest¹ in Coila's green vale,
The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more!

No more by the banks of the streamlet we'll wander, [in the wave:
And smile at the moon's rimpled face
No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her,
For the dewdrops of morning fall cold on her grave.

No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast, [tant shore;
I haste with the storm to a far-dis-
Where, unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest, [more.
And joy shall revisit my bosom no

THERE WAS A LASS.

TUNE—"Duncan Davison."

THERE was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,
 And she held o'er the moor to spin;
 There was a lad that follow'd her,
 They ca'd him Duncan Davison.
 The moor was driegh¹ and Meg was
 skiegh,²
 Her favour Duncan couldna win;
 For wi' the rock she wad him knock,
 And aye she shook the temper-pin.

As o'er the moor they lightly foor,³
 A burn was clear, a glen was green,
 Upon the banks they eased their
 shanks,

And aye she set the wheel between:
 But Duncan swore a haly aith,
 That Meg should be a bride the morn,
 Then Meg took up her spinnin' graith,⁴
 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 blifhe and merry we will be
 When ye sit 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 bonny lass,
 And aye be welcome back again.

AFTON WATER.

TUNE—"The Yellow-hair'd Laddie."

FLOW gently, sweet Afton, among thy
 green braes, [thy praise;
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring
 stream— [her dream.
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds
 through the glen, [thorny den,
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon
 Thou green-crested lapwing, thy
 screaming forbear— [ing fair.
 I charge you disturb not my slumber-

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbour-
 ing hills, [winding rills;
 Far mark'd with the courses of clear

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 val-
 leys below, [roses blow;
 Where wild in the woodlands the prim-
 There oft as mild evening weeps over
 the lea, [and me.
 The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely
 it glides, [resides;
 And winds by the cot where my Mary
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet
 lave, [thy clear wave.
 As gathering sweet flowerets she stems

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy
 green braes, [my lays;
 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring
 stream— [not her dream!
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

TUNE—"The deuks dang o'er my daddy."

"This," says the poet, "was a composition of mine before I was at all known in the world. My Highland lassie [Mary] was a warm-hearted, charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love." For an account of this simple, interesting girl, whom the poet's passion has placed in "Fame's proud temple," and clothed with immortality as with a garment, the reader is referred to the introduction to the verses entitled, "To Mary in Heaven," p. 219. Burns having sent this song to Mary when she was residing with her parents in the Highlands, her mother saw it, and greatly admired it; and years after the death of this gentle girl, whom every one seems to have loved, it is said the poor old woman was wont to soothe her sorrow by singing to her grandchildren the sweet strains in which the poet has celebrated the beauty and charms of her favourite daughter. Having outlived her husband and many of her children, she died in great poverty at Greenock in 1822.

NÆ gentle* dames, though e'er sae
 fair,
 Shall ever be my Muse's care:

* Gentle is used here in opposition to simple, in the Scottish and old English sense of the word.—*Næe gentle dames*—no high-blooded names.—CURRIE.

¹ Tedious. ² High-minded. ³ Went.
⁴ Gear.

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.

Although through 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 the 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.

Fareweel the glen sae bushy, O!
Fareweel the plain sae rushy, O!
To other lands I now must go,
To sing my Highland Lassie, O!

MARY!

TUNE—"Blue Bonnets."

This beautiful song was found amongst the poet's manuscripts after his death, inscribed, "A Prayer for Mary." Who Mary was the world knows.

POWERS celestial! whose protection
Ever guards the virtuous fair,
While in distant climes I wander,
Let my Mary be your care;
Let her form sae fair and faultless,
Fair and faultless as your own,
Let my Mary's kindred spirit
Draw your choicest influence down.

Make the gales you waft around her
Soft and peaceful as her breast;

Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
Soothe her bosom into rest.
Guardian angels! oh, protect her,
When in distant lands I roam: [me,
To realms unknown while fate exiles
Make her bosom still my home!

WILL YE GO TO THE INDIES, MY MARY?

"In my very early years," says the poet, in a letter to Mr. Thomson in 1792, "when I was thinking of going to the West Indies, I took the following farewell of a dear girl [Highland Mary]:"—

WILL ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore?
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across the Atlantic's roar?

Oh, sweet grow the lime and the
orange,
And the apple on the pine;
But a' the charms o' the Indies
Can never equal thine.

I 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!

Oh, plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your lily-white hand;
Oh, plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,
In mutual affection to join; [us!
And curst be the cause that shall part
The hour and the moment o' time!

ELIZA.

TUNE—"Gilderoy."

FROM thee, Eliza, I must go,
And from my native shore;
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar;
But boundless oceans roaring wide
Between my love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee!

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more!

The latest throb that leaves my heart,
While death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh!

A FAREWELL TO THE BRETHERN
OF ST. JAMES' LODGE,
TORBOLTON.

TUNE—"Good night, and joy be wi' you a'!"

The poet is said to have chanted this "Farewell" at a meeting of St. James' Mason Lodge at Torbolton, while his chest was on the way to Greenock, and he had just written the last song he thought he should ever compose in Scotland. The person alluded to in the last stanza was Major-General James Montgomery, who was Worshipful Master, while Burns was Depute-Master.

ADIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
Dear brothers of the mystic tie!
Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd few,
Companions of my social joy!
Though I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba',¹
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, though far awa'.

Oft have I met your social band,
And spent the cheerful, festive night;
Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the sons of light:
And, by that hieroglyphic bright,
Which none but craftsmen ever saw!
Strong memory on my heart shall write

Those happy scenes when far awa'.

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

And you, farewell! whose merits claim,
Justly, that highest badge to wear!
Heaven 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'.

¹ Slippery ball.

THE SONS OF OLD KILLIE.

TUNE—"Shawnboy."

Burns having been induced to participate in the festivities of the Kilmarnock Mason Lodge, which was presided over by his friend William Parker, produced the following appropriate song for the occasion:—

YE sons of old Killie, assembled by
Willie,
To follow the noble vocation;
Your thrifty old mother has scarce
such another
To sit in that honour'd station.
I've little to say, but only to pray,
As praying's the *ton* of your fashion:
A prayer from the Muse you well may
excuse,
'Tis seldom her favourite passion.

Ye powers who preside o'er the wind
and the tide,
Who mark'd each element's border;
Who form'd this frame with benefi-
cent aim,
Whose sovereign statute is order;
Within this dear mansion may way-
ward Contention
Or wither'd Envy ne'er enter;
May Secrecy round be the mystical
bound,
And Brotherly Love be the centre!

SONG,

IN THE CHARACTER OF A RUINED
FARMER.

TUNE—"Go from my window, love, do."

THE sun he is sunk in the west,
All creatures retir'd to rest,
While here I sit all sore beset
With sorrow, grief, and wo;
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

The prosperous man is asleep,
Nor hears how the whirlwinds sweep;
But Misery and I must watch
The surly tempest blow:
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

There lies the dear partner of my breast,
Her cares for a moment at rest:
Must I see thee, my youthful pride,
Thus brought so very low!
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

There lie my sweet babies in her arms,
 No anxious fear their little heart
 alarms;
 But for their sake my heart doth ache,
 With many a bitter throe:
 And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

I once was by Fortune carest,
 I once could relieve the distrest:
 Now, life's poor support hardly earn'd,
 My fate will scarce bestow:
 And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

No comfort, no comfort I have!
 How welcome to me were the grave!
 But then my wife and children dear,
 O whither would they go?
 And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

O whither, O whither shall I turn!
 All friendless, forsaken, forlorn!
 For in this world Rest or Peace
 I never more shall know!
 And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

THE LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE.

TUNE—"Miss Forkes' Farewell to Banff."

The beautiful estate of Ballochmyle, which is situated on the Ayr, in the neighbourhood of Mauchline, was at this period of the poet's life transferred from the family of the Whitefoords (whose departure he has lamented in the lines on "The Braes of Ballochmyle") to Mr. Claud Alexander, a gentleman who had made a large fortune as paymaster-general of the East India Company's troops at Bengal; and having just taken up his residence at the mansion-house, his sister, Miss Wilhelmina Alexander, was one day walking out through the grounds, which appear to have been a favourite haunt of Burns', when she accidentally encountered him in a musing attitude, with his shoulder leaning against a tree. As the grounds were thought to be strictly private, the lady appears to have been somewhat startled; but, having recovered herself, passed on, and thought no more of the matter. A short time afterwards, however, she was reminded of the circumstance by receiving a letter from the poet, enclosing the song. "I had roved out," he says, "as chance directed in the favourite haunts of my Muse, on the banks of the Ayr, to view nature in all the gayety of the vernal year. The evening sun was flaming over the distant western hills; not a breath stirred the crimson opening blossom, or the verdant spreading leaf. It was a golden moment for a poetic heart. Such was the scene, and such was the hour—when, in a

corner of my prospect, I spied one of the fairest pieces of Nature's workmanship that ever crowned a poetic landscape or met a poet's eye. The enclosed song was the work of my return home; and perhaps it but poorly answers what might have been expected from such a scene." Much to the mortification of Burns, however, the lady took no notice of either the letter or the song, although she ultimately displayed a high sense of the honour which the genius of the poet had conferred on her. She died unmarried in 1843, at the age of eighty-eight.

'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 every 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 rejoiced in Nature's joy,
 When musing in a lonely glade,
 A maiden fair I chanced to spy;
 Her look was like the morning's eye,
 Her air like Nature's vernal smile,
 Perfection whisper'd, passing by,
 Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
 And sweet is night in autumn mild;
 When roving through the garden gaw,
 Or wandering in the lonely wild:
 But woman, Nature's darling child!
 There all her charms she does com-
 pile;
 Even there her other works are foil'd
 By the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

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

THE BONNY BANKS OF AYR.

TUNE—"Roslin Castle."

THE gloomy night is gathering fast,
 Loud roars the wild inconstant blast;
 Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
 I see it driving o'er the plain;
 The hunter now has left the moor,
 The scatter'd coveys meet secure;
 While here I wander, prest with care,
 Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

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

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
 'Tis not the fatal, deadly shore;
 Though death in every shape appear,
 The wretched have no more to fear!
 But round my heart the ties are bound,
 That heart transpierced with many a
 wound;

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

Farewell old Coila's hills and dales,
 Her heathy moors and winding vales;
 The scenes where wretched fancy
 roves,

Pursuing past unhappy loves! [foes!
 Farewell, my friends! farewell my
 My peace with these, my love with
 those—

The bursting tears my heart declare;
 Farewell the bonny banks of Ayr!

THE BANKS OF DOON.

FIRST VERSION.

The following song relates to an incident in
 real life—an unhappy love tale. The unfor-
 tunate heroine was a beautiful and accom-
 plished woman, the daughter and heiress of

a gentleman of fortune in Carrick. Having
 been deserted by her lover, the son of a
 wealthy Wigtonshire proprietor, to whom
 she had born a child without the sanction of
 the Church, she is said to have died of a
 broken heart. The poet composed a second
 version of this song in 1792, for the *Scots
 Musical Museum*; but it lacks the pathos
 and simplicity of the present one.

YE flowery banks o' bonny Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fair;
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae fu' o' care!

Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonny
 bird

That sings upon the bough;
 Thou minds me o' the happy days
 When my fause love was true.

Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonny
 bird

That sings beside thy mate;
 For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
 And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonny 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 off its thorny tree;
 And my fause luvver staw¹ the rose,
 But left the thorn wi' me.

THE AMERICAN WAR.

A FRAGMENT.

TUNE—"Killiecrankie."

WHEN Guildford good our pilot stood,
 And did our helm thrav,¹ man,
 Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
 Within America, man:
 Then up they gat the maskin'-pat,²
 And in the sea did jaw,^{3*} man;
 And did nae less, in full Congress,
 Than quite refuse our law, man.

¹ Stole.

¹ Turn. ² Teapot. ³ Throw.

* The English Parliament having imposed
 an excise duty upon tea imported into North
 America, the East India Company sent several
 ships laden with that article to Boston; but,
 on their arrival, the natives went on board by
 force of arms, and emptied all the tea into the
 sea.

Then through the lakes, Montgomery †
takes,
I wat he wasna 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 and gun he thought a sin
Guid Christian bluid to draw, man;
But at New York, wi' knife and fork,
'Sir-join he hackèd sma', man. ¶¶

Burgoyne gaed up, like spur and whip,
Till Fraser brave did fa', man;
Then lost his way, ae misty day,
In Saratoga shaw,⁴ man.**
Cornwallis fought as long's he dought⁵
And did the buckskins claw, man:
But Clinton's glaive frae rust to save,
He hung it to the wa', man.

Then Montague, and Guildford too,
Began to fear a fa', man;
And Sackville doure,⁶ wha stood the
stoure,⁷

The German chief to thraw,⁸ man;
For Paddy Burk, like ony Turk,
'Nae mercy had at a', man;
And Charlie Fox threw by the box,
And loosed his tinkler jaw, †† man. ††

⁴ Would. ⁵ Could. ⁶ Stubborn. ⁷ Dust.
⁸ Thwart.

† General Montgomery invaded Canada in 1775, and took Montreal, the British general, Sir Guy Carleton, retiring before him.

‡ A pseudonym for the St. Lawrence.

§ A compliment to the poet's patrons, the Montgomeries of Coilsfield.

¶ An allusion to General Gage's being besieged in Boston by General Washington.

¶¶ Alluding to an inroad made by Howe, when a large number of cattle was destroyed.

** An allusion to the surrender of General Burgoyne's army at Saratoga.

†† Free-spoken tongue. Tinkers are proverbial for their power of speech.

‡‡ By the union of Lord North and Mr. Fox, in 1783, the heads of the celebrated coalition, Lord Shelburne was compelled to resign.

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 and Fox united stocks,
And bore him to the wa', man.

Then clubs and hearts were Charlie's
cartes,
He swept the stakes awa', man,
Till the diamond's ace, of Indian race,
Led him a sair *faux pas*, man; § §
The Saxon lads, wi' loud placards,⁹
On Chatham's boy did ca', man;
And Scotland drew her pipe, and blew,
"Up, Willie, waur¹⁰ them a', man!"

Behind the throne then Grenville's
gone,
A secret word or twa, man;
While slee Dundas aroused the class
Be-north the Roman wa', man:
And Chatham's wraith,¹¹ in heavenly
graith,
(Inspired Bardies saw, man;)
Wi' kindling eyes cried, "Willie, rise!"
"Would I hae fear'd them a', man?"

But, word and blow, North, Fox, and
Co.,
Gowff'd¹² Willie like a ba', man,
Till Suthrons raise, and coost¹³ their
claes

Behind him in a raw, man;
And Caledon threw by the drone,
And did her whittle¹⁴ draw, man;
And swoor fu' rude, through dirt and
bluid,
To make it guid in law, man.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

TUNE—"The Birks of Aberfeldy."

The poet tells us he composed this song on a visit which he paid to the beautiful falls of

⁹ Cheers. ¹⁰ Beat. ¹¹ Ghost.

¹² Knocked him about. The phrase properly refers to the game of golf. ¹³ Doffed.

¹⁴ Knife.

§§ An allusion to Mr. Fox's India Bill, which threw him out of office in December, 1783.

Moness, at Aberfeldy, in Perthshire, while on his way to Inverness. The air is old and sprightly.

BONNY lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go;
Bonny lassie, will ye go
To the birks¹ of Aberfeldy?

Now simmer blinks² on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays;
Come, let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing
The little birdies blithely sing,
Or lightly fit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

The braes ascend, like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'erhuing wi' fragrant spreading
shaws,³
The birks of Aberfeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flow-
ers,
White o'er the linns 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.

THE BONNY LASS OF ALBANY.

TUNE—"Mary's Dream."

"The following song," says Chambers, "is printed from a manuscript book in Burns' hand-writing in the possession of Mr. B. Nightingale of London." The heroine was the natural daughter of Prince Charles Edward, by Clementina Walkinshaw, with whom, it is well known, he lived for many years. The Prince afterwards caused her to be legitimated by a deed of the parliament of Paris in 1787, and styled her the Duchess of Albany.

My heart is wae, and unco wae,¹
To think upon the raging sea
That roars between her gardens green
And the Bonny lass of Albany.

This lovely maid's of royal blood
That ruled Albion's kingdoms three,
But oh, alas! for her bonny face,
They've wrang'd the Lass of Albany.

In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde
There sits an isle of high degree,
And a town of fame whose princely
name
Should grace the Lass of Albany.

But there's a youth, a witless youth,
That fills the place where she should
be;
We'll send him o'er to his native shore,
And bring our ain sweet Albany.

Alas the day, and wo the day,
A false usurper won the gree²
Who now commands the towers and
lands—
The royal right of Albany.

We'll daily pray, we'll nightly pray,
On bended knees most fervently,
The time may come, with pipe and
drum,
We'll welcome hame fair Albany.

LADY ONLIE.

TUNE—"Ruffian's Rant."

A' the lads o' Thorniebank, [Bucky,¹
When they gae to the shore o'
They'll step in and tak a pint
Wi' Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!²

Lady Onlie, honest Lucky,
Brews guid ale at shore o' Bucky;
I wish her sale for her guid ale,
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

Her house sae bien,³ her curch⁴ sae
clean,
I wat she is a dainty chucky;⁵
And cheerlie blinks the ingle-gleed⁶
Of Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!

Lady Onlie, honest Lucky,
Brews guid ale at shore o' Bucky;
I wish her sale for her guid ale,
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky

² Superiority.

¹ Birches—Birchwood.

² Clances.

³ Woods.

¹ Sad.

¹ Buckhaven. ² Goodwife. ³ Well-filled

⁴ Kerchief—a covering for the head. ⁵ Dear

⁶ Blazing fire.

BLITHE WAS SHE.

TUNE—"Andrew and his Cutty Gun."

BLITHE, blithe, and merry was she,
Blithe was she butt and ben:¹
Blithe by the banks of Earn,
And blithe in Glenturit glen.

By Auchtertyre grows the aik,²
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw;³
But Phemie was a bonnier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.

Her looks were like a flower in May,
Her smile was like a simmer morn;
She trippèd by the banks of Earn,
As light's a bird upon a thorn.

Her bonny 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.

BONNY DUNDEE.

TUNE—"Bonny Dundee."

This song appeared in the first volume of the *Museum*. The second verse alone is Burns', the first having been taken from a very old homely ditty.

OH, whare did ye get that hauerl
meal bannock? [see?

Oh, silly blind body, oh, dinna ye
I gat it frae a brisk young sodger lad-
die, [Dundee.

Between Saint Johnston and bonny
Oh gin I saw the laddie that gae me't!
Aft has he doudled² me upon his
knee; [laddie,

May Heaven protect my bonny Scots
And send him safe hame to his baby
and me!

My blessin's upon thy sweet wee lippie,
My blessin's upon thy bonny eebree!
Thy smiles are sae like my blithe
sodger laddie, [me!
Thou's aye, be dearer and dearer to

¹ In kitchen and parlour. ² Oak. ³ Birch-woods.

² Oat. ³ Dandled.

But I'll big a bower on yon bonny
banks, [clear;
Where Tay rins wimplin' by sae
And I'll clead thee in the tartan sae
fine, [dear.
And mak the a man like thy daddie

THE JOYFUL WIDOWER.

TUNE—"Maggy Lauder."

I MARRIED with a scolding wife,
The fourteenth of November;
She made me weary of my life
By one unruly member.
Long did I bear the heavy yoke,
And many griefs attended;
But, to my comfort be it spoke,
Now, now her life is ended.

We lived full one-and-twenty years
As man and wife together;
At length from me her course she
steer'd,
And's 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.

A ROSEBUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

TUNE—"The Rosebud."

This song was composed in honour of the young lady to whom the poet addressed the lines beginning, "Beauteous rosebud young and gay." She was Miss Jenny Cruikshank, daughter of Mr. William Cruikshank, one of the masters of the High School of Edinburgh.

A ROSEBUD by my early walk,
Adown a corn-enclosed baw,¹
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
All on a dewy morning.

¹ An open space in a cornfield.

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
In a' its crimson glory spread
And drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast
Sae early in the morning.
She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jenny fair!
On trembling string, or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
That tends thy early morning.
So thou, sweet rosebud, young and gay,
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning.

BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS.

TUNE—"Neil Gow's Lamentation for Aber-
cairny."

The two following songs were written in
praise of Miss Margaret Chalmers, a relative
of the poet's friend, Mr. Gavin Hamilton.

WHERE, braving angry Winter's
storms,

The lofty Ochils rise,
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
First blest my wondering eyes;
As one who by some savage stream,
A lonely gem surveys,
Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam,
With art's most polish'd blaze.

Blest be the wild sequester'd shade,
And blest the day and hour,
Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
When first I felt their power!
The tyrant Death, with grim control,
May seize my fleeting breath;
But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must be a stronger death.

MY PEGGY'S FACE.

TUNE—"My Peggy's Face."

My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form
The frost of hermit age might warm;

My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,
Might charm the first of humankind.
I love my Peggy's angel air,
Her face so truly, heavenly fair,
Her native grace so void of art,
But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye;
Who but owns their magic sway!
Who but knows they all decay!
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpose, nobly dear,
The gentle look, that rage disarms—
These are all immortal charms.

THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.

TUNE—"Bhanarach dhonn a chruidh."

"These verses," says Burns, in his notes in
the *Musical Museum*, "were composed on
a charming girl, Miss Charlotte Hamilton,
who is now married to James M. Adair,
physician. She is sister to my worthy friend
Gavin Hamilton of Mauchline, and was
born on the banks of the Ayr; but was, at
the time I wrote these lines, residing at
Harvieston, in Clackmannanshire, on the
romantic banks of the little river Devon."
The poet, it has been said, wished to be
something more than a mere admirer of
this young lady; but

"Meg was -eaf as Ailsa Craig,"

for the music of his lyre appears to have
fallen on ears that would not charm.

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 [of the Ayr.

Was once a sweet bud on the braes

Mild be the sun on this sweet-blushing
flower, [in the dew!

In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal
shower, [to renew.

That steals on the evening each leaf

Oh, spare the dear blossom, ye orient
breezes, [the dawn!

With chill hoary wing, as ye usher
And far be thou distant, thou reptile,
that seizes [and lawn!

The verdure and pride of the garden

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

MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL.

TUNE—"M'Pherson's Rant."

This fine song, which Lockhart terms "a grand lyric," and Carlyle "a wild, stormful song, that dwells in ear and mind with strange tenacity," was designed by the poet as an improvement of a well-known old ditty entitled, "Macpherson's Lament," and which is said to have been written by a Highland freebooter a night or two before his execution. As this hero's history contains some elements of interest, we borrow the following account of him from Mr. Robert Chambers' recent edition of the poet's works:—"James Macpherson was a noted Highland freebooter of uncommon personal strength, and an excellent performer on the violin. After holding the counties of Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray in fear for some years, he was seized by Duff of Braco, ancestor of the Earl of Fife, and tried before the sheriff of Banffshire, (November 7, 1700) along with certain gypsies who had been taken in his company. In the prison, while he lay under sentence of death, he composed a song and an appropriate air, the former commencing thus.—

'I've spent my time in rioting,
 Debauch'd my health and strength;
 I squander'd fast as pillage came,
 And fell to shame at length.
 But dantonly, and wantonly,
 And rantingly I'll gae;
 I'll play a tune, and dance it round'
 Beneath the gallows-tree.'

When brought to the place of execution, on the Gallows-hill of Banff, (Nov. 16) he played the tune on his violin, and then asked if any friend was present who would accept the instrument as a gift at his hands. No one coming forward, he indignantly broke the violin on his knee, and threw away the fragments; after which he submitted to his fate. The traditionary accounts of Macpherson's immense prowess are justified by his sword, which is still preserved in Duff House, at Banff, and is an implement of great length and weight—as well as his bones, which were found a few years ago, and were allowed by all who saw them to be much stronger than the bones of ordinary men."

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 danced it
 round,
 Below the gallows-tree.

Oh! what is death but parting breath?—
 On mony a bloody plain
 I've dared 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!

WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

This version of an old fragment the poet composed for the second volume of the *Museum*; but he afterwards altered and extended it for Thomson's collection.

Oir, whistle, and I'll come to you, my
 lad; [lad.
 Oh, whistle, and I'll come to you, my
 Though father and mother should baith
 gae mad, [lad.
 Oh, whistle, and I'll come to you, my

Come down the back stairs when ye
 come to court me;
 Come down the back stairs when ye
 come to court me; [naebod' see,
 Come down the back stairs and let
 And come as ye werena coming to me

STAY, MY CHARMER.

TUNE—"An Gille dubh ciar dhubh."

STAY, my charmer, can you leave me?
 Cruel, cruel to deceive me? [me;
 Well you know how much you grieve
 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 meso!

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

William, fourth Viscount of Strathallan, whom the poet celebrates in these lines, fell on the rebel side at Culloden in 1746. The poet, perhaps ignorant of this fact, speaks of him as having survived the battle, and fled for safety to some mountain fastness.

THICKEST night, o'erhang my dwelling!
 Howling tempests, o'er me rave!
 Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
 Still surround my lonely cave!

Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
 Busy haunts of base mankind,
 Western breezes softly blowing,
 Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engagèd,
 Wrongs injurious to redress,
 Honour's war we strongly waged,
 But the heavens denied success.

Farewell, fleeting, fickle treasure,
 'Tween Misfortune and Folly shared!
 Farewell Peace, and farewell Pleasure!
 Farewell flattering man's regard!

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
 Not a hope that dare attend,
 The wide world is all before us—
 But a world without a friend!

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

TUNE—"Morag."

LOUD blaw the frosty breezes,
 The snaw 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 bonny Castle-Gordon!

The trees now naked groaning,
 Shall soon wi' leaves be hingeing,
 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 return'd to fair Strathspey,
 And bonny Castle-Gordon.

RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

TUNE—"Macgregor of Ruara's Lament."

"I composed these verses," says Burns, "on Miss Isabella M'Leod of Raasay, 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, who shot himself out of sheer heartbreak at some mortification he suffered from the deranged state of his finances."

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,
 Oh, how gladly I'd resign thee,
 And to dark oblivion join thee!"

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

TUNE—"Druimion Dubh."

"I composed these verses," says the poet, "out of compliment to a Mrs. Maclachlan, whose husband was an officer 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;
 Whispering 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.

¹ Sadly.

Gentle Night, do thou befriend me;
Downy Sleep, the curtain draw;
Spirits kind, again attend me,—
Talk of him that's far awa'!

BONNY PEGGY ALISON.

TUNE—"Braes o' Balquhider."

I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
And I'll kiss thee o'er again;
And I'll kiss the yet, yet,
My bonny Peggy Alison!

Ilk care and fear, when thou art near,
I ever mair defy them, O;
Young kings upon their hansel' throne
Are nae 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 bonny blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever, O!
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never, O!

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

TUNE—"Captain O'Kean."

"Yesterday," wrote Burns to his friend Cleghorn, "as I was riding through a tract of melancholy, joyless moors, between Gallo-way and Ayrshire, it being Sunday, I turned my thoughts to psalms, and hymns and spiritual songs; and your favourite air, 'Captain O'Kean,' coming at length into my head, I tried these words to it. I am tolerably pleased with the verses; but as I have only a sketch of the tune, I leave it with you to try if they suit the measure of the music." Cleghorn answered that the words delighted him, and fitted the tune exactly. "I wish," added he, "that you would send me a verse or two more; and, if you have no objection, I would have it in the Jacobite style. Suppose it should be sung after the fatal field of Culloden, by the unfortunate Charles." The poet took his friend's advice, and infused a Jacobite spirit into the first verse as well as the second.

The small birds rejoice in the green
leaves returning,
The murmuring streamlet winds
through 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 flowers gayly springing, nor birds
sweetly singing, [despair,
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless

The deed that I dared, could it merit
their malice, [his throne?
A king, and a father, to place on
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 wretch-
ed,—forlorn,
My brave gallant friends! 'tis your
ruin I mourn;
Your deeds proved so loyal in hot
bloody trial—
Alas! can I make you no sweeter return?

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

TUNE—"Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey.

"I composed this song," says the poet, "out of compliment to Mrs. Burns, during our honeymoon."

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonny lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best: [row,¹
There wild woods grow, and rivers
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 bonny flower that springs
By fountain, shaw,² or green,
There's not a bonny bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.*

¹ Roll. ² Wood.

* The two following stanzas were written some years afterwards, by Mr. John Hamilton, music-seller, Edinburgh, and from their sum-

¹ New-won.

OH, WERE I ON PARNASSUS'
HILL.

TUNE—"My love is lost to me."

This song was also produced in honour of Mrs. Burns, shortly before she took up her residence at Ellisland as the poet's wife. It is thought to have been composed while he was one day gazing towards the hill of Corsincon, at the head of Nithsdale, and beyond which, though at some distance, was the quiet vale where lived his "bonny Jean."

OH, were I on Parnassus' hill !
Or had of Helicon my fill ;
That I might catch poetic skill
To sing how dear I love thee.
But Nith maun be my Muse's well,
My Muse maun be thy bonny sel ;
On Corsincon I glower¹ and spell,
And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay !
For a' the lee-lang simmer's day
I couldna sing, I couldna say.

How much, how dear, I love thee.
I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist see jimp,² thy limbs sae
clean,³

Thy tempting lips, thy roguish cen—
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.

Though I were doom'd to wander on
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run ;
Till then—and then I'd love thee.

¹ Stare. ² Small. ³ Well-Shaped.

plicity and beauty are really worthy of forming the corollary to this fine song :—

"Oh, blaw, ye westlin' winds, blaw saft
Amang the leafy trees,
Wi' balmy gale, frae hill and dale,
Bring hame the laden bees ;
And bring the lassie back to me ;
That's aye sae neat and clean ;
Ae smile o' her wad banish care,
Sae charming is my Jean.

"What sighs and vows amang the knowes
Hae pass'd 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 !"

The two following were also written as an addition to this song by Mr. William Reid, of

THE FETE CHAMPETRE.

TUNE—"Killiecrankie."

The poet's brother, Gilbert Burns, gives the following account of the origin of this ballad :—"When Mr. Cunninghame of Enterkin came to his estate, two mansion-houses on it, Enterkin and Annbank, were both in a ruinous state. Wishing to introduce himself with some *déclat* to the county, he got temporary erections made on the banks of the Ayr, tastefully decorated with shrubs and flowers, for a supper and ball, to which most of the respectable families in the county were invited. It was a novelty in the county, and attracted much notice. A dissolution of parliament was soon expected, and this festivity was thought to be an introduction to a canvass for representing the county. Several other candidates were spoken of, particularly Sir John Whitefoord, then residing at Cloncaird, commonly pronounced Glencaird, and Mr. Boswell, the well-known biographer of Dr. Johnson. The political views of this festive assemblage, which are alluded to in the ballad, if they ever existed, were, however, laid aside as Mr. Cunninghame did not canvass the county."

OH, wha will to Saint Stephen's house,
To do our errands there, man ?
Oh, 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 meikle¹ 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 ?

¹ Great.

the firm of Brash & Reid, booksellers, Glasgow, and have sometimes been printed as the poet's :—

"Upon the banks o' flowing Clyde
The lassies busk¹ them braw .
But when their best they hae put on,
My Jennie dings² them a' :
In hamely weeds she far exceeds
The fairest o' the town !
Baith sage and gay confess it sae,
Though drest in russet gown.

"The gamesome lamb, that sucks its dam,
Mair harmless canna be ;
She has nae faut, (if sic ye ca't.)
Except her love for me :
The sparkling dew, o' clearest hue,
Is like her shining een :
In shape and air nane can compare
Wi' my sweet lovely Jean."

¹ Dress. ² Excels.

Ane gies them coin, ane gies them wine,
 Anither gies them clatter;²
 Ambank, wha guess'd the ladies' taste,
 He gies a Fête Champêtre.

When Love and Beauty heard the news,
 The gay greenwoods amang, man;
 Where gathering flowers and busking³
 bowers, [man;
 They heard the blackbird's sang,
 A vow, they seal'd it with a kiss,
 Sir Politics 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 shaw⁴ she knew, man;
 She summon'd every social sprite,
 That sports by wood or water,
 On the bonny banks of Ayr to meet,
 And keep this Fête Champêtre.

Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterous crew,
 Were bound to stakes like kye,⁵ man,
 And Cynthia's car, o' silver fu',
 Clamb up the stary sky, man;
 Reflected beams dwell in the streams,
 Or down the current shatter;
 The western breeze steals through the
 trees
 To view this Fête Champêtre.

How many a robe sae gayly 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,⁶
 To hold their Fête Champêtre.

When Politics came there, to mix
 And make his ether-stane, man!
 He circled round the magic ground,
 But entrance found he nane, man.*

* Talk. ³ Dressing. ⁴ Wood. ⁵ Cattle.
 Gate.

* "Alluding to a superstition," says Chambers, "which represents adders as forming annually from their slough certain little annular stones of streaked colouring, which are occasionally found, and the real origin of which is supposed by antiquaries to be Druidical."

He blush'd for shame, he quat his
 name,
 Foreswore it, every letter,
 Wi' humble prayer to join and share
 This festive Fête Champêtre.

THE DAY RETURNS.

TUNE—"Seventh of November."

In a letter to Miss Chalmers, an intimate female friend of the poet's, he says regarding this song:—"One of the most tolerable things I have done for some time is these two stanzas I made to an air a musical gentleman of my acquaintance [Captain Riddell of Glenriddell] composed for the anniversary of his wedding day."

THE day returns, my bosom burns,
 The blissful day we twa did meet,
 Though 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, [mine!
 Heaven gave me more—it made thee

While day and night can bring delight,
 Or nature aught of pleasure give,
 While joys above my mind can move,
 For thee, and thee alone, I live!
 When that grim foe of life below
 Comes in between to make us part,
 The iron hand that breaks our band
 It breaks my bliss—it breaks my
 heart.

THE DISCREET HINT.

"LASS when your mither is frae hame,
 May I but be sae bauld
 As come to your bower window,
 And creep in frae the cauld?
 As come to your bower window,
 And when it's cauld and wat,
 Warm me in thy fair bosom—
 Sweet lass, may I do that?"

"Young man, gin ye should be sae
 kind,
 When your gudewife's frae hame.
 As come to my bower window,
 Where I am laid my lane,

To warm thee in my bosom—
Take tent,¹ I'll tell thee what,
The way to me lies through the kirk—
Young man, do ye hear that?"

THE LAZY MIST.

TUNE—"Here's a health to my true love."

THE lazy mist hangs from the brow
Of the hill, [winding rill!
Concealing the course of the dark—
How languid the scenes, late so
sprightly, appear, [year.
As Autumn to Winter resigns the pale
The forests are leafless, the meadows
are brown, [flown:
And all the gay foppery of Summer is
Apart let me wander, apart let me
muse, [Fate pursues!
How quick Time is flying, how keen
How long I have lived—but how much
lived in vain, [remain!
How little of life's scanty span may
What aspects old Time, in his pro-
gress, has worn, [torn!
What ties, cruel Fate in my bosom has
How foolish, or worse, till our summit
is gain'd!
And downward, how weaken'd, how
darken'd, how pain'd!
This life's not worth having with all
it can give— [sure must live.
For something beyond it poor man

I HAE A WIFE O' MY AIN.

TUNE—"Naebody."

The following sprightly lines were written shortly after the poet had welcomed home his wife to his new house on the farm of Ellisland—the first winter he spent in which he has described as the happiest of his life.

I HAE a wife o' my ain—
I'll partake wi' naebody
I'll tak cuckold frae nane,
I'll gie cuckold to naebody.
I hae a penny to spend,
There—thanks to naebody;
I hae naething to lend—
I'll borrow frae naebody.

¹ Heed.

I am naebody's lord—
I'll be slave to naebody:
I hae a guid braid sword,
I'll tak dunts¹ frae naebody;
I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for naebody;
If naebody care for me,
I'll care for naebody.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Burns has described this as an old song and tune which had often thrilled through his soul: and in communicating it to his friend, George Thomson, he professed to have recovered it from an old man's singing; and exclaimed regarding it:—"Light be the turf on the breast of the Heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious fragment!" The probability is, however, that the poet was indulging in a little mystification on the subject, and that the entire song was his own composition. The second and third verses—describing the happy days of youth—are his beyond a doubt.

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'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paid't i' the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine:
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne

And here's a hand my trusty fiere,¹
And gies a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid willie
waught,²
For auld lang syne!

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

¹ Blows.

¹ Friend. ² Draught.

MY BONNY MARY.

TUNE—"Go fetch to me a pint o' wine."

The first four lines of this song are from an old ballad composed in 1636, by Alexander Lesly of Edin, on Doveran side, grandfather to the celebrated Archbishop Sharpe—the rest are Burns'.

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie,¹
That I may drink, before I go,
A service to my bonny 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 bonny Mary.
The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are rankèd
ready;
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody,
But it's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad make me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shout o' war that's heard afar—
It's leaving thee, my bonny Mary.

MY HEART WAS ANCE AS
BLITHE AND FREE.

TUNE—"To the weaver's gin ye go."

The chorus of this song is taken from a very old ditty—the rest is the production of the poet.

My heart was ance as blithe and free
As simmer days were lang,
But a bonny westlin' weaver lad
Has gart me change my sang.
To the weavers gin ye go, fair
maids,
To the weavers gin ye go;
I rede¹ you right, gang ne'er at
night,
To the weavers gin ye go.
My mither sent me to the town,
To warp² a plaiden wab;
But the weary, weary warpin' o't
Has gart³ me sigh and sab.
A bonny westlin' weaver lad
Sat working at his loom;

¹ Cup.¹ Warn. ² Prepare for the loom. ³ Made.

He took my heart as wi' a net,
In every knot and thrum.⁴

I sat beside my warpin'-wheel,
And aye I ca'd it roun';
But every shot and every knock.
My heart it gae a stoun.⁵

The moon was sinking in the west
Wi' visage pale and wan,
As my bonny westlin' weaver lad
Convey'd me through the glen.

But what was said, or what was done,
Shame fa' me gin I tell;
But, oh! I fear the kintra⁶ soon
Will ken as weel's mysel.

BRAU LADS OF GALA WATER.

TUNE—"Gala Water."

The air and chorus of this song are both very old. This version Burns wrote for the *Scots Musical Museum*; but he was so enamoured with the air, that he afterwards wrote another set of words to it for his friend Thomson, which will be found at p. 250.

Brau, brau lads of Gala Water;
Oh, brau lads of Gala Water.
I'll kilt¹ my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through
the water.

Sae fair her hair, sae Brent² her brow,
Sae bonny blue her een, my dearie;
Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her
mou',
The mair I kiss she's aye my dearie.

O'er yon-bank and o'er yon brae,
O'er yon moss among the heather;
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the
water.

Down among the broom, the broom,
Down among the broom, my dearie,
The lassie lost her silken snood,^{*}
That cost her mony a blirt and
bleary.³

⁴ Thread. ⁵ Start. ⁶ Country.¹ Tuck up and fix. ² High and smooth.
³ Sigh and tear.

* The snood or ribband with which a Scottish lass braided her hair had an emblematical signification, and applied to her maiden character. It was exchanged for the *curch, toy, or coif*, when she passed by marriage into the

HER DADDIE FORBAD.

TUNE—"Jumpin' John."

HER daddie forbad, her minnie forbad;
Forbidden she wouldna be: [brew'd¹
She wadna trow't the browst she
Wad taste sae bitterlie

The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
Beguiled the bonny lassie,
The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
Beguiled the bonny lassie.

A cow and a calf, a ewe and a hauf,
And thretty guid shillin's and three;
A very guid tocher,² a cotter-man's
dochter,
The lass with the bonny black ee.

HEY, THE DUSTY MILLER.

TUNE—"The Dusty Miller."

HEY the dusty miller,
And his dusty coat;
He will win a shilling
Or he spend a groat.

Dusty was the coat,
Dusty was the colour,
Dusty was the kiss
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.

THENIEL MENZIE'S BONNY MARY.

TUNE—"The Ruffian's Rant."

IN coming by the brig o' Dye,
At Darlet we a blink did tarry;
As day was dawin in the sky,
We drank a health to bonny Mary.

¹ She wouldn't believe the drink she brew'd.
² Dower.

matron state. But if the damsel was so unfortunate as to loose pretensions to the name of maiden without gaining a right to that of matron, she was neither permitted to use the snood nor advance to the graver dignity of the curch.—SCOTT.

Theniel Menzie's bonny Mary,
Theniel Menzie's bonny Mary,
Charlie Gregor tint' his pladie,
Kissin' Theniel's bonny Mary.

Her een sae bright, her brow sae white,
Her haffet² locks as brown's a berry.
And aye they dimpl't wi' a smile,
The rosy cheeks o' bonny 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 bonny Mary.

WEARY FA' YOU, DUNCAN GRAY.

TUNE—"Duncan Gray."

This first version of an old song was written for the *Museum*. The poet afterwards composed another and better version for the collection of his friend Thomson, which will be found at p. 243.

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 lave² 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.

Bonny was the Lammas moon—
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't!
Glowerin' a' the hills aboon—
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't!
The girdin' brak, the beast cam down,
I tint³ my curch⁴ 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! [breath—
I'se bless you wi' my hindmost
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,⁵

* And clout⁶ the bad girdin' o't.

¹ Lost. ² Temple.

³ Binding. ⁴ Others. ⁵ Lost. ⁶ Cap. ⁶ Harm
⁶ Patch up.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

TUNE—"Up with the ploughman."

The fourth and fifth verses only of this piece are by Burns, the remainder by some older writer.

THE ploughman he's a bonny lad,
His mind is ever true, jo;
His garters knit below his knee,
His bonnet it is blue, jo.

Then up wi' my ploughman lad,
And hey my merry ploughman!
Of a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the ploughman!

My ploughman he comes hame at e'en,
He's aften wat and weary;
Cast aff the wat, put on the dry,
And gae to bed, my dearie!

I will wash my ploughman's hose,
And I will dress his o'erlay;¹
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'.

Snaaw white stockin's on his legs,
And siller buckles glancin';
A guid blue bonnet on his head—
And oh, but he was handsome!

Commend me to the barn-yard,
And the corn-mou,* man;
I never gat my coggie fou,
Till I met wi' the ploughman.

LANDLADY, COUNT THE LAWIN.

TUNE—"Hey Tutti, Taiti."

The first two verses of this song were supplied by Burns; the others belong to a political ditty of earlier date.

LANDLADY, count the lawin—
The day is near the dawin,

¹ Cravat.² Reckoning.

* The recess left in the stack of corn in the barn as the sheaves are removed to the thrashing floor.

Ye're a' blind drunk, boys,
And I'm but jolly fou.²
Hey tutti, taiti,
How tutti, taiti—
Wha's fou now?

Cog and ye were aye fou,
Cog and ye were aye fou,
I wad sit and sing to you
If ye were aye fou.

Weel may ye a' be!
Ill may we never see!
God bless the king, boy
And the companie!
Hey tutti, taiti,
How tutti, taiti—
Wha's fou now?

TO DAUNTON ME.

TUNE—"To daunton me."

THE blude-red rose at Yule may blaw,
The simmer lilies bloom in suaw,
The frost may freeze the deepest sea;
But an auld man shall never daunton⁴
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 gear² may buy him kye and yowes,
His gear may buy him glens and
knowes;
But me he shall not buy nor fee, [me.
For an auld man shall never daunton

He hirples³ twa-fauld as he dow,⁴
Wi' his toothless gab⁵ and his auld bodd
pow,⁶ [bleer'd ee,
And the rain dreeps down frae his red
That auld man shall never daunton me.

² Full.

¹ Rule—intimidate. ² Wealth. ³ Limp. ⁴ Can. ⁵ Mouth. ⁶ Head.

COME BOAT ME O'ER TO
CHARLIE

TUNE—"O'er the Water to Charlie."

COME boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
Come boat me o'er to Charlie;
I'll gie John Ross another bawbee,
To boat me o'er to Charlie.

We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
Come weel, come woe, we'll gath-
er and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie.

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,
Though some there be abhor him.
But oh, to see auld Nick gaun hame,
And Charlie's faes before him!

I swear and vow by moon and stars,
And sun that shines so early,
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd die as aft for Charlie.

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." The last stanza only was the work of the poet.

O RATTLIN', roarin' Willie,
Oh, he held to the fair,
And for to sell his fiddle,
And buy some other ware;
But parting wi' his fiddle,
The saut tear blin't his ee;
And rattlin', roarin' Willie,
Ye're welcome hame to me!

O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
Oh, sell your fiddle so 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 hac had.

As I cam by Crochallan,
I cannily keekit ben—

Rattlin', roarin' Willie
Was sitting at yon board en';
Sitting at yon board en',
And amang guid companie;
Rattlin', roarin' Willie,
Ye're welcome hame to mel

MY HOGGIE.*

TUNE—"What will I do gin my hoggie die?"
WHAT will I do gin my hoggie die?
My joy, my pride, my hoggie!
My only beast, I had nae mae,
And vow but I was voggie!¹

The lee lang night we watch'd the
fauld,
Me and my faithfu' doggie;
We heard nought but the roaring linn,
Amang the braes sae scroggie;²
But the houlet cried frae the castle wa',
The blutter³ frae the boggie,
The tod⁴ replied upon the hill,
I trembled for my hoggie.

When day did daw, and cocks did crow,
The morning it was foggie;
An unco tyke⁵ lap o'er the dike,
And maist has kill'd my hoggie.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

The chorus of this song is old; but the two stanzas are Burns'.

CHORUS.

—Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early;
When a' the hills are cover'd wi'
snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to
west,
The drift is driving sairly;
Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

¹ Vain. ² Full of stunted bushes. ³ Mire-snipe. ⁴ Fox. ⁵ A strange dog.

* *Hoggie*—a young sheep after it is smeared, and before it is first shorn.

The birds sit chattering¹ 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.

I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

TUNE—"I'm o'er young to marry yet."

I AM my mammy's ae bairn,
 Wi' unco' folk I weary, sir;
 And lying in a man's bed,
 I'm fley'd² wad mak me eerie,³ 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.

My mammy coft⁴ me a new gown,
 The kirk maun hae the gracing o't;
 Were I to lie wi' you, kind sir,
 I'm fear'd ye'd spoil the lacing o't.

Hallowmas is come and gane,
 The nights are lang in winter, sir,
 And you and I in ae bed,
 In trowth I dare nae venture, sir.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
 Blaws through the leafless timmer,⁵
 sir;
 But if ye come this gate⁶ again,
 I'll aulder be gin simmer, sir.

THE WINTER IS PAST.

THE winter it is past, and the sum-
 mer's come at last,
 And the little birds sing on every tree;
 Now everything is glad, while I am
 very sad,
 Since my true love is parted from me.

The rose upon the brier, by the waters
 running clear, [the bee.
 May have charms for the linnet or
 Their little loves are blest, and their
 little hearts at rest,
 But my true love is parted from me.

My love is like the sun, in the firm-
 ment does run,
 For ever is constant and true;
 But his is like the moon, that wanders
 up and down.
 And is every month changing anew.

All you that are in love, and cannot it
 remove,
 I pity the pains you endure:
 For experience makes me know that
 you hearts are full o' woe,
 A woe that no mortal can cure.

OH, WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

TUNE—"Willie brew'd a peck o' maut."

The poet's account of the origin of this song is as follows:—"The air is Allan Masterton's, the song mine. The occasion of it was this—Mr. William Nicol of the High School, Edinburgh, being at Moffat during the autumn vacation, honest Allan—who was at that time on a visit to Dalswinton—and I went to pay Nicol a visit. We had such a joyous meeting that Masterton and I agreed, each in our own way, that we should celebrate the business."

OH, Willie brew'd a peck of maut,
 And Rob and Allan came to pree;¹
 Three blither hearts, that lee-lang
 night,
 Ye wadna find in Christendie.

We are na fou, we're na that fou,
 But just a drappie in our ee;
 The cock may crawl, 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 wile us hame,
 But, by my sooth, she'll wait a weel!

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
 A cuckold, coward loon is he!
 Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
 He is the king amang us three!

¹ Shivering.

¹ Strange. ² Afraid. ³ Timorous. ⁴ Bought.
 Trees. ⁵ Way.

¹ Taste.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

TUNE—"Death of Captain Cook."

The story of Mary Campbell has been briefly alluded to in the memoir of the poet, and in the notes to the Correspondence. She belonged to the neighbourhood of Dunoon, a beautiful watering-place on the Clyde, and was in the service of Colonel Montgomery of Coilsfield when the poet made her acquaintance, and afterwards in that of Gavin Hamilton. They would appear to have been seriously attached to each other. When Jean Armour's father had ordered her to relinquish all claims on the poet, his thoughts naturally turned to Mary Campbell. It was arranged that Mary should give up her place with the view of making preparations for their union; but before she went home they met in a sequestered spot on the banks of the Ayr. Standing on either side of a purling brook, and holding a Bible between them, they exchanged vows of eternal fidelity. Mary presented him with her Bible, the poet giving his own in exchange. This Bible has been preserved, and on a blank leaf, in the poet's handwriting, is inscribed, "And ye shall not swear by my name falsely; I am the Lord," (Lev. xix. 12.) On the second volume, "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oath." (Matt. v. 33.) And on another blank leaf his name and mark as a Royal Arch mason. The lovers never met again, Mary Campbell having died suddenly at Greenock. Over her grave a monument has been erected by the admirers of the poet. On the third anniversary of her death, Jean Armour, then his wife, noticed that, towards the evening, "he grew sad about something, went into the barn-yard, where he strode restlessly up and down for some time, although repeatedly asked to come in. Immediately on entering the house, he sat down and wrote 'To Mary in Heaven,' which Lockhart characterizes "as the noblest of all his ballads."

THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lovest to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend
his breast?

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

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

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

THE LADDIES BY THE BANKS
O' NITH.

TUNE—"Up and waur them a'."

The following ballad originated in a contest for the representation of the Dunfries burghs, which took place in September, 1789, between the former member, Sir James Johnston of Westerhall, who was supported by the court and the Tories, and Captain Miller of Dalswinton, the eldest son of the poet's landlord, who had the interest of the Duke of Queensberry and the Whigs. As Burns had the warmest veneration for individuals of both parties, he wished to avoid taking any active part on either side, and contented himself therefore with penning this piece chiefly against the Duke of Queensberry, the largest landed proprietor in Nithsdale, and for whose character he seems to have entertained the utmost detestation. The allusion in the first verse is to the vote his Grace gave on the regency question, when he deserted the king, his master, in whose household he held office, and supported the right of the Prince of Wales to assume the government without the consent of Parliament.

THE laddies by the banks o' Nith
Wad trust his Grace wi' a', Jamie;
But he'll sair¹ them as he sair'd the
king,
Turn tail and rin awa', Jamie.

¹ Serve.

Up and waur² them a' Jamie,
Up and waur them a'; [o't,
The Johnstons hae the guidin'
Ye turncoat Whigs, awa'.

The day he stood his country's friend,
Or gae'd her face a claw, Jamie,
Or frae puir man a blessin' wan,
That day the duke ne'er saw, Jamie.

But wha is he, the country's boast,
Like him there is na twa, Jamie;
There's no a callant³ tents⁴ the kye,⁵
But kens o' Westerha', Jamie.

To end the wark here's Whistlebirck,*
Lang may his whistle blaw, Jamie;
And Maxwell true o' sterling blue,
And we'll be Johnstons a', Jamie,

Up and waur them a', Jamie,
Up and waur them a'; [o't,
The Johnstons hae the guidin'
Ye turncoat Whigs, awa'.

THE FIVE CARLINES.

TUNE—"Chevy-chace."

This is another ballad which the poet penned on the contested election mentioned above. It represents the five burghs in cleverly-drawn figurative characters—Dumfries, as Maggy on the banks of Nith; Annan, as Blinkin Bess of Annandale; Kirkcudbright, as Whisky Jean of Galloway; Sanquhar, as Black Joan frae Crichton Peel; and Lochmaben, as Marjory of the Many Lochs—each of which is more or less locally appropriate.

THERE were five carlines¹ in the south,
They fell upon a scheme,
To send a lad to Lon'on town,
To bring them tidings hame.

Not only bring them tidings hame;
But do their errands there;
And aiblins² 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 Many Lochs,
A carline auld and tough,

And Blinkin Bess of Annandale,
That dwelt near Solway-side,
And Whisky Jean, that took her gill
In Galloway sae wide.

And Black Joan, frae Crichton Peel,³
O' gipsy kith and kin;—
Five wighter³ carlines werena foun'
The south countrie within.

To send a lad to Lon'on town,
They met upon a day;
And mony a knight, and mony a laird,
Their errand fain wad gae.

Oh, mony a knight, and mony a laird,
This errand fain wad gae;
But nae ane could their fancy please,
Oh, ne'er ane but twae.

The first he was a belted knight,*
Bred o' a Border clan;
And he wad gae to Lon'on town,
Might nae man him withstan';

And he wad do their errands weel,
And meikle he wad say;
And ilka ane at Lon'on court
Wad bid to him guid day.

Then neist cam in a sodger youth,†
And spak wi' modest grace,
And he wad gae to Lon'on town,
If sae their pleasure was.

He wadna hecht⁴ them courtly gifts,
Nor meikle speech pretend;
But he wad hecht an honest heart
Wad ne'er desert his friend.

Now, wham to choose, and wham re
fuse,
At strife thir carlines fell;
For some had gentlefolks to please,
And some wad please themsel.

Then out spak mim-mou'd⁵ Meg o'
Nith,
And she spak up wi' pride,
And she wad send the sodger youth,
Whatever might betide.

² Beat. ³ Boy. ⁴ Tends. ⁵ Cows.

¹ Old women. ² Perhaps.

* Alexander Birtwhistle, Esq., merchant in Kirkcudbright, and provost of the burgh.

³ More powerful. ⁴ Promise. ⁵ Prim
mouthed.

* Sir J. Johnston.

† Captain Miller.

For the auld guidman† o' Lon'on court
 She didna care a pin;
 But she wad send a sodger youth
 To greet his eldest son.‡

Then up sprang Bess of Annandale,
 And swore a deadly aith,
 Says, "I will send the Border knight
 Spite o' you carlines baith.

"For far-off fowls hae feathers fair,
 And fools o' change are fain;
 But I hae tried this Border knight
 And I'll try him yet again."

Then Whisky Jean spak owre her
 drink,
 "Ye weel ken, kimmers a',
 The auld guidman o' Lon'on court,
 His back's been at the wa'.

"And mony a friend that kiss'd his
 cup
 Is now a fremit⁶ wight,
 But it's ne'er be said o' Whisky Jean,
 I'll send the Border knight."

Says Black Joan frae Crichton Peel,
 A carline stoor⁷ and grim,—
 "The auld guidman, and the young
 guidman,
 For me may sink or swim ;

"For fools will prate o' right and
 wrang,
 While knaves laugh in their sleeve ;
 But wha blows best the horn shall
 win,
 I'll spier nae courtier's leave."

Then slow raise Marjory o' the Lochs,
 And wrinkled was her brow,
 Her ancient weed was russet gray,
 Her auld Scots bluid was true.

"The Lon'on court set light by me—
 I set as light by them ;
 And I will send the sodger lad
 To shaw that court the same."

Sae how this weighty plea may end,
 Nae mortal wight can tell :
 God grant the king, and ilka man,
 May look weel to himsel !

⁶ Estranged. ⁷ Austere.

† George III.

‡ The Prince of Wales.

THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE.

AIR—"The Blue-eyed Lass."

The "Blue-Eyed Lassie" was Miss Jean Jeffrey, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Jeffrey of Lochmaben, in Dumfriesshire, at whose house the poet was a frequent visitor. On the occasion of his first visit, the young lady, then a charming, blue-eyed creature of eighteen, did the honours of the table, and so pleased the poet, that next morning at breakfast he presented her with the following passport to fame, in the form of one of his finest songs. Miss Jeffrey afterwards went out to New York, where she married an American gentleman of the name of Renwick, to whom she bore a numerous family. One of her daughters became the wife of Captain Wilks, of the United States Navy.

I GAED a waefu' gate¹ yestreen,
 A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue ;
 I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
 'Twa lovely een o' bonny blue.
 'Twas not her golden ringlets bright ;
 Her lips like roses wat wi' dew ;
 Her heaving bosom, lily-white—
 It was her een sae bonny blue.

She talk'd, she smiled, my heart she
 wiled ; [how ;
 She charm'd my soul—I wist na'
 And aye the stound,² the deadly
 wound,
 Cam frae her een sae bonny blue.
 But spare to speak, and spare to speed,*
 She'll aiblins³ listen to my vow :
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead⁴
 To her twa een sae bonny blue.

WHEN FIRST I SAW FAIR JEANIE'S FACE.

AIR—"Maggie Lauder."

This song first appeared in the *New York Mirror* in 1846, with the following notice of the heroine, Mrs. Renwick (*née* Miss Jean Jeffrey) mentioned above:—"The lady to whom the following verses—never before published—were addressed, known to the readers of Burns as the 'Blue-eyed Lassie,' is one of a race whose beauties and virtues formed for several generations, the inspira-

¹ Road. ² Pang. ³ Perhaps. ⁴ Death.

* A proverbial expression—Give me the chance of speaking and the opportunity of gaining her favour.

tion of the masters of Scottish song. Her mother was Agnes Armstrong, in whose honour the touching words and beautiful air of 'Roslin Castle' were composed.

WHEN first I saw fair Jeanie's face,
I couldna tell what ail'd me,
My heart went fluttering pit-a-pat,
My een they almost fail'd me.
She's aye sae neat, sae trim, sae tight,
All grace does round her hover,
Ac look deprived me o' my heart,
And I became a lover.

She's aye, aye sae blithe, sae gay,
She's aye so blithe and cheerie;
She's ayesae bonny, blithe, and gay,
Oh, gin I were her dearie!

Had I Dundas' whole estate,
Or Hopetoun's wealth to shine in;
Did warlike laurels crown my brow,
Or humbler bays entwining—
I'd laid them a' at Jeanie's feet,
Could I but hope to move her,
And prouder than a belted knight,
I'd be my Jeanie's lover.
She's aye, aye sae blithe, &c.

But sair I fear some happier swain
Has gained sweet Jeanie's favour:
If so, may every bliss be hers,
Though I maun never have her;
But gang she east, or gang she west,
'Twi'x Forth and Tweed all over,
While men have eyes, or ears or taste,
She'll always find a lover.
She's aye, aye sae blithe, &c.

MY LOVELY NANCY.

TUNE—"The Quaker's Wife."

"The following song," says the poet, in a letter to Clarinda, to whose charms, probably, we owe the lines, "is one of my latest productions; and I send it to you as I would do anything else, because it pleases myself:"—

THINE am I, my faithful fair,
Thine, my lovely Nancy;
Every pulse along my veins,
Every roving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,
There to throb and languish;
Though despair had wrung its core,
That would heal its anguish.

Take away these 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.

TIBBIE DUNBAR.

TUNE—"Johnny M'Gill."

OH, wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie
Dunbar? [Dunbar?
Oh, wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie
Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn
in a car, [Dunbar?
Or walk by my side, oh, sweet Tibbie

I care na thy daddie, his lands and his
money, [lordly:
I care na thy kin, sae high and sae
But say thou wilt hae me for better for
waur— [Dunbar!
And come in thy coatie, sweet Tibbie

WHEN ROSY MAY COMES IN WI' FLOWERS.

TUNE—"The gardener wi' his paidle."

The poet afterwards produced a new version of this song, with a change in the burden at the end of the stanzas.

WHEN rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay green-spreading bow-
ers,

Then busy, busy, are his hours—

The gardener wi' his paidle.¹

The crystal waters gently fa'

The merry birds are lovers a';

The scented breezes round him blaw—

The gardener wi' his paidle.

When purple morning starts the hare
To steal upon her early fare, [pair—
Then through the dews he maun re-
The gardener wi' his paidle.

When day, expiring in the west,

The curtain draws of nature's rest,

He flies to her arms he lo'es the best—

The gardener wi' his paidle.

¹ Hoe.

MY HARRY WAS A GALLANT
GAY.

TUNE—"Highlander's Lament."

The chorus of this song, the poet tells us, he picked up from an old woman in Dunblane, the rest being his own. The old song was composed on a Highland love affair; but this version was evidently intended for a Jacobite melody.

My Harry was a gallant gay,
Fu' stately strode he on the plain;
But now he's banish'd far away,
I'll never see him back again.

Oh, for him back again!
Oh, for him back again!
I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land
For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave¹ gae to their bed,
I wander dowie² up the glen;
I set me down and greet³ my fill,
And aye I wish him back again.

Oh, were some villains hangit high,
And ilka body had their ain!
Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
My Highland Harry back again.

BEWARE O' BONNY ANN.

TUNE—"Ye gallants bright."

"I composed this song," says the poet, "out of compliment to Miss Ann Masterton, the daughter of my friend, Mr. Allan Masterton, composer of the air, 'Strathallan's Lament.'"

YE gallants bright, I rede¹ ye right,
Beware o' bonny Ann;
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
Your heart she will trepan.²
Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
Her skin is like the swan;
Sae jimply³ laced her genty waist,
That sweetly ye might span.

Youth, Grace, and Love, attendant
move,
And Pleasure leads the van: [arms,
In a' their charms, and conquering
They wait on bonny Ann.

The captive bands may chain the hands,
But love enslaves the man;
Ye gallants braw, I rede you a',
Beware o' bonny Ann!

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

TUNE—"John Anderson, my Jo."

JOHN Anderson, my jo¹ John,
When we were first acquent;
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonny brow was brent.²
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,³
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty⁴ 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.

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR.

TUNE—"Cameronian Rant."

"Oh 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 reekin' red ran mony a sheugh;¹
My heart, for fear, gaed sough² for
sough,
To hear the thuds,³ and see the cluds,
O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,⁴
Wha glaum'd⁵ at kingdoms three,
man.

"The red-coat lads, wi' black cockades,
To meet them werna slaw, man;
They rush'd and push'd; and bluid out-
gush'd,
And mony a bouk⁶ did fa', man:
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanced for twenty miles,

¹ Rest. ² Sad. ³ Cry.

¹ Warn. ² Ensnare. ³ Tightly.

¹ Love—dear. ² Smooth. ³ Head. ⁴ Happy.

¹ Ditch. ² Sigh. ³ Knocks. ⁴ Clothes.
⁵ Grasped. ⁶ Trunk, body.

They hack'd and hash'd while broad-
swords clash'd, [and smash'd
And through they dash'd, and hew'd
'Till foy' men died awa', man.

"But had ye seen the philabegs,
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 o'erpower'd the targe,
And thousands hasten'd to the charge,
Wi' Highland wrath they frae the
sheath

Drew blades o' death, till out o' breath,
They fled like frightened doos,⁹
man."

"Oh, how deil, Tam, can that be true?
The chase gaed frae the north, man;
I saw mysel they did pursue

The horsemen back to Forth, man:
And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,
They took the brig wi' a' their might,
And straught to Stirling wing'd their
flight;

But, curs'd lot! the gates were shut;
And mony a huntit, poor red-coat,
For fear amais't did swarf,¹⁰ 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 neighbors' bluid to spill;
For fear by foes that they should lose
Their cogs o' brose, they scared at
blows,

And hameward fast did flee, 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.

⁷ Predestined. ⁸ Shining. ⁹ Pigeons. ¹⁰
Swoon.

BLOOMING NELLY.

TUNE—"On a Bank of Flowers."

On a bank of flowers, in a summer day,
For summer lightly drest,
The youthful blooming Nelly lay,
With love and sleep opprest;
When Willie, wandering through the
wood,

Who for her favour oft had sued,
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he
blush'd,
And trembled where he stood.

Her clos'd eyes, like weapons sheath-
ed,

Were seal'd in soft repose;
Her lips, still as she fragrant breath'd,
It richer dy'd the rose.

The springing lilies sweetly prest,
Wild-wanton, kiss'd her rival breast:
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he
blush'd—

His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes, light waving in the breeze,
Her tender limbs embrace!

Her lovely form, her native ease,
All harmony and grace!

Tumultuous tides his pulses roll.

A faltering, ardent kiss he stole;
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he
blush'd,

And sigh'd his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake,
On fear-inspired wings.

So Nelly, starting, half-awake,

Away affrighted springs:

But Willie follow'd—as he should;

He overtook her in the wood;
He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the
maid

Forgiving all and good.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGH- LANDS.

TUNE—"Faille na Miosg."

"The first half stanza of this song," says
Burns, "is old; the rest is mine."

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart
is not here; [the deer;

My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing

A-chasing the wild deer, and following
the roe— [I go.

My heart's in the Highlands wherever

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to
the North, [of worth:

The birthplace of valour, the country
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands forever I
love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd
with snow; [leys below;

Farewell to the straths and green val-

Farewell to the forests and wild-hang-
ing woods; [ing floods.

Farewell to the torrents and loud-pour-

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart
is not here; [the deer;

My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing
A-chasing the wild deer, and following
the roe— [I go.

My heart's in the Highlands wherever

THE BANKS OF NITH.

TUNE—"Robie donna Gorach."

THE Thames flows proudly to the sea,
Where royal cities stately stand;

But sweeter flows the Nith, to me,
Where Cummins* ance had high
command:

When shall I see that honour'd land,
That winding stream I love so dear!
Must wayward Fortune's adverse hand
Forever, ever keep me here?

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
Where spreading hawthorns gayly
bloom!

How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,
Where lambkins wanton through
the broom! [doom,

Though wandering, now, must be my
Far from thy bonny banks and braes,
May there my latest hours consume,
Among the friends of early days!

TAM GLEN.

TUNE—"Tam Glen."

MY heart is breaking, dear tittle!¹
Some counsel unto me come len¹;

¹ Sister.

* The well-known Comyns of Scottish history.

To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen!

I'm thinking, wi' sic a brow fallow,
In poortith I might mak a fen;²
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I mauna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie the Laird o' Drumeller,
"Guid day to you brute!" he comes
ben,

He brags and blaws o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam
Glen?

My minnie³ does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen!

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me guid hunder marks ten;
But if it's ordain'd I maun take him,
Oh, wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the valentines' dealing,
My heart to my mou' gied a sten;⁴
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written—Tam
Glen!

The last Halloween I lay waukin'⁵
My droukit⁶ sark-sleeve, as ye ken;*
His likeness came up the house staukin',
And the very gray breeks o' Tam
Glen!

Come counsel, dear tittle! dont tarry—
I'll gie ye my bonny black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly—Tam Glen.

THE TAILOR.

TUNE—"The tailor fell through the bed,
thimbles and a'."

THE tailor fell through the bed, thim-
bles and a'; [bles and a';
The tailor fell through the bed, thim-
The blankets were thin, and the sheets
they were sma', [bles and a'.
The tailor fell through the bed, thim-

² Shift.

³ Mother.

⁴ Bound.

⁵ Watching. ⁶ Wet.

* For an explanation of this old usage, see, under the head "Poems," Note †, page

The sleepy bit lassie, she dreading nae
ill; [ill;
The sleepy bit lassie, she dreading nae
The weather was cauld, and the lassie
lay still, [nae ill.
She thought that a tailor could do her

Gie me the groat again, canny young
man; [man;
Gie me the groat again, canny young
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; [lane;
There's somebody weary wi' lying her
There's some that are dowie,¹ I trow
wad be fain². [again.
To see the bit tailor come skippin'

YE HAE LIEN WRANG LASSIE.

CHORUS.

Ye hae lien a' wrang, lassie,
Ye've lien a' wrang;
Ye've lien in an unco¹ bed,
And wi' a fremit² man,

Your rosy cheeks are turn'd sae wan.
Ye're greener than the grass, lassie;
Your coatie's shorter by a span,
Yet ne'er an inch the less, lassie.

O lassie, ye hae play'd the fool,
And we will feel the scorn, lassie;
For aye the brose ye sup at e'en,
Ye bock³ them ere the morn, lassie.

Oh, ance ye danced upon the knowes,⁴
And through the wood ye sang,
lassie;
But in the herrying o' a bee byke,
I fear ye've got a stang, lassie.

THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.

TUNE—"Neil Gow's Lament."

The first half stanza of this song is old: the
rest by Burns.

THERE'S a youth in this city,
It were a great pity [awa';
That he frae our lasses should wander

For he's bonny an' braw,
Weel favour'd witha', [a'.
And his hair has a natural buckle and
His coat is the hue
Of his bonnet sae blue; [snaw:
His fecket* is white as the new-driven
His hose they are blae,
And his shoon like the slae, [us' a.
And his clear siller buckles they dazzle

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 penny'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 dear-
est of a'.

OUR THRISLES FLOURISHED FRESH AND FAIR.

TUNE—"Awa', Whigs, awa'."

The second and fourth stanzas only of this
song are from the pen of the poet: the
others belong to an old Jacobite ditty.

OUR thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair,
And bonny bloom'd our roses;
But Whigs cam like a frost in June,
And wither'd a' our posies.

Awa', Whigs, awa'!
Awa', Whigs, awa'!
Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,
Ye'll do nae guid at a'.

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 gie the Whigs the power o't;

Our sad decay in Church and State
Surpasses my describing;
The Whigs cam o'er us for a curse,
And we hae done wi' thriving.

¹ Melancholy. ² Glad.

³ Strange. ² Stranger. ³ Vomit. ⁴ Hills.

* An under waistcoat with sleeves.

† A well-stocked farm.

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!¹

COME REDE ME, DAME.

COME rede¹ me, dame, come tell me,
 dame,

And nane can tell mair truly,
 What colour maun the man be of
 To love a woman duly.

The carline² flew baith up and down,
 And leugh and answer'd ready,
 I learn'd a sang in Annandale,
 A dark man for my lady.

But for a country quean like thee,
 Young lass, I tell thee fairly,
 That wi' the white I've made a shift,
 And brown will do fu' rarely.

There's mickle love in raven locks,
 The flaxen ne'er grows youden,³
 There's a kiss and hause⁴ me in the
 brown,
 And glory in the gowden.

THE CAPTAIN'S LADY.

TUNE—"Oh, mount and go."

CHORUS.

OH, mount and go,
 Mount and make you ready;
 Oh, mount and go,
 And be the captain's lady.

When the drums do beat,
 And the cannons rattle,
 Thou shalt sit in state,
 And see thy love in battle.

When the vanquish'd foe
 Sues for peace and quiet
 To the shades we'll go,
 And in love enjoy it.

OH MERRY HAE I BEEN TEETH- IN' A HECKLE.

TUNE—"Lord Breadalbane's March."

OH, merry hae I been teetbin' a heckle,
 And merry hae I been shapin' a
 spoon;

¹ Hare.

¹ Counsel. ² Old woman. ³ Gray. ⁴ Hug
 or embrace.

And merry hae I been cloutin'¹ a ket-
 tle,

And kissin' my Katie when a' was
 done. [mer,

Oh, a' the lang day I ca' at my ham-
 And a' the lang day I whistle and sing,
 A' the lang night I cuddle² my kim-
 mer,³ [a king,

-And a' the lang night am as happy's

Bitter in dool I lickit my winnin's,
 O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave:
 Blest be the hour she cool'd in her
 linens, [her grave!

And blithe be the bird that sings on
 Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie,
 And 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.

EPPIE ADAIR.

TUNE—"My Eppie."

AND oh! my Eppie,
 My jewel, my Eppie!
 Wha wadna be happy
 Wi' Eppie Adair?
 By love, and by beauty,
 By law, and by duty,
 I swear to be true to
 My Eppie Adair!

And oh! my Eppie,
 My jewel, my Eppie!
 Wha wadna be happy
 Wi' Eppie Adair?
 A' pleasure exile me,
 Dishonour defile me,
 If e'er I beguile thee,
 My Eppie Adair!

YOUNG JOCKEY.

TUNE—"Young Jockey."

YOUNG Jockey was the blithest lad
 In a' our town or here awa',
 Fu' blithe he whistled at the gaud,¹
 Fu' lightly danced he in the ha'.
 He roosed² my een, sae bonny blue,
 He roosed my waist sae genty sma',

¹ Patching up. ² Fondle. ³ Dearie.

¹ Piough. ² Praised.

And aye my heart came to my mou'
When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
Through wind and weet, through
frost and snaw;
And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain
When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'.
And aye the night comes round again,
When in his arms he takes me a';
And aye he vows he'll be my ain,
As lang's he has a breath to draw.

WEE WILLIE GRAY.

WEE Willie Gray, and his leather
wallet; [and jacket:
Peel a willow-wand to be him boots
The rose upon the brier will be him
trouse and doublet,
The rose upon the brier will be him
trouse and doublet. [wallet,
Wee Willie Gray, and his leather
Twice a lily flower will be him sark
and cravat, [bonnet,
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his
bonnet.

JAMIE, COME TRY ME.

TUNE—"Jamie, come try me."

CHORUS.

JAMIE, come try me,
Jamie, come try me,
If thou wad 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.

THE BATTLE OF KILLIE- CRANKIE.

TUNE—"Killiecrankie."

The chorus of this song, which celebrates the battle where Viscount Dundee fell in the moment of victory, is old; the rest is from the pen of Burns.

WHARE hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Whare hae ye been sae brankie,¹ O?
Oh, whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Can ye by Killiecrankie, O?
An' ye hae been whare I hae been,
Ye wadna been sae cantie,² O;
An' ye ha' seen what I hae seen,
On the braes of Killiecrankie, O.

I fought at land, I fought at sea;
At hame I fought my auntie, O;
But I met the devil and Dundee,
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
The bauld Pitcur fell in a fur,³
And Clavers got a clankie, O;
Or I had fed on Athole gled,⁴
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

GUIDWIFE, COUNT THE LAWIN.

TUNE—"Guidwife, count the lawin."

GANE is the day, and mirk's the night,
But we'll ne'er stray for fau't' o' light,
For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
And blude-red wine's the rising sun.

Then, guidwife, count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin;
Then, guidwife, count the lawin,
And bring a coggie² mair.

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
And simple folk maun fecht 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;³
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
An' ye drink but deep ye'll find him out.

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

TUNE—"Whistle o'er the lave o't."

FIRST when Maggy was my care,
Heaven, I thought, was in her air;
Now we're married—spier¹ nae mair—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.—
Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
Bonny Meg was nature's child;
Wiser men than me's beguiled—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

¹ Gaudy. ² Merry. ³ Furrow. ⁴ Kite.

¹ Want. ² Bumper. ³ Grief.

¹ Ask.

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 maggots' meat,
 Dish'd up in her winding sheet,
 I could write—but Meg maun see't—
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.

OH, CAN YE LABOUR LEA.

Oh, can ye labour lea, young man,
 And can ye labour lea;
 Gae back the gate ye cam again,
 Ye'se never scorn me.

I fee'd a man at Martinmas,
 Wi' airt-pennies three;
 And a' the faut I fan' wi' him,
 He couldna labour lea.
 The stibble-rig is easy plough'd,
 The fallow land is free;
 But wha wad keep the handless coof,
 That couldna labour lea?

WOMEN'S MINDS.

TUNE—"For a' that."

THOUGH women's minds, like winter
 winds,

May shift and turn and a' that,
 The noblest breast adores them maist,
 A consequence I draw that.

For a' that, and a' that,
 And twice as muckle's a' that,
 The bonny lass that I lo'e best
 She'll be my ain for a' that.

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

But there is ane aboon the lave,¹
 Has wit, and sense, and a' that;
 A bonny lass, I like her best,
 And wha a crime dare ca' that?

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNY FACE.

TUNE—"The Maid's Complaint."

It is na, Jean, thy bonny face,
 Nor shape, that I admire,

Although thy beauty and thy grace
 Might weel awake desire.
 Something, in ilka part o' thee,
 To praise, to love, I find;
 But, dear as is thy form to me,
 Still dearer is thy mind.

Nae mair ungenerous wish I hae,
 No 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.

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

TUNE—"Lady Badinscoth's Reel."

My love she's but a lassie yet,
 My love she's but a lassie yet;
 We'll let her stand a year or twa,
 She'll no be half sae saucy yet.
 I rue the day I sought her, O,
 I rue the day I sought her, O;
 Wha gets her needna say she's woo'd,
 But he may say he's bought her, O!

Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet;
 Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet;
 Gae seek for pleasure where ye will,
 But here I never miss'd it yet.
 We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
 We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
 The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
 And couldna preach for thinkin' o't.

CA' THE EWES.

TUNE—"Ca' the Ewes to the Knowes."

The fourth and fifth stanzas of this song,
 which was written for the *Museum*, are old,
 with a few touches of improvement by
 Burns. He afterwards wrote a much better
 version for Thomson's collection, which will
 be found at p. 263.

As I gaed down the water-side,
 There I met my shepherd lad,
 He row'd¹ me sweetly in his plaid,
 And ca'd me his dearie.

¹ Rest.

¹ Wrapt.

Ca' the ewes to the knowes,
 Ca' them whare the heather grows,
 Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
 My bonny 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,²
 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 wimple³ to the sea:
 While day blinks in the lift⁴ sae hie;
 Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my ee,
 Ye sall be my dearie.

SIMMER'S A PLEASANT TIME.

TUNE—"Aye Waukin, O."

This is an old song, on which the poet appears
 to have made only a few alterations.

SIMMER'S a pleasant time,
 Flowers of every colour;
 The water rins o'er the heugh,¹
 And I long for my true lover.

A 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;²
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinking on my dearie.

Lanely night comes on,
 A' the lave³ are sleepin';
 I think on my bonny lad,
 And I bleer my een with greetin'.⁴

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME.

TUNE—"There are few guid fellows when
 Willie's awa'."

"When political combustion," says the poet,
 in a letter to Thomson, enclosing this song,
 which had evidently been composed while
 in a Jacobitical mood, "ceases to be the
 object of princes and patriots, it then, you
 know, becomes the lawful prey of historians
 and poets."

By yon castle wa', at the close of the
 day, [was gray:
 I heard a man sing, though his head it
 And as he was singing, the tears fast
 down came, [comes hame.
 There'll never be peace till Jamie
 The Church is in ruins, the State is in
 jars; [ous wars;
 Delusions, oppressions, and murder—
 We darena weel say't, though we ken
 wha's to blame— [hame!
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes

My seven brow sons for Jamie drew
 sword, [beds in the yerd.²
 And now I greet¹ round their green
 It brak the sweet heart of my faithfu'
 auld dame— [hame.
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes
 Now life is a burthen that bows me
 down, [crown;
 Since I tint³ my bairns, and he tint his
 But till my last moments my words are
 the same— [hame.
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes

LOVELY DAVIES.

TUNE—"Miss Muir."

The heroine of this song was Miss Deborah
 Davies, a beautiful young Englishwoman,
 connected by ties of blood with the family
 of Captain Riddel of Glenriddel, at whose
 house the poet probably first met her. Her
 beauty and accomplishments appear to have
 made a deep impression upon the poet, for
 he has celebrated them in a number of effu-
 sions in both prose and verse. In a letter to
 her enclosing this song, he says, in a strain
 of enthusiastic gallantry:—"When my
 theme is youth and beauty—a young lady
 whose personal charms, wit, and sentiment,
 are equally striking and unaffected—by
 Heavens! though I had lived threescore
 years a married man, and threescore
 years before I was a married man, my

² Grief. ³ Wander. ⁴ Heavens.

¹ Steep. ² Timorous. ³ Rest. ⁴ Weeping.

¹ Weep. ² Churchyard. ³ Lost.

imagination would hallow the very idea; and I am truly sorry that the enclosed stanzas have done such poor justice to such a subject."

OH, how shall I unskilfu' try
The poet's occupation,
The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,
That whisper inspiration?
Even they maun dare an effort mair
Than aught they ever gave us,
Or they rehearse, in equal verse,
The charms o' lovely Davies.

Each eye it cheers, when she appears,
Like Phœbus in the morning, [er
When past the shower and every flow-
The garden is adorning. [shore,
As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's
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 sceptred hand, a king's command,
Is in her darting glances: [charms,
The man in arms, 'gainst female
Even he her willing slave is;
He hugs his chain, and owns the reign
Of conquering, lovely Davies.

My Muse, to dream of such a theme,
Her feeble powers surrender;
The eagle's gaze alone surveys
The sun's meridian splendour:
I wad in vain essay the strain,
The deed too daring brave is;
I'll drap the lyre, and mute admire
The charms o' lovely Davies.

THE BONNY WEE THING.

TUNE—"Bonny wee Thing."

This is another, though briefer and more sentimental, song in celebration of the lady mentioned above—"The charming, lovely Davies."

BONNY wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.¹

Wishfully I look and languish
In that bonny face o' thine;
And my heart it stounds² wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wi, and grace, and love, and beauty,
In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!
Bonny wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine!

WAR SONG.

AIR—"Oran an Doig;" or, "The Song of Death."

"I have just finished," says the poet, in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, enclosing this noble lyric, "the following song, which, to a lady, the descendant of Wallace, and herself the mother of several soldiers, needs neither preface nor apology." The subject, the poet tells us, was suggested to him by an Isle-of-Skye tune entitled, "Oran an Doig;" or, "The Song of Death," which he found in a collection of Highland airs, and to the measure of which he adapted his stanzas.

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 broad setting sun!
Farewell loves and friendships, ye dear
tender ties!
Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's
gloomy foe!
Go, frighten the coward and slave!
Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant!
but know,
No terrors hast thou to the brave!

Thou strik'st the dull peasant,—he
sinks in the dark, [name;—
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glori-
ous mark!
He falls in the blaze of his fame!

¹ Lose.

² Aches.

In the fields of proud honour—our
swords in our hands
Our king and our country to save—
While victory shines on life's last ebbing
sands— [brave!
Oh! who would not die with the

Æ FOND KISS.

TUNE—"Rory Dall's Port."

This exquisitely beautiful song sprang from the depth of the poet's passion for Clarinda; and is one of the most vehement and impressive outbursts of intense feeling ever written.

Æ fond kiss, and then we sever;
Æ fareweel, and then, forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge
thee, [thee.
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage
Who shall say that Fortune grieves
him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her was to love her;
Love but her, and love forever.

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved 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!

Æ fond kiss, and then we sever;
Æ fareweel, alas! forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge
thee, [thee!
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage

GLOOMY DECEMBER.

TUNE—"Wandering Willie."

The last interview of the poet with Clarinda took place in Edinburgh on the 6th of December, 1791, and appears to have been

deeply affecting on both sides. In remembrance of this meeting, and while still under the influence of the feelings evoked by it, the poet composed these beautiful lines:—

ANCE mair I hail thee, thou gloomy
December! [care;
Ance mair I hail thee, wi' sorrow and
Sad was the parting thou makes me re-
member, [mair.
Parting wi' Nancy, oh! ne'er to meet

Fond lovers' parting is sweet painful
pleasure, [ing hour;
Hope beaming mild on the soft part-
But the dire feeling, oh, farewell fore-
ever! [pure.
Is anguish unmingled, and agony

Wild as the winter now tearing the
forest, [down;
Till the last leaf o' the summer is
Such is the tempest has shaken my
bosom, [is gone!
Since my last hope and last comfort

Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy Decem-
ber, [care;
Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and
For sad was the parting thou makes me
remember, [mair.
Parting wi' Nancy, oh! ne'er to meet.

BEHOLD THE HOUR.

TUNE—"Oran Gaoil."

A month after the interview mentioned in the introduction to the preceding song—on the 25th of January, 1792—Clarinda, in anticipation of her immediate departure for Jamaica to join her husband, wrote to the poet bidding him farewell. "Seek God's favour," she says; "keep His commandments—be solicitous to prepare for a happy eternity. There, I trust, we will meet in never-ending bliss!" She sailed a month afterwards; and the poet poured his feelings on the occasion into the following fine song:—

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 through thy sweets she loves to
stray,
Oh, tell me, does she muse on me?

THE MIRK NIGHT O' DECEMBER.

TUNE—"O May, thy morn."

The following song, the production of a
lighter mood, is also said to have been writ-
ten in commemoration of the final meeting
with Clarinda:—

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 darena name,
But I will aye remember.
And dear was she I darena name,
But I will aye remember.

And here's to them that, like oursel,
Can push about the joram;
And here's to them that wish us weel,
May a' that's guid watch o'er them!
And here's to them we darena tell,
The dearest o' the quorum.
And here's to them we darena tell,
The dearest o' the quorum!

MY NANNIE'S AWA'.

Tune—"There'll never be peace."

Some months after the departure of Clarinda,
when time had mellowed the poet's passion,

* The above two stanzas of this song are
given by Chambers as follows:—

Behold the hour, the boat arrive!
My dearest Nancy, oh, farewell!
Sever'd frae thee, can I survive,
Frae thee whom I hae loved sae weel?

Endless and deep shall be my grief;
Nae ray o' comfort shall I see;
But this most precious, dear belief!
That thou wilt still remember me.

and absence calmed the tumult of his feel-
ings, he wrote the following touching pas-
toral:—

Now in her green mantle blithe nature
arrays, [o'er the braes,
And listens the lambkins that bleat
While birds warble welcome in ilka
green shaw;¹ [Nannie's awa'!
But to me it's delightless—my

The snaw-drap and primrose our wood-
lands adorn, [morn;
And violets bathe in the weet² o' the
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly
they blaw, [Nannie's awa'!
Their mind me o' Nannie—and

Thou laverock that springs frae the
dews of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn o' the gray
breaking dawn, [night fa',
And thou mellow mavis that hails the
Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa'!

Come, Autumn sae pensive, in yellow
and gray, [decay:
And soothe me with tidings o' Nature's
The dark dreary winter, and wild driv-
ing snaw, [awa'!
Alane can delight me—now Nannie's

WANDERING WILLIE.

In composing this song, Burns is thought to
have thrown himself sympathetically into
the circumstances of his mistress—Clarinda
—and to have given expression to the feel-
ings with which he supposed her to be ani-
mated in seeking, after a separation of
many years, a reunion with her wayward,
wandering husband. The idea of this song
appears to have been taken from an old
one, of which the two following verses have
been preserved:—

"Here awa', there awa', here awa', Willie,
Here awa', there awa', here awa' hame;
Long have I sought thee, dear have I bought
thee,
Now I hae gotten my Willie again.

"Through the lang muir I have follow'd my
Willie,
Through the lang muir I have follow'd
him hame;
Whatever betide us, nought shall divide us,
Love now rewards all my sorrow and
pain."

¹ Wood.

² Dew.

HERE awa', there awa', wandering
 Willie, [hame;
 Here awa', there awa', hand awa'
 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, [in my ee;
 Fears for my Willie brought tears
 Welcome now simmer, and welcome
 my Willie— [to me.
 The simmer to nature, my Willie

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of
 your slumbers, [alarms!
 How your dread howling a lover
 Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye
 billows! [to my arms!
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair

But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na
 his Nannie, [roaring main!
 Flow still between us thou wide
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's
 my ain.

THE DEIL'S AWA' WI' THE EXCISEMAN.

TUNE—"The deil cam fiddling through the
 town."

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 danced awa', he's danced awa',
 He's danced awa' wi' the Excise-
 man!

We'll mak our maut, we'll brew our
 drink, [man;
 We'll dance and sing, and rejoice,
 And mony braw thanks to the meikle
 black deil
 That danced awa' wi' the Exciseman.

The deil's awa', the deil's awa',
 The deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman;

He's danced awa', he's danced awa',
 He's danced awa' wi' the Excise-
 man!

There's threesome reels, there's four-
 some reels, [man;
 There's hornpipes and strathspeys,
 But the ae best dance e'er cam to the
 land, [man.
 Was—the deil's awa' wi' the Excise-

The deil's awa', the deil's awa',
 The deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman;
 He's danced awa', he's danced awa',
 He's danced awa' wi' the Excise-
 man!

BONNY LESLEY.

The poet in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, gives the following account of the origin of this song:—"Apropos!—do you know that I am almost in love with an acquaintance of yours? Know, then," said he, "that the heart-struck awe, the distant humble approach, the delight we should have in gazing upon and listening to a messenger of Heaven, appearing in all the unspotted purity of his celestial home, among the coarse, polluted, far inferior sons of men, to deliver to them tidings that should make their hearts swim in joy, and their imaginations soar in transport,—such, so delighting and and so pure, were the emotions of my soul on meeting the other day with Miss Lesley Baillie, your neighbour at Mayfield. Mr. Baillie, with his two daughters, accompanied by Mr. H. of G., passing through Dumfries a few days ago, on their way to England, did me the honour of calling on me, on which I took my horse, (though God knows I could ill spare the time,) and accompanied them fourteen or fifteen miles, and dined and spent the day with them. 'Twas about nine, I think, when I left them; and riding home, I composed the following ballad. You must know that there is an old one beginning with—

'My bonny Lizzie Baillie,
 I'll rowe thee in my plaidie, &c.

So I parodied it as follows." Miss Baillie ultimately became Mrs. Cumming of Logie, and died in Edinburg in 1843.

OH, saw ye bonny Lesley
 As she gaed o'er the Border?
 She's gane like Alexander,
 To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
 And love but her forever;
 For Nature made her what she is
 And never made anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we, before thee;
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The deil he couldna skaith¹ thee,
Nor aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonny face,
And say, "I canna wrang thee."

The powers aboon will tent² thee;
Misfortune sha' na steer thee:
Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag we hae a lass
There's nane again sae bonny.

CRAIGIE-BURN WOOD.

The poet composed the following song to aid the eloquence of a Mr. Gillespie, a friend of his, who was paying his addresses to a Miss Lorimer, a young lady who resided at a beautiful place on the banks of the Moffat, called Craigie-burn Wood.

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.

Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee,
dearie,
And oh! to be lying beyond thee;
Oh, sweetly, soundly, weel may he
sleep
That's laid in the bed beyond
thee!

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 bonny;
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,¹ 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.

SECOND VERSION.

Sweet fa's the eve on Craigie-burn,
And blithe awakes the morrow;
But a' the pride o' spring's return
Can yield me nought 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 darena for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love anither,
When yon green leaves fade frae the
tree,
Around my grave they'll wither.

FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE.

AIR—"Carron Side."

In his notes to the *Museum*, the poet says of this song:—"I added the last four lines by way of giving a turn to the theme of the poem—such as it is." The entire song, however, was in his own handwriting, and is generally thought to be his own composition, as the other twelve lines have not been found in any collection.

FRAE the friends and land I love,
Driven by Fortune's felly² spite,

¹ Harm. ² Guard.

¹ Death. ² Relentless.

Frae my best-beloved I rove,
 Never mair to taste delight;
 Never mair maun hope to find
 Ease frae toil, relief frae care:
 When remembrance wracks 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 name again;
 And ilka loyal bonny lad
 Cross the seas and win his ain.

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

TUNE—"My Tocher's the Jewel."

OH meikle thinks my luve o' my
 beauty, [kin;
 And meikle thinks my luve o' my
 But little thinks my luve I ken brawlie¹
 My tocher's² the jewel has charms
 for him. [tree;
 It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the
 It's a' for the hinee he'll cherish the
 bee; [siller
 My laddie's sae meikle in luve wi' the
 He canna hae luve to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luve's an airt-penny,³
 My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
 But an ye be crafty I am cunnin', [try.
 Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun
 Ye're like to the timmer⁴ o' yon rotten
 wood, [tree,
 Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten
 Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
 And ye'll crack⁵ your credit wi' mae⁶
 nor me.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO ?

TUNE—"What can a young lassie do wi' an
 auld man?"

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall
 a young lassie, [auld man?
 What can a young lassie do wi' an

Bad luck on the penny that tempted
 my minnie¹ [and lan!
 To sell her poor Jenny for siller
 Bad luck on the penny, &c,

He's always compleenin' frae mornin'
 to e'enin', [day lang;
 He hoasts² and he hirples³ the weary
 He's doyl't⁴ and he's dozen⁵ his bluid it
 is frozen, [man!
 Oh, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld
 He's doyl't and he's dozen, &c.

He hums and he hankers, he frets and
 he cankers, [I can;
 I never can please him do a' that
 He's peevish and jealous o' a' the
 young fellows: [auld man!
 Oh, dool⁶ on the day I met wi' an
 He's peevish and jealous, &c.

My auld Auntie Katie upon me taks
 pity, [plain!
 I'll do my endeavour to follow her
 I'll cross him, and wrack him; until I
 heart-break him,
 And then his auld brass will buy
 me a new pan. [&c.
 I'll cross him, and wrack him,

OH, HOW CAN I BE BLITHE AND GLAD ?

TUNE—"Owre the hills and far awa'!"

OH, how can I be blithe and glad,
 Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
 When the bonny lad that I lo'e best
 Is o'er the hills and far awa'?
 When the bonny 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 aye the tear comes in my ee,
 To think on him that's far awa'.
 But aye the tear comes in my ee,
 To think on him that's far awa'.

My father pat me frae his door,
 My friends they hae disown'd me a',
 But I hae ane will tak my part,
 The bonny lad that's far awa'.

¹ Know well. ² Dowry. ³ Money given as
 earnest of a bargain. ⁴ Timber. ⁵ Injure.
⁶ More.

¹ Mother. ² Coughs. ³ Limps. ⁴ Crazed.
⁵ Benumbed. ⁶ Woe.

But I hae ane will tak my part,
The bonny lad that's far awa'.

A pair o' gloves he bought for me,
And silken snoods* he gae me twa;
And I will wear them for his sake,—
The bonny lad that's far awa'.
And I will wear them for his sake,—
The bonny lad that's far awa'.

Oh, weary winter soon will pass,
And spring will cleed the birken-
shaw;¹

And my young baby will be born,
And he'll be hame that's far awa'.
And my young baby 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."

This song was altered by the poet into Scotch, from a poem by Sir Robert Ayton, private secretary to Anne, consort of James VI. "I think," says Burns, "that I have improved the simplicity of the sentiments by giving them a Scots dress."*

¹ Birch-wood.

* See p. —note.

* The following are the old words:—

"I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee;
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak had power to move
But I can let thee now alone, [thee.
As worthy to be loved by none.

"I do confess thou'rt sweet; yet find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind,
That kisseth everything it meets;
And since thou canst with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be kissed by none.

The morning rose, that untouch'd stands,
Arm'd with her briers, how sweetly
smells! [hands,
But, pluck'd and strain'd through ruder
Her sweet no longer with her dwells,
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her, one by one.

"Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been a while,
Like sun-flowers to be thrown aside,
And I shall sigh while some will smile,
To see thy love for more than one
Hath brought thee to be loved by none."

I DO confess thou art sae fair.
I wud been owr, the lugs¹ in luvè,
Had I na found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak thy heart could
move.

I do confess thee sweet, but find
Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets,
Thy favours are the silly wind,
That kisses ilka thing it meets.

See yonder rosebud, rich in dew,
Amang its native briers sae coy;
How sune it tines² its scent and hue
When pu'd and worn a common toy!
Sic fate, ere lang, shall thee betide,
Though thou may gayly bloom a
while;
Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside
Like ony common weed and vile.

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS

TUNE—"Yon wild mossy mountains."

"This song," says the poet, "alludes to a part of my private history which it is of no consequence to the world to know."

YON wild mossy mountains sae lofty
and wide, [the Clyde,
That nurse in their bosom the youth o'
Where the grouse lead their coveys
through the heather to feed,
And the shepherd tends his flock as he
pipes on his reed,
Where the grouse lead their coveys
through the heather to feed,
And the shepherd tends his flock as
he pipes on his reed.

Not Gowrie's rich valleys, nor Forth's
sunny shores, [moors;
To me hae the charms o' yon wild mossy
For there, by a lanely, sequester'd
clear stream, [my dream.
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and
For there, by a lanely, sequester'd
clear stream, [and my dream.
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought

Amang thae wild mountains shall still
be my path, [narrow strath;
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green
For there, wi' my lassie, the day-lang
I rove, [hours o' love.
While o'er us unheeded, flee the swift

¹ Ears.

² Loes.

For there, wi' my lassie, the day-lang
I rove,
While o'er us, unheaded, flee the
swift hours o' love.

She is not the fairest, although she is
fair;
O' nice education but sma' is her share;
Her parentage humble as humble can
be; [lo'es me.
But I lo'e the dear lassie because she
Her parentage humble as humble
can be, [she lo'es me.
But I lo'e the dear lassie, because

To beauty what man but maun yield
him a prize, [and sighs?
In her armour of glances, and blushes,
And when wit and refinement hae pol-
ish'd her darts, [hearts.
They dazzle our een as they fly to our
And when wit and refinement hae
polish'd her darts, [our hearts.
They dazzle our een as they fly to

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the
fond sparkling ee, [me;
Has lustre outshining the diamond to
And the heart-beating love, as I'm
clasp'd in her arms, [charms!
Oh, these are my lassie's all-conquering.
And the heart-beating love, as I'm
clasped in her arms,
Oh, these are my lassie's all-conquer-
ing charms!

OH FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY,
TAM!

TUNE—"The Moudiewort."

AND oh for ane-and-twenty, Tam!
And hey, sweet ane-and-twenty,
Tam!
I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

'They snool¹ me sair, and haud me
down,
And gar me look like bluntie,² Tam;
But three short years will soon wheel
roun'³— [Tam.
And then comes ane-and-twenty,

A gleib o' lan³ a claut o' gear,⁴
Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
At kith or kin I needna spier,⁵
An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

The'll hae me wed a wealthy coof.⁶
Though I mysel hae plenty, Tam;
But hear'st thou, laddie—there's my
loof⁷—
I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam.

BESS AND HER SPINNING-
WHEEL.

TUNE—"The sweet lass that lo'es me."

OH, leeze me on my spinning-wheel,
And leeze me on my rock and reel;
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,¹
And haps² me fiel³ and warm at e'en!
I'll set me downand sing and spin,
While laigh descends the simmer sun,
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—
Oh, leeze me on my spinning-wheel!

On ilka hand the burnies trot,⁴
And meet below my theekit cot;
The scented birk and hawthorn white,
Across the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdies' nest,
And little fishes' caller⁵ rest;
The sun blinks kindly in the beil,⁶
Where blithe I turn my spinning-
wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats⁷ wail,
And echo cons the doolfu⁸ tale;
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ither's lays;
The craik⁹ among the clover hay,
The patrick whirrin' o'er the ley,
The swallow jinkin' round my shiel,¹⁰
Amuse me at my spinning-wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy,
Oh, wha wad leave this humble state
For a' the pride of a' the great?
Amid their flaring, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy at her spinning wheel?

³ A portion of ground. ⁴ A sum of money.
⁵ Ask. ⁶ Fool. ⁷ Hand.

¹ Comfortably. ² Wraps. ³ Soft. ⁴ Run.
⁵ Cool. ⁶ Sheltered place. ⁷ Wood-pigeon.
⁸ Woe'ful. ⁹ Landrail. ¹⁰ Cottage.

