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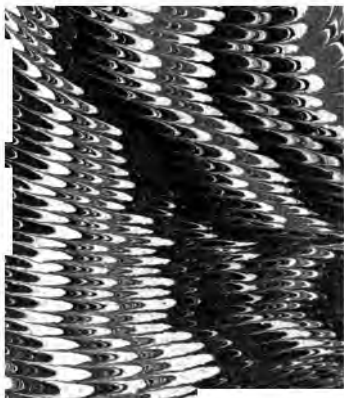
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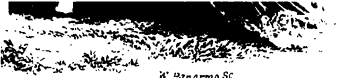


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*W. Palermo Sc*

**BIRKS OF ABERFELDY**



THE  
**POETICAL WORKS**  
OF  
**ROBERT BURNS**




*THE MAUSOLEUM OF BURNS DUMFRIES.*

**HALIFAX**

*PUBLISHED BY W MILNER*





THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
ROBERT BURNS,  
WITH  
A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE,  
AND  
A GLOSSARY.

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HALIFAX:  
MILNER AND SOWERBY.

—  
1853.





MEMOIR  
OF  
THE LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS.



Our celebrated Bard was born on the 20th of January, 1759, on the banks of the Doon, about two miles from Ayr, near which stand the ruins of Alloway Kirk, rendered immortal by his admirable Tale of "*Tam o' Shanter.*"

His father, William Burns, was a farmer in Ayrshire, a man of very respectable character and of more than ordinary information and capacity. It is stated by Burns, that from his father's observations and experience, he was indebted to most of his little pretensions to wisdom. From such a source this eulogium cannot be thought undeserving. In 1757, he married Agnes Brown. Our Poet was the first fruit of this union. He was sent to school when about six years old, where he was taught to read English and to write a little; and so great was his progress, that he became a critic in English Grammar at the age of eleven, and was also remarkable for the correctness of his pronunciation. His rudiments of arithmetic he got from his father in the winter evenings. He says of himself, in his letter to Doctor Moore, "At those times I was by no means a favourite with any body. I was good deal noted for a retentive memory, a stubborn sturdy something in my disposition, and an enthusiastic idiot plenty - *or, idiot plenty, 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 my boyish days, too, I owed much to an old woman who resided in the family, remarkable for her ignorance, credulity, and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country, of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantraips, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of poetry; but had so strong an effect on my imagination, that to this hour, in my nocturnal rambles, I sometimes keep a sharp look-out in suspicious places; and though nobody can be more sceptical than I am in such matters, yet it often takes an effort of philosophy to shake off these idle terrors."

Before he was nine years of age, he had acquired a strong propensity for reading, which, however, was greatly checked by his want of access to books. He read the life of Hannibal through with great avidity, and eagerly perused every other book that came in his way. Even at this early period, his sensibility was extraordinary; yet he had not discovered any signs of that striking ready wit for which he was afterwards remarkable, nor betrayed the smallest symptom of his inclination to music and poetry.

About a twelvemonth previous to the death of his father, Burns, who had then attained his twenty-fourth year, became anxious to be fixed in a situation to enable him to marry. His brother Gilbert and he had for several years held a small portion of land from their father, on which they chiefly raised flax. In disposing of the produce of their labour, our Author took it into his head to commence flax-dresser.—

*He accordingly continued at that business for about six months, but it proved an unlucky concern; for the shop some time after taking fire, was utterly destroyed, and was left not worth a sixpence.*

mediately before the death of their father, Burns and sister took the farm at Mossgiel, consisting of 118 acres, and worth £90 per annum. It was stocked by the property and individual savings of the whole family, and was a joint property. But the first year, from buying bad seed, and the second from a late harvest, they lost half their crops.

About this time that he formed the connection with Jean Armour, afterwards Mrs. Burns. When the effects of this intimacy could no longer be concealed, our Poet, in order to screen his partner from the consequences of their connection, agreed to make a written acknowledgment of the marriage, and then endeavour to push his fortune in Jamaica, till Providence enabled him to support a family respectably. This was, however, strenuously opposed by Jean's relations; and her father, with whom she was a great favourite, advised her to renounce every idea of such an alliance, conceiving that a husband in Jamaica was little better than a slave. She was therefore prevailed upon to cancel the acknowledgment, and thus render the marriage null and void. When this was mentioned to Burns, he was in a state bordering on desperation. He offered to stay at home, and provide for his family in the best manner possible; but even this was refused.

He then agreed with a Dr. Douglas to go to Jamaica, as a tenant overseer or clerk, and made every preparation for crossing the Atlantic; but, previous to his setting off, he was obliged to publish a volume of his poems by subscription. As the first fruits of his poetical labours, he paid his passage, and purchased a few articles of clothing, &c. His poems were already on the way to Greenock, when a letter from Mr. Blacklock, signifying his approbation of the poems, and assurance that Burns would meet with encouragement in Edinburgh for a second edition, completely changed his intentions.

After his arrival in Edinburgh, (early in December, 1786) his poems procured him the admiration of all connoisseurs.



## LIFE OF BURNS.

tions. Persons of rank and power were not above taking notice of him: and in a short time the name of Burns was celebrated over all the kingdom. It ought here to be mentioned to his honour, that he had been in Edinburgh only a few months, and was still in the midst of poverty, when he erected a monument in Canon-gate church-yard to the memory of the celebrated but unfortunate poet Fergusson.

In Edinburgh, Burns beheld mankind in a new light. Surrounded on all sides by admirers, his days were spent the company of the great, his evenings in dissipation. The kind of life he led nearly a twelvemonth, when his frier suggested to him the necessity of seeking a permanent establishment.

Having settled accounts with his publisher in February 1788, Burns became master of nearly £500. With this he returned to Ayrshire, where he found his brother George and three sisters in the farm of Mossgiel. He immediately advanced £200 to their relief. With the remainder what further profits might accrue to him from his occupation of agriculture. Burns seriously resolved to settle for life, and resided

Mr. Miller, of Dalswinton, offered him the choice of a farm on his estate at his own terms. Burns readily accepted this generous offer. He took with him two friends, the land, and fixed on the farm of Ellisland, about three miles above Dumfries, on the banks of the river Nith, where he entered at Whitsunday, 1788.

Previously to this period, however, he had been recommended to the Board of Excise, by Mr. Graham, and had his name enrolled among the list of candidates for the humble office of an exciseman. Expecting that he would be appointed to act in the district where he was situated, he began assiduously to qualify himself for the proper exercise of the employment, in the full

ning with success the labours of the farmer with the of his new profession.

ooner had he arranged the plan of his future purchase his whole thoughts were bent towards the object and ever been nearest and dearest to his heart. Her as now endeavoured to promote their union with zeal than they had formerly opposed it; and they were lately united by a regular marriage, thus legalizing union, and rendering it permanent for life.

fame naturally drew upon him the attention of his peers, and he soon formed a general acquaintance in the district in which he lived. Their social parties, however often seduced him from his rustic labours and his duties, overthrew the unsteady fabric of his resolutions, flamed those propensities which temperance might have weakened, and prudence ultimately suppressed. It was not long, therefore, before Burns began to view his farm as a source of idleness and despondence, if not with disgust.

Unfortunately he had for several years looked to an office as an excise as a certain means of livelihood, should his other expectations fail. As has already been mentioned, he was recommended to the Board of Excise, and had received the instructions necessary for such a situation. He was applied to be employed; and, by the interest of Mr. Miller, of Fintra, was appointed to be exciseman, or, as it is usually called, gauger, of the district in which he lived. The duties of this disagreeable situation, besides exposing him to numberless temptations, occupied that part of his time which ought to have been bestowed in cultivating his talents. It is easy to conjecture the consequences. In the event of the standing the moderation of the rent, and the prudent management of Mrs. Burns, he found it convenient, if not necessary, to resign his farm into the hands of Mr. Miller, having possessed it for the space of three years and a half. The stock and crop being afterwards sold by public

auction, he removed, with his family, to a small house in Dumfries about the end of the year 1791, to devote himself to an employment which seemed from the first to afford but little hopes of future happiness.

He resided four years at Dumfries. During this time he had hoped for promotion in the excise; but an event occurred which at least delayed its fulfilment. The events of the French revolution were commented on by him in a manner very different from what might have been expected from an officer under government. Information of this was given to the Board of Excise. A superior officer in that department was authorized to enquire into his conduct. Burns defended himself in a letter addressed to one of the Board, written with great independence of spirit, and with more than his accustomed eloquence. The officer appointed to enquire into his conduct gave a favourable report. His steady friend, Mr. Graham, of Fintra, interposed his good offices in his behalf; and he was suffered to retain his situation, but was given to understand that his promotion was deferred, and must depend upon his future behaviour.

In the month of June, 1796, he removed to Brow, in Annandale, about ten miles from Dumfries, to try the effect of sea-bathing; a remedy that at first, he imagined, relieved rheumatic pains in his limbs, with which he had been afflicted for some months: but this was immediately followed by a new attack of fever. When brought back to his own house in Dumfries, on the 18th of July, he was no longer able to stand upright. The fever increased, attended with delirium and debility, and on the 21st he expired, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. He left a widow and four sons. The ceremonial of his interment was accompanied with military honours, not only by the corps of Dumfries volunteers, of which he was a member, but by the Fencible *Infantry*, and a *regiment of the Cinque Port Cavalry*, then quartered in Dumfries.



## DEDICATION.



TO  
THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN  
OF THE  
CALEDONIAN HUNT.



MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

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

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual style of *dedication*, to thank you for past favours; that path is so

hat from your courage, knowledge, and public .  
may expect protection, wealth, and liberty. In  
place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to  
Fountain of Honour, the Monarch of the Universe  
welfare and happiness.

When you go forth to waken the Echoes, in th  
and favourite amusement of your forefathers, ma  
ever be of your party; and may Social Joy awai  
turn: when harassed in courts or camps, with th  
of bad men and bad measures, may the honest cor  
of injured Worth attend your return to your na  
and may Domestic Happiness, with a smiling welc  
you at your gates! May Corruption shrink at you  
indignant glance; and may tyranny in the  
licentiousness in the people, equally find you an  
foe!

I have the honour to be,  
With the sincerest gratitude, and highest  
My Lords and Gentlemen,  
Your most humble Ser

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 Green grow the Rashes .....  
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POEMS,  
CHIEFLY SCOTTISH.

---

THE TWA DOGS.

A TALE.

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle,  
'That bears the name o' *Auld King Coil*,  
Upon a bonnie day in June,  
When wearing through the afternoon,  
Twa dogs, that were na thrang at hame,  
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him *Cæsar*,  
Was keepit for his honour's pleasure ;  
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,  
Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs,  
But whalpit some place far abroad,  
Where sailors gang to fish for cod.

His lockit, letter'd, braw brass collar,  
Shew'd him the gentleman and scholar ;  
But though he was o' high degree,  
The fient a pride, nae pride had he ;  
But wad hae spent an hour caressin  
Wi' ony tinkler gipsy's messin :  
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,  
Nae tawted tyke, though e'er sae duddie,  
But he wad stant't as glad to see him,  
And stroan't on stanes and hillocks wi' him

The tither was a ploughman's collie,  
*A rhyming, ranting, roving billie,*

**HIS HONEST, SINCERE,**  
Aye gat him friends in ilka place.  
His breast was white, his towzie back  
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black ;  
His gawcie tail, wi' upward curl,  
Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ith  
And unco pack and thick thegither ;  
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and sn  
Whiles mice and mouldieworts they h  
Whiles scour'd awa in lang excursion,  
And worried ither in diversion ;  
Until wi' daffin weary grown,  
Upon a knowe they sat them down,  
And therè began a lang digression,  
About the *lords of the creation*.

**CÆSAR.**

I've aften wonder'd, honest *Luath*,  
What sort o' life poor dogs like you :  
And when the gentry's life I saw,

As lang's my tail, whare, through the stocks,  
The yellow-letter'd Georgie hecks.

Free morn to e'en it's nought but tolling,  
At bakking, roasting, frying, boiling ;  
And though the gentry first are stochin,  
Yet e'en the ha' folk fill their poshan  
Wi' sauce, ragouts, and sic like treachtie,  
That's little short o' downright wastrie,  
Our whipper-in, wee blastit weaner,  
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 painch in,  
I own it's past my comprehension.

LEATH.

Trowth, Caesar, whiles they're fash't enough ;  
A cottar howkin in a sheugh,  
Wi' dirty stanes biggin a dyke,  
Baring a quarry, and sic like ;  
Himsel', a wife, he thus sustains,  
A smytrie o' wee duddy weans,  
And nought but his han' darg to keep  
Them right and tight in thack and rape.

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

CESAR.

But then, to see how ye're neglectit,  
How kuff'd, and cuff'd, and disrespeckit,

L—d man ! our gentry care sae little  
 For delvers, ditchers, and sic cattle ;  
 They gang as saucy by poor folk,  
 As I wad by a stinking brock.

Ive noticed, on our Laird's court-day  
 And mony a time my heart's been wae,  
 Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,  
 How they mon thole a factor's snash ;  
 He'll stamp and threaten, curse and swear,  
 He'll apprehend them, poind their gear ;  
 While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble  
 And bear it a' and fear and tremble !  
 I see how folk live that hae riches ;  
 But surely poor folk maun be wretches.

#### LUATH.

They're nae sae wretched's ane wad think ;  
 Though constantly on poortith's brink :  
 They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,  
 The view o't gi'es them little fright.

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

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

And whiles twalpenny worth o' nappy  
 Can mak the bodies unco happy ;  
 They lay aside their private cares,  
 To mind the Kirk and State affairs :  
 They'll talk o' patronage and priests,  
 Wi' kindling fury in their breasts ;  
 Or tell what new taxation's comin,  
 And ferlie at the folk in Lon'on.

As bleak-faced Hallowmas returns,  
 They get the jovial, rantin kirns,  
 When *rural life* o' every station,  
 Unite in common recreation ;  
 Love blinks, Wit slaps, and social Mirth  
 Forget 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 stream ;  
 The lunting pipe, and sneeshing mill,  
 Are banded round wi' right gude-will ;  
 The canty auld folk cracking crouse,  
 The young anes ranting 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 often play d.  
 There's mony a creditable stock  
 O' decent, honest-fassont folk,  
 Are riven out baith root and branch,  
 Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,  
 Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster  
 In favour wi' some gentle master,  
 Wha, aiblins, thrang a-parliamentin,  
 For Britain's gude his saul indentin.

## CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it ;  
 For *Britain's gude!* gude faith I doubt it  
 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* take a waft,



To mak a tour and tak a whirl,  
To learn *bon ton*, and see the warl.'

There, at *Vienna*, or *Versailles*,  
He rives his father's auld entails;  
Or by *Madrid* he takes the route,  
To thrum guitars and fetcht wi' nowt;  
Or down Italian vista startles,  
Wh-re-hunting amang groves o' myrtles;  
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 gude!* for her destruction!  
Wi' dissipation, feud, and faction.

• LUATH.

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

O wad they stay aback frae courts,  
And please themselves wi' country sports,  
It wad for every ane be better,  
The laird, the tenant, and the cottar!  
For the frank, rantin, rambling billies,  
Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows,  
Except for breaking o' their timmer,  
Or speaking lightly o' their limmer,  
Or shooting o' a hare or moor-cock,  
The ne'er a bit, they'r ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, Maister *Cesar*,  
Sure great folk's life's a life of pleasure!  
Nae could no' hunger e'er can steer them,  
*The very thought o't needna fear them,*

## CÆSAR.

L—d, man! were ye but whiles where I am,  
The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.

It's true, they needna starve or sweat,  
Thro' winter's cauld or simmer's heat ;  
They've nae sair wark to craze their banes,  
And fill auld age wi' grips and granes :  
But human bodies are sic fools,  
For a' their colleges and schools,  
That when nae real ills perplex them,  
They mak enow themselves t' vex them,  
And aye the less they hae to sturt them,  
In like proportion less will hurt them :  
A country fellow at the pleugh,  
His acres till'd, he's right eneugh ;  
A country lassie at her wheel ;  
Her dizzens done, she's unco weel ;  
But gentlemen, and ladies warst,  
Wi' evendown want o' wark are carst.  
They loiter, lounging, lank and lazy ;  
Though de'il haet 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,  
There 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 souther a' in deep debauches :  
Ae night they're mad wi' drink and wh-ring,  
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 de'ils and jades thegither.  
Whiles, owre the wee bit cup and plaitie,  
*They sip the scandal-potion pretty ;*

By this ———  
And darker gloamin brought the night ;  
The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone,  
The kye stood rowtin' i' the loan ;  
When up they gat and shook their lugs,  
Rejoiced they were na men but dogs ;  
And each took aff his several way,  
Resolved to meet some ither day.

— o ———  
**SCOTCH DRINK.**  
—————

Gie him strong drink until he wink,  
That's sinking in despair ;  
And liquor gude to fire his blude,  
That's preat 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, xxx*

Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink,  
     In glorious faem,  
 Inspire me, till I lisp and wink,  
     To sing thy name !

Let husky wheat the haughs adorn,  
 And sits set up their awnie horn,  
 And pease and beans at e'en or morn,  
     Perfame the plain,  
 Leeze me on thee, John Barleycorn,  
     Thou king o' grain !

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

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

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

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

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

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

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,  
 And ploughmen gather wi' their gaith,  
 O rare ! to see thee fizz and freath  
     I' the luggit caup !  
 The *Burnewin*\* comes on like death  
     At ev'ry chaup.

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

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

---

\* *Burnewin*—*Burn*—*the*—*wind*—the Blacks

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

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

Wae worth that *brandy*, burning trash !  
 Fell source o' mony a pain and brash !  
 Twins monie a poor, doylt drucken hash  
                   O hauf his days ;  
 An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash  
                   To her warst faes.

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

May gravels round his blather wench,  
 And gouts torment them inch by inch,  
 Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch  
                   O' sour disdain,  
 Out-owre a glass o' *whisky-punch*.  
                   Wi' honest men.

O *Whisky* ! soul of plays and pranks !  
 Accept a *Bardie's* humble thanks !

now come grips, and barring noas  
    May kill us a' ;  
For loyal Forbes' charter'd boast,  
    Is ta'en awa !

Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Ex  
Wha mak the *Whisky Stells* their  
Haud up thy han', Deil ! ance, tw  
    There, seize the bli  
An' bake them up in brunstane pie  
    For poor d—n'd dri

Fortune ! if thou'll but gie me still  
Hale breeks, a sconce, and *Whisky*,  
And routh o' rhyme to rave at will  
    Tak a' the rest,  
And deal't about as thy blind skill  
    Directs thee best.

THE AUTHOR'S  
EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER\*

TO THE  
SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES IN THE HOUSE OF  
COMMONS.

---

Dearest of Distillation? last and best  
How art thou lost!—

*Parody on Mil'on.*

---

O Irish lords, ye knights and squires,  
Wha represent our burghs and shires,  
And doucely manage our affairs  
In parliament,  
O you a simple Poet's prayers  
Are humbly sent.

Alas! my roupet muse is hearse!  
Our Honours' hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,  
O see her sitting on her a—  
Low i' the dust,  
And screechin out prosaic verse,  
An' like to brust?

Call them wha hae the chief direction,  
Wha cotland an' me's in great affliction,  
For'er sin' they laid that curst restriction  
On *Aquavitæ*;  
An' rouse them up to strong conviction,  
An' move their pity.

---

This was written before the act anent the Scottish Dis-  
tries, of session 1786; for which Scotland and the author  
earn their most grateful thanks.



Speak out, and never tash your thumb  
Let posts and pensions sink or soom  
    Wi' them wha grant 'en  
If honestly they canna come,  
    Far better want 'em.

In gatherin votes you were na slack ;  
Now stand as tightly by your tack ;  
Ne'er claw your lug, and fidge your ba  
    And hum and haw ;  
But raise your arm, and tell your crack  
    Before them a'.

Paint Scotland greeting owre her thriss  
Her matchkin-stoup as toom's a whiss  
And damm'd Exciseman in a bussel,  
    Seizin a *Stell*,  
Triumphant, crushin't like a mussel,  
    Or lampit shell.

Then, on the tither hand present her

To see his poor auld Mither's pot  
 Thus dung in staves,  
 An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat  
 By gallows knaves ?

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

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

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

*Dempster*, a true-blue Scot I'se warran ;  
 Thee, aith-detesting chaste *Kilherran* ;\*  
 An' that glib-gabbet Highland baron,  
 The laird o' *Graham* ;†  
 An' ane, a chap that's d—n'd auldfarran,  
*Dundas* his name.

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

---

\* *Sir Adam Ferguson.*

† *The present Duke of Montrose.*—(1800.)


BURNS' POEMS.

ingstone, the bauld *Sir Willie* ;  
An' mony ithers,  
uld Demosthenes or Tully  
Might own for brithers.

my boys! exert your mettle,  
uld Scotland back her *kettle* ;  
, I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle,  
You'll see't or lang.  
ach you, wi' a reekin whittle,  
Anither sang.

ile she's been in cank'rous mood,  
*militia* fired her bluid ;  
they never mair do guid,  
Play'd her that pliskie!)  
v she's like to rin red-wud  
About her whisky.

-d, if ance they pit her till't,  
tan petticoat she'll kilt,  
k an' pistol at her belt,  
She'll tak the streets



Tell yon guid bluid o' auld *Boconnocks*,  
 I'll be his debt twa mashlum bannocks,  
 An' 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 gude braid Scotch,  
 He needna fear their foul reproach,  
     Nor erudition,  
 Yon mixtie-martie, queer hotch-potch,  
     The Coalition.

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

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

God bless your Honours a' your days,  
 Wi' soups o' kail and brats o' claise,  
 In spite o' a' the thievish kaes  
     That haunt *St. Jamie's* !  
 Your humble poet sings an' prays  
     While Rab his name is.

---

\* A worthy old hostess of the author's in Mauchline, where he sometimes studied politics over a glass of gude auld Scotch Drink.

eyes her free-born, martial  
Tak aff their whisky.

at though their Phœbus kinder warms,  
ile fragrance blooms and beauty charms!  
en wretches range in famished swarms  
The scented groves,  
bounded forth, dishonour arms  
In hungry droves.

neir gun's a burden on their shouther;  
hey downa bide the stink o' powther;  
heir bauldest thought's a hankering swither  
To stan' or run,  
'ill skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throwther,  
To save their skin.

But bring a *Scotsman* frae his hill,  
Clap in his cheek a *Highland gill*,  
Say, sic is royal *George's will*,  
And there's the foe,  
                    how to kill

Sages their solemn een may steek,  
 And raise a philosophic reek,  
 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 whyles ye moistify your leather,  
 Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather,  
     Ye tine your dam :  
*Freedom* and *Whisky* gan thegither,  
     Tak aff your dram !



### THE HOLY FAIR.\*

A robe of seeming truth and trust  
 His 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-la-Mode.*

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

---

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

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

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

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, " Sweet lass,  
 I think ye seem to ken me ;  
 I'm sure I've seen that bonny face,  
 But name ye."

spak,

Quoth I, " Wi' a' my heart, I'll do't :  
 I'll get my Sunday's sark on,  
 And meet you on the holy spot ;  
 Faith, we'se hae fine remarkin !"  
 Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,  
 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, in riding graith,  
 Gaed hoddin by their cottars ;  
 There, swankies young, in braw braid claith,  
 Are swingin o'er the gutters.  
 The lasses, skelpin barefit, thrang,  
 In silks and scarlets glitter ;  
 Wi' *sweet milk-cheese* in mony a whang,  
 And *furls* baked wi' butter,  
 Fu' crump that day.

When by the *plate* we set our nose,  
 Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,  
 A greedy glowr Black Bonnet throws,  
 And we maun draw our tippence.  
 Then in we go to see the show,  
 On every side they're gatherin,  
 Some gathering dales, some chairs and stools  
 And some are busy blethrin  
 Right loud that day.

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,  
 An' screen our countra Gentry,  
 There *racer Jess*, an' twa-three wh-res,  
 Are blinkin at the entry.  
 Here sits a raw of tittling jades,  
 Wi' heaving breast and bare neck,  
 And there a batch o' wabster lads,  
 Blackguardin frae K——ck  
 For *fun* this day.



Thrang winkin on the lasses  
To cha'rs that day.

O happy is that man and blest !  
Nae wonder that it pride him !  
Wha's ain dear lass, that he likes best,  
Comes clinkin down beside him.  
Wi' arm repos'd on the chair back,  
He sweetly does compose him,  
Which by degrees, slips round her neck,  
An's loof upon her bosom,  
Unkenn'd that day.

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

But hark! the *fact* has changed its voice;  
 There's peace and rest no langer;  
 For a' the *real judges* rise,  
 They canna sit for anger.  
*G<sup>o</sup>th* 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 gestures fine,  
 Are a' clean out o' season.  
 Like *Socrates* or *Antomine*,  
 Or some auld pagan heathen,  
 The moral man he does define,  
 But near a word o' faith in  
 That's right that day.

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

Wee *M<sup>o</sup>rr*, neist, the guard relieves,  
 And Orthodoxy raibles,  
 Though in his heart he weel believes,  
 And thinks it auld wife's fables;  
 But faith! the birkie wants a manse,  
 So cannily he hums them;

---

\* A street so called which faces the tent in K——

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 Lear,  
It bangs us fu' o' Knowledge:  
Be't whisky-gill, or penny wheep,  
Or ony stronger potion,  
It never fails, on drinking deep,  
To kittle up our notion,  
By night or day.

The lads and lasses, blythely bent  
To mind baith soul and body,  
Sit round the table weel content,  
And steer about the toddy.  
On this ane's dress, and that ane's leuk,

lercing words, like Highland swords,  
 'ide the joints and marrow ;  
 alk o' H-ll, whare devils dwell,  
 r vera sauls does harrow !\*  
     Wi' fright that day.

t unbottom'd boundless pit,  
 'd fu' o' lowin brunstane,  
 ; ragin flame, and scorchin heat,  
 d melt the hardest whun-stane !  
 an' asleep start up wi' fear,  
 i think they hear it roarin,  
 i presently it does appear,  
 'as but some neighbour snorin  
     Asleep that day.

i be owre lang a tale to tell  
 w mony stories past,  
 ow they crowded to the yill,  
 en they were a' dismiss ;  
 drink gaed round, in cogs and caups,  
 ang the furms and benches,  
 heese and bread, frae women's laps,  
 s dealt about in lunches,  
     An' dawds that day.

nes a gaucie, gash Gudewife,  
 l sits down by the fire,  
 draws her kebbuck and her knife ;  
 i lasses they are shyer.  
 uld Gudemen, about the *grace*,  
 m side to side they bother,  
 me ane by his bonnet lays,  
 l gies them't like a tether,  
     Fu' lang that day

---

\* *Shakspeare's Hamlet*

Let lasses be amorous  
On sic a day.

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

How mony hearts this day converts,  
O' sinners and o' lasses !  
Their hearts o' stane, gin night are gane  
As soft as ony flesh is.  
There's some are fou o' love divine ;  
There's some are fou o' brandy ;  
An' mony jobs that day begin,  
May end in Hongmagandie  
Some ither day.

Ev'n ministers, they has been kenn'd,  
 In holy rapture,  
 A rousing whid, at times to vend.  
 And nail't wi' Scripture.

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

The Clachan yill had made me canty,  
 I was na fou, but just had plenty ;  
 I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay  
 To free the ditches :  
 And hillocks, stanes, and bushes, kenn'd ay  
 Frae ghaists and witches.

The rising moon began to glow'r  
 The distant *Cumnock* hills out-owre ;  
 To count her horns wi' a' my pow'r  
 I set mysel ;  
 But whether she had three or four,  
 I cou'dna tell.

I was come round about the hill,  
 And todlin down on *Willie's mill*,  
 Setting mv staff wi' a' my skill,  
 To keep me sicker ;  
 Though leeward whyles against my will,  
 I took a bicker.

I there wi' *Something* did forgather,  
 That put me in an eerie swither ;  
 An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther,  
 Clear-dangling hang ;  
 A three-taed leister 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 wame it had ava!

And then its shanks,  
They were as thin, as sharp, as sma  
As cheeks o' branks!

"Gude-een," quo' I; "Friend! hae ye been  
When ither folk are busy sawin?"\*  
It seem'd to mak a kind o' staun,  
But naething spak;  
At length, says I, "Friend! whare ye gaur  
Will ye gae back?"

It spak right howe:—"My name is *Death*  
But be no fley'd."—Quoth I, "Gude faith,  
Ye're may be come to stop my breath;  
But tent me, billie;  
I red ye weel, tak care o' skaith,  
See, there's a gully!"

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

"Weel, weel," says I, "a bargain be't;  
Come, gie's your hand, and say we're greet  
We'll ease our shanks and tak a seat,  
Come, gie's your news;  
This while† ye hae been mony a gate,  
At mony a house."

---

\* This rencounter happened in seed-time, in

† An epidemical fever was then raging in that co

ay!" quo' he, and shook his head,  
 e'en a lang, lang time indeed  
 began to nick the thread,  
     And choke the breath :  
 maun do something for their bread,  
     And sae maun *Death*.

thousand years are near hand fled,  
 was to the butch'ring bred,  
 nony a scheme in vain's been laid  
     To stap or scaur me ;  
 ne *Hornbook's*\* taen up the trade,  
     And faith he'll waur me.

ken *Jock Hornbook* i' the Clachan  
 nak his king's-hood in a spleuchan !  
 grown sae weel acquaint wi' *Buchant*†  
     And ither chaps,  
 veans haud out their fingers, laughin  
     And pouk my hips.

, here's a scythe, and there's a dart,  
 hae pierced mony a gallant heart :  
 Doctor *Hornbook*, wi' his art  
     And cursed skill,  
 made them baith nae worth a f—t,  
     Damn'd haet they'll kill.

as but yestreen, na farther gane,  
 ew a noble dart at ane :  
 ess, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain ;  
     But deil-ma-care,

---

\* gentleman, Dr. Hornbook, is professionally a brother  
 Sovereign Order of the Ferula; but, by intuition and  
 on, is at once an Apothecary, Surgeon, and Physician  
 in *his Domestic Medicine*.



Fient haet o't wau hae pass'd —  
O' a kail-runt.

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

“ Ev'n them he canna get attended,  
Although their face he ne'r had kenn'd it  
Tust —— in a kail-blade and send it ;  
As soon's he smells't,  
Baith their disease, and what will mend it  
At ance he tell'st.

“ And then o' doctor's saws and whittles  
Of a' dimensions, shapes, and mettles,  
A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, and bottles,  
He's sure to hae :  
Cut the mettles

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

“ Waes me for *Johnny God's Hole*\* now,  
 Quoth I, “ if that the news be true !  
 His braw calf-ward, whare gowans grew  
     Sae white and bonny,  
 Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the pleugh :  
     They'll ruin *Johnny* !”

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

“ Where I kill'd ane a fair strae death,  
 By loss o' bluid, 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,  
 Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,  
     When it was sair ;  
 The wife slade cannie to her bed,  
     But ne'er spak mair.

---

\* *The grave-digger.*

" A bonny lass, ye wadna see her  
Some ill-brewn drink had hoved her war  
She trusts hersel, to hide the shame,  
In *Hornbook's* care ;  
*Horn* sent her aff to her lang hame,  
To hide it there.

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

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

... he began to tell.

## THE BRIGS OF AYR:

A POEM.

