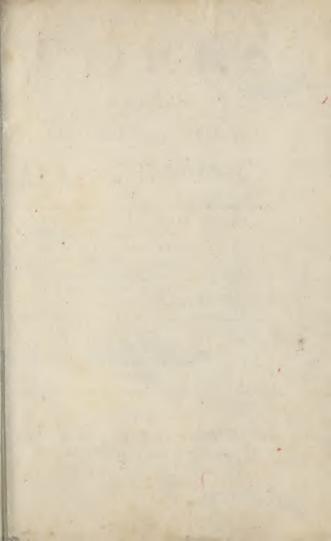




THE GLEN COLLECTION OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-Brise to the National Library of Scotland, in memory of her brother, Major Lord George Stewart Murray, Black Watch, killed in action in France in 1914.







MISCELLANEOUS

WORK

YOFTHAT

Celebrated Scotch POET,

ALLAN RAMSAY.

Let them censure, what care I? The Herd of Criticks I defy. No, no, the Fair, the Gay, the Young Govern the Numbers of my Song : All that they approve is sweet, And all is Sense that they repete. .

PRIOR from ANACREON.



DUBLIN:

Printed by S. POWELL, for GEORGE RISK,

Bookseller, at the Corner of Castle-lane in Dames fireet, near the Horse guard, M DCC XXIV.

EDINBURGH



To the most Beautiful

THE

British LADIES.

Fair Patronesses,

F

OR your innocent Diverfion, and to invite those engaging Smiles which heighten your other Beauties, the most Part of my

Poems were wrote, having had the Pleafure to be fometimes approved of by you, which was the Mark I chiefly aim'd at. Allow me then to lay the following Collection at your Feet; accept of it as a grateful Return of every Thought happily express'd by me, they being less owing to my natural Genius, than to the Inspiration of your Charms.

T

iv The DEDICATION.

I shall hope to be excus'd, when I drop the common Form, and enter not into a Detail of your Qualities, altho' the fairest Field for Panegyrick; but too extensive for a Dedication, and many of them the Subjects which embellish the whole Book.

With Difficulty I curb my felf, and decline fo delightful a Theme: The ravishing Images croud upon me; but I'll referve them for Numbers. Profe is too low, and looks affected, when dress'd in the Ornaments of Panegyrick.

Dear Ladies, pardon my Faults, honour me with your indulgent Protection, and. allow me ever to be,

May it please your Ladyships,

Your most humble,

Most obedient,

And most faithful

- Servant.



THE.

PREFACE.

Its none of the least of my Diversions to see one Part of the World laughing at the other, yet all seem fully satisfied with their own Opinions and Abilities; but Ishall never quarrel with any Man whose Temper is the Reverse of mine, and enters not into the Taste of the same Pleasures. Tis as ridiculous for one to be disposliged at anothers different Way of Thinking, as it is to challenge him for having a Nose not of a Shape with his. Every Man is born with a particular Bent, which will discover itself in Spite of all Opposition. Mine is obvious, which since I knew, I never inclined to curb; but rather encouraged my self in the Purfuit, tho many Difficulties lay in my Way.

Whether Poetry be the most elevated, delightful and generous Study in the World, is more than I dare affirm; but I think so. Yet I am affraid, when the following Miscellany is examined, I shall not be found to deserve the eminent Character that belongs to the Erick Master, whose Fire and Flegm is equally blended.

But Anacreon, Horace, and Waller were Poetr, and had Souls warmed with true poetick Flame, altho their Patience fell short of those who could bestow a Number of Years on the sinishing one Heroick

Poem, and justly claim the Preeminence.

If I know any Faults in my own Productions, I am not Pool enough to blaze them: Perhaps they may be everlook'd by the Indulgence of my bef Friends, for whom I write.— Tis not to be doubted that I have Enemies; yes, I have been honoured with three or four Satyrs, but fuch wretched Stuff, that several of my Friends would alledge upon me that I had

a 2

wrose

wrote and tublished them my self (none of the worst Politicks I own) to make the World believe I had no Foes but Fools. Such Pedants as consine Learning to the critical Understanding of the dead Languages, while they are ignorant of the Beauties of their Mother-Tongue, do not view me with a friendly Eye: But I'm even with them, when I tell them to their Faces, without Blushing, that I understand Horace but faintly in the Original, and yet can feast on his beautiful Thoughts dreft'd in tritish; — and do not see any great Occasion for every Man's being made tapable to translate the Classicks, when they are so elegantly done to his Hand. Nor do I value tho' Dostor Bently heard this: And perhaps it had been no worse for the great Lyrick that this same Dostor

had under flood the Latin Tongue as little as I.

My chearful Friends will pardon (a very effential Qualification of a Poet) my Vanity, when in Self-Defence Linforn the Ignorant, that many of the finest Spirits, and of the highest Quality and Dysinction, eminent for Literature, and Knowledge of Mankind, from an Assability which ever accompanies great Minds, tell me, They are pleased with what I have Jone; and add, That my small Knowledge of the deal or foreign Lang ages is nothing to my Disadvantage: Pursue your own natural Manner, say they, and be an Original. One may very easily imagine that I hear this with Abundance of secret Satisfaction and Joy; the Ladier too are on my Side, they grace my Song with the Sweetness of their Voices, conn over my Pastoral, and smile at my innocent merry Tile.

Thus shielded by the Brave and Fair, My Foes may envy, but despair.

That I have express my Thought in my native Dialect, was not only Inclination, but the Desire of my best and wisest Friends: and most reasonable, since good Imagery, just Similier, and all Manner of ingenious Thoughts, in a well laid Design, disposed into Numbers, is Poetry.—Then good Poetry may be in any Language.—But some Nations sieak rough, and their Words are consounded with a Multitude of bard Consonaits, which makes the Numbers unharmonious. Besides, their Language is scanty, which makes a disagreeable

disagreeable Repetition of the same Words.——These are no Defects in ours, the Pronunciation is liquid and sonorous, and much fuller than the English, of which we are Masters, by being taught it in our Schools, and daily reading it; which being added to all our own native Words, of eminent Significancy, makes our Tongue by far the completess: For Instance, I can say, An empty House, a toom Eatrel, a boss Head, and, a hollow Heart.— Many such Examples might be given, but let this one suffice

I cannot here omit a Paragraph or two of a Preface, wrote by the learned Dr. Sewel, so a London Edition of one of my Paftorals, after he has faid fone Things very handfonely in my Favour.—— In Behalf of our Language he extresses himself thus, The following Poem, if I am not missken (for I set up for no Critic) is a true and just Pastoral, abounding with those Beauties, which are either required,

or are to be found in the best esteem'd Pastorals.

The Scotticifus, which perhaps may offend fome overnice Ear, give new Life and Grace to the Poetry, and become their Place as well as the Doric Dialect of Theoretius, so much admired by the best Judges. When I mention that Tongue I bewail my own little Knowledge of it, since I meet with so many Words and Phrases so expressive of the Ideas they are intended to represent. A small Acquain ance with that Language, and our old English Poets, will convince any Man, that we spend too much Time in looking Abroad for trifling Delicacies, when we may be treated at home with a more substantial, as well as a more elegant Entertainment.

There are some of the following, which we commonly reckon English Poetry, such as the Morning Interview, Convent, Ge. but all their Difference from the others is only in the Orthography of some Words, such as, from for size, bold for bauld, and some few Names of Things; and in those, the words be pure English, the Idiom or Phragology is still Scots.

Throughout the Whole, I have only cotied from Nature, and with all Precaution have fludied, as far as it came within the Ken of my Observation and Memory, not to retest what has been already said by others, tho it be next to impossible sometimes to stand clear of them, essently in the

little Love Plots of a Song. There are towards the End of this Miscellany, five or six Imitations of Horace, which any acquainted with that Author will presently observe. I have only snatched at his Thought and Method in gross, and dress'd them up in Scots, without consining my self; so that these are only to be reckoned a following of his Manner.

This is all I think needful in Defence of my Book, and to

keep it in Countenance with a Preface.





TO

Mr. ALLAN RAMSAY on his Poe-

AIL Northern Bard! thou fav'rite of the Nine,
Bright, or as Horace did, or Virgil thine.
In every Part of what thou'st done, we find
How they, and great Apollo too have join'd
To furnish thee with an uncommon Skill,
And with Poetick Fire thy Bosom fill.

Thy Morning Interview throughout is fraught with tuneful Numbers and Majestick Thought and And Celia, who her Lovers Suit distain'd, Is by all-powerful Gold at length obtain'd.

When Winter's hoary Aspect makes the Plains,
Unpleasant to the Nymphs, and jovial Swains;
Sweetly thou do'ft thy rural Couples call
To Pleasures known within Edina's Wall.

When, Allan, thou, for Reasons thou know'st best, Doom'd busy Cowfer to eternal Rest:
What Mortal could thine El'gy on him read,
And not have sworn he was defunct indeed?

Yet that he might not lose accustom'd Dues, You rous'd him from the Grave to open Pews; Such Magick, worthy Allan, hath thy Muse.

Th' experienc'd Bawd, in aptest Strains thou'st made Early instruct her Pupils in their Trade;
Lest when their Faces wrinkled are with Age,
They should not Cullies, as when young, engage.
But on our Sex, why art thou so severe,
To wish for Pleasure we may pay so dear.
Suppose that thou had'st after cheerful Juice,
Met with a strolling Harlot, wondrous spruce,
And been by her prevail'd with to resort
Where Claret might be drunk, or, if not, Port;
Suppose, I say, that this thou granted had,
And Freedom took with the enticing Jade;
Would st thou not hope, some Artist might be found
To cure, if ought you ail'd, the smarting Wound?

When of the Caledonian Garb you fing,

(Which from Tartana's diffant Clime you bring)

With how much Force you recommend the Plaid,

To ev'ry jolly Swain, and lovely Maid.

But if, as Fame reports, some of those Wights,

Who canton'd are among the rugged Heights,

No Breeks put on, should'st thou not them advise,

(Excuse me, Ramsay, if I am too nice)

To take, as fitting 'tis, some speedy Care,

That what should hidden be, appear not bare;

Lest Damsels, yet unknowing, should by Chance,
Their nimble Ogle t'ward the Object glance?

If this thou dost, we, who the South possess,
May teach our Females how they ought to dress:
But chiefly let them understand, 'tis meet
They should their Legs hide more, if not their Feet,
Too much by Help of Whale-bone now display'd,
Ev'n from the Dutchess to the Kitchen-maid;
But with more Reason, those who give Distaste,
When on their uncouth Limbsour Eyes we cast.