¹ Curb. ² A simpleton.

NITHSDALE'S WELCOME HAME.

This song was written to celebrate the return to Scotland of Lady Winifred Maxwell, a descendant of the attainted Earl of Nithsdale. The music to which the poet composed the verses was by Captain Riddel of Glenriddel.

THE noble Maxwells and their powers
Are coming o'er the Border,
And they'll gae big Terregle's towers,
And set them a' in order.
And they declare Terregle's fair,
For their abode they choose it;
There's no a heart in a' the land
But's lighter at the news o't.

Though 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 joyfu' morrow;
So dawning day has brought relief—
Fareweel our night o' sorrow!

COUNTRIE LASSIE.

TUNE—"The Country Lass."

IN simmer, when the hay was mawn,
And corn waved green in ilka field,
While clover blooms white o'er the lea,
And roses blaw in ilka bield;¹
Blithe Bessie in the milking shiel,²
Says, "I'll be wed, come o't what
will."
Out spak a dame in wrinkled eild³—
"O' guid advisement comes na ill.

"It's ye hae woers mony ane,
And, lassie, ye're but young, ye ken;
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale,⁴
A routhie butt, a routhie ben:⁵
There's Johnnie o' the Buskie Glen,
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;
Tak this frae me, my bonny hen,
It's plenty-beats the luvver's fire."

"For Johnnie o' the Buskie Glen,
I dinna care a single fie;
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
He has nae luve to spare for me:

But blithe's the blink o' Robbie's ee,
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear:
Ae blink o' him I wadna gie
For Buskie Glen and a' his gear."

"Oh, thoughtless lassie, life's a
faught;⁶
The canniest gate,⁷ the strife is sair:
But ay fu'-lant is fechtin' best,
A hungry care's an unco care:
But some will spend, and some will
spare,
And wilfu' folk maun haetheir will;
Syne⁸ as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the
yill."

"Oh, gear will buy me rigs o' land,
And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
But the tender heart o' leesome⁹ luve
The gowd and siller canna buy;
We may be poor—Robbie and I,
Light is the burden luve lays on;
Content and luve bring peace and joy—
What mair hae queens upon a
throne?"

FAIR ELIZA.

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 forever
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 simmer moon:

¹ Sheltered place. ² Shed. ³ Age. ⁴ Wisely choose. ⁵ A home with plenty in it.

⁶ Struggle. ⁷ Easiest way. ⁸ And. ⁹ Glad some.

Not the poet, in the moment
 Fancy lightens in his ee,
 Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
 That thy presence gies to me.

OH, LUVE WILL VENTURE IN.

TUNE—"The Posie."

Oh, luve will venture in
 Where it daurna weel be seen;
 Oh, luve will venture in
 Where wisdom ance has been;
 But I will down yon river rove,
 Amang the woods sae green—
 And a' to pu' a posie
 To my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu',
 The firstling of the year;
 And I will pu' the pink,
 The emblem o' my dear;
 For she's the pink o' womankind,
 And blooms without a peer—
 And a' to be a posie
 To my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose,
 When Phœbus peeps in view,
 For it's like a baumy kiss
 O' her sweet, bonny mou';
 The hyacinth's for constancy,
 Wi' its unchanging blue—
 And a' to be a posie
 To my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure,
 And the lily it is fair,
 And in her lovely bosom
 I'll place the lily there;
 The daisy's for simplicity,
 And unaffected air—
 And a' to be a posie
 To my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu',
 Wi' its locks o' siller gray,
 Where, like an aged man,
 It stands at break of day. [bush
 But the songster's nest within the
 I winna tak away—
 And a' to be a posie
 To my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu',
 When the evening star is near.

And the diamond draps o' dew
 Shall be her een sae clear;
 The violet's for modesty,
 Which weel she fa's to wear—
 And a' to be a posie
 To my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round
 Wi' the silken band of love,
 And I'll place it in her breast,
 And I'll swear by a' above,
 That to my latest draught o' life
 The band shall ne'er remove—
 And this will be a posie
 To my ain dear May.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

TUNE—"Caledonian Hunt's Delight."

This is a second version of the song which the poet composed in 1787: and although greatly inferior in many respects to the first, it has almost entirely superseded it. For the subject of the song, see the first version, p. 203.

YE banks and braes o' bonny 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, [thorn

That wantons through the flowering
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,
 Departed—never to return!

Oft hae I roved by bonny Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine,
 And ilka bird sang o' its luve.
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
 And my fause luvver stole my rose,
 But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

TUNE—"The Eight Men of Moldart."

WILLIE Wastle dwalt on Tweed,
 The spot they ca'd it Linkum-doddie;
 Willie was a wabster¹ guid,
 Could stown² a clue wi' ony bodie;
 He had a wife was dour and din,
 Oh, Tinkler Madgie was her mither;

¹ Weaver. ² Stolen.

Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wadna gie a button for her.

She has an ee—she has but ane,
The cat has twa the-very colour;
Five rusty teeth, forbye³ a stump,
A clapper-tongue wad deave a miller;
A whiskin' beard about her mou',
Her nose and chin they threaten
ither—

Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wadna gie a button for her.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hein-shinn'd,
Ae limpin' leg, a hand-breed shorter;
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter:
She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shouther—
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wadna gie a button for her.

Auld baudrons⁴ by the ingle⁵ sits,
And wi' her loof⁶ her face a-washin';
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,⁷
She dights her grunzie⁸ wi, a hush-
ion;⁹

Her walie nieves¹⁰ like midden-creels,
Her face wad fyle the Logan Water—
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wadna gie a button for her.

SMILING SPRING COMES IN REJOICING.

TUNE—"The Bonny Bell."

THE smiling Spring comes in rejoicing,
And surly Winter grimly flies;
Now crystal clear are the falling wa-
ters,

And bonny 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 bonny Bell.

The flowery Spring leads sunny Sum-
mer,

And yellow Autumn presses near,
Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,
Till smiling Spring again appear.

³ Besides. ⁴ The Cat. ⁵ Fire. ⁶ Palm. ⁷ Clean.
⁸ Mouth. ⁹ An old stocking. ¹⁰ Ample fists.

Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
Old Time and Nature their changes
tell,

But never ranging, still unchanging,
I adore my bonny Bell.

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

TUNE—"The Weavers' March."

WHERE Cart* rins rowin' to the sea,
By mony a flower and spreading tree,
Their lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant weaver.

Oh, I had woovers aught or nine,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine;
And I was fear'd my heart would tine,¹
And I gied it to the weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band,²
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 opening flowers;
While corn grows green in summer
showers,

I'll love my gallant weaver.

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

TUNE—"She's Fair and Fause."

SHE'S fair and fause that causes my
smart,

I lo'ed her meikle and lang;
She's broken her vow, she's broken my
heart,

And I may e'en gae hang.
A coof¹ cam wi' routh o' gear,²
And I hae tint³ my dearest dear;
But woman is but warld's gear,
Sae let the bonny lassie gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
To this be never blind,
Nae ferlie⁴ 'tis, though 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 gien⁵ thee
mair—

I mean an angel mind.

¹ Lose. ² Marriage-deed.

³ Fool. ⁴ Abundance of wealth. ⁵ Lost.
⁶ Wonder. ⁷ Have given.

* The Cart is a river in Renfrewshire,
which runs through the town of Paisley, cele-
brated for the labours of the loom.

MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O.

TUNE—"The Lea-Rig."

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin-time¹ is near, my jo;
And owsen frae the furrow'd field
Return sae dowf² and weary, O;
Down by the burn, where scented
birks³

Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,⁴
My ain kind dearie, O!

In mirkest⁵ glen, at midnight hour,
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie,⁶ O;
If through that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie, O!
Although the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae wearie, O,
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Along the burn to steer, my jo;
Gie me the hour o' gloamin' gray,
It maks my heart sae cheery, O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE
THING.

The following lively lines, the poet tells us,
were written extempore to the old air of
"My Wife's a Wanton Wee Thing":—

SHE is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonny wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer:
And neist my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.¹

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonny 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 blithely bear it,
And think my lot divine.

HIGHLAND MARY.

TUNE—"Kathrine Ogie."

This is another of those glorious lyrics inspired by the poet's passion for Highland Mary; and which celebrates, in strains worthy of the occasion, their last interview, and her untimely and lamented death. "The following song," he says, in a letter to Thomson, enclosing the verses, "pleases me: I think it is in my happiest manner. The subject of the song is one of the most interesting passages of my youthful days; and I own that I should be much flattered to see the verses set to an air which would insure celebrity. Perhaps, after all, it is the still glowing prejudice of my heart that throws a borrowed lustre over the merits of the composition." See p. 219, for an account of Mary.

YE banks, and braes, and streams
around

The castle o' Montgomery, [flowers,
Green be your woods, and fair your
Your waters never drumlie!¹
There simmer first unfaulds her robes,
And there the longest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green
birk!²

How rich the hawthorn's blossom!
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary!

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But, oh! fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!—
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the
clay,

That wraps my Highland Mary!
Oh, pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling
glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!

¹ Folding-time. ² Dull. ³ Birches.
⁴ Grassy ridge. ⁵ Darkest. ⁶ Frightened.

¹ Be lost.

¹ Muddy. ² Birch.

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 BOB MORRIS.

The two first lines of the following song were taken from an old ballad—the rest is the poet's:—

THERE'S auld Rob Morris that wons¹
in yon glen,
He's the king o' guid fellows and
wale² of auld men;

He has gowd in his coffers, he has
owsen and kine, [mine.
And ae bonny lassie, his darling and

She's fresh as the morning the fairest
in May; [new hay;

She's sweet as the evening amang the
As blithe and as artless as lambs on
thē lea, [my ee.

And dear to my heart as the light to

But oh! she's an heiress—auld Robin's
a laird, [house and yard;
And my daddie has nought but a cot-
A wooer like me mauuna hope to come
speed; [be my dead.³

The wounds I must hide that will soon

The day comes to me, but delight
brings me nane; [it is gane:

The night comes to me, but my rest
I wander my lane like a night-troubled
ghaist, [my breast.

And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in

Oh, had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might hae hoped she'd hae
smiled upon me! [my bliss,

Oh, how past describing⁴ had then been
As now my distraction no words can
express!

DUNCAN GRAY.

This song was written on the model and to
the tune of a coarse old ditty in Johnson's
Museum, the name of the hero, and a line or
two, being all that was retained.

DUNCAN GRAY cam here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,

On blithe yule night when we were fou,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Maggie coost her head fu' high,
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,¹
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;²

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd,³ 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 bleert 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 oh, 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 couldna be her death,

Swelling pity smoor'd⁵ his wrath;
Now they're crouse and canty⁶ baith;

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

COCK UP YOUR BEAVER.

TUNE—"Cock up your beaver."

The second stanza only of this song is Burns'
—the first is old.

WHEN first my brave Johnnie lad
Came to this town,
He had a blue bonnet
That wanted the crown;

¹ Disdainful. ² Aloof. ³ Flattered. ⁴ Wept.
⁵ Smothered. ⁶ Cheerful and happy.

* A well-known rocky islet in the Frith of
Clyde.

¹ Dwells. ² Choice. ³ Death. ⁴ Describing.

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 them behaviour—
Hey, brave Johnnie lad,
Cock up your beaver!

BONNY PEG.

As I came in by our gate end,
As day was waxin' weary,
Oh, wha came tripping down the street,
But bonny Peg, my dearie!

Her air sae sweet, and shape complete,
Wi' nae proportion wanting,
The Queen of Love did never move
Wi' a motion mair enchanting.

Wi' linked hands, we took the sands
Adown yon winding river;
And, oh! that hour and broomy bower,
Can I forget it ever?

THE TITHER MORN.

To a Highland Air.

The tither morn,
When I forlorn,
Aneath an aik sat moaning,
I did na trow¹
I'd see my jo²
Beside me gin the gloaming.
But he sae trig³
Lap o'er the rig,
And dawtlingly⁴ did cheer me,
When I, what reck,
Did least expect⁵
To see my lad sae near me.

His bonnet he,
A thought ajee,
Cock'd sprush when first he clasp'd me;
And I, I wat,⁵
Wi' fainness grat,⁶
While in his grips he press'd me.
Deil tak the war!
I late and air

Hae wish'd since Jock departed;
But now as glad
I'm wi' my lad
As short syne broken-hearted.

Fu' aft at e'en
Wi' dancing keen,
When a' were blithe and merry,
I cared na by,
Sae sad was I
In absence o' my dearie.
But, praise be blest,
My mind's at rest,
I'm happy wi' my Johnny;
At kirk and fair,
I'se aye be there,
And be as canty's⁷ ony.

THE DEUK'S DANG O'ER MY DADDIE, O.

TUNE—"The deuk's dang o'er my daddie."
THE bairns gat out wi' an unco shout,
The deuk's¹ dang o'er my daddie, O!
The fient may care, quo' the feirie²
auld wife,
He was but a paidlin³ body, O!
He paidles out, and he paidles in,
And he paidles late and early, O!
Thae seven lang years I hae lien by
his side,
And he is but a fusionless⁴ carlie, O!
Oh, haud your tongue, my feirie auld
wife; [O!
Oh, haud your tongue now, Nansie,
I've seen the day, and sae hae ye,
Ye wadna been sae donsie,⁵ O!
I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose,
And cuddled⁶ me late and early, O;
But downa do's⁷ come o'er me now,
And, oh! I feel it sairy, O!

HAPPY FRIENDSHIP.

HERE around the ingle¹ bleezing,
Wha sae happy and sae free;
Though the northern wind blaws
freezing,
Frien'ship warms baith you and me.

⁷ Happy.

¹ Duck. ² Sturdy. ³ Wandering aimlessly
about. ⁴ Sapless. ⁵ Pettish. ⁶ Fondled.
⁷ A phrase signifying the exhaustion of age.

¹ Fireside.

¹ Think. ² Dear. ³ Neat. ⁴ Lovingly.
• Know. ⁶ Wept.

CHORUS.

Happy we are a' thegither,
 Happy we'll be yin and a';
 Time shall see us a' the blither,
 Ere we rise to gang awa'.

See the miser o'er his treasure
 Gloating wi' a greedy ee!
 Can he feel the glow o' pleasure
 - That around us here we see?

Can the peer, in silk and ermine,
 Ca' his conscience half his own;
 His claes² are spun and edged wi' ver-
 min,
 Though he stan' afore a throne!

Thus, then, let us a' be tassing³
 Aff our stoups o' gen'rous flame;
 And, while round the board 'tis pass-
 ing,
 Raise a sang in frien'ship's name

Frien'ship maks us a' mair happy,
 Frien'ship gies us a' delight;
 Frien'ship consecrates the drappie,
 Frien'ship brings us here to-night.

OH, SAW YE MY DEARIE.

TUNE—"Eppie M'Nab."

Oh, saw ye my dearie, my Eppie
 M'Nab? [M'Nab?

Oh, saw ye my dearie, my Eppie
 She's down in the yard, she's kissin'
 the laird, [Rab.
 She winna come hame to her ain Jock

Oh, come thy ways to me, my Eppie
 M'Nab! [M'Nab!

Oh, come thy ways to me, my Eppie
 Whate'er thou hast done, be it late, be
 it soon, [Rab.
 Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie
 M'Nab? [M'Nab?

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie
 She lets thee to wit,¹ that she has thee
 forgot, [Rab.

And forever disowns thee, her ain Jock
 Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie
 M'Nab!

Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie
 M'Nab!
 As light as the air, as fause as thou's
 fair, [Rab.
 Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jack

THE CARLE OF KELLYBURN
BRAES.

TUNE—"Kellyburn Braes."

THERE lived a carle¹ in Kellyburn
 braes, [thyme;)
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi'
 And he had a wife was the plague o'
 his days; [is in prime.
 And the thyme it is wither'd and rue

Ae day as the carle gaed² up the lang
 glen, [thyme;)
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi'
 He met wi' the devil, says, "How do
 you fen?³ [is in prime.
 And the thyme it is wither'd and rue

"I've got a bad wife, sir: that's a' my
 complaint; [thyme;)
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi'
 For, saving your presence, to her ye're
 a saint; [is in prime."
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue

"It's neither your stot⁴ nor your
 staig⁵ I shall crave, [thyme;)
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi'
 But gie me your wife, man, for her I
 must have, [rue is in prime."
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and

"Oh! welcome, most kindly," the
 blithe carle said, [thyme;)
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi'
 "But if ye can match her, ye're waur
 than ye're ca'd, [is in prime."
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue

The devil has got the auld wife on his
 back; [thyme;)
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi'
 And, like a poor pedlar, he's carried
 his pack, [is in prime.
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue

² Clothes. ³ Tossing¹ Know.¹ Man. ² Went. ³ Livc. ⁴ Bullock. ⁵ Colt.

He's carried her hame to his ain hallan-
door, [thyme,)
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi'
Syne bade her gae in, for a bitch and
a whore, [is in prime.
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick
o' his band, [thyme,)
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi'
Turn out on her guard in the clap of a
hand; [is in prime.
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue

The carlin⁶ gaed through them like
ony wud⁷ bear, [thyme)
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi'
Whae'er she gat hands on cam near
her na mair; [is in prime.
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue

A reekit⁸ wee devil looks over the wa';
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi'
thyme,) [us a',
"Oh, help, master, help! or she'll ruin
And the thyme it is wither'd, and
rue is in prime."

The devil he swore by the edge o' his
knife; [thyme,)
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi'
He pitied the man that was tied to a
wife; [is in prime.
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue

The devil he swore by the kirk and the
bell, [thyme,)
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi'
He was not in wedlock, thank Heaven,
but in hell; [is in prime.
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue

Then Satan has travell'd again with
his pack; [thyme,)
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi'
And to her auld husband he's carried
her back; [is in prime,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue

"I hae been a devil the feck o' my
life; [thyme,)
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi'
But ne'er was in hell, till I met wi' a
wife; [is in prime."
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue

YE JACOBITES BY NAME.

TUNE—"Ye Jacobites by Name."

YE Jacobites by name, give an ear,
give an ear;
Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear;
Ye Jacobites by name,
Your fauts 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 famed afar,
famed afar? [afar?
What makes heroic strife famed
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; [state;
Then let your schemes alone in the
Then let your schemes alone,
Adore the rising sun,
And leave a man undone
To his fate.

AS I WAS A-WANDERING.

TUNE—"Rinn Meudial mo Mhealladh."

As I was a-wandering ae midsummer
e'enin': [king their game,
The pipers and youngsters were ma-
Among them I spied my faithless fause
lover, [doulour again,
Which bled a' the wound o' my

Weel, since he has left me, may
pleasure gae wi' him;
-I may be distress'd, but I winna
complain;
I'll flatter my fancy I may get
anither,
My heart it shall never be broken
for ane.

I couldna get sleeping till dawin¹ for
greeting,² [and the rain:
The tears trickled down like the hail
Had I na got greeting, my heart wad a
broken, [ing pain!
For, oh! luvè forsaken's a torment-

Although he has left me for greed o'
the siller, [win;
I dinna envy him the gains he can
I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my
sorrow [to him.
Than ever hae acted sae faithless

THE SLAVE'S LAMENT.

It was in sweet Senegal that my foes
did me enthrall,
For the lands of Virginia, O;
Torn from that lovely shore, and must
never see it more,
And alas I am weary, weary, O!

All on that charming coast is no bitter
snow or frost,
Like the lands of Virginia, O;
There streams forever flow, and there
flowers forever blow,
And alas I am weary, weary, O!

The burden I must bear, while the
cruel scourge I fear,
In the lands of Virginia, O;
And I think on friends most dear, with
the bitter, bitter tear,
And alas I am weary, weary, O!

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

TUNE—"The Weary Pund o' Tow."
I BOUGHT my wife a stane o' lint¹
As guid as e'er did grow;
And a' that she has made o' that
Is ae poor pund o' tow.²

The weary pund, the weary pund,
The weary pund o' tow;
I think my wife will end her life
Before she spin her tow.

There sat a bottle in a bole,
Beyont the ingle low,³

And aye she took the tither souk,⁴
'To drouk⁵ the stourie⁶ 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;⁷
And or I wad anither jad,
I'll wallop in a tow.⁸

LADY MARY ANN.

TUNE—"Craigton's Growing."

OH, Lady Mary Ann
Looks o'er the castle wa',
She saw three bonny boys
Playing at the ba';
The youngest he was
The flower amang them a'—
My bonny 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 bonny 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 Cochrane
Was the sprout of an aik;
Bonny 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,

¹ Dawn. ² Weeping.

¹ Flax. ² Hemp or flax in a prepared state.
³ Flame of the fire.

⁴ Swig. ⁵ Drench. ⁶ Dusty. ⁷ Hill.
⁸ Swing in a rope.

And the days are awa'
 "That we hae seen;
 But far better days
 I trust will come again,
 For my bonny laddie's young,
 But he's growin' yet.

OH, KENMURE'S ON AND AWA'.

TUNE—"Oh, Kenmure's on and awa', Willie."

"This song," says Cunningham, "refers to the fortunes of the gallant Gordons of Kenmure in the fatal 'Fifteen.' The Viscount left Galloway with two hundred horsemen well armed; he joined the other lowland Jacobites—penetrated to Preston—repulsed, and at last yielded to, the attack of General Carpenter—and perished on the scaffold. He was a good as well as a brave man, and his fate was deeply lamented. The title has since been restored to the Gordon's line." Burns was, once at least, an invited guest at Kenmure Castle, near New Galloway.

Oh, Kenmure's on and awa', Willie!
 Oh, Kenmure's on and awa'!
 And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord
 That ever Galloway saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie!
 Success to Kenmure's band;
 There's 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.

Oh, Kenmure's lads are men, Willie!
 Oh, Kenmure's lads are men;
 Their hearts and swords are metal
 true—
 And that their faes shall ken.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie!
 They'll live or die wi' fame;
 But soon wi' sounding victorie
 May Kenmure's lord come hame!

Here's him that's far awa', Willie!
 Here's him that's far awa'!
 And here's the flower that I lo'e best—
 The rose that's like the snaw!

MY COLLIER LADDIE.

TUNE—"The Collier Laddie."

"I do not know," says Burns, "a blither old song than this;" which he modified and altered, and then sent to the *Museum*.

Oh, whare live ye, my bonny lass?
 And tell me what they ca' ye?
 My name, she says, is Mistress Jean,
 And I follow the Collier Laddie.
 My name, she says, is Mistress
 Jean,
 And I follow the Collier Laddie.

Oh, 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.

And ye shall gang in gay attire,
 Weel buskit' up sae gaudy;
 And ane to wait at every hand,
 Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie.
 And ane to wait at every hand,
 Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie.

Though 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. [a',
 I wad turn my back on you and it
 And embrace my Collier Laddie.

I can win my five pennies a day,
 And spen't at night fu' brawlie;
 And mak my bed in the Collier's neuk²
 And lie down wi' my Collier Laddie.
 And mak my bed in the Collier's
 neuk, [die,
 And lie down wi' my Collier Lad-

Luve for luve is the bargain for me,
 Though the wee cot-house should
 haud me; [bread,
 And the warld before me to win my
 And fair fa' my Collier Laddie.
 And the warld before me to win
 my bread,
 And fair fa' my Collier Laddie.

¹ Dressed.² Hut.

FAREWELL TO A' OUR SCOTTISH FAME.

TUNE—"Such a Parcel of Rogues in a Nation."

"Burns," says Cunningham, "has expressed sentiments in this song which were once popular in the north." The poet himself, indeed, appears to have been in the habit of expressing his feelings pretty freely regarding the Union.—"What," he exclaimed, on one occasion, "are all the advantages which my country reaps from the Union that can counterbalance the annihilation of her independence, and even her very name? Nothing can reconcile me to the terms, 'English Ambassador,' 'English Court,' &c."

FAREWELL to a' our Scottish fame,
Fareweel our ancient glory!
Fareweel even to the Scottish name,
Sae famed 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,
Through many warlike ages,
Is wrought now by a coward few,
For hiring traitors' wages.
The English steel we could disdain,
Secure in valour's station;
But English gold has been our bane—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

Oh, would, ere 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: [gold—
We're bought and sold for English
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWA'.

TUNE—"Here's a health to them that's awa'!"

The poet's political predilections at this period of his life being somewhat marked, and of an ultra-liberal tendency, he is supposed to have thrown them into the following song, composed in honour of the leaders of the liberal party in the House of Commons:—

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,
Although that his band be but sma'.
May Liberty meet wi' success!
May Prudence protect her frae evil!
May tyrants and tyranny tine in the
mist,
And wander their way to the devil!

Here's a health to them that's awa',
Here's a health to them that's awa',
Here's a health to Tammie, † the Nor-
land laddie,
That lives at the lug o' the lay!
Here's freedom to him that wad read,
Here's freedom to him that wad write!
There's nane ever fear'd that the truth
should be heard.
But they wham the truth wad indite.¹

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,
Though 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'!

ONG.

TUNE—"I had a horse, I had nae mair."
OH, poortith² cauld and restless love,
Ye wreck my peace between ye;

¹ Indict—impeach.

² Poverty.

* The Right Hon. Charles James Fox. Buff and blue formed the livery of Fox during the celebrated Westminster elections, and thus came to be adopted as the colours of the Whig party generally.

† Thomas, afterwards Lord, Erskine.

‡ M'Leod of Dunvegan, Isle of Skye, and then M. P. for Inverness.

Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
An 'twere na for my Jeanie.

Oh, why should Fate sic pleasure
have,
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love
Depend on Fortune's shining?

This world's wealth when I think on,
Its pride and a' the lave o't—
Fie, fie on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't.

Her een sae bonny blue betray
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o'erword³ aye,
She talks of rank and fashion.

Oh, wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him?
Oh, wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am?

How blest the humble cotter's fate!
He wooes his simple dearie;
The silly bogles, wealth and state,
Can never make them eerie.⁴

GALA WATER.

THERE'S braw, braw lads on Yarrow
—braes, [heather,
That wander through the blooming
But Yarrow braes¹ nor Ettrick shaws²
Can match the lads o' Gala Water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonny lad o' Gala Water.

Although his daddie was nae laird,
And though I haena meikle tocher;³
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Gala Water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft⁴ contentment, peace, or
pleasure;

³ Refrain. ⁴ Afraid.

¹ Hills. ² Woods. ³ Much money. ⁴ Bought.

The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
Oh, that's the chiefest world's treasure!

LORD GREGORY.

This song was written in imitation of Dr. Wolcot's (Peter Pindar) ballad on the same subject,* of which Burns says, in a letter to Thomson, "Pindar's 'Lord Gregory' is beautiful. I have tried to give you a Scots version, which is at your service. Not that I intend to enter the lists with Peter—that would be presumption indeed! My song though much inferior in poetic merit, has, I think, more of the ballad simplicity in it." The idea of both songs, however, is taken from an old strain.

OII, mirk,¹ mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar;
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower—
Lord Gregory, ope thy door!

An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee;
At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the
grove,
By bonny 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 aye be mine;
And my fond heart, itsel sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

¹ Dark.

* The following is Wolcot's version:—

"Ah, ope, Lord Gregory, thy door!
A midnight wanderer sighs,
Hard rush the rains, the tempests roar,
And lightnings cleave the skies.

Who comes with woe at this drear night—
A pilgrim of the gloom?
If she whose love did once delight,
My cot shall yield her room.

"Alas! thou heard'st a pilgrim mourn—
That once was prized by thee;
Think of the ring by yonder burn
Thou gav'st to love and me.

"But shouldst thou not poor Marian know,
I'll turn my feet and part;
And think the storms that round me blow
Far kinder than thy heart."

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
 And flinty is thy breast—
 Thou dart of heaven that flashest by,
 Oh, wilt thou give me rest?

Ye mustering thunders from above,
 Your willing victim see!
 But spare, and pardon my fause love
 His wrangs to Heaven and me!

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH!

“OH, open the door, some pity to show,
 Oh, open the door to me, oh!
 Though thou hast been false, I'll ever
 prove 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; [oh!
 She sees his pale corse on the plain,
 “My true love!” she cried, and sank
 down by his side,
 Never to rise again, oh!

YOUNG JESSIE.

TUNE—“Bonny Dundee.”

TRUE-hearted was he, the sad swain o'
 the Yarrow, [o' the Ayr,
 And fair are the maids on the banks
 But by the sweet side o' the Nith's
 winding river [fair:
 Are lovers as faithful and maidens as
 To equal young Jessie seek Scotland
 all over; [in vain;
 To equal young Jessie you seek it
 Grace, beauty, and elegance fetter her
 lover, [chain.
 And maidenly modesty fixes the

Oh, fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy
 morning, [close;
 And sweet is the lily at evening
 But in the fair presence o' lovely young
 Jessie, [rose.
 Unseen is the lily, unheeded the
 Love sits in her smile, a wizard en-
 snaring; [his law:
 Enthroned in her een he delivers
 And still to her charms she alone is a
 stranger— [of a!
 Her modest demeanour's the jewel

THE POOR AND HONEST SODGER.

AIR—“The Mill, Mill O!”

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was
 blawn,
 And gentle peace returning,
 Wi' mony a, sweet babe fatherless,
 And mony a widow mourning;
 I left the lines and tented field,
 Where lang I'd been a lodger.
 My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
 A poor and honest sodger.

A leal light heart was in my breast,
 My hand unstein'd wi' plunder,
 And for fair Scotia, hame again,
 I cheery on did wander.
 I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
 I thought upon my Nancy,
 I thought upon the witching smile
 That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonny glen
 Where early life I sported;
 I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,
 Where Nancy aft I courted:
 Wha spied! I but my ain dear maid,
 Down by her mother's dwelling!
 And turn'd me round to hide the flood
 That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, “Sweet
 lass,
 Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
 Oh! 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 served my king and country lang—
 Take pity on a sodger.”

Sae wistfully she gazed on me,
 And lovelier was than ever;
 Quo' she, "A sodger ance I lo'ed,
 Forget him shall I never:
 Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
 Ye freely shall partake it;
 That gallant badge—the dear cockade—
 Ye're welcome for the sake o't."

She gazed—she redden'd like a rose—
 Syne² pale like ony lily;
 She sank within my arms, and cried,
 "Art thou my ain dear Willie?"
 "By Him who made yon sun and sky,
 By whom true love's regarded,
 I am the man; and thus may still
 True lovers be rewarded!"

"The wars are o'er, and I'm come
 hame,
 And find thee still true-hearted;
 Though poor in gear, we're rich in
 love,
 And mair, we'se ne'er be parted."
 Quo' she, "My grandsire left me gowd,
 A mailen³ 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! bonny lass, will you lie in a
 barrack?"

OH, ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has
 gotten? [gotten?
 And ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has
 She has gotten a coof¹ wi' a claut o'
 siller,² [miller.
 And broken the heart o' the barley

The miller was strappin', the miller
 was ruddy; [lady;
 A heart like a lord, and a hue like a

The laird was a widdieru', bleerit
 knurl;³ [churl.
 She's left the guid-fellow and ta'en the

The miller he hecht⁴ her a heart leal
 and loving; [mair moving,
 The laird did address her wi' matter
 A fine-pacing horse, wi' a clear-chain'd
 bridle, [saddle.
 A whip by her side, and a bonny side-

Oh, wae on the siller, it is sae prevail-
 ing; [mailen!⁵
 And wae on the love that is fixed on a
 A tocher's⁶ nae word in a true lover's
 parle, [warl!
 But, gie me my love, and a fig for the

WELCOME TO GENERAL DUMOURIER.

Some one, in the presence of the poet, having
 expressed joy at the desertion of General
 Dumourier from the army of the French
 Republic, in 1793, after having gained some
 splendid victories with it, in a few moments
 he chanted, almost extempore, the follow-
 ing verses to the tune of "Robin Adair:"—

YOU'RE welcome to despots, Dumou-
 rier; [rier;
 You're welcome to despots, Dumou-
 How does Dampiere* do?
 Ay, and Beurnonville† too?
 Why did they not come along with
 you, Dumourier?

I will fight France with you, Dumou-
 rier; [rier;
 I will fight France with you, Dumou-
 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, Du-
 mourier.

³ Ill-tempered, bleared dwarf. ⁴ Offered.
⁵ Farm. ⁶ Dowry.

* One of Dumourier's generals.

† An emissary of the Convention's.

² Then. ³ Farm.

¹ Lout. ² Plenty of money.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER
THE MOOR.

In this song the poet is supposed to have given expression to certain feelings of illicit love which it is known he entertained for the beautiful and fascinating Mrs. Riddel of Woodley Park. It is but just to remember, however, and charitable to believe, that the poet, with an eye to artistic effect, may have purposely heightened his colours in order to increase the general effect of his picture.

THE last time I came o'er the moor,
And left Maria's dwelling,
What throes, what tortures passing
cure,
Were in my bosom swelling:
Condemned to see my rival's reign,
While I in secret languish;
To feel a fire in every vein,
Yet dare not speak my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, despairing, I
Fain, fain my crime would cover:
The unweeting groan, the bursting
sigh,
Betray the guilty lover.
I know my doom must be despair,
Thou wilt nor canst relieve me;
But, O Maria, hear my prayer,
For pity's sake, forgive me!

The music of thy tongue I heard,
Nor wist while it enslaved me;
I saw thine eyes; yet nothing fear'd,
Till fears no more had saved me.
The unwary sailor thus aghast
The wheeling torrent viewing,
In circling horrors yields at last
In overwhelming ruin!

BLITHE HAE I BEEN.

TUNE—"Liggeram Cosh."

BLITHE hae I been on yon hill,
As the lambs before me;
Careless ilka thought and free,
As the breeze flew o'er me.
Now nae langer sport and play,
Mirth or sang can please me;
Lesley is sae fair and coy,
Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy is the task,
Hopeless love declaring;

Trembling, I dow nocht but glower,¹
Sighing, dumb, despairing!
If she winna ease the throaws²
In my bosom swelling;
Underneath the grass-green sod,
Soon maun be my dwelling.

LOGAN BRAES.

TUNE—"Logan Water."

The poet, in a letter to Thomson, enclosing this song, says, regarding its origin:—"Have you ever, my dear sir, 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,' and it occurred to me that its querulous melody probably had its origin from the plaintive indignation of some swelling, suffering heart, fired at the tyrannic strides of some public destroyer; and overwhelmed with private distress, the consequence of a country's ruin. 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 two last lines of the first stanza the poet took from a very pretty song to the same air, written by Mr. John Mayne, author of a poem entitled, "The Siller Gun."

O LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide
That day I was my Willie's bride! -
And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun.
But now thy flowery banks appear
Like drumlie¹ Winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes!

Again the merry month o' May
Has made our hills and valleys gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing
flowers:
Blithe morning lifts his rosy eye,
And evening's tears are tears of joy:
My soul delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn
bush,
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush:

¹ Dare nought but stare. ² Throes.

¹ Clouded and rainy.

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.

Oh, 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?
But soon may peace bring happy days
And Willie hame to Logan braes!

THERE WAS A LASS, AND SHE
WAS FAIR.

TUNE—"Bonny Jean."

"I have just finished the following ballad,"
says the poet to Thomson, "and as I do
think it is in my best style, I send it to
you."

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 bonny Jean.

And aye she wrought her mammie's
wark,

And aye sang sae merrilie:
The blithest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest:
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest
rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
The flower and pride of a' the glen:
And he had owsen, sheep and kye,
And wanton naigies¹ nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,²
He danced wi' Jeanie on the down;
And, lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint,³ her peace was
stown.⁴

As in the bosom o' the stream,
The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en;

So trembling, pure, was tender love
Within the breast o' bonny Jean.

And now she works her mammie's
wark,
And aye she sighs wi' care and pain,
Yet wist na what her ail might be,
Or what wad make her weel again.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
And did na joy blink in her ee,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love
Ae e'enin on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:—

"O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
Oh, canst thou think to fancy me?
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
And learn to tent⁵ the farms wi' me!"

"At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee;
But stray among the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me."

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had nae will to say him na:
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was aye between them twa.

PHILLIS THE FAIR.

TUNE—"Robin Adair."

WHILE larks with little wing
Fann'd the pure air,
Tasting the breathing spring,
Forth I did fare;
Gay the sun's golden eye
Peep'd o'er the mountains high;
Such thy morn! did I cry,
Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song
Glad did I share;
While yon wild flowers among,
Chance led me there:
Sweet to the opening day
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray;
Such thy bloom! did I say,
Phillis the fair.

¹ Horses. ² Fair. ³ Lost. ⁴ Stolen.

⁵ Mind.

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."

Mr. Alexander Cunningham, a writer to the *Signet* in Edinburgh, and a warm friend of the poet's, had wooed and, as he thought, won, a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments; but another lover having presented himself, with *weightier* claims to her regard than poor Cunningham possessed,

"The fickle, faithless queen,
 Took the carl, and left her Johnnie;"

and appears to have cast him off with as little ceremony as she would a piece of faded frippery. The poet, in the following lines, has endeavoured to express the feelings of his friend on the occasion.—

HAD I a cave on some wild, distant
 shore, [dashing roar;
 Where the winds howl to the waves'
 There would I weep my woes,
 There seek my last repose,
 Till grief my eyes should
 close,
 Ne'er to wake more.

Falset of womankind, canst thou de-
 clare [as air!
 All thy fond plighted vows fleeting
 To thy new lover hie,
 Laugh o'er thy perjury,
 Then in thy bosom try
 What peace is there!

BY ALLAN STREAM I CHANCED TO ROVE.

TUNE—"Allan Water."

In a letter to Thomson, dated August, 1793, enclosing this song, the poet says:—"I walked out yesterday evening with a volume of the *Museum* in my hand, when, turning up 'Allan Water,' as the words appeared to me rather unworthy of so fine an air, I sat and raved under the shade of an old thorn, till I wrote one to suit the measure. I may be wrong, but I think it not in

my worst style. Bravo! say I; it is a good song. Autumn is my propitious season. I make more verses in it than all the year else."

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 listen'd to a lover's sang,
 And thought on youthfu' pleasures
 many;
 Aad aye the wild wood echoes rang—
 Oh, dearly do I love thee, Annie!

Oh, happy be the woodbine bower,
 Nae nightly bogle make it eerie;¹
 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, [low
 The Simmer joys the flocks to fol-
 How cheery, through her shortening
 day,
 Is Autumn in her weeds o' yellow!
 But can they melt the glowing heart,
 Or chain the soul in speechless
 pleasure, [dart,
 Or through each nerve the rapture
 Like meeting her, our bosom's treas-
 ure?

OH, WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

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

"The old air of 'Whistle, and I'll come to you, my Lad,'" says the poet to Thomson, "I admire very much, and yesterday I set the following verses to it:—"

Oh, whistle and I'll come to you, my
 lad, [lad:
 Oh, whistle and I'll come to you, my
 Though father and mither and a' should
 gae mad, [lad.
 Oh, whistle, and I'll come to you, my

¹ Frightsome.

But warily tent' when you come to
 court me, [a-je;]
 And come na unless the back yett² be
 Syne up the back stile, and let naebody
 see,
 And come as ye were na comin' to me.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye
 meet me, [na a flie;
 Gang by me as though that ye cared
 But steal me a blink o' your bonny
 black ee,
 Yet look as ye were na looking at me.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na
 for me, [a wee;
 And whiles ye may lightly³ my beauty
 But court na anither, though jokin' ye
 be, [me.
 For fear that she wile your fancy frae

ADOWN WINDING NITH.

TUNE—"The Mucking o' Geordie's Byre."

ADOWN winding Nith did I 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 beau-
 ties,

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 rosebud's the blush o' my charmer,
 Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest:
 How fair and how pure is the lily,
 But fairer and purer her breast!

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
 They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie:
 Her breath is the breath o' the wood-
 bine,
 Its dew-drop o' diamond her eye.

Her voice is the song of the morning,
 That wakes through the green
 spreading grove, [tains,
 When Phoebus peeps over the moun-
 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.

COME, LET ME TAKE THEE

AIR—"Cauld Kail."

COME, let me take thee to my breast,
 And pledge we ne'er shall sunder;
 And I shall spurn as vilest dust
 The world's wealth and grandeur:
 And do I hear my Jeanie own
 That equal transports move her?
 I ask for dearest life alone,
 That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' all thy charms,
 I clasp my countless treasure;
 I'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share
 Than sic a moment's pleasure:
 And by thy een, sae bonny blue,
 I swear I'm thine forever!
 And on thy lips I seal my vow,
 And break it shall I never!

DAINTY DAVIE.

This is an improved version of a song which the poet wrote some years before for the *Museum*, and which will be found at p. 222. The old song which furnished the air is said to have been composed on a somewhat indelicate incident that occurred in the life of the Rev. David Williamson, during the times of the Persecution in Scotland. This worthy, it is affirmed, after having married seven wives, died minister of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh.

NOW rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
 To deck her gay green-spreading bow-
 ers;
 And now comes in my happy hours
 To wander wi' my Davie.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
 Dainty Davie, dainty Davie;
 There I'll spend the day wi' you,
 My ain dear dainty Davie.

¹ Carefully heed. ² Gate. ³ Disparage.

The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blow,
A-wandering wi' my Davie.

When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then through the dews I will repair,
'To meet my faithful' 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.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY AT BANNOCKBURN.

TUNE—"Hey, tuttie taitie."

"There is a tradition," says the poet, in a letter to Thomson, enclosing this glorious ode, "that the old air, 'Hey, tuttie taitie,' was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn. This thought, in my solitary wanderings, has warmed me to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of liberty and independence which I have thrown into a kind of Scottish ode, fitted to the air, that one might suppose to be the gallant Scot's address to his heroic followers on that eventful morning." This ode, says Professor Wilson—the grandest out of the Bible—is sublime!

SCOTS, wha hae wi' WALLACE bled,
Scots, whan BRUCE has often led;
Welcome to your gory béd,
Or to Victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha, for SCOTLAND's king and law,
FREEDOM's sword will strongly draw;
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By Oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
LIBERTY's in every blow!—
Let us do or die!

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER.

TUNE—"Fee him, father."

The poet, in sending these verses to Thomson, says:—"I do not give them for any merit they have. I composed them about the 'back o' midnight,' and by the leeseide of a bowl of punch, which had overset every mortal in company except the Muse."

THOU hast left me ever, Jamie!
Thou hast left me ever;
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie!
Thou hast left me ever.
After hast thou vow'd that death
Only should us sever;
Now thou'st left thy lass for aye—
I maun see the never, Jamie,
I'll see the 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!

FAIR JENNY.

TUNE—"Saw ye my father."

WHERE are the joys I have met in the
morning,
That danced to the lark's early song?
Where is the peace that awaited my
wandering,
At evening the wild woods among?

No more a-winding the course of yon
river, [fair,
And marking sweet flowerets so
No more I trace the light footsteps of
pleasure,
But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that Summer's forsaken our vai-
leys,
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 dis-
 cover, [known;
 Yet long, long too well have I
 All that has caused this wreck in my
 bosom
 Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are im-
 mortal,
 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.

TUNE—"The Collier's Bonny Lassie."

DELUDED swain, the pleasure
 The fickle fair can give thee
 Is but a fairy treasure—
 Thy hopes will soon deceive thee.

The billows on the ocean,
 The breezes idly roaming,
 The clouds uncertain motion—
 They are but types of woman.

Oh! art thou not ashamed
 To doat upon a feature?
 If man thou 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.

MY SPOUSE, NANCY.

TUNE—"My Jo, Janet."

"HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
 Nor longer idly rave, sir;
 Though 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 sovereign lord,
 And so, good-by 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."

OH, WERE MY LOVE YON LILAC FAIR.

TUNE—"Hughie Graham."

The first two stanzas only of this song are by
 Burns; the other two are old.

OH, were my love yon lilac fair,
 Wi' purple blossoms to the spring;
 And I a bird to shelter there,
 When wearied on my little wing;

How I wad mourn, when it was torn,
 By autumn wild, and winter rude!
 But I wad sing, on wanton wing,
 When youthfu' May its bloom
 renew'd.

Oh, gin my love were yon red rose,
 That grows upon the castle wa',
 And I mysel a drap o' dew,
 Into her bonny breast to fa'!

Oh! there, beyond expression blest,
 I'd feast on beauty a' the night;
 Seal'd on her silk-saft faults to rest,
 Till fley'd¹ awa' by Phœbus' light!

¹ Frightened.

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

TUNE—"The Lass of Inverness."

THE lovely lass of Iverness

Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;

For e'en and morn she cries, alas!

And aye the saut tear blin's her ee:

Drumossie Moor—Drumossie day—

A waefu' day it was to me!

For there I lost my father dear,

My father dear, and brethren three.

Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,

Their graves are growing green to

see;

And by them lies the dearest lad

That ever blest a woman's ee!

Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,

A bluidy man I trow thou be;

For mony a heart thou hast made sair.

That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.

A RED, RED ROSE.

TUNE—"Graham's Strathspey."

Orr, my luve's like a red, red rose,

That's newly sprung in June:

Oh, my luve's like the melodie

That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonny lass,

So deep in luve am I;

And I will luve thee still, my dear,

Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,

And the rocks melt wi' the sun:

I will luve thee still my dear,

While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!

And fare thee weel a while!

And I will come again, my luve,

Though it were ten thousand mile.

A VISION.

The following lines were written amid the ruins of Lincluden Abbey, a favourite haunt of the poet's. He contributed a version somewhat different to the *Scot's Musical Museum* :—

As I stood by yon roofless tower,

Where the wa'-flower scents the

dewy air,

Where the howlet¹ 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 weeping Nith,

Whose distant roaring swells and
fa's.

The cauld blue North was streaming
forth

Her lights, wi' hissin', eerie din:

Athort the lift they start and shift,

Like Fortune's favours, tint² as win.

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,

And by the moonbeam, shook to
see

A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,

Attired as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,

His daring look had daunted me;

And on his bonnet graved was plain,

The sacred posy—"Liberty!"

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,

Might roused the slumbering 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 venture't in my rhymes.

OUT OVER THE FORTH.

TUNE—"Charlie Gordon's Welcome Hame."

OUT over the Forth I look to the north,

But what is the north and its High

lands to me? [breast,

The south nor the east gie ease to my

The far foreign land, or the wild-

rolling sea.

¹ Owl.

² Lost.

But I look to the west, when I gae to
rest, [slumbers may be;
That happy my dreams and my
For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,
The lad that is dear to my baby and
me.

JEANIE'S BOSOM.

TUNE—"Louis, what reck I by thee?"

LOUIS, what reck I by thee,
Or Geordie on his ocean?
Dyvor,¹ beggar loons to me—
I reign in Jeanie's bosom.

Let her crown my love her law,
And in her breast enthrone me:
King and nations—swith, awa'!
Reif-randies,² I disown ye!

FOR THE SAKE OF SOMEBODY.

TUNE—"For the Sake of Somebody."

My heart is sair—I dare na tell—
My heart is sair for Somebody;
I could wake a winter night
For the sake 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,
Oh, 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!

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE.

AIR—"The Sutor's Dochter."

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'est me.
Lassie, let me quickly die,
'Trusting that thou lo'es me.

LOVELY POLLY STEWART.

TUNE—"Ye're welcome, Charlie Stewart."

O LOVELY Polly Stewart!
O charming Polly Stewart! [May
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in
That's half so fair as thou art.
The flower it blaws, it fades and fa's,
And art can ne'er renew it;
But worth and truth eternal youth
Will gie 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! [May
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in
That's half so sweet as thou art.

TO MARY.

TUNE—"At Setting Day."

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,
Oh, read th' imploring lover.

¹ Bankrupt. ² Thieving beggars.

For well I know thy gentle mind
Disdains art's gay disguising;
Beyond what fancy e'er refined,
The voice of nature prizing.

WAE IS MY HEART.

TUNE—"Wae is my heart."

WAE is my heart, and the tear's in my
ee,

Lang, lang, joy's been a stranger to me:
Forsaken and friendless, my burden I
bear, [sounds in my ear.
And the sweet voice of pity ne'er

Love, thou hast pleasures, and deep
hae I loved. [I proved;

Love, thou hast sorrows, and sair hae
But this bruised heart that now bleeds
in my breast, [at rest.

I can feel by its throbbings will soon be

Oh, if I were, where happy I hae been,
Down by yon stream and yon bonny
castle-green; [on me,

For there he is wandering, and musing
Wha wad soon dry the tear frae his
Phillis' ee.

HERE'S TO THY HEALTH, MY BONNY LASS.

TUNE—"Laggan Burn."

HERE'S to thy health, my bonny lass,
Guid night and joy be wi' thee;

I'll come nae mair to thy bower-door,
To tell thee that I lo'e thee.

Oh, dinna think, my pretty pink,
But I can live without thee:

I vow and swear I dinna care,
How lang ye look about ye.

I hou'rt aye sae free informing me
Thou hast nae mind to marry;

I'll be as free informing thee
Nae time hae I to tarry.

I ken thy friends try ilka means
Frae wedlock to delay thee;

Depending on some higher chance—
But Fortune may betray thee.

I ken they scorn my low estate,
But that does never grieve me;

But I'm as free as any he,
Sma' siller will relieve me.

I'll count my health my greatest wealth
Sae lang as I'll enjoy it:

I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,
As lang's I get employment.

But far-off fowls hae feathers fair,
And aye until ye try them: [care.

Though they seem fair, still have a
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.

ANNA, THY CHARMS.

TUNE—"Bonny Mary."