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

simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,  
 ning his tuneful trade from every bough;  
 chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,  
 ing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush,  
 soaring lark, the perching redbreast shrill,  
 eep-ton'd plovers, gray, wild whistling o'er the hill;  
 l he, nurs'd in the Peasant's lowly shed,  
 ardy Independence bravely bred,  
 arly Poverty to hardship steel'd,  
 train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's field,  
 l he be guilty of their hireling crimes,  
 servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes?  
 about hard the panegyric close,  
 h all the venal soul of dedicating Prose?  
 though his artless strains he rudely sings,  
 throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,  
 glows with all the spirit of the Bard,  
 ie, honest Fame, his great, his dear reward.  
 , if some Patron's gen'rous care he trace,  
 l'd in the secret, to bestow with grace;  
 n Ballantyne befriends his humble name,  
 hands the rustic stranger up to fame,  
 h heart-felt throes his grateful bosom swells  
 godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

---

as when the stacks get on their winter hap,  
 thack and rape secure the toil-worn crap;  
 ato-bings are snugged up frae skaith  
 oming *Winter's biting frosty breath*:

S' FORMS.

their summer toils,  
flow'rs, delicious spoils,  
are in massive waxen piles,  
at tyrant o'er the weak,  
oor'd wi' brimstone reek :  
e heard on evey side,  
eeling, scatter wide ;  
es, bound by Nature's tie,  
1, in one carnage lie :  
art, but inly bleeds,  
ivage, ruthless deeds !)  
field or meadow springs ;  
h airy concert rings,  
obin's whistling glee,  
some bit hauf-lang tree ;  
de the sunny days,  
le spreads the noontide blaze  
ner waves wanton in the rays.  
hen a simple Bard,  
aplicity's reward,  
icient brugh o' *Ayr*,  
aply prest wi' care,

## BURNS' POEMS.

The chilly frost beneath the silver beam,  
Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream

When lo! on either hand the list'ning Bard,  
The clanging sugh of whistling winds he heard  
Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,  
Swift as the *Goss*\* drives on the wheeling hare  
Ane on the *Auld Brig* his airy shape uprears,  
The ither flutters o'er the *rising piers*.  
Our warlike Rhymer instantly descry'd  
The Sprites that owre the *Brigs of Ayr* preside  
(That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,  
And ken the lingo o'the sp'ritual folk :  
Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a' they can explain th  
And ev'n the very deils they brawly ken them.  
*Auld Brig* appear'd of ancient Pictish race,  
The very wrinkles Gothic in his face ;  
He seem'd as he wi' Time had warsl'd lang,  
Yet, toughly doure, he bade an unco hang.  
*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 stauking round wi' anxious search  
Spying the time-worn flaws in every arch ;  
It chanc'd his new come neighbour took his ee,  
And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he ;  
Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,  
He, down the water, gies him this gude-e'en—

### AULD BRIG.

I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep-s  
Ance ye were streekit o'er frae bank to bank,  
But gin ye be a brig as auld as me,  
Tho' faith, that day, I doubt, ye'll never see ;

---

\* *The Goss-hawk, or Falcon.*

There'll be, if that day come, I'll wad a boddle,  
Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle.

## NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense,  
Just much about it wi' your scanty sense ;  
Will your poor narrow foot-path o' a street,  
Where twa wheelbarrows tremble when they meet,  
Your ruin'd, formless bulk, o' stane and lime,  
Compare wi' bonny *Brigs* o' modern time ?  
There's men o' taste wad tak the *Ducat stream*\*  
Tho' they should cast the very sark and swim,  
Ere they wad grate their feelings wi' the view  
O' sic an ugly Gothic hulk as you.

## AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk ! puff'd up wi' windy pride !  
This mony a year I've stood the flood and tide ;  
And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn,  
I'll be a *Brig* when ye're a shapeless cairn !  
As yet ye little ken about the matter,  
But twa-three winters will inform ye better.  
When heavy, dark, continued a'-day rains,  
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains ;  
When from the hills, where springs the brawling *Co*  
Or stately *Lugar's* mossy fountains boil,  
Or where the *Greenock* winds his moorland course,  
Or haunted *Garpal*† draws his feeble source,  
Arous'd by blust'ring winds and spotting thowes,  
In mony a torrent down the snaw-broo rowes ;  
While crushing ice, born on the roaring speat,  
Sweeps dams, and mills, and brigs, a' to the gate ;

---

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

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

And from *Glenbuck*\* down to the *Rotten-key*,†  
 Auld *Ayr* is just one lengthen'd tumbling sea ;  
 Then down ye'll hurl—deil nor ye never rise !  
 And dash the jumlie joups up to the pouring skies.  
 A lesson, sadly teaching, to your cost,  
 That Architecture's noble art is lost.

## NEW BRIG.

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

## AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear-remember'd ancient yealings,  
 Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings !

\* The source of the river *Ayr*.

† A small landing-place above the large key.



Ye worthy *Proveses* and mony a *Buillie*,  
 Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil aye:  
 Ye dainty *Deacons*, and ye douce *Conveners*,  
 To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners;  
 Ye Godly *Councils* wha hae blest this town;  
 Ye godly *Brethren* o' the sacred gown,  
 Wha meekly gie your *hurdies* to the *smiters*;  
 (And what wad now be strange) ye *godly Writers!*  
 A' ye douce folk I've born aboon the broo,  
 Were ye but here, what wad ye say or do?  
 How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,  
 To see each melancholy alteration;  
 And, agonizing, curse the time and place  
 When ye begat the base degenerate race!  
 Nae langer Rev'rend Men, their country's glory,  
 In plain braid Scots haud forth a plain braid story!  
 Nae langer thrifty Citizens, and douce,  
 Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house;  
 But stauwrel, corky-headed, graceless Gentry,  
 The herriment and ruin of the country:  
 Men, three-parts made by tailors and by barbers,  
 Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d—d new *B*  
 and *Harbours!*

## NEW BRIG.

Now haud you there! for faith ye've said enow,  
 And muckle mair than ye can mak to through,  
 As for your priesthood, I shall say but little,  
*Corbies* and *Clergy* are a shot right kittle:  
 But, under favour o' your langer beard,  
 Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd;  
 To liken them to your auld-warl' squad,  
 I must needs say, comparisons are odd.  
 In *Ayr*, Wag-wits nae mair can hae a handle  
 To mouath 'a Citizen,' a term o' scandal:  
 Nae mair the Council waddles down the stre-  
 In a' the pomp of ignorant conceit;  
 Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' r  
 Or gather'd liberal views in bonds and seisin

no can tell ; but all before their sight,  
' train appear'd in order bright :  
the glittering stream they featly danc'd  
to the moon their various dresses glanc'd :  
noted o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,  
want ice scarce bent beneath their feet ;  
arts of minstrelsy among them rung,  
ul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties sung.  
*M' Lauchlan*,\* thairm-inspiring Sage,  
were to hear this heavenly band engage,  
through his dear *Strathspeys* they bore with  
Highland rage,  
in they struck old Scotia's melting airs,  
wer's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares ;  
ould his Highland lug been nobler fir'd,  
'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd !  
as could tell what instrument appear'd,  
the soul of Music's self was heard ;  
nious concert rung in every part,  
simple melody pour'd moving on the heart

Then crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural  
And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye :  
All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,  
Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding  
Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary  
By Hospitality with cloudless brow.  
Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride  
From where the *Feal* wild-woody coverts hid  
Benevolence, with mild benignant air,  
A female form, came from the tow'rs of *Stair*  
Learning and Worth in equal measures trode  
From simple *Catrine*, their long-lov'd abode  
Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a haze  
To rustic Agriculture did bequeath  
The broken iron instruments of death ;  
At sight of whom our Sprites forgot their

Curst Common-Sense, that imp o' hell,  
 Cam in wi' Maggy Lauder,\*  
 But Oliphant aft made her yell,  
 And Russel sair misca'd her;  
 This day M' Kinlay tak's the flail,  
 And he's the boy will blaud her!  
 He'll clap a *shangan* on her tail,  
 And set the bairns to daub her  
 Wi' dirt this day.

Mak haste 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,  
 Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,  
 For Heresy is in her power,  
 And gloriously she'll whang her  
 Wi' pith this day.

Come, let a proper text be read,  
 And touch it aff with vigour,  
 How graceless *Ham*† leugh at his dad,  
 Which made *Canaan* a Nigger;  
 Or *Phineas*‡ drove the murdering blade,  
 Wi' wh-re-abhorring rigour;  
 Or *Zipporah*§ the scalding jade,  
 Was like a bluidy tiger  
 I' th' inn that day.

There, try his mettle on the creed,  
 And bind him down wi' caution.

---

\* Alluding to a scoffing ballad which was made on the omission of the late Reverend and worthy Mr. L. to the aigh Kirk.

† *Genesis*, ix. ‡ *Numbers*, xxv. § *Exodus*, iv.

Now auld *Kilmarnock* cock thy ta  
And toss thy horns fu' scanty ;  
Nae mair thou'lt rowt out-owre th  
Because thy pasture's scanty ;  
For lapfu's large o' *gospel kail*  
Shall find thy crib in plenty,  
And *runts o' grace*, the pick and w  
No gien by way o' dainty,  
But ilka day.

Nae mair by *Babel's streams* we'll  
To think upon our *Zion* :  
And hing our fiddles up to sleep,  
Like baby-clouts a-drying ;  
Come, screw the pegs wi' tuneful  
And o'er the thairms be trying ;  
Oh, rare ! to see our elbucks whee  
And a' like lamb-tails flyin  
Fu' fust this day

Now, *Robinson*, harangue nae mair,  
 But steek your gab for ever ;  
 Or try the wicked town o' *Ayr*,  
 For there they'll think you clever ;  
 Or, nae reflection on your lear,  
 You may commence a *Shaver* ;  
 Or to the *Netherton* repair,  
 An turn a carpet weaver  
 Aff-hand this day.

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

See, see auld *Orthodox's* faes,  
 She's swingein through the city,  
 Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays !  
 I vow its unco pretty :  
 There *Learning*, wi' his *Greekish* face,  
 Grunts out some *Latin* ditty ;  
 And *Common-Sense* is gaun, she says  
 To mak to *Jamie Beattie*  
 Her 'plaint this day.

But there's *Morality* himsel'  
 Embracing a' opinions ;  
 Hear, how he gies the tither yell,  
 Between his twa companions ;  
 See how she peels the skin and fell,  
 As ane were peeling onions !  
 Now there—they're packed aff to hell  
 And banish'd our dominions,  
 Henceforth this day.

O happy day ! rejoice, rejoice !  
 Come bouse about the porter !  
 Morality's demure decoys  
 Shall here nae mair find quarter :  
*M<sup>c</sup> Kinlay, Russel*, are the boys  
 That heresy can torture :  
 They'll gie her on a rape a hoise,  
 And cow her measure shorter  
 By th' head some day.

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

---

### THE CALF.

TO THE REV. MR. —.

On his Text, Malachi, chap. iv. ver. 2—"And they shall go forth, and grow up like calves of the stall."

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

---

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

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

But if the Lover's raptur'd hour  
 Shall ever be your lot,  
 Forbid it every heavenly Power,  
 You e'er should be a *Stot?*

Tho' when some kind, connubial dear,  
 Your but-and-ben adorns,  
 The like has been, that you may wear  
 A noble head o' *horns!*

And in your lug, most reverend *James*,  
 To hear you roar and rowt,  
 Few men o' sense will doubt your claims  
 To rank among the *Nowte!*

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

—o—

#### ADDRESS TO THE DEIL.

O Prince! O Chief of many throned pow'rs,  
 That led the embattled seraphim to war.  
*Milton.*

O THOU, whatever title suit thee,  
 Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,  
 Wha in yon cavern grim and sootie,  
 Clos'd under hatches.



Spairges about the brunstane cootie,  
To scaud poor wretch!

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

Great is thy pow'r, and great thy fa  
Far kend and noted is thy name ;  
And tho' yon lowan heugh's thy han  
Thou travels far ;  
And faith, thou's neither lag nor lan  
Nor blate nor scaur.

Whyles, rangin like a roarin lion,  
For prey, a' holes and corners tryin ;  
Whyles, on the strong-wing'd tempe  
Tirling the kirks ;  
Whyles, in the human bosom pryin,  
Unseen thou lurks.

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

When twilight did my *Grannie* sur  
To say her pray'rs, dounce, honest w  
Aft yont the dyke she's heard you b  
Wi' eerie drone !  
Or, rustlin, thro' the boortrees comin  
Wi' heavy groan !

As dreary, windy, winter night,  
 The stars shot down wi' sklentín light,  
 Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright,  
                   Ayont the loch ;  
 Ye, like a rash-bush, stood in sight ;  
                   Wi' waving sugh.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,  
 Each bristled hair stood like a stake,  
 When wi' an eldritch stoor, quaick—quaick—  
                   Amang the springs  
 Away 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,  
 And in kirkyards renew their leagues,  
                   Owre howkit dead.

Thence countra wives, wi' toil and pain,  
 May plunge and plunge the kirk in vain ;  
 For, oh! the yellow treasure's taen  
                   By witchin skill ;  
 And dawtit, twal-pint *Hawkie's* gaen  
                   As yell's the Bill.

Thence mystic knots mak great abuse  
 On young gudeman, fond, keen, and crouse ;  
 When the best wark-loom 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,

The bleezin, curst, mischievous man  
Delude his eyes,  
Till in some miry slough he sunk  
Ne'er mair to rise

When *Mason's* mystic word and  
In storms and tempests raise ye  
Some cock or cat your rage man  
Or, strange to  
The youngest Brither ye wad wh  
Aff straight to

Lang syne, in *Eden's* bonny yard  
When youthfu' lovers first were  
And a' the soul of love they shar  
The raptur'd heart  
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry sward  
In shady bow'r

Then you, ye auld sneak-drawin  
Ye cam to Paradise incog.,

And sklented on the *man of Uz*  
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,  
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 Lallan tongue, or Erse,  
In prose or rhyme.

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

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

---

\* Vide Milton, Book VI.

THE DEATH AND DYING WO  
POOR MAILIE.

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOW

*An unco mournfu' Tale.*

As *Mailie* and her lambs, thegither,  
Were ae day nibbling on the tether  
Upon the cloot she coost a hitch,  
And owre she warsled in the ditch  
There, groaning, dying, she did lie,

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

“ O, bid him save their harmless lives,  
 Frae dogs, and tods, and butcher's knives!  
 But gie them gude cow-milk their fill,  
 Till they be fit to fend themsel:  
 And tent them duly, e'en and morn,  
 Wi' teats o' hay and rips o' corn.

“ And may they never learn the gaets  
 Of ither vile wanrestfu' *pets*!  
 To slink thro' slaps, and reave and steal  
 At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail.  
 So may they, like their great forbears,  
 For mony a year come thro' the sheers  
 So wives will gie them bits o' bread,  
 And bairns greet for them when they're dead.

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

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

“ And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath,  
 I leave my blessin wi' you baith;  
 And when you think upon your mither,  
 Mind to be kind to ane anither,

This said, poor  
And clos'd her een among the dead :

---

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,  
Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose,  
Our bardie's fate is at a close,  
Past a' remead ;  
The last sad cape-stane of his woes ;  
*Poor Mailie's dead !*

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

Thro' a' the town she trotted by h  
could dance

randers up the howe,  
 ; image, in her *yowe*,  
 ating to him, owre the knowe,  
     For bits o' bread ;  
 n the briny pearls rowe  
     For *Mailie* dead.

; nae get o' muirland tips,  
 ted ket, and hairy lips ;  
 forbears were brought in ships  
     Frae yont the *Tweed* !  
 ier *flesh* ne'er cross'd the clips  
     Than *Mailie* dead.

worth the man who first did shape  
 vile wauchancie thing—*a rape* !  
 lks gude fellows girn and gape  
     Wi' chokin dread ;  
*Robin's* bonnet wave wi' crape,  
     For *Mailie* dead.

ye bards on bonny *Doon* !  
 wha on *Ayr* your chanter's tune !  
 e, join the melancholious croon  
     O' *Robin's* reed !  
 eart will never get aboon  
     His *Mailie* dead !



I owe thee much.

---

DEAR *Smith*, the sleest, pawkie thie:  
That ere attempted stealth or rief,  
You surely hae some warlock-breef  
Owre human hearts ;  
For ue'er a bosom yet was prief  
Against your arts.

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

That auld capricious carlin, Nature,  
To mak amends for scrinpit stature,  
She's turn'd you aff, a human creature  
On her *first* plan.

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

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

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

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

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

I'll wander on, wi' tentless heed  
 How never-halting moments speed,

Till Fate shall snap the brittle thread :  
Then, all unknown,  
I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead,  
Forgot and gone!

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

This life, sae far's I understand,  
Is a' enchanted fairy-land,  
Where pleasure is the magic wand,

Like school-boys at th' expected warning,  
To joy and play.

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

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

Wi' steady aim, some Fortune chase;  
Keen Hope does every sinew brace;  
Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race,  
    And seize the prey:  
Then cannie, in some cozie place,  
    They close the *day*.

And ithers, like your humble servan',  
Por wights! nae rules nor roads observin';  
To right or left, eternal swervin',  
    They zigzag on;  
Till curst wi' age, obscure and starvin',  
    They aften groan.

Alas! what bitter toil and strainin'!—  
But truce wi' peevish, poor complainin';  
Is Fortune's fickle *Luna* wanin'?  
    E'en let her gang!  
Beneath what light she has remainin'  
    *Let's sing our sang.*

The weeping roasts to countra  
Till icicles hing frae their beards ;  
Gie fine braw claes to fine life-guns  
                    And maids of hono  
And yill and whisky gie to cairds  
                    Until they sconner.

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

“ While ye are pleas'd to keep me  
I'll sit down owre my scanty meal,  
Be't *water-brose* or *muslin-kail*,  
                    Wi' cheerfu' face,  
As lang's the Muses dinna fail  
                    To say the grace.”

ar'd wi' you—O fool! fool! fool!  
 How much unlike!  
 hearts are just a standing pool,  
 Your lives a dyke!

arebrain'd sentimental traces  
 our unletter'd nameless faces'  
*ioso* trills and graces,  
 Ye never stray,  
*gravissimo*, solemn basses,  
 Ye hum away.

e sae *grave*, nae doubt ye're *wise*,  
 ferly tho' ye do despise  
 rairum-scairum, ram-stam boys,  
 The rattling squad;  
 you upward cast your eyes—  
 Ye ken the road.—

st I—but I shall haud me there—  
 you I'll scarce gang *ony where*—  
 , *Jamie*, I shall say nae mair,  
 But quat my sang,  
 ent, with *you* to mak a pair,  
 Whare'er I gang.

## A DREAM.

---

Thoughts, words, and deeds, the statute blames,  
But surely Dreams were ne'er indited treason.

---

[On reading in the public papers, the LAUREA  
with the other PARADE of June 4, 1786 the  
no sooner dropt asleep, than he imagined him-  
ported to the Birth-day Levee; and in his drea  
made the following Address.]

GUDE-MORNING to your *Majesty*,  
May Heav'n augment your blisses,

Sae, nae reflection on *your grace*,  
Your kingship to bespatter ;  
There's mony waur been o' the race,  
And aiblins ane been better  
Than you this day.

'Tis very true my sov'reign king,  
My skill may weel be doubted ;  
But facts are chiefs that winna ding,  
And downa be disputed ;  
Your royal nest, beneath your wing,  
Is e'en right left and clouted,  
And now the third part o' 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, wha' in a barn or byre,  
Wad better fill their station  
Than courts yon day.

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

I'm no mistrusting *Willie Pitt*,  
When taxes he enlarges,



(And *Will's* a true gude fallow's get,  
 A name not envy spairges),  
 That he intends to pay your debt.  
 And lessen a' your charges ;  
 But, G-d sake ! let nae *saving* fit  
 Abridge your bonny barges  
 And boats this day.

Adieu, my *Liege* ! may freedom ger'k  
 Beneath your high protection :  
 And may ye rax Corruption's neck,  
 And gie her for dissection.  
 But since I'm here, I'll no neglect,  
 In loyal, true affection,  
 To pay your *Queen*, with due respect,  
 My fealty and subjection  
 This great birth-day.

Hail, *Majesty Most Excellent* !  
 While nobles strive to please ye,  
 Will ye accept a compliment  
 A simple poet gies ye ?  
 Thae bonny bairntime, Heav'n has lent,  
 Still higher may they heeze ye ?  
 In bliss, till Fate some day is sent,  
 For ever to release ye  
 Frae care that day.

For you, young potentate of *Wales*,  
 I tell your *Highness* fairly,  
 Down *Pleasure's* stream, wi' swelling sails,  
 I'm tauld ye're driving rarely ;  
 But some day ye may gnaw your nails,  
 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 *cowie's* been known  
 To mak a noble *aiver* ;  
 Sae ye may doucely fill a throne,  
 For a' their clishmaclaver :  
 There, him\* at *Agincourt* wha shone,  
 Few better were or braver ;  
 And yet, wi' fanny, queer *Sir John*,†  
 He was an unco shaver  
 For mony a day.

For you, right reverend Osnaburg,  
 Nane sets the *lawn-sleeves* sweeter  
 Although a ribband at your lug  
 Wad been a dress completer !  
 As ye disown yon paughty dog  
 That bears the keys of Peter,  
 Then, swith ! and get a wife to hug,  
 Or, troth ! 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 abourd your grapple-arm,  
 And, large upo' her quarter,  
 Come full that day.

Ye, lastly, bonny blossoms a',  
 Oe royal lasses dainty,

\* King Henry V.

† Sir John Falstaff. See Shakspeare's Henry IV.

‡ Alluding to the newspaper-account of a certain Royal sailor's *amour*.

Heav'n mak you *gude* as weel as bra  
And gie you lads a-plenty !  
But sneer na *British Boys* awa  
For kings are unco scant aye :  
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 ;  
But ere the *course* of life be through,  
It may be bitter sautit ;  
And I hae seen their *coggie* fou,  
That yet hae tarrow't at it ;  
But or the *day* was done, I trow,

And whan the day had clos'd his ee,  
 Far i' the west,  
 Ben i' the *spence*, right penaivelle,  
 I gaed to rest.

There, lanely, by the ingle cheek  
 I sat, and ee'd the spewin reek,  
 That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking sneek,  
                   The auld clay biggin ;  
 And heard the restless rattons squeak  
                   About the riggin.

A' in this motty, misty clime,  
 I backward mus'd on wasted time,  
 How I had spent my youthfu' prime,  
                   And done nae thing,  
 But stringing blethers up in rhyme,  
                   For fools to sing.

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

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

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

A tight, outlandish *kizzie*, braw,  
Come full in sight.

Ye needna doubt, I held my whisht ;  
The infant aith, half-form'd, was crusht :  
I glow'rd as eerie's I'd been dusht  
In some wild glen ;  
When sweet, like modest worth, she blus  
And stepped ben.

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

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

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

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

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

*Doon* pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods,  
 well-fed *Irwin's* stately thuds :  
 hermit *Ayr* staw through his woods,  
     On to the shore ;  
 nony a lesser torrent scuds,  
     Wi' seemin roar.

in a sandy valley spread,  
 ancient *Dorrough* rear'd her head ;  
 as in Scottish story read,  
     She boasts a race,  
 'ry nobler virtue bred,  
     And polish'd grace.

stately tow'r or palace fair,  
 mins pendent in the air,  
 stems of heroes, here and there,  
     I could discern ;  
 seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare,  
     Wi' feature stern.

heart did glowing transport feel,  
 as a race\* heroic wheel,  
 brandish round the deep-dyed steel  
     In sturdy blows :  
 back recoiling seem'd to reel  
     Their southron foes.

---

\* *The Wallaces.*

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 scepter'd *Pictish*‡ shade  
 Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid,  
 I mark'd a martial race, pourtray'd  
     In colours strong ;  
 Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd,  
     They strode along.

Through many a wild romantic grove,‡  
 Near many a hermit-fancy'd cove,  
 (Fit haunts for friendship or for love),  
     In musing mood,  
 An *aged judge*, I saw him rove,  
     Dispensing good.

With deep-struck reverential awe‡  
 The learned *sire* and *son* I saw.

\* William Wallace.

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

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

§ Collis, King of the Picts, from whom the district of Ky is said to take its name, lies buried, as tradition says, near the family seat of the Montgomeries of Collisfield, where his burial-place is still shewn.

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

¶ Catrine, the seat of the late Doctor, and present Professor Stewart.

BURNS' POEMS.

69

Nature's God and Nature's law  
They gave their lore :  
all its source and end to draw,  
That, to adore.

done's brave ward\* I well could spy,  
each old *Scotia's* smiling eye ;  
call'd on Fame, low standing by,  
To hand him on,  
ere many a patriot-name on high,  
And hero shone.

DUAN SECOND

TH musing deep, astonish'd stare,  
saw'd the heavenly-seeming *fair* ;  
whisp'ring throb did witness bear  
Of kindred sweet,  
then with an elder sister's air  
She did me greet.

I hail! my own inspired Bard,  
be thy native Muse regard !  
longer mourn thy fate as hard,  
Thus poorly low !  
me to give thee such reward  
As we bestow.

now, the great *genius* of this land  
many a light, aërial band,  
all beneath his high command,  
Harmoniously,  
arts and arms they understand,  
Their labours ply.

---

\* Colonel Fullarton.





Some teach to meliorate the plain  
     With tillage-skill ;  
 And some instruct the shepherd-train,  
     Blythe o'er the hill.

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

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

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

“ With future hope, I oft would gaze,  
 Fond, on thy little early ways,  
 Thy rudely caroll'd chiming phrase,  
     In uncouth rhymes,  
 Fir'd at the simple artless lays  
     Of other times.

“ I saw thee seek the sounding shore,  
 Delighted with the dashing roar ;  
 Or when the north his fleecy store  
     Drove through the sky,

I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth  
With boundless love.

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

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

“ I saw thy pulse's maddening play,  
Wild send thee pleasure's devious way,  
Misled by fancy's meteor ray,  
By passion driven !

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

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

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

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

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

THE RIGID WISE ANOTHER,  
The Rigid Wise anither:

The cleanest corn that e'er was d  
May has some piles o' caff in;  
Sae ne'er a fellow-creature slight  
For random fits o' daffin.

*Solomon.—Ec*

---

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

Hear me, ye venerable core,  
As counsel for poor mortals,  
That frequent pass douce Wisdom's  
For claikef Bally's portals.

Discount what scant occasion gave,  
 That purity ye pride in,  
 And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)  
 Your better art o' hiding

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

See Social Life and Glee sit down,  
 A' joyous and unthinking,  
 Till, quite transaugrify'd, they're grown  
 Debauchery and drinking ;  
 O wad they stay to calculate  
 Th' eternal consequences ;  
 Or your more dreaded hell to state,  
 Damnation of expenses !

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

Then gently scan your brother man,  
 Still gentler sister woman,  
 Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang ;  
 To step aside is human :  
 One point must still be greatly dark,  
*The moving why* they do it ;

And just as lamely can ye mark,  
How far perhaps they rue it.

Wha made the heart, 'tis *He* alone  
Decidedly can try us,  
He knows each cord, 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 ken na what's *resistet*.

— o —

TAM SAMSON'S\* ELEGY.

And cleed her bairns, man wife, and wean,  
 In mourning weed ;  
 To death she's dearly paid the kane,  
 Tam Samson's dead.

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

When Winter muffles up his cloak,  
 And binds the mire like a rock ;  
 When to the loughs the curlers flock,  
 Wi' gleesome speed,  
 Wha will they station at the cock ?  
 Tam Samson's dead !

He was the king o' a' the core,  
 To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,  
 Or up the rink like *Jehu* roar  
 In time o' need ;  
 But now he lags on death's *hog-score*,  
 Tam Samson's dead !

Now safe the stately saumont sail,  
 And trouts bedrop'd wi' crimson hail,  
 And eels, weel kenn'd for souple tail,  
 And geds for greed,  
 Since dark in death's *fish-creel* we wail  
 Tam Samson's dead !

Rejoice, ye birring pairtricks a' ;  
 Ye cootie muirocks, crouselly craw ;  
 Ye maukins, cock your fuds fu' braw  
 Withouten dread ;



While pointers  
Frae couples treeu,  
But, och! he gaed, and ne'er return'd  
Tam Samson's dead!

In vain auld age his body batters;  
In vain the gout his ancles fetters,  
In vain the burns come down like waters  
An acre braid!  
Now every auld wife, greeting, clatters,  
Tam Samson's dead!

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

When at his heart he felt the dagger,  
He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger,  
He reel'd his wonted mortal trigger.

## BURNS' POEMS.

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

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

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

## THE EPITAPH.

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

## PER CONTRA.

Go, Fame, and canter like a filly  
 Through a' the streets and neuks o' Killie,\*  
 Tell every social, honest billie  
     To cease his grievin ;  
 For yet, unscath'd by death's gleg gullie,  
     Tam Samson's livin' !

---

\* Kilmarnock.

passion of pride  
history of Human Nature in its rude state,  
nations; and it may be some entertainment in a p  
mind, if any such should honour the author with  
to see the remains of it among the more unenlig  
our own.

---

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.  
*Gold*

---

UPON that night, when fairies light,  
On *Cassilis Downans*† dance,  
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,  
On sprightly coursers prance :  
Or for *Colean* the rout is ta'en,  
Beneath the moon's pale beams ;  
There, up the *Cove*,‡ to stray and rove  
Among the rocks and streams,  
To sport that night,

---

Amang the bonny winding banks,  
 Where *Doon* rins wimplin clear,  
 Where BRUCE\* ance rul'd the martial ranks,  
 And shook the *Carrick* spear,  
 Some merry, friendly contra folks  
 Together did convene,  
 To *burn* their nits, and *pou* their stocks,  
 And haud their *Halloween*,  
 Fu' blithe that night.

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

Then first and foremost, thro' the kail,  
 Their *stocks*† maun a' be sought ance ;  
 They steek their een, and graip and wale,  
 For muckle anes, and straught anes.

---

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

† The first ceremony of Halloween is pulling each a *stock*, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with ; its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the 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.

Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,  
 And wander'd thro' the *bow-kail*,  
 And pou't, for want o' better shift,  
 A *runt* was like a sow-tail,  
 Sae bow't that night.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,  
 They roar and cry a' throu'ther;  
 The very wee things, todlin, rin  
 Wi' stocks out-owre their shouther;  
 And gif the *custoc's* sweet or sour,  
 Wi' joctelegs they taste them;  
 Syne coziely, aboon the door,  
 Wi' cannie care they've plac'd them  
 To lie that night.

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a',  
 To pou their *stalks o' corn*;<sup>\*</sup>  
 But Rab slips out, and jinks about  
 Behind the muckle thorn:  
 He grippet Nelly hard and fast;  
 Loud skirled a' the lasses;  
 But her *tap-pickle* maist was lost,  
 When kiutlin i' the fause-house†  
 Wi' him that night.

The auld gudewife's weel-hordet *nits*,‡  
 Are round and round divided,

---

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

†When the corn is in a doubtful state, by bein or wet, the stack-builder, by means of old timber a large apartment in his stack, with an opening which is most exposed to the wind; this he calls *house*.

‡Burning the nuts is a favourite charm. The *lad and lass* to each particular nut, as they lay

And monie lads' and lasses' fates  
 Are there that night decided :  
 Some kindle, couthie, 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 :  
 He bleez'd owre her, and she owre him,  
 As they wad never mair part ;  
 'Till fuff! he started up the lum,  
 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,  
 To be compar'd to Willie :  
 Mall's nit lap out wi' pridefu' fling,  
 And her ain fit it brunt it ;  
 While Willie lap, and swear by *jing*,  
 'Twas just the way he wanted  
 To be that night

Nell had the fause-house in her min',  
 She pits herself and Rob in ;  
 In loving bleeze they sweetly join,  
 Till white in ase they're sobbin :  
 Nell's heart was dancing at the view ;  
 She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't :

---

fire; and accordngly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be.

Rob, stowlins, prie'd her bonny mou,  
Fu' conie in the neuk fort,  
Unseen that night.

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

And ay she win't, and aye she swat ;

She fuff'd her pipe wi' sic a lunt,  
 In wrath she was sae vap'rin,  
 She notic'd na, an aizle brunt  
 Her braw new worsset apron  
 Out thro' that night.

" Ye little skelpic-limmer's face !  
 How dare you try sic sportin,  
 As seek the foul thief ony place,  
 For him to spae your fortune :  
 Nae doubt but ye may get a *sight* !  
 Great cause ye hae to fear it ;  
 For mony a ane has gotten a fright,  
 An' liv'd and died deleeret  
 On sic a night.

" Ae hairst afore the Sherra-Moor,  
 I mind't as weel's yestreen,  
 I was a gilpey then, I'm sure  
 I was no past fyfteen :  
 The simmer had been cold and wat,  
 And stuff was unco green ;  
 And ay a rantin kirn we gat,  
 And just on *Halloween*  
 It fell that night.