Thy other Sonnets in each Stanza shew, What, when of Love you think, thy Muse can do. So movingly thou'st made the am'rous Swain, Wish on the Moor his Lass to meet again, That I, methinks, find an unusual Pain. Nor hast thou, chearful Bard, express less Skill, When the brisk Lass you sang of Peatie's-Mill, Or Susse, whom the Lad with yellow Hair Thou'st made in soft and pleasing Notes preser To Nymphs less handsome, constant, gay and sair.

In lovely Strains kind Nanfy you address,
And make fond Willie his coy Jean posses:
Which done, thou'st blest the Lad in Nellie's Arms,
Who long had absent been 'midst dire Alarms.
And artfully you've plac'd within the Grove
Jamnie, to hear his Missress own her Loye.

A gentle Cure you've found for Strephon's Breast,
By scornful Betty long depriv'd of Rest.
And when the blissful Pairs you thus have crown'd,
You'd have the Glass go merrily around,
To shake off Care, and render Sleep more sound.

Who e'er shall see, or hath already seen,
Those bonny Lines, call'd Christ's-kirk on the Green,
Must own that thou hast, to thy lasting Fraise,
Deserv'd as well as Royal J A M E S the Bays.
'Mong other Things, you've painted to the Lise,
A Sot unactive lying by his Wise,
Which oft 'twixt wedded Folks makes wosul Strife.

When 'gainst the scribling Knaves your Pen you drew, How did'st thou lash the vile presumptuous Crew!

Not much fam'd Butler, who had gone before,
E'er ridicul'd his Knight, or Rolpho more;
So well thou's done it, equal Smart they feel,
As if thou'd piero'd their Hearts with killing Steel.

They thus subdu'd, you in pathetick Rhyme
A Subject undertook, that's more sublime,
By noble Thoughts, and Words discreetly join'd,
Thou'st taught me how I may Contentment find.
And when to Addie's Fame you touch'd the Lyre,
Thou sang'st like one of the Seraphick Choir.
So smoothly flow thy nat'ral rural Strains,
So sweetly too, you've made the mouraful Swains

His Death lament, what Mortal can forbear, Shedding like us upon his Tomb a Tear.

Go on, fam'd Bard, thou Wonder of our Days, And crown the Head with never-fading Bays; While grateful Britons do thy Lines revere, And value, as they ought, their Virgil here.

J. BURCHET.

To Mr. ALLAN RAMSAY

TOO blindly partial to my native Song, V 100 yr Fond of the Smoothness of our English Tongnes 3 At first thy Numbers did uncouth appear, an a sold if doug And shock'd the affected Niceness of the Ear. Thro' Prejudice's Eye each Page I fee Villes 233 11 shull & Tho' all were Beauties, none were fo to me. Yet sham'd at last, whilft all thy Genius own, To have that Genius hid from me alone; Resolved to find, for Praise; or Censure, Cause, it is in a Whether to join with all, or all oppole; 10-19916 right Careful I read thee o'er and o'er again : A MANY a bled as W At length the uleful Search requites my Pain; My false Distaste to instant Pleasure turn'd, As much I envy as before I fcorn'd: And thus the Error of my Pride to clear, I fign my honest Recantation here.

C.BECKINGHAM

SOLD TO THE REAL PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF TH

To Mr. ALLAN RAMSAY on the Publication of his POEMS.

DE AR Allan, who that hears your Strains,
Can grudge that you should wear the Bays,
When 'tis so long since Scotia's Plains
Could boast of such melodious Lays?

What tho' the Criticks, finarling Curs!

Cry out, Your Pegasius wants Reins:
Bid them provide themselves of Spurs:

Such Riders need not fear their Brains,

A Muse that's healthy, fair and sound, With noble Ardor, fearless hastes O'er Hill and Dale; but Carpet-Ground Was ay for tender sooted Beasts.

E'en let the fusian Coxcombs chuse

Their Carpet-Ground; but the green Field
Was held a Walk for Virgil's Muse,

And Virgil was an unco' Chield!

Your Muse, upon her native Stock Subfishing, raises thence a Name; While they are forc'd to pick the Lock Of other Bards, and pilser Fame. Oft when I read your joyous Lines, So full of pleafant Jests and Wit, So blyth and gay the Humour shines, It gives me many a merry Fit.

Then when I hear of Maggy's Charms,
And Roger tholing fair Difdain,
The bonny Lass my Bosom warms,
And meikle I bemoan the Swain.

For who can hear the Lad complain,
And not participate and feel
His artless undissembled Pain,
Unless he has a Heart of Steel.

But Patie's Wiles and cunning Arts
Appeale th' maginary Grief,
Declare him well a Clown of Parts,
And bring the wretched Wight Relief.

More might be faid, but in a Friend
Encomiums feem but dull and flat:
The Wife approve, but Fools commend,
A Pope's Authority for that.

Else certes 'twere in me unmeet,

To grudge the Muse's utmost Force,

Or spare in such a Cause my Feet,

To clinch at least in Praise of yours.



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Morning Interview.

HEROI-COMICAL

POEM.

Such killing Looks, so thick the Arrows fly,
That 'tis unsafe to be a Stander by:
Poets approaching to describe the Fight,
Are by their Wounds instructed how to write.

WALLER. 1300



HEN filent Show'rs refresh the pregnant Soil,

And tender Sallats eat with Tufcan Oyl, Harmonious Sounds now eccho in each Grove,

Of bleating' Lambs who from their Parents rove; While o'er the Plain the anxious Dames do firay, Calling their tender Care with hoarfer Bae.

Now

Now cheerful Zephyr from the Western Sky, With easy Scud, o'er painted Fields does sty, To kis his FLOR A with a gentle Air, Who yields to his Embrace, and looks more fair.

When from Debauch with sp'rituous Juice oppress, The Sons of B A C C H U S stagger Home to Rest, With tatted Wigs, foul Shoes, and uncock'd Hats, And all bedaub'd with Snuff their loose Cravats. The Sun began to sip the morning Dew, As D A M O N from his restless Pillow siew.

Him late from CELIA's Cheek a Patch did wound,
A Patch high feated on the blufhing Round,
His painful Thoughts all Night forbid him rest,
And he employ'd that Night as one opprest;
Musing Revenge, and how to countermine
The strongest Force, and ev'ry deep Design
Of Patches, Fans, of Necklaces and Rings,
Ev'n Musick's Pow'r, when CELIA plays or sings,

Fatigu'd with running Errands all the Day,
Happy in want of Thought his Valet lay,
Recruiting Strength with Sleep.— His Master calls,
He starts with lock'd up Eyes, and beats the Walls.
A second Thunder rouzes up the Sot,
He yawns, and murmurs Curses through his Throat,
Stockings awry, and Breeches-knees unlac'd,
And Buttons do mistake their Holes for Haste,

His Master raves—Cries, R.O.G.E.R., make Dispatch,
Time slies apace. He frown'd, and looks his Watch:
Haste, do my Wig, ty't with the careless Knots,
And run to C.I.V.E.T's, let him fill my Box.
Go to my Laundress, see what makes her slay,
And call a Coach and Barber in your Way.

Thus Orders justle Orders in a Throng:

R O G E R with laden Mem'ry trots along.

His Errands done; with Brushes next he must
Renew his Toil amids perfumed Dust:

He beats and rubs, till scarce one Pile remain,
Then six Times more's thrown on the Wig again.

The yielding Comb he leads with artful Care,
Through crook'd Meanders of the flaxen Hair:
E'er all's perform'd he's almost chok'd to Death,
The Air is thicken'd, and he pants for Breath.

So does the Traveller through Libya's Plain,
A Consist with the driving Sands sustain.

Two Hours are past, and D A M O N is equipt,
Pensive he stalks, and meditates the Fight:
Arm'd Cap-a-tee, in Dress a killing Beau,
Thrice view'd his Glass, and then resolved to go,
Flusht sult of Hope to overcome his Foe.
His early Pray'rs were all to Paphos sent,
That JOVE's Sea-daughter would give her Consent:
Cry'd, Send thy little Son unto my Aid.
Then took his Hat, tript out, and no more said.

What

What lofty Thoughts do fometimes puffi a Man lald aik Beyond the Verge of his own native Span Bosqs 2010 and T Keep low thy Thoughts, frail Clay, nor boalf thy Pow'r.] Fate will be Fate : And fince there's nothing fure, and Vex not thy felf too much, but catch the auspicious Hour. and Barber in

The tow ring Lark had thrice his Mattins fung, And thrice were Bells for Divine Service rung 20 tal? In Plaids muffd up, Prudes throng the facred Dome, O S And leave the spacious Peticoat at Home ? 15 30, arred 201 While fostest Dreams seal'd up fair CE LIA's Eyes, 10 1 She dreams of DAMON, and forgets to rife, saled at 1 A sportive Sylph does lay the subtile Snare, and will and Such know the charming Baits which catch the Fair She shews him handsom, brawny, rich and young, With Snuff-box, Cane, and Sword-knot finely hung, is ro Well skill'd in Airs of Dangle, Tofs, and Rap, Those Graces which do tender-Hearts entrap.

Bh.

Ber

Where AULUS oft makes Law for Justice pass. And CHARLES's Statue stands in lasting Brass. Amidft a Square which does amaze the Sight, With spacious Fabricks of slupendous Hight; Whose sublime Roofs in Clouds advance so high, They feem the Watch-tow'rs of the nether Sky Where once, Alas! where once the Three Estates Of S C O TL'A N D's Parliament held free Debates: Here CELIA dwelt; thither did DAMON move. Presi'd by his rigid Fate, and raging Love. To

To her Apartment straight the daring Swain Approach'd, and foftly knock'd, nor knock'd in vain. The Nymph new wak'd flarts from the lazy Down, And wraps her gentle Limbs in Morning Gown But half-awake she judges it must be the lad are and I FRANKALIA come to take her Morning Tea: Cries, Welcome, Coufin But the foon began sraw alnow To change her, Vilage, when the faw a Man : v od bouch & A Her unfixt Eyes with various Turnings range, Alexander And pale Surprize to modest red exchange : 1 Doubtful 'twixt ModeRy and Love the stands,"10 10. Then ask'd the bold Impertinent's Demands. Her Strokes are doubled, and the Youth now found, His Pains encrease, and open ev'ry Wound. Who can describe the Charms of loose Attire! Who can refift the Flames with which they fire! Ah, barbarous Maid! he cries, fure native Charms .Are too too much : Why then fuch Store of Arms? Madam, I come, prompt by th' uneasy Pains. Caus'd by a Wound from you, and want Revenge; A borrow'd Pow'r was posted on a Charm: A Patch, damn'd Patch! Can Patches work fuch Harm

He said; then threw a Bomb lay hid within Love's Mertar-piece, the Dimple of his Chin. It mis'd for once, she listed up her Head, And blush'd a Smile, that almost stuck him dead, Then cunningly retir'd, and he pursu'd Near to the Toilet, where the War renew'd.