ANNA, thy charms my bosom fire,
And waste my soul with care;

But ah! how bootless to admire,
When fated to despair?

Yet in thy presence, lovely fair,
To hope may be forgiven;

For sure 'twere impious to despair,
So much in sight of heaven.

MY LADY'S GOWN, THERE'S GAIRS UPON'T.

TUNE—"Gregg's Pipes."

My lady's gown, there's gairs¹ upon't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon't;
But Jenny's jimps² and jirkinet,³
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 game,
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,
Whare gor-cocks through the heather
pass,

There wons auld Colin's bonny lass,
A lily in a wilderness.

¹ A triangular piece of cloth inserted at the bottom of a robe. ² A kind of stays. ³ Bodice.

Sae sweetly move her gentle limbs,
Like music-notes o' lovers' hymns:
The diamond dew in her een sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton
swims.

My lady's dink,⁴ my lady's drest,
The flower and fancy o' the west;
But the lassie that a man lo'es best,
Oh, that's the lass to mak him blest.

JOCKEY'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS.

TUNE—"Bonny Lassie, tak a Man."

JOCKEY'S ta'en the parting kiss,
O'er the mountains he is gane;
And with him is a' my bliss,
Nought but griefs with me remain.
Spare my luve, ye winds that blaw,
Plashy sleet and beating rain!
Spare my luve, thou feathery snaw,
Drifting o'er the frozen plain!

When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair gladsome ee,
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.

OH, LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

TUNE—"Cordwainers' March."

OH, lay thy loof¹ in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass;
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.

A slave to love's unbounded sway,
He aft has wrought me meikle wae;
But now he is my deadly fae,
Unless thou be my ain.

There's mony a lass has broke my rest,
That for a blink² I hae lo'ed best;
But thou art queen within my breast,
Forever to remain.

⁴ Neat, trim.

¹ Palm. ² Short space.

Oh, lay thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass;
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.

OH, MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET.

As I was walking up the street,
A barefit maid I chanced to meet
But oh, the road was very hard
For that fair maiden's tender feet

Oh, Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,
Mally's modest and discreet,
Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
Mally's every way complete.

It were mair meet that those fine feet
Were weel laced up in silken shoon,
And 'twere more fit that she should sit
Within yon chariot gilt aboon.

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
Comes trinkling down her wau-like
neck;
And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae
wreck.

THE BANKS OF CREE.

TUNE—"The Banks of Cree."

Lady Elizabeth Heron having composed an
air entitled "The Banks of Cree," in re-
membrance of a beautiful and romantic
stream of that name, "I have written,"
says the poet, "the following song to it, as
her ladyship is a particular friend of mine."

HERE is the glen, and here the bower,
All underneath the birchen shade;
The village-bell has told the hour—
Oh, what can stay my lovely maid?

'Tis not Maria's whispering call;
'Tis not the balmy-breathing gale,
Mixt with some warbler's dying fall,
The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear!
So calls the woodlark in the grove,
His little faithful mate to cheer—
At once 'tis music, and 'tis love.

And art thou come? and art thou true?
 Oh, welcome, dear, to love and me!
 And let us all our vows renew
 Along the flowery banks of Cree.

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

TUNE—"O'er the hills and far away."

How can my poor heart be glad,
 When absent from my sailor lad?
 How can I the thought forego,
 He's on the seas to meet the foe?
 Let me wander, let me rove,
 Still my heart is with my love:
 Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
 Are with him that's far away.

On the seas and far away,
 On stormy seas and far away;
 Nightly dreams, and thoughts by
 day,
 Are aye with him that's far away.

When in summer noon I faint,
 As weary flocks around me pant,
 Haply in the scorching sun
 My sailor's thundering at his gun:
 Bullets, spare my only joy!
 Bullets, spare my darling boy!
 Fate, do with me what you may—
 Spare but him that's far away!

At the starless midnight hour, [power,
 When winter rules with boundless
 As the storms the forests tear,
 And thunders rend the howling air,
 Listening to the doubling roar,
 Surging on the rocky shore,
 All I can—I weep and pray,
 For his weal that's far away.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
 And bid wild War his ravage end,
 Man with brother man to meet,
 And as a brother kindly greet: [gales
 Then may Heaven with prosperous
 Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
 To my arms their charge convey—
 My dear lad that's far away.

CA' THE YOWES.

This is an improved version, which the poet prepared for his friend Thomson, of a song already given at p. 229.

CA' the yowes to the knowes
 Ca' them whare the heather grows,
 Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
 My bonny dearie!

Hark the mavis' evening sang
 Sounding Cluden's woods amang!
 Then a faulding let us gang,
 My bonny dearie.

We'll gae down by Cluden side,
 Through 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 sae cheery.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
 Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
 Nocht of ill may come thee near,
 My bonny dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
 Thou hast stown my very heart;
 I can die—but canna part—
 My bonny dearie!

SHE SAYS SHE LO'ES ME BEST
OF A'.

TUNE—"Onagh's Waterfall."

SAE flaxen were her ringlets,
 Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
 Bewitchingly o'er-arching
 Twa laughing een o' bonny blue.
 Her smiling sae wiling,
 Wad make a wretch forget his woe;
 What pleasure, what treasure,
 Unto these rosy lips to grow!
 Such was my Chloris' bonny face,
 When first her bonny face I saw;
 And aye 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
 Declared that she could do nae mair.

Hers are the willing chains o' love,
By conquering beauty's sovereign
law;
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best o' 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, [sang;
The amorous thrush concludes his
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
And hear my vows o' truth and love,
And say thou lo'est me best of a'?

THE LOVER'S MORNING SALUTE TO HIS MISTRESS.

TUNE—"Deil tak the wars."

"Having been out in the country dining with a friend," (Mr. Lorimer of Kemmis Hall.) says the poet in a letter to Thomson, "I met with a lady, (Mrs. Whelpdale—'Chloris,') and as usual got into song, and on returning home composed the following:—

SLEEP'ST thou or wakest 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, [stray.
Wild nature's tenants, freely, gladly,
The lintwhite in his bower
Chants o'er the breathing flower,*
The laverock 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,

* VARIATION.—

"Now to the streaming fountain,
Or up the healthy mountain,
The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-
wanton stray;
In twining hazel bowers
His lay the linnet pours;
The laverock to the sky," &c.

Nature gladdening and adorning;
Such to me my lovely maid.
When absent frae my fair,
The murky shades o' care
With startless gloom o'ercaст my sul-
len sky;
But when, in beauty's light,
She meets my ravish'd sight,
When through my very heart
Her beaming glories dart— [joy.†
'Tis then I wake to life, to light, and

CHLORIS.

Regarding the following lines, the poet says:—"Having been on a 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, on my return home, I wrought into the following song:"—

My Chloris, mark how green the
groves,
The primrose banks how fair;
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair.

The laverock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings;
For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
In lordly lighted ha':
The shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blithe, in the birken shaw.¹

The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
But are their hearts as light as ours,
Beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd in the flowery glen,
In shepherd's phrase will woo;
The courtier tells a finer tale—
But is his heart as true?

¹ Birch-wood.

† VAR.—

"When frae my Chloris parted,
Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted,
Then night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark,
o'ercaст my sky;
But when she charms my sight,
In pride of beauty's light:
When through my very heart
Her beaming glories dart,
'Tis then, 'tis then I wake to life and
joy."

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd,
to deck
That spotless breast o' thine;
The courtier's gems may witness love—
But 'tisna love like mine.

TO CHLORIS

The following lines, says the poet, were
"written on the blank leaf of a copy of the
last edition of my poems, and presented to
the lady whom, with the most ardent senti-
ments of real friendship, I have so often
sung under the name of Chloris:"—

'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young,
fair friend,
Nor thou the gift refuse,
Nor with unwilling ear attend
The moralising Muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and
charms.

Must bid the world adieu, [arms,]
(A world 'gainst peace in constant
To join the friendly few;

Since thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
Chill came the tempests 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 concious honour's part;
And—dearest gift of Heaven below—
Thine friendship's truest heart.

The joys refined of sense and taste,
With every Muse to rove:
And doubly were the poet blest,
These joys could he improve.

AH, CHLORIS !

TUNE—"Major Graham."

AH, Chloris ! since it mayna be
That thou of love wilt hear;
If from the lover thou maun flee,
Yet let the friend be dear.

Although I love my Chloris mair
Than ever tongue could tell;

My passion I will ne'er declare,
I'll say, I wish thee well.

Though a' my daily care thou art,
And a' my nightly dream,
I'll hide the struggle in my heart,
And say it is esteem.

SAW YE MY PHELY ?

TUNE—"When she cam ben she bobbit."

OH, saw ye my dear, my Phely ?
OH, 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.

Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely !
Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely !
As light as the air, and fause as thou's
fair— [Willy.
Thou's broken the heart o' thy

HOW LONG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT !

To a Gaelic Air.

How long and dreary is the night,
When I am frae my dearie !
I sleepless lie frae e'en to morn,
Though I were ne'er sae weary.
I sleepless lie frae e'en to morn,
Though I were ne'er sae weary.

When I think on the happy days
I spent wi' you, my dearie,
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie ?¹
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 wasna sae ye glinted² by
When I was wi' my dearie.
It wasna sae ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie.

¹ Lonciy. ² Glidcd.

IMPROVED VERSION.

TUNE—"Cauld Kail in Aberdeen."

How long and dreary is the night,
When I am frae my dearie!
I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
Though I were ne'er sae weary.

For oh! her lanely nights are lang;
And oh, her dreams are eerie;
And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,
That's absent frae her dearie.

When I think on the lightsome days
I spent wi' thee, my dearie;
And now what seas between us roar—
How can I be but eerie?

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours!
The joyless day how dreary!
E'rasna sae ye glinted by,
Where I was wi' my dearie.

LET NOT WOMAN E'ER COMPLAIN.

TUNE—"Duncan Gray."

"I have been at 'Duncan Gray,' says the poet to Thomson, "to dress it into 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 CHARMING MONTH OF MAY.

The poet having given the following English dress to an old Scotch ditty, says, in transmitting it to Thomson:—"You may think meanly of this; but if you saw the bombast of the original you would be surprised that I had made so much of it."

It was the charming month of May,
When all the flowers were fresh and
gay,

One morning by the break of day,
The youthful, charming Chloe;
From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flowery mead she goes,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

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.

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

TUNE—"Rothemurche's Rant."

"This piece," says the poet, "has at least the merit of being a regular pastoral: the vernal morn, the summer noon, the autumnal evening, and the winter night, are regularly rounded."

Now nature cleeds¹ the flowery lea,
And a' is young and sweet like thee;
Oh, wilt thou share its joy-wi' me,
And say thou'lt be my dearie, O?

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonny lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent² the flocks?
Wilt thou 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 noon, my dearie, O.

When Cynthia lights wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's³ hameward way:
Through yellow waving fields we'll
stray,
And talk o' love, my dearie, O.

¹ Clothes. ² Tend. ³ Reapers.

Aid when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest;
Enclasped to my faithfu' breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.

FAREWELL. THOU STREAM.

TUNE—"Nancy's to the greenwood gane."

This song appears to be an improved version of the one entitled, "The last time I came o'er the moor," (p. 253.) with the substitution of the name Eliza for that of Maria. This change probably arose from the poet's quarrel with Mrs. Riddell having rendered her name distasteful to him. See the introduction to the song entitled, "Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?" in the following page.

FAREWELL, thou stream that winding
flows

Around Eliza's dwelling!
O Memory! spare the cruel throes
Within my bosom swelling:
Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
And yet in secret languish;
To feel a fire in every vein,
Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretca, unseen, un-
known,

I fain my griefs would cover;
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting
groan,

Betray the hapless lover.
I know thou doom'st me to despair,
Nor wilt, nor canst, relieve me;
But oh, Eliza, hear one prayer—
For pity's sake, forgive me!

The music of thy voice I heard
Nor wist while it enslaved me,
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
'Till fears no more had saved me:
The unwary sailor thus aghast,
The wheeling torrent viewing;
Mid circling horrors sinks at last
In overwhelming ruin.

OH PHILLY, HAPPY BE THAT DAY.

TUNE—"The Sow's Tail."

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, aye I bless the grove
Where I first own'd my maiden love,
Whilst thou didst pledge the Powers
above
To be my ain dear Willy.

HE.

As songsters of the early year
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
So ilka day to me mair dear,
And charming is my Philly.

SHE.

As on the brier the budding rose
Still richer breathes and fairer blows,
So in my tender bosom grows
The love I bear my Willy.

HE.

The milder sun and bluer sky
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
Were ne'er so welcome to my eye
As is a sight o' Philly.

SHE.

The little swallow's wanton wing,
Though wafting o'er the flowery
spring,
Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring
As meeting o' my Willy.

HE.

The bee that through the sunny hour
Sips nectar in the opening flower,
Compared wi' my delight is poor,
Upon the lips o' Philly.

SHE.

The woodbine in the dewy weat
When evening shades in silence meet,
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet
As is a kiss o' Willy.

HE.

Let Fortune's wheel at random rin,
And fools may tyne, and knaves may
win;
My thoughts are a' bound up in ane,
And that's my ain dear Philly.

SHE.

What's a' the joys that gowd can gie,
I carena wealth a single flie;
The lad I love's the lad for me,
And that's my ain dear Willy.

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

TUNE—"Lumps o' Pudding."

This song is entitled to more than ordinary attention, as it appears the poet meant it for a personal sketch: for, in a letter to Thomson, thanking him for the present of a picture of "The Cotter's Saturday Night," by David Allan, the leading painter of the day, he says:—"Ten thousand thanks for your elegant present. . . . I have some thoughts of suggesting to you to prefix a vignette of me to my song, 'Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,' in order that the portrait of my face, and *the picture of my mind*, may go down the stream of time together."

CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie¹ wi' mair, [care,

Whene'er I forgather² wi' sorrow and I gie them a skelp,³ as they're creeping along, [Scottish sang.
Wi' a cog o' guid swats,⁴ and an auld

I whiles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought; [faught;
But man is a sodger, and life is a My mirth and guid humour are coin in my pouch,
And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

A towmond⁵ o' trouble, should that be my fa', [it a':
A night o' guid-fellowship sowthers⁶ When at the blithe end o' our journey at last, [he has past?
Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road

Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte⁷ on her way; [jade gae;⁸
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the Come ease or come travail; come pleasure or pain; [welcome again!
My warst ward is—"Welcome and

CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS,
MY KATY?

TUNE—"Roy's Wife."

This song, which the poet says he composed in two or three turns across his little room, was meant as a representation of the kindly feelings which he now once more began to entertain for his former beautiful and fascinating friend, Mrs. Riddel of Woodley

Park. She replied to his song in a similar strain of poetic licence.* The poet, it will be observed, with the usual freedom of the sons of Apollo, addresses her as a mistress, and in that character she replies to him.

Is this thy plighted, fond reward,
Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?
Is this thy faithful swain's regard—
An aching, broken heart, my Katy?

Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?

* The following are the pieces which Mrs Riddel sent to the poet in reply to his song:—

TUNE—"Roy's Wife."

"TELL me that thou yet art true,
And a' my wrongs shall be forgiven;
And when this heart proves fause to thee,
Yon sun shall cease its course in heaven.

"Stay, my Willie—yet believe me,
Stay, my Willie—yet believe me,
For, ah! thou know'st na every pang [me.
Wad wring my bosom, shouldst thou leave

"But to think I was betray'd, [sunder!
That falsehood e'er our loves should
To take the floweret to my breast,
And find the guilefu' serpent under.

"Could I hope thou'dst ne'er deceive,
Celestial pleasures might I choose 'em,
I'd slight, nor seek in other spheres
That heaven I'd find within thy bosom.

"Stay, my Willie—yet believe me,
Stay, my Willie—yet believe me,
For ah! thou know'st na every pang
Wad wring my bosom, should'st thou
leave me."

"To thee, loved Nith, thy gladsome plains,
Where late with careless thought I ranged,
Though prest with care, and sunk in woe,
To thee I bring a heart unchanged.
I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes,
Though Memory there my bosom tears,
For there he roved that broke my heart,
Yet to that heart, ah, still how dear!

"And now your banks and bonny braes
But waken sad remembrance' smart;
The very shades I held most dear
Now strike fresh anguish to my heart;
Deserted bower! where are they now—
Ah! where the garlands that I wove
With faithful care, each morn to deck
The altars of ungrateful love?

"The flowers of spring, how gay they bloom'd,
When last with him I wander'd here!
The flowers of spring are pass'd away
For wintry horrors, dark and drear.
Yon osier'd stream, by whose lone banks
My songs have lull'd him oft to rest,
Is now in icy fetters lock'd—
Cold as my false love's frozen breast."

¹ Happy. ² Meet. ³ Whack. ⁴ Flagon of ale. ⁵ Twelvemonth. ⁶ Solders. ⁷ Stagger and stumble. ⁸ Slut go.

Well thou knowest my aching
heart— [pity!
And canst thou leave me thus for
Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
That fickle heart of thine, my Katy!
Thou mayst find those will love thee,
dear—
But not a love like mine, Katy!

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER- DOOR?

TUNE—"Lass, an I come near thee."

WHA is that at my bower-door?
Oh, wha is it but Findlay?
Then gae yere gate,¹ ye'se na be here!—
Indeed, maun I, quo' Findlay.
What mak ye sae like a thief?
Oh, come and see, quo' Findlay;
Before the morn ye'll work mischief—
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Gif² I rise and let you in,—
Let me in, quo' Findlay,
Ye'll keep me waukin wi' your din—
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
In my bower if ye should stay,—
Let me stay, quo' Findlay;
I fear ye'll bide³ till break o' day—
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Here this night if ye remain,—
I'll remain, quo' Findlay;
I dread ye'll ken 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.

THE CARDIN' O'T.

TUNE—"Salt-fish and Dumplings."

I COFT¹ a stane o' haslock² woo,
To mak a coat to Johnny o't;
For Johnny is my only jo,
I lo'e him best of ony yet.

The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't;
The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't;

¹ Way. ² If. ³ Remain.

¹Bought. ² Hause-lock—the wool from the
throat—the finest of the flock.

When ilka ell cost me a groat,
The tailor staw³ the linin' o't.
For though his locks be lyart gray,
And though his brow be held aboon;
Yet I hae seen him on a day
The pride of a' the parishen.

THE PIPER.

A FRAGMENT.

THERE came a piper out o' Fife.
I watna what they ca'd him;
He play'd our cousin Kate a spring
When fient a body bade him;
And aye the mair he hotch'd and blew,
The mair that she forbade him.

JENNY M'CRAW.

A FRAGMENT.

JENNY M'CRAW, she has ta'en to the
heather, [her thither;
Say, was it the Covenant carried
Jenny M'Craw to the mountains is
gane, [g' she has ta'en;
Their leagues and their covenants
My head and my heart now, quo' she,
are at rest, [best.
And as for the lave, let the deil do his

THE LAST BRAW BRIDAL.

A FRAGMENT.

THE last braw bridal that I was at,
'Twas on a Hallowmas day,
And there was routh¹ o' drink and fun,
And mickle mirth and play. [sang,
The bells they rang, and the carlines²
And the dames danced in the ha';
The bride went to bed wi' the silly
bridegroom,
In the midst o' her kimmers³ a'.

LINES ON A MERRY PLOUGHMAN.

As I was a wandering ae morning in
spring. [sweetly to sing;
I heard a merry ploughman sae

³ Stole.

¹ Plenty. ² Old women. ³ Women.

And as he was singin' thae words he
did say,
There's nae life like the ploughman's
in the month o' sweet May.

The laverock in the morning she'll rise
frae her nest, [her breast;
And mount in the air wi' the dew on
And wi' the merry ploughman she'll
whistle and sing; [back again.
And at night she'll return to her nest

THE WINTER OF LIFE.

TUNE—"Gil Morice."

BUT lately seen in gladsome green,
The woods rejoiced the day;
Through gentle showers the laughing
flowers

In double pride were gay:

But now our joys are fled

On winter blasts awa'!

Yet maiden May in rich array,

Again shall bring then a'.

But my white pow! nae kindly thowe,²

Shall melt the snaws of age;

My trunk of eild,³ but⁴ buss or bield⁵

Sinks in Time's wintry rage.

Oh! age has weary days,

And nights o' sleepless pain!

Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,

Why comest thou not again!

I'LL AYE CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

TUNE—"I'll gae nae mair to yon town."

I'LL aye ca' in by yon town,

And by yon garden green, again:

I'll aye ca' in by yon town,

And see my bonny 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 stowlins¹ we sall meet again.

She'll wander by the aiken tree,

When trystin'-time draws near again;

And when her lovely form I see,

Oh, haith, she's doubly dear again!

I'll aye ca' in by yon town,

And by yon garden green, again;

I'll aye ca' in by yon town,

And see my bonny Jean again.

THE GOWDEN LOCKS OF ANNA.

TUNE—"Banks of Banná."

"A Dumfries maiden," says Cunningham
"with a light foot and a merry eye, was the
heorine of this clever song. Burns thought
so well of it himself that he recommended
it to Thomson; but the latter—aware, per-
haps, of the free character of her of the
gowden locks, excluded it, though pressed
to publish it by the poet. Irritated, per-
haps, at Thomson's refusal, he wrote the
additional stanza, by way of postscript, in
defiance of his colder-blooded critic."

YESTREEN I had a pint o' wine,

A place where body saw na;

Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine

The gowden locks of Anna.

The hungry Jew in wilderness,

Rejoicing o'er his manna,

Was naething to my hinny bliss

Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs tak the east and west,

Frae Indus to Savannah!

Gie me within my straining grasp

The melting form of Anna.

There I'll despise imperial charms,

An empress or sultana,

While dying raptures in her arms

I give and take with Anna!

Awa', thou flaunting god o' day!

Awa', thou pale Diana!

Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray,

When I'm to meet my Anna.

Come, in thy raven plumage, Night!

Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a',

And bring an angel pen to write

My transports wi' my Anna!

POSTSCRIPT.

The kirk and state may join, and tell

To do such things I maunna:

The kirk and state may gae to hell,

And I'll gae to my Anna.

She is the sunshine o' my ee,—

To live but! her I canna;

Had I on earth but wishes three,

The first should be my Anna.

¹ Head. ² Thaw. ³ Aged trunk. ⁴ Without.
⁵ Shelter.

¹ Secretly.

¹ Without.

HAD I THE WYTE.

TUNE—"Had I the wyte?—she bade me."

HAD I the wyte,¹ had I the wyte,
 Had I the wyte?—she bade me;
 She watch'd me by the lie-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,²
 And bade me make nae clatter; [man
 "For our ramgunshoch, glum³ guid-
 Is o'er ayont the water;"
 Whae'er shall say I wanted grace,
 When I did kiss and dawt⁴ her,
 Let him be planted in my place,
 Syne say I was a fautor.

Could I for shame, could I for shame,
 Could I for shame refused her?
 And wadna manhood been to blame
 Had I unkindly used her?
 He claw'd her wi' the ripplin-kame,
 And blae and bluidy bruised her;
 When sic a husband was frae hame,
 What wife but wad excused her?

I dighted⁵ aye her een sae blue,
 And bann'd the cruel randy;⁶
 And weel I wat her willing mou'
 Was e'en like sugar candy.
 At gloamin'-shot it was, I trow,
 I lighted on the Monday;
 But I cam through the Tysday's dew,
 To wanton Willie's brandy.

CALEDONIA.

TUNE—"Caledonian Hunt's Delight."

THERE was once a day—but old Time
 then was young— [her line,
 That brave Caledonia, the chief of
 From some of your northern deities
 sprung, [donia's divine ?)
 (Who knows not that brave Cale-
 From Tweed to the Orcades was her
 domain, [she would:
 To hunt, or to pasture, or do what
 Her heavenly relations there fixèd her
 reign. [warrant it good.
 And pledged her their godheads to

A lambkin in peace; but a lion in war,
 The pride of her kindred the heroine
 grew: [swore,
 Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly
 "Who e'er shall provoke thee th'
 encounter shall rue!"
 With tillage or pasture at times she
 would sport, [rustling corn;
 To feed her fair flocks by her green,
 But chiefly the woods were her favour-
 ite resort, [and the horn.
 Her darling amusement the hounds

Long quiet she reign'd; till thither-
 ward steers [strand,
 A flight of bold eagles from Adria's
 Repeated, successive, for many long
 years,
 They darken'd the air, and they
 plunder'd the land:
 Their pounces were murder, and terror
 their cry, [beside;
 They'd conquer'd and ruin'd a world
 She took to her hills, and her arrows
 let fly— [died.
 The daring invaders they fled or they

The fell harpy-raven took wing from
 the north,
 The scourge of the seas, and the
 dread of the shore!
 The wild Scandinavian boar issued
 forth [in gore;
 To wanton in carnage, and wallow
 O'er countries and kingdoms their fury
 prevail'd, [could repel;
 No arts could appease them, no arms
 But brave Caledonia in vain they as-
 sail'd, [cartie tell.
 As Largs well can witness, and Lon-

The Cameleon-savage disturb'd her
 repose, [strife;
 With tumult, disquiet, rebellion and
 Provoked beyond bearing, at last she
 arose, [and his life:
 And robb'd him at once of his hopes
 The Anglian lion, the terror of France,
 Oft prowling, ensanguined the
 Tweed's silver flood: [lance,
 But, taught by the bright Caledonian
 He learn'd to fear in his own native
 wood.

Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd,
 and free, [shall run:
 Her bright course of glory forever

¹ Blame. ² In. ³ Rugged, coarse. ⁴ Fondle.
⁵ Wiped. ⁶ Scold.

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.

THE FAREWELL.

TUNE—"It was a' for our rightfu' king."

It was a' for our rightfu' king
We left fair Scotland's strand;
It was a' for our rightfu' king
We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain;
My love and native land farewell,
For I maun cross the main, my dear,
For I maun cross the main.

He 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 frae 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', [dear,
The lee-lang night, and weep, my
The lee-lang night, and weep.

OH, STEER HER UP.

TUNE—"Oh, steer her up and haud her
gaun."

OH, steer! her up and haud her gaun—
Her nither's at the mill, jo;
And gin she winna tak a man,
E'en let her tak her will, jo:

First shore² her wi' a kindly kiss,
And ca' anither gill, jo;
And gin she tak the thing amiss,
E'en let her flyte³ her fill, jo.

Oh, steer her up, and be na blate,⁴
And gin she tak it ill, jo,
Then lea'e the lassie till her fate,
And time na langer spill, jo:
Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute,⁵
But think upon it still, jo;
That gin the lassie winna do't,
Ye'll fin' anither will, jo.

BONNY PEG-A-RAMSAY.

TUNE—"Cauld is the e'enin' blast."

CAULD is the e'enin' blast
O' Boreas o'er the pool,
And dawin' it is dreary
When birks are bare at Yule.

Oh, cauld 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 bonny Peg-a-Ramsay
Gat grist to her mill.

HEE BALOU!

TUNE—"The Highland Balou."

Concerning this song, Cromek says:—"The time when the moss-troopers and cattle-drivers on the Borders began their nightly depredations was the first Michaelmas moon. Cattle-stealing formerly was a mere foraging expedition; and it has been remarked that many of the best families in the north can trace their descent from the daring sons of the mountains. The produce (by way of dowry to a laird's daughter) of a Michaelmas moon is proverbial; and by the aid of Lochiel's lantern (the moon) these exploits were the most desirable things imaginable. In the 'Hee Balou' we see one of those heroes in the cradle."

HEE balou! my sweet wee Donald,
Picture o' the great Clanronald;
Brawlie kens our wanton chief
Wha got my young Highland thief.

² Try. ³ Scold. ⁴ Bashful. ⁵ Rebuke.

¹ A cradle-lullaby phrase used by nurses.

¹ Stir.

Leeze me on thy bonny craigie,
 An thou live, thou'lt steal a naigie:
 Travel the country through and
 through,
 And bring hame a Carlisle cow.

Through the Lawlands, o'er the Border,
 Weel, my baby, may thou further:²
 Herry³ the louns o' the laigh countrie,
 Syne to the Highlands, hame to me.

HERE'S HIS HEALTH IN WATER.

TUNE—"The Job of Journeywork."

ALTHOUGH my back be at the wa',
 And though he be the fautor;
 Although my back be at the wa',
 Yet, here's his health in water!

Oh! wae gae by his wanton sides,
 Sae brawlie's he could flatter;
 Till for his sake I'm slighted sair,
 And dree¹ the kintra clatter.²
 But though my back be at the wa',
 And though he be the fautor;
 But though my back be at the wa',
 Yet, here's his health in water!

AMANG THE TREES, WHERE HUMMING BEES.

TUNE—"The king of France, he rode a race."

AMANG the trees, where humming
 bees [O,
 At buds and flowers were hinging,
 Auld Caledon drew out her drone,
 And to her pipe was singing, O;
 'Twas pibroch, sang, strathspey, or
 reels,
 She dir'd them aff fu' clearly, O,
 When there cam a yell o' foreign
 squeels,
 That dang her tapsalteerie,¹ O.

Their capon craws, and queer ha ha's,
 They made our lugs² grow eerie,³ O;
 The hungry bike⁴ did scrape and pike,⁵
 Till we were wae and weary, O;

² Prosper.

³ Plunder.

¹ Bear. ² Country talk.

¹ Topsy-turvey. ² Ears. ³ Weary. ⁴ Band.
⁵ Pick.

But a royal ghaist,⁶ wha ance was cased
 A prisoner aughteen year awa',
 He fired a fiddler in the north
 That dang them tapsalteerie, O.

CASSILLIS' BANKS.

TUNE—Unknown.

Now, bank and brae are claited in
 green,
 And scatter'd cowslips sweetly spring;
 By Girvan's fairy-haunted stream
 The birdies flit on wanton wing.
 To Cassillis' banks, when e'ning fa's,
 There, wi' my Mary, let me flee,
 There catch her ilka glance of love,
 The bonny blink o' Mary's ee!

The chield wha boasts o' ward's walth
 Is aften laird o' meikle care;
 But Mary, she is a' mine 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 bonny blink o' Mary's ee!

BANNOCKS O' BARLEY.

TUNE—"The Killogie."

BANNOCKS o' bear-meal,
 Bannocks o' barley;
 Here's to the Highlandman's
 Bannocks o' barley!
 Wha in a brulzie,¹
 Will first cry a parley?
 Never the lads wi'
 The bannocks o' barley!

Bannocks o' bear-meal,
 Bannocks o' barley;
 Here's to the Highlandman's
 Bannocks o' barley!
 Wha, in his wae-days,
 Were loyal to Charlie?
 Wha but the lads wi'
 The bannocks o' barley?

SAE FAR AWA'.

TUNE—"Dalkeith Maiden Bridge."

OH, sad and heavy should I part,
 But for her sake sae far awa';

⁶ Ghost.

¹ Broil.

Unknowing what my way may thwart,
 My native land, sae far awa'.
 Thou that of a' things Maker art,
 That form'd this fair sae far awa',
 Gie body strength, then I'll ne'er start
 At this, my way, sae far awa'.

How true is love to pure desert,
 So love to her sae far awa':
 And nocht can heal my bosom's smart
 While, oh! she is sae far awa'.
 Nane other love, nane other dart,
 I feel but hers, sae far awa';
 But fairer never touch'd a heart
 Than hers, the fair, sae far awa'.

HER FLOWING LOCKS.

TUNE—Unknown.

HER flowing locks, the raven's wing,
 A down her neck and bosom hing;
 How sweet unto that breast to cling,
 And round that neck entwine her!

Her lips are roses wat wi' dew,
 Oh what a feast her bonny mou'!
 Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,
 A crimson still diviner.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

TUNE—"If thou'lt play me fair play."

THE bonniest lad that e'er I saw,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 Wore a plaid, and was fu' braw,
 Bonny Highland laddie.
 On his head a bonnet blue,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie;
 His royal heart was firm and true,
 Bonny Highland laddie.

Trumpets sound, and cannons roar,
 Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie;
 And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,
 Bonny Lowland lassie.
 Glory, honour, now invite,
 Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie,
 For freedom and my king to fight,
 Bonny Lowland lassie.

The sun a backward course shall take,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Ere aught thy manly courage shake,
 Bonny Highland laddie.

Go! for yoursel procure renown,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie;
 And for your lawful king his crown,
 Bonny Highland Laddie.

THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED TO ME.

TUNE—"The lass that made the bed to me."

The poet, in his notes to the *Museum*, says regarding this song:—"The bonny lass that made the bed to me" was composed on an amour of Charles II., when skulking in the north about Aberdeen, in the time of the usurpation. He formed *une petite affaire* with a daughter of the house of Port Letham, who was the lass that made the bed to him!"

WHEN Januar' wind was blawing
 cauld,

As to the north I took my way,
 The mirksome' night did me enfauld,
 I knew na where to lodge till day.

By my good luck a maid I met,
 Just in the middle o' my care;
 And kindly she did me invite
 To walk into a chamber fair.

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
 And thank'd her for her courtesie;
 I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
 And bade her make a bed for 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 servèd me wi' due respect;
 And, to salute her wi' a kiss,
 I put my arms about her neck.

"Haud off your hands, young man,"
 she says.

"And dinna sae uncivil be:
 Gif ye hae ony love for me,
 Oh, wrang na 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 sae fair to see;
Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,
The lass that made the bed to me.

I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
And aye she wist na 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, twinkling in
her ee;

I said, "My lassie, dinna cry,
For ye aye shall mak the bed to me."

She took her mither's Holland sheets,
And made them a' in sark's to me:
Blithe and merry may she be,
The lass that made the bed to me.

The bonny lass made the bed to me,
The braw lass made the bed to me;
I'll ne'er forget, till the day I die,
The lass that made the bed to me!

THE LASS OF ECCLEFECHAN.

TUNE—"Jacky Latin."

GAT ye me, oh, gat ye me,
Oh, gat ye me wi' naething?
Rock and reel, and spinnin' wheel,
A mickle quarter basin.
Bye attour,¹ my gutcher² has
A heigh house and a laigh ane,
A' forbye my bonny sel,
The toss of Ecclefechan.

Oh, haud your tongue now, Luckie
Laing,
Oh, haud your tongue and jauner,³
I held the gate till you I met,
Syn'e I began to wander;

I tint⁴ my whistle and my sang,
I tint my peace and pleasure;
But your green graff⁵ now, Luckie
Laing,
Wad air⁶ me to my treasure.

THE COOPER O' CUDDIE.

TUNE—"Bob at the Bowster."

THE cooper o' Cuddie cam here awa':
He ca'd the girrs¹ out owre us a'—
And our guidwife has gotten a ca'
That anger'd the silly guidman, O.

We'll hide the cooper behind the
door,
Behind the door, behind the door,
We'll hide the cooper behind the
door, [O.
And cover him under a mawn,²

He sought them out, he sought them
in,

Wi' Deil hae her! and, Deil hae him!
But the body he was sae doited³ and
blin,

He wistna where he was gaun, O.

They cooper'd at e'en, they cooper'd at
morn,
Till our guidman has gotten the scorn.
On ilka brow she's planted a horn,
And swears that there they shall
stan', O.

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LA- MENT.

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 wasna 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.

⁴ Lost.

⁵ Grave.

⁶ Direct.

¹ Besides. ² Grandsire. ³ Complaining.

¹ Hoops.

² Basket.

³ Stupid.

And there I had threescore o' yowes
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
 Skipping on yon bonny knowes,
 And casting woo' to me.

I was the happiest of a' the clan,
 Sair, sair may I repine;
 For Donald was the bravest man,
 And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie Stuart 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 field.

Och-on, O Donald, oh!
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
 Nae woman in the world wide
 Sae wretched now as me.

THERE WAS A BONNY LASS.

THERE was a bonny lass,
 And a bonny, bonny lass,
 And she lo'ed her bonny laddie dear;
 Till war's loud alarms
 Tore her laddie frae her arms,
 Wi' mony a sigh and a tear.

Over sea, over shore,
 Where the cannons loudly roar,
 He still was a stranger to fear;
 And nocht could him quail,
 Or his bosom assail,
 But the bonny lass he lo'ed sae dear.

OH WAT YE WHAT MY MINNIE DID?

OH, wat ye what my minnie did,
 My minnie did, my minnie did;
 Oh, wat ye what my minnie did,
 On Tysday 'teen to me, jo?
 She laid me in a saft bed,
 A saft bed, a saft bed,
 She laid me in a saft bed,
 And bade guid e'en to me, jo.

And wat ye what the parson did,
 The parson did, the parson did,

And wat ye what the parson did,
 A' for a penny fee, jo?
 He loosed on me a lang man,
 A mickle man, a strang man,
 He loosed on me a lang man,
 That might hae worried me, jo.

And I was but a young thing,
 A young thing, a young thing,
 And I was but a young thing,
 Wi' nane to pity me, jo.
 I wat the kirk was in the wyte,¹
 In the wyte, in the wyte,
 To pit a young thing in a fright,
 And loose a man on me, jo.

OH, GUID ALE COMES.

CHORUS.

OH, guid ale comes, and guid ale goes,
 Guid ale gars¹ me sell my hose,
 Sell my hose, and pawn my shoor,
 Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

I had sax owsen in a pleugh,
 They drew a' weel eneugh;
 I sell'd them a' just ane by ane;
 Guid ale keeps my heart aboon;

Guid ale hauds me bare and busy,
 Gars me moop² wi' the servart hizzie,³
 Stand i' the stool when I hae done;
 Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

COMING THROUGH THE BRAES O' CUPAR.

DONALD Brodie met a lass
 Coming o'er the braes o' Cupar
 Donald, wi' his Highland hand,
 Rifled ilka charm about her.

CHORUS.

Coming o'er the braes o' Cupar,
 Coming o'er the braes o' Cupar,
 Highland Donald met a lass,
 And row'd his Highland plaid
 about her.

¹ Makes.

² Blame.

³ Romp.

³ Wench.

Weel i wat she was a quean,
Wad made a body's mouth to water;
Our Mess John, wi' his auld gray pow,¹
His ha'y lips wad licket at her.

Off she started in a fright, [bicker:²
And through the braes as she could
But scuple Donald quicker flew,
And in his arms he lock'd her sicker.³

GUID E'EN TO YOU, KIMMER.

TUNE—"We're a' noddin."

GUID e'en to you, kimmer,¹
And how do ye do?
Hiccup, quo' kimmer,
The better that I'm fou. [din,
We're a' noddin, nid, nid, nod-
We're a' noddin at our house at
hame.

Kate sits i' the neuk,²
Suppin' hen broo,³
Deil tak Kate,
An she be na noddin too!

How's a' wi' you, kimmer,
And how do ye fare?
A pint o' the best o't,
And twa pints mair.

How's a' wi' you, kimmer,
And how do ye thrive?
How many bairns hae ye?
Quo' kimmer, I hae five.

Are they a' Johnny's?
Eh! atweel, na:
Twa o' them were gotten
When Johnny was awa'.

Cats like milk,
And dogs like broo,
Lads like lasses weel,
And lasses lads too. [din,
We're a' noddin, nid, nid, nod-
We're a' noddin at our house at
hame.

MEG O' THE MILL.

TUNE—"Jackie Hume's Lament."

This second version of "Meg o' the Mill," (p. 252.) prepared by the poet for the *Museum*, was founded on an old ditty, which he altered and amended.

Oh, ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has
gotten, [gotten?
And ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has
A braw new naig¹ wi' the tail o' a rot-
tan, [gotten!
And that's what Meg o' the Mill has

Oh, ken ye what Meg o' the Mill lo'es
dearly? [dearly?
And ken ye what Meg o' the Mill lo'es
A dram o' guid strunt² in a morning
early, [dearly.
And that's what Meg o' the Mill lo'es

Oh, ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was
married, [married?
And ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was
The priest he was oxt'er'd, the clerk he
was carried, [married.
And that's how Meg o' the Mill was

Oh, ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was
bedded, [bedded?
And ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was
The groom gat sae fou,³ he fell twa-
fauld beside it, [bedded.
And that's how Meg o' the Mill was

YOUNG JAMIE PRIDE OF A' THE PLAIN.

TUNE—"The Carlin o' the Glen."

YOUNG Jamie, pride of a' the plain,
Sae gallant and sae gay a swain;
Through a' our lasses he did rove,
And reign'd resistless king of love:
But now, wi' sighs and starting tears,
He strays among the woods and briers;
Or in the glens and rocky caves,
His sad complaining dowie¹ raves:

"I wha sae late did range and rove,
And changed with every moon my love,
I little thought the time was near
Repentance I should buy sae dear:

¹ Head. ² Run. ³ Sure.

¹ Lass. ² Corner. ³ Broth.

¹ A riding-horse. ² Whisky. ³ Drunk.

¹ Sadly.

The slighted maids my torments see,
And laugh at a' the pangs I dree;²
While she, my cruel, scornfu' fair,
Forbids me e'er to see her mair!¹

COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

TUNE—"Coming through the rye."

Coming through the rye, poor body,
Coming through the rye,
She draiglet! a' her petticoatie,
Coming through the rye.

O Jenny's a' wat, poor body,
Jenny's seldom dry;
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
Coming through the rye.

Gin² a body meet a body
Coming through the rye;
Gin a body kiss a body—
Need a body cry?

Gin a body meet a body
Coming through the glen;
Gin a body kiss a body—
Need the world ken?

THE CARLES OF DYSART.

TUNE—"Hey, ca' through."

UP wi' the carles¹ o' Dysart
And the lads o' Buckhaven,
And the kimmers² o' Largo,
And the lasses o' Leven.

Hey, ca' through, ca'³ through,
For we hae mickle ado;
Hey, ca' through, ca' through,
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.

² Suffer.

¹ Soiled; bespattered.

² If.

¹ Men. ² Women. ³ Push.

IS THERE, FOR HONEST POVERTY.

TUNE—"For a' that and a' that."

Of the following song—one of the most striking and characteristic effusions of his Muse—he says, evidently in a strain of affected depreciation:—"A great critic on songs says that love and wine are the exclusive themes for song-writing. The following is on neither subject, and is consequently no song; but will be allowed, I think, to be two or three pretty good prose thoughts inverted into rhyme."

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-stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden 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 coof¹ 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 mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he maunna² 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.

¹ Fool. ² "He maunna fa' that"—he must not try that.

* Primarily, the word signifies a lively, mettlesome young fellow; but here the poet's meaning would be better rendered by the words—a proud, affected person.

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 world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

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.

O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING YET ?

TUNE—"Let me in this ae night."

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.

Oh, let me in this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night,
 For pity's sake this ae night,
 Oh, rise and let me in, jo!

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
 Nae star blinks through the driving
 sleet:

Tak pity on my weary feet,
 And shield me frae the rain, jo.

The bitter blast that round me blows,
 Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's:
 The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
 Of a' my grief and pain, jo.

HER ANSWER.

Oh, tell na me o' wind and rain,
 Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain!
 Gae back the gate ye cam again,
 I winna let ye 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,¹ blast at mirkest hours,
 That round the pathless wanderer
 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;

THE HERON ELECTION BAL- LADS.

BALLAD I.

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,
 Through Galloway and a' that;
 Where is the laird or belted knight
 That best deserves to fa' that?

Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett,¹
 And wha is't never saw that?
 Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree met,
 And has a doubt of a' that?
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that!
 The independent patriot,
 The honest man, and a' that.

Though wit and worth in either sex,
 St. Mary's Isle can shaw that;
 Wi' dukes and lords let Selkirk mix,
 And weel does Selkirk fa' that.
 For a' that, and a' that!
 Here's Heron yet for a' that!
 The independent commoner
 Shall be the man for a' that.

But why should we to nobles jouk?²
 And it's against the law that;
 For why, a lord may be a gouk³
 Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that!
 A lord may be a lousy loun
 Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that.

A beardless boy, comes o'er the hills
 Wi' uncle's purse and a' that;
 But we'll hae ane frae 'mang oursels,
 A man we ken, and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,

¹ Sharpest.

¹ Gate. ² Bend. ³ Fool.

Here's Heron yet for a' that!
 For we're not to be bought and
 sold
 Like naigs, and nowt,⁴ and a' that.

Then let us drink the Stewartry,
 Kerroughtree's laird, and a' that,
 Our representative to be,
 For weel he's worthy a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that!
 A House of Commons such as he,
 They would be blest that saw that.

BALLAD II.

TUNE—"Fy let us a' to the bridal."

Fy, let us a' to Kirkcudbright,
 For there will be bickering there;
 For Murray's light horse are to muster,
 And oh, how the heroes will swear !

And there will be Murray,¹ commander,
 And Gordon,² the battle to win;
 "Like brothers they'll stand by each
 other,
 Sae knit in alliance and kin.

And there will be black-nebbit John-
 nie,³
 The tongue o' the trump to them a';
 An he gets na hell for his haddin'
 The deil gets na justice ava';

And there will be Kempleton's birkie,⁴
 A boy na sae black at the bane,
 But, as for his fine nabob fortune,
 We'll e'en let the subject alane.

And there will be Wigton's new sher-
 iff,⁵
 Dame Justice fu' brawlie has sped,
 She's gotten the heart of a Bushby,
 But, Lord ! what's become o' the
 head ?

⁴ Cattle.

¹ Murray of Broughton.

² Gordon of Balmaghie.

³ Mr. John Bushby, a sharp-witted lawyer,
 for whom the poet had no little aversion.

⁴ William Bushby of Kempleton, brother
 of the above, who had made a fortune in In-
 dia, but which was popularly thought to have
 originated in some questionable transactions
 connected with the ruinous affair of the Ayr
 Bank before he went abroad.

⁵ Mr. Bushby Maitland, son of John, and
 recently appointed Sheriff of Wigtonshire.

And there will be Cardoness,⁶ Esquire,
 Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes,
 A wight that will weather damnation,
 For the devil the prey will despise.

And there will be Kenmure,⁷ sae gen-
 erous !

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 Redcastle,⁸
 The body, e'en let him escape !
 He'd venture the gallows for siller,
 An 'twere na the cost o' the rape.

And where is our king's lord-lieuten-
 ant,

Sae famed for his gratefu' return ?
 The billie is getting his questions,
 To say in St. Stephen's the morn.

And there will be Douglasses⁹ doughty,
 New-christening towns far and
 near;

Abjuring their democrat doings,
 By kissing the — of a peer.

And there will be lads o' the gospel,
 Muirhead,¹⁰ wha's as good as he's
 true;

And there will be Buittle's apostle,¹¹
 Wha's mair o' the black than the
 blue.

And there will be folk frae St. Mary's,
 A house o' great merit and note,
 The deil ane but honours them high-
 ly,—

The deil ane will gie them his vote !

And there will be wealthy young
 Richard,¹² [neck;

Dame Fortune should hing by the
 For prodigal, thriftless, bestowing,
 His merit had won him respect.

And there will be rich brother nabobs,
 Though nabobs, yet men of the first,¹³

⁶ David Maxwell of Cardoness.

⁷ Mr. Gordon of Kenmure.

⁸ Mr. Lawrie of Redcastle.

⁹ Messrs. Douglas of Carlinwark gave the
 name of Castle Douglas to a village which
 rose in their neighbourhood—now a populous
 town.

¹⁰ Rev. Mr. Muirhead, minister of Urr.

¹¹ Rev. George Maxwell, minister of Buit-
 tle.

¹² Richard Oswald of Auchincruive.

¹³ The Messrs. Hannay.

And there will be Collieston's¹⁴ whisk-
ers,
And Quintin,¹⁵ o' lads not the warst.
And there will be stamp-office John-
nie,¹⁶
Tak tent how ye purchaese a dram;
And there will be gay Cassencarrrie,
And there will be gleg Colonel
Tam;¹⁷

And there will be trusty Kerrough-
tree,¹⁸

Whase honour was ever his law,
if the virtues were pack'd in a parcel,
His worth might be sample for a'.

And strong and respectfu's his backing,
The maist o' the lairds wi' him stand,
Nae gipsy-like nominal barons,
Whase property's paper, but lands.

And can we forget the auld Major,¹⁹
Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys,
Our flattery we'll keep for some ither,
Him only it's justice to praise.

And there will be maiden Kilkerran,²⁰
And also Barksimming's guid
knight,²¹

And there will be roaring Birtwhistle,²²
Wha luckily roars in the right.

And there, frae the Niddisdale border,
Will mingle the Maxwells in droves;
Tough Johnnie,²³ stanch Geordie,²⁴
and Walie,²⁵
That griens for the fishes and loaves.

And there will be Logan M'Dowall,²⁶
Sculduderry and he will be there;
And also the wild Scot o' Galloway,
Sodgering, gunpowder Blair.²⁷

Then hey the chaste interest o' Brough-
ton, [bring!
And hey for the blessings 'twill
It may send Balmaghie to the Com-
mons,
In Sodom 'twould make him a king;

And hey for the sanctified Murray,²⁸
Our land wha wi' chapels has stored;
He founder'd his horse amang harlots,
But gied the auld naig to the Lord.

JOHN BUSHBY'S LAMENTATION.

BALLAD III.

'Twas in the seventeen hundred year
O' Christ, and ninety-five,
That year I was the wae'st man
O' ony man alive.

In March, the three-and-twentieth day,
The sun-raise clear and bright;
But oh, I was a waefu' man
Ere to-fa' o' the night.

Yerl Galloway lang did rule this land
Wi' equal right and fame,
And thereto was his kinsman join'd,
The Murray's noble name!

Yerl Galloway lang did rule the land,
Made me the judge o' strife;
But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre's
broke,
And eke my hangman's knife.