" Our stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen,  
 A clever sturdy fallow ;  
 He's sin gat Epple Sim wi' wean,  
 That liv'd in Achmacalla ;  
 He gat *hemp-seed*,\* I mind it weel,  
 And he made unco light o't ;

---

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.

\* Steal out, unperceived, and sow an handful of hemp-seed, harrowing it with any thing you can conveniently



But mony a day was *by himsel*,  
 He was sae sairly frighted  
 That vera night."

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

He marches thro' amang the stacks,  
 Tho' he was something sturtin ;  
 The *graip* he for a *harrow* tacks,  
 And hauls at his curpin :  
 And ev'ry 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 ;  
 Altho' his hair began to arch,  
 He was sae fley'd and eerie :

---

draw after you. Repeat, now and then, "Hem  
 saw thee, hemp-seed, I saw thee; and him (or he  
 to be my true-love, come after me and pou thee  
 over your left shoulder, and you will see the person  
 in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some tradi:  
 "Come after me and shaw thee," that is, show t'  
 which case it simply appears. Others omit the h  
 and say, "Come after me, and harrow thee."

Till presently he hears a squeak,  
 And then a grane an' gruntle:  
 He by his shouther gae a keek,  
 And tumbled wi' a wintle  
 Out-owre that night.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,  
 In dreadfu' desperation!  
 And young and auld cam rinnin out,  
 To hear the sad narration;  
 He swoor 'twas hilchin Jean M'Craw,  
 Or Crouchie Merran Humphie,  
 Till stop! she trotted thro' them a':  
 And wha was it but *grumphie*  
 Asteer that night.

Meg fain wad to the barn hae gane,  
 To win three wechts o' naething;\*  
 But for to meet the deil her lane,  
 She put but little faith in:  
 She gies the herd a pickle nits,  
 And twa red-cheekit apples,  
 To watch, while for the barn she sets,  
 In hopes to see Tam Kipples  
 That very night.

---

\* This charm must likewise be performed, unperceived and alone. You go to the barn, and open both doors, taking them off the hinges if possible, for there is danger that 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.

Fu' fast that night.

They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice ;  
They hecht him some fine braw ane  
It chanc'd the *stack* he *faddom'd thri*  
Was timmer propt for throwin' :  
He taks a swirlie auld moss-oak,  
For some black grousome carlin ;  
And loot a winze, and drew a stroke,  
Till skin in blypes cam haulin  
Aff's nieves that nig

A wanton widow Leezie was,  
As cantie as a kittlin ;  
But, och ! that night, amang the shaw  
She gat a fearfu' settlin !  
She thro' the whins, and by the cairn,  
And owre the hill gaed scievin,  
Whare *three lairds' lands met at a bu*  
To dip her left sark sleeve in,  
Was hent that night

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

Amang the brachens, on the brae,  
 Between her and the moon,  
 The deil, or else an outler quey,  
 Gat up and gae a croon ;  
 Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool ;  
 Near lav'rock-height she jumpit ;  
 But miss'd 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 !

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.

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

And unco tales, and funny jokes,  
Their sports were cheap and cheery  
Till *butter'd so'ns*,\* wi' fragrant lunt,  
Sets a' their gabs a-steerin ;  
Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,  
They parted aff careerin  
Fu' blythe that night.



THE  
AULD FARMER'S  
NEW-YEAR MORNING SALUTATION 1  
MARE MAGGIE,

On giving her the accustomed Ripp of Corn 1  
New Year.

*A Gude New-Year* I wish thee, Mag  
Hae, there's a *ripp* to thy auld baggi  
Tho' thou's howe-backit now, and kni  
Thee usen the day

I've seen thee dappl't, sleek, and glaizie,  
     A bonny gray :  
 He should been tight that daur't to *raize* thee  
     Ance in a day.

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

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

When first I gaed to woo my *Jenny*,  
 Ye then was trottin wi' your minnie :  
 Tho' ye was trickie, slee, and funny,  
     Ye ne'er was donsie ;  
 But hamely tawie, quiet, and cannie,  
     And unco sonsie.

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

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hobbie,  
 And wintle like a saumont-coble,  
 That day ye was a jinker noble,  
     For heels and win'.

town's bodies ran, and stood  
And ca't th

When thou was corn't, and I  
We took the road ay like a sv  
At *brooses* thou had ne'er a fi  
For pith and  
But every tail thou pay't the  
Whare'er th

The sma' droop-rumpl't hunt  
Might aiblins waurt thee for s  
But sax Scotch miles thou try  
And gar't th  
Nae whip nor spur, but just a  
O' sangh or

Thou was a noble *fittie-lan'*  
As e'er in tug or tow was draw  
Aft thee and I, in aught hours

n frosts lay lang, and snaws were deep,  
 threaten'd labour back to keep,  
 and thy cog a wee bit heap,  
     Aboon the timmer ;  
 an'd my *Maggie* wad na sleep  
     For that, or simmer.

urt or car thou never reestit ;  
 steyest brae thou wad hae fac't it ;  
 I never lap, and sten't, and breastit,  
     Then stood to blaw ;  
 just thy step a wee thing hastit,  
     Thou snoov't awa.

*pleugh* is now thy bairn-time a' ;  
 gallant brutes as e'er did draw ;  
 ye sax mae, I've sell't awa,  
     That thou hast nurst :  
 I drew me thretteen pund and twa,  
     The very warst.

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

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

re worn to crazy years thegither ;  
 I toyte about wi' ane anither ;



Wi' tentie care I'll fit thy tether  
To some hain'd rig,  
Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,  
Wi' sma' fatigue.

— o —

## TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH

*November, 1785.*

WERE sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie!

An' bleak December's winds ensuin,  
Baith snell and keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,  
An' weary winter coming fast,  
An' cozie 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,  
But house or hald,  
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,  
And cranreuch 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 promis'd joy.

Sti'll thou art blest, compar'd 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* an' *fear*.

## A WINTER NIGHT.

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

*Shakspeare*

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

Ae night the storm the steeples rocked,  
 Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked,  
 While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-chol  
     Wild-eddying swirl,  
 Or thro' the mining outlet bock'd,  
     Down headlong hurl.

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

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing!  
 That, in the merry months o' spring,  
 Delighted me to hear thee sing,  
     What comes o' thee?  
 Where wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wi  
     And close thy ee?

Ev'n you on mard'ring errands toll'd,  
 Lons from your savage homes axil'd,  
 The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cot spoil'd,  
     My heart forgets,  
 While pitiless the tempest wild  
     Sore on you beats.

Now Plands, in her midnight reign,  
 Dark muff'd, 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 heav'n's-flamin'd Man on brother Man bestows.  
 See stern Oppression's iron grip,  
 Or mad Ambition's gory hand,  
 Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,  
 Woe, want, and murder, o'er a land!  
 Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,  
 Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,  
 How pamper'd Luxury, Flatt'ry by her side,  
 The parasite empoisoning her ear,  
 With all the servile wretches in the rear,  
 Looks o'er proud Property extended wide,  
 And eyes the simple, rustic Hind,  
 Whose toil upholds the glittering show,  
 A creature of another kind,  
 Some coarser substance, unrefin'd,  
 Placed for her lordly use thus far, thus vile below.  
 Where, where is Love's fond, tender throe,  
 With lordly Honour's lofty brow,  
 The pow'rs you proudly own?  
 H

Feel not a want but w  
Think, for a moment,

Whom friends and f  
satisfy'd keen Nature  
tretch'd on his straw  
ile thro' the ragged r  
ill o'er his slumbers  
ink on the dungeon  
ere Guilt and poor  
ilt, erring man, rel  
t shall thy regal ra  
wretch already cr  
cruel Fortune's un  
ion's sons are brot  
ther to relieve, hov

heard nae mair, fo  
Shook off the pou  
d hail'd the morn  
A cottage-rousing

t deep this truth  
through all His v  
heart benevolen  
he most resembl



## EPISTLE TO DAVIE,\*

A BROTHER POET.

*January* —.

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

It's hardly in a body's power  
 To keep, at times, frae being sour,  
 To see how things are shar'd ;  
 How best o' chieles are whyles in want,  
 While coofs on countless thousands rant,  
 And ken na how to wair't ;  
 But, *Davie*, lad, ne'er fash your head,  
 Though we hae little gear,  
 We're fit to win our daily bread,  
 As lang's we're hale and fier :  
 " Mair spier na, nor fear na," †  
 Auld Age ne'er mind a feg ;  
 The last o't the warst o't,  
 Is only for to beg.

\* David Sillar, one of the club at Tarbolton, the author of  
 a Volume of Poems in the Scottish dialect.

† *Ramsay*.

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

We may be wise, or rich, or great  
But never can be blest :  
Nae treasures, nor pleasures,  
Could make us happy lang ;  
The *heart* ay's the part ay  
That makes us right or wrang.

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

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



But tent me, *Davie*, ace o' hearts,  
(To say aught less wad wrang the cartes  
And flat'ry I detest),  
This life has joys for you and I,  
And joys that riches ne'er could buy,  
And joys the very best.  
There's a' the *pleasures o' the heart*,  
The lover 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.

And oft a more endearing band,  
 A tie more tender still.  
 It lightens, it brightens,  
 The tenebrific scene,  
 To meet with, and greet with  
 My *Davie* or my *Jean*.

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




---

THE LAMENT,

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

---

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

---

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

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

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

Then who her pangs and pains will sooth,  
Her sorrows share, and make them less !

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

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

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

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

Oh ! scenes in strong remembrance  
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'll wander thro'  
And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mour  
A faithless woman's broken vow.

—o—

## DESPONDENCY.

AN ODE.

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 plac'd,  
 Where never human footstep trac'd,  
 Less fit to play the part ;  
 The lucky moment to improve,  
 And *just* to stop, and *just* to move,  
 With self-respecting art ;  
 But, ah ! those pleasures, loves, and joys,  
 Which I too keenly taste,  
 The *Solitary* can despise,  
 Can want, and yet be blest !  
 He needs not, he heeds not  
 Or human love or hate,  
 Whilst I here, must cry here  
 At *perfidy* ingrate !

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

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

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

—o—

THE  
COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. AITKEN, ESQ.

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

MY lov'd, my honour'd, much-respected friend!  
No mercenary bard his homage pays;  
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,  
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise;  
To you I sing, in simple *Scottish* lays,  
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene:  
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways,  
What *Aitken* in a cottage would have been;  
Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there, I  
ween!



BURNS' POEMS

ember chill blows loud wi' angry sigh ;  
he shortening winter-day is near a close ;  
miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh ;  
he blackening train o' craws to their repos  
toil-worn *Cotter* frae his labour goes,  
*This night* his weekly moil is at an end,  
ects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes  
oping the *morn* in ease and rest to spend,  
l weary, o'er the muir, his course does han  
bend.

ength his lonely cot appears in view,  
eneath the shelter of an aged tree ;  
expectant *wee-things*, toddin, stacher thro  
o meet their Dad, wi' fletcherin noise and g  
was his heels, bliskin kannelis

er, wi' her needle and her sheers,  
 ld claes look amaiat as weel's the new ;  
 r mixes a' wi' admonition due.

ter's and their mistress's command  
 nkers a' are warned to obey ;  
 their labours wi' an eydent hand,  
 er, though out o' sight, to jauk and play ;  
 be sure to fear the LORD alway !  
 ad your *duty* duly morn and night !  
 mptation's path ye gang astray,  
 his counsel and assisting might :  
 er sought in vain that sought the LORD  
 t'

! a rap comes gently to the door,  
 wha kens the meaning o' the same,  
 a neebor lad came o'er the moor,  
 ome errands, and convoy her hame.  
 mother sees the concious flame  
 in *Jenny's ee*, and flush her cheek ;  
 rt-struck anxious care inquires his name,  
*Jenny* hafflins is afraid to speak :  
 s'd the mother hears it's nae wild worthless

y welcome *Jenny* brings him ben :  
 pan youth ; he taks the mother's eye :  
 ny sees the visit's no ill-taen ;  
 her cracks o' horses, pleughs, and kye.  
 yster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,  
 te and faithfu', scarce can weel believe ;  
 er wi' a woman's wiles, can spy  
 aks the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave :  
 s'd to think her *bairn's* respectit like the lave.

love ! where love like this is found !  
 :felt raptures ! bliss beyond compare !

Beneath the  
gale.'

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

But now the supper crowns their simple board  
The halesome *parritch*, chief o' *Scotia's*  
The soupe their only *Hawkie* does afford  
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows he  
The dame brings forth in complimentary  
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd keb  
And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it gud  
The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell,  
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint wa

they chant their artless notes in simple guise ;  
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim ;  
 Perhaps *Dundee's* wild warbling measures rise,  
 Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name ;  
 Or noble *Elgin* beats the heav'n-ward flame,  
 The sweetest far of *Scotia's* holy lays :  
 Compar'd wi' these, Italian trills are tame ;  
 The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise ;  
 No unison have they wi' our *Creator's* praise.

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

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

When kneeling down to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING  
 The *saint*, the *father*, and the *husband* prays :  
 Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'\*  
 That *thus* they all shall meet in future days ;

---

\* *Pope's Windsor Forest.*

There ever bask in uncreated rays  
 No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,  
 Together hymning their *Creator's* praise,  
 In such society, yet still more dear ;  
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere

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

Then homeward all take off their several way ;  
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest ;  
 The parent pair their *secret homage* pay,  
 And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request,  
 That *He*, who stills the raven's clamorous nest,  
 And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,  
 Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,  
 For them and for their little ones provide ;  
 But chiefly in their hearts with *grace divine* preside

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

O, *Scotia!* my dear, my native soil ;  
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent !

Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil  
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !  
 And, O ! may Heaven their simple lives prevent  
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !  
 But, however crowns and coronets be rent,  
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,  
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle.

) THOU ! who pour'd the patriotic tide,  
 That stream'd through *Wallace's* undaunted heart  
 Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,  
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,  
 The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,  
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !  
 ) never, never *Scotia's* realm desert ;  
 But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,  
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard.

---

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A DIRGE.

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

Young stranger, whither wanderest thou ?  
 Began the reverend sage ;  
 Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,  
 Or youthful pleasure's rage ?

Where hundreds labour with sorrow,  
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!  
Mis-spending all their 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,  
And sorrows worn,

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

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

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

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

Yet let not this too much my son,  
Disturb thy youthful breast :  
This partial view of human kind  
Is surely not the *last*.  
The poor, oppressed, honest man,  
Had never, sure, been born,



The great, the weary, torn  
From pomp and pleasure torn!  
But, oh! a blest relief to those  
That weary-laden mourn!



## A PRAYER

IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH

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

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

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

---

S T A N Z A S

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

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

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

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 :  
 O that that controlling power assist e'en me,  
 Those headlong furious passions to confine ;  
 For all unfit I feel my pow'rs to be,  
 To rule their torrent in th' allowed line :  
 Aid me with thy help, *Omnipotence Divine*.

A ~~man's~~ my pray & succre.

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

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

Their hope, their stay, their darling  
In manhood's dawning blush;  
Bless him, thou God of love and tru  
Up to a parent's wish!

The beauteous seraph sister-band,  
With earnest tears I pray,  
Thou know'st the snares on every h  
Guide thou their steps alway!

## THE FIRST PSALM.

THE man, in life wherever placed,  
Hath happiness in store,  
Who walks not in the wicked's way,  
Nor learns the 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 tree  
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.



## A P R A Y E R.

UNDER THE PRESSURE OF VIOLENT ANGUISH.

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

From crying,  
O, free my weary eyes from weeping  
Or close them fast in death!

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

—o—

THE FIRST SIX VERSES OF THE  
PSALM.

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

Before the mountains heav'd thee up,  
Beneath thy forming hand,  
—thy globe it

Appear no more before thy sight  
Than yesterday that's past.

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

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

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



TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

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

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

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

One naunting now is our gardens yie  
High sheltering woods and wa's man  
But thou, beneath the random bield  
    O' clod or stane,  
Adorns the histie *stibble-field*,  
    Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,  
Thy snawy bosom sun-ward spread,  
Thou lifts thy unassuming head  
    In humble guise:  
But now the *share* uptears thy bed,  
    And low thou lies!

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

BURNS' POEMS.

By human pride or cunning driven,  
To misery's brink,  
Till, wrench'd of every stay but *Heaven*,  
He, ruin'd, sink !

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

---

TO RUIN.

ALL hail ! inexorable lord  
At whose destruction-breathing word  
The mightiest empires fall,  
Thy cruel, wo-delighted train,  
The ministers of grief and pain,  
A sullen welcome, all !  
With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,  
I see each aimed dart ;  
For one has cut my *dearest tie*,  
And quivers in my heart,  
Then low'ring, and pouring,  
The *storm* no more I dread ;  
Tho' thickening, and blackening  
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 ;  
Beseech, I beg thy friendly aid,  
To close *this scene* of care !



Enclosed, within thy cold embrace.



TO MISS LOGAN,  
WITH BEATTIE'S POEMS, AS A NEW-YEAR  
GIFT, JANUARY 1, 1787.

AGAIN the silent wheels of time  
Their annual round have driven,  
And you though scarce in maiden years  
Are so much nearer Heaven.

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

Our sex with guile and faithless  
Is charged, perhaps, too true!  
Dear maid, each lover

Tho' 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 soon, my lad,  
And, *Andrew* dear, believe me,  
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,  
And muckle they may grieve ye :  
For care and trouble set your thought,  
Even when your end's attained ;  
And a' your views may come to nought,  
Where every nerve is strained.

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

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

Aye free, aff han' your story tell,  
When wi' a bosom-crony ;  
But still keep something to yoursel  
Ye scarcely tell to ony.

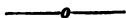
Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can  
Frae critical dissection ;  
But keek thro' every other man  
Wi' sharpen'd sly inspection.

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

And Atheist's laugh's a poor exchange  
For Deity offended!

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

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




## ON A SCOTCH BARD,

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES

A' ye wha live by soups o' drink,  
A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,  
A' ye wha live and never think,  
Come, mourn wi' me!  
Our *billie's* gi'en us a' a jink,  
And owre the sea.

Lament him a' ye rantin core,  
Wha dearly like a random-splore;  
Nae mair he'll join the *merry roar*,  
In social key;



For weel I wat they'll sairly  
That's owre t

O Fortune, they hae room to  
Hadst thou ta'en aff some dr  
Wha can do nought but fyke  
'Twad been n:  
But he was gleg as ony wum  
That's owre t

Auld, cantie *Kyle* may weep  
And stain them wi' the saut,  
'Twill mak her poor auld hes  
In finders fle  
He was her *laureate* mony a  
That's owre t

He saw Misfortune's cauld n  
Lang mustering up a bitter l  
A jillet brak his heart at last  
Ill may she b

He ne'er was gi'en to great misguiding,  
 Yet coin his pouches wad nae 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 ;  
 Ye'll find him aye a dainty chiel,  
                   And fu' o' glee !  
 He wad na wrang'd the vera deil,  
                   That's owre the sea.

Farewell, my *rhyme-composing billie* !  
 Your native soil was right ill-willie ;  
 But may ye flourish like a lily,  
                   Now bonnilie !  
 I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie,  
                   Tho' owre the sea.

---

 TO A HAGGIS.

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

The groaning trencher there ye fill,  
 Your hurdies like a distant hill,  
 Your *pin* wad help to mend a mill  
                   In time o' need,  
 While thro' your pores the dews distill  
                   Like amber bead.

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

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

Is there that o'er his French *ragout*,  
 Or *olio* that wad staw a sow,  
 Or *fricassee* wad mak her spew  
     Wi' perfect sconner,  
 Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' vlew,  
     On sic a dinner ?

Poor devil ! see him owre his trash,  
 As feckless as a wither'd rash,  
 His spindle-shank a guid whip-lash,  
     His neive a nit ;  
 Thro' bloody flood or field to dash,  
     O how unfit !

But mark the rustic, *haggis-fed*,  
 The trembling earth resounds his tread,  
 Clap in his walie nieve a blade,  
     He'll mak it whistle ;  
 And legs, and arms, and heads will sned,  
     Like taps o' thriassle.

Ye powers, wha mak mankind your care,  
 And dish them out their bill o' fare,

Auld Scotland wants nae skinkling ware  
 That jumps in luggies ;  
 But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,  
 Gie her a *Haggis* !

---

A DEDICATION

TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

EXPECT na, sir, in this narration,  
 A fleec'hin, fleth'rin dedication,  
 To roose 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 tir'd—and sae are ye  
 Wi' mony a fulsome sinfu' lie,  
 Set up a face, how I stop short,  
 For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do—maun do, sir, wi' them wha  
 May please the great folk for a wamefou ;  
 For me ! sae laigh I needna bow,  
 For, Lord be thankit ! *I can plough* !  
 And when I downa yoke a naig,  
 Then, Lord be thankit ! *I can dog* !  
 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 skelp him ;  
 He may do weel for a' he's done yet,  
 But only he's no just begun yet.

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



As master, landlord, husband, fath  
He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for  
Nae *godly symptom* ye can ca' this  
It's naething but a milder feature  
Of our poor sinfu' corrupt nature :  
Ye'll get the best of moral works,  
'Mang black Gentoos and pagan T  
Or hunters wild on *Ponotaxi*,  
Wha never heard of orthodoxy.  
That he's the poor man's friend in  
The *gentleman* in word and deed,  
It's no thro' terror of d-mn-ti-n ;  
It's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,  
Thy tens o' thousands thou hast sl  
Vain is his hope, whose stay and t  
In *moral* mercy, truth, and justice

No—stretch a point to catch a ]  
A hae a heather to his back :

Grunt up a solemn lengthen'd groan,  
 And damn a' parties but your own ;  
 I'll warrant then, ye're na deceiver,  
 A steady, sturdy, staunch believer.

O ye wha leave the springs o' *Calvin*,  
 For *gumlie dubs* o' your ain delvin !  
 Ye sons of heresy and error,  
 Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror !  
 When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,  
 And in the fire throws the sheath ;  
 When Ruin, with his sweeping *besom*,  
 Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him :  
 While o'er the *harp* pale Mis'ry moans,  
 And strikes the ever-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 need na tak it ill)  
 I thought them something like yoursel'.

Then patronize them wi' your favour,  
 And your petitioner shall ever—  
 I had amaist said, *ever pray*,  
 But that's a word I need na say :  
 For praying I hae little skill o't ;  
 I'm baith dead-sweer, and wretched ill o't ;  
 But I'se repeat each poor man's *pray'r*,  
 That kens or hears about you, sir—

Lang  
Till Hamiltons, at least a  
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, wi' mutual rays,  
Shine on the ev'ning o' his days ;  
Till his wee curlie *John's* ier-oe,  
When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,  
The last, sad, mournful rites bestow !"

I will not wind a lang conclusion,  
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 Pow'rs above prevent !)  
I should be *Wanted* carl, *Want*,

the tender gushing tear,  
I recognize my *master dear*,  
Adios, low, we meet thegither,  
sir, your hand—my *friend* and *brother*.

---

TO A LOUSE,

FINDING ONE ON A LADY'S BONNET AT CHURCH.

Whare ye gaun, ye crawlin ferlie !  
Impudence protects you sairly ;  
I say but ye strunt rarely.

Owre gauze and lace ;  
alth, I fear ye dine but sparely  
On sic a place.

ly, creepin, blastit wonner,  
Fled, shunn'd by saunt and sinner,  
Iare you set your fit upon her,  
Sae fine a lady !  
I somewhere else and seek your dinner  
On some poor body.

in some beggar's haffet squattle !  
ye creep, and sprawl, and sprattle  
her kindred jumpin cattle.  
In shoals and nations ;  
I horn nor bane ne'er dare unsettle  
Your thick plantations.

and you there, ye're out o' sight,  
the fatt'rills, snug and tight ;  
alth ye yet ! ye'll no be right  
Till ye've got on it,  
Ira tapmost, tow'ring height  
O' *Miss's bonnet*.

You on an auld wife's flannèd toy ;  
Or siblins some bit duddle boy,  
On's wyliecoat ;  
But Miss's fine *Lunardi* ; fie,  
How dare you do't !

O, *Jenny*, dinna toss your head,  
And set your beauties a' a bread !  
Ye little ken what cursed speed  
The blastie's makin !  
Thae *winks* and *finger-ends*, I dread  
Are notice takin !

O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us  
*To see oursel's as others see us* ;  
It wad frae monie a blunder free us  
And foolish notion :  
What airs in dress and gait wad lea'  
And ev'n Devotion !

arking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,  
 the banks of *Ayr* I stray'd,  
 ying, lone, the ling'ring hours,  
 ter in thy honour'd shade.

alth still swells the golden tide,  
 sy trade his labours plies ;  
 rchitecture's noble pride  
 elegance and splendour rise ;  
 stice, from her native skies,  
 wields her balance and her rod ;  
 arning, with his eagle eyes,  
 science in her coy abode.

s, EDINA, social, kind,  
 open arms the stranger hail ;  
 ews enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind,  
 e the narrow rural vale ;  
 re still to sorrow's wail,  
 odest merit's silent claim ;  
 er may their sources fail !  
 ever envy blot their name !

ughters bright thy walks adorn !  
 is the gilded summer sky,  
 s the dewy milk-white thorn,  
 as the raptur'd thrill of joy !  
 rnet strikes th' adoring eye,  
 n's beauties on my fancy shine ;  
 e *sire of love on high*,  
 own his work indeed divine.

ratching high the least alarms,  
 ough rude fortress gleams afar ;  
 ne bold vet'ran, gray in arms,  
 nark'd with many a seamy scar :  
 d'rous wall and massy bar,  
 rising o'er the rugged rock,

Have oft withstood assailing war,  
And oft repell'd th' invader's shock

With awe-struck thought, and pityin  
I view that noble, stately dome,  
Where *Scotia's* kings of other years,  
Fam'd heroes, had their royal home  
Alas! how chang'd the times to come  
Their royal name low in the dust!  
Their hapless race wild-wand'ring ro  
Tho' rigid laws cries out, 'twas just

Wild beats my heart to trace your sta

## EPISTLE TO J. LAPRAIK

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD.

*April 1, 1785.*

WHILE briers and woodbines budding green,  
 and patricks scraiching loud at e'en,  
 and mornin poussie whiddin seen,  
     Inspire my muse,  
 his freedom in an *unknown* frien'  
     I pray excuse.

When Fasten-een we had a rockin,  
 and ca' the crack, and weave our stockin;  
 and there was muckle fun and jokin,  
     Ye need na doubt;  
 that length we had a hearty yokin  
     At *sang* about.

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

Ye scarce heard ought described sae weel,  
 that gen'rous, manly bosoms feel;  
 I thought I, "Can this be Pope, or Steele,  
     Or Beattie's wark!"  
 they tauld me 'twas an odd kind chiel  
     About *Muirkirk*.

That pat me fidgin fain to hear't,  
 and sae about him there I spier't,



And either woude or merr  
Or rhymes and sangs he'd made himsel,  
Or witty catches,  
'Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,  
He had few matches.

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

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

I am nae *poet*, in a sense,  
I'm a *poet* by chance.



I like the lasses—Gude sorgs me :  
For mony a plack they wheedle frae me,  
At dance or fair ;  
May be some *ither thing* they gie me !  
They weel can spare.

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

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

~~A we~~ we selfish warly race.

Who hold your *being* on the terms,  
     'Each aid the others,'  
 Come to my bowl, come to my arms,  
     My friends, my brothers!

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

—o—

## TO THE SAME.

April 21, 1785

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

Forjesket sair, wi' weary legs,  
 Rattlin the corn out-owre the rigs,  
 Or dealing through amang the naigs  
     Their ten-hours bite,  
 My awkward Muse sair pleads and begs,  
     I wadna write.

The tapetless ram feez'd hizzy,  
 She's saft at best, and something lazy,  
 Quo' she, 'Ye ken, we've been sae bizzie  
     This month and mair.  
 That, trowth, my head is grown right dizzie,  
     And something sair.'

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

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

Sae I've begun to scrawl, but whether  
In rhyme or prose, or baith thegither,  
Or some hotch-potch that's rightly neith  
Let time mak proof;  
But I shall scribble down some blether  
Just clean aff-loof.

But by the L—d, tho' I should beg  
 Wi' lyart pow,  
 I'll laugh, and sing, and shake my leg,  
 As lang's I dow!

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

Do ye envy the city *gent*,  
 Behint a kist to lie and sklent,  
 Or purse-proud, big wi' cent. per cent.  
 And muckle wame,  
 In some bit brugh to represent  
 A *bailie's* name?

Or is't the paughty, feudal Thane,  
 Wi' ruffled sark and glancin cane,  
 Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane,  
 But lordly stalks,  
 While caps and bonnets aff are ta'en,  
 As by he walks.

'O, *Thou* wha gies us each gude gift,  
 Gie me o' wit and sense a lift,  
 Then turn me, if *Thou* please, adrift,  
 Thro' Scotland wide;  
 Wi' cits or lairds I wadna shift,  
 In a' their pride.'

Were this the *charter* of our state,  
 'On pain o' hell be rich and great,  
 Damnation then would be our fate,  
 Beyond ramead;

And none but *us* :

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

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

Then may *Lapraik* and *Burns* arise,  
To reach their native, kindred skies,  
And *sing* their pleasures, hopes, and joys  
    In some mild sphere,  
Still closer knit in friendship's ties,

## TO WILLIAM SIMPSON,

OCHILTREE.

*May, 1785.*

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

But I'se believe ye kindly meant it,  
 I sud be laith to think ye hinted  
 Ironie satire, sidelins sklentid  
                                   On my poor musie ;  
 Though in sic phrasin terms ye've penn'd it,  
                                   I scarce excuse ye.

My senses wad be in a creel,  
 Should I but daur 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 whunstane hearts,  
                                   Ye Enbrugh gentry !  
 The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes  
                                   Wad stow'd his pantry !)

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,  
 Or *lassie gie* my heart a screed,



Chieft'ns wha their chanters winna name,  
But tune their lays,  
Till echoes a' resound again  
Her weel-sung praise.

Nae poet thought her worth his while,  
To set her name in measur'd style ;  
She lay like some unkenn'd-of isle  
Beside *New Holland*,  
Or whar wild-meeting oceans boil  
Besouth *Magellan*.

*Ramsay* and famous *Fergusson*  
Gied *Forth* and *Tay* a lift aboon ;  
*Yarrow* and *Tweed*, to monie a tune,  
Owre Scotland rings,  
While *Irwin*, *Lugar*, *Ayr*, and *Doon*,  
Naebody sings.

Th' *Illissus*, *Tiber*, *Thames*, and *Seine*  
Th' *Amazon*, *St. Lawrence*, *Ohio*, *Mississippi*, *line* :

Aft bure the gree, as story tells,  
 Frae southron billies

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

O sweet are *Coila*'s haughs and woods,  
 When lintwhites chant among the buds,  
 And jinking hares in amorous whids,  
                                     Their loves enjoy,  
 While through the braes the cushat croods  
 Wi' wailfu' cry.

Ev'n 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,  
 Dark'ning the day !

O *Nature* ! a' thy shews 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 !

The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,  
 Till by himsel he learned to wander,  
 Adown some trottin burn's meander,  
                                     And no think lang ;  
 O sweet, to stray and pensive ponder  
 A heart-felt sang !

Fareweel, " my rhyme-composing  
We've been owre lang unkenn'd to  
Now let us lay our heads thegither  
    In love fraternal :  
May *Envy* wallop in a tether,  
    Black fiend, infernal

While Highlandmen hate tolls and  
While Muirlan' herds like gude fat  
While Terra Firma, on her axis  
    Diurnal turns,  
Count on a friend, in faith and pra  
    In *Robert Burns*.

---

POSTSCRIPT.

My memory's no worth a preen ;  
I had amaist forgotten clean,  
Ye had me write you what they :

They took nae pains their speech to balante,  
 Or rules to gie,  
 But spak their thoughts in plain, braid lallans.  
 Like you or me.

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

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

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

This was deny'd, it was affirm'd ;  
 The *herds* and *hirsels* were alarm'd ;  
 The rev'rend greybeards rav'd and storm'd,  
 That beardless laddies  
 Should think they better were inform'd  
 Than their auld daddies.

Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks ;  
 Frae words and aiths to clours and nicks,  
 And mony a fallow gat his licks,  
 Wi' hearty crunt ;

And some, to learn them for their tricks,  
Were hang'd and brunt.

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

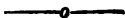
But *new-light herds* gat sic a cowe,  
Folk thought them ruin'd stick and stowe,  
Till now amaist on every knowe,  
Ye'll find ane plac'd ;  
And some, their *new-light* fair avow,  
Just quite barefac'd.

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

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

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

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



### EPISTLE TO JOHN RANKIN,

ENCLOSING SOME POEMS.

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

Ye hae sae mony cracks and cants,  
 And in your wicked, drucken rants,  
 Ye mak a deevil o' the saunts,  
     And fill them fu' ;  
 And then their failings, flaws, and wants,  
     Are a' seen through.

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

---

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

A' that I bargain'd for and mair ;  
Sae, when ye hae an hour to spare,  
I will expect  
Yon *sang* ;\* ye'll sen't, wi' cannie ca  
And no neglect.

Though faith, sma' heart hae I to sin  
My Muse dow scarcely spread her w  
I've play'd mysel a bonnie spring,  
And danced my fill ;  
I'd better gane and sair't the king,  
At *Bunker's Hill*.

'Twas ae night lately, in my fun,  
I gaed a roving wi' the gun,  
And brought a *patrick* to the grun,  
A bonnie hen,  
And, as the twilight was begun,  
Thought nane wad k

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

But, my gun, o' guns the wale,  
 And by my pouter and my hail,  
 And by my hen, and by her tail,  
                                   I vow and swear,  
 The *game* shall pay, o'er muir and dale,  
                                   For this, neist year.

As soon's the cockin-time is by,  
 And the wee pouts begin to cry,  
 L—d, I'se hae sportin by and by,  
                                   For my gowd guinea,  
 Though I should herd the *buckskin* kye  
                                   For't, in Virginia.

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

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



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

Life is but a day at most,  
Sprung from night, in darkness lost ;  
Hope not sunshine 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 raptur'd sip, and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high,  
Life's meridian flaming nigh,  
— then scorn the humble vale ?  
— then scorn the humble vale ?

## BURNS' POEMS.

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

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

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

---

## ODE,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MR

DWELLER in yon dungeon dark,  
Hangman of creation mark!

View the wither'd *deluam's* trace  
Can thy keen inspection trace  
Aught of humanity's sweet melting grace  
Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows,  
Pity's flood there never rose.  
See those hands ne'er stretch'd to save,  
Hands that took—but never gave.  
Keeper of Mammon's iron chest,  
Lo, there she goes, unpitied and unblest  
She goes, but not to realms of everlasting

ANTISTROPHE.

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

EPODE.

## ELEGY ON CAPT. MATTHEW HENDERSON,

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

---

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

---

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

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

Ye hills, near neebors o' the stars,  
That proudly cock your crestin cairns!  
Ye cliffs, the haunt of sailing yearns,  
Where echo slumbers;  
Come join ye, Nature's sturdiest bairns,  
My wailing numbers!

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat keeps!  
Ye haz'ly shaws and briery dens!  
Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens,  
Wi' tcdlin din,

Ye roses on your thorny tree,  
The first of flow'rs.

At dawn, when ev'ry grassy blade  
Droops with a diamond at his head,  
At e'en, when beans their fragrance  
I' the rustling gale,  
Ye maukins whiddin thro' the glade,  
Come join my wail.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood  
Ye grouse that crap the heather bud  
Ye curlews calling through a clud ;  
Ye whistling plover ;  
And mourn, ye whirring paitrick br  
He's gane for ever !

Mourn, sooty coots and speckled teal  
Ye fisher herons, watching eels ;  
Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels

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

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

Mourn, spring, thou darling of the year!  
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear:  
Thou simmer, while each corny spear  
Shoots up its head,  
Thy gay, green, flow'ry tresses shear,  
For him that's dead!

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

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

O *Henderson*! the man! the brother!  
And art thou gone, and gone for ever!

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**BURNS' POEMS.**

Thy sympathetic tear maun fa',  
For Matthew was a kin' man !

If thou art staunch without a stain,  
Like the unchanging blue, man ;  
This was a kinsman o' thy ain,  
For Matthew was a true man.

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

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

---

**LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTLAND**

**ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.**

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

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,  
Aloft on dewy wing ;  
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,  
Makes woodland echoes ring ;

---



The hawthorn's budding in the glen,  
And milk-white is the slae :  
The meanest hind in fair Scotland  
May rove their sweet amang ;  
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,  
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,  
Where happy I hae been ;  
Fu' lightly rose 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

And when thou meet'st thy mother's friend,  
Remember him for me!

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

—o—

TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ.

OF FINTRA.

LATE crippled of an arm, and now a leg,  
About to beg a *pass* for leave to beg;  
Dull, listless, teased, dejected and deprest,  
(Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest;)  
Will generous *Graham* list to his poet's wail?  
(It soothes poor misery, hearkening to her tale,  
And hear him curse the light he first survey'd,  
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade.

Thou, Nature, partial Nature, I arraign;  
Of thy caprice maternal I complain.  
The lion and the bull thy care have found,  
One shakes the forest, and one spurns the ground:  
Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,  
Th' envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell.  
Thy minions, kings defend, control, devour,  
In all th' omnipotence of rule and power.—  
Foxes and statesmen, subtiler wiles ensure;  
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure.  
Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,  
The priest and hedgehog in their robes, are snug.

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**BURNS' POEMS.**

By toil and famine wore to skin and bone,  
Lies senseless of each tugging bitch's son.

O dulness! portion of the truly blest!  
Calm-shelter'd haven of eternal rest!  
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes  
Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.  
If mantling high she fills the golden cup,  
With sober selfish ease they sip it up:  
Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,  
They only wonder "some folks" do not starve.  
The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog,  
And thinks the mallard a sad worthless dog.  
When disappointment snaps the clue of hope,  
And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope,  
With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,  
And just conclude, that "fools are fortune's care.  
So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,  
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

Not so the idle muses' mad-cap train,  
Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain  
In equanimity they never dwell,  
By turns in soaring heav'n, or vaunted hell.

I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe,  
With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear!  
Already one strong hold of hope is lost,  
*Glencairn*, the truly noble, lies in dust;  
(Fled, like the sun eclips'd at noon appears,  
And left us darkling in a world of tears :)  
Oh! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish pray'r!  
*Fintra*, my other stay, long bless and spare!  
Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown,  
And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!  
May *bliss domestic* smooth his private path,  
Give energy to life, and sooth his latest breath  
With many a filial tear circling the bed of death

---

LOOK u ON THE FADING YELLOW WOODS  
That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding strea  
Beneath a craigy steep a bard,  
Laden with years and meikle pain,  
In loud lament bewail'd his lord,  
Whom death had all untimely ta'en.

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

“ 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,

But I maun lie before the storm,  
And ithers plant them in my room.

“ I've seen sae mony changefu' years,  
On earth I am a stranger grown ;  
I wander in the ways of men,  
Alike unknowing and unknown ;  
Unheard, unpitied, unreliev'd,  
I bear alane my lade o' care,  
For silent, low, on beds of dust,  
Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

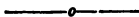
“ And last, (the sum of a' my griefs !)  
My noble master lies in clay ;  
The flower amang our barons bold,  
His country's pride, his country's stay ;  
In weary being now I pine,  
For a' the life of life is dead,  
And hope has left my aged ken,  
On forward wing for ever fled.

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

“ In poverty's low barren vale,  
Thick mists, obscure, involv'd me round ;  
Though oft I turned 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.

WHICH IAD MY BENEFACTOR IOW :

“ The bridegroom may forget the bride  
Was made his wedded wife yestreen  
The monarch may forget the crown  
That on his head an hour has been ;  
The mother may forget the child  
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee  
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,  
And a' that thou hast done for me !”



L I N E S

SENT TO SIR JOHN WHITEFOORD, OF WHITEFOORD,  
WITH THE FOREGGING POEM.

THOU, who thy honour as thy God reveal  
Who, save thy *mind's reproach*, nou  
fear'st ;

## TAM O' SHANTER,

## A TALE.

---

Of Broways and of Bogilis fall is this Buke.—*Gavin Douglas.*

---

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,  
 And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,  
 As market-days are wearin late,  
 And folk begin to tak the gate ;  
 While we sit bousin at the nappy,  
 And getting fou and unco happy,  
 We think nae on the lang Scots miles,  
 The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,  
 That lie between us and our hame,  
 Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,  
 Gatherin her brows like gatherin storm,  
 Nursin her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest *Tam o' Shanter*,  
 As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,  
 (Auld Ayr, whom ne'er a town supasses  
 For honest men and bonny lasses.)

Oh, *Tam!* hadst thou but been sac wise,  
 As ta'en thy ain wife *Kate's* advice !  
 She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,  
 A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum ;  
 That frae November till October,  
 Ae market-day thou was na sober ;  
 That ilka melder wi' the miller,  
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller ;  
 That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,  
 The smith and thee gat roarin fou on ;  
 That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,  
 Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.



HOW many lengths a sage he was  
The husband frae the wife despise

But to our tale : Ae market-nig  
*Tam* had got planted unco right ;  
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,  
Wi' reaming swats that drank div  
And at his elbow, Souter *Johnny*  
His ancient, trusty, drouthy cron  
*Tam* lo'ed him like a very brith  
They had been fou for weeks the  
The night drave on wi' sangs and  
And aye the ale was growin' bett  
The landlady and *Tam* grew gra  
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and pr  
The souter tauld his queerest sto  
The landlord's laugh was ready c  
The storm without might rair an  
*Tam* didna mind the storm a wh

Care, mad to see a man sae h  
E'en drown'd himsel' among the

Or like the borealis race,  
 That flit ere you can point their place ;  
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form  
 Evanishing amid the storm.—  
 Nae man can tether time or tide !  
 The hour approaches *Tam* maun ride !  
 That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,  
 That dreary hour he mounts his beast in ;  
 And sic a night he takes the road in,  
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

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

Weel mounted on his grey mare, *Meg*,  
 A better never lifted leg,  
*Tam* skelpit on thro' dub and mire,  
 Despising wind, and rain, and fire ;  
 Whiles hauding fast his gude blue bonnet ;  
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet ;  
 Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,  
 Lest bogles catch him unawares ;  
*Kirk-Alloway* was drawing nigh,  
 Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,  
 Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd ;  
 And past the birks and meikle stane,  
 Whare drunken *Charlie* brak's neck-bane ;  
 And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,  
 Whare hunter's fand the murder'd bairn ;  
 And near the thorn, aboon the well,  
 Whare *Mungo's* mither hang'd herel.—

Before him Doon pours all his floods ;  
 The doubling storm roars through the woods ;  
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole ;  
 Near and more near the thunders roll ;  
 When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,  
*Kirk-Alloway* seem'd in a bleeze ;  
 Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing ;  
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.—

Inspiring bold *John Barleycorn* !  
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn !  
 Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil ;  
 Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil !—  
 The swats sae ream'd in *Tammie's* noddle,  
 Fair play, he car'd nae deils a bodle.  
 But *Maggie* stood right sair astonish'd,  
 Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,  
 She ventur'd forward on the light ;  
 And, wow ! *Tam* saw an unco sight !  
 Warlocks and witches in a dance ;  
 Nae cotillon brent new frae *France*,  
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,  
 Put life and mettle in their heels.  
 A winnock-bunker in the east,  
 There sat auld *Nick* in shape o' beast ;  
 A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,  
 To gie them music was his charge :  
 He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,  
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—  
 Coffins stood round like open presses,  
 That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses ;  
 And by some devilish cantrip sleight,  
 Each in his cauld hand held a light.—  
 By which heroic *Tam* was able  
 To note upon the haly table,  
 A murderer's banes in gibbet-airns ;  
*Twa span-lang*, wee, unchristen'd bairns ;

A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,  
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape ;  
 Five tomahawks, wi' blude red rusted ;  
 A garter, which a babe had strangled ;  
 Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted,  
 A knife, a father's thoat had mangled,  
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft,  
 The grey hairs yet stack to the heft ;  
 Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',  
 Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu' ;

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

Now *Tam*, *O Tam!* had thae been queans,  
 A' plump and strappin' in their teens ;  
 Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,  
 Been snaw-white se'enteen hunder linen !  
 Their breeks o' mine, my only pair,  
 That ance were plush o' gude blue hair,  
 I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,  
 For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies !

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

But *Tam* kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,  
 There was ae winsome wench and wallee,  
 That night enlisted in the core,  
 (Lang after kenn'd on *Carrick* shore !

It was her best, and she was vauntie—  
Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,  
That sark she coft for her wee *Nannie*,  
Wi' twa pund Scots, (twas a' her riches,  
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun coo  
Sic flight are far beyond her power;  
To sing how *Nannie* lap and flang,  
(A simple jade she was and strang,  
And how *Tam* stood, like one bewitch'd  
And thought his very een enrich'd;  
Even Satan glow'rd and fidg'd fu' fain,  
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and ma  
Till first ae caper, syne anither,  
*Tam* tint his reason a' thegither,  
And roars out, "Weel dore, Cutty-sark  
And in an instant a' was dark:  
And scarcely had he *Maggie* rallied,  
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees biz out wi' angry fyke, . . .

In vain thy *Kate* awaits thy comin !  
*Kate* soon will be a wasfu' woman !  
 Now, do thy speedy utmost *Meg*,  
 And win the key-stane\* of the brig ;  
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,  
 A running stream they darena cross,  
 But ere the key-stane she could make,  
 The fient a tail she had to shake !  
 For *Nannie*, far before the rest,  
 Hard upon noble *Maggie* prest,  
 And flew at *Tam* wi' furious ettle ;  
 But little wist she *Maggie's* mettle—  
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,  
 But left behind her ain grey tail :  
 The carlin clautht her by the rump,  
 And left poor *Maggie* scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,  
 Ilk man and mother's son, take heed :  
 Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,  
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,  
 Think, ye may buy the joys ower dear,  
 Remember *Tam o' Shanter's* mare.



## ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY ME

WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT AT.

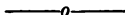
INHUMAN man ! curse on thy barb'rous art,  
 And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye !  
 May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,  
 Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart !

---

\* 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 bogies, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.

The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head  
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

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

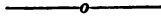


ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMAS  
ON CROWNING HIS BUST AT EDNAM, ROXBURG  
WITH BAYS.

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

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

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



ON THE LATE  
 CAPTAIN GROSE'S PEREGRINATIONS  
 THROUGH SCOTLAND,

COLLECTING THE ANTIQUITIES OF THAT KINGDOM.

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,  
 Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groat's ;  
 If there's a hole in a' your coats,  
                   I rede you tent it :  
 A chield's amang you, taking notes,  
                   And, faith, he'll prent it !

If in your bounds ye chance to light  
 Upon a fine, fat, fodgeg wight,  
 O' stature short, but genius bright,  
                   That's he, mark weel—  
 And now ! he has an unco slight  
                   O' cauk and keel.

By some auld, houlet-haunted biggin,\*  
 Or kirk deserted by its riggin,

---

\* *Vide* his *Antiquities of Scotland*.



And you deep-read in hell's black gra  
Warlocks and witches;  
Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,  
Ye midnight b——es

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 fouth o' auld nic-nackets ;  
Rusty airn caps and jinglin' jackets,\*  
Wad haud the Lothians three in tacke  
A towmont guid ;  
And parritch-pats, and auld saut-back  
Before the Flood.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder ;  
And the holstein's see about and see 'em

BURNS' POEMS.

The knife that nicked Abel's craig  
He'll prove you fully,  
It was a faulding jocteleg,  
Or lang-kail gullie.

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

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



TO MISS CRUICKSHANKS,

A VERY YOUNG LADY,

*Written on the Blank Leaf of a Book, presented  
to her by the Author.*

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

Shed thy dying honours round,  
And resign to parent earth,  
The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.

—o—

ON READING, IN A NEWSPAPER, THE I  
JOHN M'LEOD, Esq.

*Brother to a Young Lady, a particular  
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.

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.

— o —

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 flyin' summer-pride,  
 Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,  
 And drink my crystal tide.

The lightly-jumping glow'rin trouts,  
 That thro' my waters play,  
 If, in their random, wanton spouts,  
 They near the margin stray ;

---

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

That to a bard I should be seen  
Wi' half my channel dry :  
A panegyric rhyme, I ween,  
Ev'n as I was he shor'd me ;  
But had I in my glory been,  
He, kneeling, wad ador'd me.

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

Would then my noble master please  
To grant my highest wishes,  
He'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring tre  
And bonnie spreading bushes ;  
Delighted doubly then, my Lord.

The robin, pensive autumn cheer,  
In all her locks of yellow :

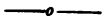
This, too, a covert shall insure,  
To shield them from the storm ;  
And coward maukin sleep secure,  
Low in her grassy form :  
Here shall the shepherd make his seat,  
To weave his crown o' flow'rs :  
Or find a sheltering safe retreat,  
From prone descending show'rs.

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

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,  
My lowly banks o'erspread,  
And view, deep-bending in the pool,  
Their shadows' wat'ry bed !  
Let fragrant birks, in woodbines drest,  
My craggy cliffs adorn ;  
And, for the little songster's nest,  
The close embow'ring thorn.

Aud Athole's bonnie lassies!"



ON

SCARING SOME WATER F

*In Loch-Turit, a wild scene among  
Oughtertyre.*

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,  
For me your wat'ry haunt forsake !  
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why  
At my presence thus you fly ?  
Why disturb your social joys,  
Parent, filial, kindred ties ?—  
Common friend to you and me,  
Nature's gifts to all are free :  
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,  
Busy feed, or wanton lave ;  
Or, beneath the sheltering rock

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

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

Or, if man's superior might  
 Dare invade your native right,  
 On the lofty ether borne,  
 Man with all his pow'rs you scorn ;  
 Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,  
 Other lakes and other springs ;  
 And the foe you cannot brave,  
 Scorn at least to be his slave.



WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL,

*Over the Chimney-piece in the parlour of the Inn  
 at Kenmure, Taymouth.*

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,  
 These northern scenes with weary feet I trace ;  
 O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,  
 Th' abodes of covied grouse and timid sheep,  
 My savage journey, curious, I pursue,  
 Till fam'd Breadalbane opens to my view,—  
 The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides  
 The woods, wild-scatter'd, clothe their ample sides ;



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

Here Poesy might wake her heaven-taught  
And look through Nature with creative  
Here, to the wrongs of fate half reconcil'd  
Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wand'ring  
And Disappointment, in these lonely bowers  
Find balm to soothe her bitter, rankling  
Here heart-struck Grief might heav'n's  
her scan,  
And injur'd Worth forget and pardon me

—o—  
WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL

Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless showers,  
 The hoary cavern, wide surrounding, lowers,  
 Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,  
 And still below, the horrid cauldron boils—



ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD,

*Born under peculiar Circumstances  
 of Family Distress.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

—o—

SECOND EPISTLE TO DAVIE

*A Brother Poet.\**

AULD NEEBOUR,

I'm three times doubly o'er your debto  
 For your auld-farrant frien'ly letter;  
 Tho' I maun say't, I doubt you flatter,  
     Ye speak sae fair;  
 For my puir, silly rymin' clatter  
     Some less maun sair.

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle  
 Lang may your elbock jink and diddle  
 To cheer you thro' the weary widdle  
     O' war'ly cares,  
 Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle  
     Your auld, grey hairs.

But, DAVIE, lad, I'm red ye're glaikit;  
 I'm tauld the Muse ye hae negleckit:  
 And gif it's sae, ye sud be licket  
     Until ye fyke;  
 Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faiket,  
     Be haint wha like.

---

\* This is prefixed to the poems of David Scott at Kilmarnock, 1789.

For me, I'm on Parnassus' brink,  
 Rivin' the words to gar them clink;  
 Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi' drink,  
     Wi' jads or masons;  
 And whyles, 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 deil-haet, that I sud ban,  
     They ever think.

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

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

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

LINES ON AN INTERVIEW WITH  
LORD DAER.

THIS wot ye all whom it concerns,  
I, Rhymer-Robin, alias Burns,  
October twenty-third,  
A ne'er-to-be-forgotten day,  
Sae far I sprachled up the brae,  
I dinner'd wi' a Lord.

I've been at drucken *writers'* feasts,  
Nay, been bitch-fou 'mang godly priests,  
Wi' rev'rence be it spoken ;  
I've ev'n join'd the honour'd forum,  
When mighty Squireships of the quorum,  
Their hydra drouth did sloken.

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

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

• • • • •

*I sidling shelter'd in a nook,  
An' at his lordship steal't a look  
Like some portentous omen ;*

Except good-sense and social glee,  
An' (what surpris'd me) modesty,  
I marked nought uncommon.

I watch'd the symptoms o' the great,  
The gentle pride, the lordly state,  
The arrogant assuming;  
The feint 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 a'uther;  
Nae *honest worthy* man need care,  
To meet with noble youthful Daer,  
For he but meets a brother.



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.

No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompos  
"No storied urn nor animated bust,"  
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's  
To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust



### EPISTLE TO R. GRAHAM, I

WHEN Nature her great masterpiece de  
And fram'd her last, best work, the hum  
Her eye intent on all the mazy plan,  
She form'd of various parts the various

Then first she calls the useless many f  
Plain plodding industry, and sober wort  
Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of  
And merchandise' whole genus take thei  
Each prudent cit a warm existence finds  
And all mechanics' many apron'd kinds.

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

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

Pity the tuneful Muses' hapless train,  
 Weak, timid landmen on Life's stormy main !  
 Their hearts no selfish stern absorbent stuff,  
 That never gives—tho' humbly takes enough ;  
 The little fate allows, they share as soon,  
 Unlike sage proverb'd Wisdom's hard-wrung boon.  
 The world were blest did bliss on them depend,  
 Ah, that "the friendly e'er should want a friend!"



Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son,  
 Who life and wisdom at one race begun,  
 Who feel by reason, and who give by rule,  
 (Instinct's a brute, and sentiment a fool!)  
 Who make poor *will do* wait upon *I should*—  
 We own they're prudent, but who feels they're good?  
 Ye wise ones, hence! ye hurt the social eye!  
 God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy!  
 But, come, ye who the godlike pleasure know,  
 Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow!  
 Whose arms of love would grasp the human race;  
 Come *thou* who giv'st with all a courtier's grace;  
*Friend of my life*, true patron of my rhymes!  
 Prop of my dearest hopes for future times.  
 Why shrinks my soul half blushing, half afraid,  
 Backward, abash'd, to ask thy friendly aid?  
 I know my need, I know thy giving hand,  
 I crave thy friendship at thy kind command:  
 But there are such who court the tuneful nine—  
 Heavens! should the branded character be mine!  
 Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows.  
 Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose.  
 Mark, how their lofty independent spirit  
 Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit!  
 Seek not the proofs in private life to find;  
 Pity the best of words should be but wind!  
 So to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,  
 But grovelling on the earth the carol ends.  
 In all the clam'rous cry of starving want,  
 They dun benevolence with shameless front;  
 Oblige them, patronise their tinsel lays,  
 They persecute you all your future days!  
 Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain,  
 My horny fist assume the plough again;  
*The piebald jacket* let me patch once more,  
*On eighteen-pence* a week I've liv'd before.  
*Tho', thanks to Heaven*, I dare even that last shift!  
*I trust, meantime*, my boon is in thy gift:

That plac'd by thee upon the wish'd-for height,  
 Where, Man and Nature fairer in her sight,  
 My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer }  
 flight.\*

—o—  
 FRAGMENT,

*Inscribed to the Right Hon. J. C. Fox.*

How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite;  
 How virtue and vice blend their black and their white;  
 How genius, th' illustrious father of fiction,  
 Confound's rule and law, reconciles contradiction -  
 I sing: if these mortals, the critics, should bustle,  
 I care not, not I, let the critics go whistle.

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

Thou first of our orators, first of our wits;  
 Yet whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky  
 hits;  
 With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong,  
 No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong;  
 With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,  
 No man with the half 'em ever went quite right;  
 A sorry, poor misbegot son of the Muses,  
 For using thy name offers fifty excuses.

Good L--d, what is man! for as simple he looks,  
 Do but try to develope his hooks and his crooks;

---

\* This is our Poet's first epistle to Graham of Fintra. It is not equal to the second; but it contains too much of the characteristic vigour of its author to be suppressed. A little more knowledge of natural history, or of chemistry, was wanted to enable him to execute the original conception correctly.

With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil,  
All in all he's a problem must puzzle the devil.

On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labours,  
That, like th' old Hebrew walking switch, eats up its  
neighbours :

Mankind are his show-box—a friend, would you know  
him ?

Pull the string, ruling passion the picture will shew  
him.

What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,  
One trifling particular, truth, should have miss'd him ;  
For, spite of his fine theoretic positions,  
Mankind is a science defies definitions.

Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,  
And think human nature they truly describe ;  
Have you found this, or t'other ? there's more in the  
wind,

As by one drunken fellow his comrades you'll find.  
But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan,  
In the make of that wonderful creature call'd Man,  
No two virtues, whatever relation they claim,  
Nor even two different shades of the same,  
Though like as was ever twin brother to brother,  
Possessing the one shall imply you've the other.



TO DR. BLACKLOCK.

*Ellis'and, 21st Oct. 1789.*

Wow, but your letter made me vauntie !  
And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie ?  
*I kenn'd it still your wee bit jauntie*  
Wad bring ye to ;  
*Lord send you 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!  
 He tauld mysel, by word o' mouth,  
     He'd tak my letter;  
 I lippen'd to the chield in trowth,  
     And bade nae better.

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

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

Ye glaiket, gleesome, dainty damies,  
 Wha, by Castalia's wimplin' streamies,  
 Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies,  
     Ye ken, ye ken,  
 That strang necessity supreme is  
     'Mang sons o' men.

I hae a wife and twa wee laddies,  
 They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies;  
 Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is,  
     I need nae vaunt,

---

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

I'm weary  
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 whyles do mair.

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

My compliments to sister Beckie ;  
the same to honest Lucky,

## P R O L O G U E,

*Spoken at the Theatre, Dumfries, on New-Year's-  
Day Evening.*

No song nor dance I bring from yon great city  
That queen's it o'er our taste—the more's the pity :  
Tho', by the bye, abroad why will you roam ?  
Good sense and taste are natives nearer home :  
But not for panegyric I appear,  
I come to wish you all a good new year !  
Old Father Time deposes me here before ye,  
Not for to preach, but tell his simple story :  
The sage grave ancient cough'd, and bade me say,  
“ Your one year older this important day.”  
If *wiser*, too—he hinted some suggestion,  
But 'twould be rude, you know, to ask the question ;  
And with a would-be-roguish leer and wink,  
He bade me on you press this one word—“ think !”

Ye sprightly youths, quite flush'd with hope and  
spirit,  
Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,  
To you the dotard has a deal to say,  
In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way :  
He bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,  
That the first blow is ever half the battle ;  
That tho' some by the skirt may try to snatch him ;  
Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him ;  
That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,  
You may do miracles by persevering.

Last, tho' not least in love, ye youthful fair,  
Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care !  
To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled brow,  
And humbly begs you'll mind the important—now !

To crown your happiness he asks your leave,  
And offers bliss to give and to receive.

For our sincere, tho' haply weak endeavours,  
With grateful pride we own your many favours;  
And howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it,  
Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it.



## ELEGY

ON THE LATE MISS BURNET OF MONBODDO.

LIFE ne'er exulted in so rich a prize  
As Burnet, lovely from her native skies;  
Nor envious Death so triumph'd in a blow,  
As that which laid th' accomplish'd Burnet low.

Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget?  
In richest ore the brightest jewel set!  
In thee, high Heaven above was truest shown,  
As by his noblest work the Godhead best is known.

In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves;  
Thou crystal streamlet with thy flowery shore,  
Ye woodland choir that chant your idle loves,  
Ye cease to charm—Eliza is no more!

Ye heathy wastes, immix'd with reedy fens;  
Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stor'd;  
Ye rugged cliffs, o'erhanging dreary glens,  
To you I fly, ye with my soul accord.

*Princes, whose cumb'rous pride was all their worth  
Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail?  
And thou, sweet excellence! forsake our earth,  
And not a muse in honest grief bewail?*

We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,  
 And virtue's light, that beams beyond the sphere's;  
 But, like the sun eclips'd at morning tide,  
 Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears.

The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,  
 That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care :  
 So deckt the woodbine sweet yon aged tree,  
 So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare.



### THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

*An occasional Address spoken by Miss Fontenella  
 on her Benefit-Night.*

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

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

Our second Right—but needless here to caution,  
 To keep that right inviolate's the fashion,  
 Each man of sense has it so full before him,  
 He'd die before he'd wrong it—'tis *decorum*—  
 There was, indeed, in far less polish'd days,  
 A time, when rough rule man had naughty ways ;



Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,  
 Nay, even thus invade a lady's quiet—  
 Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled.  
 Now, well-bred men—and you are all well-bred—  
 Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)  
 Such conduct neither spirit wit nor manners.

For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,  
 That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest,  
 Which ev'n the Rights of Kings in low prostration  
 Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear *admiration!*  
 In that blest sphere alone we live and move;  
 There taste that life of life—immortal love.—  
 Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,  
 'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares—  
 When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,  
 Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms?

But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,  
 With bloody armaments and revolutions;  
 Let Majesty your first attention summon,  
*Ah! cu ira!* the Majesty of Woman!

—o—

### A D D R E S S,

*Spoken by Miss Fontenelle, on her Benefit-Night,  
 December 4, 1795, at the Theatre, Dumfries.*

STILL anxious to secure your partial favour,  
 And not less anxious, sure, this night, than ever,  
 A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,  
 'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better;  
 So sought a Poet, roosted near the skies,  
 Told him I came to feast my curious eyes  
 Said, nothing like his works was every printed;  
 And last, my Prologue-business sily hinted.  
 "Ma'am, let me tell you," quoth my man of rhyme:  
 "I know your bent—these are no laughing times:

Can you—but, Miss, I own I have my fears,  
Dissolve in pause—and sentimental tears—  
With laden sighs, and solemn rounded sentence,  
Rouse from his sluggish slumbers, fell Repentance;  
Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand,  
Waving on high the desolating brand,  
Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land?"

I could no more—askance the creature eyeing,  
D'ye think, said I, this face was made for crying?  
I'll laugh, that's poz—nay more the world shall know  
it;

And so your servant! gloomy Master Poet!

Firm as my creed, Sirs, 'tis my fix'd belief,  
That Misery's another word for Grief:  
I also think—so may I be a bride!—  
That so much laughter, so much life enjoy'd.

Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,  
Still under bleak Misfortune's blasting eye;  
Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive—  
To make three guineas do the work of five:  
Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch!  
Say you'll be merry, tho you can't be rich.

Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,  
Who long with jiltish arts and airs hath strove;  
Who, as the boughs all temptingly project,  
Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck—  
Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,  
Peerest to meditate the healing leap:  
Would'st thou be cured, thou silly, moping elf?  
Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself:  
Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,  
And love a kinder—that's your grand specific.

To sum up all, be merry, I advise;  
And as we're merry, may we still be wise.

## VERSES TO A YOUNG LADY.

WITH A PRESENT OF SONGS.

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

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

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

— o —

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A  
 COPY OF HIS POEMS.

*Presented to a Lady, whom he had often Cele-  
 brated under the name of Chloris.*

'Tis friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend,  
 Nor thou the gift refuse,  
 Nor with unwilling ear attend  
 The moralizing muse.

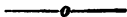
Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,  
 Must bid the world adieu,  
 (A world 'gainst peace in constant arms)  
 To join the friendly few.

Since, thy gay morn of life o'ercast,  
 Chill came the tempest's lower ;  
 (And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast  
 Did nip a fairer flow'r).

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

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

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



COPY OF A POETICAL ADDRESS TO  
 MR. WILLIAM TYTLER.

*With the Present of the Bard's Picture.*

REVEREND defender of beauteous Stuart,  
 Of Stuart, a name once respected,  
 A name, which to love was the mark of a true heart,  
 But now 'tis despised and neglected.

Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my eye,  
 Let no one misdeem me disloyal ;  
 A poor friendless wanderer may well claim a sigh,  
 Still more, if that wand'rer were royal.