A 3

Thus the great FABIUS often gain'd the Day .

O'er HANNIBAL, by frequent giving Way :

So warlike BRUCE and WALLACE fometime deign'd

To feem defeat, yet certain Conquest gain'd.

Thus was he led in midft of CEL IA's Room, led to? Speechless he stood, and waited for his Doom Words were but vain, he scarce could use his Breath, wind As round he view'd the Implements of Death, sai sansido o'l Her dreadful Arms in careless Heaps were laid, I what well In gay Disorder round her tumbled Bed: 1000 5 69 ba A He often to the fost Retreat wou'd flare, I lubiduod Still wishing he might give the Battle there. Stunn'd with the thought, his wand'ring looks did firay: To where lac'd Shoes and her filk Stockings lay, and a And Garters which are never feen by Day. His dazl'd Eyes almost deserted Light; No Man before had ever got the Sight, A Lady's Garters, Earth! their very Name, Tho yet unseen, sets all the Soul on Flame. The Royal N E D knew well their mighty Charms, Else he'd ne'er hoop'd one round the English Arms. Let barb'rous Honours crown the Sword and Lance, Thou next their King does British Knights advance, OGARTER! Honi soit qui mal y pense.

O who can all these hidden Turns relate, That do attend on a rash Lover's Fate! In deep Distress the Youth turn'd up his Eyes, As if to ask Assistance from the Skies.

The

The PETICOAT was hanging on a Pin, Which the unlucky Swain star'd up within : His curious Eyes too daringly did rove, Around this oval conick Vault of Love: Himself alone can tell the Pain he found, While his wild Sight furvey'd forbidden Ground. He view'd the ten-fold Fence, and gave a Grone, His trembling Limbs bespoke his Courage gone : Stupid and pale he flood, like Statue dumb, The amber Snuff dropt from his careless Thumb. Be filent here, my Muse, and shun a Plea May rife betwixt old Bickerstaff and me; For none may touch a Peticoat but he.

DAMON thus foil'd, breath'd with a dying Tone. Affist ye Powers of Love, else I am gone. The ardent Pray'r foon reach'd the Cyprian Grove, Heard and accepted by the Queen of Love. Fate was propitious too, her Son was by, Who 'midst his dread Artillery did ly Of Flanders Lace, and Straps of curious Dye, On India Muslin Shades the God did loll, His Head reclin'd upon a Tinfy Roll.

The Mother Goddess thus her Son bespoke,

- "Thou must, my Boy, assume the Shape of SHOCK,
- " And leap to GEL IA's Lap; whence thou may flip
- "Thy Paw up to her Breaft, and reach her Lip:

[8]

- " Strike deep thy Charms, thy pow'rful Art display,
- " To make young D A MON Conqueror to Day."
- " Thou need not blush to change thy Shape, since JOVE
- " Try'd most of brutal Forms to gain his Love;
- " Who that he might his loud SATURNIA gull,
- " For fair EUROP A's Sake, inform'd a Bull.

She spoke.—Not quicker does the Lamp of Day Jet on the Mountain Tops a gilded Ray,
Swifter than Lightning files before 'the Clap,
From Cyprus life he reached GELIA's Lap:
Now fawns, now wags his Tail, and licks her Arm;
She hugs him to her Breast, nor dreads the Harm.
So in ASCANIUS Shape, the God unseen
Dally'd, and ruin'd the Carthaginian Queen.

So now the subtile Pow'r his Time espies,
And threw Two barbed Darts in C E L I A's Eyes:
Many were broke before he cou'd succeed;
But that of Gold slew whizzing through her Head:
These were his last Reserve.— When others fail,
Then the resulgent Metal must prevail.
Pleasure produc'd by Money now appears,
Coaches and Six run rattling in her Ears.
O Liv'ry Men! Attendants! Houshold-plate!
Court-posts and Visits! pompous Air and State!
How does your Splendor swell the Female's Pride,
When o'er their Minds such Gawdry does preside?

Success attends, C UPID has plaid his Part,
And sunk the pow'rful Venom to her Heart.
She cou'd no more, she's catched in the Snare,
Sighing she fainted in her easy Chair.
The sanguine Streams in Blushes no more glow,
But to support the Heart, all inward flow,
Leaving the Cheek now cold and white as Snow.

3

Thus C E L IA fell, or rather thus did rife:

Thus D A M Q N made, or else was made a Prize:

For both were Conquerors, and both did yield;

First she, now he, is Master of the Field.

Now he refumes fresh Life, abandons Fear,
Jumps to his Limbs, and does more gay appear.
Not gaming Heir, when his rich Parent dies,
Not Zealot reading Hackney's Party-lies,
Not soft Fisteen, on her Feet-washing Night,
Not Poet when his Muse sublimes her Flight,
Not an old Maid, for some young Beauty's Fall,
Not the long tending * Stibler at his Call,
Not Husbandman, in Drought when Rain descends,
Not Miss, when † Limberham his Purse extends,
E'er knew such Raptures as this joyful Swain,
When yielding, dying GELIA calmed his Pain.
The rapid Joys now in such Torrents roul,
That scarce his Organs can retain his Soul,

^{* 4} Probationer. - A kind Keefer.

Victor he's gen'rous, courts the Fair's Efteem,
And takes a Bason fill'd with limpid Stream:
Then from his Fingers form'd an artful Rain,
Which rouz'd the dormant Spirits of her Brain,
And made the purple Channels flow again.
She lives, he sings; she smiles, and looks more tame:
Now Peace and Friendship is the only Theme.

The MUSE owns freely here, she does not know, If Words did pass between the Belle and Beau, Or, if, in Courtship, such use Words or no. But sure it is, there was a Farley beat, And mutual Love did end the proud Debate. Then to complete the Peace and seal the Bliss, He, for a Diamond Ring, received a Kiss Of her soft Hand.—— Next, the aspiring Youth, With eager Transports, press her glowing Mouth. So, by Degrees, the Eagles teach their Young To mount on high, and stare upon the Sun.

A fumptuous Treat does crown the ended War,
And all rich Requisites are brought from sar.
The Table boasts its being from Japan,
Th' ingenious Work of some great Artisan.
China, where Potters coarsest Mould refine,
That Light through the transparent Jar does shine;
The costly Plates and Dishes are from thence,
And Amazonia must her Sweets dispence;

[11]

To her warm Banks our Vessels cut the Main,
For the sweet Product of her Inscious Cane:
Here Scotia does no costly Tribute bring,
Only some Kettles full of † Todian Spring.

Where Indus and the double Ganges flow,
On odorif rous Plains the Leaves do grow;
Chief of the Treat, a Plant the Boaft of Fame,
Sometimes call'd Green, BOHEA's its greater Name.

O happiest of Herbs! Who would not be
Pythagoriz'd into the Form of thee,
And with high Transports act the Part of TEA?
Kisses on thee the haughty Belles bestow,
While in thy Steams their coral Lips do glow;
Thy Vertues and thy Flavour they commend;
While Men, even Beaux, with parched Lips attend.

EPILOGUE.

THE Curtain's drawn: Now gen'rous Reader say,
Have ye not read worse Numbers in a Play?

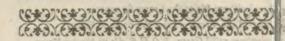
Sure here is Plot, Place, Character, and Time,
All smoothly wrought in good firm English Rhime.

I own, 'tis but a Sample of my Lays,
Which asks the Civil Sanction of your Praise.

Bestow's with Freedom, let your Praise be ample,
And I my self will show you good Example.

+ Tod's-Well, which supplies the City with Water.

Keep up your Face, altho dull Criticks squins, And cry, with empty Nod, There's Nothing in't: They only mean there's Nothing they can use; Because they find most, where there's most Resuse.



EDINBURGH's

ADDRESS

To the COUNTRY.

Health, Joy and Love, and Banishment of Care:
FORASMUCHAS bare Fields and gurly Skies
Make rural Scenes ungrateful to the Eyes;
When Hyperborean Blasts confound the Plain,
Driving, by Turns, light Snow and heavy Rain;
Ye Swains and Nymphs, forsake the withered Grove,
That no damp Colds may nip the Buds of Love:
Ere Winds and Tempests o'er the Mountains ride,
Haste to where Choice of Pleasures do reside;
Come to my Tow'rs, and leave th' unpleasant Scene,
My cheerful Bosom shall your Warmth sustain,

And, for a While, forget the distant Sun:

My blazing Fires, bright Lamps, and sparkling Wine,

As Summer Sun shall warm, like him shall shine.

My witty Clubs of Minds that moves at large,
With every Glass can some great Thought Discharge;
When from my Senate, and the Toils of Law,
T' unbend the Mind from Bus'ness you withdraw,
With such gay Friends to laugh some Hours away,
My Winter Even shall ding the Summer's Day.

One in his Turn, with Strength of Skill defines

The universal Use of E U C L I D's Lines.

My Schools of Law produce a manly Train
Of fluent Orators, who Right maintain,
Practis'd t' express themselves a graceful Way,
And Eloquence shines forth in all they say.

Some Raphael, Ruben, or Vandike admire. Whose Bosoms glow with such a God-like Fire. Of my own Race I have, who shall ere long, Challenge a Place amongst th' ingenious Throng.

Others in smoothest Numbers are profuse, And can in Mansuan Dastyl's lead the Muse: And others can with Musick make you gay, With sweetest Sounds, Correlli's Art d sp'ay, While they around in fostest Measures sing, you make the string. Or beat melodious Solo's from the String.

What Pleasure can exceed to know what's great,
The Hinge of War, and winding Draughts of State?
These in my Cossee-Shops th' aspiring Youth
May learn, with Pleasure, from the Sage's Mouth;
While they full fraughted Judgments do unload,
Relating to Affairs Home and Abroad.
The generous Soul is fir'd with noble Flame,
To emulate victorious Eugene's Fame;
Who with fresh Glories decks th' Imperial Throne,
Making the haughty Ott man Empire groan.
He'll learn when war like Sweden and the Czar,
The Danes and Prussians shall demit the War;
T' observe what mighty Turns of Fate may spring
From this new War rais'd by Iberia's King.

Long ere the Morn from eastern Seas arife,
To sweep Night-shades from off the vaulted Skies,
Oft Love or Law in dream you Mind may toss,
And push the sluggish Senses to their Post;
The Hzutboy's distant Notes shall then oppose
Your Phantom Cares, and Jull you to Repose.