'Twas by the banks o' bonny Dee,
Beside Kirkcudbright towers
The Stewart and the Murray there
Did muster a' their powers.

The Murray, on the auld gray yaud,¹
Wi' winged spurs did ride,
That auld gray yaud, yea, Nid'sdale
rade,
He staw² upon Nidside.

And there had been the yerl himsel,
Oh, there had been nae play;
But Garlies was to London gane,
And sae the kye might stray.

²⁸ Mr. Murray of Broughton, who had abandoned his wife, and eloped with a lady of rank.

¹ Mare.

² Stole.

¹⁴ Mr. Copland of Collieston.

¹⁵ Quintin M'Adam of Craigengillan.

¹⁶ Mr. John Syme, distributor of stamps, Dumfries.

¹⁷ Colonel Goldie of Goldielea.

¹⁸ Mr. Heron of Kerroughtree, the Whig candidate.

¹⁹ Major Heron, brother of the above.

²⁰ Sir Adam Ferguson of Kilkerran.

²¹ Sir William Miller of Barksimming, afterwards a judge, with the title of Lord Glenlee.

²² Mr. Birtwhistle of Kirkcudbright.

²³ Mr. Maxwell of Terraughty.

²⁴ George Maxwell of Carruchan.

²⁵ Mr. Wellwood Maxwell.

²⁶ Captain M'Dowall of Logan.

²⁷ Mr. Blair of Dunskey.

And there was Balmaghie, I ween,
In the front rank he wad shine;
But Balmaghie had better been
Drinking Madeira wine

Frae the Glenkens came to our aid
A chief o' doughty deed;
In case that worth should wanted be,
O' Kenmure we had need.

And there, sae grave, Squire Car-
doness
Look'd on till a' was done;
Sae in the tower o' Cardoness,
A howlet sits at noon.

And there led I the Bushbys a';
My gamesome Billy Will,
And my son Maitland, wise as brave;
My footsteps follow'd still.

The Douglas and the Heron's name,
We set nought to their score:
The Douglas and the Heron's name
Had felt our weight before.

But Douglases o' weight had we,
A pair o' trusty lairds,
For building cot-houses sae famed,
And christening kail-yards.

And by our banners march'd Muirhead,
And Buittle wasna slack,
Whose haly priesthood nane can stain,
For wha can dye the black?

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS

TUNE—"Push about the jorum."

Burns having joined the Dumfries Volunteers when they were formed early in 1795, signalled that patriotic event by the composition of the following ballad, which afterwards became very popular throughout the district.

DOES haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Then let the louns beware, sir;
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
And volunteers on shore, sir:
The Nith shall rin to Corsincon,
The Criffel sink in Solway.
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally!
We'll ne'er permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally.

Oh, let us not, like snarling curs,
In wrangling be divided;
Till, slap! come in an unco loun,
And wi' a rung¹ decide it.
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang oursel's united;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted!
For never, &c.

The kettle o' the kirk and state,
Perhaps a clout may fail in't;
But deil a foreign tinkler loun
Shall ever ca' a nail in't.
Our father's bluid the kettle bought,
And wha wad dare to spoil it?
By heavens! the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it!
By heavens, &c.

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
And the wretch, his true-sworn
brother, [throne,
Wha would set the mob aboon the
May they be damn'd together!
Wha 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.
But while we sing, &c.

OH, WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN?

TUNE—"I'll aye ca' in by yon town."

Now haply down yon gay green shaw
She wanders by yon spreading tree;
How blest ye flowers that round her
blaw,
Ye catch the glances o' her ee!

CHORUS.

Oh, 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.

How blest ye birds that round her
sing,
And welcome in the blooming year!

¹ Cudgel.

And doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Lucy dear.

The sun blinks blithe on yon town,
And on yon bonny 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,
Though raging winter rent the air;
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there.

Oh, sweet is she in yon town
The sinking sun's gane down upon;
A fairer than's in yon town
His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

If angry fate is sworn my foe,
And suffering I am doom'd to bear,
I careless quit aught else below,
But spare me—spare me, Lucy,
dear!

For while life's dearest blood is warm
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er de-
part,
And she—as fairest is her form!
She has the truest, kindest heart!

Oh, 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.

ADDRESS TO THE WOODLARK.

TUNE—"Where'll bonny Ann lie:" or,
"Loch-Eroch Side."

OH, stay, sweet warbling woodlark,
stay,
Nor quit for me the trembling spray;
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
Thy soothing, fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art;
For surely that wad touch her heart
Wha kills me wi' disdainin'.

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—"Aye wakin', O."

CAN I cease to care?
Can I cease to languish,
While my darling fair
Is on the couch of anguish?

Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.

Every hope is fled,
Every fear is terror;
Slumber even I dread,
Every dream is horror.

Hear me, Powers divine!
Oh, in pity hear me!
Take aught else of mine,
But my Chloris spare me!

FORLORN, MY LOVE, NO COM- FORT NEAR.

TUNE—"Let me in this ae night."

FORLORN, my love, no comfort near,
Far, far from thee, I wander here;
Far, far from thee, the fate severe
At which I most repine, love.

Oh, 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 though the moments fleet,
Oh, let me think we yet shall meet !
That only ray of solace sweet
Can on thy Chloris shine, love.

FRAGMENT—CHLORIS.

TUNE—"Caledonian Hunt's Delight."

WHY, why tell thy lover,
Bliss he never must enjoy !
Why, why undeceive him,
And give all his hopes the lie ?

Oh why, while Fancy, raptured, slum-
bers,
Chloris, Chloris all the theme ;
Why, why wouldst thou, cruel,
Wake thy lover from his dream ?

MARK YONDER POMP.

TUNE—"Deil tak the Wars."

MARK yonder pomp of costly fashion,
Round the wealthy, titled bride :
But when compared 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 wondering gaze,
And courtly grandeur bright
The fancy may delight. [heart.
But never, never can come near the

But did you see my dearest Chloris
In simplicity's array, [is,
Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower
Shrinking from the gaze of day ;

Oh then, the heart alarming,
And all resistless charming,

In Love's delightful fetters she chains
the willing soul !

Ambition would disown
The world's imperial crown,
Even Avarice would deny
His worshipp'd deity,

And feel through every vein Love's
re-atures roll.

OH, BONNY WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

OH, bonny was yon rosy brier, [man ;
That blooms sae far frae haunt o'
And bonny she, and ah, how dear !
It shaded frae the e'enin' sun.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,
How pure among the leaves sae
green ;

But purer was the lover's vow [treen.
They witness'd in their shade yes-

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.

CALEDONIA.

TUNE—"Humours of Glen."

"The heroine of this song," says Cunning-
ham, "was Mrs. Burns, who so charmed
the poet by singing it with taste and feel-
ing, that he declared it to be one of his
luckiest lyrics."

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let
foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers
exalt their perfume ; [brackan,
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang
yellow broom :

Far dearer to me are yon humble broom
bowers, [lowly unseem ;
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk [is,
For there, lightly tripping among the
wild flowers, [my Jean.
A-listening the linnet, aft wanders

Though rich is the breeze in their gay
sunny valleys, [wave ;
And could Caledonia's blast on the
Their sweet-scented woodlands that
skirt the proud palace,

What are they ?—The haunt o' the
tyrant and slave !

The slave's spicy forests, and gold-
bubbling fountains, [dain;
The brave Caledonian views wi' dis-
He wanders as free as the winds of his
mountains,
Save Love's willing fetters—the
chains o' his Jean.

'T WAS NA HER BONNY BLUE EE.

TUNE—"Laddie, lie near me."

'Twas na her bonny blue ee was my
ruin; [undoing:
Fair though she be, that was ne'er my
'Twas the dear smile when naebody
did mind us,
'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stowa
glance o' kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide
me! [to sever,
But though fell Fortune should fate us
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! [alter—
And thou'rt the angel that never can
Sooner the sun in his motion would
falter

HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS!

ALTERED FROM AN OLD ENGLISH
SONG.

TUNE—"John Anderson, my Jo."

How cruel are the parents
Who riches only prize,
And to the wealthy booby
Poor woman sacrifice!
Meanwhile the hapless daughter
Has but a choice of strife—
To shun a tyrant father's hate,
Become a wretched wife.

The ravening hawk pursuing,
The trembling dove thus flies,
To shun impelling ruin
A while her pinion tries;
Till of escape despairing,
No shelter or retreat,
She trusts the ruthless falconer,
And drops beneath his feet!

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOPER.

TUNE—"The Lothian Lassie."

LAST May a braw wooper cam down the
lang glen, [me;
And sair wi' his love he did deave
I said there was naething I hated like
men, [lieve me,
The deuce gae wi'm, to believe, be-
The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me!

He spak o' the darts in my bonny black
een,
And vow'd for my love he was dying,
I said he might die when he liked for
Jean, [lying,
The Lord forgie me for lying, for
The Lord forgie me for lying!

A weel-stockèd mailen¹—himsel for
the laird— [proffers:
And marriage aff-hand, were his
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or
cared, [waur offers,
But thought I might hae waur offers,
But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think? in a fortnight
or less— [her!
The deil tak his taste to gae near
He up the lang loan to my black cousin
Bess,

Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear
her, could bear her, [her.
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear
But a' the neist week, as I fretted wi'
care,

I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock,
And wha but my fine fickle lover was
there! [warlock,
I glower'd² as I'd seen a warlock, a
I glower'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him
a blink,
Lest neebors might say I was saucy;
My wooper he caper'd as he'd been in
drink, [dear lassie,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd³ for my cousin fu' couthy and
sweet,
Gin she had recover'd her hearin',
And how her new shoon fit her aul'
shachl't⁴ feet,

¹ Farm. ² Stared. ³ Inquired. ⁴ Distorted.

But, heavens! how he fell a swear-
in', a swearin', [in'!

But, heavens! how he fell a swear-

He begg'd, for guid'sake, I wad be his
wife,

Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;
Sae e'en to preserve the poor body his
life, [to-morrow,

I think I maun wed him to-morrow,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

TUNE—"This is no my ain house."

I SEE a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place;
It wants to me the witching grace,
The kind love that's in her ee.

Oh, this is no my ain lassie,
Fair though the lassie be;
Oh, weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her ee.

She's bonny, blooming, straight, and
tall,

And lang has had my heart in thrall;
And aye it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her ee.

A thief sae pawkie¹ is my Jean,
To steal a blink, by a'-unseen;
But gleg² as light are lovers' een.
When kind love is in the ee.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learn'd clerks;
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her ee.

NOW SPRING HAS CLAD THE GROVE IN GREEN.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

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,
Oh, why thus all alone are mine
The weary steps of woe?

The trout within yon wimpling burn
Glides swift, a silver dart,
And, safe beneath the shady thorn,
Defies the angler's art:
My life was ance that careless stream,
That wanton trout was I;
But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
Has scorcht my fountains dry.

The little floweret's peaceful lot,
In yonder cliff that grows,
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
Nae ruder visit knows,
Was mine; till love has o'er me past,
And blighted a' my bloom,
And now, beneath the withering blast,
My youth and joy consume.

The waken'd laverock, warbling,
springs,
And climbs the early sky,
Winnowing blithe her dewy wings
In morning's rosy eye;
As little reckt I sorrow's power,
Until the flowery snare
O' witching love, in luckless hour,
Made me the thrall o' care.

Oh, had my fate been Greenland snows,
Or Afric's burning zone,
Wi' man and nature leagued my foes,
So Peggy ne'er I'd known!
The wretch whase doom is, "Hope
nae mair,"

What tongue his woes can tell!
Within whase bosom, save despair,
Nae kinder spirits dwell.

THE DEAN OF FACULTY.

A BALLAD.

TUNE—"The Dragon of Wantley."

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

* The Hon. Henry Erskine.

† Robert Dundas, Esq., of Arniston.

¹ Sly.

² Quick.

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; [pot,
 Which shows that Heaven can boil the
 Though the devil—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 purged was the sight
 Of a son of Circumcision,
 So may be, on this Pisgah height,
 Bob's purblind, mental vision:
 Nay, Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet
 Till for eloquence you hail him,
 And swear he has the Angel met
 That met the Ass of Balaam.

In your heretic sins may ye live and
 die,
 Ye heretic eight-and-thirty!
 But accept, ye sublime Majority,
 My congratulations hearty.
 With your Honours and a certain King,
 In your servants this is striking—
 The more incapacity they bring,
 The more they're to your liking.

HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

TUNE—"Balinamona Ora."

AWA' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's
 alarms, [your arms;
 The slender bit beauty you grasp in
 Oh, gie me the lass that has acres o'
 charms, [farms.
 Oh, gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit

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, [grows;
 And withers the faster the faster it

But the rapturous charm o' the bonny
 green knowes, [white yowes.
 Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonny

And e'en when this beauty your bosom
 has blest; [possest;
 The brightest o' beauty may cloy when
 But the sweet yellow darlings wi'
 Geordie imprest, [they're carest.
 The langer ye hae them the mair

JESSY.

TUNE—"Here's a health to them that's
 awa'."

The heroine of this song was Miss Jessy Lew-
 ars, a kind-hearted, amiable young crea-
 ture. Her tender and assiduous attentions
 to the poet during his last illness, it is well
 known, greatly soothed his fretted spirit
 and eased his shattered frame.

HERE'S a health to ane I lo'e dear!
 Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear!
 Thou art sweet as the smile when fond
 lovers meet,
 And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!

Although thou maun never be mine,
 Although even hope is denied;
 'Tis sweeter for thee despairing
 Than aught in the world beside—
 Jessy!

I mourn through the gay, gaudy day,
 As, hopeless, I muse on thy charm;
 But welcome the dream o' sweet slum-
 ber, [Jessy!
 For then I am lockt in thy arms—

I guess by the dear angel smile,
 I guess by the love-rolling ee;
 But wain't urge the tender confession.
 'Gainst Fortune's fell cruel decreet—
 —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!

OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

TUNE—"The Lass o' Livingstone."

This fine song is another tribute of the poet's
 Muse to his ministering angel, Miss Jessy

Lewars. According to the lady's statement, as related by Mr. Chambers, the poet having called upon her one morning, said, if she would play him any favourite air for which she might wish new words, he would endeavour to produce something that should please her. She accordingly sat down to the piano, and played once or twice the air of an old ditty beginning with the words—

“The robin cam to the wren's nest,
And keekit in, and keekit in;
Oh, weel's me on your auld pow,
Wad ye be in, wad ye be in,” &c.

And, after a few minutes' abstraction, the poet produced the following beautiful lines:—

Oir, 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 bield¹ should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak 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.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

TUNE—“Buy Broom Besoms.”

A dissolution of Parliament having taken place in May of this year, a fresh contest took place for the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, Mr. Heron being on this occasion opposed by the Hon. Montgomery Stewart, a younger son of the Earl of Galloway's. And the poet, although prostrate from sickness and confined to his chamber, once more took up the pen in the cause of his friend Mr. Heron, and produced the following satirical ballad against his opponents. A great many years ago, a set of vagrant dealers called *Troggers*, used to travel about the country districts of Scotland, disposing of various kinds of wares, which were known by the general name of *Troggin*. In the ballad, the poet has imagined a *Trogger* to be perambulating the country, offering the characters of the Tory or Galloway party for sale as *Troggin*. Mr. Heron again

succeeded in beating his opponents, but not till death had placed the poor poet beyond the reach of all earthly joy or sorrow.

Wha will buy my troggin,
Fine election ware;
Broughton trade o' Broughton,
A' in high repair.
Buy brow troggin,
Frae the banks o' Dee;
Wha wants troggin
Let him come to me.

There's a noble earl's
Fame and high renown,*
For an auld sang— [stoun.
It's thought the guid's wae
Buy brow troggin, &c.

Here's the worth o' Broughton†
In a needle's ee;
Here's a reputation
Tint¹ by Balmaghie.‡
Buy brow troggin, &c.

Here's an honest conscience
Might a prince adorn;
Frae the downs o' Tinwald—
Sae was never born.§
Buy brow troggin, &c.

Here's the stuff and lining
O' Cardoness' head;||
Fine for a sodger,
A' the wale² o' lead.
Buy brow troggin, &c.

Here's a little wadset,³
Buittle's scrap a' truth,¶
Pawn'd in a gin-shop,
Quenching holy drouth.
Buy brow troggin, &c.

Here's armorial bearings
Frae the manse o' Urr;
The crest, and auld crab-apple,**
Rotten at the core.
Buy brow troggin, &c.

¹ Lost. ² Choice. ³ Mortgage.

* The Earl of Galloway.

† Mr. Murray of Broughton.

‡ Gordon of Balmaghie.

§ A sneering allusion to Mr. Bushby.

|| Maxwell of Cardoness.

¶ Rev. George Maxwell, minister of Buitte.

** An allusion to the Rev. Dr. Muirhead, minister of Urr, in Galloway.

¹ Shelter.

Here is Satan's picture,
Like a bizzard gled,⁴
Pouncing poor Redcastle, ††
Sprawlin' like a taed.⁵
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the font where Douglas
Stane and mortar names;
Lately used at Caily
Christening Murray's crimes.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the worth and wisdom
Collieston†† can boast;
By a thievish midge⁶
They had been nearly lost.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here is Murray's fragments
O' the ten commands;
Gifted by black Jock,
To get them aff his hands.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Saw ye e'er sic troggin?
If to buy ye're slack,
Hornie's⁷ turnin' chapman—
He'll buy a' the pack.
Buy braw troggin
Frae the banks o' Dee,
Wha wants troggin
Let him come to me.

FAIREST MAID ON DEVON BANKS.

TUNE—"Rothemurche."

In this song—composed during the last months of his life, when prostrate with illness and oppressed with poverty—his mind wandered to the banks of the Devon, where he had spent some happy days, when in the full flush of fame, in the company of the lovely Charlotte Hamilton.

FAIREST maid on Devon banks,
Crystal Devon, winding Devon
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou were wont to do?

⁴ Kite. ⁵ Toad. ⁶ Gnat. ⁷ Satan.

†† W. S. Lawrie of Redcastle.

†† Copland of Collieston.

Full well thou know'st I love thee,
dear!
Couldst thou to malice lend an ear?
Oh, did not love exclaim, "Forbear,
Nor use a faithful lover so."

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,
Those wonted smiles, oh, let me share;
And by thy beauteous self I swear
No love but thine my heart shall
know.

OH, THAT I HAD NE'ER BEEN MARRIED.

The last verse only of this song is Burns'
the first is old.

OH, that I had ne'er been married,
I wad never had nae care;
Now I've gotten wife and bairns,
And they cry crowdie¹ ever mair
Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
Three times crowdie in a day,
Gin ye crowdie ony mair,
Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.

Waefu' want and hunger fley² me,
Glowering by the hallan en';
Sair I fecht them at the door,
But aye I'm eerie³ they come ben.

THE RUINED MAID'S LAMENT.

OH, meikle do I rue, fause love,
Oh, sairly do I rue, [tongue,
That e'er I heard your flattering
That e'er your face I knew.

Oh, I hae tint¹ my rosy cheeks,
Likewise my waist sae sma';
And I hae lost my lightsome heart
That little wist a fa'

Now I maun thole² the scornfu' sneer
O' mony a saucy quean;
When, gin the truth were a' but kent,
Her life's been waur than mine.

Whene'er my father thinks on me,
He stares into the wa';
My mither, she has ta'en the bed
Wi' thinkin' on my fa'.

¹ Gruel. ² Fright. ³ Afraid.

¹ Lost. ² Bear.

When'er I hear my father's foot,
My heart wad burst wi' pain,
When'er I meet my mither's ee,
My tears rin down like rân.

Alas ! sae sweet a tree as love
Sic bitter fruit should bear !
Alas ! that e'er a bonny face
Should draw a sauty tear !

But Heaven's curse will blast the man
Denies the bairn he got,
Or leaves the painfu' lass he loved
To wear a ragged coat.

KATHERINE JAFFRAY.

THERE lived a lass in yonder dale,
And down in yonder glen, O !
And Katherine Jaffray was her name,
Weel known to many men, O !

Out came the Lord of Lauderdale,
Out frae the south countrie, O !
All for to court this pretty maid,
Her bridegroom for to be, O !

He's tell'd her father and mother
baith,
As I hear sundry say, O !
But he hasna tell'd the lass hersel,
Till on her wedding day, O !

Then came the Laird o' Lochinton,
Out frae the English Border,
All for to court this pretty maid,
All mounted in good order.

ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST.

CHORUS.

ROBIN shure in hairst,¹
I shure wi' him;
Fient a heuk² had I,
Yet I stack by him.

I gaed up to Dunse,
To warp a wab o' plaiden ;
At his daddie's yett,³
Wha met me but Robin ?

Was na Robin bauld,
Though I was a cotter ;

Play'd me sic a trick,
And me the ells's dochter ?⁴

Robin promised me
A' my winter vittle ;
Fient haet⁵ had he but three
Goose feathers and a whittle.

SWEETEST MAY.

SWEETEST May, let love inspire thee ;
Take a heart which he desires thee ;
As thy constant slave regard if ;
For its faith and truth reward it.

Proof o' shot to birth or money,
Not the wealthy, but the bonny ;
Not high-born, but noble-minded,
In love's silken band can bind it !

WHEN I THINK ON THE HAPPY DAYS.

WHEN I think on the happy days
I spent wi' you, my dearie ;
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie !

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
As ye were wae and weary !
It was na sae ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie.

HUNTING SONG.

TUNE—"I rede you beware at the hunting."

THE heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn, [dawn,
Our lads gaed a-hunting ae day at the
O'er moors and o'er mosses, and mony
a glen, [moor-hen.
At length they discover'd a bonny

I rede you beware at the hunting,
young men; [young men;
I rede you beware at the hunting,
Tak some on the wing, and some
as they spring. [hen.
But cannily steal on a bonny moor.

Sweet brushing the dew from the
brown heather bells, [fells;
Her colours betray'd her on yon mossy

¹ Reaped in harvest. ² Sickle. ³ Gate.

⁴ Elder's daughter. ⁵ Nothing.

Her plumage outlustered the pride o'
the spring, [wing.
And oh, as she wanton'd ga' on the

Auld Phoebus himsel, as he peeped
o'er the hill, [skill,
In spite, at her plumage he tried his
He levell'd his rays, where she bask'd
on the brae—
His rays were outshone, and but
mark'd where she lay.

They hunted the valley, they hunted
the hill, [skill,
The best of our lads wi' the best o' their
But still as the fairest she sat in their
sight, [flight.
Then, whirr! she was over a mile at a

OH, AYE MY WIFE SHE DANG
ME.

TUNE—"My wife she dang me."

OH, aye my wife she dang me,
And aft my wife did bang me;
If ye gie a woman a' her will,
Guid faith, she'll soon o'ergang ye.
On peace and rest my mind was bent,
And fool I was I married;
But never honest man's intent
As cursedly miscarried.

Some 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.
Oh, aye my wife she dang me,
And aft my wife did bang me,
If ye gie a woman a' her will,
Guid faith, she'll soon o'ergang ye.

BROSE AND BUTTER.

OH, gie my love brose, brose,
Gie my love brose and butter;
For nanè in Carrick or Kyle
Can please a lassie better.

The laverock lo'es the grass,
The moor-hen loe's the heather;
But gie me a braw moonlight,
Me and my love together.

OH, WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES
ME?

TUNE—"Morag."

OH, wha is she that lo'es me,
And has my heart a-keeping?
Oh, sweet is she that lo'es me,
As dews o' simmer weeping,
In tears the rosebuds steeping!

CHORUS.

Oh, that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer;
Oh, that's the queen of womankind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie,
In grace and beauty charming,
That o'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 hadst 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.

DAMON AND SYLVIA.

TUNE—"The tither morn, as I forlorn."

YON wandering rill that marks the hill,
And glances o'er the brae, sir,
Slides by a bower, where mony a
flower
Sheds fragrance on the day, sir.

There Damon lay, with Sylvia gay,
To love they thought nae crime, sir;
The wild-birds sang, the echoes rang,
While Damon's heart beat time, sir.

SHELAH O'NEIL.

WHEN first I began for to sigh and to
woo her, [deal,
Of many fine things I did say a great

But, above all the rest, that which
pleased her the best
Was, Oh, will you marry me, Shelah
O'Neil?

My point I soon carried, for straight
we were married.

Then the weight of my burden I
soon 'gan to feel,—
For she scolded, she fisted, oh, then
I enlisted,
Left Ireland, and whisky, and
Shelah O'Neil.

Then, tired and dull-hearted, oh, then
I deserted,
And fled into regions far distant
from home ;

To Frederick's army, where none e'er
could harm me,
Save Shelah herself, in the shape of
a bomb.

I fought every battle, where cannons
did rattle,
Felt sharp shot, alas ! and the sharp-
pointed steel ;

But in all my wars round, thank my
stars, I ne'er found
Aught so sharp as the tongue of
cursed Shelah O'Neil.

THERE'S NEWS, LASSES, NEWS.

THERE'S news, lasses, news,
Guid news I have to tell ;
There's a boatfu' o' lads
Come to our town to sell,

CHORUS.

The wean¹ wants a cradle.
And the cradle wants a cod,²
And I'll no gang to my bed
Until I get a nod.

Father, quo' she, Mither, quo' she,
Do what you can ;
I'll no gang to my bed
Till I get a man.

I hae as guid a craft rig
As made o' yird and stane ;
And waly fa' the ley-crap,
For I maun till'd again.

THERE WAS A WIFE

THERE was a wife wonn'd in Cuckpen,
Scroggam ;
She brew'd guid ale for gentlemen.
Sing, auld Cowl, lay you down by me,
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.

The guidwife's dochter fell in a fever,
Scroggam,
The priest o' the parish fell in anither.
Sing, auld Cowl, lay you down by me,
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.

They laid the twa i' the bed thegither,
Scroggam ;
That the heat o' the tane might cool
the tither.
Sing, auld Caul, lay you down by me,
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.

¹ Child.

² Pillow.

REMARKS ON SCOTTISH SONGS AND BALLADS,

ANCIENT AND MODERN ;

WITH ANECDOTES OF THEIR AUTHORS.

BY

ROBERT BURNS.

“There needs na be so great a phrase,
Wi’ dringing dull Italian lays,
I wadna gie our ain Strathspeys
For half a hundred score o’ ’em;
They’re douff and dowie, at the best,
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie ;
They’re douff and dowie a’ the best,
Wi’ a’ their variorum :
They’re douff and dowie at the best,
Their allegroes, and at the rest,
They cannot please a Scottish taste,
Compared wi’ Tullochgorum.”

REV. JOHN SKINNER.

“THE following Remarks on Scottish Song,” says Cunningham, “exist in the handwriting of Burns, in an interleaved copy of the first four volumes of Johnson’s *Musical Museum*, which the poet presented to Captain Riddel, of Friar’s Carse. On the death of Mrs. Riddel, these precious volumes passed into the hands of her niece, Eliza Bayley, of Manchester, who kindly permitted Mr. Cromek to transcribe and publish them in his volume of the *Reliques of Burns*.”

THE HIGHLAND QUEEN.

THE Highland Queen, music and poetry, was composed by Mr. M’Vicar, purser of the *Solebay* man-of-war.— This I had from Dr. Blacklock.

The Highland King, intended as a parody on the former, was the production of a young lady, the friend of Charles Wilson, of Edinburgh, who edited a collection of songs, entitled “*Cecilia*,” which appeared in 1779.

The following are specimens of these songs:—

THE HIGHLAND QUEEN.

How blest that youth whom gentle fate
Has destined for so fair a mate !
Has all these wond’ring gifts in store,
And each returning day brings more ;
No youth so happy can be seen,
Possessing thee, my Highland Queen.

THE HIGHLAND KING.

Jamie, the pride of a’ the green,
Is just my age, e’en gay fifteen :
When first I saw him, ’twas the day
That ushers in the sprightly May ;
Then first I felt love’s powerful sting,
And sigh’d for my dear Highland King.

THE HIGHLAND QUEEN.

No sordid wish, nor trifling joy,
Her settled calm of mind destroy;
Strict honour fills her spotless soul,
And adds a lustre to the whole:
A matchless shape, a graceful mien,
All centre in my Highland Queen.

THE HIGHLAND KING.

Would once the dearest boy but say
'Tis you I love, come, come away
Unto the Kirk, my love, let's hie—
Oh me! in rapture I comply
And I should then have cause to sing
The praises of my Highland King.

BESS THE GAWKIE.*

THIS song shows that the Scottish Muses did not all leave us when we lost Ramsay and Oswald;† as I have good reason to believe that the verses and music are both posterior to the days of these two gentlemen. It is a beautiful song, and in the genuine Scots taste. We have few pastoral compositions, I mean the pastoral of nature, that are equal to this.

BLITHE young Bess to Jean did say,
Will ye gang to yon sunny brae,
Where flocks do feed, and herds do stray,
And sport awhile wi' Jamie?
Ah, na, lass, I'll no gang there,
Nor about Jamie tak nae care,
Nor about Jamie tak nae care,
For he's ta'en up wi' Maggy!

For hark, and I will tell you, lass,
Did I not see your Jamie pass,
Wi' meikle gladness in his face,
Out o'er the muir to Maggy?
I wat he gae her mony a kiss,
And Maggy took them ne'er amiss.
'Tween ilka smack, pleased her with this,
That Bess was but a gawkie.

But whist!—nae mair of this we'll speak,
For yonder Jamie does us meet.
Instead of Meg he kiss'd sae sweet,
I trow he likes the gawkie.
Oh, dear Bess, I hardly knew,
When I came by, your gown's sae new,
I think you've got it wet wi' dew,
Quoth she, that's like a gawkie.

* The Rev. James Muirhead, minister of Urr, in Galloway, and whose name occurs in the Heron Ballads, and other of the poet's satirical pieces, was the author of this song.

† He was a London music-seller, and published a collection of Scottish tunes, entitled, "The Caledonian's Pocket Companion."

The lassies fast frae him they flew,
And left poor Jamie sair to rue
That ever Maggy's face he knew,
Or yet ca'd Bess a gawkie.
As they went o'er the muir they sang,
The hills and dales with echoes rang,
The hills and dales with echoes rang,
Gang o'er the muir to Maggy.

OH, OPEN THE DOOR, LORD GREGORY

It is somewhat singular that in Lanark, Renfrew, Ayr, Wigton, Kirkecubright, and Dumfries shires, there is scarcely an old song or tune which, from the title, &c., can be guessed to belong to, or be the production of, these counties. This, I conjecture, is one of these very few; as the ballad, which is a long one, is called, both by tradition and in printed collections, "The Lass of Lochroyan," which I take to be Lochroyan in Galloway.

Oh, open the door, Lord Gregory,
Oh, open and let me in;
The wind blows through my yellow hair,
The dew draps o'er my chin
If you are the lass that I loved once,
As I trow you are not she,
Come gie me some of the tokens
That pass'd 'tween you and me.

Ah, wae be to you, Gregory!
An ill death may you die;
You will not be the death of one,
But you'll be the death of three.
Oh, don't you mind, Lord Gregory?
'Twas down at yonder burn side
We changed the ring off our fingers,
And I put mine on thine.

THE BANKS OF THE TWEED.

THIS song is one of the many attempts that English composers have made to imitate the Scottish manner, and which I shall, in these strictures, beg leave to distinguish by the appellation of *Anglo-Scottish* productions. The music is pretty good, but the verses are just above contempt.

For to visit my ewes and to see my lambs play,
By the banks of the Tweed and the groves I did stray,
But my Jenny, dear Jenny, how oft have I
And have vow'd endless love if you would be
my bride.

To the altar of Hymen, my fair one, repair,
Where a knot of affection shall tie the fond
pair, [will we lead,
To the pipe's sprightly notes the gay dance
And will bless the dear grove by the banks of
the Tweed.

THE BEDS OF SWEET ROSES.

THIS song, as far as I know, for the first time appears here in print.—When I was a boy, it was a very popular song in Ayrshire. I remember to have heard those fanatics, the Buchanites, sing some of their nonsensical rhymes, which they dignify with the name of hymns, to this air.

As I was walking one morning in May, [gay ;
The little birds were singing delightful and
The little birds were singing delightful and
gay ; [play,
Where I and my true love did often sport and
Down among the beds of sweet roses, [play,
Where I and my true love did often sport and
Down among the beds of sweet roses.

My daddy and my mammy I oft have heard
them say, [and play ;
That I was a naughty boy, and did often sport
But I never liked in all my life a maiden that
was shy,
Down among the beds of sweet roses.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

THESE beautiful verses were the production of a Richard Hewit, a young man that Dr. Blacklock (to whom I am indebted for the anecdote) kept for some years as an amanuensis.* I do not know who is the author of the second song to the same tune. Tytler, in his amusing history of Scottish music, gives the air to Oswald; but in Oswald's own collection of Scots tunes, when he affixes an asterisk to those he himself composed, he does not make the least claim to the tune.

'Twas in that season of the year,
When all things gay and sweet appear,
That Colin, with the morning ray,
Arose and sung his rural lay.
Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,
The hills and dales with Nanny rung ;
While Roslin Castle heard the swain,
And echo'd back the cheerful strain.

* This gentleman subsequently became Secretary to Lord Milton, (then Lord Justice-Clerk,) but the fatiguing nature of his duties in that position hurt his health, and he died in 1794.

Awake, sweet Muse! the breathing spring
With rapture warms; awake and sing!
Awake and join the vocal throng
Who hail the morning with a song;
To Nanny raise the cheerful lay,
Oh, bid her haste and come away;
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn!

Oh, hark, my love! on every spray
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song;
Then let my raptur'd notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes;
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

SECOND VERSION.

From Roslin Castle's echoing walls,
Resound my shepherd's ardent calls;
My Colin bids me come away,
And love demands I should obey.
His melting strain, and tuneful lay,
So much the charms of love display,
I yield—nor longer can refrain,
To own my love, and bless my swain.

No longer can my heart conceal
The painful-pleasing flame I feel:
My soul retorts the am'rous strain;
And echoes back in love again— [grove
Where lurks my songster? from what
Does Colin pour his notes of love?
Oh, bring me to the happy bower,
Where mutual love may bliss secure!

Ye vocal hills, that catch the song,
Repeating as it flies along,
To Colin's ears my strain convey,
And say, I haste to come away.
Ye zephyrs soft, that fan the gale,
Waft to my love the soothing tale;
In whispers all my soul express,
And tell I haste his arms to bless!

Oh! come, my love! thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls, oh, come away!
Come while the muse this wreath shall
twine
Around that modest brow of thine:
Oh! hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the spring;
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravish'd breast of mine!

SAW YE JOHNNIE CUMMIN? QUO' SHE.

THIS song, for genuine humour in the verses, and lively originality in the air, is unparalleled. I take it to be very old.

Saw ye Johnnie cummin? quo' she,
Saw ye Johnnie cummin,
Oh, saw ye Johnnie cummin, quo' she;
Saw ye Johnnie cummin,

Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
And his doggie runnin' quo' she ;
And his doggie runnin' ?

Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she ;
Fee him, father, fee him
For he is a gallant lad,
And a weel doin' ;
And a' the wark about the house
Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she ;
Wi' me when I see him.

What will I do wi' him, hussy ?
What will I do wi' him ?
He's ne'er a sark upon his back,
And I hae nane to gie him.
I hae twa sarks into my kist,
And ane o' them I'll gie him,
And for a mark of mair fee,
Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she ;
Dinna stand wi' him.

For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she :
Weel do I lo'e him,
Oh, fee him, father, fee him, quo' she ;
Fee him, father, fee him,
He'll hand the pleugh, thrash t' the barn,
And he wi' me at e'en, quo' she,
Lae wi' me at e'en.

CLOUT THE CALDRON.

A TRADITION is mentioned in the *Bee*, that the second Bishop Chisholm, of Dunblane, used to say that, if he were going to be hanged, nothing would soothe his mind so much by the way as to hear "Clout the Caldron" played.

I have met with another tradition, that the old song to this tune,

Hae ye ony pots or pans,
Or ony broken chanlers,

was composed on one of the Kenmure family in the cavalier times, and alluded to an amour he had, while under hiding, in the disguise of an itinerant tinker. The air is also known by the name of

"The Blacksmith and his Apron,"

which, from the rhythm, seems to have been a line of some old song to the tune

HAE ye ony pots or pans,
Or ony broken chanlers ?
For I'm a tinker to my trade,
And newly come frae Flanders,
As scant o' siller as o' grace,
Disbanded, we've a bad run ;
Gang tell the lady o' the place,
I'm come to clout her caldron."

Madam, if ye hae wark for me,
I'll do't to your contentment,
And dinna care a single flie
For ony man's resentment :
For, lady fair, though I appear
To every ane a tinker,
Yet to yoursel I'm bauld to tell
I am a gentle junker.

Love, Jupiter into a swan
Turn'd for his lovely Leda ;
He like a bull o'er meadows ran,
To carry off Europa.
Then may not I, as well as he,
To cheat your Argus blinker,
And win your love, like mighty Jove,
Thus hide me in a tinker ?

Sir, ye appear a cunning man,
But this fine plot ye'll fail in,
For there is neither pot nor pan
Of mine ye'll drive a nail in.
Then bind your budget on your back,
And nails up in your apron,
For I've a tinker under tack
That's used to clout my caldron.

SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY ?

THIS charming song is much older, and indeed superior to Ramsay's verses, "The Toast," as he calls them. There is another set of the words, much older still, and which I take to be the original one; but though it has a very great deal of merit, it is not quite ladies' reading.

The original words, for they can scarcely be called verses, seem to be as follows; a song familiar from the cradle to every Scottish ear:—

Saw ye my Maggie,
Saw ye my Maggie,
Saw ye my Maggie
Linkin o'er the lea ?

High kilted was she,
High kilted was she,
High kilted was she,
Her coat aboon her knee.

What mark has your Maggie,
What mark has your Maggie,
What mark has your Maggie,
That ane may ken her be ? (by.)*

* The following verse was added by the Ettrick Shepherd —

Maggie's a lovely woman,
She proves true to no man,
She proves true to no man,
And has proven false to me,

Though it by no means follows that the silliest verses to an air must, for that reason, be the original song, yet I take this ballad, of which I have quoted part, to be the old verses. The two songs in Ramsay, one of them evidently his own, are never to be met with in the fireside circle of our peasantry; while that which I take to be the old song, is in every shepherd's mouth. Ramsay, I suppose, had thought the old verses unworthy of a place in his collection.

SAW ye nae my Peggy,
Saw ye nae my Peggy,
Saw ye nae my Peggy,
Coming o'er the lea?
Sure a finer creature
Ne'er was form'd by nature,
So complete each feature,
So divine is she.

Oh! how Peggy charms me!
Every look still warms me;
Every thought alarms me;
Lest she love nae me.
Peggy doth discover
Nought but charms all over;
Nature bids me love her,
That's a law to me.

Who would leave a lover,
To become a rover?
No, I'll ne'er give over,
Till I happy be!
For since love inspires me,
As her beauty fires me,
And her absence tires me,
Nought can please but she.

When I hope to gain her,
Fate seems to detain her,
Could I but obtain her,
Happy would I be!
I'll lie down before her,
Bless, sigh, and adore her,
With faint look implore her
Till she pity me!

THE FLOWERS OF EDINBURGH.

THIS song is one of the many effusions of Scots Jacobitism. The title "Flowers of Edinburgh" has no manner of connection with the present verses; so I suspect there has been an older set of words, of which the title is all that remains.

By the by, it is singular enough that the Scottish Muses were all Jacobites. I have paid more attention to every description of Scots songs than per-

haps any body living has done; and I do not recollect one single stanza, or even the title of the most trifling Scots air, which has the least panegyric reference to the families of Nassau or Brunswick, while there are hundreds satirising them. This may be thought no panegyric on the Scots poets, but I mean it as such. For myself, I would always take it as a compliment to have it said that my heart ran before my head; and surely the gallant though unfortunate house of Stuart, the kings of our fathers for so many heroic ages, is a theme much more interesting than

My love was once a bonny lad;
He was the flower of a' his kin;
The absence of his bonny face
Has rent my tender heart in twain.
I day nor night find no delight—
In silent tears I still complain;
And exclaim 'gainst those, my rival foes,
That hae ta'en fra me my darling swain.

Despair and anguish fill my breast
Since I have lost my blooming rose;
I sigh and moan while others rest;
His absence yields me no repose.
To seek my love I'll range and rove
Through every grove and distant plain;
Thus I'll never cease, but spend my days
T' hear tidings from my darling swain.

There's nothing strange in nature's change,
Since parents show such cruelty;
They caused my love from me to range,
And know not to what destiny.
The pretty kids and tender lambs
May cease to sport upon the plain;
But I'll mourn and lament, in deep discontent,
For the absence of my darling swain.

JAMIE GAY.

JAMIE GAY is another and a tolerable Anglo-Scottish piece.

Of Jamie Gay, it will be enough to quote the first lines:—

"As Jamie Gay gang'd blithe his way."

A Scottish bard would have written:—

"As Jamie Gay gaed blithe his way."

The song was originally entitled "The Happy Meeting," and frequently used to be sung at Ranelagh with great applause.

MY DEAR JOCKEY.

ANOTHER Anglo-Scottish production.

We subjoin the first two verses of the lady's lament:—

My laddie is gane far away o'er the plain,
 While in sorrow behind I am forced to remain;
 Though blue bells and violets the hedges adorn,
 Though trees are in blossom and sweet blows the thorn,
 No pleasure they give me, in vain they look
 There's nothing can please me now Jockey's away,
 Forlorn I sit singing, and this is my strain,
 "Haste, haste, my dear Jockey, to me back again."

When lads and their lasses are on the green met,
 They dance and they sing, and they laugh and they chat;
 Contented and happy, with hearts full of glee,
 I can't, without envy, their merriment see;
 Those pleasures offend me, my shepherd's not there!
 No pleasure I relish that Jockey don't share;
 It makes me to sigh, I from tears scarce refrain,
 I wish my dear Jockey return'd back again.

FYE, GAE RUB HER O'ER WI' STRAE.

It is self-evident that the first four lines of this song are part of a song more ancient than Ramsay's beautiful verses which are annexed to them. As music is the language of nature, and poetry, particularly songs, is always less or more localised (if I may be allowed the verb) by some of the modifications of time and place, this is the reason why so many of our Scots airs have outlived their original and perhaps many subsequent sets of verses, except a single name or phrase, or sometimes one or two lines, simply to distinguish the tunes by.

To this day, among people who know nothing of Ramsay's verses, the following is the song, and all the song that ever I heard:

Gin ye meet a bonny lassie,
 Gie her a kiss and let her gae;
 But gin ye meet a dirty hizzie,
 Fye, gae rub her o'er wi' strae.

Fye, gae rub her, rub her, rub her,
 Fye, gae rub her o'er wi' strae!
 And gin ye meet a dirty hizzie,
 Fye, gae rub her o'er wi' strae.

"Ramsay's spirited imitation," says Cromek, "of the '*Vides ut alle stet nive candidum*, Socrate' of Horace, is considered as one of the happiest efforts of the author's genius."—For an elegant critique on the poem, and a com-

parison of its merits with those of the original, the reader is referred to Lord Woodhouselee's "*Remarks on the Writings of Ramsay*."

Look up to Pentland's towering tap,
 Buried beneath great wreaths of snaw,
 O'er ilka cleugh, ilk scar, and slap,
 As high as ony Roman wa'.

Driving their baws frac whins or tee,
 There are nae gowfers to be seen;
 Nor dousser fowk wysing a-jee
 The byass-bouls on Tamson's Green.

Then fling on coals, and ripe the ribs,
 And beek the house baith but and ben;
 That mutchkin stowp it lauds but dribs,
 Then let's get in the tappit hen.

Good claret best keeps out the cauld,
 And drives away the winter soon;
 It makes a man baith gash and bauld,
 And heaves his soul beyond the moon.

Let next day come as it thinks fit,
 The present minute's only ours,
 On pleasure let's employ our wit,
 And laugh at Fortune's fickle powers.

Be sure ye dinna quit the grip
 Of ilka joy when ye are young,
 Before auld age your vitals nip,
 And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
 And sweetly tastie for a kiss,
 Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,
 As token of a future bliss.

These benisons, I'm very sure,
 Are of the gods' indulgent grant;
 Then surly carles, whist, forbear
 To plague us wi' your whining cant.

Sweet youth's a blithe and heartsome time;
 Then, lads and lasses, while 'tis May,
 Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
 Before it wither and decay.

Watch the saft minutes of delyte,
 When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
 And kisses, laying a' the wyte
 On you, if she kept ony skait.

"Haith, ye're ill-bred," she'll smiling say;
 "Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook."
 Syne frae yer arms she'll rin away,
 And hide hersel in some dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place
 Where lies the happiness you want,
 And plainly tells you, to your face,
 Nineteen nay-says are hah a grant.

The song of "Fye, gae rub her o'er wi' strae" is composed of the first four lines mentioned by Burns, and the seven concluding verses of Ramsay's spirited and elegant Scottish version of Horace's ninth Ode, given above.

THE LASS OF LIVINGSTON.

THE old song, in three eight-line stanzas, is well known, and has merit as to wit and humour; but it is rather unfit for insertion.—It begins:

"The bonny loss o' Livingston,
Her name ye ken, her name ye ken,
And she has written in her contract,
To lie her lane, to lie her lane," &c., &c.

The modern version by Allan Ramsay is as follows:—

PAIN'd with her slighting Jamie's love,
Bell dropt a tear, Bell dropt a tear;
The gods descended from above,
Well pleased to hear, well pleased to hear.
They heard the praises of the youth [tongue,
From her own tongue, from her own
Who now converted was to truth,
And thus she sung, and thus she sung:

Bless'd days, when our ingenuous sex,
More frank and kind, more frank and kind,
Did not their loved adorners vex,
But spoke their mind, but spoke their mind.
Repenting now, she promised fair,
Would he return, would he return,
She ne'er again would give him care,
Or cause to mourn, or cause to mourn.

Why loved I the deserving swain, [shame,
Yet still thought shame, yet still thought
When he my yielding-heart did gain,
To own my flame, to own my flame.
Why took I pleasure to torment,
And seem too coy, and seem too coy,
Which makes me now, alas! lament
My slighted joy, my slighted joy.

Ye fair, while beauty's in its spring,
Own your desire, own your desire,
While love's young power, with his soft wing,
Fans up the fire, fans up the fire;
Oh, do not with a silly pride,
Or low design, or low design,
Refuse to be a happy bride,
But answer plain, but answer plain.

Thus the fair mourner 'wail'd her crime,
With flowing eyes, with flowing eyes;
Glad Jamie heard her all the time
With sweet surprise, with sweet surprise.
Some god had led him to the grove,
His mind unchanged, his mind unchanged,
Flew to her arms, and cried, my love,
I am revenged, I am revenged.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER
THE MOOR.

RAMSAY found the first line of this song, which had been preserved as the title of the charming air, and then composed the rest of the verses to suit that

line. This has always a finer effect than composing English words, or words with an idea foreign to the spirit of the old title. Where old titles of songs convey any idea at all, it will generally be found to be quite in the spirit of the air.

"There are," says Allan Cunningham "some fine verses in this song, though some fastidious critics pronounce them over warm:"—

THE last time I came o'er the moor,
I left my love behind me;
Ye powers, what pain do I endure,
When soft ideas mind me.
Soon as the ruddy morn display'd,
The beaming day ensuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid
In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
Gazing and chastly sporting;
We kiss'd and promised time away,
Till night spread o'er black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the skies,
Even kings, when she was nigh me;
In rapture I beheld her eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal steel may wound me;
Or cast upon some foreign shore,
Where danger may surround me;
Yet hopes again to see my love,
And feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my cares at distance move,
In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
To let a rival enter;
Since she excels in every grace,
In her my love shall centre:
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
Their waves the Alps shall cover,
On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
Before I cease to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor,
She shall a lover find me;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Though I left her behind me:
Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain,
My heart to her fair bosom;
There, while my being does remain,
My love more fresh shall blossom.

JOHNNIE'S GRAY BREEKS.

THOUGH this has certainly every evidence of being a Scottish air, yet there is a well-known tune and song in the North of Ireland, called "The Weaver and his Shuttle, O," which, though sung much quicker, is every note the very tune.

WHEN I was in my se'enteenth year,
I was baith blithe and bonny, O;
The lads lo'ed me baith far and near;
But I lo'ed none but Johnnie, O.
He gain'd my heart in twa three weeks,
He spak sae blithe and kindly, O;
And I made him new gray breeks,
That fitted him maist finely, O.

He was a handsome fellow;
His humour was baith frank and free;
His bonny locks sae yellow,
Like gowd they glitter'd in my ee;
His dimpled chin and rosy cheeks,
And face sae fair and ruddy, O;
And then a-day his gray breeks
Were neither auld nor duddy, O.

But now they are threadbare worn,
They're wider than they were wont to be;
They're a' tash'd-like, and unco torn,
And clouted sair on ilka knee.
But gin I had a simmer's day,
As I hae had right mony, O,
I'd make a web o' new gray,
To be breeks to my Johnnie, O.

For he's weel worthy o' them,
And better than I hae to gie;
But I'll take pains upo' them,
And strive frae fau'ts to keep them free.
To clead him weel shall be my care,
And please him a' my study, O;
But he maun wear the auld pair
A wee, though they be duddy, O.