My fathers that name have rever'd on  
My fathers have fallen to right it ;  
Those fathers would spurn their degener  
That name should be scoffingly slight

Still in prayers for King George I most  
The Queen, and the rest of the gentry  
Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing  
Their title's avow'd by my country.

But why of this epocha make such a fu

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

But loyalty trace ! we're on dangerous

How guess'd ye, Sir, what maist I wanted?  
This mony a day I've grain'd and gaunted,  
To ken what French mischief was brewin',  
Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin':  
That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,  
If Venus yet had got his nose off;  
Or how the collieshangie works  
Atween the Russians and the Turks:  
Or if the Swede, before he halt,  
Would play anither Charles the Twalt:  
If Denmark, any body spak o't:  
Or Poland, wha had now the tak o't;  
How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin':  
How libbet Italy was singin':  
If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss,  
Were sayin' or takin' aught amiss:  
Or how our merry lads at hame,  
In Britain's court, kept up the game:  
How royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him;  
Was managing St. Stephen's quorum;  
If sleekit Chatham Will was livin',  
Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in:  
How daddie Burke the plea was cookin',  
If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin':  
How cesses, stents, and fees were rax'd  
Or if bare a—s yet were tax'd;  
The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,  
Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera-girls;  
If that daft buckie, Geordie Wales,  
Was threshin' still at hizzie's tails,  
Or if he was grown oughtlins douser,  
And no a perfect kintra cooser.  
A' this and mair I never heard of;  
And but for you I might despair'd of;  
So gratefu', back your news I send you,  
And pray a' guid things may attend you!

*Ellisland, Monday Morning, 1790.*

'Mang neaps o' ...  
And, och ! o'er aft thy joes hae starv'd,  
'Mid a' thy favours !

Say, Lassie why thy train amang,  
While loud, the trump's heroic clang,  
And sock or buskin skelp along  
To death or marriage :  
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang  
But wi' miscarriage ?

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives ;  
Eschylus' pen Will Shakspeare drives ;  
Wee Pope, the knurlin, 'till him rives  
Horatian fame :  
In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives  
Even Sappho's flame.

But thee, Theocritus, wha matches ?  
They're no herd's ballats, Maro's catch  
But hae his skinklin na

Yes! there is ane; a Scottish callan—  
 There's ane; come forrit, honest Allan!  
 Thou need na jouk behind the hallan,  
     A chiel sae clever!  
 The teeth o' Time may gnaw Tantallan,  
     But thou's for ever.

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

In gowany glens thy burnie strays,  
 Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes;  
 Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes,  
     Wi' hawthorns gray,  
 Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays  
     At close o' day.

Thy rural loves are nature's sel';  
 Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell;  
 Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell  
     O' witchin love,  
 That charm that can the strongest quell,  
     The sternest move.

---

SKETCH.—NEW YEAR'S DAY.

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

THIS day, Time winds th' exhausted chain,  
 To run the twelvemonth's length again:  
 I see the old, bald-pated fellow,  
 With ardent eyes, complexion sallow,



Dear as day . . . . .  
Nor makes the hour one moment less.  
Will you (the Major's with the hounds,  
The happy tenants share his rounds;  
Coila's fair Rachel's care to-day,  
And blooming Keith's engaged with Gra  
From housewife cares a minute borrow—  
—That grandchild's cap will do to-morr  
And join with me in moralizing,  
This day's propitious to be wise in.  
First, what did yesternight deliver?  
“Another year is gone for ever.”  
And what is this day's strong suggestio  
“The passing moment's all we rest on.”  
Rest on!—for what? what do we here?  
Or why regard the passing year?  
Will Time, amus'd with proverb'd lore,  
Add to our date one minute more?  
A few days may—a few years must—  
Repose us in the silent dust.  
Then is it wise to damp our bliss?  
“All such reasonings are amiss!”

Let us th' important *now* employ,  
 And live as those who never die,  
 Tho' you, with days and honours crown'd,  
 Witness that filial circle round,  
 (A sight, life's sorrows to repulse,  
 A sight, pale envy to convulse,)  
 Others now claim your chief regard;  
 Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

— o —  
 EXTEMPORE ON THE LATE MR. W.  
 SMELLIE,

*Author of the Philosophy of Natural History, and  
 Member of the Antiquarian and Royal Societies  
 of Edinburgh.*

To Crochallan came  
 The old cock'd hat, the grey surtout, the same;  
 His bristling beard just rising in its might,  
 'Twas four long nights and days to shaving night;  
 His uncomb'd grizzly locks wild staring, thatch'd;  
 A head, for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd;  
 Yet tho' his caustic wit was biting, rude,  
 His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.

— o —  
 POETICAL INSCRIPTION

*For an Alter to Independence, at Kerroughtry,  
 the Seat of Mr. Heron; written in Summer,  
 1795.*

THOU of an independent mind,  
 With soul resolv'd, with soul resign'd;  
 Prepar'd 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.

## ANSWER TO A MANDATE

*Sent by the Surveyor of Taxes, to each ordering him to send a Signed List of Horses, Servants, Wheel-Carriages, whether he was a Married Man or a Single Man, and what Children they had.*

SIR, as your mandate did request,  
I send you here a faithfu' list,  
My horses, servants, carts, and graith,  
To which I'm free to tak my aith.

Imprimis, then, for carriage cattle,  
I hae four brutes o' gallant mettle,  
As ever drew before a pettle ;  
My *hand-a-fore*, a guid auld has-been,  
And wight and wilfu' a' his days been ;  
My *han ahin's* a weel gaun filly,  
Wha aft has borne me hame frae Killie,  
And your auld borough mony a time,  
In days when riding was nae crime :  
My *fur-a-hin* a guid grey beast,  
As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd :  
The fourth, a Highland Donald hasty,  
A d-mn'd red-wud Kilburnie blastie,  
Forbye a cowte, of cowtes the wale,  
As ever ran before a tail ;  
An' he be spar'd to be a beast,  
He'll draw me fifteen pund at least.

Wheel-carriages I hae but few,  
Three carts, and twa are feckly new ;  
An auld wheelbarrow, mair for token,  
As leg and baith the trams are broken ;  
I made a poker o' the spindle,  
And my auld mither brunt the trundle.

For men, I've three mischievous boys,  
 Run-deils for rantin and for noise ;  
 A gadsman ane, a thresher t'other,  
 Wee Davoc hauds the nowte in fother.  
 I rule them, as I ought, discreetly,  
 And often labour them completely ;  
 And aye on Sundays duly nightly,  
 I on the questions tairge them tightly,  
 Till faith wee Davoc's grown sae gleg,  
 (Tho' scarcely langer than my leg,)  
 He'll screed you off *effectual calling*  
 As fast as ony in the dwelling.

I've nane in female servant station,  
 Lord keep me aye frae a' temptation !  
 I hae nae wife, and that my bliss is,  
 And ye hae laid nae tax on misses ;  
 For weans I'm mair than weel contented,  
 Heaven sent me ane more than I wanted ;  
 My sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess,  
 She stares the daddie in the face,  
 Enough of ought ye like but grace. }

But her, my bonny, sweet, wee lady,  
 I've said enough for her already,  
 And if ye tax her or her mither,  
 By the L—d ye'se get them a' thegither !

And now, remember, Mr. Aiken,  
 Nae kind of license out I'm taking ;  
 Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle,  
 Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle :  
 I've sturdy stumps, the Lord be thankit !  
 And a' my gates on foot I'll shank it.  
 This list wi' my ain hand I've wrote it,  
 The day and date as under noted ;  
 Then know all ye whom it concerns,  
*Subscripsi huic*

ROBERT BURNS.

## TO A YOUNG LADY,

MISS JESSY ———, DUMFRIES,

*With Books which the Bard presented her.*

THINE be the volumes, Jessy fair,  
 And with them take the poet's prayer ;  
 That fate may in her fairest page  
 With 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.*

## E X T E M P O R E,

*To Mr. S\*\*e, on refusing to Dine with him, after  
 having been promised the first of Company,  
 and the first of Cookery ; 17th December, 1705.*

No more of your guests, be they titled or not,  
 And cook'ry the first in the nation ;  
 Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,  
 Is proof to all other temptation.

TO MR. S\*\*E, WITH A PRESENT OF A  
DOZEN OF PORTER.

O, HAD the malt thy strength of mind,  
 Or hops the flavour of thy wit !  
 'Twere drink for first of human kind,  
 A gift that e'en for S\*\*e were fit.

## POEM.

*Addressed to Mr. Mitchell, Collector of Excise,  
Dumfries, 1798.*

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

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

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

## POSTSCRIPT.

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

But by that health, I've got a share o't,  
And by that life, I'm promis'd mair o't,

SENT TO A GENTLE  
HAD OFFER

THE friend whom wild fro  
The fumes of wine infuri  
(Not moony madness more  
Who but deploras that h

Mine was th' insensate frier  
Ah, why should I such s  
Scenes so abhorrent to my h  
'Tis thine to pity and forg

—o—

POEM ON ]

*Addressed to Colonel de Pey*

M-1

(And aye a rowth, roast beef and claret;  
 Syne, wha wad starve?)

Dame Life, tho' fiction out may trick her,  
 And in paste gems and frippery deck her,  
 Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker  
     I've found her still.  
 Aye wavering like the willow wicker,  
     'Tween good and ill.

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

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

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

Soon heels-o'er-gowdie! in he gangs,  
 And like a sheep-head on a tangs,  
 Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs  
     And 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 drauntic  
 Abjuring a' intentions evil,  
                                   I quat my pen :  
 The Lord preserve us frae the de  
                                   Amen ! amen !

—o—

#### ADDRESS TO THE TOOTHACHE

My curse upon thy venom'd stan  
 That shoots my tortur'd gums al  
 And thro' my lugs gies mony a t  
                                   Wi' gnawing veng  
 Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pan  
                                   Like racking engi

When fevers burn, or ague freeze  
 Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic sque  
 Our neighbour's sympathy may  
                                   Wi' pitying moan  
 But then, when hell's a' of disease

BURNS' POEMS.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,  
Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell,  
And ranked plagues their numbers tell,  
    In dreadfu' raw,  
Thou, TOOTH-ACHE, surely bear'st the bell  
    Among them a'!

O thou grim mischief-making chiel,  
That gurs 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's Toothe-ache.



HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER.

O THOU, wha in the heav'ns dost dwell,  
Wha, as it pleases best thysel',  
Sends ane to heav'n 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 an' grace,  
A burning and a shinin' light,  
    To a' this place,

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

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

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

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

But yet O L—d ! confess I must,  
 At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust,  
 And sometimes too, wi' wardly trust,  
     Vile self gets in ;  
 But thou remembers we are dust,  
     Defil'd in sin.

•   •   •   •   •   •   •

Besides, I farther maun allow,  
 Wi' Lizzie's lass, three times I trow ;  
 But L—d, that Friday I was fou ;  
     When I came near her,  
 Or else, thou kens, thy *servant true*  
     Wad ne'er hae steer'd her.

Maybe thou lets this *fleshly thorn*,  
 Beset thy servant e'en and morn,

Lest he owre high and proud should turn,  
*'Cause he's sae gifted;*  
 If sae, thy han' maun e'en be borne,  
 Until thou lift it.

L—d bless thy chosen in this place,  
 For *here* thou hast a *chosen race*;  
 But G—d confound their stubborn face,  
 And blast their name,  
 Wha bring thy elders to disgrace,  
 An' public shame.

L—d, mind G—n H——n's deserts,  
 He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at cartes,  
 He has sae monie takin' arts,  
 Wi' grit and sma',  
 Frae G—d's ain priest the people's hear't,  
 He steals awa'.

And when we chasten'd him therefore,  
 Thou kens how he bred sic a splor  
 As set the world all in a roar  
 O' laughin' at us;  
 Curse thou his basket and his store,  
 Kail an' potatoes.

L—d, hear my earnest cry an' pray'r,  
 Against that presbytery o' Ayr;  
 Thy strong right hand, L—d make it bare,  
 Upo' their heads,  
 L—d, weigh it down, and dinna spare,  
 For their misdeeds.

O L—d, my G—d, that glib-tongu'd A——n.  
 My vera heart an' saul are quakin',  
 To think how we stood sweatin', shakin',  
 And p—d wi' dread,

An' pass not in thy mercy by 'em  
Nor hear their pr  
But, for thy people's sake, destr  
And dinna spare.

But, Lord, remember me and mi  
Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,  
That I for gear and grace may s  
Excell'd by name,  
And a' the glory shall be thine.  
*Amen, amen.*

---

#### EPITAPH ON HOLY

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

Stop! there he is as sure's a g  
Poor silly body, see him;  
Nse wonder he's as black's th  
Observe wha's standin' wi' h

Ye are hanged up devilish. L

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

---

THE KIRK'S ALARM,\*

A SATIRE.

ORTHODOX, Orthodox, wha believe in John KNOX,  
 Let me sound an alarm to your conscience :  
 There's a heretic blast been blawn in the wast ;  
 That what is no sense must be nonsense.

Dr. Mac,† Dr. Mac, you should stretch on a rack,  
 To strike evil-doers wi' terror ;  
 To join faith and sense upon any pretence,  
 Is heretic, damnable error.

Town of Ayr, Town of Ayr, it was mad, I declare,  
 To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing ;  
 Provost John is still deaf to the church's relief,  
 And orator Bob‡ is its ruin.

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

Rumble John,|| Rumble John, mount the steps wi' a  
 groan,  
 Cry the book is with heresy cramm'd ;

---

\* This Poem was written a short time after the publication of Mr. M'Gill's Essays.

† Dr M'Gill. ‡ R—t A-k-n. § Mr. D—e. || Mr. R—e—ll.

I'll lay on you  
For puppies like you there's but few.

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

Daddy Auld, ‡ Daddy Auld, there's a tod in th  
A tod meikle waur than the Clerk ;  
Tho' ye can do little skaith, ye'll be in at the  
And gif ye canna bite ye may bark.

Davie Bluster, § Davie Bluster, if for a sair  
muster,  
The corps is so nice of recruits :  
Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye migh  
If the ass was the king of the brutes.

Jamy Goose, || Jamy Goose, ye hae made t  
goose.

O'er Pegasus' side ye ne'er laid astride,  
Ye but smelt, man, the place where he sh-t.

Andro Gouk,\* Andro Gouk, ye may slander the book,  
And the book not the waur, let me tell ye!  
Ye are rich, and look big, but lay by hat and wig,  
And ye'll hae a calf's head o' sma' value.

Barr Steenie,† Barr Steenie, what mean ye? what  
mean ye?  
If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,  
Ye may hae some pretence to havins and sense,  
Wi' people wha ken ye nae better.

Irvine side,‡ Irvine side, wi' your turkey-cock pride,  
Of manhood but sma' is your share;  
Ye've the figure, 'tis true, even your faes will allow,  
And your friends they dare grant you nae mair.

Muirland Jock,§ Muirland Jock, when the L—d  
makes a rock  
To crush Common Sense for her sins,  
If ill manners were wit, there's no mortal so fit  
To confound 'the poor Doctor at ance.

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 spir'tual guns,  
Ammunition ye never can need;  
Your hearts are the stuff, will be powther enough,  
And your skulls are storehouses o' lead.

---

\* Dr. A. M—ll. † Mr. S—p Y—g of Barr.  
‡ Mr. S—b of Galston. § Mr. S—d. ¶ An Elder in M—



Poet Burns, Poet Burns, wi' your priest-skelpin  
turns,

Why desert ye your auld native shire?  
Your muse is a gipsie, e'en tho' she were tipsie,  
She cou'd ea' us nae waur than we are.



LETTER TO JOHN GOUDIE,

KILMARNOCK,

*On the Publication of his Essays.*

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

Poor gapin', glowrin' Superstition,  
Waes me! she's in a sad condition;  
Fly! bring Black-Jock, her state physician,  
To see her w-ter;  
Alas! there's ground o' great suspicion  
She'll ne'er get better.

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

Enthusiasm's past redemption,  
Gaen in a galloping consumption,  
Not a' the quacks, wi' a' their gumption,  
Will ever mend her,

**BURNS' POEMS.**

Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption  
Death soon will end her.

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



**THE TWA HERDS.†**

O A' ye pious, godly flocks,  
Weel fed on pastures orthodox,  
Wha now will keep you frae the fox,  
Or worrying tykes,  
Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks  
About the dykes?

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

O, M—y, man, and wordy R—ll,  
How could you raise so vile a bustle,  
Ye'll see how New-Light Herds will whistle  
And think it fine!

---

\* Dr. Taylor, of Norwich.

† This piece was among the first of our Author's :  
tions which he submitted to the public; and was occ:  
by a dispute between two Clergymen, near Killmarn

But by the brutes themselves chosen  
To be their guide.

What flock wi' M——y's flock could  
Sae hale and hearty every shank,  
Nae poison'd sour Arminian stank,  
He let them taste,  
Frae Calvin's well, ay clear, they dr:  
O sic a feast!

The thummart wil'-cat, brock, and t  
Weel-kenn'd his voice thro' a' the w  
He smelt their ilka hole and road,  
Baith out and in,  
And weel he lik'd to shed their blui  
And sell their skin.

What Herd like R——ll tell'd his t  
His voice was heard thro' muir and  
He kenn'd the Lord's sheep, ilka tai  
O'er a' the height,

Sic twa!—Oh! do I live to see't,  
 Sic famous twa should disagreeet,  
 An' names, like villain, hypocrite,  
     Ilk ither g'ien,  
 While New-Light Herds, wi' laughin' spite  
     Say neither's lein'!

A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld,  
 There's D——n deep, and P —— shaul,  
 But chiefly thou, apostle A——d,  
     We trust in thee,  
 That thou wilt work them, hot and cauld,  
     Till they agree.

Consider, Sirs, how we're beset,  
 There's scarce a new Herd that we get,  
 But comes frae 'mang that cursed set,  
     I winna name;  
 I hope frae heav'n to see them yet  
     In fiery flame.

D——e has been lang our fae,  
 M'G——ll has wrought us meikle wae,  
 And that curs'd rascal ca'd M'Q ——e,  
     And baith the S——s  
 That aft hae made us black and blae,  
     Wi' vengefu' paws.

Auld W—— w lang has hatch'd mischief,  
 We thought ay death would bring relief,  
 But he has gotten, to our grief,  
     Ane to succeed him,  
 A chield wha'll soundly buff our beef;  
     I meikle dread him.

And monie a ane that I could tell,  
 Wha fain would openly rebel,

Come join your counsel and your arms;  
To cove the lairds,  
And get the brutes the power themselves,  
To choose their Hards.

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

Then Shaw's and D'rympie's eloquence  
M'G——ll's close nervous excellence,  
M' Q——'s pathetic, manly sense,  
And guid M'M——h  
Wl' S——h, wha thro' the heart can glance  
May a' pack aff.

---

Fairest flower, behold the lily,  
 Blooming in the sunny ray ;  
 Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,  
 See it prostrate on the clay.

Hear the wood-lark charm the forest,  
 Telling o'er his little joys ;  
 Hapless bird ! a prey the surest,  
 To each pirate of the skies.

Dearly bought the hidden treasure,  
 Finer feelings can bestow ;  
 Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,  
 Thrill the deepest notes of woe.



SONNET,

*Written on the 25th of January, 1798, the Birth-day of the Author, on hearing a Thrush sing in a Morning Walk.*

SING on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough ;  
 Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain ;  
 See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,  
 At thy blythe carol clears his furrow'd brow.

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear,  
 Sits meek Content with light unanxious heart,  
 Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,  
 Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day !  
 Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies !  
 Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,  
 What wealth could never give nor take away !

GUIDWIFE OF WAUCHOPE-HOUSE:  
IN ANSWER TO AN EPISTLE WHICH SHE  
SENT THE AUTHOR.

GUIDWIFE,

I MIND it weel in early date,  
When I was beardless, young, and blate,  
And first could thresh the barn ;  
Or hand a yokin at the pleugh ;  
An' tho' forfoughten sair enough,  
Yet unco proud to learn ;  
When first amang the yellow corn  
A man I reckon'd was,  
And wi' the lave ilk merry morn  
Could rank my rig and lass,  
Still shearing and clearing  
The tither stoked raw,  
Wi' claivers, an' haivers,  
Wearing the day awa.

No nation, no station,  
 My envy ne'er could raise,  
 A Scot still, but blot still,  
 I knew nae higher praise.

But still the elements o' sang  
 In formless jumble, right an' wrang,  
 Wild floated in my brain ;  
 Till on that har'st I said before,  
 My partner in the merry core,  
 She rous'd the forming strain :  
 I see her yet, the sonsie quean,  
 That lighted up her jingle,  
 Her witchin smile, her pauky e'en  
 That gart my heart-strings tingle .  
 I fired, inspired,  
 At every kindling keek,  
 But bashing, and dashing,  
 I feared ay to speak.

Health to the sex, ilk guid chiel says,  
 Wi' merry dance in winter-days,  
 An' we to share in common :  
 The gust o' joy, the balm of woe,  
 The saul o' life, the heav'n below,  
 Is rapture-giving woman.  
 Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name,  
 Be mindfu' o' your mither :  
 She, honest woman, may think shame  
 That ye're connected with her.  
 Ye're wae men, ye're nae men,  
 That slight the lovely dears ;  
 To shame ye, disclaim ye,  
 Ilk honest birkie swears.

For you nae bred to barn or byre,  
 Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,  
 Thanks to you for your line :



BURNS' POEMS.

The marled plaid ye kindly spare,  
By me should gratefully be ware ;  
'Twad please me to the Nine.  
I'd be mair vaantie o' my hap,  
Douce hinging o'er my curple.  
Than ony ermine ever lap,  
Or proud imperial purple,  
Fareweel then, lang heal then,  
An' plenty be your fa' :  
May losses and crosses  
Ne'er at your hallan ca'.

*March, 1787.*

R.

## ADDRESS

TO AN ILLEGITIMATE CHILD.

THOU'S welcome wean, mischanter 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 an' daut thee,  
 As dear an' near my heart I set thee,  
     Wi' as gude will  
 As a' the priests had seen me get thee  
     That's out o' hell.

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

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

An' if thou be what I wad hae thee,  
 An' tak the counsel I shall gie thee,  
 A lovin father I'll be to thee,  
     If thou be spar'd ;

BURNS' POEMS.

ro' a' the childish years I'll e'e thee,  
An' think't weel war'd.

ude grant that thou may ay inherit  
by mither's person, grace, an' merit,  
nd thy poor worthless daddy's spirit,  
Without his failins,  
will please me mair to hear an' see't,  
Than stocket mailens.

—o—

TO A TAILOR,

*Answer to an Epistle which he had  
Author.*

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

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

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

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

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

" Geld you," quo' he, " and whatfore no,  
 If that your right hand, leg, or toe,

BURNS' POEMS.

ever prove your sp'ritual foe,  
You shou'd remember  
it aff, an' whatfore no  
Your dearest member!"

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

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

at ava,

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,  
 O, do thou kindly lay me low  
 With him I love, at rest .

—o—

## SONNET,

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

No more, ye warblers of the wood—no more !  
 Nor pour your descant, grating, on my soul :  
 Thou young-ey'd Spring, gay in thy verdant stole,  
 More welcome were to me grim Winter's wildest roar.

How can ye charm, ye flow'rs, with all your dyes ?  
 Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend :  
 How can I to the tuneful strain attend ?  
 That strain flows round th' untimely tomb where  
 Riddel lies.

Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe !  
 And soothe the *Virtues* weeping on this bier :  
 The *Man of Worth*, and has not left his peer  
 Is in his "narrow house" for ever darkly low .

Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet ;  
 Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet.

---

 VERSES

ON THE DEATH OF SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR.

THE lamp of day, with ill-presaging glare,  
 Dim, cloudy, sunk beneath the western wave ;  
 Th' inconstant blast howl'd thro' the darkening air,  
 And hollow whistled in the rocky cave.

Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell,  
 Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train\* ;  
 Or mus'd where limpid streams, once hallow'd well,  
 Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred fanet ;

Th' increasing blast roar'd round the beetling rocks,  
 The clouds, swift-wing'd, flew o'er the starry sky ;  
 The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,  
 And shooting meteors caught the startled eye.

The paly moon rose in the livid east,  
 And 'mong the cliffs disclos'd a stately form,  
 In weeds of woe, that frantic beat her breast  
 And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm.

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,  
 'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd :  
 Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe,  
 The lightning of her eye in tears imbued.

---

\* The King's Park, at Holyrood House.

† St. Anthony's Well. ‡ St. Anthony's Chapel.

Revers'd that spear, redoubtable in war,  
 Reclin'd that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd,  
 That like a dreadful meteor gleam'd afar,  
 And brav'd the mighty monarchs of the world:—

“ My patriot Son fills an untimely grave !”  
 With accents wild, and lifted arms she cried—  
 “ Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save,  
 Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride !

“ A weeping country joins a widow's tear,  
 The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry ;  
 And drooping hearts surround their patron's bier,  
 And grateful science heaves the heart-felt sigh,

“ I saw my sons resume their ancient fire :  
 I saw fair Freedom's blossoms richly blow ;  
 But, ah ! our hope is born but to expire !  
 Relentless fate has laid this guardian low.

“ My patriot falls, but shall he lie unsung,  
 While empty greatness saves a worthless name !  
 No ; every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue,  
 And future ages hear his growing fame.

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

—•—

## LETTER,

TO J—S T—T, GL—NC—R.

AULD comrade dear and brither sinner,  
 How's a' the folk about Gl—nc—r ?  
 How do you this blae eastlin wind,  
 That's like to blaw a body blind ?



An' meikle, &c.  
Philosophers have fought an' wrangled,  
An' meikle Greek and Latin mangled,  
Till wi' their logic-jargon tir'd  
An' in the depths of science mir'd,  
To common sense they now appeal,  
What wifes an' wabsters see an' feel ;  
But, hark ye, friend, I charge you strictl  
Peruse them and return them quickly !  
For now I'm grown sae cursed douce,  
I pray and ponder *butt* the house,  
My shins, my lane, I there sit roastin,  
Perusing Bunyan, Brown, and Boston ;  
Till by an' by, if I haud on,  
I'll grunt a real Gospel groan :  
Already I begin to try it,  
To cast my een up like a pyet,  
When by the gun she tumbles o'er,  
Flutt'ring an' gasping in her gore :  
Sae shortly you shall see me bright,  
A burning an' a shining light.

An' Auchenbay, I wish him joy ;  
 If he's a parent, lass or boy,  
 May he be dad, an' Meg the mither,  
 Just five-an'-forty years thegither !  
 An' no forgetting wabster Charlie,  
 I'm tauld he offers very fairly.  
 An' L—d remember singing Sannock,  
 Wi' hale breeks, saxpence, an' a bannock.  
 An' next, my auld acquaintance, Nancy,  
 Since she is fitted to her fancy ;  
 An' her kind stars hae airted till her  
 A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller.  
 My kindest, best respects I sen' it,  
 To cousin Kate an' sister Janet ;  
 Tell them frae me, we chieks be cautious,  
 For, faith, they'll aiblins fin' them fashious :  
 To grant a heart is fairly civil,  
 But to grant a maidenhead's the devil !  
 An' lastly, Jamie, for yoursel,  
 May guardian angels tak a spell,  
 An' steer you seven miles south o' hell ;  
 But first, before you see heav'n's glory,  
 May ye get monie a merry story,  
 Monie a laugh, and monie a drink,  
 An' ay enough o' needfu' clink.

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

BOB THE RANTER.

## ON A YOUNG LADY,

*Residing on the Banks of the small River Devon,  
in Clackmannanshire, but whose infant years  
were spent in Ayrshire.*

How pleasant the banks of the clear-winding Devon,  
With green-spreading bushes, and flow'rs bloom-  
ing fair :

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

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

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

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



## VERSES

*Written on the Blank Leaf of a Copy of his  
Poems, Presented to an old Sweetheart, thro  
Married.*

ONCE fondly lov'd, and still remember'd dear,  
Sweet early object of my youthful vows,

Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere,  
Friendship!—'tis all cold duty now allows:—

And when you read the simple, artless rhymes,  
One friendly sigh for him, he asks no more,  
Who distant burns in flaming, torrid climes,  
Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar.

---

EXTEMPORE,

*Written in Answer to a Card from an intimate of  
Burns, inviting him to spend an hour at a  
Tavern.*

THE King's most humble servant I,  
Can scarcely spare a minute;  
But I'll be wi' you by and bye,  
Or else the devil's in it.

---

EXTEMPORE.

*Written in a Lady's Pocket-Book.*

GRANT me, indulgent Heav'n, that I may live  
To see the miscreants feel the pains they give,  
Deal freedom's sacred treasures free as air,  
Till slave and despot be but things that were.

---

LINES

ON MISS J. SCOTT, OF AYR.

OH! had each SCOT of ancient times,  
Been, JEANY SCOTT, as thou art,  
The bravest heart on English ground,  
Had yielded like a coward.

## EPITAPHS, EPIGRAMS,

ETC. ETC.

---

### ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER,

HERE souter Will in death does sleep,  
 To h-ll, if he's gane thither,  
 Satan, gie him thy gear to keep.  
 He'll hand it weel thegither.

---

### ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

BELOW thir stanes lie Jamie's banes ;  
 O Death, it's my opinion,  
 Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin' b-tah  
 Into thy dark dominion !

---

### ON WEE JOHNNY.

HIC JACKET WEE JOHNNY.

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.

---

### FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O YE, whose cheek the tear of pity stains,  
 Draw near with pious reverence and attend !  
 Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,  
 The tender father, and the generous friend

The pitying heart that felt for human wo !  
 The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride !  
 The friend of man, to vice alone a foe,  
 " For ev'n his fallings lean'd to virtue's side."\*

---

FOR ROBERT AIKEN, Esq.

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

---

FOR GAVIN HAMILTON, Esq.

THE poor man weeps—here *Gavin* sleeps,  
 Whom canting wretches blam'd ;  
 But with *such as he*, where'er he be,  
 May I be sav'd or d—d !

---

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

Is there a whim-inspired fool,  
 Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,  
 Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,  
     Let him draw near,  
 And owre this grassy heap sing dool,  
     And drap a tear.

Is there a Bard of rustic song,  
 Who, noteless steals the crowds among,  
 That weekly this area throng,  
     O pass not by !  
 But, with a frater-feeling strong,  
     Here heave a sigh.

---

\* Goldsmith.

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.

---

ON JOHN DOVE,  
INNKEEPER, MAUCLINE.  
**HERE** lies Johnny Pidgeon,  
What was his religion?

## 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 warin'd,  
 Few hearts with knowledge so inform'd :  
 If there's another world, he lives in bliss ;  
 If there is none, he made the best of this.

—o—

## ON A WAG IN MAUCHLINE.

LAMENT him Mauchline husbands a',  
 He aften did assist ye ;  
 For had he staid whole weeks awa,  
 Your wives they ne'r had miss'd ye.  
 Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye press  
 To school in bands thegither,  
 O tread ye lightly on this grass,—  
 Perhaps he was your father.

## THE HENPECK'D HUSBAND.

CURS'D be the man, the poorest wretch in life,  
 The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife !  
 Who has no will, but by her high permission ;  
 Who has not sixpence, but in her possession :  
 Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell ;  
 Who dreads a curtain lecture worse than hell !  
 Where such the wife had fallen to my part,  
 I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart ;  
 I'd charm her with the magic of a switch,  
 I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse h—n.





*the Highlands, where  
entertained.*

WHEN death's dark stre  
A time that surely sha  
In heaven itself, I'll ask  
Than just a Highland

---

### GRACE BEFORE

O THOU, who kindly dost  
For every creature's war  
We bless thee, God of Nat  
For all thy goodness lent  
And, if it please thee, Hea  
May never worse be sent  
But, whether granted or de  
Lord, bless us with conte

## SONGS AND BALLADS.

## THE JOLLY BEGGARS.

*A Cantata.*

## RECITATIVO.

WHEN lyart leaves bestrew the yird,  
 Or, wavering, like the bauckie\* bird,  
 Bedim cauld Boreas' blast :  
 When hailstones drive wi' bitter skyte,  
 And infant frosts begin to bite.  
 In hoary cranreugh drest ;  
 Ae night, at e'en, a merry core  
 O' randie gangrel bodies,  
 In Poesie-Nansie's held the splore,  
 To drink their orra duddies :  
 Wi' quaffing and laughing,  
 They ranted 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 gies the touzie drab  
 The tither skelpin kiss,  
 While she held up her greedy gab,  
 Just like an aumos dish :

---

\* The old Scottish name for a bat.