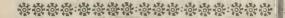
To Vifit and take Tea, the well dress'd Fair May pass the Crowd unruffled in her Chair; No Dust or Mire her shining Foot shall slain, Or on the horizontal Hoop give Pain.

[15]

For Beaux and Belles no City can compare, Nor shew a Galaxy so made, so fair. The Ears are charm'd, and ravish'd are the Eyes, When at the Confort my fair Stars arife. What Poets of fictitious Beauties fing, Shall in bright Order fill the dazling Ring: From Venus, Pallas, and the Spoule of Jove, They'd gain the Prize, judg'd by the God of Love: Their Sun-burnt Features wou'd look dull, and fade, Compar'd with my fweet White, and blushing Red. The Character of Beauties fo divine, The MUSE for want of Words cannot define. The panting Soul beholds with awful Love, Impres'd on Clay, th' angelick Forms above ; Whose glancing Smiles can pow'rfully impart Raptures sublime, in dumb Show, to the Heart.

The Strength of all these Charms if ye defy,
My Court of Justice shall make you comply.
Welcome, my Session, thou my Bosom warms,
Thrice three Times welcome to thy Mother's Arms.
Thy Father, long, rude Man! has lest my Bed;
Thour't now my Guard, and Support of my Trade.
My Heart yearns after thee with strong Desire,
Thou deares simage of thy ancient Sire;
Should proud Augusta take thee from me too,
So great a Loss wou'd make Edina bow;
I'd sink beneath a Weight I cou'd not bear,
And in a Heap of Rubbish disappear.

Vain are fuch Pears; I'll rear my Head in State,
My bodding Heart foretells a glorious Fate:
New stately Structures on new Streets shall rife,
And new-built Churches tow'ring to the Skies,
From utmost Thule to the Dover Rock,
Britain's best Blood in Crowds to me shall slock;
A num'rous Fleet shall be my Fortha's Pride,
While they in her calm Roads at Anchor ride:
These from each Coast shall bring what's Great and Rare,
To animate the Brave, and please the Fair.



WRITTEN BENEATH

The Hiltorical Print of the wonderful Prefervation of Mr. DAVID BRUCE, and others his School-fellows;

St. Andrews 19. August, 1710

S I X Times the Day with Light and Hope arose,
As oft the Night her Terrors did oppose,
While tos'd on roaring Waves, the tender Crew
Had nought but Death and Horror in their View;
Pale Famine, Seas, bleak Cold at equal Strife,
Conspiring all against their Bloom of Life:
Whilst like the Lamp's last Flame, their trembling Souls
Are on the Wing to leave their mortal Goals;

And Death before them flands with frightful Stare, Their Spirits spent, and sunk down to Despair.

Behold, th' indulgent providential Eye,
With watchful Rays descending from on high,
Angels come posting down the divine Beam,
To save the Helpless in their last Extreme:
Unseen the heav'nly Guard about them slock;
Some rule the Winds, some lead them up the Rock,
While other two attend the dying Pair,
To want their young white Souls thro' Fields of Air.

ELEGY on Maggy Johnston, who died Anno 1711.

OLD REEKT mourn in Sable Hue, Let fouth of Tears dreep like May Dew, To braw Tippony bid Adieu,

Which we with Greed,

Bended as fast as she cou'd brew,

But ah! She's dead.

To tell the Truth, now M A G G T dang, Of Customers she had a Bang; For Lairds and Souters a' did gang,

To drink bedeen,

The Barn and Yard was aft fae Thrang,

We took the Green.

And

And there by Dizens we lay down, Syne fweetly ca'd the Healths arown, To bonny Laffes black or brown,

As we loo'd best;

In Bumpers we dull Cares did drown,

And took our Reft.

When in our Pouch we fand some Clinks, And took a turn o'er Bruntsfield-Links, Aften in MAGGY's at Hy-jinks,

We guzl'd Scuds.

Till wi cou'd scarce wi hale out Drinks

Cast aff our Duds.

We drank and drew, and fill'd again,
O wow! but we were blyth and fain,
When ony had their Count mistain,

O it was nice,

To hear us a cry, Pike your Bain,

And Spell y'er Dice.

Fou close we us'd to drink and rant, Until we did baith glowre and gaunt, And pish and spew, and yesk and maunt,

Right Swash I trow,

Then of auld Stories we did cant,

Whan we were fou.

Whan we were weary'd at the Gouff,

Then MAGGT FOHNSTON'S was our Houff:

Now

Now a' our Gamesters may sit douff,

Wi' Hearts like Lead :

Death wi' his Rung rax'd her a Youff,

And fae she died.

Maun we be forc'd thy Skill to tine, For which we will right fair repine? Or hast thou left to Bairns of thine,

The pauky Knack

Of Brewing Ale amaist like Wine,

That gar'd us crack?

Sae brawly did a Peafe-Scon Toaft Biz i'the Queff, and flie the Frost, There we gat fou wi little Coft,

And muckle Speed?

Now, wae-worth Death, our Sport's a' loft,

Since M A G G Y's dead.

A E Simmer Night I was sae fou, Amang the Riggs I geed to spew, Syne down on a green Bawk I trow,

I took a Nap.

And foucht a Night Balillilow,

As found's a Tap.

And when the Dawn begoud to glow, hirfl'd up my dizy Pow, B 2 Frae

Frae 'mang the Corn like Wirry-kow,

Wi' Bains fae fair,

And ken'd nae mair than if a Ew,

How I came there,

Some faid it was the Pith of Broom, That she stow'd in her Masking-loom, Which in our Heads rais'd sick a Foom,

Or some wild Seed,

Which aft the Chaping Stoup did toom,

But fill'd our Head.

But now fince 'tis fae that we must, Not in the best Ale put our Trust, But, whan we're auld, return to dust,

Without Remead,

Why shou'd we tak it in Disgust,

That M A G G Y's dead

Of wardly Comforts she was rife, And liv'd a lang and hearty Life, Right free of Care, or Toil, or Strife,

Till She was stale,

And ken'd to be a kanny Wife

At Brewing Ale.

Then farewel M A G G T douce and fell,
Of Brewers a' thou boor the Bell;

Let a' thy Goffies yelp and yell,

And without Feed,

Guess whether ye're in Heaven or Hell,

They're sure ye're dead.

EPITAPH.

O Rare MAGGY JOHNSTON.

ELEGY on John Comper Kirk-Treasurer's Man, Anno 1714.

Wairn ye a' to greet and drone,

JOHN COWPER's dead Ohon! Ohon!

To fill his Post alake there's none,

That with sic Speed,

Cou'd fa'r Sculdudry out like 70 HN,

But now he's dead.

He was right nacky in his Way,

And eydent baith be Night and Day,

He wi' the Lads his Part cou'd play,

When right fair flee'd,

He gart them good Bill filler pay,

But now he's dead.

Of Whore-hunting he gat his Fill, And made be't mony Pint and Gill; Of his braw Post he thought nae Ill,

Nor did na need,

Now they may mak a Kirk and Mill

O't, since he's dead.

Although he was nae Man of Weir, Yet mony a ane, wi' quaking Fear, Durst scarce afore his Face appear,

But hide their Head.

The wylie Carle he gather'd Geer,

And yet he's dead.

Ay now to some Part far awa,

Alas! he's gane and left a',

May be to some sad Whilliwha

O' fremit Blood.

'Tis an ill Wind that dis nae blaw,

Some Body good.

Fy upon Death, he was to blame,

To whirl $\mathcal{F}OHN$ to his lang Hame:

But the his Arfe be cauld, yet Fame,

Wi' Tout of Trumpet,

Shall tell how COWPER's awfou Name

Cou'd fliea Strumtet.

He kend the Bawds and Lowns fou weell, And where they us'd to rant and reell, He pawkily on them cou'd fleal,

And Stoil their Stort.

Aft did they wish the mucle De'll

Might tak him for't.

But ne'er a ane of them he spar'd, E'en tho there was a drunken Laird To draw his Sword, and make a Faird

In their Defence,

70 H N quietly put them in the Guard To learn mair Senfe.

There maun they ly till fober grown, The Lad neist Day his Fault mann own; And to keep a' Things hufh and lown,

He minds the Poor.

Syne after a' his Ready's flown,

He damns the Whore.

And she, poor Jade, withoutten Din, Is fent to Leith-Wynd Fit to spin, With heavy Heart and Cleathing thin,

And bungry Wame,

And ilka Month a well paid Skin

To mak ber tame.

But now they may scoure up and down, And fafely gang their Waks arown,

Spreading

Spreading the Clap throw a' the Town,

But Fear or Dread:

For that great Kow to Bawd and Lown,

IOHN COWPER's dead,

Shame faw ye'r Chandler Chasts, O Death,
For stapping of JOHNCOWPER's Breath;
The Loss of him is publick Skaith:

I dare well fay,

To quat the Grip he was right laith

This mony a Day.

POSTSCRIPT.

F Umquhile FOHN to lie or bann, Shaws but in Will, and looks right shan, But some tell odd Tales of the Man,

For Fifty Head

Can gi'e their Aith they've seen him gawn
Since he was dead.

Keek but up throw the Stinking Style, On Sunday Morning a wee While, At the Kirk Door out frae an Isle,

It will appear.

But tak good Tent ye dinna file

Ye'r Breeks for Fear.

For well we wat it is his Ghaist, Wow, wad some Fowk that can do't best Speak till't, and hear what it confest;

"The a good Deed
To fend a wandering Saul to rest

Among the Dead.

ELEGY on Lucky WOOD in the Cannongate, May 1717.

CANNIGATE! poor elritch Hole,
What Lofs, what Croffes does thou thole?

London and Death gars thee look drole,
And hing thy Head:

Wow, but thou has e'en a cauld Coal

To blaw indeed.

Hear me, ye Hills, and every Glen, Ilk Craig, ilk Cleugh, and hollow Den, And Eccho shrill, that a' may ken,

The waefou Thud,

Be rackless Death, wha came unsenn

To Lucky WOOD.

She's dead o'er true, she's dead and gane,
Lest us and WILLIE Burd alane
To bleer and greet, to sob and mane,
And rug our Hair,

Because we'll ne'er see her again

For evermair.

She gae'd as fait as a new Prin And kept her Housie snod and been, Her Peuther glanc'd upo' your Een,

Like Siller Plate :

She was a donfie Wife and clean,

Without Debate.

It did ane good to fee her Stools, Boord, Fire-fide, and facing Tools; Rax, Chandlers, Tangs, and Fire-Shools,

Basket wi' Bread

Poor Facers now may chew Pea-hools,

Since Lucky's dead.