THE HAPPY MARRIAGE.*

ANOTHER, but very pretty, Anglo-
Scottish piece.

How blest has my time been, what joys have
I known, [own:
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Through walks grown with woodbines, as
often we stray,
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play;
How pleasing their sport is! the wanton ones
see,
And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me.

To try her sweet temper, oft times am I seen,
In revels all day with the nymphs on the green;
Though painful my absence, my doubts she
beguiles, [and smiles.
And meets me at night with complaisance

What though on her cheeks the rose loses its
hue, [through;
Her wit and her humour bloom all the year
Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her
truth, [her youth.
And gives to her mind what he steals from

*This song was composed by Edward
Moore, author of the well-known tragedy of
Æe "Gamester," and other works.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to
ensnare, [fair;
And cheat with false vows the too credulous
In search of true pleasure how vainly you
room!
To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

IN Sinclair's Statistical Account of
Scotland, this song is localised (a verb
I must use for want of another to ex-
press my idea) somewhere in the north
of Scotland, and is likewise claimed by
Ayrshire. The following anecdote I
had from the present Sir William Cun-
ningham of Robertland, who had it
from John, the last Earl of Loudon.
The then Earl of Loudon, and father to
Earl John before mentioned, had Ram-
say at Loudon, and one day walking
together by the banks of Irvine water,
near New Mills, at a place called Patie's
Mill, they were struck with the appear-
ance of a beautiful country girl. His
lordship observed that she would be a
fine theme for a song. Allan lagged
behind in returning to Loudon Castle,
and at dinner produced this identical
song.

The lass of Patie's mill,
So bonny, blithe, and gay,
In spite of all my skill,
Hath stole my heart away.
When teding of the hay,
Bare-headed on the green,
Love midst her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms white, round, and smooth,
Breasts rising in their dawn,
To age it would give youth,
To press them with his hand:
Through all my spirits ran
An ecstasy of bliss,
When I such sweetness fand,
Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
Like flowers which grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart,
Whene'er she spoke or smiled.
Her looks they were so mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguiled:
I wish'd her for my bride.

Oh, had I all that wealth
Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
Insured long life and health,
And pleasure at my will,

I'd promise and fulfil,
That none but bonny she,
The lass o' Patie's Mill,
Should share the same wi' me.

THE TURNIMSPIKE.

THERE is a stanza of this excellent song for local humour omitted in this set where I have placed the asterims.

They tak te horse then by te head,
And tere tey mak her stan', man ;
Me tell tem, me hae seen te day
Tey no had sic comman', man.

A Highlander laments, in a half-serious and half-comic way, the privations which the act of parliament anent kilts has made him endure, and the miseries which turnpike roads and toll-bars have brought upon his country:—

HERSELL pe Highland shentleman,
Pe auld as Pothwell Prig, man ;
And mony alterations seen
Amang te Lawland Whig, man.

First when her to the Lawlands came,
Nainsell was driving cows, man ;
There was nae laws about him's nerse,
About the preeks or trews, man.

Nainsell did wear the philabeg,
The plaid prick't on her shoulder ;
The guid claymore hung pe her pelt,
De pistol sharged wi' pouder.

But for whereas these cursèd preeks
Wherewith her nerse be lockit,
Oh hon' that e'er she saw the day !
For a' her houghs be prokit.

Every ting in de Highlands now
Pe turn'd to alteration ;
The sodger dwell at our door-sheek,
And tat's te great vexation.

Scotland be turn't a Ningland now,
And laws pring on de cadger ;
Nainsell wad durk him for his deeds,
But oh ! she fear te sodger.

Another law came after that,
Me never saw te like, man ;
They mak a lang road on te crund,
And ca' him *Turnimspike*, man.

And wow ! she pe a pouny road,
Like louden corn-rigs, man ;
Where twa carts may gang on her,
And no preak ither's legs, man.

They sharge a penny for ilka horse,
In troth she'll no be sheaper,
For nought put gaen up' the ground.
And they gie me a paper.

Nae doubts, himsel maun tra her purse,
And pay them what hims like, man ;
I'll see a shudgement on his toor ;
That filthy Turnimspike, man.

But I'll awa' to te Highland hills,
Where teil a anc dare turn her,
And no come near your Turnimspike,
Unless it pe to purn her.

HIGHLAND LADDIE.

As this was a favourite theme with our later Scottish muses, there are several airs and songs of that name. That which I take to be the oldest is to be found in the *Musical Museum*, beginning "I hae been at Crookieden." One reason for my thinking so is that Oswald has it in his collection by the name of "The auld Highland Laddie." It is also known by the name of "Jinglan Johnnie," which is a well-known song of four or five stanzas, and seems to be an earlier song than Jacobite times. As a proof of this, it is little known to the peasantry by the name of "Highland Laddie," while everybody knows "Jinglan Johnnie." The song begins

Jinglan John, the meikle man,
He met wi' a lass was blithe and bonny.

Another "Highland Laddie" is also in the *Museum*, vol. v., which I take to be Ramsay's original, as he has borrowed the chorus—"Oh, my bonny Highland lad," &c. It consists of three stanzas, besides the chorus, and has humour in its composition; it is an excellent, but somewhat licentious song. It begins

As I cam o'er Cairney-Mount,
And down amang the blooming heather
Kindly stood the milking-shiel,
To shelter frae the stormy weather.

Oh, my bonny Highland lad,
My winsome, weel-fard Highland laddie ;
Wha wad mind the wind and rain,
Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie ?

Now Phoebus blinkit on the bent, [ing,
And o'er the knowes the lambs were bleat
But he wan my heart's consent
To be his ain at the neist meeting.

Oh, my bonny Highland lad,
My winsome, weel-fard Highland laddie ;
Wha wad mind the wind and rain,
Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie ?

This air and the common "Highland Laddie" seem only to be different sets.

Another "Highland Laddie," also in the *Museum*, vol. v., is the tune of several Jacobite fragments. One of these old songs to it only exists, as far as I know, in these four lines:—

Whare hae ye been a' day,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie?
Down the back o' Bell's brae,
Courtin' Maggie, courtin' Maggie."

Another of this name is Dr. Arne's beautiful air called the new "Highland Laddie."

THE GENTLE SWAIN.

To sing such a beautiful air to such execrable verses is downright prostitution of common sense! The Scots verses indeed are tolerable.

The Scottish version, written by Mr. Mayne, commences thus:—

JEANIE's heart was frank and free,
And wooers she had mony yet,
Her song was aye, Of a' I see,
Commend me to my Johnny yet.
For air and late he has sic a gate
To make a body cheery, that
I wish to be, before I die,
His an kind dearie yet.

HE STOLE MY TENDER HEART AWAY.

THIS is an Anglo-Scottish production, but by no means a bad one.

The following is a specimen:—

THE fields were green, the hills were gay,
And birds were singing on each spray,
When Colin met me in the grove;
And told me tender tales of love,
Was ever swain so blithe as he,
So kind, so faithful and so free?
In spite of all my friends could say,
Young Colin stole my heart away.

FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

It is too barefaced to take Dr. Percy's charming song, and, by means of transposing a few English words into Scots, to offer to pass it for a Scots song.—I was not acquainted with the editor until the first volume was nearly

finished, else, had I known in time, I would have prevented such an impudent absurdity.

The following is a complete copy of Percy's beautiful lines:—

O NANCY, wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?
No longer drest in silken sheen,
No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy, when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
Oh, can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardship learn to bear;
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy! canst thou love so true,
Through perils keen with me to go,
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of woe?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor wistful those gay scenes recall,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
Strew flowers and drop the tender tear,
Nor then regret those scenes so gay
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

"This," writes Burns, "is perhaps the most beautiful ballad in the English language."

THE BLAITHRIE O'T.

THE following is a set of this song, which was the earliest song I remember to have got by heart. When a child, an old woman sung it to me, and I picked it up, every word at first hearing.

O WILLY, weel I mind, I lent you my hand
To sing you a song which you did me command;
But my memory's so bad, I had almost forgot
That you call'd it the gear and the blaithrie o't.

I'll not sing about confusion, delusion nor
pride, [bride]
I'll sing about a laddie was for a virtuous
For virtue is an ornament that time will never
rot,
And preferab' to gear and the blaithrie o't.

Though my lassie hae nae scarlets nor silks to
put on, [throne;
We envy not the greatest that sits upon the
I wad rather hae my lassie, though she cam
in her smock, [o't.
Than a princess wi' the gear and the blaiithrie

Though we hae nae horses nor menzie* at
command; [our hand;
We will toil on our foot, and we'll work wi'
And when wearied without rest, we'll find it
sweet in any spot, [o't.
And we'll value not the gear and the blaiithrie

If we hae ony babies, we'll count them as
tent; [tent;
Hae we less, hae we mair, we will aye be con-
For they say they hae mair pleasure that wins
but a groat [o't.
Than the miser wi' his gear and the blaiithrie

I'll not meddle wi' the affairs o' the kirk or
the queen; [sink, let them swim;
They're nae matters for a sang, let them
On your kirk I'll ne'er encroach, but I'll hold
it still remote;
Sae tak this for the gear and the blaiithrie o't.

MAY EVE OR KATE OF ABER- DEEN.

"KATE of Aberdeen" is, I believe, the work of poor Cunningham the player; of whom the following anecdote, though told before, deserves a recital. A fat dignitary of the church, coming past Cunningham one *Sunday*, as the poor poet was busy plying a fishing-rod in some stream near Durham, his native county, his reverence reprimanded Cunningham very severely for such an occupation on such a day. The poor poet, with that inoffensive gentleness of manners which was his peculiar characteristic, replied, that he hoped God and his reverence would forgive his seeming profanity of that sacred day, "as he had no dinner to eat but what lay at the bottom of that pool!" This, Mr. Woods, the player, who knew Cunningham well, and esteemed him much, assured me was true.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light.

* *Menzie*—Retinue, followers.

To beds of state go, balmy Sleep,
Where you've so seldom been,
Whilst I May's wakeful vigils keep
With Kate of Aberdeen!

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,
In primrose chaplets gay,
Till morn unbars her golden gate,
And gives the promised May.
The nymphs and swains shall all declare
The promised May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen!

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
And rouse yon nodding grove;
Till new-waked birds distend their throats,
And hail the maid I love.
At her approach the lark mistakes,
And quits the new-dress'd green:
Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks;
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen!

Now blithesome o'er the dewy mead,
Where elves disportive play;
The festal dance young shepherds lead,
Or sing their love-tuned lay.
Till May in morning robe draws nigh,
And claims a Virgin Queen;
The nymphs and swains, exulting, cry,
Here's Kate of Aberdeen!

TWEED-SIDE.

IN Ramsay's *Tea-table Miscellany*, he tells us that about thirty of the songs in that publication were the works of some young gentlemen of his acquaintance, which songs are marked with the letters D. C., &c.—Old Mr. Tytler of Woodhouselee, the worthy and able defender of the beauteous Queen of Scots, told me that the songs marked C. in the *Tea-table* were the composition of a Mr. Crawford, of the house of Achname, who was afterwards unfortunately drowned coming from France. As Tytler was most intimately acquainted with Allan Ramsay, I think the anecdote may be depended on. Of consequence, the beautiful song of Tweed-side is Mr. Crawford's, and indeed does great honour to his poetical talents. He was a Robert Crawford; the Mary he celebrates was a Mary Stuart, of the Castle-Milk family.*

* In a copy of Cromek's *Reliques of Burns* there is the following note on this passage in Sir Walter Scott's handwriting:—"Miss Mary Lillas Scott was the eldest daughter of John Scott of Harden, and well known in the

afterwards married to a Mr. John Ritchie.

I have seen a song, calling itself the original Tweed-side, and said to have been composed by a Lord Yester. It consisted of two stanzas, of which I still recollect the first—

WHEN Maggy and I was acquaint,
I carried my noddle fu' high;
Nae lintwhite on a' the green plain,
Nor gowdspink, sae happy as I;
But I saw her sae fair, and I lo'd:
I woo'd, but I cam nae great speed;
So now I maun wander abroad,
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.†

The following is Crawford's song, which is still popular:—

WHAT beauties doth Flora disclose!
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,
Both nature and fancy exceed,
Nor daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
Nor all the gay flowers of the field,
Nor Tweed, gliding gently through those,
Such beauty and pleasure do yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird and sweet cooing dove
With music enchant every bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring,
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray?
While happily she lies asleep?

fashionable world by the nick-name of *Cadie* Scott, I believe, because she went to a masked ball in such a disguise. I remember her, an old lady, distinguished for elegant manners and high spirit, though struggling under the disadvantages of a narrow income, as her father's estate, being entailed on heirs male, went to another branch of the Harden family, then called the High Chester family. I have heard a hundred times, from those who lived at the period, that Tweed-side, and the song called *Mary Scott*, the *Flower of Yarrow*, were both written upon this much-admired lady, and could add much proof on the subject, did space permit."

† The following is the other stanza:—

To Maggy my love I did tell,
Saut tears did my passion express;
Alas! for I lo'ed her o'er well,
And the women lo'e'sic a man less.
Her heart it was frozen and cauld,
Her pride had my ruin decreed;
Therefore I will wander abroad,
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,
Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To ease the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgin excel,
No beauty with her may compare:
Love's graces around her do dwell,
She's fairest, where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flock stray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;
Is it on the sweet wending Tay,
Or pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

THE POSIE.

It appears evident to me that Oswald composed his "Roslin Castle" on the modulation of this air.*—In the second part of Oswald's, in the three first bars, he has either hit on a wonderful similarity to, or else he has entirely borrowed, the three first bars of the old air; and the close of both tunes is almost exactly the same. The old verses to which it was sung, when I took down the notes from a country girl's voice, had no great merit.—The following is a specimen:—

THERE was a pretty may,¹ and a milkin' she
went, [hair;
Wi' her red rosy cheeks and her coal black
And she has met a young man a comin' o'er
the bent,
With a double and adieu to thee, fair may.

Oh, where are ye goin', my ain pretty may,
Wi' thy red rosy cheeks and thy coal black
hair?
Unto the yowes a milkin', kind sir, she says,
With a double and adieu to thee, fair may.

What if I gang alang wi' thee, my ain pretty
may, [hair?
Wi' thy red rosy cheeks and thy coal black
Wad I be aught the warse o' that, kind sir,
she says,
With a double and adieu to thee, fair may.

MARY'S DREAM.

THE *Mary* here alluded to is generally supposed to be Miss *Mary M'Ghie*, daughter to the *Laird of Airds*, in *Galloway*. The poet was a *Mr. John*

¹ Maid.

* This is a mistake—Oswald was *not* the composer of *Roslin Castle*.

Lowe,† who likewise wrote another beautiful song, called Pompey's Ghost.—I have seen a poetic epistle from him in North America, where he now is, or lately was, to a lady in Scotland.—By the strain of the verses, it appeared that they allude to some love affair.

THE moon had climbed the highest hill
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tower and tree,
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea;
When, soft and low, a voice she heard,
Saying, "Mary, weep no more for me!"

She from her pillow gently raised
Her head to ask who there might be;
She saw young Sandy shivering stand,
With visage pale and hollow ee:
O Mary dear! cold is my clay,
It lies beneath a stormy sea;
Far, far from thee I sleep in death.—
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

Three stormy nights and stormy days
We toss'd upon the raging main,
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain.
Even then, when horror chill'd my blood,
My heart was fill'd with love for thee;
The storm is past, and I at rest,
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

O maiden dear, thyself prepare,
We soon shall meet upon that shore
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I shall part no more.
Loud crowd'd the cock, the shadow fled,
No more of Sandy could she see;
But soft the passing spirit said,
"Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!"

THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.

BY MR. DUDGEON.

THIS Dudgeon is a respectable farmer's son in Berwickshire

† He was a native of Kenmore in Galloway, and was employed as a tutor in the family of M'Ghie of Airds, about 1770, when the incident recorded in the song occurred. Miss Mary M'Ghie, a daughter of his employer's, having been betrothed to a young gentleman of the name of Miller, who was at this time unfortunately lost at sea, Lowe commemorated the melancholy event in the above beautiful song. He afterwards emigrated to the United States, where he made an unfortunate marriage, the grief occasioned by which drove him into dissipated habits, that brought him to an early grave.

UP amang yon clifly rocks,
Sweetly rings the rising echo,
To the maid that tends the goats,
Lilting o'er her native notes.
Hark, she sings, Young Sandie's kind,
And he's promised aye to lo'e me,
Here's a brooch, I ne'er shall tinc,
Till he's fairly married to me.
Drive away, ye drone Time,
And bring about our bridal day.

Sandy herds a flock o' sheep,
Aften does he blaw the whistle,
In a strain sae vastly sweet,
Lam'ies listening dare na bleat;
He's as fleet's the mountain roe,
Hardy as the Highland heather,
Wading through the winter snow,
Keeping aye his flock together;
But wi' plaid and bare houghs
He braves the bleakest northern blast.

Brawly he can dance and sing,
Canty glee, or Highland cronach:
Nane can ever match his fling,
At a reel, or round a ring:
Wightly can he wield a rung,
In a brawl he's aye the gaugter;
A' his praise can ne'er be sung
By the longest winded sangster.
Sangs that sing o' Sandy,
Seem short, though they were e'er sae lang.

I WISH MY LOVE WERE IN A MIRE.

I NEVER heard more of the words of this old song than the title.

The old song began with these characteristic words—

I wish my love were in a mire,
That I might pu' her out again.

The verses in the *Museum* are merely a translation from Sappho by Ambrose Phillips:—

BLEST as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while,
So softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this bereaved my soul of rest,
And raised such tumults in my breast,
For while I gazed, in transport toss'd,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd, the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
My feeble pulse forgot to play:
I fainted—sunk—and died away.

ALLAN WATER.

THIS Allan Water, which the composer of the music has honoured with the name of the air, I have been told is Allan Water in Strathallan.

WHAT numbers shall the muse repeat,
What verse be found to praise my Annie;
On her ten thousand graces wait;
Each swam admires and owns she's bonny.
Since first she strode the happy plain,
She set each youthful heart on fire;
Each nymph does to her swain complain,
That Annie kindles new desire.

This lovely, darling, dearest care,
This new delight, this charming Annie,
Like summer's dawn she's fresh and fair,
When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye.
All day the am'rous youths convene,
Joyous they sport and play before her;
All night, when she no more is seen,
In joyful dreams they still adore her.

Among the crowd Amyntor came,
He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie;
His rising sighs express his flame.
His words were few, his wishes many.
With smiles the lovely maid replied,
Kind shepherd, why should I deceive ye?
Alas! your love must be denied,
This destined breast can ne'er relieve ye.

Young Damon came with Cupid's art,
His wiles, his smiles, his charms beguiling;
He stole away my virgin heart;
Cease, poor Amyntor! cease bewailing.
Some brighter beauty you may find;
On yonder plain the nymphs are many:
Then choose some heart that's unconfined,
And leave to Damon his own Annie.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT
THE HOUSE.*

THIS is one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots, or any other, language.—The two lines,

And will I see his face again?
And I will hear him speak?

as well as the two preceding ones, are unequalled almost by anything I ever heard or read; and the lines,

The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw,

* William Julius Mickle, a native of Langholm, on the Borders, and well known as the translator of Camoens' immortal poem, "The Lusiad," was the author of this song. He was born in 1734, and died in 1783.

are worthy of the first poet. It is long posterior to Ramsay's days. About the year 1771, or 1772, it came first on the streets as a ballad; and I suppose the composition of the song was not much anterior to that period.

THERE'S nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a';
There's little pleasure in the house
When our guidman's awa'.

And are you sure the news is true?
And do you say he's weel?
Is this a time to speak of wark?
Ye jades, lay by your wheel!
Is this a time to spin a thread,
When Colin's at the door?
Reach me my cloak, I'll to the quay
And see him come ashore.

And gie to me my bigonet,
My bishop's satin gown;
For I maun tell the baillie's wife
That Colin's in the town.
My turken slippers maun gae on,
My stockings pearly blue;
'Tis a' to pleasure my guidman,
For he's bath leal and true.

Rise, lass, and make a clean firesid
Put on the muckle pot;
Gie little Kate her button gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat;
And mak their shoon as black as slaes
Their hose as white as snaw;
'Tis a' to pleasure my guidman,
For he's been lang awa'.

There's twa fat hens upo' the coop,
Been fed this month and mair;
Mak haste and thrav their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare;
And mak the table neat and trim;
Let every thing be braw;
For who kens how my Colin fared
When he was far awa'.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air,
His very foot hath music in't,
As he comes up the stair.
And shall I see his face again?
And shall I hear him speak?
I'm downright giddy wi' the thought,
In truth I'm like to greet.

If Colin's weel, and weel content,
I hae nae mair to crave;
And gin I live to mak him sae,
I'm blest aboon the lave.
And shall I see his face again? &c.

TARRY WOO.

THIS is a very pretty song; but I fancy that the following first half-stanza, as

well as the tune itself, is much older than the rest of the words.

Oh, tarry woo is ill to spin,
 Card it weel e'er ye begin;
 Card it weel and draw it sma',
 Tarry woo's the best of a'.

GRAMACHREE.

THE song of Gramachree was composed by Mr Poe, a counsellor at law in Dublin. This anecdote I had from a gentleman who knew the lady, the "Molly," who is the subject of the song, and to whom Mr. Poe sent the first manuscript of these most beautiful verses. I do not remember any single line that has more true pathos than

How can she break the honest heart that wears her in its core!

But as the song is Irish, it had nothing to do in this collection.

As down on Banna's banks I stray'd,
 One evening in May,
 The little birds in blithest notes
 Made vocal every spray.
 They sang their little notes of love:
 They sang them o'er and o'er,
 Ah! gramachree, mo challie nouge,
 Mo Molly Astore.

The daisy pied, and all the sweets
 The dawn of nature yields;
 The primrose pale, the violet blue,
 Lay scatter'd o'er the fields,
 Such fragrance in the bosom lies
 Of her whom I adore,
 Ah! gramachree, mo challie nouge,
 Mo Molly Astore.

I laid me down upon a bank,
 Bewailing my sad fate,
 That doom'd me thus the slave of love,
 And cruel Molly's hate.
 How can she break the honest heart
 That wears her in its core!
 Ah! gramachree, mo challie nouge,
 Mo Molly Astore.

You said you loved me, Molly dear;
 Ah! why did I believe?
 Yes, who could think such tender words
 Were meant but to deceive?
 That love was all I ask'd on earth,
 Nay, heaven could give no more,
 Ah! gramachree, mo challie nouge,
 Mo Molly Astore.

Oh! had I all the flocks that graze,
 On yonder yellow hill;
 Or low'd' for me the numerous herds,
 That yon green pastures fill;

With her I love I'd gladly share
 My kine and fleecy store,
 Ah! gramachree, mo challie nouge,
 Mo Molly Astore.

Two turtle doves above my head,
 Sat courting on a bough;
 I envy'd them their happiness,
 To see them bill and coo;
 Such fondness once for me she show'd,
 But now, alas! 'tis o'er:
 Ah! gramachree, mo challie nouge,
 Mo Molly Astore.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear,
 Thy loss I still shall moan;
 Whilst life remains in Strephon's heart,
 'Twill beat for thee alone
 Though thou art false, may Heaven on thee
 Its choicest blessings pour!
 Ah! gramachree, mo challie nouge,
 Mo Molly Astore.

THE COLLIER'S BONNY LASSIE.

THE first half stanza is much older than the days of Ramsay. —The old words began thus:—

THE collier has a dochter, and, oh, she's wonder bonny;
 [lands and money]
 A laird he was that sought her, rich baith in
 She wad nae hae a laird, nor wad she be a
 lady; [daddie]
 But she wad hae a collier, the colour o' her

The verses in the *Museum* are very pretty; but Allan Ramsay's songs have always nature to recommend them:—

THE Collier has a daughter,
 And oh, she's wonder bonny!
 A laird he was that sought her,
 Rich baith in land and money.
 The tutors watch'd the motion
 Of this young honest lover,
 But love is like the ocean,
 Wha can its deeps discover?

He had the heart to please ye,
 And was by a' respected,
 His airs sat round him easy,
 Genteel, but unaffected,
 The Collier's bonny lassie,
 Fair as the new-blown lily,
 Aye sweet and never saucy,
 Secured the heart of Willie.

He loved beyond expression,
 The charms that were about her,
 And panted for possession,
 His life was dull without her.
 After mature resolving,
 Close to his breast he held her
 In safest flames dissolving,
 He tenderly thus tell'd her—

My bonny Collier's daughter
 Let naething discompose ye,
 'Tis no your scanty tocher
 Shall ever gar me lose ye.

For I have gear in plenty,
And love says 'tis my duty
To wear what Heaven has lent me,
Upon your wit and beauty "

MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O.

THE old words of this song are omitted here, though much more beautiful than these inserted; which were mostly composed by poor Fergusson, in one of his merry humours. The old words began thus:—

I'LL rowe thee o'er the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.
I'll rowe thee o'er the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O,
Although the night were ne'er sae wat,
And I were ne'er sae weary, O,
I'll rowe thee o'er the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

The following are Fergusson's vèrses:—

NÆ herds wi' kent and collie there
Shall ever come to fear ye, O.
But laverocks whistling in the air,
Shall woo, like me, their dearie, O!

While others herd their lambs and ewes,
And toil for world's gear, my jo,
Upon the lee my pleasure grows,
Wi' you, my kind dearie, O!

Will ye gang o'er the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O?
And cuddle there, sae kindly wi' me,
My kind dearie, O!

At thorny dike, and birkin tree,
We'll daff, and ne'er be weary, O!
They'll sing ill e'en frae you and me,
My ain kind dearie, O!

MARY SCOTT, THE FLOWER OF YARROW.

MR. ROBERTSON, in his statistical account of the parish of Selkirk, says, that Mary Scott, the Flower of Yarrow, was descended from the Dryhope, and married into the Harden family. Her daughter was married to a predecessor of the present Sir Francis Elliot of Stobbs, and of the late Lord Heathfield.

There is a circumstance in their contract of marriage that merits attention, and it strongly marks the predatory spirit of the times. The father-in-law

agrees to keep his daughter for some time after the marriage; for which the son-in-law binds himself to give him the profits of the first Michaelmas moon.*

Allan Ramsay's version is as follows:—

HAPPY's the love which meets return,
When in soft flame souls equal burn;
But words are wanting to discover
The torments of a hapless lover.
Ye registers of heaven, relate,
If looking o'er the rolls of fate,
Did you there see me mark'd to marrow;
Mary Scott, the flower of Yarrow.

Ah, no! her form's too heavenly fair,
Her love the gods alone must share;
While mortals with despair explore her,
And at a distance due adore her.
O lovely maid! my doubts beguile,
Revive and bless me with a smile:
Alas, if not, you'll soon debar a
Sighing swain on the banks of Yarrow.

Be hush'd, ye fears! I'll not despair,
My Mary's tender as she's fair;
Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish,
She is too good to let me languish;
With success crown'd, I'll not envy
The folks who dwell above the sky;
When Mary Scott's become my marrow,
We'll make a paradise of Yarrow.

DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE.

I HAVE been informed that the tune of "Down the Burn, Davie," was the composition of David Maigh, keeper of the blood slough-hounds, belonging to the Laird of Riddel, in Tweeddale.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to see;
When Mary* was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her ee;
Blithe Davie's blinks her heart did move,
To speak her mind thus free,
"Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
And I shall follow thee."

Now Davie did each lad surpass
That dwalt on yon burn side,
And Mary was the bonniest lass,
Just meet to be a bride;
Her cheeks were rosy, red and white,
Her een were bonny blue:
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.

* The time when the moss-troopers and cattle-reavers on the Borders began of yore their nightly depredations.

As down the burn they took their way,
 What tender tales they said!
 His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
 And with her bosom play'd;
 Till baith at length impatient grown
 To be mair fully blest,
 In yonder vale they lean'd them down—
 Love only saw the rest.

What pass'd I guess was harmless play,
 And naething sure unmet;
 For ganging hame, I heard them say,
 They liked a walk sae sweet;
 And that they aften should return
 Sic pleasure to renew,
 Quoth Mary, "Love, I like the burn,
 And aye shall follow you."

BLINK O'ER THE BURN, SWEET BETTY.

THE old words, all that I remember,
 are,—

Blink over the burn, sweet Betty,
 It is a cauld winter night;
 It rains, it hails, it thunders,
 The moon she gies nae light:
 It's a' for the sake o' sweet Betty
 That ever I tint my way;
 Sweet, let me lie beyond thee
 Until it be break o' day.

Oh, Betty will bake my bread,
 And Betty will brew my ale,
 And Betty will be my love,
 When I come over the dale;
 Blink over the burn, sweet Betty,
 Blink over the burn to me,
 And while I hae life, dear lassie,
 My ain sweet Betty thou's be.

THE BLITHESOME BRIDAL.*

I FIND the "Blithesome Bridal" in James Watson's collection of Scots Poems printed at Edinburgh, in 1706. This collection, the publisher says, is the first of its nature which has been published in our own native Scots dialect—it is now extremely scarce.

The entire song is much too long for quotation; but the following verses, describing the guests who were to be present and the dishes to be provided for them, will convey a very fair idea of its merit:—

COME, fye, let us a' to the wedding,
 For there will be liting there,

For Jock will be married to Maggie,
 The lass wi' the gowden hair.
 And there will be lang kail and cackocks,
 And bannocks o' barley-meal;
 And there will be guid saut herring,
 To relish a cog o' guid ale.

And there will be Sandy the sutor,
 And Will wi' the meikle mou,
 And there will be Tam the blutter,
 With Andrew the tinkler, I trow;
 And there will be bow-legg'd Robie,
 With thumbless Katie's gudeman,
 And there will be blue-cheek'd Dobbie,
 And Laurie, the laird of the land.

And there will be sow-libber Patie,
 And plookie-faced Wat o' the mill;
 Capper-nosed Francis and Gibbie,
 That wons i' the Howe o' the hill;
 And there will be Alistair Sibbie,
 Wha in wi' black Bessie did mool,
 With snivelling Lilie and Tibbie,
 The lass that stands aft on the stool.

And there will be fadges and brochan,
 Wi' routh o' gude gabbocks o' skate;
 Powsowdie and drammock and skowdie,
 And caller nowt feet on a plate;
 And there will be partans and buckies,
 And whittings and speldings anew;
 With singed sheep heads and a haggis,
 And scadlips to sup till ye spew.

And there will be lapper'd milk kebbuck,
 And sowens, and carles, and laps;
 Wi' swats and well-scraped paunches,
 And brandy in stoups and in caps;
 And there will be meal-kail and porridge,
 Wi' skirk to sup till ye rive,
 And roasts to roast on a brander,
 Of flewks that were taken alive.

scrapt haddock, wilks, dulce, and tangle,
 And a mill o' guid sneeshin to prie,
 When weary wi' eating and drinking.
 We'll rise up and dance till we die:
 Then fye let's a' to the bridal,
 For there will be liting there,
 For Jock 'll be married to Maggie,
 The lass wi' the gowden hair.

JOHN HAY'S BONNY LASSIE,

JOHN HAY'S "Bonny Lassie" was the daughter of John Hay, Earl or Marquis of Tweeddale, and the late Countess Dowager of Roxburgh. She died at Broomlands, near Kelso, some time between the years 1720 and 1740.

SHE'S fresh as the spring, and sweet as Aurora,
 When birds mount and sing, bidding day a
 good morrow;
 The sward o' the mead, enamel'd wi' daisies,
 Look wither'd and dead when twinn'd of het
 graces.
 But if she appear where verdures invite her,

* There appears to be some dubiety about the authorship of this humorous ballad, it having been assigned to Sir William Scott of Thirlestane and Francis Sempill of Beltrees.

The fountains run clear, and flowers smell the sweeter;
Tis heaven to be by when her wit is a-flowing,
Her smiles and bright een set my spirits a-glowing.

THE BONNY BRUCKET LASSIE.

The first two lines of this song are all of it that is old. The rest of the song, as well as those songs in the *Museum* marked T., are the works of an obscure, tippling, but extraordinary body of the name of Tytler, commonly known by the name of Balloon Tytler, from his having projected a balloon: a mortal, who, though, he drudges about Edinburgh as a common printer, with leaky shoes, a sky-lighted hat, and knee-buckles as unlike as George-by-the-grace-of-God, and Solomon-the-son-of-David; yet that same unknown drunken mortal is author and compiler of three-fourths of Elliot's pompous *Encyclopedia Britannica*, which he composed at half-a-guinea a week!

THE bonny brucket-lassie,
She's blue beneath the een;
She was the fairest lassie
That danced on the green:
A lad he lo'ed her dearily,
She did his love return;
But he his vows has broken,
And left her for to mourn.

"My shape," says she, "was handsome,
My face was fair and clean;
But now I'm bonny brucket,
And blue beneath the een:
My eyes were bright and sparkling,
Before that they turn'd blue;
But now they're dull with weeping,
And a', my love, for you.

"Oh, could I live in darkness,
Or hide me in the sea,
Since my love is unfaithful,
And has forsaken me,
No other love I suffer'd
Within my breast to dwell;
In nought have I offended,
But loving him too well."

Her lover heard her mourning,
As by he chanced to pass;
And press'd unto his bosom
The lovely brucket lass.
"My dear," said he, "cease grieving;
Since that your love is true,
My bonny brucket lassie,
I'll faithful prove to you."

SAE MERRY AS WE TWA HAE BEEN.

THIS song is beautiful.—The chorus in particular is truly pathetic. I never could learn anything of its author.

CHORUS.

SAE merry as we twa hae been,
Sae merry as we twa hae been;
My heart it is like for to break,
When I think on the days we hae seen.

A lass that was laden with care
Sat heavily under a thorn;
I listen'd a while for to hear,
When thus she began for to mourn:
Whene'er my dear shepherd was there,
The birds did melodiously sing,
And cold nipping winter did wear
A face that resembled the spring.

Our flocks feeding close by his side,
He gently pressing my hand,
I view'd the wide world in its pride,
And laugh'd at the pomp of command.
"My dear," he would oft to me say,
"What makes you hard-hearted to me?
Oh! why do you thus turn away
From him who is dying for thee?"

But now he is far from my sight,
Perhaps a deceiver may prove,
Which makes me lament day and night,
That ever I granted my love.
At eve, when the rest of the folk
Were merrily seated to spin,
I set myself under an oak,
And heavily sigh'd for him.

THE BANKS OF FORTH.

THIS air is Oswald's.

"Here's anither—it's no a Scots tune, but it passes for ane—Oswald made it himself. I reckon. He has cheated mony a ane, but he canna cheat Wandering Willie."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The following is the song as given in the *Museum*:—

YE sylvan powers that rule the plain,
Where sweetly winding Forth glides,
Conduct me to those banks again,
Since there my charming Mary bides.

Those banks that breathe their vernal sweets,
Where every smiling beauty meets;
Where Mary's charms adorn the plain,
And cheer the heart of every swain.

Oft in the thick embowering groves,
Where birds their music chirp aloud,
Alternately we sung our loves,
And Forth's fair meanders view'd.

The meadows wore a general smile,
Love was our banquet all the while;
The lovely prospect charm'd the eye,
To where the ocean met the sky.

Once on the grassy bank reclined
Where Forth ran by in murmurs deep,
It was my happy chance to find
The charming Mary lull'd asleep;

My heart then leap'd with inward bliss,
I softly stoop'd, and stole a kiss;
She waked, she blush'd, and gently blamed,
"Why, Damon! are you not ashamed?"

Ye sylvan powers, ye rural gods,
To whom we swains our cares impart,
Restore me to those blest abodes,
And ease, oh! ease my love-sick heart!

Those happy days again restore,
When Mary and I shall part no more;
When she shall fill these longing arms,
And crown my bliss with all her charms.

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

THIS is another beautiful song of Mr. Crawford's composition. In the neighbourhood of Traquair, tradition still shows the old "Bush," which, when I saw it in the year 1787, was composed of eight or nine ragged birches. The Earl of Traquair has planted a clump of trees near by, which he calls "The new Bush."

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and every swain,
I'll tell how Peggy grieves me;
Though thus I languish and complain,
Alas! she ne'er believes me.
My vows and sighs, like silent air,
Unheeded never move her;
The bonny bush aboon Traquair,
Was where I first did love her.

That day she smiled and made me glad,
No maid seem'd ever kinder;
I thought myself the luckiest lad,
So sweetly there to find her.
I tried to soothe my amorous flame
In words that I thought tender;
If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
The fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet, she shows disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,
Its sweets I'll aye remember;
But now her frowns make it decay;
It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
Oh! make her partner in my pains;
Then let her smiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn despair,
My passion no more tender;
I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

CROMLET'S LILT.

THE following interesting account of this plaintive dirge was communicated to Mr. Riddel by Alexander Fraser Tytler, Esq., of Woodhouselee:—

"In the latter end of the 16th century, the Chisholms were proprietors of the estate of Cromleck, (now possessed by the Drummonds.) The eldest son of that family was very much attached to the daughter of Stirling of Ardoch, commonly known by the name of Fair Helen of Ardoch.

"At that time the opportunities of meeting between the sexes were more rare, consequently more sought after than now; and the Scottish ladies, far from priding themselves on extensive literature, were thought sufficiently book-learned if they could make out the Scriptures in their mother tongue. Writing was entirely out of the line of female education. At that period the most of our young men of family sought a fortune or found a grave in France. Cromleck, when he went abroad to the war, was obliged to leave the management of his correspondence with his mistress to a lay-brother of the monastery of Dunblane in the immediate neighbourhood of Cromleck, and near Ardoch. This man unfortunately, was deeply sensible of Helen's charms. He artfully prepossessed her with stories to the disadvantage of Cromleck; and, by misinterpreting, or keeping up the letters and messages intrusted to his care, he entirely irritated both. All connection was broken off betwixt them: Helen was inconsolable, and Cromleck has left behind him, in the ballad called 'Cromlet's Lilt,' a proof of the elegance of his genius, as well as the steadiness of his love.
"When the artful monk thought time

had sufficiently softened Helen's sorrow, he proposed himself as a lover Helen was obdurate, but at last, overcome by the persuasions of her brother, with whom she lived, and who, having a family of thirty-one children, was probably very well pleased to get her off his hands—she submitted rather than consented to the ceremony, but there her compliance ended; and, when forcibly put into bed, she started quite frantic from it, screaming out, that after three gentle raps on the wainscoat, at the bed-head, she heard Cromleck's voice, crying, 'O Helen, Helen, mind me!' Cromleck soon after coming home, the treachery of the confidant was discovered—her marriage annulled—and Helen became Lady Cromleck."

N. B.—Marg Murray, mother to these thirty-one children, was daughter of Murray of Strewn, one of the seventeen sons of Tullybardine, and whose youngest son, commonly called the Tutor of Ardoch, died in the year 1715, aged 111 years.

The following is a copy of this ballad as it appears in the *Museum*:—

SINCE all thy vows, false maid,
Are blown to air
And my poor heart betray'd
To sad despair,
Into some wilderness,
My grief I will express,
And thy hard-heartedness,
O cruel fair!

Have I not graven our loves
On every tree
In yonder spreading groves,
Though false thou be?
Was not a solemn oath
Plighted betwixt us both—
Thou thy faith, I my troth—
Constant to be?

Some gloomy place I'll find,
Some doleful shade,
Where neither sun nor wind
E'er entrance had:
Into that hollow cave,
There will I sigh and rave,
Because thou dost behave
So faithlessly.

Wild fruit shall be my meat,
I'll drink the spring,
Cold earth shall be my seat;
For covering.
I'll have the starry sky
My head to canopy,
Until my soul on high
Shall spread its wing.

I'll have no funeral fire,
Nor tears for me;
No grave do I desire
Nor obsequy.
The courteous redbreast he
With leaves will cover me,
And sing my elegy
With doleful voice.

And when a ghost I am
I'll visit thee,
O thou deceitful dame,
Whose cruelty
Has kill'd the fondest heart
That e'er felt Cupid's dart,
And never can desert
From loving thee.

MY DEARIE, IF THOU DIE.

ANOTHER beautiful song of Crawford's.

LOVE never more shall give me pain,
My fancy's fix'd on thee,
Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
My Peggy, if thou die.
Thy beauty doth such pleasure give,
Thy love's so true to me,
Without thee I can never live,
My dearie, if thou die.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
How shall I lonely stray?
In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
In sighs, the silent day.
I ne'er can so much virtue find,
Nor such perfection see;
Then I'll renounce all woman-kind,
My Peggy, after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my heart,
With Cupid's raving rage;
But thine, which can such sweets impart,
Must all the world engage.
'Twas this that like the morning sun
Gave joy and life to me;
And when its destined day is done,
With Peggy let me die.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
And in such pleasure share:
You who its faithful flames approve,
With pity view the fair;
Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,
Those charms so dear to me!
Oh! never rob them from these arms!
I'm lost if Peggy die.

SHE ROSE AND LET ME IN.

THE old set of this song, which is still to be found in printed collections, is much prettier than this; but some-

body, I believe it was Ramsay,* took it into his head to clear it of some seeming indelicacies and made it at once more chaste and more dull.

The *Museum* version is as follows:—

THE night her silent sables wore
And gloomy were the skies,
Of glittering stars appear'd no more
Than those in Nelly's eyes.
When to her father's door I came,
Where I had often been,
I begg'd my fair, my lovely dame,
To rise and let me in.

But she, with accents all divine,
Did my fond suit reprove,
And while she chid my rash design,
She but inflamed my love.
Her beauty oft had pleas'd before,
While her bright eyes did roll:
But virtue only had the power
To charm my very soul.

Oh, who would cruelly deceive,
Or from such beauty part!
I loved her so, I could not leave
The charmer of my heart.
My eager fondness I obey'd,
Resolved she should be mine,
Till Hymen to my arms convey'd
My treasure so divine.

Now happy in my Nelly's love,
Transporting is my joy,
No greater blessing can I prove,
So blest a man am I.
For beauty may a while retain,
The conquer'd flattering mart,
But virtue only is the chain
Holds, never to depart.

WILL YE GO TO THE EWE- BUGHTS,¹ MARION?

I AM not sure if this old and charming air be of the South, as is commonly said, or of the North of Scotland. There is a song apparently as ancient as "Ewe-bughts, Marion," which sings to the same time, and is evidently of the North—it begins thus:—

¹ Sheep-folds.

* "No, no; it was not Ramsay. The song still remains in his *Tea-Table Miscellany*, and the *Orpheus Caledonius*, and even in Herd's Collection, in its primitive state of indelicacy. The verses in the *Museum* were retouched by an able and masterly hand, who has thus presented us with a song at once chaste and elegant, without a single idea to crimson the cheek of modesty, or cause one pang to the innocent heart."—STENHOUSE.

THE Lord o' Gordon had three dochters,
Mary, Marget, and Jean,
They wad na stay at bonny Castle Gordon,
But awa' to Aberdeen.

The old ballad begins thus:—

Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion,
And wear in the sheep wi' me?
The sun shines sweet, my Marion,
But nae half sae sweet as thee.

O Marion's a bonny lass,
And the blithe blink's in her ee;
And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

LEWIE GORDON.

THIS air is a proof how one of our Scotch tunes comes to be composed out of another. I have one of the earliest copies of the song, and it has prefixed—"Tune—'Tarry Woo'"—of which tune a different set has insensibly varied into a different air.—To a Scots critic, the pathos of the line,

"Though his back be at the wa',"

must be very striking. It needs not a Jacobite prejudice to be affected with this song.

The supposed author of "Lewie Gordon" was a Mr. Geddes, priest at Sheval in the Ainzie.

Oh! send Lewie Gordon hame,
And the lad I maunna name;
Though his back be at the wa',
Here's to him that's far awa'!
Oh hon! my Highland man!
Oh, my bonny Highland man;
Weel would I my true-love ken,
Amang ten thousand Highland men.

Oh, to see his tartan trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes;
Philabeg aboon his knee;
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'!
Oh, hon! &c.

The princely youth that I do mean
Is fitted for to be king;
On his breast he wears a star,
You'd take him for the god of war.
Oh, hon! &c.

Oh, to see this princely one
Seated on a royal throne!
Disasters a' would disappear,
Then begins the Jub'lee year!
Oh, hon! &c.

Lord Lewie Gordon, younger brother to the Duke of Gordon, commanded a detachment for the Young Chevalier in the affair of 1745-6, and acquitted himself with great gallantry and judgment. He died in 1754.

THE WAULKING O' THE FAULD.

THERE are two stanzas still sung to this tune, which I take to be the original song whence Ramsay composed his beautiful song of that name in the Gentle Shepherd. It begins.

"Oh, will ye speak at our town,
As ye come frae the fauld," &c.

I regret that, as in many of our old songs, the delicacy of this old fragment is not equal to its wit and humour.

The following is Ramsay's version:—

My Peggie is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens;
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay,
My Peggie is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld;
Yet well I like to meet her at
The waulking o' the fauld.

My Peggie speaks sae sweetly
Whene'er we meet alane;
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.
My Peggie speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But she gars a' my spirits glow
At waulking o' the fauld.

My Peggie smiles sae kindly
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.
My Peggie smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blithe and bauld;
And naething gies me sic delight
As waulking o' the fauld.

My Peggie sings sae softly
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the rest it is confess'd,
By a' the rest that she sings best:
My Peggy sings sae softly,
And in her sangs are tauld,
With innocence, the wale o' sense,
At waulking o' the fauld.

OH ONO CHRIO.*

DR. BLACKLOCK informed me that this song was composed on the infamous massacre at Glencoe.

Oh! was not I a weary wight!
Maid, wife and widow in one night!
When in my soft and yielding arms, [harms,
Oh! when most I thought him free from

* A vitiated pronunciation of "*Schoin och rie*"—a Gaelic exclamation expressive of deep sorrow and affliction.

Even at the dead time of the night
They broke my bower, and slew my knight.
With ae lock of his jet-black hair
I'll tie my heart for evermair;
Nae sly-tongued youth, nor flattering swain,
Shall e'er untie this knot again;
Thine still, dear youth, that heart shall be,
Nor pant for aught save heaven and thee.

I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

THIS is another of Crawford's songs, but I do not think in his happiest manner. What an absurdity to join such names as Adonis and Mary together!

ONE day I heard Mary say,
How shall I leave thee;
Stay, dearest Adonis, stay,
Why wilt thou grieve me?

CORN-RIGS ARE BONNY.

ALL the old words that ever I could meet to this air were the following, which seem to have been an old chorus:—

Oh, corn-rigs and rye-rigs,
Oh, corn-rigs are bonny;
And, where'er you meet a bonny lass,
Preen up her cockernony.

BIDE YE YET.

THERE is a beautiful song to this tune, beginning,

"Alas! my son, you little know,"

which is the composition of Miss Jenny Graham, of Dumfries.

ALAS! my son, you little know
The sorrows that from wedlock flow;
Farewell to every day of ease
When you have got a wife to please.

Sae bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,
Ye little ken what's to betide ye yet;
The half o' that will gane ye yet,
Gif a wayward wife obtain ye yet.

Your hopes are high, your wisdom small,
Woe has not had you in its thrall;
The black cow on your foot ne'er trod,
Which gars you sing along the road.
Sae bide ye yet, &c.

Sometimes the rock, sometimes the reel,
Or some piece of the spinning-wheel,
She'll drive at you, my bonny chiel,
And send you headlang to the deil,
Sae bide ye yet, &c.

When I, like you, was young and free,
I valued not the proudest she;
Like you, my boast was bold and vain,
That men alonè were born to reign.
Sae bide ye yet, &c.

Great Hercules, and Samson too,
Were stronger far than I or you;
Yet they were baffled by their dears,
And felt the distaff and the shears.
Sae bide ye yet, &c.

Stout gates of brass and well-built walls
Are proof 'gainst swords and cannon balls;
But nought is found, by sea or land,
That can a wayward wife withstand.
Sae bide ye yet, &c.

HERE the remarks on the first volume of the *Musical Museum* conclude: the second volume has the following preface from the pen of Burns:—

“In the first volume of this work, two or three airs, not of Scots composition, have been inadvertently inserted; which, whatever excellence they may have, was improper, as the collection is solely to be the music of our own country. The songs contained in this volume, both music and poetry, are all of them the work of Scotsmen. Wherever the old words could be recovered, they had been preferred, both as suiting better the genius of the tunes, and to preserve the productions of those earlier sons of the Scottish muses, some of whose names deserved a better fate than has befallen them,—‘Buried’ midst the wreck of things which were.’ Of our more modern songs, the editor has inserted the author’s names as far as he can ascertain them; and as that was neglected in the first volume, it is annexed here. If he have made any mistakes in this affair, which he possibly may, he will be very grateful at being set right.

“Ignorance and prejudice may perhaps affect to sneer at the simplicity of the poetry or music of some of these poems; but their having been for ages the favourites of nature’s judges—the common people—was to the editor a sufficient test of their merit.

“EDINBURGH, *March 1, 1778.*”

TRANENT MUIR.

“TRANENT MUIR” was composed by a Mr. Skirving, a very worthy, respectable farmer, near Haddington.* I have heard the anecdote often, that Lieut. Smith, whom he mentions in the ninth stanza, came to Haddington after the publication of the song, and sent a challenge to Skirving to meet him at Haddington, and answer for the unworthy manner in which he had noticed him in his song. “Gang away back,” said the honest farmer, “and tell Mr. Smith that I hae nae leisure to come to Haddington; but tell him to come here, and I’ll tak a look o’ him, and if he think I’m fit to fecht him, I’ll fecht him; and if no, I’ll do as he did—*I’ll rin awa’!*”

Stanza ninth, as well as tenth, to which the anecdote refers, shows that the anger of the lieutenant was anything but unreasonable.