TUNE—"Souvenir"

I AM a son of Mars, who have been  
And show my cuts and scars when  
This here was for a wench, and then  
When welcoming the French at the  
Lal

My 'prenticeship I past where my  
last,  
When the bloody dye was cast  
Abram;  
I served out my trade when the  
play'd,  
And the Moro law was laid at the  
Lal

I lastly was with Curtis, among  
And there I left for witness an  
Yet let my country need me, with  
stumps at the

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

## RECITATIVO.

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

## AIR.

TUNE—" *Soldier Laddie.*"

once was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,  
 and still my delight is in proper young men !  
 Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie,  
 so wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie.  
 Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

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

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch,  
 so the sword I forsook for the sake of the church ;  
 He ventur'd the soul, and risked the body,  
 'twas then I prov'd false to my sodger laddie.  
 Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

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

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

But the peace it reduced me to beg in despair,  
 Till I met my old boy at Cunningham fair,  
 His rags regimental they fluttered sae gaudy,  
 My heart it rejoiced at my 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,

Here's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

RECITATIVO.

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

AIR.

TUNE—"Auld Sir Symon."

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

My grannie she bought me a beak,  
 And I held awa to the school ;  
 I fear I my talent misteak ;  
 But what will ye hae of a fool ?

For drink I wad venture my neck ;  
 A hinnie's the hauf o' my craft ;  
 But what could ye other expect  
 Of ane that's avowedly daft ?

I ance was tied up like a stirk,  
 For civilly swearing and quaffing ;  
 I ance was abus'd i' the kirk,  
 For towzling a lass i' my daffin.

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

Observ'd ye, yon reverend lad  
 Maks faces to tickle the mob ;  
 He rails at our mountebank squad ;  
 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 himself,  
 Gaid L.—d, is far dafter than I.

## RECITATIVO.

Then niest outspak a raucle carlin,  
 Wha kent fu' weel to cleek the sterling  
 For monie a purse she had hook'd,  
 And had in mony a well been duck'd ;  
 Her dove had been a Highland laddie,  
 But weary fa' the wasfu' woodla !

Wi' sighs and sabs she thus began  
To wail her braw John Highlandman.

AIR.

TUNE—"O, an' you were dead, Gudeman."

A HIGHLAND lad my love was horn,  
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.

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

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

They banish'd him beyond the sea,  
But ere the bud was on the tree,  
Adown my 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,

**BURNS' POEMS.**

My curse upon them every one,  
They've hang'd my brow John Highlan  
Sing, hey, &c

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

**RECITATIVO.**

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

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

**AIR.**

**TUNE—“ Whistle o'er the Lave o't.”**

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

**CHORUS.**

I am a fiddler to my trade,  
And a' the tunes that e'er I play'd.



Sings whistle owre the lave o't,  
I am, &c.

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

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

RECITATIVO.

Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird,  
As weel as poor Gut-scraper;  
He tak the fiddler by the beard,  
A rusty rapier—

BURNS' POEMS.

He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve,  
When thus the Caird address'd her :

AIR.

TUNE—"Clout the Cauldron."

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

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

RECITATIVO.

The Caird prevail'd—th' unblushing fair .  
In his embraces sunk,  
Partly wi' love o'ercome sae sair,  
And partly she was drunk.  
Sir Violino, with an air  
That show'd a man o' spunk,

---

\* A peculiar sort of whisky so called ; a great fu  
with Poozie-Nansie's club.

Behint the chicken-cavie,  
Her lord, a wight o' Homer's craft,\*  
Tho' limping wi' the spavie,  
He hirpl'd up, and lap like Daft,  
And shor'd them Dainty Davie,  
To boot that night

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

AIR.

TUNE—"For a' that, and a' that"  
From a bard of no record

I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',  
I've wife enough for a' that.

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

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 long the flie may stang,  
Let inclination law that.  
For a' that, &c.

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,  
They've ta'en me in, and a' that ;  
But clear your decks, and " Here's the sex !"  
I like the jads for a' that.  
For a' that, and a' that ;  
And twice as meikle's a' that,  
My dearest blude to do them gude,  
They're welcome till't for a' that.

## RECITATIVO.

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

Looks round him, and found th  
Impatient for the chorus.

AIR.

TUNE—" *Jolly Mortals, fill yo*

See the smoking bowl before us,  
Mark our jovial ragged ring ;  
Round and round take up the chor  
And in raptures let us sing :

CHORUS.

A fig for those by law protect  
Liberty's a glorious feast !  
Courts for cowards were erect  
Churches built to please the

What is title? what is treasure?

Does the train-attended carriage  
 Thro' 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 callots !  
 One and all cry out, Amen !

---

### THE RIGS O' BARLEY.

It was upon a Lammas night,  
 When corn rigs are bonnie,  
 Beneath the moon's unclouded light,  
 I held awa to Annie :  
 The time flew by wi' tentless heed,  
 Till 'tween the late and early ;  
 Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed  
 To see me thro' the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,  
 The moon was shining clearly :  
 I set her down wi' right good will,  
 Amang the rigs o' barley :  
 I ken't her heart was a' my ain ;  
 I lov'd her most sincerely ;  
 I kiss'd her owre and owre again  
 Amang the rigs o' barley :

She eye buzz  
Among the rigs o' barley

I hae been blithe wi' comrades dear;  
I hae been merry drinkin';  
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin' gear;  
I hae been happy thinkin':  
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,  
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,  
That happy night was worth them a',  
Among the rigs o' barley.

**CHORUS.**

Corn rigs, and barley rigs,  
And corn rigs are bonnie;  
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,  
Among the rigs wi' Annie.

**SONG**

RECORDED IN AUGUST

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 ev'ry kind their pleasure find,  
The savage and the tender ;  
Some social join, and leagues combine ;  
Some solitary wander :  
Avaunt, away ! the cruel sway,  
Tyrannic man's dominion ;  
The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,  
The flatt'ring, 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 ;  
And rustling corn, the fruited thorn,  
And ev'ry happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,  
Till the silent moon shine clearly ;  
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,  
Swear how I love thee dearly :  
Not vernal showers to budding flowers,  
Not autumn to the farmer,  
So dear can be as thou to me,  
My fair, and lovely charmer !



## SONG.

TUNE—"My Nannie O."

BEHIND you hills where Lugar flows,  
 'Mang moors and mosses many, O,  
 The wintry sun the day has clos'd,  
 And I'll awa to Nannie, O.  
 The westlin' wind blaws loud and ahill ;  
 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 bonnie, O ;  
 The opening gowan, wet 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,  
 And I maun guide it canaie, O ;  
 But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,  
 My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld gudeman delights to view  
 His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O ;  
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his plough,  
 And has nae care but Nannie, O.

Come weel, come wo, I care nae by,  
 I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O ;  
 Nae ither care in life hae I,  
 But live, and love my Nannie, O.

---

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

A FRAGMENT.

THERE'S nought but care on ev'ry han',  
 In every hour that passes, O :  
 What signifies the life o' man,  
 And 'twere not for the lasses, O.

Green grow the rashes, O ;  
 Green grow the rashes O ;  
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,  
 Were spent among the lasses, O.

The warly race may riches chace,  
 And riches still may fly them, O ;  
 And though at last they catch them fast,  
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.  
 Green grow, &c.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,  
 My arms about my dearie, O ;  
 And warly cares, and warly men,  
 May a' gae tapsaltee, O !  
 Green grow, &c.

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,  
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O ;  
 The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,  
 He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O.  
 Green grow, &c.

**BURNS' POEMS.**

Nature swears, the lovely dears  
The noblest work she classes O;  
The prettiest han' she tried on man,  
When she made the lasses, O.

**SONG.**

TUNE—"Johnny's Grey Brecks."

IN vain rejoicing Nature sees  
Her robe assume its vernal hues,  
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,  
All freshly steep'd in morning dew.

And maun 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 vi'lets spring;  
In vain to me the glen or shaw,  
The mavis and the linthwhite sing.  
And maun I still, &c.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,  
Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks;  
But life to me's a weary dream,  
A dream of ane that never wauks.  
And maun I still, &c.

The wanton coot the water skims,  
Among the reeds the ducklings cry,  
The stately swan majestic swims,  
And every thing is blest but I.  
And maun I still

The sheep-herd steeks his fauldin' slap,  
 And owre the moorlands whistles a-hill,  
 Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step,  
 I meet him on the dewy hill.  
 And maun I still, &c.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,  
 Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,  
 And mounts and sings, on fluttering wings  
 A wae-worn ghaist I hameward glide,  
 And maun I still, &c.

Come Winter, with thine angry howl,  
 And raging bend the naked tree ;  
 Thy gloom will sooth my cheerless soul,  
 When Nature all is sad like me !  
 And maun I still, &c.

---

 SONG.

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 rip'ning corn  
 By early Winter's ravage torn ;  
 Across her placid, azure sky,  
 She sees the scowling tempest fly :  
 Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,  
 I think upon the stormy wave,

## BURNS' POEMS.

Where many a danger I must dare,  
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billows' roar,  
'Tis not that fatal deadly shore ;  
Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,  
The wretched have no more to fear :  
But round my heart the ties are bound,  
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound ;  
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,  
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

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

## SONG.

TUNE—"Gilderoy."

FROM thee, Eliza, I must go,  
And from thy native shore :  
The cruel fates between us throw  
A boundless ocean's roar ;  
But boundless oceans roaring wide,  
Between my love and me,  
They never, never can divide  
My heart and soul from thee ;  
Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,  
The maid that I adore !  
A boding voice is in mine ear,  
We part to meet no more !

But the last throb that leaves my heart,  
 While death stands victor by,  
 That throb, Eliza, is thy part,  
 And thine that latest sigh!

---

THE FAREWELL

TO THE BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES'S LODGE,  
 TARBOLTON.

TUNE—"Good Night, and Joy be wi' you a'!"

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

Oft have I met your social band,  
 And spent the cheerful, festive night;  
 Oft, honour'd with supreme command,  
 Presided o'er the *sons of light*:  
 And by that *hieroglyphic* bright,  
 Which none but *craftsmen* ever saw!  
 Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write  
 Those happy scenes when far awa'.

May freedom, harmony, and love,  
 Unite you in the *grand design*,  
 Beneath th' omniscient Eye above,  
 The glorious *Architect* divine!  
 That you may keep th' *unerring line*,  
 Still rising by the *plummet's* law,

A last request, permit me  
When yearly ye assemble  
One round, I ask it with a  
To him, *the BARD*, that's

---

SONG

TUNE—"Prepare my de  
*Tavern let's*

No churchman am I for to raise  
No statesman nor soldier to please  
No sly man of business contrive  
For a big-belly'd bottle's the

The peer I don't envy, I give  
I scorn not the peasant, tho' e  
But a club of good fellows, lik  
And a bottle like this

I once was persuaded a venture to make ;  
 A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck ;  
 But the pury old landlord jast waddled up stairs,  
 With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

‘ Life’s cares they are comforts’<sup>o</sup>—a maxim laid down  
 By the bard, what d’ye call him ? that wore the black  
 gown ;  
 And faith I agree with th’ old prig to a hair ;  
 For a big-belly’d bottle’s a heaven of care.

---

*A Stanza added in a Mason Lodge.*

Then fill up a bumper, and make it o’erflow,  
 And honours masonic prepare for to throw ;  
 May every true brother of the compass and square,  
 Have a big-belly’d bottle when harass’d with care.

---

HIGHLAND MARY.

TUNE—“ *Katherine Ogie.*”

Y<sup>e</sup> banks, and braes, and streams around  
 The castle o’ Montgomery,  
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,  
 Your waters never drumlie ;  
 There simmer first unfauld her robes,  
 And there the langest tarry :  
 For there I took the last fareweel  
 O’ my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom’d the gay green birk,  
 How rich the hawthorn’s blossom,

---

• Young’s Night Thoughts.



Wi' mony a vow, —  
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  
That wraps my Highland Mary !

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

---

AULD ROB MORE

But, oh! she's an betress, and Robin's a kaird,  
 And my daddy has nought but a cot-house and yard;  
 A wooer like me maanna hope to come speed;  
 The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;  
 The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane;  
 I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,  
 And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast

O had she but been of a lower degree,  
 I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me!  
 O, how past describing had then been my bliss,  
 As now my distraction no words can express!

---

#### DUNCAN GRAY.

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' heigh,  
 Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,  
 Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd;  
 Ha, ha, &c.

Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,  
 Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,  
 Grat his een baith bleer't and blin'.  
 Spak o'lowpin o'er a linn;  
 Ha, ha, &c.

Time and chance are but a tide,  
 Ha, ha, &c.

Slighted love is sair to bide,  
 Ha, ha, &c.

Meg grew sick as the day  
Ha, ha, &c.  
Something in her bosom wrings,  
For relief a sigh she brings,  
And O, her een, they spak sic thi  
Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,  
Ha, ha, &c.  
Maggie's was a piteous case,  
Ha, ha, &c.  
Duncan could na be her death,  
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;  
How they're crouse and canty be  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

---

#### GALLA WATER.

THERE's braw, braw lads on Yarr  
That wander thro' the blooming

Yet rich in kindest, truest love,  
We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.  
It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,  
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure :  
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,  
O that's the chiefest warld's treasure !

---

## THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

TUNE—" *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 but honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,  
A hand unstain'd wi' plunder ;  
And for fair Scotia, hame again,  
I cheery on did wander.  
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,  
I thought upon my Nancy ;  
I thought upon the witching smile  
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie 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.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,  
And lovelier grew than ever  
Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,  
Forget him shall I never :  
Our humble cot and hamely fa  
Ye freely shall partake it ;  
That gallant badge, the dear e  
Ye're welcome for the sake c

She gaz'd—she redden like a r  
Syne pale like ony lilly,  
She sank within my arms and  
Art thou my ain dear Willie  
By Him who made yon sun ar  
By whom true love's regard  
I am the man ; and thus may  
True lovers be rewarded !

The wars are o'er, and I'm co  
And find thee still true-hea

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 stay  
 In day and hour of danger.

---

 MEG O' THE MILL.

TUNE—" *O bonnie Lass will ye lie in a Barrack ?*"

O KEN ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?  
 And ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?  
 She has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller,  
 And broken the heart o' the barley Miller.

The Miller was strappin, the Miller was ruddy ;  
 A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady :  
 The laird was a widdiefu', bleerit knurl :—  
 She's left the guid fellow and ta'en the churl.

The Miller he hetcht her a heart leal and loving ;  
 She laird did address her wi' matter more moving,  
 A fine pacing-horse wi' a clear-chained bridle,  
 A whip by her side, and a bonnie side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing ;  
 And wae on the love that is fix'd on the malle!  
 A tocher's nae word on a true lover's parole,  
 But gie me my love, and a fig for the warl'!

---

 SONG.

TUNE—" *Logan water.*"

O LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide,  
 That day I was my Willie's bride!

And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,  
Like Logan to the simmer sun,  
But now thy flow'ry banks appear  
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,  
While my dear lad maun face his faes,  
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month o' May  
Has made our hills and 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,  
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,  
Or wi, his song her cares beguile :  
But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,  
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,  
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,  
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O, wae upon you, men o' state,  
That brethren rouse to deadly hate !  
As ye make many 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 !

## BURNS' POEMS.

### THE LEA-RIG.

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star  
Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo,  
And owsen frae the furrow'd field  
Return sae dowf and weary O,  
Down by the burn, where scented birks  
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,  
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,  
My ain kind dearie O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,  
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie O,  
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,  
My ain kind dearie O.  
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,  
And I were ne'er sae wearie O,  
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,  
My ain kind dearie O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,  
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo ;  
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,  
Along the burn to steer, my jo ;  
Gie me the hour o' gloamin grey,  
It maks my heart sae cheery O,  
To meet thee on the lea-rig,  
My ain kind dearie O.

---

### WANDERING WILLIE.

RE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,  
Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame ;  
Come to my bosom my ain only dearie,  
Will me thou bring'st me my Willie the same



And waft my dear ladde aince n

But, oh! if he's faithless, and min  
Flow still between us, thou wid  
May I never see it, may I never t  
But, dying, believe that my Wi

---

SONG.

TUNE—"Robin Ac

HAD I a cave on some wild, dista  
Where the winds howl to the way  
There would I weep my woes,  
There seek my lost repose,  
Till grief my eyes should close.  
Ne'er to wake more,

Falsest of womankind! canst tho  
All my fond plighted vows—fleet:  
To thy new lover hie,  
Laugh o'er thy perjury.

But warily tent, when ye come to court me,  
 And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee;  
 Syne up the back-style, and let nae body see,  
 And come as ye were na coming to me.  
 And come, &c.

O whistle, &c.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,  
 Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd na a fie;  
 But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,  
 Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me,  
 Yet look, &c.

O whistle, &c.

Ay vow and protest that ye care na for me,  
 And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee:  
 But court na anither, tho' jokin' ye be,  
 For fear that she whyle your fancy frae me.  
 For fear, &c.

O whistle, &c.


—o—

### DAINTY DAVIE.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,  
 To deck her gay, green spreading bowers;  
 And now comes in my happy hours,  
 To wander wi' my Davie.

Meet me on the warlock knowe!  
 Dainty Davie, dainty Davie,  
 There I'll spend the day wi' you,  
 My ain dear dainty Davie.

The crystal waters round us fa',  
 The merry birds are lovers a',  
 The scented breezes round us blaw,  
 A wandering wi' my Davie.  
 Meet me, &c.



I flee to his arms I love best,  
And that's my ain dear I

CHORUS.

Meet me on the warlock  
Bonnie Davie, dainty I  
There I'll spend the day  
My ain dear dainty De

— o —

AULD LANG SY

SHOULD auld acquaintance I  
And never brought to min'  
Should auld acquaintance be  
And days o' lang syne ?

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my de

We twa hae paidl't P' the burn,  
 Frae morning sun till dine;  
 But seas between us braid has roar'd  
 Sin auld lang syne.  
 For auld, &c.

And here's a hand my trusty fiere,  
 And gie's a hand o' thine;  
 And we'll tak a right guld willie-waught,  
 For auld lang syne.  
 For auld, &c.

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.  
 For auld, &c.

---

### BANNOCKBURN.

#### ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARM

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
 Scots, wham bruce has aften led;  
 Welcome to your gory bed,  
 Or to glorious victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour—  
 See the front o' battle lower;  
 See approach proud Edward's power—  
 Edward! chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor-knave?  
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?  
 Wha sees base as be a slave?  
 Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',  
Caledonian! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!  
By our sons in servile chains!  
We will drain our dearest veins,  
But they shall be—shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!  
Tyrants fall in every foe!  
Liberty's in every blow!  
Forward! let us do, or die!

---

SONG.

TUNE—"Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes."

CHORUS.

CA' the yowes to the knowes,  
Ca' them whare the heather grows,  
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,  
My bonnie dearie.

Hark, the mavis' evening sang  
Sounding Clouden's woods amang;  
Then a faulding let us gang,  
My bonnie dearie.  
Ca' the yowes, &c.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,  
Thro' the hazels spreading wide,  
O'er the waves that sweetly glide  
To the moon sae clearly.  
Ca' the yowes, &c.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,  
 Where at moonshine midnight hours,  
 O'er the dewy bending flowers,  
 Fairies dance sae cheery.  
 Ca' the yowes, &c.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear ;  
 Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,  
 Nought of ill may come thee near,  
 My bonnie dearie.  
 Ca' the yowes, &c.

Fair and lovely as thou art,  
 Thou hast stown my very heart ;  
 I can die—but canna part,  
 My bonnie dearie.  
 Ca' the yowes, &c.

---

SHE SAYS SHE LO'ES ME BEST OF

TUNE—"Onagh's Water-fall."

Sae flaxen were her ringlets,  
 Her eye-brows of a darker hue,  
 Bewitchingly o'er-arching  
 Twa laughing een o' bonnie blue,  
 Her smiling sae wyling,  
 Wad make a wretch forget his woe ;  
 What pleasure, what treasure,  
 Unto those rosy lips to grow :  
 Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,  
 When first her bonnie face I saw,  
 And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,  
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion ;  
 Her pretty ankle is a spy  
 Betraying fair proportion,  
 Wad make a saint forget the sky.  
 Sae warming, sae charming,  
 Her faultless form and gracefu' air ;  
 Ilk feature—auld Nature  
 Declar'd that she could do nae mair :  
 Her's are the willing chains o' love,  
 By conquering beauty's sovereign law ;  
 And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,  
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,  
 And gaudy shew at sunny noon ;  
 Gie me the lonely valley,  
 The dewy eve and rising moon  
 Fair beaming, and streaming,  
 Her silver light the boughs amang ;  
 While falling, recalling,  
 The amorous thrush concludes her sang :  
 There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove  
 By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,  
 And hear my vows o' truth and love,  
 To say thou lo'es me best of a' ?

### LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

TUNE—" *Rothemurchus Rant.* "

#### CHORUS.

LASSIE wi' the lint-white locks,  
 Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,  
 Wilt thou tent wi' me the flocks ?  
 Wilt thou be my dearie O ?

Now nature cleeds the flowery lea,  
 And a' is young and sweet like thee ;

O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,  
 And say thou'tt be my dearie O?  
 Lassie wi', &c.

And when the welcome sinner-shower  
 Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,  
 We'll to the breathing woodbine bower  
 At sultry noon, my dearie O.  
 Lassie wi', &c.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,  
 The weary shearer's hameward way;  
 Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,  
 And talk o' love, my dearie O.  
 Lassie wi', &c.

And when the howling wintry blast  
 Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest;  
 Enclasped to my faithfu' breast,  
 I'll comfort thee, my dearie O.

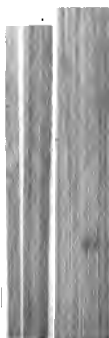
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,  
 Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,  
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks?  
 Wilt thou be my dearie O?

---

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty,  
 That hangs his head, and a' that;  
 The coward-slave, we pass him by,  
 And dare be poor for a' that.  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Our toils obscure, and a' that,  
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
 The man's the gowd for a' that.





Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,  
Wha struts, and stares, and  
Tho' hundreds worship at his  
He's but a coof for a' that ;  
For a' that, and a' that,  
His riband, star, and a' the  
The man of independent mind  
He looks and laughs at a' t

A prince can make a belted k  
A marquis, duke, and a' th  
But an honest man's aboon hi  
Guid faith he mauna fa' th  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Their dignities, and a' that,  
The pith o' sense, and pride o  
Are higher ranks than a' th

Then let us pray, that come i  
As come it will for a' that.

## SONG.

TUNE—" *Let me in this ae Night.*"

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet !  
 Or art thou wakin', I would wit ?  
 For love has bound me, hand and foot,  
 And I would fain be in, jo.

## CHORUS.

O let me in this ae night,  
 This ae, ae, ae night ;  
 For pity's sake this ae night,  
 O rise and let me in, jo.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,  
 Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet ;  
 Tak pity on my weary feet,  
 And shield me frae the rain, jo.  
 O let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws  
 Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's ;  
 The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause.  
 Of a' my grief and pain, jo.  
 O let me in, &c.

## HER ANSWER.

O TELL na me o' wind and rain !  
 Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain !  
 Gae back the gate ye cam again,  
 I winna let you in, jo.

## CHORUS.

I tell you now this ae night,  
 This ae, ae, ae night :

And ance for a' this ae night,  
I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,  
That round the pathless wand'rer pours,  
Is nought to what poor she endures,  
That's trusted faithless man, jo.  
I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,  
Now trodden like the vilest weed ;  
Let simple maid the lesson read,  
The weird may be her ain, jo.  
I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd the summer-day,  
Is now the cruel fowler's prey ;  
Let witless, trusting, woman, say  
How aft her fate's the same, jo.  
I tell you now, &c.

---

### CALEDONIA.

TUNE—" *Humours of Glen.*"

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,  
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume,  
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,  
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.

Far dearer to me are von humble broom bowers,  
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen :  
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,  
A listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,  
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave,

Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud  
 palace,  
 What are they?—The haunt of the tyrant and  
 slave!

The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,  
 The brave Caledonian views with disdain ;  
 He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,  
 Save love's willing fetters, the charms of his Jean.

---

 SONG.

TUNE—“*This is no my ain House.*”

## CHORUS.

O THIS is no my ain lassie,  
 Fair tho' the lassie be ;  
 O weel ken I my ain lassie,  
 Kind love is in her ee.

I see a form, I see a face,  
 Ye weel may wi' the fairest place :  
 It wants, to me, the witching grace,  
 The kind love that's in her ee.  
 O this is no, &c.

She's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall,  
 And lang has had my heart in thrall !  
 And aye it charms my very saul,  
 The kind love that's in her ee.  
 O this is no, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,  
 To steal a blink, by a' unseen ;  
 But gleg as light as lovers' een,  
 When kind love is in the ee.  
 O this is no, &c.

SCOTTISH BALLAD.

TUNE—" *The Lothian La*

LAST May a braw wooer cam down  
And sair wi' his love he did deave  
I said there was naething I hated lil  
The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me,  
The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me

He spak o' the darts in my bonnie b  
And vow'd for my love he was dyi  
I said he might die when he liked, f  
The Lord forgie me for lying, for l  
The Lord forgie me for lying!

A weel-stocked mailen, himsel for t  
And marriage aff-hand, were his p  
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or c  
But thought I might hae waur of  
But thought I might hae waur of

And wha but my fine fickle lover was there,  
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,  
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,  
Lest neebors might say I was sancy ;  
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,  
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,  
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fa' outhy and sweet,  
Gin she had recover'd her hearin',  
And how her new shoon fit her auld shackl't feet,  
But, heav'ns ! how he fell a swearin', a swearin',  
But, heav'ns ! how he fell a swearin'.

He begged, for Godesake ! I wad be his wife,  
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow ;  
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,  
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,  
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

---

### HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

TUNE—" *Balinamona ora.*"

AWA wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,  
The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms ;  
O, gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,  
O, gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.

#### CHORUS.

Then hey, for a lass wi' a tocher, then hey, for a  
lass wi' a tocher,  
Then hey, for a lass wi' a tocher ; the nice yellow  
guineas for me.

Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows,  
 And withers the faster, the faster it grows ;  
 But the rapturous charm o' the bonnie green knows,  
 Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonnie white yowes.  
 Then hey, &c.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,  
 The brightest o' beauty may cloy when possess't ;  
 But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,  
 The langer ye hae them—the mair they're carest.  
 Then hey, &c.

---

SONG.

TUNE—" *Here's a health to them that's awa, hiney.*"

CHORUS.

HERE'S a health to ane I lo'e dear,  
 Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear ;  
 Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,  
 And soft as their parting tear—Jessy !

Altho' thou maun never be mine,  
 Altho' even hope is denied,  
 'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,  
 Than aught in the world beside—Jessy !  
 Here's a health, &c.

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,  
 As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms,  
 But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,  
 For then I am lockt in thy arms—Jessy !  
 Here's a health, &c.

I guess by the dear angel-smile,  
 I guess by the love-rolling ee ;  
 but why urge the tender confession,  
 'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree—Jessy !  
 Here's a health, &c.

## THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

## CHORUS.

BONNIE lassie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,  
Bonnie lassie, will ye go to the Birks of Aberfeldy ?

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,  
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,  
Come let us spend lightsome days  
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.  
Bonnie lassie, &c.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,  
The little birdies blithely sing,  
Or lightly flit on wanton wing  
In the Birks of Aberfeldy,  
Bonnie lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,  
The foaming stream deep-roaring fa's,  
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,  
The Birks of Aberfeldy.  
Bonnie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,  
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,  
And rising weets wi' misty showers,  
The Birks of Aberfeldy.  
Bonnie lassie, &c.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,  
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,  
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,  
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.  
Bonnie lassie, &c.



## BLITHE WAS SHE.

## CHORUS.

BLITHE, blithe and merry was she,  
 Blithe was she but and hen ;  
 Blithe by the banks of Ern,  
 And blithe in Glenturit glen.

By Oughtertyre grows the gik,  
 On Yarrow banks, the birken shaw ,  
 But Phemie was a bonnier lass  
 Then braes o' Yarrow ever saw.  
 Blithe, &c.

Her looks were like a flower in May,  
 Her smile was like a simmer morn,  
 She tripp'd by the banks of Ern  
 As light's a bird upon a thorn.  
 Blithe, &c.

Her bonnie face it was as meek  
 As ony lamb upon a lee ;  
 The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet  
 As was the blink o' Phemie's ee.  
 Blithe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,  
 And o'er the Lowlands I hae been ;  
 But Phemie was the blithest lass  
 That ever trod the dewy green.  
 Blithe, &c.

## SONG.

TUNE—"My Lodging is on the cold ground."  
 MY Chloris, mark how green the groves,  
 The primrose banks how fair :

She balmy gales awake the flowers,  
And wave thy flaxen hair.

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,  
And o'er the cottage sings ;  
For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,  
To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string  
In lordly lightly ha' :  
The shepherd stops his simple reed,  
Blithe, in the birken shaw.

The princely revel may survey  
Our rustic dance wi' scorn ;  
But are there hearts as light as ours  
Beneath the milk-white thorn ?

The shepherd, in the flowery glen,  
In shepherd's phrase wll woo :  
The courtier tells a finer tale,  
But is his heart as true ?

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck  
That spotless breast o' thine :  
The courtiers' gems may witness love—  
But 'tis na love like mine.



### I LOVE MY JEAN.

TUNE—" *Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey.*"

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,  
I dearly like the west,  
For there the bonnie lassie lives,  
The lassie I lo'e best :  
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,  
And mony a hill between ;

But day and night my fancy's flight  
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,  
I see her sweet and fair :  
I hear her in the tanefu' birds,  
I hear her charm the air :  
There's not a bonnie flower that springs  
By fountain shaw, or green,  
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,  
But minds me o' my Jean.

### WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAIT.

O, WILLIE brew'd a peck o' mait,  
And Rob and Allan cam to see ;  
Three blither hearts that lee-lang night  
Ye wad na find in Christendie.

We are na fou, we're na that fou,  
But just a drapple in our ee :  
The cock may craw, the day may daw,  
And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,  
Three merry boys I trow are we ;  
And mony a night we've merry been,  
And mony mae we hope to be !  
We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,  
That's blinking in the lift sae high ;  
She shines sae bright to whyle us hame,  
But by my sooth, she'll wait a wee !  
We are na fou, &c.

What first shall rise to gang awa,  
A cuckold, coward loun is he !

Wha last beside his chair shall fa',  
 He is the king amang us three!  
 We are na fou, &c.

---

T A M G L E N.

MY heart is a breaking, dear Tittle,  
 Some counsel unto me come len',  
 To anger them a' is a pity;  
 But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,  
 In poortith I might mak a fen';  
 What care I in riches to wallow,  
 If I mauna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie the laird o' Drumeller,  
 "Gude day to you, brute," he comes ben;  
 He brags and he blaws o' his siller,  
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,  
 And bids me beware o' young men;  
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me;  
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,  
 He'll gie me guid hunder marks ten;  
 But, if it's ordain'd I maun tak him,  
 O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the Valentine's dealing,  
 My heart to my mou gied a sten;  
 For thrice I drew ane without failing,  
 And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin  
 My droukit sark-sleeve as ye ken;

BURNS' POEMS.

is cam up the house staukin,  
very grey breeks o' Tam Glen :


ysel, dear Tittie, don't tarry ;  
ou my bonnie black hen,  
advise me to marry  
I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

---

A YOUNG LASSIE DO WI' AN  
AULD MAN ?

oung lassie, what shall a young lassie,  
young lassie do wi' an auld man ?  
ie pennie that tempted my minnie  
oor Jenny for siller an' lan' !  
c on the pennie, &c.

ompleenin' frae mornin' to e'enin',  
l he hirples the weary day lang ;  
d he's dozin, his bluid it is frozen,  
e night wi' a crazy auld man :



## O FOR ANE AND TWENTY, TAM!

TUNE—"The Moudiewort."