She ne'er gae in a Lawin faule, Nor Stoups a Froath aboon the Haufe, Nor kept dow'd Tip within her Wa's,

But reaming Swats:

She never ran fow'r Jute, because

It gies the Batts.

She had the Gate fae well to pleafe, With gratis Beef, dry Fish, or Cheese, Which kept our Purfes ay at Eafe,

And Health in Tift.

And lent her fresh Nine Gallon Trees

A hearty Lift.

-She ga'e us aft haill Legs o' Lamb,
And did nae hain her Mutton Ham,
Than ay at Yule, when e'er we came,

A bra Goose Pye:

And was nae that good Belly Baum?

Nane dare deny.

The Writer Lads fow well may mind her, Furthy was she, her Luck design'd her Their common Mither, sure nane kinder

Ever brake Bread ;

She has nae left her Maik behind her,

But now she's dead.

To the sma Hours we aft fat still,
Nick'd round our Toass and Snishing-mill,
Good Cakes we wanted ne'er at Will,

The best of Bread,

Which aften cost us mony a Gill

To Aikenhead.

Cou'd our faut Tears like Clyde down rain, And had we Cheeks like Corra's Lin, That a' the Warld might hear the Din

Rair frae ilk Head;

She was the Wale of a' her Kin,

But now She's dead.

O Lucky WOOD 'tis hard to bear The Loss; but Oh! we maun forbear: Yet fall thy Memory be dear

While blooms a Tree,

And after Ages Bairns will spear

Bout Thee and Me,

EPITAPH.

B Eneath this Sod
Lies Lucky WOOD,
Whom a' Men might put Faith in;
Wha was na fweer;
While she winn'd here,
To cramm our Wames for naithing.

Lucky SPENCE's last Advice.

Three Times the CARLINE grain'd and rifted,
Then frae the Cod her Pow she lifted,
In Bawdy Policy well gifted,

When she now faun

That Death na langer wad be shifted,

She thus began :

MY loving Laffes, I maun leave ye,

But dinna wi' ye'r Greeting grieve me,

Nor wi' your Draunts and Droning deave me,

But bring's a Gill:

For Faith, my Bairns, ye may believe me,

'Tis 'gainst my Will.

O black Ey'd Beß, and mim mou'd Meg,
O'er good to work or yet to beg,
Lay Sunkots up for a fair Leg,

For whan ye fail,

Ye'er Face will not be worth a Feg,

Nor ve

Nor yet ye'r Tail.

Whan e'er ye meet a Fool that's fow, That ye're a Maiden gar him trow, Seem nice; but flick to him like Glew,

And whan fet down,

Drive at the Jango till he spew,

Syn he'll sleep soun.

When he's afleep, then dive and catch His ready Cash, his Rings or Watch; And gin he likes to light his Match

At your Spunk Box,

Ne'er fland to let the fumbling Wretch

E'en take the Pox.

Cleek

Cleek a' ye can be Hook or Crook, Ryp ilky Poutch frae Nook to Nook, Be fure to truff his Pocket-book,

Saxty Pound Scots

Is nae deaf Nits; In little Bouk

Ly great Bank-Notes.

To get a Menfe of whindging Fools, That's frighted for Repenting-Stools, Wha often, whan their Mettal cools,

Turn Sweer to pay,

Gar the Kirk-Boxie hale the Dools

Anither Day.

But daut Red-Coats, and let them fcoup Free, for the Fou of cutty Stoup; To gee them up ye need na houp

E'er to do well,

They'll rive your Brats and kick ye'r Doup,

And flay the De'l.

There's ae fair Crofs attends the Craft,
That curft Correction-house where ast
Vild Hangy's Taz ye'r Riggings saft

Makes black and blac,

Enough to pit a Body daft;

But what'll ye fay?

Nane

Nane gathers Gear withoutten Care,

Ilk Pleasure has of Pain a Skare;

Suppose then they should tirle ye bare,

And gar ye fike,

E'en learn to thole; it's very fair

Ye're Nibour like.

Forby, my Looves, count upo' Losses,
Ye'r Milk-white Teeth, and Cheeks like Roses,
Whan Jet-black Hair and Brigs of Noses,

Faws down wi Dads :

To keep your Hearts up 'neath fic Croffes, Set up for Bawds.

Wi' well crish'd Looss I hae been canty;
When e'er the Lads wad fain a fann t'ye,
'To try the auld Game Taunty Ranty,

Like Goofers keen,

They took Advice of me your Aunty,

If ye were clean.

Then up I took my Siller Ca,
And whiftl'd benn whiles ane, whiles twa,
Roun din his Lug, That there was a

Poor Country KATE,

As halefom as the Well of Spaw,

But unka blate.

Sae whan e'er Company came in, And were upo' a merry Pin, I slade away wi' little Din

And muckle Mense,

Lest Conscience Judge, it was a ane

To Lucky SPENCE.

My Bennison come on good Doers,
Who spend their Cash on Bawds and Whores,
May they ne'er want the Wale of Cures
For a fare Snout:

Foul fa' the Quacks that that Fire smoors,

And tuts nae out.

My Malison light ilka Day
On them that drinks, and dis na pay,
But takes a Snack and rins away;

May't be their Hap

Never to want a Gonorrhaa,

Or rotten Clap.

Lass gie us in anither Gill, A Mutchken, Jo, let's tak our fill; Let Death syne registrate his Bill

Whan I want Sense,

I'll flip away with better Will,

Quo' Lucky SPENCE.



TO THE

AUTHOR

OF

TARTANA; or, The PLAID.

S once I view'd a rural Scene,
With Summer's Sweets profufely wild;
Such Pleafure footh'd my giddy Senfe,
I ravifh'd flood, while Nature fmil'd.

Straight I refolv'd and chose a Field, Where all the Spring I might transfer; There stood the Trees with equal Rows, Here Flora's Pride in one Parterre.

The Task was done, the Sweets were fled,
Each Plant had loft its sprightly Air,
As if they gradg'd to be confin'd,
Or to their Will not matched were.

The narrow Scene displeas'd my Mind, Which daily still more homely grew: At length I fled the loathed Sight, And hy'd me to the Fields anew.

Here Nature wanton'd in her Prime;
My Fancy rang'd the boundless Wast,
Each different Sight pleased with Surprise,
I welcom'd back the Pleasures past.

Thus fome who feel APOLLO's Rage, Would teach their Muse her Dress and Time, Till hamper'd so with Rules of Art, They smother quite the vital Flame.

They daily chime the fame dull Tone, Their Muse no daring Sallies grace, But stifly held with Bit and Curb, Keeps heavy Trot, tho equal Pace.

But who takes Nature for his Rule, Shall by her gen'rous Bounty shine; His easy Muse revells at Will, And strikes new Wonders every Line.

Keep then, my Friend, your native Guide, Never distrust her plenteous Store, Ne'er less propitious will she prove Than now; but, if she can, still more.



TARTANA:

ORTHE

PLAID.



E CALEDONIAN Beauties, who have long

Been both the Muse, and Subject of my Song,

Affift your BARD, who in

harmonious Lays

Defigns the Glory of your PL A ID to raife. How my fond Breast with blazing Ardour glows, When e'er my Song on you just Praise bestows?

PHOEBUS and his imaginary Nine
With me have lost the Title of DIVINE,
To no such Shadows will I Homage pay,
These to my real MUSES shall give Way;

C 2

My MUSES, who on smooth meand'ring Tweed,
Stray through the Groves, or grace the Clover Mead;
Or these who bath themselves where haughty Clyde
Does roaring o'er his lofty Cat'racts ride:
Or you, who on the Banks of gentle Tay,
Drawn from the Flowers the early Dews of May,
To varnish on your Cheek the Crimson Dy,
Or make the White the falling Snow outvy:
And you who on Edina's Streets display
Millions of matchless Beauties every Day;
Inspir'd by you, what POET can defire
To warm his Genius at a brighter Fire?

I fing the PLAID, and fing with all my Skill, Mount then O Fancy, Standard to my Will, Be firong each Thought, run fost each happy Line, That Gracefulness and Harmony may shine, Adapted to the beautiful Design.

Great is the Subject, vast th' exalted Theme;
And shall stand fair in endless Rolls of FAME.

The PLAID'S ANTIQUITY comes first in View, Precedence to ANTIQUITY is due:
ANTIQUITY contains a certain Spell,
To make ev'n Things of little worth excell;
To smallest Subjects gives a glaring Dash,
Protecting high born Idiots from the Lash:

Much more 'tis valu'd when with Merit plac'd, It graces Merit, and by Merit's grac'd.

O first of GARBS! Garment of happy Fate! So long imploy'd of fuch an antique Date; Look back some Thousand Years till Records fail, And lose themselves in some Romantick Tale, We'll find our Godlike Fathers nobly scorn'd To be with any other DRESS adorn'd; Before base Foreign Fashions interwove, Which 'gainst their Interest and their Bray'ry strove. Twas they could boast their Freedom with proud Rome, And arm'd in fleel despise the Senate's Doom : Whilst o'er the Globe their Eagle they display'd, And conquer'd Nations prostrate Homage paid, They only, they unconquer'd stood their Ground, And to the mighty Empire fixt the Bound. Our native PRINCE who then supply'd the Throne, In PLAID array'd, magnificently shone: Nor seem'd his Purple, or his Ermine less, Tho cover'd by the CALEDONIAN Dress. In this at Court the Thanes were gayly clad, With this the Shepherds and the Hinds were glad, In this the Warrior wrapt his brawny Arms, With this our beauteous Mothers vail'd their Charms : When ev'ry Youth, and ev'ry lovely Maid Deem'd it a Deshabille to want their PL AID.

O Heav'ns! How chang'd? How little look their Race When Foreign Chains with Foreign Modes take Place; When East and Western-Indies must combine To deck the Fop, and make the Gewgaw shine.

Thus while the Grecian Troops in Persia lay, And learn'd the Habit to be soft and gay, By Luzury enery'd they lost the Day.

I ask'd Varell what Soldiers he thought best, And thus he answer'd to my plain Request;

- " Were I to lead Battalions out to War,
- " And hop'd to triumph in the Victor's Car,
- " To gain the loud Applause of worthy Fame,
- " And Columns rais'd to eternize my Name,
- " I'd choose, had I my Choice, that hardy Race
- " Who fearless can look Terrors in the Face,
- " Who midst the Snows the best of Limbs can fold
- " In TARTAN PLAIDS, and smile at chilling Cold.
- " No useless Trash should pain my Soldier's Back,
- " Nor Canvals Tents make loaden Axles crack;
- " No rattling Silks I'd to my Standards bind,
- " But bright TARTANA's waving in the Wind.
- " The PLAID alone thou'd all my Enfigns be,
- " This Army from such Banners would not flie:
- "These, these were they, who naked taught the Way
- " To fight with Art, and boldly gain the Day.