And Major Bowle, that worthy soul,
Was brought down to the ground, man;
His horse being shot, it was his lot
For to get many a wound, man:
Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,
Frae whom he called for aid, man,
Being full of dread, lap o’er his head,
And wadna be gainsay’d, man!

He made sic haste, sae spurr’d his baist,
’Twas little there he saw, man;
To Berwick rade, and falsely said
The Scots were rebels a’, man:
But let that end, for well ’tis kenn’d,
His use and wont to lie, man;
The teague is naught, he never faught
When he had room to flee, man.

POLWART† ON THE GREEN.

THE author of “Polwart on the Green” is Capt. John Drummond M’Gregor, of the family of Bochaldie.‡

At Polwart on the green,
If you’ll meet me the morn,

* Mr. Skirving was tenant of East Garleton, about a mile and a half to the north of Haddington.

† Polwart is a pleasant village situate near Dunse, in Berwickshire. In the middle of the village stand two venerable thorns, round which the Polwart maidens, when they became brides, danced with their partners on the day of the bridal.”—CUNNINGHAM.

‡ The poet is in error here. The best authorities agree in ascribing the authorship of the song to Allan Ramsay.

Where lasses do convene
To dance about the thorn,
A kindly welcome ye shall meet
Frae her wha likes to view
A lover and a lad complete—
The lad and lover you.

Let dorty dames say na
As lang as e'er they please,
Seem caulder than the snaw,
While inwardly they bleeze.
But I will frankly shaw my mind,
And yield my heart to thee ;
Be cver to the captive kind
That langs na to be free.

At Polwart on the green,
Amang the new-mown hay,
With sangs and dancing keen
We'll pass the heartsome day.
At night, if beds be o'er thrang laid,
And thou be twined of thine,
Thou shalt be welcome, my dear lad,
To take a part of mine.

STREPHON AND LYDIA.

The following account of this song I had from Dr. Blacklock:—

The Strephon and Lydia mentioned in the song were perhaps the loveliest couple of their time. The gentleman was commonly known by the name of Beau Gibson. The lady was the "Gentle Jean," celebrated somewhere in Hamilton of Bangour's poems.—Having frequently met at public places, they had formed a reciprocal attachment, which their friends thought dangerous, as their resources were by no means adequate to their tastes and habits of life. To elude the bad consequences of such a connection, Strephon was sent abroad with a commission, and perished in Admiral Vernon's expedition to Carthagena.

The author of the song was William Wallace, Esq., of Cairnhill, in Ayrshire.

ALL lonely on the sultry beach,
Expiring, Strephon lay ;
No hand the cordial draught to reach,
Nor cheer the gloomy way.
Ill-fated youth ! no parent nigh
To catch thy fleeting breath,
No bride to fix thy swimming eye.
Or smooth the face of death !

Far distant from the mournful scene
Thy parents sit at ease ;
Thy Lydia rifles all the plain,
And all the spring, to please.

Ill-fated youth ! by fault of friend,
Not force of foe, depress'd,
Thou fall'st, alas ! thyself, thy kind,
Thy country, unredress'd !

MY JO, JANET.

OF THE "MUSEUM."

JOHNSON, the publisher, with a foolish delicacy, refused to insert the last stanza of this humorous ballad.

Oh, sweet sir, for your courtesie,
When ye come by the Bass then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a keeking-glass then.
Keek into the draw-well,
Janet, Janet ;
And there ye'll see your bonny sel',
My jo, Janet.

Keeking in the draw-well clear,
What if I should fa' in then ;
Syne a' my kin will say and swear
I drown'd mysel' for sin, then.
Haud the better by the brae,
Janet, Janet !
Haud the better by the brae,
My jo, Janet.

Good sir, for your courtesie,
Coming through Aberdeen then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pair of sheen then.
Clout the auld, the new are dear,
Janet, Janet ;
A pair may gain ye half a year,
My jo, Janet.

But what, if dancing on the green,
And skipping like a maukin,
If they should see my clouted sheen,
Of me they will be talkin'.
Dance aye laigh, and late at e'en,
Janet, Janet ;
Syne a' their fauts will no be seen,
My jo, Janet.

Kind sir, for your courtesie,
When ye gae to the cross then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pacing horse then.
Face upo' your spinning-wheel,
Janet, Janet ;
Face upo' your spinning-wheel,
My jo, Janet.

My spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,
The rock o't winna stand, sir ;
To keep the temper-pin in hand ;
Employs right aft my hand, sir.
Mak the best o' that ye can,
Janet, Janet ;
But like it never wale a man,
My jo, Janet.

LOVE IS THE CAUSE OF MY MOURNING.

THE words by a Mr. R. Scott, from the town or neighbourhood of Biggar.

The first stanza of this fine song is as follows:—

By a murmuring stream a fair shepherdess lay,

Be so kind, O ye nymphs, I oft heard her say,
Tell Strephon I die, if he passes this way,

And love is the cause of my mourning.
False shepherds, that tell me of beauty and charms,

Deceive me, for Strephon's cold heart never
Yet bring me this Strephon, I'll die in his arms;

O Strephon! the cause of my mourning.

But first, said she, let me go

Down to the shades below,

Ere ye let Strephon know

That I have loved him so:

Then on my pale cheek no blushes will show
That love is the cause of my mourning.

FIFE, AND A' THE LANDS ABOUT IT.

THIS song is Dr. Blacklock's. He, as well as I, often gave Johnston verses, trifling enough, perhaps, but they served as a vehicle to the music.

ALLAN, by his grief excited,

Long the victim of despair,

Thus deplored his passion slighted,

Thus address'd the scornful fair:

"Fife, and all the lands about it,

Undesiring, I can see;

Joy may crown my days without it,

Not, my charmer, without thee.

"Must I then forever languish,

Still complaining, still endure?

Can her form create an anguish

Which her soul disdains to cure?

Why, by hopeless passion fated,

Must I still those eyes admire,

Whilst unheeded, unregretted,

In her presence I expire?

"Would thy charms improve their power,

Timely think, relentless maid;

Beauty is a short-lived flower,

Destined but to bloom and fade!

Let that heaven, whose kind impression

All thy lovely features show,

Melt thy soul to soft compassion

For a suffering lover's woe."

WERENA MY HEART LIGHT I WAD DIE.

LORD HAILES, in the notes to his Collection of ancient Scots poems, says

that this song was the composition of Lady Grisel Baillie, daughter of the first Earl of Marchmont, and wife of George Baillie of Jerviswood.

THERE was ance a may, and she lo'd na men,
She biggit her bonny bower down in yon glen;
But now she cries dool! and ah, well-a-day!
Come down the green gate, and come here
away.

When bonny young Johnny came o'er the sea,
He said he saw naething sae lovely as me;
He hecht me baith rings and mony braw
things;
And werena my heart light I wad die.

He had a wee titty that lo'd na me.
Because I was twice as bonny as she:
She raised such a pother 'twixt him and his
mother,
That werena my heart light I wad die.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be,
The wife took a dwam, and laid down to die;
She main'd and she grain'd, out of dolour and
pain,
Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,
Said, What had he to do with the like of me?
Albeit I was bonny, I wasna for Johnny
And werena my heart light I wad die.

They said I had neither cow nor caff,
Nor dribbles of drink rins through the draff,
Nor pickles of meal rins through the mill-ee;
And werena my heart light I wad die.

His titty she was baith wily and slee,
She spied me as I came o'er thee lee;
And then she ran in, and made a loud din,
Believe your ain een, an ye trow na me.

His bonnet stood ance fu' round on his brow,
His auld ane looks aye as weel as some's new;
But now he lets't wear ony gate it will hing,
And casts himself dowie upon the corn-bing.

And now he gaes drooping about the dykes,
And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes:
The live-lang night he ne'er steeks his ee,
And werena my heart light I wad die.

Were I young for thee, as I ance hae been,
We should hae been galloping down on yon
green,
And linking it on the lily-white lee;
And wow gin I were but young for thee!

THE YOUNG MAN'S DREAM.

THIS song is the composition of Balloon Tytler, mentioned at p. 310.

ONE night I dream'd I lay most easy,
By a murmuring river side,
Where lovely banks were spread with daisies,
And the streams did smoothly glide;

While around me, and quite over,
Spreading branches were display'd,
All interwoven in due order,
Soon became a pleasant shade.

I saw my lass come in most charming,
With a look and air so sweet ;
Every grace was most alarming,
Every beauty most complete.
Cupid with his bow attend'd ;
Lovely Venus too was there :
As his bow young Cupid bended,
Far away flew carking care.

On a bank of roses seated,
Charming my true-love sung ;
While glad echo still repeated,
And the hills and valleys rung
At the last, by sleep oppress'd
On the bank my love did lie,
By young Cupid still caress'd,
While the grass round did fly.

The rose's red, the lily's blossom,
With her charms might not compare,
To view her cheeks and heaving bosom,
Down they droop'd as in despair.
On her slumber I encroaching,
Panting came to steal a kiss :
Cupid smiled at me approaching,
Seem'd to say, " There's nought amiss."

With eager wishes I drew nigher,
This fair maiden to embrace :
My breath grew quick, my pulse beat higher,
Gazing on her lovely face.

The nymph, awaking, quickly check'd me,
Starting up, with angry tone ;
" Thus," says she, " do you respect me ?
Leave me quick, and hence begone."
Cupid for me interposing,
To my love did bow full low ;
She from him her hands unloosing,
In contempt struck down his bow.

Angry Cupid from her flying,
Cried out, as he sought the skies,
" Haughty nymphs, their love denying,
Cupid ever shall despise."
As he spoke, old care came wandering,
With him stalk'd destructive Time ;
Winter froze the streams meandering,
Nipt the roses in their prime.

Spectres then my love surrounded,
At their back march'd chilling Death.
Whilst she, frighted and confounded,
Felt their blasting, pois'nous breath :
As her charms were swift decaying,
And the furrows seized her cheek ;
Forbear, ye fiends ! I vainly crying,
Waked in the attempt to speak.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

DR. BLACKLOCK told me that Smollett
who was at the bottom a great Jacob

ite, composed these beautiful and
pathetic verses on the infamous depre-
dations of the Duke of Cumberland
after the battle of Culloden.

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn,
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !
Thy sons for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground :
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door ;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees, afar,
His all become the prey of war ;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks
Where once they fed their wanton flocks :
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain ;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in every clime,
Through the wide-spreading waste of time
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze :
Thy towering spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke :
What foreign arms could never quell
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day :
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night :
No strains, but those of sorrow, flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe :
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh ! baneful cause—oh ! fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn !
The sons against their father stood ;
The parent shed his children's blood !
Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd ;
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murdering steel.

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whistles round her head.
Her helpless orphans cry for bread ;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,
And, stretch'd beneath the inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my ilial breast shall beat ;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathising verse shall flow :
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !

AH! THE POOR SHEPHERD'S
MOURNFUL FATE.*

TUNE—"Galashiels."

THE old title, "Sour Plums o' Galashiels," probably was the beginning of a song to this air, which is now lost.

The tune of *Galashiels* was composed about the beginning of the present century by the Laird of Galashiels' piper.

AH! the poor shepherd's mournful fate,
When doom'd to love and languish,
To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
Nor dare disclose his anguish!
Yet eager looks and dying sighs
My secret soul discover;
While rapture trembling through mine eyes,
Reveals how much I love her.
The tender glance, the redd'ning cheek,
O'erspread with rising blushes,
A thousand various ways they speak,
A thousand various wishes.

For oh! that form so heavenly fair,
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
That artless blush and modest air,
So fatally beguiling!
The every look and every grace
So charm when'er I view thee,
Till death o'ertake me in the chase,
Still will my hopes pursue thee:
Then when my tedious hours are past,
Be this last blessing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
And die in sight of heaven.

MILL, MILL, O.

THE original, or at least a song evidently prior to Ramsay's, is still extant. It runs thus:—

As I cam down yon waterside,
And by yon shellin-hill, O,
There I spied a bonny, bonny lass,
And a lass that I loved right weel, O.

CHORUS.

The mill, mill, O, and the kill, kill, O,
And the coggin o' Peggy's wheel, O,
The sack and the sieve, and a' she did
leave,
And danced the miller's reel, O.

WALY, WALY.

IN the west country I have heard a different edition of the second stanza.

* William Hamilton of Bangour, an amiable and accomplished gentleman, and one of our sweetest lyric poets, was the author of this song.

Instead of the four lines, beginning with, "When cockle-shells," &c., the other way ran thus:—

Oh, wherefore need I busk my head,
Or wherefore need I kame my hair,
Sin my fause luvè has me forsook,
And says he'll never luvè me mair.

Oh, waly, waly, up yon bank,
And waly, waly, down yon brae,
And waly by yon burn side,
Where I and my love were wont to gae
Oh, waly, waly, love is bonny
A little while, when it is new;
But when it's auld it waxeth cauld,
And fades away like morning dew.

When cockle shells turn siller bells,
And mussels grow on every tree,
When frost and snaw shall warm us a',
Then shall my love prove true to me.
I leant my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trustie tree;
But first it bow'd, and syne it brake,
And sae did my fause love to me.

Now Arther Seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be filed by me:
Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
Since my true love's forsaken me.
O Mart'mas wind, whan wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves aff the tree!
O gentle death, whan wilt thou cum,
And tak a life that wearies me?

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie!
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we cam in by Glasgow town,
We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad in velvet black,
And I mysel in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kisst,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd,
And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.
Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysel were dead and gone;
For a maid again I'll never be.

DUNCAN GRAY.

DR. BLACKLOCK informed me that he had often heard the tradition that this air was composed by a carman in Glasgow.

DUMBARTON DRUMS.

THIS is the last of the West Highland airs; and from it, over the whole tract of country to the confines of

Tweed-side, there is hardly a tune or song that one can say has taken its origin from any place or transaction in that part of Scotland.—The oldest Ayrshire reel is Stewarton Lasses, which was made by the father of the present Sir Walter Montgomery Cunningham, *alias* Lord Lysle, since which period there has indeed been local music in that country in great plenty.—Johnnie Faa is the only old song which I could ever trace as belonging to the extensive county of Ayr.

DUMBARTON'S drums beat bonny, O,
When they mind me of my dear Johnnie, O,
How happy am I
When my soldier is by.
While he kisses and blesses his Annie, O,
'Tis a soldier alone can delight me, O,
For his graceful looks do unite me, O;
While guarded in his arms,
I'll fear no war's alarms, [O,
Neither danger nor death shall e'er fright me,

My love is a handsome laddie, O,
Genteel, but ne'er foppish or gaudy, O
Though commissions are dear,
Yet I'll buy him one this year,
For he shall serve no longer a caddie, O;
A soldier has honour and bravery, O, [O,
Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery,
He minds no other thing,
But the ladies or the King,
For every other care is but slavery, O.

Then I'll be the captain's lady; O,
Farewell all my friends and my daddy, O;
I'll wait no more at home,
But I'll follow with the drum,
And whene'er that beats I'll be ready, O,
Dumbarton drums sound bonny, O,
They are sprightly like my dear Johnnie, O;
How happy shall I be,
When on my soldier's knee,
And he kisses and blesses his Annie; O!

CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

THIS song is by the Duke of Gordon.
The old verses are,

THERE'S cauld kail in Aberdeen.
And castocks in Strathbogie;
When ilka lad maun hae his lass,
Then fye gie me my coggie,
There's Johnnie Smith has got a wife,
That scrimps him o' his coggie,
If she were mine, upon my life
I wad douk her in a boggie.

CHORUS.

My coggie, sirs, my coggie, sirs,
I cannot want my coggie;
I wadna gie my three-girt cap
For e'er a quean in Bogie.

"The 'Cauld Kail' of his Grace of Gordon," says Cunningham, "has long been a favourite in the north, and deservedly so, for it is full of life and manners. It is almost needless to say that kail is colewort, and much used in broth: that castocks are the stalks of a common cabbage; and that coggie is a wooden dish for holding porridge: it is also a drinking vessel."

THERE'S cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And castocks in Stra'bogie;
Gin I but hae a bonny lass,
Ye're welcome to your coggie;
And ye may sit up a' the night,
And drink till it be braid day-light—
Gie me a lass baith clean and tight,
To dance the Reel o' Bogie.

In cotillons the French excel;
John Bull loves country-dances;
The Spaniards dance fandangos well;
Mynheer an allemande prances:
In foursome reels the Scots delight,
At threesome they dance wondrous light,
But twasome ding a' out o' sight,
Danced to the Reel o' Bogie.

Come, lads, and view your partners well,
Wale each a blithesome rogie;
I'll tak this lassie to mysel,
She looks sac keen and vogie!
Now, piper lad, bang up the spring:
The country fashion is the thing,
To prie their mous e'er we begin
To dance the Reel o' Bogie.

Now ilka lad has got a lass,
Save yon auld doited fogie;
And ta'en a fling upo' the grass,
As they do in Stra'bogie;
But a' the lasses look sac fain,
We canna think oursel to hain,
For they maun hae their come-again;
To dance the Reel o' Bogie.

Now a' the lads hae done their best,
Like true men o' Stra'bogie;
We'll stop a while and tak a rest,
And tiddle out a coggie.
Come now, my lads, and tak your glass,
And try ilk other to surpass,
In wishing health to every lass,
To dance the Reel o' Bogie.

FOR LACK OF GOLD.

THE country girls in Ayrshire, instead of the line—

"She me forsook for a great duke,"
say,

"For Athole's duke she me forsook;"

which I take to be the original reading.
This song was written by the late Dr.

Austin,* physician at Edinburgh.—He had courted a lady, to whom he was shortly to have been married; but the Duke of Athole, having seen her, became so much in love with her, that he made proposals of marriage, which were accepted of, and she jilted the doctor.

For lack of gold she's left me, oh!
 And of all that's dear bereft me, oh?
 For Athole's duke, she me forsook,
 And to endless care has left me, oh!
 A star and garter have more art
 Than youth, a true and faithful heart,
 For empty titles we must part,
 And for glitt'ring show she's left me, oh!

No cruel fair shall ever move
 My injured heart again to love,
 Through distant climates I must rove,
 Since Jeanie she has left me, oh!
 Ye powers above, I to your care
 Resign my faithless lovely fair,
 Your choicest blessings be her share,
 Though she's forever left me, oh!

HERE'S A HEALTH TO MY TRUE LOVE, &c.

THIS song is Dr. Blacklock's. He told me that tradition gives the air to our James IV. of Scotland.

To me what are riches encumber'd with care!
 To me what is pomp's insignificant glare!
 No minion of fortune, no pageant of state,
 Shall ever induce me to envy his fate.

Their personal graces let fops idolize,
 Whose life is but death in a splendid disguise;
 But soon the pale tyrant his right shall re-
 sume,
 And all their false lustre be hid in the tomb.

Let the meteor discovery attract the fond
 sage,
 In fruitless researches for life to engage;
 Content with my portion, the rest I forego,
 Nor labour to gain disappointment and woe.

Contemptibly fond of contemptible self,
 While misers their wishes concentrate in pelf:
 Let the godlike delight of imparting be mine,
 Enjoyment reflected is pleasure divine.

* "The doctor gave his woes an airing in song, and then married a very agreeable and beautiful lady, by whom he had a numerous family. Nor did Jean Drummond, of Megginch, break her heart when James, Duke of Athole, died: she dried her tears, and gave her hand to Lord Adam Gordon. The song is creditable to the author."—CUNNINGHAM.

Extensive dominion and absolute power,
 May tickle ambition, perhaps for an hour;
 But power in possession soon loses its charms,
 While conscience remonstrates, and terror
 alarms.

With vigour, oh, teach me, kind Heaven, to
 sustain
 Those ills which in life to be suffer'd remain;
 And when 'tis allow'd me the goal to descry,
 For my species I lived, for myself let me die.

HEY TUTTI TAITI

I HAVE met the tradition universally over Scotland, and particularly about Stirling, in the neighbourhood of the scene, that this air was Robert Bruce's march at the Battle of Bannockburn.

TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

A PART of this old song, according to the English set of it, is quoted in Shakespeare.

In winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
 And Boreas, with his blasts sae bauld,
 Was threat'ning a' our kye to kill:
 Then Bell my wife, wha loves na strife,
 She said to me right hastily,
 Get up goodman, save Cromie's life,
 And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My Cromie is a useful cow,
 And she is come of a good kyne;
 Aft has she wet the bairns, mou,
 And I am laith that she should tyne.
 Get up, goodman, it is fu' time,
 The sun shines in the lift sae hie,
 Sloth never made a gracious end,
 Go tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was ance a good gray cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear;
 But now it's scanty worth a groat,
 For I have worn't this thirty year.
 Let's spend the gear that we have won,
 We little ken the day we'll die;
 Then I'll be proud since I have sworn
 To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our King Robert rang
 His trews they cost but half a crown;
 He said they were a groat o'er dear,
 And call'd the tailor thief and loun
 He was the king that wore a crown,
 And thou the man of laigh degree,
 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
 Sae tak thy auld cloak about thee.

YE GODS, WAS STREPHON'S PICTURE BLEST ?*

TUNE—"Fourteenth of October."

THE title of this air shows that it alludes to the famous King Crispian, the patron of the honourable corporation of shoemakers. St Crispian's day falls on the 14th of October, old style, as the old proverb tells:—

"On the fourteenth of October,
Was ne'er a sutor¹ sober."

Ye gods, was Strephon's picture blest
With the fair heaven of Chloe's breast?
Move softer, thou fond flutt'ring heart,
Oh, gently throb, too fierce thou art.
Tell me, thou brightest of thy kind,
For Strephon was the bliss design'd?
For Strephon's sake, dear charming maid,
Didst thou prefer his wand'ring shade?

And thou bless'd shade that sweetly art
Lodged so near my Chloe's heart,
For me the tender hour improve,
And softly tell how dear I love.
Ungrateful thing! it scorns to hear
Its wretched master's ardent prayer,
Ingrossing all that beauteous heaven
That Chloe, lavish maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee: were I lord
Of all the wealth these breasts afford;
I'd be a miser too, nor give
An alms to keep a god alive.
Oh! smile not thus, my lovely fair,
On these cold looks that lifeless are:
Prize him whose bosom glows with fire
With eager love and soft desire.

'Tis true thy charms, O powerful maid!
To life can bring the silent shade;
Thou canst surpass the painter's art,
And real warmth and flames impart.
But, oh! it ne'er can love like me,
I ever loved, and loved but thee;
Then, charmer, grant my fond request;
Say, thou canst love, and make me blest.

SINCE ROBB'D OF ALL THAT CHARM'D MY VIEW.

THE old name of this air is "The Blossom of the Raspberry." The song is Dr. Blacklock's.

¹ Shoemaker.

*This song was composed by Hamilton of Bangour on hearing that a young lady of beauty and rank wore his picture in her bosom.

As the song is a long one, we can only give the first and last verses:—

SINCE robb'd of all that charmed my view
Of all my soul e'er fancied fair,
Ye smiling native scenes adieu,
With each delightful object there!
Oh! when my heart revolves the joys
Which in your sweet recess I knew.
The last dread shock, which life destroys,
Is heaven compared with losing you!

Ah me! had Heaven and she proved kind,
Then full of age, and free from care,
How blest had I my life resigned,
Where first I breathed this vital air:
But since no flatt'ring hope remains,
Let me my wretched lot pursue;
Adieu! dear friends and native scenes!
To all but grief and love, adieu!

YOUNG DAMON.

TUNE—"Highland Lamentation."

THIS air is by Oswald.*

AMIDST a rosy bank of flowers
Young Damon mourn'd his forlorn fate
In sighs he spent his languid hours,
And breathed his woes in lonely state;
Gay joy no more shall ease his mind,
No wanton sports can soothe his care.
Since sweet Amanda proved unkind,
And left him full of black despair.

His looks, that were as fresh as morn,
Can now no longer smiles impart;
His pensive soul on sadness borne,
Is rack'd and torn by Cupid's dart;
Turn, fair Amanda, cheer your swain,
Unshroud him from this vale of woe;
Range every charm to soothe the pain
That in his tortured breast doth grow.

KIRK WAD LET ME BE.

TRADITION in the western parts of Scotland tells that this old song, of which there are still three stanzas extant, once saved a covenanting clergyman out of a scrape. It was a little prior to the Revolution—a period when being a Scots covenanter was being a felon—that one of their clergy, who was at that very time hunted by the merciless soldiery, fell in by accident with a party of the military. The soldiers were not exactly acquainted with the person of the reverend gentleman of whom they were in search; but from suspicious

*The words are by Fergusson.

circumstances, they fancied that they had got one of that cloth and opprobrious persuasion among them in the person of this stranger. "Mass John," to extricate himself, assumed a freedom of manners very unlike the gloomy strictness of his sect: and, among other convivial exhibitions, sung (and, some traditions say, composed on the spur of the occasion) "Kirk wad let me be," with such effect, that the soldiers swore he was a d—d honest fellow, and that it was impossible *he* could belong to those hellish conventicles; and so gave him his liberty.

The first stanza of this song, a little altered, is a favourite kind of dramatic interlude acted at country weddings in the south-west parts of the kingdom. A young fellow is dressed up like an old beggar; a peruke, commonly made of carded tow, represents hoary locks; an old bonnet; a ragged plaid, or surtout, bound with a straw rope for a girdle; a pair of old shoes, with straw ropes twisted round his ankles, as is done by shepherds in snowy weather: his face they disguise as like wretched old age as they can: in this plight he is brought into the wedding house, frequently to the astonishment of strangers, who are not in the secret, and begins to sing—

"Oh, I am a silly auld man,
My name it is auld Glenae,"* &c.

He is asked to drink, and by and by to dance, which, after some uncouth excuses, he is prevailed on to do, the fiddler playing the tune, which here is commonly called "Auld Glenae;" in short, he is all the time so plied with liquor that he is understood to get intoxicated, and, with all the ridiculous gesticulations of an old drunken beggar, he dances and staggers until he falls on the floor; yet still, in all his riot, nay, in his rolling and tumbling on the floor, with some or other drunken motion of his body, he beats time to the music, till at last he is supposed to be carried out dead drunk.

* Glenae, on the small river Ae, in Annandale; the seat and designation of an ancient branch, and the present representative, of the gallant but unfortunate Dalzels of Carnwath. — This is the *Author's* note.

There are many versions of this Nithsdale song; — one of the least objectionable is as follows:—

I AM a silly puir man,
Gaun hirplin owre a tree;
For courting a lass in the dark
The kirk came haunting me.
If a' my rags were off,
And nought but hale claes on,
Oh, I could please a young lass
As well as a richer man.

The parson he ca'd me a rogue,
The session and a' thegither,
The justice he cried, You dog,
Your knavery I'll consider:
Sae I drapt down on my knee
And thus did humbly pray,
Oh, if ye'll let me gae free,
My hale confession ye'se hae.

'Twas late on tysday at e'en,
When the moon was on the grass;
Oh, just for charity's sake,
I was kind to a beggar lass.
She had begg'd down Annan side,
Lochmaben and Hightae;
But deil an awmous she got,
Till she met wi' auld Glenae, &c.

JOHNNY FAA, OR THE GIPSY LADDIE.

THE people in Ayrshire begin this song—

"The gipsies cam to my Lord Cassilis' yett."

They have a great many more stanzas in this song than I ever yet saw in any printed copy. The castle is still remaining at Maybole where his lordship shut up his wayward spouse, and kept her for life.

THE gipsies came to our lord's gate,
And wou but they sang sweetly;
They sang sae sweet, and sae complete,
That down came the fair lady.

When she came tripping down the stair,
And a' her maids before her,
As soon as they saw her weel-fard face,
They coost the glamour o'er her.

"Gar tak fra me this gay mantle,
And bring to me a plaidie;
For if kith and kin and a' had sworn,
I'll follow the gipsy laddie.

"Yestreen I lay in a weel-made bed,
And my good lord beside me;
This night I'll lie in a tenant's barn,
Whatever shall betide me."

Oh! come to your bed, says Johnny Faa,
Oh! come to your bed, my dearie;
For I vow and swear by the hilt of my sword
That your lord shall nae mair come near ye.

" Ill go to bed to my Johnny Faa,
And I'll go to bed to my dearie;
For I vow and swear by what pass'd yestreen
That my lord shall nae mair come near me."

" Ill mak a hap to my Johnny Faa,
And I'll mak a hap to my dearie;
And he's get a' the coat gaes round,
And my lord shall na mair come near me."

And when our lord came hame at e'en,
And speir'd for his fair lady,
The tane she cried, and the other replied,
She's awa' wi' the gipsy laddie.

" Gae saddle to me the black, black steed,
Gae saddle and make him ready;
Before that I either eat or sleep
I'll gae seek my fair lady."

And we were fifteen well-made men,
Although we were nae bonny;
And we were a' put down for aye,
A fair, young, wanton lady.

TO DAUNTON ME.

THE two following old stanzas to
this tune have some merit,—

To daunton me, to daunton me,
Oh, ken ye what it is that 'll daunton me?—
There's eighty-eight and eighty-nine,
And a' that I hae borne sinsyne,
There's cess and press,¹ and Presbytrie,
I think it will do meikle for to daunton me.

But to wanton me, to wanton me,
Oh, ken ye what it is that wad wanton me?
To see guid corn upon the rigs,
And banishment among the Whiggs,
And right restored where right sud be,
I think it would do meikle for to wanton me.

ABSENCE.

A SONG in the manner of Shenstone.

The song and air are both by Dr.
Blacklock.

The following are two stanzas of this strain :—

Ye harvests that wave in the breeze
As far as the view can extend;
Ye mountains umbrageous with trees,
Whose tops so majestic ascend;
Your landscape what joy to survey,
Were Melissa with me to admire!
Then the harvests would glitter how gay,
How majestic the mountains aspire!

Ye zephyrs that visit my fair,
Ye sunbeams around her that play,
Does her sympathy dwell on my care,
Does she number the hours of my stay?

¹ Scot and lot.

First perish ambition and wealth,
First perish all else that is dear,
E'er one sigh should escape her by stealth,
E'er my absence should cost her one tear.

I HAD A HORSE, AND I HAD NAE MAIR.

THIS story is founded on fact. A
John Hunter, ancestor of a very re-
spectable farming family, who live in a
place in the parish, I think, of Galston,
called Bar-mill, was the luckless hero
that "had a horse and had nae mair."
—For some little youthful follies he
found it necessary to make a retreat to
the West Highlands, where "he fee'd
himself to a *Highland* laird," for that
is the expression of all the oral editions
of the song I ever heard. The present
Mr. Hunter, who told me the anecdote,
is the great grandchild of our hero.

I HAD a horse, and I had nae mair,
I gat him frae my daddy,
My purse was light, and heart was sair,
But my wit it was fu' ready.
And sae I thought me on a time,
Outwittens of my daddy,
To fee mysel to a lawland laird,
Wha had a bonny lady.

I wrote a letter, and thus began,—
"Madam, be not offended,
I'm o'er the lugs in luy wi' you,
And care not though ye kend it:
For I get little frae the laird,
And far less frae my daddy,
And I would blithely be the man
Would strive to please my lady."

She read my letter, and she leugh,
"Ye needna been sae blate, man;
You might hae come to me yoursel,
And tauld me o' your state, man;
You might hae come to me, yoursel,
Outwittens o' ony body,
And made *John Gowkston* of the laird,
And kiss'd his bonny lady."

Then she pat siller in my purse,
We drank wine in a coggie;
She fee'd a man to rub my horse,
And wow but I was vogie!
But I gat ne'er sae sair a fleg,
Since I cam frae my daddy,
The laird came, rap, rap, to the yett
When I was wi' his lady.

Then she pat me below a chair,
And happ'd me wi' a plaidie;
But I was like to swarf wi' fear,
And wished me wi' my daddy,
The laird went out, he saw nae me,
I went when I was ready;
I promised, but I ne'er gaed back
To kiss my bonny lady.

UP AND WARN A', WILLIE.

THIS edition of the song I got from Tom Niel, of facetious fame, in Edinburgh. The expression "Up and warn a', Willie," alludes to the Crantara, or warning of a clan to arms. Not understanding this, the Lowlanders in the west and south say, "Up and *vaur* them a'." &c.

AULD ROB MORRIS.

It is remark-worthy that the song of "Hooly and Fairly," in all the old editions of it, is called "The Drunken Wife o' Galloway," which localises it to that country.

MITHER.

THERE'S Auld Rob Morris that wins in yon glen,
He's the king o' gude fallows, and wale o' Has fourscore o' black sheep, and fourscore too,
And auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

Haud your tongue, mither, and let that abee,
For his eild and my eild can never agree;
They'll never agree, and that will be seen,
For he is fourscore, and I'm but fifteen.

MITHER.

Haud you tongue, daughter, and lay by your pride,
For he's be the bridegroom, and ye's be the
He shall lie by your side, and kiss ye too,
Auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

Auld Rob Morris, I ken him fu' weel,
His back sticks out like ony peat-creel;
He's out-shinn'd, in-kneed, and ringle-ceed, too,
Auld Rob Morris is the man I'll ne'er loo.

MITHER.

Though auld Rob Morris be an elderly man,
Yet his auld brass it will buy a new pan;
Then, daughter, ye shouldna be sae ill to shoo,
For auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

But auld Rob Morris I never will hae,
His back is sae stiff, and his beard is grown gray;
I had rather die than live wi' him a year,
Sae mair of Rob Morris I never will hear.

The "Drunken wife o' Galloway" is in another strain; the idea is original, and it cannot be denied that the author, whoever he was, has followed up the conception with great spirit. A few verses will prove this.

Oh! what had I ado for to marry, [canary;
My wife she drinks naething but sack and
I to her friends complain'd right early,
Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

*Hooly and fairly; hooly and fairly,
Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!*

First she drank Crommie, and syne she drank
Garie,
Then she has drunken my bonny gray mearie,
That carried me through the dub and the
lairie,
Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

The very gray mittens that gaed on my han's,
To her ain neibour wife she has laid them in
pawns,
Wi' my bane-headed staff that I lo'd sae
Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

I never was given to wrangling nor strife,
Nor e'er did refuse her the comforts of life;
Ere it come to a war, I'm aye for a parley,
Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

A pint wi' her cummers I wad her allow;
But when she sits down she fills hersel fou';
And when she is fou' she's unco camstrairie!
Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

An when she comes hame she lays on the
lads,
And ca's a' the lasses baith limmers and jads;
And I my ain sell an auld cuckold carlie,
Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

NANCY'S GHOST.

THIS song is by Dr. Blacklock.

AH! hapless man, thy perjured vow
Was to thy Nancy's heart a grave!
The damps of death bedew'd my brow
Whilst thou the dying maid could save!

'Twas spake the vision, and withdrew;
From Sandy's cheeks the crimson fled;
Guilt and Despair their arrows threw,
And now behold the traitor dead!

Remember, swains, my artless strains,
To plighted faith be ever true;
And let no injured maid complain
She finds false Sandy live in you!

TUNE YOUR FIDDLES, &c.

THIS song was composed by the Rev. John Skinner, nonjuror clergyman at Linshart, near Peterhead. He is likewise author of "Tullochgorum," "Ewie wi' the Crooked Horn," "John o' Badenyon," &c., and, what is of still more consequence, he is one of the worthiest of mankind. He is the author of an ecclesiastical history of

Scotland. The air is by Mr. Marshall, butler to the Duke of Gordon—the first composer of strathspeys of the age. I have been told by somebody, who had it of Marshall himself, that he took the idea of his three most celebrated pièces, “The Marquis of Huntley’s Reel,” “His Farewell,” and “Miss Admiral Gordon’s Reel,” from the old air, “The German Lairdie.”

TUNE your fiddles, tune them sweetly,
Play the Marquis’ Reel discreetly;
Here we are a band completely

Fitted to be jolly.
Come, my boys, be blithe and gaucie,
Every youngster choose his lassie,
Dance wi’ life, and be not saucy,
Shy, nor melancholy.

Lay aside your sour grimaces,
Clouded brows, and drumlic faces;
Look about and see their graces,
How they smile delighted.
Now’s the season to be merry,
Hang the thoughts of Charon’s ferry,
Time enough to turn camstary,
When we’re old and doited.

GIL MORICE.*

THIS plaintive ballad ought to have been called Child Morice, and not Gil Morice. In its present dress, it has gained immortal honour from Mr. Home’s taking from it the groundwork of his fine tragedy of “Douglas.” But I am of opinion that the present ballad is a modern composition,—perhaps not much above the age of the middle of the last century; at least I should be glad to see or hear of a copy of the present words prior to 1650. That it was taken from an old ballad, called “Child Maurice,” now lost, I am inclined to believe; but the present one may be classed with “Hardyknute,” “Kenneth,” “Duncan, the Laird of Woodhouselee,” “Lord Livingston,” “Binnorie,” “The Death of Monteith,” and many other modern productions, which have been swallowed by many

readers as ancient fragments of old poems. This beautiful plaintive tune was composed by Mr. M’Gibbon, the selector of a collection of Scots tunes.

In addition to the observations on Gil Morice, I add that, of the songs which Captain Riddel mentions, “Kenneth” and “Duncan” are juvenile compositions of Mr. M’Kenzie, “The Man of Feeling.”—M’Kenzie’s father showed them in MS. to Dr. Blacklock as the productions of his son, from which the doctor rightly prognosticated that the young poet would make, in his more advanced years, a respectable figure in the world of letters.

This I had from Blacklock.

WHEN I UPON THY BOSOM LEAN.*

THIS song was the work of a very worthy facetious old fellow, John Lapraik, late of Dalfram, near Muirkirk, which little property he was obliged to sell in consequence of some connection as security for some persons concerned in that villanous bubble, THE AYR BANK. He has often told me that he composed this song one day when his wife had been fretting over their misfortunes.

WHEN I upon thy bosom lean,
And fondly clasp thee a’ my ain,
I glory in the sacred ties
That made us ane wha ance were twain:
A mutual flame inspires us baith,
The tender look, the melting kiss:
Even years shall ne’er destroy our love,
But only gie us change o’ bliss.

Hae I a wish? it’s a’ for thee;
I ken thy wish is me to please;
Our moments pass sae smooth away,
That numbers on us look and gaze.
Weel pleased they see our happy days,
Nor Envy’s sel find aught to blame;
And aye when weary cares arise,
Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

* This is the song “that some kind husband had addrest to some sweet wife,” alluded to in the “Epistle to J. Lapraik.”

There was ae sang amang the rest,
Aboon them a’ it pleased me best,
That some kind husband had addrest
To some sweet wife;
It thrilled the heart-strings through the
A’ to the life.

* Mr. Pinkerton remarks that, in many parts of Scotland, “Gill” at this day signifies “Child,” as is the case in the Gaelic; thus, “Gilchrist” means the “Child of Christ.”—“Child” seems also to have been the customary appellation of a young nobleman, when about fifteen years of age.

I'll lay me there, and take my rest,
 And if that aught disturb my dear,
 I'll bid her laugh her cares away,
 And beg her not to drap a tear;
 Hae, I a joy? it's a' her ain;
 United still her heart and mine;
 They're like the woodbine round the tree,
 That's twin'd till death shall them disjoin.

THE HIGHLAND CHARACTER;

OR, GARB OF OLD GAUL.

THIS tune was the composition of Gen. Reid, and called by him "The Highland, or 42d Regiment's March." The words are by Sir Harry Erskine.

In the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old Rome, [we come,
 From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia
 Where the Romans endeavour'd our country
 to gain; [in vain.
 But our ancestors fought, and they fought not

No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace,
 No luxurious tables enervate our race,
 Our loud-sounding pipe bears the true martial strain,
 So do we the old Scottish valour retain.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,
 As swift as the roe which the hound doth assail, [pear,
 As the full moon in autumn our shields do ap-
 Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.

As a storm in the ocean when Boreas blows,
 So are we enraged when we rush on our foes;
 We sons of the mountains, tremendous as
 rocks, [ing strokes.
 Dash the force of our foes with our thunder-

LEADER-HAUGHS AND YARROW.

THERE is in several collections the old song of "Leader-Haugh and Yarrow." It seems to have been the work of one of our itinerant minstrels, as he calls himself, at the conclusion of his song, "Minstrel Burn."

WHEN Phœbus bright, the azure skies
 With golden rays enlight'neth,
 He makes all Nature's beauties rise,
 Herbs, trees, and flowers he quickeneth,
 Amongst all those he makes his choice,
 And with delight goes thorow,
 With radiant beams and silver streams
 O'er Leader-Haugh and Yarrow.

When Aries the day and night
 In equal length divideth,
 Auld frosty Saturn takes his flight,
 Nae langer he abideth;

Then Flora Queen, with mantle green,
 Casts aff her former sorrow,
 And vows to dwell with Ceres' sel,
 In Leader-Haugh and Yarrow.

Pan playing on his aiten reed,
 And shepherds him attending,
 Do here resort their flocks to feed,
 The hills and haughs commending.
 With cur and kent upon the bent,
 Sing to the sun good-morrow,
 And swear nae fields mair pleasure yields
 Than Leader-Haugh and Yarrow.

A house there stands on Leaderside,*
 Surmounting my describing,
 With rooms sae rare, and windows fair,
 Like Dedalus' contriving:
 Men passing by, do aften cry,
 In sooth it hath nae marrow;
 It stands as sweet on Leaderside,
 As Newark does on Yarrow.

A mile below wha lists to ride,
 They'll hear the mavis singing;
 Into St. Leonard's banks she'll bide,
 Sweet birks her head o'erhanging;
 The lintwhite loud and Progne proud,
 With tuneful throats and narrow,
 Into St. Leonard's banks they sing,
 As sweetly as in Yarrow.

The lapwing lilteth o'er the lee,
 With nimble wing she sporteth;
 But vows she'll flee far frae the tree,
 Where Philomel resorteth:
 By break of day the lark can say,
 I'll bid you a good-morrow,
 I'll streek my wing, and, mounting, sing
 O'er Leader-Haugh and Yarrow.

Park, Wanton-waws, and Wooden-cleugh,
 The East and Western Maineses,
 The wood of Lauder's fair enough,
 The corn is good in Blainshes:
 Where aits are fine, and sold by kind,
 That if ye search all thorow
 Mearns, Buchan, Mar, nane better are
 Than Leader-Haugh and Yarrow.

In Burmill Bog, and Whiteslade Shaws,
 The fearful hare she haunteth;
 Brigh-haugh and Braidwoodshiel she knows,
 And Chapel-wood frequenteth;
 Yet when she irks, to Kaidisly birks
 She rins and sighs for sorrow,
 That she should leave sweet Leader-Haugh,
 And cannot win to Yarrow!

What sweeter music wad ye hear
 Than hounds and beagles crying?
 The startled hare rins hard with fear,
 Upon her speed relying:
 But yet her strength it fails at length,
 Nae beilding can she burrow,
 In Sorrel's field, Cleckman, or Hag's,
 And sighs to be in Yarrow.

* Thirlstane Castle, an ancient seat of the Earl of Lauderdale.

For Rockwood, Ringwood, Spoty, Shag,
 With sight and scent pursue her,
 Till, ah! her pith begins to flag,
 Nae cunning can rescue her:
 O'er dub and dyke, o'er seugh and syke,
 She'll rin the fields all thorow,
 Till fail'd, she fa's in Leader-Haugh,
 And bids fareweel to Yarrow.

Sing Erslington and Cowdenknows,
 Where Homes had ance commanding;
 And Drygrange with the milk-white ewes,
 "Twixt Tweed and Leader standing;
 The birds that flee throw Reedpath trees,
 And Gledswood banks ilk morrow,
 May chant and sing—Sweet Leader-Haugh,
 And bonny howms of Yarrow.

But Minstrel Burn cannot assuage
 His grief while life endureth,
 To see the changes of this age,
 That fleeting time procureth:
 For mony a place stands in hard case,
 Where blithe fowk kend nae sorrow,
 With Homes that dwelt on Leaderside,
 And Scots that dwelt on Yarrow.

THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE.

THE first half stanza is old, the rest
 is Ramsay's. The old words are—

Oh, this is no my ain house,
 My ain house, my ain house;
 This is no my ain house,
 I ken by the biggin o't.

Bread and cheese are my door-cheeks,
 My door-cheeks, my door-cheeks;
 Bread and cheese are my door-cheeks,
 And pancakes the riggin o't.

This is no my ain wean,
 My ain wean, my ain wean,
 This is no my ain wean,
 I ken by the greetie o't.

I'll tak the curchie aff my head;
 Aff my head, aff my head;
 I'll take the curchie aff my head,
 And row't about the feetie o't.

The tune is an old Highland air,
 called "*Shuan truish willighan.*"

LADDIE, LIE NEAR ME.

THIS song is by Dr. Blacklock.

HARK, the loud tempest shakes the earth to
 its centre, [ture;
 How mad were the task on a journey to ven-
 How dismal's my prospect, of life I am weary,
 Oh, listen, my love, I beseech thee to hear me,
 Hear me, hear me, in tenderness hear me;
 All the lang winter night, laddie lie near
 me.

Nights though protracted, though piercing
 the weather, [gether;
 Yet summer was endless when we were to-
 Now since thy absence I feel most severely,
 Joy is extinguished and being is dreary,
 Dreary, dreary, painful and dreary; [me.
 All the long winter night laddie lie near

THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.*

THE Gaberlunzie Man is supposed to
 commemorate an intrigue of James V.
 Mr. Callander of Craigforth published,
 some years ago, an edition of "Christ's
 Kirk on the Green," and the "Gaber-
 lunzie Man," with notes critical and
 historical. James V. is said to have
 been fond of Gosford, in Aberlady
 parish; and that it was suspected by
 his contemporaries that, in his fre-
 quent excursions to that part of the
 country, he had other purposes in view
 besides golfing and archery. Three
 favourite ladies—Sandilands, Weir,
 and Oliphant (one of them resided at
 Gosford, and the others in the neigh-
 borhood)—were occasionally visited by
 their royal and gallant admirer, which
 gave rise to the following satirical
 advice to his Majesty, from Sir David
 Lindsay, of the Mount, Lord Lyon.†

Sow not yere seed on Sandilands,
 Spend not yere strength in Weir
 And ride not on yere Oliphants,
 For gawing o' yere gear.

THE pawky auld carle came o'er the lea,
 Wi' many good e'ens and days to me,
 Saying Guidwife, for your courtesie,
 Will ye lodge a silly poor man?
 The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
 And down ayont the ingle he sat;
 My daughter's shoulders he 'gan to clap,
 And cadgily ranted and sang.

Oh, wow! quo' he, were I as free
 As first when I saw this countrie,
 How blithe and merry wad I be!
 And I wad never think lang.
 He grew canty, and she grew fain;
 But little did her auld minny ken
 What thir slee twa together were sayin',
 When wooing they were sae thrang.

And oh, quo' he, and ye were as black
 As e'er the crown of my daddy's hat,
 'Tis I wad lay thee on my back,
 And awa' wi' me thou should gang.

* A wallet-man, or tinker, who appears to
 have been formerly a Jack-of-all-trades.

† Sir David was Lion King-at-Arms under
 James V.

And oh, quo' she, an I were as white
As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,
I'd cleed me braw, and lady like
And awa' with thee I'd gang.

Between the twa was made a plot:
They raise awae before the cock,
And willily they shot the lock,
And fast to the bent are they gane.
Up in the morn the auld wife raise,
And at her leisure put on her claise;
Syn'e to the servant's bed she gaes,
To speer for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,
The strae was cauld, he was away!
She clapt her hand, cried dulefu' day!
For some of our gear will be gane.
Some ran to coffer, and some to kist,
But nought was stown that could be mist,
She danced her lane, cried, Praise be blest!
I have lodged a leal poor man.

Since naething's awa', as we can learn,
The kirm's to kirm, and milk to earn, [bairn,
Gae but the house, lass, and wauken my
And bid her come quickly ben.
The servant gaed where the daughter lay,
The sheets were cauld, she was away,
And fast to her guid wife did say,
She's aff with the Gaberlunzie man.

Oh, fy! gar ride, and fy! gar rin,
And haste ye find these traitors again;
For she's be burnt, and he's be slain.
The wearifu' Gaberlunzie man!
Some rade upo' horse, some ran a-foot.
The wife was wud, and out o' her wit,
She could na gang, nor yet could she sit,
But aye did curse and did ban.

Meantime far hind out o'er the lea,
Fu' snug in a glen where nane could see,
The twa, with kindly sport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheese a whang.
The priving was good, it pleased them baith;
To lo'e for aye he gae her his aith;
Quo' she, to leave thee I will be laith,
My winsome Gaberlunzie man.

Oh, kenn'd my minnie I were wi' you,
'Il-fardly wad she crook her mou,
Sic a poor man she'd never trow,
After the Gaberlunzie man.
My dear, quo' he, ye'er yet o'er young,
And hae nae learned the beggar's tongue,
Go follow me frae town to town,
And carry the Gaberlunzie on.

Ni' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
And spindles and whorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
To carry the Gaberlunzie on.
I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout o'er my ee;
A cripple, or blind, they will ca' me,
While we shall be merry and sing.

THE BLACK EAGLE.

THIS song is by Dr. Fordyce, whose merits as a prose writer are well known.