## CHORUS.

An' O, for ane and twenty, Tam!  
 An' hey, sweet ane and twenty, Tam!  
 I'll learn my kin a rattlin sang,  
 And I saw ane and twenty, Tam.

They snool me sair, and haud me down,  
 And gar me look like bluntie, Tam,  
 But three short years will soon wheel roun',  
 And then comes ane and twenty, Tam!  
 An' O, for ane, &c.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,  
 Was left me my auntie, Tam;  
 At kith or kin I need na spier,  
 An' I saw ane and twenty, Tam.  
 An' O, for ane, &c.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,  
 Tho' I mysel' hae plenty, Tam;  
 But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,  
 I'm thine at ane and twenty, Tam!  
 An' O, for ane, &c.



## THE BANKS O' DOON.

YE banks and bracs o' bonnie Doon,  
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;  
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
 And I sae weary, fu' o' care!  
 Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,  
 That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose  
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree  
And my fause lover stole my rose  
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me

---

### SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE

WILLIE Wastle dwalt on Tweed  
The spot they ca'd it Linkum  
Willie was a wabster guid,  
Cou'd stown a clue wi' onie bod  
He had a wife was dour and din  
O Tinkler Maggie was her mit  
Sic a wife as Willie had,  
I wad na gie a button for her

She has an ee, she has bat ane,  
The cat has twa the very color  
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump  
A clapper tongue wad deave a

### BURNS' POEMS.

Auld baudrans by the ingle sits,  
An' wi' her loof her face a-washin' ;  
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,  
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion ;  
Her walie nieves like midden-creels,  
Her face wad fyle the Logan-Water ;  
Sic a wife as Willie had,  
I wad na gie a button for her.

---

### WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE ?

WILT thou be my dearie ?  
When sorrows wrings thy gentle heart,  
O wilt thou let me cheer thee ?  
By the treasure of my soul,  
And that's the love I bear thee !  
I swear and vow, that only thou  
Shall ever be my dearie,  
Only thou, I swear and vow,  
Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me ;  
Or if thou wilt na be my ain,  
Say na thou'lt refuse me ;  
If it winna, canna be,  
Thou for thine may choose me ;  
Let me lassie, quickly die,  
Trusting that thou lo'es me.  
Lassie, let me quickly die,  
Trusting that thou lo'es me.

---

### 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.





## BURNS' POEMS.

Without my love, not a' the charms  
O' Paradise could yield me joy ;  
But gie me Lucy in my arms,  
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.

My cave wad be a lover's bower ;  
Tho' raging winter rent the air  
And she a lovely little flower,  
That I wad tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town,  
Yon 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 all else below,  
But spare me, spare me Lucy dear.

For while life's dearest blood is warm,  
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart,  
And she—as fairest is her form !  
She has the truest, kindest heart.

---

## THE RED, RED ROSE.

O, MY luv'e's like a red, red rose,  
That's newly sprung in June :  
O, my luv'e's like the melodie  
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in luv'e am I :  
And I will luv'e thee still, my dear,  
Till a' the seas gang dry .



**BURNS' POEMS.**

**IMITATION OF AN OLD JACO**

BY yon castle wa' at the close o' the  
I heard a man sing, tho' his head it w  
And as he was singing, the tears fast  
There'll never be peace till Jamie com

The church is in ruins, the state is in  
Delusions, oppressions, and murderou  
We dare na weel say't, but we ken wh  
There'll never be peace till Jamie com

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew s  
And now I greet round their green be  
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu'  
There'll never be peace till Jamie com

Now life is a burden that bows me do  
Sin' I tint my bairns and he tint his c  
But till my last moments my words a  
There'll never be peace till Jamie com

---

**TO MARY IN HEAVE**

THOU lingering star, with less'ning  
Thou lov'st to greet the early mor  
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

That sacred hour can I forget,  
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,

BURNS' POEMS.

here by the winding Ayr we met,  
To live one day of parting love!

ernity will not efface,  
Those records dear of transports past:  
y image at our last embrace;  
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

r, gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,  
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning, green,  
e fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,  
Iwin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.

e flowers sprang wanton to be prest  
The birds sang love on every spray,  
I too, too soon, the glowing west,  
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

ll o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,  
And fondly broods with miser care!  
ne but th' impression deeper makes,  
As streams their channels deeper wear.

I hae nothing to lend,  
I'll borrow frae naebody.

I am naebody's lord,  
I'll be slave to naebody ;  
I hae a guid braid sword,  
I'll tak dunts frae naebody ;

I'll be merry and free,  
I'll be sad for naebody ;  
If naebody care for me,  
I'll care for naebody.

---

TO MARY.

WILL ye go to the Indies, my Mary,  
And leave old Scotia's shore ?  
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,  
Across th' Atlantic's roar ?

O sweet grows the lime and the orange,  
And the apple on the pine ;  
But a' the charms o' the Indies  
Can never equal thine.

I hae sworn by the heavens to my Mary,  
I hae sworn by the heavens to be true ;  
And sae may the heavens forget me,  
When I forget my vow !

O plight me your faith, my Mary,  
And plight me your lily-white hand ;  
O plight me your faith, my Mary,  
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

BURNS' POEMS.

He plighted our troth, my Mary  
Mutual affection to join,  
First be the cause that shall part us!  
Hour, and the moment o' time.

---

BONNIE LESLEY.

How ye bonnie Lesley,  
How she gaed o'er the border?  
How she gane, like Alexander,  
How she spread her conquests farther.

How true her is to love her,  
How true and love but her for ever:  
How true nature made her what she is,  
How true and ne'er made sic anither;

How true art a queen, fair Lesley,  
How true thy subjects we, before thee:  
How true art divine, fair Lesley,  
How true the hearts o' men adore thee.

BURNS' POEMS.

MARY MORISON.

TUNE—" *Bide ye yet.*"

O MARY, at thy window be,  
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour,  
Those smiles and glances let me see.  
That make the miser's treasure <sup>1000</sup>  
How blithely wad I hide the stoure;  
A weery slave frae sun to sun :  
Could I the rich reward secure,  
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen when to the trembling string  
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha  
To thee my fancy took its wing,  
I sat, but neither heard nor saw :  
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw.  
And yon the toast of a' 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 pty to me shown :  
A thought ungentle canna be  
The thought o' Mary Morison.

---

SONG.

TUNE—" *Liggeram Cosh.*"

BLITHE hae I been on yon hill,  
As the lambs before me ;



Careless ilka thought and free,  
 As the breeze flew o'er me :  
 Now nae longer sport and play,  
 Mirth or sang can please me ;  
 Lesley is sae fair and coy,  
 Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy, is the task,  
 Hopeless love declaring :  
 Trembling, I dow nocht but glow'r,  
 Sighing, dumb, despairing !  
 If she winna ease the thraws,  
 In my bosom swelling,  
 Underneath the grass-green sod,  
 Soon maun be my dwelling.

---

 BONNIE JEAN.

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,  
 At kirk and market to be seen,  
 When a' the fairest maids were met,  
 The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.

And aye she wrought her mammie's wark,  
 And aye she sang sae merrilie ;  
 The blithest bird upon the bush  
 Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys  
 That bless the little lintwhite's nest ;  
 And frost will blight the fairest flowers,  
 And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,  
 The flower and pride of a' the glen ;  
 And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,  
 And wanton naigies nine or ten.

**BURNS' POEMS.**

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,  
He danced wi' Jeanie on the doo,  
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,  
Her heart was tint, her peace w

As in the bosom o' the stream,  
The moonbeam dwells at dewy e  
So trembling, pure, was tender lo  
Within the breast o' bonnie Jean

And now she works her mammie's  
And aye she sighs wi' care and  
Yet wist na what her ail might be  
Or what wad make her weel ag

But did na Jeanie's heart loup lig  
And did na joy blink in her ee,  
As Robie tauld a tale o' love,  
As e'eing on the lily lea ?

The sun was sinking in the west,  
The bird sang sweet in ilka gro  
His cheek to her's he fondly prest  
And whisper'd thus his tale o' k

“ O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear ;  
O canst thou think to fancy me  
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's  
And learn to tent the farms wi'

“ At barn or byre thou shalt na d  
Or naething else to trouble thee  
But stray amang the heather bell  
And tent the waving corn wi' n

Now what could artless Jeanie do  
She had nae will to say him na  
At length she blush'd a sweet cow  
And love was aye between the

O TIBBIE, I hae seen the day  
Ye would na been sae shy ;  
For lack o' gear ye lightly m  
But, trowth, I care na by.

Yestreen I met you on the mo  
Ye spak na, but gaed by like a  
Ye geek at me because I'm po  
But fient a hair care I,  
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may t  
Because ye nae the name o' cl  
That ye can please me at a w  
Whene'er ye like to try.  
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But sorrow tak him that's sa  
Altho' his pouch o' coin wer  
... follows ony saucy quee

BURNS' POEMS.

Tho' hardly he for sense or lear  
Be better than the kye.  
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

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.  
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

There lives a lass in yonder park,  
I wad na gie her in her sark,  
For thee wi' a' thy thousand mark;  
Ye need na look sae high.  
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

---

SONG.

TUNE—"Fee him, Father."

THOU hast left me ever, Jamie,  
Thou hast left me ever.  
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,  
Thou hast left me ever.  
Aften hast thou vow'd that death  
Only should us sever;  
Now thou'st left thy lass for aye,—  
I maun see thee never, Jamie,  
I'll see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,  
Thou hast me forsaken,  
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,  
Thou hast me forsaken,  
Thou canst love anither jo,  
While my heart is breaking:  
Soon my weary een I'll close,  
Never mair to waken, Jamie,  
Ne'er mair to waken.

## FAIR JENNY.

TUNE—" *Saw ye my Father.*"

WHERE are the joys I have met in the morning,  
 That danc'd to the lark's early song?  
 Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,  
 At evening the wild woods among?

No more a winding the course of yon river,  
 And marking sweet flow'rets so fair;  
 No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,  
 But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,  
 And grim, surly winter is near?  
 No, no, the bees humming round the gay roses  
 Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,  
 Yet long, long too well have I known;  
 All that has caused this wreck in my bosom  
 Is Jenny, fair Jenny, alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,  
 Nor hope dare a comfort bestow;  
 Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish  
 Enjoyment I'll seek in my wo.

## SONG.

TUNE—" *To Janet.*"

HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,  
 Nor longer idly rave, sir;  
 Though I am your wedded wife,  
 Yet I am not your slave, sir!

**BURNS' POEMS.**

“ One of two must still obey,  
Nancy, Nancy ;  
Is it man or woman, say,  
My spouse, Nancy ?”

If 'tis still the lordly word,  
Service and obedience ;  
I'll desert my sov'reign lord,  
And so, good bye allegiance !

“ Sad will I be, so bereft,  
Nancy, Nancy ;  
Yet I'll try to make a shift,  
My spouse, Nancy.”

My poor heart then break it must,  
My last hour I'm near it ;  
When you lay me in the dust,  
Think, think how you will bear it.

“ I will hope and trust in Heav'n,  
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.”



~~A resource is here~~  
Though I were ne'er sae wear

**CHORUS.**

For, oh! her lanely nights!  
And, oh! her dreams are  
And, oh! her widow'd hear  
That's absent frae her dear

When I think on the lightsome  
I spent wi' thee, my dearie,  
And now what seas between us  
How can I be but eerie?  
For, oh! &c.

How slowly ye move, ye heav!  
The joyless day how dreary  
It was na sae ye glinted by  
When I was wi' my dearie.  
For, oh! &c.

From peaceful slumber she arose,  
Girt on her mantle and her hose,  
And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes,  
The youthful, charming Chloe.

## CHORUS.

Lovely was she by the dawn,  
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,  
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,  
The youthful, charming Chloe.

The feather'd people you might see  
Perch'd all around on every tree,  
In notes of sweetest melody  
They hail the charming Chloe.  
Till, painting gay the eastern skies,  
The glorious sun began to rise,  
Out-rivall'd by the radiant eyes  
Of youthful, charming Chloe.  
Lovely was she, &c.

## SONG.

TUNE—"Lumps o' Pudding."

CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,  
When'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,  
Gie them a skelp as they're creeping along,  
Wi' a cog o' guid swats, and an auld Scottish sang.

Whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought;  
But man is a sodger, and life is a faught:  
My mirth and good humour are coin in my pouch,  
And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare  
touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',  
A night o' guid fellowship sowthera it a' ;





**BURNS' POEMS.**

the blithe end o' our journey at last,  
: deil ever thinks o' the road he has past!

ance, let her snapper and stoyte on her w  
ne, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae :  
se, or come travail, come pleasure or pain  
st word is—" Welcome, and welcome agai

---


**THOU LEAVE ME THUS, MY KAT**

**TUNE—" *Roy's Wife.*"**

**CHORUS.**

**ANST** thou leave me thus, my Katy?  
anst thou leave me thus, my Katy?  
'ell thou know'st my aching heart,  
nd canst thou leave me thus for pity?

thy plighted fond regard,  
s cruelly to part, my Katy?



While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw ;  
But to me it's delightless—my Nannie's awa.

The snawdrap and primrose our woodlands adorn,  
And violets bathe in the weat o' the morn ;  
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,  
They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa.

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dew's of the law,  
The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,  
And thon, mellow mavis, that hails the night fa',  
Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa.

Come, Autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,  
And sooth me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay ;  
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,  
Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa.

---

SONG.

TUNE—" *Laddie, lie near me.*"

"TWAS na her bonnie blue ee was my ruin ;  
Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoing :  
"Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind us,  
"Twas the bewitching, sweet stown glance o' kindnes

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,  
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me,  
But tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever,  
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,  
And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest !  
And thou'rt the angel that never can altar.  
Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.



**FAIREST** maid on Devon  
Crystal Devon, wilt thou  
Wilt thou lay that from  
And smile as thou wilt

Full well thou know'st I lo  
Couldst thou to malice len  
O, did not love exclaim, "  
"Nor use a faithful love  
Fairest maid, &c.

Then come, thou fairest of  
Those wonted smiles, O, le  
And, by thy beauteous self  
No love but thine my he  
Fairest maid, &c.

---

**THE YOUNG HIGHL**  
TUNE—" *Mor*

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 mightly warden,  
 My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,  
 And bonnie Castle-Gordon.

— o —

WHERE, BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS.

TUNE—"N. Gow's Lamentation for Abercainny."

WHERE, braving angry winter's storms,  
 The lofty Ochels rise,  
 Far in their shade my Peggy's charms  
 First blest my wondering eyes.  
 As one who, by some savage stream  
 A lonely gem surveys,  
 Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam,  
 With art's most polish'd blaze.

Blest be the wild sequester'd shade,  
 And blest the day and hour,  
 Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,  
 When first I felt their pow'r!  
 The tyrant Death, with grim control,  
 May seize my fleeting breath;  
 But tearing Peggy from my soul  
 Must be a stronger death.

— o —

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,  
 The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea;  
 Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,  
 But nature sicken'd on the ee.



Again ye'll nourish fresh  
Ye birdies dumb, in with'rin  
Again ye'll charm the voice  
But here, alas! for me nae  
Shall birdie charm, or flourish  
Fareweel the bonnie banks  
Fareweel, fareweel! swee

---

### FAREWELL THOU

**FAREWELL** thou stream that  
Around Eliza's dwelling!  
O mem'ry! spare the cruel thro'  
Within my bosom swelling:  
Condemn'd to drag a hopeless  
And yet in secret languish,  
To feel a fire in ev'ry vein,  
Nor dare disclose my anguish!

I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,  
 Till fears no more had sav'd me ;  
 The unwary sailor thus aghast,  
 The wheeling torrent viewing ;  
 'Mid circling horrors sinks at last  
 In overwhelming ruin.

---

## JOHN ANDERSON.

TUNE—" *John Anderson my jo.*"

JOHN Anderson my jo, John,  
 When we were first acquent ;  
 Your locks were like the raven,  
 Your bonnie brow was brent ;  
 But now your brow is beld, John,  
 Your locks are like the snaw :  
 But blessings on your frosty pow,  
 John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,  
 We clamb the hill thegither ;  
 And mony a canty day, John,  
 We've had wi' ane anither :  
 But we maun totter down, John,  
 But hand in hand we'll go ;  
 And sleep thegither at the foot,  
 John Anderson my jo.

---

## A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

TUNE—" *The Rose-bud.*"

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk.  
 Adown a corn-inclosed bawk,  
 Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,  
 All on a dewy morning.



The dew sat chilly on her breast,  
The dew sat chilly on her breast,  
Sae early in the morning.  
She soon shall see her tender  
The pride, the pleasure o' the  
Amang the fresh green leaves  
Awake the early morning

So thou, dear bird, young J  
On trembling string or voice  
Shall sweetly pay the tender  
That tents thy early morn  
So thou sweet rose-bud, you  
Shall beauteous blaze upon  
And bless the parent's evening  
That watch'd the early morn

---

THE JOYFUL W  
TUNE—"Maggie L



At length from me her course she steer'd,  
 And gone I know not whither :  
 Would I could guess, I do profess,  
 I speak, and do not flatter,  
 Of all the women in the world,  
 I never could come at her.

Her body is bestowed well,  
 A handsome grave does hide her,  
 But sure her soul is not in hell,  
 The deil would ne'er abide her,  
 I rather think she is aloft,  
 And imitating thunder ;  
 For why,—methinks I hear her voice  
 Tearing the clouds asunder.

—o—

FAIR ELIZA.

*A Gaelic Air.*

TURN again, thou fair Eliza ;  
 Ae kind blink before we part,  
 Rue on thy despairing lover !  
 Canst thou break his faithfu' heart ?  
 Turn again, thou fair Eliza ;  
 If to love thy heart denies,  
 For pity hide the cruel sentence  
 Under friendship's kind disguise !

Thee, dear maid, hae I offended ?  
 The offence is loving thee :  
 Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,  
 Wha for thine would 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.

Kens the pleasure, feels the ray  
That thy presence gies to me

---


THE PARTING KISS

JOCKEY's ta'en the parting kiss  
O'er the mountains he is gane  
And with him is a' my bliss,  
Naught but griefs with me r

Spare my luv, ye winds that blaw  
Plashy sleets and beating rain  
Spare my luv, thou feathery snaw  
Drifting o'er the frozen plain

When the shades of evening cre  
O'er the day's fair, gladsome  
Sound and safely may he sleep,  
Sweetly blithe his waukening

THE PARTING KISS



**BURNS' POEMS.**

Wearying Heaven in warm devot.  
For his weel where'er he be.

Hope and fears alternate billow  
Yielding late to Nature's law ;  
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow  
Talk of him that's far awa.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,  
Ye who never shed a tear,  
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,  
Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me,  
Downy sleep, the curtain draw ;  
Spirits kind, again attend me,  
Talk of him that's far awa !

---

**LORD GREGORY.**

O Mirk, mirk is this midnight hour,  
And loud the tempest's roar ;  
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tow'r,  
Lord Gregory ope thy door.

An exile frae her father's ha',  
And a' for loving thee ;  
At least some pity on me shaw,  
If love it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the gro  
By bonnie Irwine side,  
Where first I own'd that virgin love  
I lang, lang had denied ?

How aften didst thou pledge and vow,  
Thou wad for aye be mine !

**POEMS.**

itsel sae tr  
d thine.

Lord Grego  
breast :  
that flash  
me rest.


lers from at  
m see !  
lon my faus  
aven and m

---

**OR TO M]**

**ERATIONS**

ity to show  
Oh!  
I'll ever pr



**BURNS' POEMS.**

**CLARINDA.**

**CLARINDA**, mistress of my soul,  
The measur'd time is run !  
The wretch beneath the dreary pole,  
So marks his latest sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night  
Shall poor Sylvander hie ;  
Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,  
The sun of all his joy.

We part—but by these precious drops,  
That fill thy lovely eyes !  
No other light shall guide my steps,  
Till thy bright beams arise.

She, the fair sun of all her sex,  
Has blest my glorious day :  
And shall a glimmering planet fix  
My worship to its ray ?

---

**CRAIGIE-BURN.**

TUNE—“ *Craigie-burn-wood.*”

**SWBET** fa's the eve on Craigie-burn,  
And blithe awakes the morrow ;  
But a' the pride o' spring's return  
Can yield me nocht but sorrow.

I see the flowers and spreading trees,  
I hear the wild birds singing ;  
But what a weary wight can please,  
And care his bosom wringing ?

If thou shalt love anther,  
When yon green leaves fade fr  
Around my grave they'll wi

---

ISABELLA.

TUNE—" *M' Gregor of Ruar*

RAVING winds around her bk  
Yellow leaves the woodlands s  
By a river hoarsely roaring,  
Isabella stray'd deploring—  
" Farewell, hours that late did  
Sunshine days of joy and pleas  
Hail thou gloomy night of sor  
Cheerless night that knows no

" O'er the past too fondly wan  
On the hopeless future ponder  
Chilly grief my life-blood free  
Fell despair my fancy seizes.  
Life, thou soul of every blessin  
Load to misery most distressin  
O how shall I'd resign thee



BURNS' POEMS.

THE WHISTLE.

A BALLAD.

As the authentic prose history of the Whistle I shall here give it.—In the train of Anne of Denmark she came to Scotland with our James the Sixth, over also a Danish Gentleman of gigantic stature, prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. A little ebony Whistle, which, at the commencement of the orgies, he laid on the table, and whoever was lauded to blow it, every body else being disabled by the potent bottle, was to carry off the Whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories, a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Great Britain, and challenged the Scots Bacchanals to the alternative of trying his prowess or else of acknowledging their inferiority.

After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, this Whistle was encountered by Sir Robert Lawrie, of Maxwellton, ancestor of the present baronet of that name; who, after several days and three nights' hard contest, left the Scandian under the table,

And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.

Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert before-mentioned, after he had lost the Whistle to Walter Riddel, of Glenriddel, who was married a sister of Sir Walter's.—On Friday, the 10th of October, 1790, at Friars-Carse, the Whistle was once more contended for, as related in the ballad, by the present 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, lineally descended of the great Sir Robert; which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field.

I SING of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth,  
I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North,  
Was brought to the court of our good Scottish  
And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall



Old piper here sang, and old  
What champions ventur'd, wha  
The son of great Loda was cong  
And blew on the Whistle his re

**Till** Robert, the lord of the Cair  
Unmatch'd at the bottle, uncon  
He drank his poor godship as d  
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunk

Thus Robert, victorious, the tre  
Which now in his house has fo  
Till three noble chieftains, and  
The jovial contest again have r

Three joyous good fellows, with  
Craigdarroch, so famous for wi  
And trusty Glenriddel, so skill  
And gallant Sir Robert, deep-r



I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More,\*  
And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er."

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend  
But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe—or his friend,  
Said, "Toss down the Whistle, the prize of the field,  
And knee-deep in claret, he'd die or he'd yield."

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,  
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care ;  
But for wine and for welcome not more known to  
fame,  
Than the sense, wit, and taste, of a sweet, lovely  
dame.

A Bard was selected to witness the fray  
And tell future ages the feats of the day ;  
A Bard who detested all sadness and spleen,  
And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been.

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,  
And every new cork is a new spring of joy ;  
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,  
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were  
wet.

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

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

---

\* See Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides.



But who  
Tho' fate said—a hero should pe...  
So up rose bright Phoebus, and do

Next up rose our Bard, like a pro  
“ Craigdarroch thou’st soar when  
But if thou would flourish immor  
Come—one bottle more—and hav

“ Thy line that have struggled for  
Shall heroes and patriots ever pr  
So thine be the laurel, and mine  
The field thou hast won, by yon

## GLOSSARY.

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and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The sound English diphthong *oo* is commonly spelt *ou*. The *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scottish *ga*, is marked *oo*, or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scottish except when forming a diphthong, or followed by *ute* after a single consonant, sounds generally like the English *a* in *wall*. The Scottish diphthong *ae*, and *ea*, very often, sound like the French *e mas-*. The Scottish diphthong *ey* sounds like the *é*.

|                      |                             |
|----------------------|-----------------------------|
| away, aloof.         | Aith, an oath.              |
| , at a shy distance. | Aits, oats.                 |
| above, up.           | Aiver, an old horse,        |
| , abroad, in sight.  | Aizle, a hot cinder.        |
| in breadth.          | Alake, alas !               |
| .                    | Alane, alone.               |
| .                    | Akwart, awkward.            |
| ; aff loof, unpre-   | Amaist, almost.             |
| ated.                | An', and, if.               |
| before.              | Ance, once.                 |
| .                    | Ane, one, an.               |
| often.               | Anent, over against         |
| off the right line.  | Anither, another.           |
| z.                   | Ase, ashes,                 |
| perhaps.             | Asteer, abroad, stirring.   |
| 'n.                  | Aught, possession ; as, in  |
| ly, soon ; the oak.  | a' my aught, in all my      |
| nny, earnest-mo-     | possession.                 |
| on.                  | Auldfarran, orauld farrant, |
| quarter of the hea-  | cunning, prudent.           |
| ; to direct.         | Ava, at all.                |
|                      | Awa, away.                  |

|                              |            |
|------------------------------|------------|
| Baine, large-boned.          |            |
| Bairn, a child.              | toes, &    |
| Bairn-time, a family of      | Birk, bir  |
| children, a brood.           | Birkie, a  |
| Baith, both,                 | Birring,   |
| Ban, to swear.               | tridge     |
| Bane, bone.                  | spring     |
| Bang, to beat, to strive.    | Bit, cris  |
| Bardie, diminutive of bard.  | Bizz, a l  |
| Barefit, barefooted.         | Blastie, t |
| Barmie, of or like barm.     | a tern     |
| Batch, a crew, a gang,       | Blastit,   |
| Batts, boots.                | Blate, b   |
| Baudrons, a cat.             | Blather,   |
| Bauld, bold.                 | Blaud, a   |
| Bawk, a ridge, a bank.       | thing ;    |
| Baws'nt, having a white      | Blaw, to   |
| stripe down the face.        | Bleerit,   |
| Be, to let be, to give over, | rheum      |
| to cease.                    | Bleezing   |
| Bear, barley.                | Blellum,   |
| Beastie, dimin. of beast.    | Blether,   |
| Beet, to add fuel to fire.   | sense.     |
| Belyve, by and by.           | Bleth'ri   |

- ;, a little while ; a  
 ling look ; to look  
 dly ; to shine by fits.  
 er, a term of con-  
 apt.  
 in, smirkin.  
 -gown, an authorised  
 gar.  
 l, blood.  
 e, a shred, a large piece  
 , to vomit, to gush  
 ermittently.  
 ed, gushed, vomited.  
 e, a small copper coin.  
 s, spirits, hobgoblins.  
 ie, or bonny, hand-  
 ae, beautiful.  
 ock, a kind of thick  
 ce of bread.  
 d, a board.  
 tree, the shrub elder.  
 t, behoved, must needs  
 , a hole in the wall.  
 h, an angry tumour.  
 ing, drinking.  
 kail, cabbage.  
 ;, bended, crooked.  
 hens, fern.  
 , a declivity, precipice  
 l, broad.  
 dg't, reeled forward.  
 t, a kind of harrow.  
 dge, to rush rashly.  
 , broke, made insol-  
 it.  
 ks, a kind of wooden  
 'b for horses.  
 1, a sudden illness.
- Brats, coarse clothes, rags,  
 children, &c.  
 Brattle, a short race,  
 hurry, fury.  
 Braw, fine, handsome.  
 Brawly, or brawlie, very  
 well, finely, heartily.  
 Braxie, a morbid sheep.  
 Breastie, dimin. of breast.  
 Breastit, did spring up or  
 forward.  
 Brechan, fern.  
 Breef, an irresistible spell.  
 Breeks, breeches.  
 Brent, smooth.  
 Brewin, brewing.  
 Brie, juice, liquid.  
 Brig, a bridge.  
 Brunstane, brimstone,  
 Brisket, the breast.  
 Brither, a brother.  
 Brock, a badger.  
 Brogue, a hum, a trick.  
 Broo, broth, liquid, water.  
 Broose, a race at country  
 weddings.  
 Brugh, a burgh.  
 Bruilzie, a broil.  
 Brunt, did burn, burnt.  
 Brust, to burst, burst.  
 Buchan-bullers, the boil-  
 ing of the sea on the  
 coast of Buchan.  
 Buckskin, a Virginian.  
 Bught, a pen.  
 Bughtin-time, the time of  
 collecting the sheep to  
 be milked.

|                           |                 |
|---------------------------|-----------------|
| parlour.                  | Cheep, a        |
| himself, lunatic, dis-    | Cheep, a        |
| racted.                   | Chiel or        |
| ke, a bee-hive.           | fellow.         |
| re, a cow-stable.         | Chimla or       |
|                           | grate, a        |
| C.                        | Chimla-l        |
| 't, to call, to name. to  | Chitterin       |
| drive.                    | trembli         |
| 't, or ca'd. called, dri- | Chokin',        |
| ven, calved.              | Chow, to        |
| dger, a carrier.          | <i>chow</i> , a |
| ff, chaff.                | Chuffie, f      |
| ird, a tinker.            | Clachan,        |
| irn, a heap of stones.    | about a         |
| llan, a boy.              | Clais, or       |
| ller, fresh, sound.       | Clait, cl       |
| nie, or cannie, gentle,   | Claiting        |
| mild, dexterous.          | Clauivers,      |
| ntie, or canty, cheerful, | Clap, cla       |
| erry.                     | Clarkit,        |

- an idle tale, the story  
 is day.  
 r, idle stories.  
 it, snatched at.  
 to clean, to scrape.  
 d, scraped.  
 s, idle stories.  
 to scratch.  
 l scratched.  
 to clothe.  
 t, having caught.  
 u', jerking, clinking.  
 mbell, who rings the  
 ch bells.  
 sheers.  
 iaclaver, idle talk.  
 to hatch, a beetle.  
 n', hatching.  
 hoof.  
 s, the Devil.  
 a bump or swelling  
 r a blow.  
 a fishing boat.  
 rmony, a lock of hair  
 upon a girl's head ;  
 p.  
 ought.  
 wooden dish.  
 s, dimin. of cog.  
 from *Kyle*, a district  
 yrshire.  
 , a name for country  
 .  
 shangie, quarrelling.  
 aun, command.  
 the cud.  
 a blockhead.  
 did cast.
- Cooser, a horse kept for  
 mares.  
 Coot, the ankle or foot.  
 Cootie, a wooden kitchen  
 dish ; fowls whose legs  
 are clad with feathers are  
 also said to be cootie.  
 Corbies, ravens.  
 Core, corps, party, clan.  
 Corn't, fed with oats.  
 Cotter, the inhabitants of  
 a cottage.  
 Couthie, kind, loving.  
 Cove, a cave.  
 Cowe, to terrify, to keep  
 under, to lop ; a fright ;  
 a branch of furze, broom,  
 &c.  
 Cowp, to barter, to tumble  
 over, a gang.  
 Cowpit, tumbled.  
 Cowering, cowering.  
 Cowte, a colt.  
 Cozie, snug.  
 Cozily, snugly.  
 Crabbit, fretful.  
 Crack, conversation, to  
 converse.  
 Craft, or croft, a field.  
 Craiks, cries or calls in-  
 cessantly, a bird.  
 Crambo-clink, or crambo-  
 jingle, rhymes, doggerel  
 verses.  
 Crank, the noise of an un-  
 greased wheel.  
 Crankous, fretful, captious.  
 Cranreuch, hoar frost.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| Crap, a crop, to crop.  | Daffin, merriment, foolishness.  |
| Craw, crow of a cock, a rook.   | Daezt, stupified, deprived of vigour or sensibility.                   |
| Creel, a basket.  | Daft, merry, giddy, foolish.   |
| Creeshie, greasy.   | Daimen, rare, now and then; daimen-icker, an ear of corn now and then. |
| Crood, or croud, to coo as a dove.  | Dainty, pleasant, good-humoured, agreeable.                            |
| Croon, a continued moan.  | Dales, plains, valleys.  |
| Crooning, humming.  | Daud, to thrash, to abuse.   |
| Crouchie, crook-backed.   | Daur, to dare.   |
| Crouse, cheerful, courageous.   | Daurg, a day's labour.   |
| Crowdie, a composition of oatmeal and boiled water, sometimes from the broth of beef, mutton, &c. | Davoc, David.  |
| Crowdic-time, breakfast-time.   | Dawd, a large piece.   |
| Crowlin, crawling.  | Dawtit, caressed.  |
| Crummock, a cow with crooked horns.   | Dearies, dimin. of dears.  |
| Cuif, a blockhead.  | Dearthfu', dear.   |
| Cummock, a short staff.   | Deave, to deafen.  |
| Curchie, a curtsy.  | Deil-ma-care! no matter!   |
| Curler, a player at a game on the ice.  | Deleerit, delirious.   |
| Curlie, curled.   | Describe, to describe.   |
| Curling, a well-known game on the ice.  | Dight, to wipe, to clean corn from chaff.                              |
| Curmurring, murmuring, a slight rumbling noise.   | Ding, to worst, to push.   |
| Curpin, the crupper.  | Dinna, do not.   |
| Cushat, the stock-dove, or wood-pigeon.   | Dirl, a slight stroke or pain.   |
| Cutty, short, a spoon.  | Dizzen, or diz'n, a dozen.   |
|   | Doited, stupified.   |
|   | Dolt, stupified, crazed; a stupid fellow.                              |
|   | Donsie, unlucky.   |
|   | Dool, sorrow.  |
|   | Doos, doves.   |
|   | Dorty, saucy, nice.  |
|   | Douce, or douse, sober, wise, prudent.                                 |

## D.

DADDIE, a father.