Ev'n great Gustavus stood himself amaz'd,
While at their wond'rous Skill and Force he gaz'd.
With such brave Troops one might o'er Europe run,
Make out what Richlieu fram'd, and Lewis had begun.

Degenerate Men! Now Ladies please to sit; That I the PLAID in all its Airs may hit, With all the Power of Sosiness mixt with Wit. 3

While fcorching Titan tawns the Shepherds Prow, And whiftling Hinds (weat lagging at the Plow, The piercing Beams BRUCINA can defy, Not Sun-burnt she's, nor dazl'd is her Eye.
Ugly's the Mask, the Fan's a trifling Toy
To still at Church some Girl, or restless Boy.
Fixt to one Spot's the Pine and Myrtle Shades,
But on each Motion wait th' Umbrelian PLAIDS,
Repelling Dust when Winds disturb the Air,
And give a Check to every ill bred Stare.

Light as the Pinions of the airy Fry
Of Larks, and Linnets, who traverse the Sky,
Is the TARTANA spunds overy fine,
Its Weight can never make the FAIR repine,
By raising Ferments in her glowing Blood,
Which cannot be escap'd within the Hood;
Nor does it move beyond its proper Sphere,
But lets the Gown in all its Shapes appear;

Nor is the Straightness of her Waist deny'd To be by every ravisht Eye survey'd: For this the Hoop may stand at largest Bend, It comes not nigh, nor can its Weight offend.

The Hood and Mantle make the tender faint,
I'm pain'd to fee them moving like a Tent.
By Heather Jenny in her Blanket dreft,
The Hood and Mantle fully are exprest,
Which round her Neck with Rags is firmly bound,
While Heather Besoms loud she screams around.
Was Goody Strode so great a Pattern, say?
Are ye to follow when such lead the Way?
But know each FAIR, who shall this Sur-tout use,
You're no more SCOTS, and cease to be my MUSE.

The smoothest Labours of the Persian Loom
Lin'd in the PLAID, set off the Beauty's Bloom:
Faint is the Gloss, nor come the Colours nigh,
Tho white as Milk, or dipt in Scarlet Dy.
The Lillie pluckt by fair PRINGELLA grieves,
Whose whiter Hand outspines its snowy Leaves;
No wonder then white Silks in our Esteem,
Match'd with her fairer Face, they fully'd seem.

If shining red CAMPBELLA's Cheeks adorn,
Our Fancy streight conceive the blushing Morn,
Beneath whose Dawn the Sun of Beauty lies,
Nor need we Light but from CAMPBELLA's Eyes.

If lind with green STUARTA'S PLAID we view, Or thine RAMSEIA edg'd around with blue; One shews the Spring when Nature is most kind, The other Heav'n, whose Spangles lift the Mind.

A Garden Plot, enrich'd with chosen Flowers, In Sun Beams basking after vernal Showers, Where lovely Pinks in fweet Confusion rife, And Amaranths and Eglintines furprise; Hedg'd round with fragrant Brier and Jeffamine, The rofie Thorn and variegated Green, These give not half that Pleasure to the View, As when, FERGUSIA, Mortals gaze on you. You raise our Wonder, and our Love engage, Which makes us curse, and yet admire the Hedge; The Silk and Tartan Hedge, which does conspire With you, to kindle Love's foft spreading Fire. How many Charms can every fair one boaft ! How ofe's our Fancy in the Plenty loft! These more remote, these we admire the most. What's too familiar often we despile, But Rarity makes still the Value rife.

3

If Sol himself shou'd shine through all the Day, We cloy, and lose the Pleasure of his Ray; But if behind some marly Cloud he steal, Nor for sometime his radiant Head reveal, With brighter Charms his Abfence he repays,
And every Sun-beam feems a double Blaze.
So when the FAIR their dazling Luftres shroud,
And disappoint us with a TARTAN Cloud,
How fondly do we peep with wishful Eye,
Transported when one lovely Charm we spy.
Oft to our Cost, ah me! we often find
The Power of Love strikes deep, tho he be blind;
Perch'd on a Lip, a Cheek, a Chin, or Smile,
Hits with Surprise, and throws young Hearts in Jail.

From when the Cock proclaims the rifing Day,
And Milk-maids fing around fweet Curds and Whey,
Till gray-ey'd Twilight, Harbinger of Night,
Purfues o'er † Silver Mountains finking Light,
I can unwearied from my Cafements view
The PLAID, with fomething fill about it new.
How are we pleas'd, when with a handfome Air
We fee HEPBURNA walk with eafy Care;
One Arm half circles round her flender Waift,
The other like an Ivory Pillar plac'd,
To hold her PLAID around her modeft Face,
Which faves her Blushes with the gayest Grace;
If in white Kids her taper Fingers move,
Or unconfin'd jet thro the sable Glove.

⁺ Ochel Hills.

With what a pretty Action KEITHA holds Her PLAID, and varies oft its airy Folds; How does that naked Space the Spirits move, Between the ruft'd Lawn and envious Glove? We by the Sample, tho no more be feen, Imagine all that's fair within the Skreen.

Thus Belles in Plaids vail and display their Charms, The Love-sick Youth thus bright $H \mathcal{D} M E A$ warms. And with her graceful Mein her Rivals all alarms.

The PLAID itself gives Pleasure to the Sight,
To see how all its Setts imbibe the Light,
Forming some Way, which even to me lies hid,
White, black, blew, yellow, purple, green and red.
Let Newton's Royal Club through Prisms stare,
To view Celestial Dies with curious Care,
Ill please my self, nor shall my Sight ask Aid
Of Cristal Gimeracks to survey the PLAID.

How decent is the PLAID when in the Pew,
It hides th' inchanting FAIR from Ogler's View.
The Mind's oft crowded with ill tim'd Defires,
When Nymphs unvail'd approach the facred Quires;
Even Senators, who guard the Common-weal,
Their Minds may rove; —— Are Mortals made of Steel?
The finisht Beaux stand up in all their Airs,
And search out Beauties more than mind their Prayers:

The Wainfcot Forty Six's are perplext

To be eclips'd, Spite make them drop the Text.

The younger gaze at each fine Thing they fee,

The Orator himself is scarcely free.

Ye then who wou'd your Piety express,

To sacred Domes ne'er come in naked Dress.

The Power of Modesty shall still prevail;

Then SCOTIAN Virgins we your native Vail.

Thus far young Cofinel read, then flar'd and curft,
And ask't me very gravely how I durft
Advance fuch Praifes for a Thing defpis'd,
He, fmiling, fwore I had been ill advis'd.

And Numbers vast, not Fools, may side with you:
As many shall my Sentiments approve,
Tell me what's not the Butt of Scorn and Love?
Were Mankind all agre'd to think one Way,
What wou'd Divines and Poets have to say?
No Ensigns wou'd on martial Fields be spread,
And Corpus Juris never wou'd be read:
We'd need no Councils, Parliaments, nor Kings,
Ev'n Wit and Learning wou'd turn filly Things.
You miss my Meaning still, I'm much afraid,
I would not have them always wear the P L A I D,

Old Salem's Royal Sage, of Wits the Prime,
Said, For each Thing there was a proper Time:
Night's but Aurora's PLAID, that ta'ne away,
We lose the Pleasure of returning Day;
Ev'n through the Gloom, when view'd in sparkling Skies,
Orbs scarcely seen, yet gratifie our Eyes:
So through HAMILLA's op'ned PLAID we may
Behold her heavenly Face, and heaving milky Way.
Spanish Reserve, join'd with a Gallick Air,
If manag'd well, becomes the Scotian Fair.

Now you fay well, said he, but when's the Time That they may drop the PLAID without a Crime?

Then I,

Left, O fair Nymphs, ye should our Patience tire,

And starch Reserve extinguish gen'rous Fire,

Since Heaven your fost victorious Charms design'd

To form a Smoothness on Man's rougher Mind;

When from the bold and noble Toils of War,

The rural Cares, or Labours of the Bar;

From these hard Studies which are learn'd and grave,

And some from dang'rous riding o'er the Wave,

The Caledonian manly Youth resort

To their Edina Love's great Mart and Port,

And crowd her Theatres with all that Grace

Which is peculiar to the Scotian Race;

At Confort, Ball, or some FAIR's Marriage Day,
O then with Freedom all that's sweet display.
When Beauty's to be judg'd without a Vail,
And not its Powers met out as by Retail,
But Wholesale, all at once, to fill the Mind
With Sentiments gay, soft, and srankly kind;
Throw by the PLAID, and like the Lamp of Day,
When there's no Cloud to intercept his Ray,
So shine, MAXELLA, nor their Censure sear,
Who, Slaves to Vapours, dare not so appear.

On Ida's Height, when to the Royal Swain;
To know who should the Prize of Beauty gain,
FOVE sent his two fair Daughters and his Wife,
That he might be the Judge to end the Strife;
HERMES was Guide, they found him by a Tree,
And thus they spoke with Air divinely free,
Say, PARIS, which is fairest of us three.
To FOVE's high Queen, and the Celestial Maids,
E'er ne wou'd pass his Sentence, cry'd, No PLAIDS
Quickly the Goodesses obey'd his Call,
In simple Nature's Dress he view'd them all,
Then to CTTHEREA gave the Golden Bail.

Great Criticks hail! our Dread, whose Love or Hate: Can with a Frown, or Smile, give Verse its Fate, Attend, while o'er this Field my Fancy roams, I've some what more to say, and here it comes.

When

When Virtue was a Crime in Tancred's Reign. There was a noble Youth who wou'd not deign To own for Soveraign one a Slave to Vice, Or blot his Conscience at the highest Price; For which his Death's devis'd with hellish Art. To tear from his warm Breast his beating Heart. Fame told the tragic News to all the Fair, Whose num'rous Sighs and Groans bound through the Air All mourn his Fate, Tears trickle from each Eye, Till his kind Sifter threw the Woman by : She in his Stead a gen'rous Offring flay'd, And he the Tyrant baulk'd, hid in her PL A ID. 60 when Aneas with Achilles strove, The Goddess Mother hasted from above, Well seen in Fate, prompt by maternal Love, Wrept him in Mist, and warded off the Blow,

I of the PLAID could tell a hundred Tales, Then hear another fince that Strain prevails.