HARK! vonder eagle lonely wails;
His faithful bosom grief assails;
Last night I heard him in my dream,
When death and woe were all the theme.
Like that poor bird I make my moan,
I grieve for dearest Delia gone;
With him to gloomy rocks I fly,
He mourns for love, and so do I.

'Twas mighty love that tamed his breast,
'Tis tender grief that breaks his rest;
He droops his wings, he hangs his head,
Since she he fondly loved was dead.
With Delia's breath my joy expired,
'Twas Delia's smiles my fancy fired;
Like that poor bird, I pine, and prove
Nought can supply the place of love.

Dark as his feathers was the fate
That robbed him of his darling mate,
Dimm'd is the lustre of his eye,
That wont to gaze the sun-bright sky.
To him is now forever lost
The heartfelt bliss he once could boast;
Thy sorrows, hapless bird, display
An image of my soul's dismay.

JOHNNIE COPE.

THIS satirical song was composed to commemorate General Cope's defeat at Prestonpans in 1745, when he marched against the Clans.

The air was the tune of an old song of which I have heard some verses, but now only remember the title, which was,

"Will ye go to the coals in the morning?"

COPE sent a challenge frae Dunbar—
Charlie, meet me, and ye daur,
And I'll learn you the art of war,
If you'll meet me i' the morning.

CHORUS.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waking yet?
Or are your drums a-beating yet?
If ye were waking I would wait
To gang to the-coals i' the morning.

When Charlie looked the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from,
Come follow me, my merry, merry men,
To meet Johnnie Cope i' the morning.

Now, Johnnie Cope, be as good as your wor
And try our fate wi' fire and sword,
And dinna tak wing like a frighten'd bird,
That's chased frae its nest i' the morning.

When Johnnie Cope he heard of this,
He thought it wadna be amiss
To hae a horse in readiness
To flee awa' i' the morning.

Fy, Johnnie, now get up and rin,
The Highland bagpipes make a din,

It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
For 'twill be a bluidy morning.

Yon's no the tuck o' England's drum,
But it's the war-pipes deadlly strum:
And poues the claymore and the gun—
It will be a bluidy morning.

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,
They speir'd at him, "Where's a' your men?"
"The deil confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' i' the morning."

Now, Johnnie, trouth ye was na blate,
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
And leave your men, in sic a strait,
Sae early i' the morning.

Ah! faith, quo' Johnnie, I got a fleg,
With their claymores and philabreg:
If I face them again, deil brak my leg,
Sae I wish you a good morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wakin yet?
Or are your drums a-beating yet?
If ye were wakin I would wait
To gang to the coals i' the morning.

CEASE, CEASE, MY DEAR FRIEND, TO EXPLORE.

The song is by Dr. Blacklock; I
believe, but I am not quite certain,
that the air is his too.

CEASE, cease my dear friend to explore
From whence and how piercing my smart;
Let the charms of the nymph I adore
Excuse and interpret my heart.
Then how much I admire ye shall prove,
When like me ye are taught to admire,
And imagine how boundless my love,
When you number the charms that inspire.

Than sunshine more dear to my sight,
To my life more essential than air,
To my soul she is perfect delight,
To my sense all that's pleasing and fair.
The swains who her beauty behold,
With transport applaud every charm,
And swear that the breast must be cold
Which a beam so intense cannot warm.

Does my boldness offend my dear maid?
Is my fondness loquacious and free?
Are my visits too frequently paid?
Or my converse unworthy of thee?
Yet when grief was too big for my breast,
And labour'd in sighs to complain,
Its struggles I oft have suppress,
And silence imposed on my pain.

Ah, Strephon, how vain thy desire,
Thy numbers and music how vain,
While merit and fortune conspire
The smiles of the nymph to obtain.

Yet cease to upbraid the soft choice,
Though it ne'er should determine for thee,
If my heart in her joy may rejoice,
Unhappy thou never canst be.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

THIS air was formerly called "The
Bridgroom Greets when the Sur
Gangs Down." The words are by
Lady Ann Lindsay, of the Balcanas
family.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and a' the
kye at hame,
And a' the weary world to sleep are gane:
The wacs of my heart fa' in showers frae my
ee,
When my guidman sleeps sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and he sought
me for his bride, [side;
But saving a crown he had naething else be-
To make that crown a pound, my Jamie gaed
to sea, [me.
And the crown and the pound were baith for

He hadna been gane a year and a day,
When my father brak his arm, and my Jamie
at the sea, [stoun away;
My mither she fell sick, and our cow was
And auld Robin Gray came a courting to me.

My father couldna work, and my mither
couldna spin, [na win;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I could-
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears
in his ee,
Said, "Jenny, for their sakes, oh, marry me."

My heart it said nae, for I look'd for Jamie
back, [a wrack;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was
The ship it was a wrack, why didna Jenny
And why do I live to say, Wae's me? [die,

My father argued sair, though my mither did-
na speak, [break;
She lookit in my face till my heart was like to
Sae they gied him my hand, though my heart
was in the sea,
And auld Robin Gray is a guid man to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When, sitting sae mournfully at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think
it he, [thee."
Till he said, "I'm come back for to marry

Oh, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say,
We took but ae kiss, and we to'e ourselves
away:
I wish I were dead! but I'm no like to die,
And why do I live to say, Wae's me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin,
I darena think on Jamie, for that, wad be a
But I'll do my best a guid wife to be, [sin-
For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

DONALD AND FLORA.*

THIS is one of those fine Gaelic tunes preserved from time immemorial in the Hebrides; they seem to be the groundwork of many of our finest Scots pastoral tunes. The words of this song were written to commemorate the unfortunate expedition of General Burgoyne in America, in 1777.

WHEN merry hearts were gay,
Careless of aught but play,
Poor Flora slipt away,
Sad'ning to Mora †
Loose flow'd her coal black hair,
Quick heaved her bosom bare,
As thus to the troubled air
She vented her sorrow :—

“ Loud howls the northern blast,
Bleak is the dreary waste ;
Haste thee, O Donald, haste,
Haste to thy Flora !
Twice twelve long months are o'er,
Since, on a foreign shore,
You promised to fight no more,
But meet me in Mora.

“ Where now is Donald dear ?
Maids cry with taunting sneer ;
‘ Say is he still sincere
To his loved Flora ?
Parents upbraid my moan,
Each heart is turned to stone ;
Ah ! Flora, thou'rt now alone,
Friendless in Mora !

“ Come, then, oh come away !
Donald, no longer stay ;—
Where can my rover stray
From his loved Flora ?
Ah ! sure he ne'er can be
False to his vows and me—
Oh, Heaven ! is not yonder he
Bounding o'er Mora ?”

“ Never, ah ! wretched fair !
(Sigh'd the sad messenger.)
Never shall Donald mair
Meet his loved Flora !
Cold, cold beyond the main,
Donald, thy love lies slain :
He sent me to soothe thy pain,
Weeping in Mora.

* “ This fine ballad,” says Cunningham, “ is the composition of Hector Macneil, Esq., author of the celebrated poem, ‘ Will and Jean,’ and other popular works. Hector Macneil was looked up to as Scotland's hope in song when Burns died ; his poems flew over the north like wildfire, and half a dozen editions were bought up in a year. The Donald of the song was Captain Stewart, who fell at the battle of Saratoga, and Flora was a young lady of Athole, to whom he was betrothed.”

† A small valley in Athole, so named by the two lovers.

“ Well fought our gallant men,
Headed by brave Burgoyne,
Our heroes were thirge led on
To British glory.
But, ah ! though our foes did flee,
Sad was the loss to thee,
While every fresh victory
Drown'd us in sorrow.

“ Here, take this trusty blade,
(Donald expiring said)
Give it to yon dear maid,
Weeping in Mora.
Tell her, O Allan ! tell,
Donald thus bravely fell,
And that in his last farewell
He thought on his Flora.”

Mute stood the trembling fair,
Speechless with wild despair,
Then, striking her bosom bare,
Sigh'd out, “ Poor Flora !”
O Donald ! oh, well a day !
Was all the fond heart could say ;
At length the sound died away
Feebly, in Mora.

THE CAPTIVE RIBBAND.

THIS air is called “ Robie donna Gorach.”

DEAR Myra, the captive ribband's mine,
'Twas all my faithful love could gain ;
And would you ask me to resign
The sole reward that crowns my pain ?

Go, bid the hero who has run
Through fields of death to gather fame.
Go, bid him lay his laurels down,
And all his well-earn'd praise disclaim.

The ribband shall its freedom lose,
Lose all the bliss it had with you,
And share the fate I would impose
On thee, wert thou my captive too.

It shall upon my bosom live,
Or clasp me in a close embrace :
And at its fortune if you grieve,
Retrive its doom and take its place.

THE BRIDAL O'T.

THIS song is the work of a Mr. Alexander Ross, late schoolmaster at Lochlee, and author of a beautiful Scots poem called “ The Fortunate Shepherdess.”

THEY say that Jockey'll speed well o't,
They say that Jockey'll speed weel o't
For he grows braver ilka day—
I hope we'll hae a bridal o't ;
For yesternight, nae farder gane,
The backhouse at the side wa' o't,
He there wi' Meg was mair seen—
I hope we'll hae a bridal o't,

An we had but a bridal o't,
 An we had but a bridal o't,
 We'd leave the rest unto guid luck,
 Although there should betide ill o't;
 For bridal days are merry times,
 And young folks like the comin' o't,
 And scribblers they bang up their rhymes,
 And pipers hae the bumming o't.

The lasses like a bridal o't,
 The lasses like a bridal o't,
 Their brows maun be in rank and file,
 Although that they should guide ill o't:
 The bottom o' the kist is then
 Turn'd up unto the inmost o't,
 The end that held the kecks sae clean,
 Is now become the teemest o't.

The bangster at the threshing o't,
 The bangster at the threshing o't,
 Afore it comes is fidgin fain,
 And ilka day's a clashing o't:
 He'll sell his jerkin for a groat,
 His linder for anither o't,
 And e'er he want to clear his shot,
 His sark'll pay the tither o't.

The pipers and the fiddlers o't,
 The pipers and the fiddlers o't,
 Can smell a bridal unco far,
 And like to be the meddlers o't;
 Fan* thick and threefold they convene,
 Ilk ane envies the tither o't,
 And wishes nane but him alane
 May ever see anither o't.

Fan they hae done wi' eating o't,
 Fan they hae done wi' eating o't,
 For dancing they gae to the green,
 And aiblins to the beating o't:
 He dances best that dances fast,
 And louns at ilka reeing o't,
 And claps his hands frae hough to hough,
 And furls about the feezings o't.

TODLEN HAME.

THIS is perhaps the first bottle song that ever was composed. The author's name is unknown.

WHEN I've a saxpence under my thumb,
 Then I'll get credit in ilka town:
 But aye when I'm poor they bid me gae by;
 Oh, poverty parts good company.
 Todlen hame, todlen hame,
 Cougna my love come todlen hame?

Fair fa' the goodwife, and send her good sale,
 She gies us white bannocks to drink her ale,
 Sync if her tippeny chance to be sma',
 We'll tak a good scour o't, and ca't awa'.
 Todlen hame, todlen hame,
 As round as a neep come todlen hame.

* Fan, when—the dialect of Angus.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
 And twa pint-stoups at our bed-feet; [dry,
 And aye when we waken'd, we drank them
 What think ye of my wee kimmer and I?
 Todlen but, and todlen ben,
 Sae round as my love comes todlen hame.

Leeze me on liquor, my todlen dow,
 Ye're aye sae good humour'd when weeting
 your mou;
 When sober sae sour, ye'll fight wi' a flee,
 That 'tis a blithe sight to the barns and me,
 When todlen hame, todlen hame, [hame
 When round as a neep ye come todlen.

THE SHEPHERD'S PREFERENCE.

THIS song is Dr. Blacklock's.—I dont know how it came by the name; but the oldest appellation of the air was, "Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad."

It has little affinity to the tune commonly known by that name.

IN May, when the daisies appear on the green,
 And flowers in the field and the forest are
 seen; [sprung,
 Where lilies bloom'd bonny; and hawthorns up
 A pensive young shepherd oft whistled and
 sung; [flowers,
 But neither the shades nor the sweets of the
 Nor the blackbirds that warbled in blossom-
 ing bowers,
 Could brighten his eye or his ear entertain,
 For love was his pleasure, and love was his
 pain.

The shepherd thus sung, while his flocks all
 around [sound;
 Drew nearer and nearer, and sigh'd to the
 Around, as in cirains, lay the beasts of the
 wood,
 With pity disarm'd and with music subdued.
 Young Jessie is fair as the spring's early
 flower, [bower;
 And Mary sings sweet as the bird in her
 But Peggy is fairer and sweeter than they,
 With looks like the morning, with smiles like
 the day.

JOHN O' BADENYON.

THIS excellent song is the composition of my worthy friend, old Skinner, at Linshart.

WHEN first I cam to be a man,
 Of twenty years or so,
 I thought myself a handsome youth,
 And fain the world would know:
 In best attire I stept abroad,
 With spirits brisk and gay,
 And here and there, and everywhere,
 Was like a morn in May.

No care had I, nor fear of want,
But rambled up and down,
And for a beau I might have pass'd
In country or in town;
I still was pleas'd where'er I went,
And when I was alone,
I tun'd my pipe and pleas'd myself
Wi' John o' Badenyon.

Now in the days of youthful prime,
A mistress I must find,
For *love*, they say, gives one an air,
And even improves the mind;
On Phillis, fair above the rest,
Kind fortune fix'd my eyes;
Her piercing beauty struck my heart,
And she became my choice:
To Cupid, then, with hearty prayer,
I offer'd many a vow;
And danced, and sung, and sigh'd, and
As other lovers do:
But, when at last I breath'd my flame,
I found her cold as stone:
I left the jilt, and tun'd my pipe
To John o' Badenyon.

When *love* had thus my heart beguiled
With foolish hopes and vain;
To *friendship's* port I steer'd my course,
And laugh'd at lover's pain:
A friend I got by lucky chance,
'Twas something like divine
An honest friend's a precious gift,
And such a gift was mine:
And now, whatever might betide,
A happy man was I,
In any strait I knew to whom
I freely might apply:
A strait soon came, my friend I tried;
He heard, and spurn'd my moan;
I hid me home, and pleas'd myself,
With John o' Badenyon.

I thought I should be wiser next,
And would a *patriot* turn,
Began to dote on Johnny Wilkes,
And cry up Parson Horne.
Their manly spirit I admir'd,
And prais'd their noble zeal,
Who had with flaming tongue and pen
Maintain'd the public weal;
But ere a month or two had past,
I found myself betray'd,
'Twas *self* and *party* after all,
For all the stir they made;
At last I saw these factious knaves
Insult the very throne,
I curs'd them a', and tun'd my pipe
To John o' Badenyon.

And now, ye youngsters everywhere,
Who want to make a show,
Take heed in time, nor vainly hope,
For happiness below;
What you may fancy pleasure here
Is but an empty name,
For girls, and friends, and books, and so,
You'll find them all the same.
Then be advis'd, and warning take
From such a man as me,
I'm neither Pope, nor Cardinal,
Nor one of high degree:

You'll find displeasure everywhere;
Then do as I have done,
E'en tune your pipe, and please yourself
With John o' Badenyon.

A WAUKRIFE MINNIE.*

I PICKED up this old song and tune
from a country girl in Nithsdale.—I
never met with it elsewhere in Scot-
land:—

WHERE are you gaun, my bonny lass?
Where are you gaun, my hinnie?
She answer'd me right saucilie—
An errand for my minnie.

Oh, where live ye, my bonny lass?
Oh, where live ye, my hinnie?—
By yon burn-side, gin ye maun ken,
In a wee house wi' my minnie.

But I foor up the glen at e'en
To see my bonny lassie;
And lang before the gray morn cam
She wasna half sae saucie.

Oh, weary fa' the waukrife cock,
And the foumart lay his crawn!
He wauken'd the auld wife frae her sleep
A wee blink o' the dawin.

An angry wife I wat she raise,
And o'er the bed she brought her,
And wi' a mickle hazle rung
She made her a weel-pay'd dochter.

Oh, fare thee weel, my bonny lass!
Oh, fare thee weel, my hinnie!
Thou art a gay and a bonny lass,
But thou hast a waukrife minnie.

The editor thinks it respectful to the
poet to preserve the verses he thus re-
covered.—R. B.

TULLOCHGORUM.

THIS FIRST of SONGS is the master-
piece of my old friend SKINNER. He
was passing the Jay, at the town of
Cullen. I think it was [he should
have said *Elon*] in a friend's house,
whose name was Montgomery. Mrs.
Montgomery observing, *en passant*,
that the beautiful reel of *Tullochgorum*
wanted words, she begged them of Mr.
Skinner, who gratified her wishes, and
the wishes of every lover of Scotch
song, in this most excellent ballad.

* A watchful mother.

These particulars I had from the author's son, Bishop Skinner, at Aberdeen.

COME, gie's a sang, Montgomery cried,
And lay your disputes all aside;
What signifies't for folks to chide

For what was done before them?

Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Whig and Tory all agree,
To drop their Whig-mig-morum.

Let Whig and Tory all agree
To spend the night in mirth and glee,
And cheerful sing along wi' me
The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

Oh, Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
In conscience I abhor him:
For blithe and cheerie we'll be a',
Blithe and cheerie, blithe and cheerie,
Blithe and cheerie we'll be a'
And make a happy quorum:
For blithe and cheerie we'll be a',
As lang as we hac breath to draw,
And dance, till we be like to fa',
The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

What needs there be sae greet a fraise
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays?
I wadna gie our ain Strathspeys
For half a hunder score o' 'em.
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie,
Dowf and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum;
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Their *allegros* and a' the rest;
They canna please a Scottish taste,
Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly wōrms their minds oppress
Wi' fears o' want and double cess,
And sullen sots themselfs distress
Wi' keeping up decorum:
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
Sour and sulky shall we sit,
Like old philosophorum?
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
Nor ever try to shake a fit
To the Reel o' Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings e'er attend
Each honest, open-hearted friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
And all that's good watch o'er him!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
Peace and plenty be his lot,
And dainties a great store o' 'em;
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by any vicious spot,
And may he never want a groat,
That's fond o' Tullochgorum!

But for the sullen frampish fool
That love's to be oppression's tool,

May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
And discontent devour him!
May dool and sorrow be his chance
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
Dool and sorrow be his chance,
And nane say, Wae's me for him!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Wi' a' the ills that come irae France,
Whae'er he be that winna dance
The Reel o' Tullochgorum!

AULD LANG SYNE.

RAMSAY here, as is usual with him, has taken the idea of the song, and the first line, from the old fragment, which may be seen in the *Museum*, vol. v.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never thought upon,
The flames of love extinguish'd,
And freely past and gone?
Is thy kind heart now grown so cold,
In that loving breast of thine,
That thou canst never once reflect
On auld lang syne!

If e'er I have a house, my dear,
That truly is call'd mine,
And can afford bot country cheer,
Or aught that's good therein;
Though thou wert rebel to the king,
And beat with wind and rain,
Assure thyself of welcome love,
For auld lang syne.

THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKED HORN.

ANOTHER excellent song of old Skinner's.

OH, were I able to rehearse,
My ewie's praise in proper verse,
I'd sound it out as loud and fierce
As ever piper's drone could blaw.
The ewie wi' the crookit horn
Weel deserved baith garse and corn;
Sic a ewie ne'er was born
Hereabout, nor far awa',
Sic a' ewie ne'er was born
Hereabout, nor far awa'.

I never needed tar nor keil
To mark her upo' hip or heel,
Her crookit horn did just as weel
To ken her by amo' them a';
She never threaten'd scab nor rot,
But kept aye her ain jog trot,
Baith to the fauld and to the cot,
Was never sweir to lead nor ca'.
Baith to the fauld and to the cot,
Was never sweir to lead nor ca'.

Cauld nor hunger never dang her,
 Wind nor rain could never wrang her ;
 Ance she lay an ouk, and langer,
 Out aneath a wreath o' snaw ;
 Whan ither ewies lap the dyke,
 And ate the kail for a' the tyke,
 My ewie never play'd the like,
 But tyc'd about the barnyard wa' ;
 My ewie never play'd the like,
 But tyc'd about the barnyard wa',

A better nor a thriftier beast
 Nae honest man could weel hae wist,
 Puir silly thing, she never mist
 To hae ilk year a lamb or twa.
 The first she had I gae to Jock,
 To be to him a kind of stock,
 And now the laddie has a flock
 Of mair nor thirty head to ca',
 And now the laddie has a flock
 Of mair than thirty head to ca'.

The neist I gae to Jean ; and now
 The bairn's sac braw, has fauld sae fu'.
 That lads sae thick come her to woo,
 They're fain to sleep on hay or straw.
 I lookit aye at even' for her,
 For fear the foumart might devour her,
 Or some mischanter had come o'er her,
 Gin the beastie bade awa'.
 Or some mischanter had come o'er her,
 Gin the beastie bade awa'.

Yet last ouk, for a' my keeping,
 (Wha can speak it without weeping ?)
 A villain cam when I was sleeping,
 And sta' my ewie, horn and a' ;
 I sought her sair upo' the morn,
 And down aneath a buss o' thorn,
 I got my ewie's crookit horn.
 But ah, my ewie was awa' !
 I got my ewie's crookit horn,
 But ah, my ewie was awa'.

Oh ! gin I had the loun that did it,
 Sworn I have as weel as said it,
 Though a' the world should forbid it,
 I wad gie his neck a thra' :
 I never met wi' sic a turn
 As this sin' ever I was born,
 My ewie wi' the crookit horn,
 Puir silly ewie, stown awa' !
 My ewie wi' the crookit horn,
 Puir sillie ewie, stown awa'.

HUGHIE GRAHAM.

THERE are several editions of this ballad.—This here inserted is from oral tradition in Ayrshire, where, when I was a boy, it was a popular song.—It originally had a simple old tune, which I have forgotten.

OUR Lords are to the mountains gane,
 A hunting o' the fallow deer,
 And they have grippet Hughie Graham,
 For stealing o' the bishop's mare.

And they hae tied him hand and foot,
 And led him up through Stirling toun ;
 The lads and lassies met him there,
 Cried, Hughie Graham, thou art a loon.

Oh, lowse my right hand free, he says,
 And put my braid sword in the same,
 He's no in Stirling toun this day
 Daur tell the tale to Hughie Graham.

Up then bespake the brave Whitefoord,
 As he sat by the bishop's knee,
 Five hundred white stots I'll gie you,
 If ye'll let Hughie Graham gae free.

Oh, haud your tongue, the bishop says,
 And wi' your pleading let me be ;
 For though ten Grahams were in his coat,
 Hughie Graham this day shall die.

Up then bespake the fair Whitefoord,
 As she sat by the bishop's knee ;
 Five hundred white pence I'll gie you,
 If ye'll gie Hughie Graham to me.

Oh, haud your tongue now, lady fair,
 And wi' your pleading let it be ;
 Although ten Grahams were in his coat,
 It's for my honour he maun die.

They've taen him to the gallows knowe,
 He lookèd to the gallows tree,
 Yet never colour left his cheek,
 Nor ever did he blink his ee.

At length he lookèd round about,
 To see whatever he could spy :
 And there he saw his auld father,
 And he was weeping bitterly.

Oh, haud your tongue, my father dear,
 And wi' your weeping let it be ;
 Thy weeping's sairer on my heart
 Than a' that they can do to me.

And ye may gie my brother John
 My sword that's bent in the middle clear ;
 And let him come at twelve o'clock,
 And see me pay the bishop's mare.

And ye may gie my brother James
 My sword that's bent in the middle brown ;
 And bid him come at four o'clock,
 And see his brother Hugh cut down.

Remember me to Maggy, my wife,
 The neist time ye gang o'er the moor ;
 Tell her she staw the bishop's mare,
 Tell her she was the bishop's whore.

And ye may tell my kith and kin
 I never did disgrace their blood ;
 And when they meet the bishop's cloak
 To mak it shorter by the hood.

A SOUTHLAND JENNY.

THIS is a popular Ayrshire song, though the notes were never taken down before. It, as well as many of

the ballad tunes in this collection, was written from Mrs. Burns' voice.

The following verse of this strain will suffice:—

A SOUTHLAND Jenny that was right bonny,
She had for a suitor a Norlan' Johnnie;
But he was siccan a bashfu' wooer
That he could scarcely speak unto her. [Her,
But blinks o' her beauty and hopes o' her sil-
Forced him at last to tell his mind till 'er;
My dear, quo' he, we'll nae longer tarry,
Gi' ye can love me, let's o'er the muir and
marry.

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

THIS tune is claimed by Nathaniel Gow. It is notoriously taken from "The Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre." It is also to be found, long prior to Nathaniel Gow's era, in Aird's "Selection of Airs and Marches," the first edition under the name of "The Highway to Edinburgh."

THEN, GUIDWIFE, COUNT THE LAWIN'.

THE chorus of this is part of an old song, one stanza of which I recollect:—

EVERY day my wife tells me
That ale and brandy will ruin me;
But if guid liquor be my dead,
This shall be written on my head—
Oh, guidwife, count the lawin'.

THE SOGER LADDIE.

THE first verse of this is old; the rest is by Ramsay. The tune seems to be the same with a slow air called "Jacky Hume's Lament," or "The Hollin Buss," or "Ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten!"

My soger laddie is over the sea,
And he'll bring gold and silver to me,
And when he comes hame he will make me
his lady;
My blessings gang wi' him, my soger laddie.

My doughty laddie is handsome and brave,
And can as a soger and lover behave;
He's true to his country, to love he is steady—
There's few to comparé wi' my soger laddie.

Oh, shield him, ye angels, frae death in alarms
Return him with laurels to my longing arms,
Syn'e frae all my care ye'll pleasantly free me,
When back to my wishes my soger ye gie me.

Oh, soon may his honours bloom fair on his
brow,
As quickly they must, if he get but his due;
For in noble actions his courage is ready,
Which makes me delight in my soger laddie.

WHERE WAD BONNY ANNIE LIE?

THE old name of the tune is,—

Whare'll our guidman lie? —

A silly old stanza of it runs thus—

OH, whare'll our guidman lie,
Guidman lie, guidman lie,
Oh, whare'll our guidman lie,
Till he shute o'er the simmer?

Up among the hen-bawks,
The hen-bawks, the hen-bawks,
Up among the hen-bawks,
Among the rotten timmer.

Ramsay's song is as follows:—

OH, where wad bonny Annie lie?
Alane nae mair ye maunna lie;
Wad ye a guidman try,
Is that the thing ye're lacking?
Oh, can a lass sae young as I
Venture on the bridal tye?
Syn'e down wi' a guidman lie?
I'm fle'y'd he'd keep me waukin'.

Never judge until ye try;
Mak me your guidman, I
Shanna hinder you to lie
And sleep till ye be weary.
What if I should wauking lie,
When the ho-boys are gaun by,
Will ye tent me when I cry,
My dear, I'm faint and eerie?

In my bosom thou shalt lie,
When thou waukrife art, or dry,
Healthy cordial standing by
Shall presently revive thee.
To your will I then comply;
Join us, priest, and let me try,
How I'll wi' a guidman lie,
Wha can a cordial gie me.

GALLOWAY TAM.

I HAVE seen an interlude (acted on a wedding) to this tune, called "The Wooing of the Maiden." These entertainments are now much worn out in this part of Scotland. Two are still

retained in Nithsdale, viz., "Silly
Puir Auld Glenae," and this one, "The
Wooing of the Maiden."

Oh, Galloway Tam cam here to woo,
We'd better hae gien him the bawsent cow,
For our lass Bess may curse and ban
The wanton wit o' Galloway Tam.
A cannie tongue and a glance fu' gleg,
A buirdly back and a lordly leg,
A heart like a fox and a look like a lamb—
Oh, these are the marks o' Galloway Tam.

Oh, Galloway Tam came here to shear,
We'd better hae gien him the guid gray
meare, ^{guidman,}
He kiss'd the gudwife and he dang'd the
And these are the tricks o' Galloway Tam.
He owed the kirk a twalmonth's score,
And he doff'd his bonnet at the door;
The loon cried out wha sung the psalm,
"There's room on the stool for Galloway
Tam!"

Ye lasses o' Galloway, frank and fair,
Tak tent o' yer hearts and something mair;
And bar your doors, your windows steek,
For he comes stealing like night and sleep:
Oh, nought frae Tam but wae ye'll win,
He'll sing ye dumb and he'll dance ye blin';
And aff your balance he'll cawp ye then—
Tak tent o' the deil and Galloway Tam.

"Sir," quoth Mess John, "the wanton deil
Has put his birn 'boon gospel kiel,
And bound yere cloots in his black ban':"
"For mercy loos't!" quo' Galloway Tam.
"In our kirk-fauld we maun ye bar,
And smear your fleece wi' covenant tar,
And pettle ye up a dainty jamb,"—
"Among the yowes," quo' Galloway Tam.

Eased of a twalmonth's graceless deeds,
He gaylie doff'd his sackloth weeds,
And 'mang the maidens he laughing cam'—
"Tak tent o' your hearts" quo' Galloway
A cannie tongue and a glance fu' gleg, [Tam.
A buirdly back and a lordly leg,
A heart like a fox, and a look like a lamb—
Oh, these are the marks o' Galloway Tam.

AS I CAM DOWN BY YON CASTLE WA'.

THIS is a very popular Ayrshire
song.

As I cam down by yon castle wa',
And in by yon garden green,
Oh, there I spied a bonny bonny lass,
But the flower-borders were us between.

A bonny, bonny lassie she was,
As ever mine eyes did see;
Oh, five hundred pounds would I give
For to have such a pretty bride as thee.

To have such a pretty bride as me,
Young man ye are sairly mista'en;

Though ye were king o' fair Scotland,
I wad disdain to be your queen.

Talk not so very high, bonny lass,
Oh, talk not so very, very high:
The man at the fair, that wad sell,
He maun learn at the man that wad buy.

I trust to climb a far higher tree,
And herry a far richer nest,
Tak this advice o' me, bonny lass,
Humility wad set thee best.

LORD RONALD, MY SON.

THIS air, a very favourite one in
Ayrshire, is evidently the original of
Lochaber. In this manner most of our
finest more modern airs have had their
origin. Some early minstrel, or musi-
cal shepherd, composed the simple art-
less original airs; which being picked
up by the more learned musician took
the improved form they bear.

O'ER THE MOOR AMANG THE HEATHER.

THIS song is the composition of Jean
Glover, a girl who was not only a
whore but also a thief, and in one or
other character has visited most of the
correction houses in the West. She
was born, I believe, in Kilmarnock.—
I took the song down, from her sing-
ing, as she was strolling through the
country with a sleight-of-hand black-
guard.

COMIN' through the craigs o' Kyle,
Amang the bonny blooming heather,
There I met a bonny lassie,
Keeping a' her yowes thegither.

O'er the moor amang the heather,
O'er the moor amang the heather,
There I met a bonny lassie,
Keeping a' her yowes thegither.

Says I, my dearie, where is thy hame,
In moor or dale, pray tell me whether?
She says, I tent the fleecy flocks
That feed amang the blooming heather.

We laid us down upon a bank,
Sac warm and sunny was the weather,
She left her flocks at large to rove
Amang the bonny blooming heather.

While thus we lay she sang a sang,
Till echo rang a mile and farther,
And aye the burden o' the sang
Was o'er the moor amang the heather.

She charm'd my heart, and aye samsyne,
I couldna think on ony ither;
By sea and sky she shall be mine!
The bonny lass among the heather

TO THE ROSEBUD.

THIS song is the composition of one Johnson, a joiner in the neighborhood of Belfast. The tune is by Oswald, a tared, evidently, from "Jockie's Gray Breeks."

All hail to thee, thou bawmy bud,
Thou charming child o' simmer, hail;
Ilk fragrant thorn and lofty wood
Does nod thy welcome to the vale.

See on thy lovely faulded form,
Gläd Phœbus smiles wi' cheering eye,
While on thy head the dewy morn
Has shed the tears o' silent joy.

The tuneful tribes frae yonder bower,
Wi' sangs o' joy thy presence hail:
Then haste, thou bawmy, fragrant flower,
And gie thy bosom to the gale.

And see the fair, industrious bee,
With airy wheel and soothing hum,
Flies ceaseless round thy parent tree,
While gentle breezes, trembling, come.

If ruthless Liza pass this way,
She'll pu' thee frae thy thorny stem:
A while thou'lt grace her virgin breast,
But soon thou'lt fade, my bonny gem.

Ah! short, too short, thy rural reign,
And yield to fate, alas! thou must;
Bright emblem of the virgin train,
Thou blooms, alas! to mix wi' dust.

Sae bonny Liza hence may learn,
Wi' every youthfu' maiden gay,
That beauty, like the simmer's rose,
In time shall wither and decay.

THE TEARS I SHED MUST EVER FALL.

THIS song of genius was composed by a Miss Cranstoun.* It wanted four lines to make all the stanzas suit the music, which I added, and are the first four of the last stanza.

* She was the sister of George Cranstoun, one of the senators of the College of Justice in Scotland, and became the second wife of the celebrated Professor Dugald Stewart, whom she outlived for many years, having died in July, 1838, at the age of seventy-one.

The tears I shed must ever fall;
I weep not for an absent swain,
For time can past delights recall,
And parted lovers meet again.
I weep not for the silent dead,
Their toils are past, their sorrows o'er,
And those they loved their steps shall tread
And death shall join, to part no more.

Though boundless oceans roll between,
If certain that his heart is near,
A conscious transport glads the scene,
Soft is the sigh, and sweet the tear.
E'en when by death's cold hand removed,
We mourn the tenant of the tomb,
To think that even in death he loved,
Can cheer the terrors of the gloom.

But bitter, bitter is the tear
Of her who slighted love bewails;
No hopes her gloomy prospect cheer,
No pleasing melancholy hails.
Hers are the pangs of wounded pride,
Of blasted hope, and wither'd joy:
The prop she lean'd on pierced her side,
The flame she fed burns to destroy.

In vain does memory renew
The scenes once tinged in transport's dye;
The sad reverse soon meets the view,
And turns the thought to agony.
Even conscious virtue cannot cure
The pangs to every feeling due;
Ungenerous youth, thy boast how poor
To steal a heart, and break it too?

*No cold approach, no alter'd mien,
Just what would make suspicion start;
No pause the dire extremes between,—
He made me blest, and broke my heart;
Hope from its only anchor torn,
Neglected, and neglecting all,
Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn,
The tears I shed must ever fall.*

DAINTY DAVIE.

THIS song, tradition says, and the composition itself confirms it, was composed on the Rev. David Williamson's begetting the daughter of Lady Cherrytrees with child, while a party of dragoons were searching her house to apprehend him for being an adherent to the solemn league and covenant. The pious woman had put a lady's nightcap on him, and had laid him a-bed with her own daughter, and passed him to the soldiery as a lady, her daughter's bedfellow. A mutilated stanza or two are to be found in Herd's collection, but the original song consists of five or six stanzas; and were their delicacy equal to their wit and humour, they would merit a place in

any collection. The first stanza is as follows:—

Being pursued by the dragoons,
Within my bed he was laid down ;
And weel I wat he was worth his room,
For he was my dainty Davie.

Ramsay's song, "Lucky Nansy," though he calls it an old song with additions, seems to be all his own, except the chorus:

I was aye telling you,
Lucky Nansy, lucky Nansy,
Auld springs wad ding the new,
But ye wad never trow me.

Which I should conjecture to be part of a song, prior to the affair of Williamson.

The following is the version of "Lucky Nansy," by Ramsay, of which the poet speaks:—

WHILE fops, in soft Italian verse,
Iik fair ane's een and breast rehearse,
While sangs abound, and sense is scarce,
These lines I have indicted :
But neither darts nor arrows here,
Venus nor Cupid shall appear,
And yet with these fine sounds I swear,
The maidens are delighted.

I was aye telling you,
Lucky Nansy, lucky Nansy,
Auld springs wad ding the new,
But ye wad never trow me.

Nor snaw with crimson will I mix,
To spread upon my lassie's cheeks,
And syne th' unmeaning name prefix,
Miranda, Chloe, Phillis:
I'll fetch nae smile from Jove
My height of ecstasy to prove,
Nor sighing, thus present my love
With roses eke and lilies.

I was aye telling you, &c.

But stay—I had amaist forgot
My mistress, and my sang to boot,
And that's an unco faut, I wot:
But, Nansy, 'tis nae matter.
Ye see, I clink my verse wi' rhyme,
And, ken ye, that atones the crime;
Forbye, how sweet my numbers chime,
And slide away like water!

I was aye telling you, &c.

Now ken, my reverend sonsy fair,
Thy runkled cheeks and lyart hair,

Thy haff-shut een and hodling air,
Are a' my passion's fuel.
Nae skyring gowk, my dear, can see,
Or love, or grace, or heaven in thee;
Yet thou hast charms enow for me,
Then smile, and be na cruel.

Leeze me on thy snawy pow,
Lucky Nansy, lucky Nansy ;
Dryest wood will eithest low,
And, Nansy, sae will ye now.

Troth I have sung the sang to you,
Which ne'er anither bard wad do ;
Hear, then, my charitable vow,
Dear, venerable Nansy.
But if the world my passion wrang,
And say ye only live in sang,
Ken, I despise a slandering tongue,
And sing to please my fancy.

Leeze me on thy, &c.

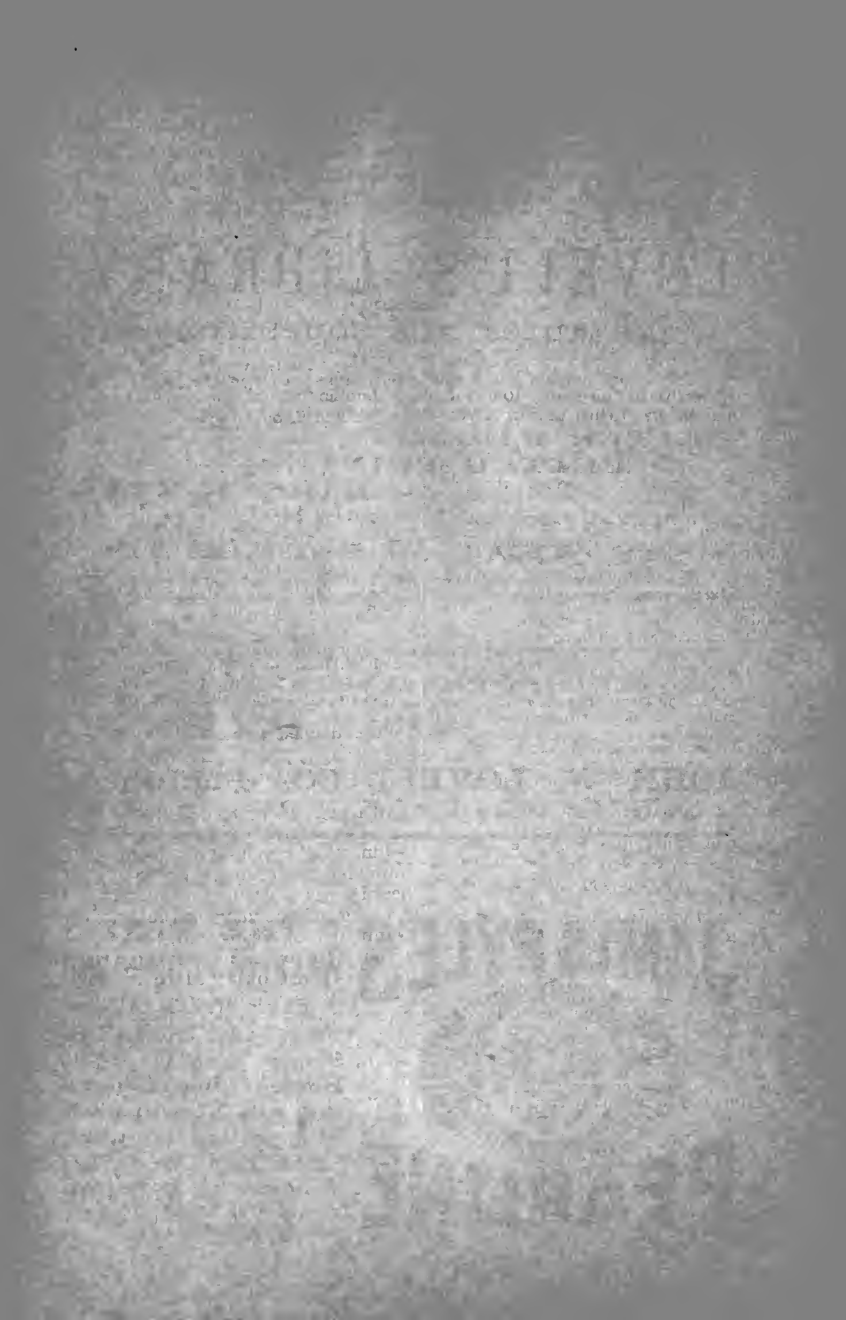
BOB O' DUNBLANE.

RAMSAY, as usual, has modernized this song. The original, which I learned on the spot from my old hostess in the principal inn there, is:—

LASSIE, lend me your braw hemp heckle,
And I'll lend you my thrippin-kame ;
My heckle is broken, it canna be gotten,
And we'll gae dance the bob o' Dunblane.

Twa gaed to the wood, to the wood, to the wood,
Twa gaed to the wood—three came hame ;
An it be na weel bobbit, weel bobbit, weel bobbit,
An it be na weel bobbit, we'll bob it again

I insert this song to introduce the following anecdote, which I have heard well authenticated:—In the evening of the day of the battle of Dunblane, (Sheriff-Muir,) when the action was over, a Scots officer in Argyle's army observed to his Grace that he was afraid the rebels would give out to the world that *they* had gotten the victory.—"Weel, weel," returned his Grace, alluding to the foregoing ballad, "if they think it be na weel bobbit, we'll bob it again"



Lost to Shame

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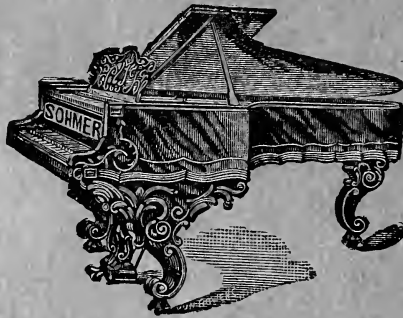
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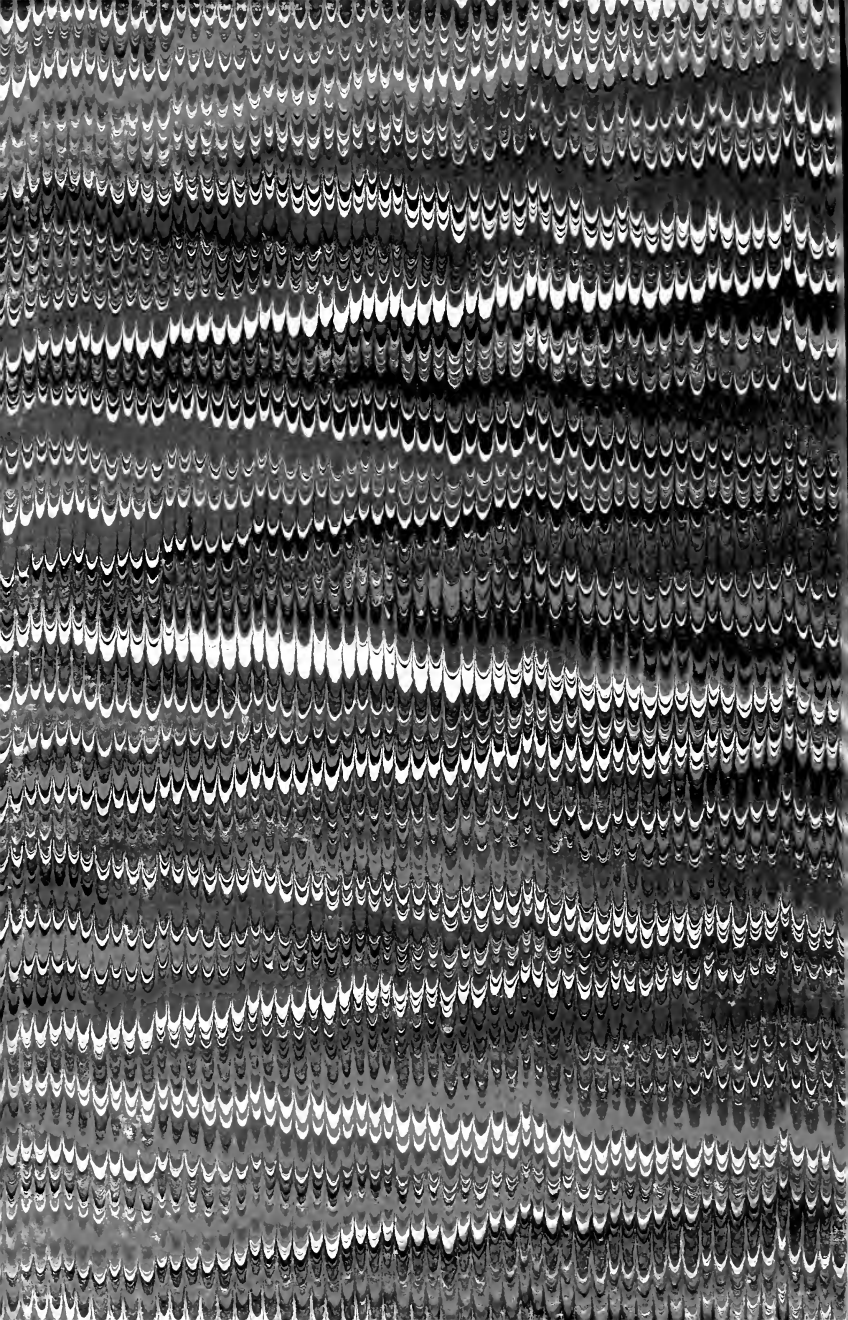


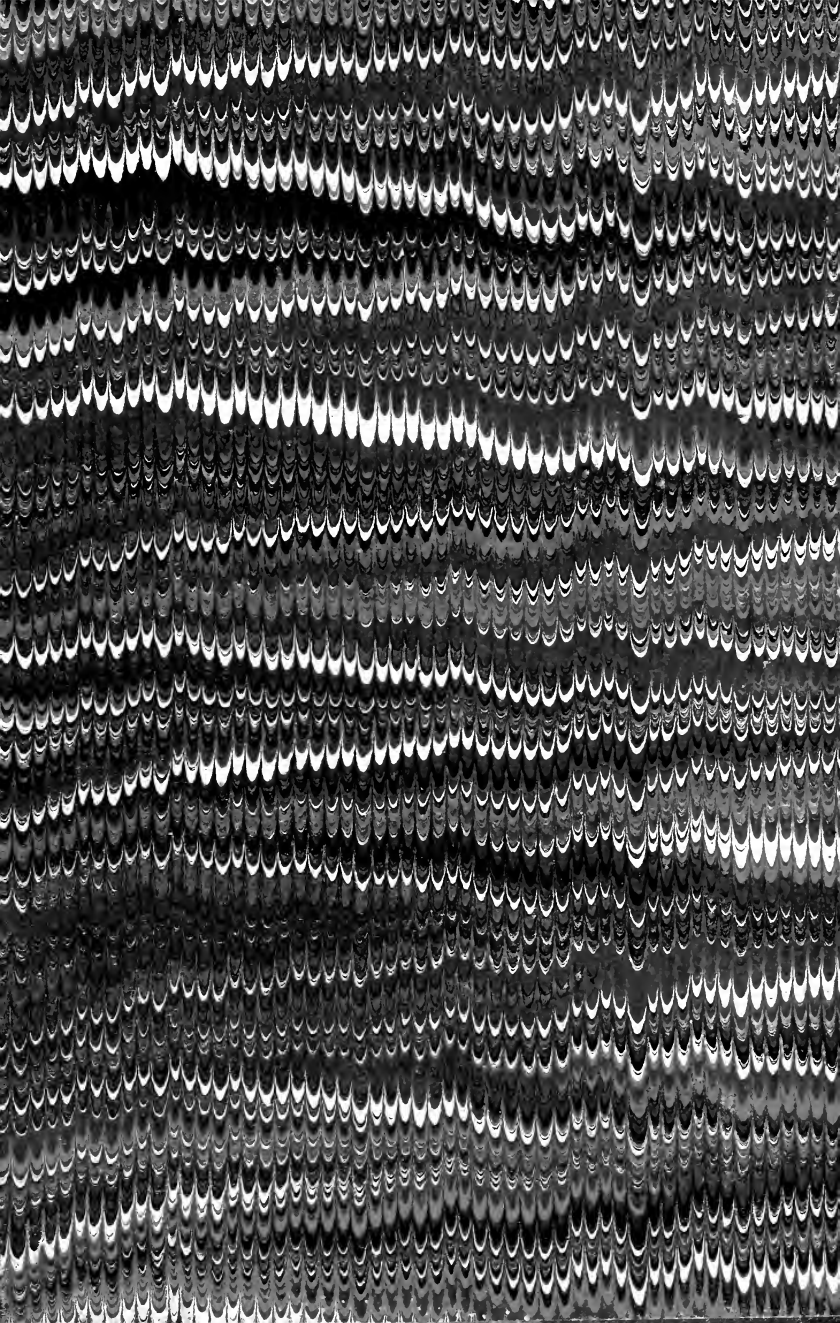












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