GLOSSARY.

6

|                                    |                              |
|------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| <b>Dought, was or were able.</b>   | Eldritch, ghastly.           |
| <b>Doup, backside.</b>             | En', end.                    |
| <b>Doure, stout, durable, sul-</b> | Enbrugh, Edinburgh.          |
| <b>len, stubborn.</b>              | Ettle, to try, attempt.      |
| <b>Dow, am or are able, can.</b>   | Eydent, diligent.            |
| <b>Dowff, wanting force.</b>       |                              |
| <b>Dowie, worn with grief,</b>     | F.                           |
| <b>fatigue, &amp;c.</b>            | FA', fall, lot, to fall.     |
| <b>Doylt, stupid.</b>              | Fa's, does fall, waterfalls. |
| <b>Drap, a drop, to drop.</b>      | Faddom't, fathomed.          |
| <b>Dreep, to ooze, to drop.</b>    | Fae, a foe.                  |
| <b>Dribble, drizzling, slaver.</b> | Faem, foam.                  |
| <b>Drift, a drove.</b>             | Faiket, unknown.             |
| <b>Droddum, the breech.</b>        | Fairin, a present.           |
| <b>Drone, part of a bagpipe.</b>   | Fallow, fellow.              |
| <b>Droukit, wet.</b>               | Fand, did find.              |
| <b>Drounting, drawing.</b>         | Farl, a cake of bread.       |
| <b>Drouth, thirst, drought.</b>    | Fash, trouble, care, to      |
| <b>Drumly, muddy.</b>              | trouble, care for.           |
| <b>Drummock, meal and wa-</b>      | Fasht, troubled.             |
| <b>ter mixed raw.</b>              | Fastern-e'en, Fastens-even   |
| <b>Drunt, pet, sour humour.</b>    | Fauld, a fold, to fold.      |
| <b>Dub, a small pond.</b>          | Faulding, folding.           |
| <b>Duds, rags, clothes.</b>        | Faut, fault.                 |
| <b>Duddie, ragged.</b>             | Fawsont, decent, seemly.     |
| <b>Dung, worsted ; pushed.</b>     | Feal, a field, smooth.       |
| <b>Dunt, beaten, boxed.</b>        | Fearfu', frightful.          |
| <b>Dush, to push as a ram,</b>     | Fear't, frightened.          |
| <b>&amp;c.</b>                     | Feat, neat, spruce.          |
|                                    | Fecht, to fight.             |
| E.                                 | Fechtin, fighting.           |
| <b>E, the eye.</b>                 | Feck, many, plenty.          |
| <b>E, the eyes.</b>                | Fecket, waistcoat.           |
| <b>Ein', evening.</b>              | Feckfu', large, stout.       |
| <b>E, frightened, dreading</b>     | Feckless, puny, weak.        |
| <b>irits.</b>                      | Feckly, weakly.              |
| <b>E, old age.</b>                 | Feg, fig.                    |
| <b>Eck, the elbow.</b>             | Feid, feud, enmity.          |

|  |           |
|--|-----------|
| Fiel, soft, smooth.  | wings     |
| Fient, fiend, a petty oath.                                      | Flitterin |
| Fier, sound, healthy; a brother, a friend.                       | Flunky,   |
| Fisle, to make a rustling noise, to fidget, a bustle.            | Foord,    |
| Fit, a foot.   | Forbear   |
| Fittie-lan, the nearer horse of the hindmost pair in the plough. | Forbye,   |
| Fizz, to make a hissing noise.                                   | Forfair   |
| Flainen, Flannel.  | Forfoug   |
| Fleech, to supplicate in a flattering manner.                    | Forgatt   |
| Fleech'd, supplicated.   | Forgie,   |
| Fleechin, supplicating.  | Forjask   |
| Fleesh, a fleece.  | Fother,   |
| Fleg, a random blow.   | Fou', fu  |
| Flether, to decoy by fair words.                                 | Fought    |
| Fletherin, flattering.   | sed.      |
| Flew it, a smart blow.   | Fouth,    |
|  | more      |
|  | Fow, a    |
|  | pitch-    |
|  | Frae, fr  |
|  | Fraeth,   |
|  | Frien',   |
|  | Fu', to   |

GLOSSARY.

- Fud**, the scut of the hare,  
 &c.  
**Fuff**, to blow intermittently  
**Fuff't**, did blow.  
**Funnie**, full of merriment,  
 mirthful.  
**Fur**, a furrow.  
**Furm**, a form, bench.  
**Fyke**, trifling cares; to  
 piddle, to be in a fuss  
 about trifles.  
**Fyle**, to soil, to dirty.  
**Fy'lt**, soiled, dirtied.
- G.**
- GAB**, the mouth; to speak  
 boldly or pertly.  
**Gaber-launzie**, an old man.  
**Gadsman**, ploughboy, the  
 boy that drives the hor-  
 ses in the plough.  
**Gae**, to go; gaed, went;  
 gaen, gone; gaun, going.  
**Gaet**, or gate, way, man-  
 ncr, road.  
**Gang**, to go, to walk.  
**Gar**, to make, to force to.  
**Gar't**, forced to.  
**Garten**, a garter.  
**Gash**, wise, sagacious,  
 talkative, to converse.  
**Gashin'**, conversing.  
**Gaucy**, jolly, large.  
**Gawky**, half-witted, fool-  
 ish, romping.  
**Gear**, riches of any kind.  
**Geck**, to toss the head in  
 wantonness or scorn.
- Ged**, a pike.  
**Gentles**, great folks.  
**Geordie**, a guinea.  
**Get**, a child, a young  
**Ghaist**, a ghost.  
**Gie**, to give; gied, ga  
 gien, given.  
**Giftie**, dimin. of gift.  
**Giglets**, playful girls.  
**Gillie**, dimin. of gill.  
**Gilpey**, a half-grown, h  
 informed boy or gir  
 romping lad, a hoide  
**Gimmer**, an ewe from  
 to two years old.  
**Gin**, if, against.  
**Gipsy**, a young girl.  
**Girning**, grinning.  
**Gizz**, a periwig.  
**G'ait**, inattentive, f  
 ish, romping.  
**Glaive**, a sword.  
**Glaizie**, glittering, smo  
 like a glass.  
**Glaum'd**, aimed, snatch  
**Gleg**, sharp, ready.  
**Gleib**, glebe.  
**Glen**, dale, deep valley  
**Gley**, a squint; to squ  
 a-gley, off at a s  
 wrong.  
**Glib-gabbet**, that spe  
 smoothly and readil  
**Glint**, to peep.  
**Glinted**, peeped.  
**Glintin'**, peeping.  
**Gloamin'**, the twilight  
**Glowr**, to stare, to lo

her. Guidfather,  
father-in-la  
ther-in-law  
ears. Gunlie, mud  
familiar. Gusty, taste  
to bear the  
decidedly  
HA', hall.  
Ha'-bible,  
that lies  
tears. Hae, to b  
ng, weeping. Haen, ha  
ned, seized. Haet, fr  
t the whistle oath  
out, to play a thin

- Haffet**, the temple, the side of the head.  
**Haffins**, nearly half, partly  
**Haig**, a scar, or gulf in mooses and moors.  
**Haggis**, a kind of pudding baked in the stomach of a sow or sheep.  
**Hain**, to spare, to save.  
**Hain'd**, spared.  
**Hairst**, harvest.  
**Haith**, a petty oath.  
**Haivers**, nonsense, speaking without thought.  
**Hal'**, or **hald**, an abiding place.  
**Hale**, whole, tight, healthy.  
**Haly**, holy.  
**Halan**, a particular partition-wall in a cottage, or more properly a seat of turf at the outside.  
**Hallowmas**, **Hallow-eve**, the 31st of October.  
**Hame**, home.  
**Hameety**, homely, affable.  
**Hameward**, homeward.  
**Han'**, or **haun'**, hand.  
**Hap**, an outer garment, mantle, plaid, &c. to wrap, to cover, to hap.  
**Happer**, a hopper.  
**Happing**, hopping.  
**Hap**, **step**, an' **loup**, hop skip and leap.  
**Harkit**, hearkened.  
**Harn**, very coarse linen.  
**Hastit**, hastened.
- Hash**, a fellow that neither knows how to dress nor act with propriety.  
**Haud**, to hold.  
**Haughs**, low-lying rich lands; valleys.  
**Haurl**, to drag, to peel.  
**Haurlin'**, peeling.  
**Haverel**, a half-witted person; half-witted.  
**Havins**, good manners, decorum, good sense.  
**Hawkie**, a cow, properly one with a white face.  
**Heapit**, heaped,  
**Healsome**, healthful.  
**Hearse**, hoarse.  
**Hear't**, hear it.  
**Heather**, heath.  
**Hech!** oh! strange!  
**Hecht**, promised to foretell something that is to be got or given; foretold; the thing foretold; offered.  
**Heckle**, a board in which are fixed a number of sharp pins, used in dressing hemp, flax, &c.  
**Heeze**, to elevate.  
**Helm**, the rudder or helm.  
**Herd**, to tend flocks, one who tends flocks.  
**Herry**, to plunder; most properly to plunder birds' nests.  
**Herryment**, plundering devastation.

corn.  
grandchild  
h, every.  
atured, ma-  
rdly.  
ingenuity,  
e-place.  
r will.  
one another.

J.  
also a familiar  
a giddy young

ally, to trifle  
rse raillery, to  
at as water.

bro  
Kail-ru  
coler  
Kain,  
rent  
Keb  
Keel  
Kely  
ri  
a  
Ke  
K  
K  
K  
K

|                    |                               |
|--------------------|-------------------------------|
| ark of water.      | Kin, kindred ; Kin', kind.    |
| ilt, a giddy girl. | King's-hood, a certain part   |
| jump, slender,     | of the entrails of an ox,     |
| me.                | &c.                           |
| dodge, to turn a   | Kintra, country.              |
| a sudden turning.  | Kintra-cooser, a country      |
| at turns quickly,  | stallion.                     |
| htly girl, a wag.  | Kirn, the harvest supper,     |
| rk.                | a churn.                      |
| a kind of knife.   | Kirsen, to baptize.           |
| stoop, to bow the  | Kist, a chest.                |
|                    | Kitchen, any thing that       |
| ow, the swinging   | eats with bread, to serve     |
| and pealing        | for soup, gravy, &c.          |
| of a large bell.   | Kith, kindred.                |
| o justle.          | Kittle, to tickle, ticklish,  |
|                    | lively.                       |
| <b>K.</b>          | Kittlin, a young cat.         |
| law.               | Kuittle, to cuddle.           |
| wort, a kind of    | Knappin-hammer, a ham-        |
|                    | mer for breaking stones.      |
| , the stem of      | Knowe, a round hillock.       |
| rt.                | Knurl, a dwarf.               |
| wls, &c. paid as   | Kye, cows.                    |
| a farmer.          | Kyle, a district in Ayrshire, |
| , a cheese,        | Kyte, the belly.              |
| peep, to peep.     | Kythe, to discover, to shew   |
| mischievous spi-   | one's self.                   |
| id to haunt fords  |                               |
| ries at night.     |                               |
| now.               | <b>L.</b>                     |
| small matter.      | LAGGEN, the angle be-         |
| le, well known.    | tween the side and bot-       |
| ted, hairy.        | tom of a wooden dish.         |
| arking anxiety.    | Laigh, low.                   |
| uss up the clothes | Lairing, sinking in snow,     |
| a young girl, a    | mud, &c.                      |
|                    | Laith, loath.                 |
|                    | Laithfu', bashful.            |

h a hand.  
chimney.  
large piece of  
flesh, &c.  
column of smoke;  
ke.  
rey.

M.

more.  
nore.  
most, almost.  
y, mostly.  
to make.  
n, farm.  
e, Molly.  
g, among.  
ise, the minister's t



**GLOSSARY.**

|   |  |
|---|--|
| Mantele, a mantle.  | Mirk, dark.  |
| Mark, marks, (This and several other nouns which in English require an s, to form the plural, are in Scotch, like the words sheep, deer, the same in both numbers.) | Misca', to abuse, to names.  |
| Mar's year, the year 1715.  | Misleard, mischievous unmannerly.                                    |
| Mashlum, Meslin, mixed corn.  | Mistek, mistook.   |
| Mask, to mash.  | Mither, a mother.  |
| Maskin'-pat, a tea-pot.   | Mixtie-maxtie, confuse mixed.  |
| Maukin, a hare.   | Moil, labour.  |
| Maun, must.   | Moistify, to moisten.  |
| Mavis, the thrush.  | Mony, or Monie, many   |
| Maw, to mow.  | Moop, to nibble as a she   |
| Meere, a mare.  | Moorlan', of or belong to moors.                                     |
| Meickle, or Meikle, much.   | Morn, to morrow.   |
| Melancholius, mournful.   | Mou, the mouth.  |
| Melder, corn, or grain, sent to be ground.  | Moudiwort, a mole.   |
| Mell, to mingle, a mallet.  | Mousie, dimin. of mou  |
| Melvie, to soil with meal.  | Muckle, or Mickle, great big, much.                                  |
| Men', to mend.  | Musie, dimin. of muse.   |
| Mense, good manners.  | Muslin-kail, broth, composed simply of washed shelled barley & great |
| Menseless, ill-bred, rude.  | Mutehkin, an English p   |
| Messin, a small dog.  | Mysel, myself.   |
| Midden, a dunghill.   | N.   |
| Midden-creels, baskets for holding dung.  | NA, no, not, nor.  |
| Midden-hole, a gutter at a dunghill.  | Nae, no, not any.  |
| Mim, prim, affectedly meek  | Naig, a horse.   |
| Min', mind, remembrance.  | Nappy, ale.  |
| Mind't, mind it, resolved, intending.   | Negleckit, neglected.  |
| Minnie, mother dam.   | Neuk, nook.  |
|   | Niest, next.   |
|   | Nieve, the flat.   |
|   | Niffer, an exchange.   |

|   |   |
|---|---|
| Nigger, a Negro.                        | Paughty, proud, haughty.  |
| Nine-tail'd-cat, a hang-<br>man's whip. | Pauky, or Pawkie, cum-<br>ning, sly.                            |
| Nit, a nut.                             | Pay't, paid, beat.  |
| Norland, north land.                    | Pech, to fetch the breath<br>short, as in an asthma.            |
| Nowte, black cattle.                    | Pechan, the stomach.  |
|   | Pet, a domesticated sheep,<br>&c.                               |
| O.                                      | Pettle, to cherish.   |
| O', or.                                 | Phillibegs, short petti-<br>coats worn by the High-<br>landmen. |
| Ochels, name of mountains               | Praise, fair speeches,<br>flattery, to flatter.                 |
| O haith! O faith! an oath               | Phraisiã, flattery.   |
| Ouy, or Onie, any.                      | Pibroch, a Highland war-<br>song adapted to the<br>bagpipe.     |
| Or, is often used for ere.              | Pickie, a small quantity.                                       |
| Ora, or Orra, superfluous,<br>unwanted. | Pine, pain, uneasiness.   |
| O't, of it.                             | Pit, to put.  |
| Oughtlins, in the least de-<br>gree.    |   |
| Ourie, shivering, drooping.             |   |
| Oursel, or oursels, ourselves           |   |
| Outlers, cattle not housed.             |   |
| Ower, over, too.                        |   |

- Pouk, to pluck.**  
**Pouse, to push, to penetrate.**  
**Poussie, a hare, a cat.**  
**Pout, a'pout, a chick.**  
**Pou't, did pull.**  
**Pouthery, like powder.**  
**Pow, the head, the skull.**  
**Pownie, a little horse.**  
**Powther, powder.**  
**Preen, a pin.**  
**Prent, Printing.**  
**Prie, to taste**  
**Prie'd, tasted.**  
**Prief, proof.**  
**Prig, to cheapen, to dispute.**  
**Primsie, demure, precise.**  
**Propone, to lay down, to propose.**  
**Provoses, provosts.**  
**Pyle, a pyle o' caff, a single grain of chaff.**
- Q.**
- QUAK, to quake.**  
**Quat, to quit.**  
**Quey, a cow from one to two years old.**
- R.**
- RAGWEED, herb ragwort.**  
**Raible, to rattle nonsense.**  
**Rair, to roar.**  
**Raize, to madden, to inflame.**  
**Ram-feezi'd, fatigued, overspread.**  
**Ram-stam, thoughtless, forward**  
**Raploch, properly a coarse cloth, but used as an ad noun for coarse.**  
**Rarely, excellently.**  
**Rash, a rush; rash-buss, a bush of rushes.**  
**Ratton, a rat.**  
**Raucle, stout, fearless.**  
**Raught, reached.**  
**Raw, a row.**  
**Rax to stretch.**  
**Ream, cream; to cream.**  
**Reamin, brimful, frothing.**  
**Reave, rove.**  
**Reck, to heed.**  
**Rede, counsel, to counsel.**  
**Red-wat-shod, walking in blood over the shoe-tops.**  
**Red-wud, stark mad.**  
**Ree, half-drunk, fuddled.**  
**Reek, smoke.**  
**Remead, remedy.**  
**Rest, to stand restive.**  
**Restit, stood restive, stunted, withered.**  
**Rew, repent.**  
**Rief, reef, plenty.**  
**Rief randies, sturdy beggars.**  
**Rig, a ridge.**  
**Rin, to run, to melt.**  
**Rink, the course of the stones in curling on ice.**  
**Rip, a handful of unthreshed corn.**  
**Riskit, made a noise.**

DICTIONARY.

- he Sconner, a loathing, to  
loathe.  
Scaich, to scream as a  
hen, partridge, &c.  
Screed, to tear, a rent.  
Scrieve, to glide swiftly  
along.  
7. Scrimp, to scant.  
See'd, did see.  
Sel, self; a body's sel,  
one's self alone.  
Sell't, did sell.  
ort. Sen', to send.  
Settlin', settling; to get a  
settlin', to be frighted  
into quietness.  
Shaird, a shred, a shaird.  
Shangan, a stick cleft at  
one end for putting the  
tail of a dog, &c. into.  
Shaver, a humorous wag  
a barber.

- Stc**, such.  
**Sicker**, sure, steady.  
**Sidelins**, sidelong, slanting.  
**Siller**, silver, money.  
**Simmer**, summer.  
**Sin**, a son.  
**Sin'**, since.  
**Skellum**, a worthless fellow.  
**Skelp**, to strike, to walk with a smart tripping step, a smart stroke.  
**Skelpi-limmer**, a technical term in female scolding.  
**Skelpin**, stepping, walking.  
**Skiegh**, or **Skeigh**, proud, nice, high-mettled.  
**Skinklin**, a small portion.  
**Skirl**, to shriek, to cry shrilly.  
**Skirl't**, shrieked.  
**Sklent**, slant, to run aslant, to deviate from truth.  
**Skreigh**, a scream, to scream.  
**Slae**, sloe.  
**Slade**, did slide.  
**Slap**, a gate, a breach in a fence.  
**Slaw**, slow.  
**Slee**, sly; **Sleest**, slyest.  
**Sleekit**, sleek, sly.  
**Slidderly**, slippery.  
**Slype**, to fall over.  
**Slypet**, fell.  
**Sma'**, small.  
**Smeddum**, dust, powder, mettle, sense.  
**Smiddy**, a smithy.
- Smoother**, to smother.  
**Smoor'd**, smothered.  
**Smoutie**, obscene.  
**Smytrie**, a numerous collection of small individuals.  
**Snapper**, stumble.  
**Snash**, abuse, Billingsgat.  
**Snaw**, snow, to snow.  
**Snaw-broo**, melted snow.  
**Sneck**, latch of a door.  
**Sned**, to lop, to cut off.  
**Sneeshin**, snuff.  
**Sneeshin-mill**, a snuff-bowl.  
**Snell**, bitter, biting.  
**Snick-drawing**, trick-contriving.  
**Snick**, the latchet of a door.  
**Snool**, one whose spirit is broken with oppressive slavery; to submit tamely, to sneak.  
**Snoove**, to go smoothly and constantly, to sneak.  
**Snowk**, to scent or snuff as a dog.  
**Sonsie**, having sweet engaging looks, lucky, jolly.  
**Soom**, to swim.  
**Sooth**, truth, a petty oath.  
**Sough**, or **sugh**, a sigh, sound dying on the ear.  
**Souple**, flexible, swift.  
**Souter**, a shoemaker.  
**Sowens**, a dish made of the seeds of oatmeal soured and boiled up to make a pudding.

|  |            |
|--|------------|
| Speel, to climb.   | of stan    |
| Spence, the parlour.                                       | Stap, stc  |
| Spier, to ask, to inquire.                                 | Stark, st  |
| Spier't, inquired.   | Startle,   |
| Splatter, a splutter, to splutter.                         | stung      |
| Spleughan, a tobacco pouch.                                | Staumre    |
| Splore, a frolic, a noise.                                 | half-w     |
| Sprattle, to scramble.                                     | Staw, di   |
| Spreckled, spotted, speckled.                              | Stech, to  |
| Spring, a quick air in music, a Scottish reel.             | Steek, to  |
| Sprit, a plant, something like rushes.                     | Steer, to  |
| Spunk, fire, mettle, wit.                                  | Steeve, f  |
| Spunkie, mettlesome, fiery; will-o'-wisp, or ignis fatuus. | Stell, a s |
| Spurtle, a stick used in making pudding or porridge.       | Sten, to   |
| Squall, a crew, a party.                                   | Stents,    |
|  | any ki     |
|  | Stey, ste  |
|  | Stibble,   |
|  | rig, t     |
|  | takes t    |
|  | Stick an'  |
|  | togeth     |
|  | Stilt. a c |
|  | limp.      |

- Stimpert**, the eighth of a Winchester bushel.  
**Stirk**, a cow or bullock a year old.  
**Stock**, a plant or root of colewort, cabbage, &c.  
**Stockin'**, stocking; throwing the stockin', when the bride and bridegroom are put into bed, and the candle out, the former throws a stocking at random among the company, and the person whom it strikes is the next that will be married.  
**Stoked**, made up in shocks as corn.  
**Stoor**, sounding hollow, strong and hoarse.  
**Stot**, an ox.  
**Stoup**, or **Stowp**, a kind of jug with a handle.  
**Stoure**, dust.  
**Stowlins**, by stealth.  
**Stowen**, stolen.  
**Stoyte**, stumble.  
**Strack**, did strike.  
**Strae**, straw; to die a fair strae death, to die in bed.  
**Straik**, did strike.  
**Straikit**, stroked.  
**Strappan**, tall and handsome.  
**Straught**, straight.  
**Streek**, stretched, to stretch.  
**Stroan**, to spout, to piss.
- Studdie**, an anvil.  
**Stumpie**, dimin. of stump.  
**Strunt**, spirituous liquor of any kind; to walk sturdily.  
**Sturtin**, frightened.  
**Sucker**, sugar.  
**Sud**, should.  
**Suthron**, southern, an old name for the English nation.  
**Swaird**, sword.  
**Swall'd**, swelled.  
**Swank**, stately, jolly.  
**Swankie**, or **swanker**, a tight strapping young fellow or girl.  
**Swap**, an exchange, to barter.  
**Swarf**, swoon.  
**Swat**, did sweat.  
**Swatch**, a sample.  
**Swats**, drink, good ale.  
**Sweatin'**, sweating.  
**Sweer**, lazy, averse; dead-sweer, extremely averse.  
**Swoor**, swore, did swear.  
**Swinge**, to beat, to whip.  
**Swirl**, a curve, an eddying blast, or pool, a knot in wood.  
**Swirlie**, knaggy, full of knots.  
**Swith**, get away.  
**Swither**, to hesitate in choice, an irresolute wavering in choice.  
**Syne**, since, ago, then.

| T.   |   |
|--|---|
| TACKETS, a kind of nails, for driving into the heels of shoes. | Thack, thatch ; thack as' rape, clothing.                       |
| Tae, a toe ; three-tae'd, having three prongs.                 | Thae, these.  |
| Tairge, target.  | Thairms, small-guts, fiddle strings.                            |
| Tak, to take ; takin, taking                                   | Thankit, thanked.   |
| Tangle, a sea-weed.  | Theekit, thatched.  |
| Tap, the top.  | Thegither, together.  |
| Tapetless, heedless, foolish.                                  | Themselfs, themselves.  |
| Tarrow, to murmur at one's allowance.                          | Thick, intimate, familiar.                                      |
| Tarrow't, murmured.  | Thieveless, cold, dry, spited ; spoken of a person's demeanour. |
| Tarry-breeks, a sailor.  | Thir, these.  |
| Tauld, or tald, told.  | Thirl, to thrill.   |
| Taupie, a foolish thoughtless young person.                    | Thirled, thrilled, vibrated.                                    |
| Tauted, or tautie, matted together ; spoken of hair or wool.   | Thole, to suffer, to endure.                                    |
|  | Thowe, a thaw, to thaw.   |
|  | Thowless, slack, lazy.  |
|  | Thrang, throng, a crowd.  |
|  | Thrapple, throat, windpipe                                      |
|  | Thraw, to sprain, to twist,                                     |



GLOSSARY.

- Thud**, to make a loud intermittent noise; a blow producing a dull heavy sound.
- Till't**, to it.
- Timmer**, timber.
- Timmer-propt**, propped with timber.
- Tine**, to lose; tint, lost.
- Tinkler**, a tinker.
- Tint the gate**, lost the way.
- Tip**, a ram.
- Tippence**, two-pence.
- Tirl**, to make a slight noise, to uncover.
- Tirlin'**, uncovering.
- Tither**, the other.
- Tittle**, to whisper.
- Tittlin**, whispering.
- Tocher**, marriage portion.
- Tod**, a fox.
- Toddle**, to totter like the walk of a child.
- Foddlin'**, tottering.
- Toom**, empty.
- Toop**, a ram.
- Toun**, a hamlet, a farmhouse.
- Tout**, the blast of a horn or trumpet, to blow a horn, &c.
- Tow**, a rope.
- Towmond**, a twelvemonth.
- Towzie**, rough, shaggy.
- Toy**, a very o'd fashion of female head-dress.
- Toyte**, to totter like old age.
- Transmogrify'd**, transformed, metamorphosed.
- Trashtrie**, trash.
- Trews**, trousers.
- Trickie**, full of tricks.
- Trig**, spruce, neat.
- Trimly**, excellently.
- Trow**, to believe.
- Trowth**, truth, a petty.
- Trysted**, appointed.
- tryste**, to make an appointment.
- Try't**, tried.
- Tuz**, raw hide, of w in old times, pl traces were frequently made.
- Tulzie**, a quarrel; to c rel, to fight.
- Twa**, two.
- Twa-three**, a few.
- Twad**, it would.
- Twa**, twelve; twal-p worth, a small quantity one English penny.
- Twin**, to part.
- Tyke**, a dog.
- U.
- UNCO**, strange, unc very, very great, p gious.
- Uncos**, news.
- Unfauld**, unfold.
- Unkenn'd**, unknown.
- Unsicker**, unsure.
- Unskaith'd**, undamaged.
- Unwecting**, unknow



- Wc'se**, we shall.  
**Wha**, who.  
**Whaizle**, to wheeze.  
**Whalpit**, whelped.  
**Whang**, a leathern string,  
 a piece of cheese, bread,  
 &c. ; to give the strap-  
 pado.  
**Whare**, where ; whare'er,  
 wherever.  
**Whase**, whose.  
**Whatreck**, nevertheless.  
**Whaup**, the curlew ; a kind  
 of water-fowl.  
**Wheep**, to fly nimbly, to  
 jerk ; penny-wheep,  
 small-beer.  
**Whid**, the motion of a  
 hare, running but not  
 frightened, a lie.  
**Whiddin'**, running as a  
 hare or coney.  
**Whigmeleeries**, whims,  
 fancies, crotchets.  
**Whingin'**, crying, com-  
 plaining, fretting.  
**Whirligigums**, useless or-  
 naments.  
**Whirrin'**, whirring ; the  
 sound made by the flight  
 of the partridge, &c.  
**Whisht**, silence.  
**Whisk**, to sweep, to lash.  
**Whiskit**, lashed.  
**Whistle**, a whistle ; to  
 whistle.  
**Whitter**, a hearty draught  
 of liquor.
- Whunstane**, a whinstone.  
**Whyles**, sometimes.  
**Wi'** with.  
**Wick**, to strike a stone in  
 an oblique direction ; a  
 term in curling.  
**Wicker**, willow, (the  
 smaller sort).  
**Widdieful**, wrathful, angry,  
 raging ; one deserving  
 the gallows.  
**Wiel**, a small whirlpool.  
**Wife**, a dimin. or endear-  
 ing term for wife.  
**Willyart**, bashful, reserved,  
 timid.  
**Wimple**, to meander.  
**Win'**, to wind, to winnow.  
**Win't**, winded, as a bobbin  
 of yarn.  
**Win' wind** ; win's, winds.  
**Winna**, will not.  
**Winnock**, a window.  
**Winsome**, hearty, vannted,  
 gay.  
**Wintle**, a staggering mo-  
 tion ; to stagger, to reel.  
**Winze**, an oath.  
**Wiss**, to wish ; to have a  
 strong desire.  
**Withoutten**, without.  
**Witless**, simple, easily  
 imposed on.  
**Wizen'd**, dried, shrunk.  
**Wonner**, a wonder, a con-  
 temptuous appellation.  
**Wons**, dwells.  
**Woo'**, wool.

|  |                                    |
|--|------------------------------------|
| Woo, to court, to make love to.  | Wyte, blame                        |
| Woodie, a rope, more properly one made of withs or willows.  | YE; this frequently used           |
| Woer-bab, the garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loops.  | Year, is used gular and            |
| Wordy, worthy.   | Yearlings, be year, coev           |
| Worset, worsted.   | Yearns, long                       |
| Wew, an exclamation of pleasure or wonder.   | Yeil, barren, milk.                |
| Wrack, to teaze, to vex.   | Yerk, to lash                      |
| Wraith, a spirit, a ghost; an apparition exactly like a living person, whose appearance is said to foode the person's approaching death. | Yerkit, jerke                      |
| Wrang, wrong, to wrong.  | Yestreen, yest night befo          |
| Wrath, drifted snow.   | Yett, a gat usually at into a farm |
| Writers, attorneys, lawyers.   | Yill, ale.                         |
| Wud, mad, distracted.  | Yird, earth.                       |
| Wumble, a wimble.  | Yokin, yokin                       |
| Wyle, bezuile.   | Yont, beyond                       |
| Wyliecoat, a flannel vest.   | Yourself, you                      |
|  | Yowe, an ew                        |
|  | Yowie, dimin                       |
|  | Yule, Christi                      |

THE END.