That was defign'd him by his valiant Foe.

The Tale no Records tell, it is so old,
It happned in the easy Age of Gold,
When am'rous Jove Chief of th' Olympian Gods,
Pall'd with Saturnis, came to our Abodes
A Beauty-hunting; for in these fost Days,
Nor Gods, nor Men, delighted in a Chace
That would destroy, nor propagate their Race.

Beneath a Fir-Tree in † Glentanar's Groves,
Where, e'er gay Fabricks rose, Swains sung their Loves,
IRNS lay sleeping in the open Air,
A bright TARTANA vail'd the lovely FAIR;
The wounded God beheld her matchless Charms
With earnest Eyes, and grasp'd her in his Arms,
Soon he made known to her with gaining Skill
His Dignity, and Import of his Will.
Speak thy Desire, the Divine Monarch said.
Make me a Goddes, cry'd the SCOTIAN Maid,
Nor let hard Fate bereave me of my PLAID.
Be thou the Hand-maid to my mighty Queen,
Said JOVE, and to the World be often seen
With the celestial Bow, and thus appear
Clad with these radiant Colours as thy Wear.

Now fay my MUSE, e'er thou forfake the Field, What Profit does the PLAID to SCOTIA yield, Juftly that claims our Love, Effeem, and Boaft Which is produc'd within our native Coaft:

On our own Mountains grows the Golden Fleece, Richer than that which Jason brought to Greece:

A beneficial Eranch of ALBION'S Trade,
And the first Parent of the TARTANPLAID.

Our fair ingenious Lady's Hands prepare

The equal Threeds, and give the Dyes with Care;

⁺ A large Wood in the North of Scotland.

Thousands of Artists sullen Hours decoy
On rattling Looms, and view their Webs with Joy.

May she be curst to starve in Frogland Fenns,
To wear a Fala * ragg'd at both the Ends,
Groan still beneath an antiquated Suit,
And die a Maid at fifty sive to boot;
May she turn quaggy Fat, or crooked Dwarff,
Be ridicul'd while primm'd up in her Scarff,
May Spleen and Spite still keep her on the Fret,
And live till she outlive her Beauty's Date;
May all this sall, and more than I have said,
Upon that Wench who disregards the PLAID.

But with the Sun let ev'ry Joy arife,
And from fost Slumbers lift her happy Eyes;
May blooming Youth be fixt upon her Face,
Till she has seen her fourth descending Race,
Blest with a Mate with whom she can agree,
And never want the finest of Bobea;
May ne'er the Miser's Fears make her afraid,
Who joins with me, with me admires the P L A I D.
Let bright T A R T A N A's henceforth ever shine,
And C A L E D O N I A N G O D D E S S E S enshrine;

FAIR JUDGES to your Censure I submit,
If you allow this POE M to have Wit,

^{*} A little square Cloth wore by the Dutch Women.

I'll look with Scorn upon these musty Fools,
Who only move by old Worm-eaten Rules:
But with th' ingenious if my Labours take,
I wish them ten Times better for their Sake:
Who shall esteem this vain are in the wrong,
I'll prove the Moral is prodigious strong:
I hate to trifle, Men should act like Men,
And for their Country only draw their Sword and Pen.

Scots Songs.

The happy Lover's Reflections.

HE last Time I came o'er the Moor,
I lest my Love behind me;
Ye Pow'rs! What Pain do I endure,

When fost Ideas mind me?

Soon as the raddy Moon daplay'd

The beaming Day enting,

I met betimes my lovely Maid,

In fit Retreat for wooling.

II.

Beneath the cooling Shade we lay
Gazing, and chaftly fporting;
We kifs'd and promis'd Time away,
'Till Night fpread her black Curtain.
I pitied all beneath the Skies,
Ev'n Kings, when she was nigh me;
In Raptures I beheld her Eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

III.

Cou'd I be call'd where Cannons rore,
Where mortal Steel may wound me,
Or cast upon some foreign Shore,
Where Dangers may surround me:
Tet Hopes again to see my Love,
To feast on glowing Kisses,
shall make my Cares at Distance move,
In Prospect of such Blisses.

IV.

n all my Soul there's not one Place
To let a Rival enter;
ince the excells in ev'ry Grace,
In her my Love thall center.
coner the Seas thall ceafe to flow,
Their Waves the Alps thall cover,
in Greenland Ice thall Rofes grow,
Before I ceafe to love her.

V.

The next Time I go o'er the Moor
She shall a Lover find me,
And that my Faith is firm and pure,
Tho I left her behind me:
Then Hymen's facred Bonds shall chain
My Heart to her fair Bosom,
There, while my Being does remain,
My Love more fresh shall blossom.

The Lass of Peattie's Mill.

T.

HE Lass of Peattie's Mill,
So bonny, blyth and gay,
In Spite of all my Skill,
She stole my Heart away.
When tedding of the Hay,
Bare-headed on the Green,
Love 'midst her Locks did play,
And wanton'd in her Een.

H.

Her Arms white, round and smooth, .
Breasts rising in their Dawn,
To Age it wou'd give Youth,
To press 'em with his Hand.

Thro all my Spirits ran An Extaly of Bliss, When I such Sweetness sand Wrapt in a balmy Kiss.

III.

Without the Help of Art,
Like Flowers which grace the Wild,
she did her Sweets impart,
When e'er she spoke or smil'd,
Her Looks they were so mild,
'ree from affected Pride,
'sha me to Love beguil'd,
I wish'd her for my Bride.

IV.

O had I all that Wealth
Hoptoun's high Mountains fill,
Infur'd long Life and Health,
And Pleafures at my Will;
I'd promife and fulfill,
That none but bonny She,
The Lass of Peattie's Mill
Shou'd share the same wi' me.

DELIA.

To the Tune of Green Sleeves.

I.

E watchful Guardians of the FAIR,
Who skiff on Wings of ambient Air,
Of my dear DELIA take a Care,
And represent her Lover,
With all the Gayety of Youth,
With Honour, Justice, Love and Truth,
Till I return, her Passions sooth
For me, in Whispers move her.

II.

Be careful no base forded Slave,
With Soul sunk in a golden Grave,
Who knows no Virtue but to save,
With glaring Gold bewitch her.
Tell her for me she was design'd,
For me who know how to be kind,
And have more Plenty in my Mind,
Than one who's ten Times richer.

III.

Let all the World turn upfide down, And Fools run an eternal Round, In Quest of what can ne'er be found, To please their vain Ambition. Let little Minds great Charms espy
In Shadows which at Distance ly,
Whose hop'd for Pleasures when come nigh,
Prove nothing in Fruition.

IV.

But cast into a Mold Divine,
Fair D E L I A does with Lustre shine,
Her virtuous Soul's an ample Mine,
Which yields a constant Treasure.
Let P O E T S in sublimest Lays,
Imploy their Skill her Fame to raise;
Let Son's of Musick pass whole Days,
With well tun'd Reeds to please her.

The Yellow-hair'd Laddie.

I,

IN Afril when Primroses paint the sweet Plain,
And Summer approaching rejoiceth the Swain,
The Yellow-hair'd Laddie would oftentimes go
To Wilds and deep Glens where the Hawthorn-trees grow.

II.

There under the Shade of an old facred Thorn, With Freedom he fung his Loves, Evining and Mern; He fang with fo foft and inchanting a Sound, That Silvans and Fairies unfeen danc'd around.

III.

The Shepherd thus fung, Tho young MAYA be faither Beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud Air;
But SUSIE was handsome and sweetly could sing,
Her Breath like the Breezes persum'd in the Spring.

IV.

That MADIE in all the gay Bloom of her Youth, Like the Moon was unconflant, and never spoke Truth; But SUSIE was faithful, good humour'd and free, And fair as the Goddess who sprung from the Sea.

V

That Mamma's fine Daughter with all her great Dowr Was aukwardly airy, and frequently fowr:

Then, fighing, he wifhed, would Parents agree,

The witty fweet SUSIE his Mistress might be.

NANNYO.

I

HILE fome for Pleasure pawn their Health Twixt Lais and the Bagnio,

I'll save my self and without Stealth

Kiss and caress my NANNY--O.

She bids more fair t' ingage a JOVE

Than LEDA did or DANAE--O,

Were I to paint the Queen of Love,

None else shou'd fit but NANNY--O.

II.

How joyfully my Spirits rife,

When dancing the moves finely---O,

I guess what Heav'n is by her Eyes,

Which sparkle so divinely---O,

Attend my Vow, ye Gods, while I

Breath in the blest Britannia,

None's Happiness I shall envy,

As long's ye grant me N A N N Y---O.

CHORUS.

My bonny, bonny NANNY---O, My lovely charming NANNY---O. I care not tho the World know How dearly I love NANNY---O.

Bonny JEAN.

I.

O V E's Goddess in a Myrtle Grove
Said, C U P I D, bend thy Bow with speed,
Nor let the Shaft at random rove,
For J E A N I E's haughty Heart must bleed.
The smiling Boy, with divine Art,
From Paphos shot an Arrow keen,
Which slew unerring to the Heart,
And kill'd the Pride of bonny J E A N.

II.

No more the Nymph, with haughty Air, Refuses W I L L I E's kind Address, Her yielding Blushes shew no Care, But too much Fondness to suppress. No more the Youth is sullen now, But looks the gayest on the Green, Whil'st ev'ry Day he spies some new Surprising Charms in bonny J E A N.

III.

A Thousand Transports crowd his Breast, He moves as light as sleeting Wind, His former Sorrows seem a Jest, Now when his JEANIE is turn'd kind: Riches he looks on with Disdain, The glorious Fields of War look mean, The chearful Hound and Horn give Pain, If absent from his bonny JEAN.

IV.

The Day he spends in am'rous Gaze, Which even in Summer shorten'd seems, When sunk in Downs with glad Amaze, He wonders at her in his Dreams.

All Charms disclos'd, the looks more bright Than Troy's Prize, the Spartan Queen, With breaking Day he lists his Sight, And pants to be with bonny J E A N.

The Kind Reception.

To the Tune of Auld lang fyne.

I.

Tho they return with Scars?
These are the noble HEROE's Lot,
Obtain'd in glorious Wars:
Welcome my VARO to my Breast,
Thy Arms about me twine,
And make me once again as bless,

As I was lang fyne.

II.

Methinks around us on each Bough,

A Thousand Cupids play,

Whilst thro' the Groves I walk with you,

Each Object makes me gay.

Since your Return the Sun and Moon

With brighter Beams do shine,

Streams murmure soft Notes while they run,

As they did lang syne.

III. I was need over look

Despise the Court and Din of State, Let that to their Share fall Who can esteem such Slav'ry great, While bounded like a Ball? But funk in Love, upon my Arms
Let your brave Head recline,
We'll please our selves with mutual Charms,
As we did lang syne.

IV.

O'er Moor and Dale with your gay Friend
You may purfue the Chace,
And after a blyth Bottle end
All Cares in my Embrace:
And in a vacant rainy Day
You shall be wholly mine;
We'll make the Hours run smooth away,
And laugh at lang syne.

V.

The HEROE pleas'd with the fweet Air
And Signs of gen'rous Love,
Which had been utter'd by the FAIR,
Bow'd to the Pow'rs above;
Next Day with Confent and glad Haste
Th' approach'd the facred Shrine,
Where the good Priest the Couple blest,
And put them out of Pine

The PENITENT.

To the Tune of the Lass of Livingston.

I,

PAIN'D with her flighting JAMIE's Love,
BELL dropt a Tear, ——BELL dropt a Tear,
The Gods descended from above,
Well pleas'd to hear, ——Well pleas'd to hear.
They heard the Praises of the Youth
From her own Tongue, ——From her own Tongue,
Who now converted was to Truth,
And thus she sung, ——And thus she sung.

II.

Blest Days when our ingen'ous Sex,

More frank and kind, — More frank and kind,
Did not their lov'd Adorers vex,
But spoke their Mind, — But spoke their Mind:
Repenting now she promis'd fair,
Wou'd he return, — Wou'd he return,
She ne'er again wou'd give him Care,
Or cause him mourn.

III.

Why

IV.

Ye F A I R, while Beauty's in its Spring,
'Own your Defire, —— Own your Defire;
While love's young Power with his oft Wing
Fans up the Fire, —— Fans up the Fire.
O do not with a filly Pride,
Or low Defign, —— Or low Defigu,
Refuse to be a happy Bride,
But answer plain, —— But answer plain.

V.

LOVE'S CURE.

To the Tune of Peggy I must love thee.

I.

As from a Rock past all Relief
The shipwrackt COLIN spying
His native Home, o'ercome with Grief,
Half sunk in Waves and dying;
With the next Morning Sun he spes
A Ship, which gives unhop'd Surpise,
New Life springs up, he lists his Eyes
With Joy and waits her Motion:

II.

So when by her whom long I lov'd,
I foorn'd was and deferted,
Low with Despair my Spirits mov'd,
To be for ever parted;
Thus droopt I, till diviner Grace
found in P E G G Y's Mind and Face,
ingratitude appear'd then base,
But Virtue more engaging.

III.

Then now fince happily I've hit,
I'll have no more delaying,
Let beauty yield to manly Wit,
We lose our selves in staying;

I'll haste dull Courtship to a Close, Since Marriage can my Fears oppose, Why should we happy Minutes lose, Since, PEGGY, I must love thee?

IV.

Men may be foolish if they please,
And deem't a Lover's Duty,
To sigh and sacrifise their Ease,
Doating on a proud Beauty:
Such was my Case for many a Year,
Still hope succeeding to my Fear;
False B E T T Y's Charms now disappear,
Since P E G G Y's far out-shine them.

ODE.

ENCE every Thing that can
Diffurb the Quiet of Man;
Be blyth, my Soul,
In a full Bowl
Drown thy Care,
And repair
The vital Stream:
Since Life's a Dream,

Let Wine abound,

And Healths go round,

We'll fleep more found,

And let the dull unthinking Mob purfue

Each endlefs Wifh, and fill their Toil renew.

Beffy Bell and Mary Gray.

- €

BESSYBELL and MARYGRAY,
They are twa bonny Lasses,
They bigg'd a Bower on yon Burn-brae,
And theek'd it o'er wi' Rashes.
Fair BESSYBELL I loo'd yestreen,
And thought I ne'er cou'd alter;
But MARYGRAY's twa pawky Een,
They gar my Fancy falter.

TL.

Now BESSY's Hair's like a Lint Tap, she smiles like a May Morning,
When Phabus starts frae Thetis' Lap,
The Hills with Rays adorning:
White is her Neck, sast is her Hand,
Her Waste and Feet's fow genty,
With ilka Grace she can command,
Her Lips, O wow! they're dainty.

III.

And MARY's Locks are like the Craw,
Her Eye like Diamonds glances;
She's ay fae clean, redd-up and braw,
She kills when e'er she dances:
Blyth as a Kid, with Wit at Will,
She blooming, tight and tall is;
And guides her Airs sae gracesou's still,
O Fove! she's like thy Pallas.

THE MALE IV. DE NO 742

Dear BESSY BELL and MARY GRAY,

Ye unco' fair oppress us:

Our Fancy's fee between you twae,
Ye are sic bonny Lasses:
Wae's me! for baith I canna get,
To ane by Law we're stented;
Then I'll draw Cuts, and take my Fate,
And be with ane contented.



THE

YOUNG LAIRD

A N. D

EDINBURGH KATY.

l.

O W wat ye wha I met Yestreen Coming down the Street, my Jo, My Mistress in her Tartan Screen, Fow bonny, braw and sweet, my Jo. My Dear, quoth I, Thanks to the Night, That never wisht a Lover ill, Since ye're out of your Mither's Sight, Let's take a Wauk up to the Hill.

II.

O K A T Y wiltu gang wi' me,
And leave the dinsome Town a while,
The Blofsom's sprouting fract the Tree,
And a' the Summer's gawn to smile;
The Mavis, Nightingale and Lark,
The bleeting Lambs and whistling Hynd,
In ilka Dale, Green, Shaw and Park,
Will nourish Health, and glad ye'r Mind.

III.

Bends his Morning Draught of Dew,
We'll gae to fome Burnfide and play,
And gather Flowers to busk ye'r Brow.
We'll pou the Dazies on the Green,
The lucken Gowans frae the Bog;
Between Hands now and then we'll lean,
And foort upo' the Velvet Fog.

IV.

There's up into a pleasant Glen,
A wee Piece frae my Father's Tower,
A canny, saft and flowry Den,
Which circling Birks has form'd a Bower:
When e'er the Sun grows high and warm,
We'll to the cauller Shade remove,
There will I lock thee in mine Arm,
And love and kis, and kis and love.

KATT'S ANSWER.

I.

MY Mither's ay glowran o'er me,
Tho she did the same before me,
I canna get Leave
To look to my Loove,

Or else she'll be like to devour me.

II.

Right fain wad I take ye'r Offer, Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my Tocher,

Then, SANDY, ye'll fret, And wyt ye'r poor KATE

When e'er ye keek in your toom Coffer.

III.

For the my Father has Plenty Of Siller and Plenishing dainty,

> Yet he's unco sweer To twin wi' his Gear,

And sae we had need to be tenty.

IV.

Tutor my Parents wi' Caution, Be wylie in ilka Motion,

> Brag well o' ye'r Land, And there's my lea lHand,

Win them, I'll be at your Devotion.





Advertisement.

HIS Edition of the first Canto is copied from a old Manuscript Collection of Scots Poems, writte an hundred and fifty Years ago; where it is found to be done by King JAMES I. Besides its being mor correct, the VIII, Stanza was not in Print before; th last but one of the late Edition, being none of the King's gives place to this,

My fecond Part having flood its Ground, has engaged me to keep a little more Company with these comical Characters, having Gentlemens Health and Pleasure, and the good Manners of the Vulgar in View: The mair Design of Comedy being to represent the Follies and Mistakes of low Life in a just Light, making them appear as ridiculous as they really are; that each who is a Spectator, may evite his being the Object of Laughter.

Notwithstanding all this my publick spirited Pains, I am well affured there are a few heavy Heads, who will bring down the Thick of their Cheeks to the Sides of their Mouths, and richly stupid, alledge there's something in it. have a Meaning. Well, I own it; and think it handsomer in a few Lines to fay Something, than talk a great Deal and mean Nothing. Pray, is there any Thing vicious or unbecoming in faying, Mens Liths and Limbs are fouple when intoxicated? Does it not show, that worse than brutal exceffive Drinking, energates and unhinges a Man's Constitution, and makes him uncapable of performing divine, moral, or natural Duties. There is the moral; and, believe me, I could raise many useful Notes from every Character, which the Ingenious will prefenlty find out.

Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend, And rise to Faults true Criticks dare not mend; From vulgar Bounds with brave Disorder part, And snatch a Grace beyond the Reach of Art.

POPE.

Further, when I speak of taking the Test, I seriously protest I do not mean an Oath of that Name we all have heard of.---- Likewise I would intreat every Newsmonger not to offer to pump Politicks from this Poem: Wou'd any imagine that the first Part, which was wrote some hundred Years ago, is the Story of Sheriff-Moor, because Rob Roy is named int'; That my Bould Best was ******; and the Lettergae the *******. I love them who sometimes find out Wit the Author never mean'd; but such Ignoramus's are intolerable.

Any Body that has a Mind to look four upon it, may

use their Freedom.

Not laugh Beasts, Fishes, Fouls, nor Reptiles can; That's a peculiar Happiness of Man: When govern'd with a prudent chearful Grace, 'Tis one of the first Beauties of the Face,





CHRIST'S-KIRK

ONTHE

GREEN.

In Three CANTOS.

Κονσίδερ ἐτ Β αριλι ρίδ ἀΦτνὴρ θὰν ἔνις, Β'ὶλ ὰτ ἔν βλίνα σλὶ πόετρ: νὸτ τέν ις.

Γ. Δεγλας.

CANTO I.

By KING FAMES I.



AS ne'er in Scotland heard or feen,
Sic dancing and deray;
Nowther at Falkland on the Green,
Nor Peebles at the Play,
As was of Woers, as I ween,
At CHRIST'S-KIRK on a Day;

There came out Kitties washen clean,

In new Kirtles of Gray,

Fou gay that Day.

Thir Laffes light of Laits,
Their Gloves were of the Raffel right,
Their Shoon were of the Straits;
Their Kirtles were of Lincome light,
Well preft with mony Plaits,
They were fo nice when Men them nicht,
They fqueel'd like ony Gaits,

Fou loud that Day.

f all these Maidens mild as Mead,
Was nane sae jimp as Gillie,
s ony Rose her Rude was red,
Her Lire was like the Lilly:
ow yellow, yellow was her Head,
But she of Love was filly,
'ho a' her Kin had sworn her dead,
She wald have but sweet Willy,

Alane that Day.

ne scorned Jack, and scraped at him,
And murgeon'd him with Mocks;
ie wad have loo'd, she wad na let him,
For a' his yellow Locks.
ie cherisht her, she bade gae chat him,
Counted him not twa Clocks;
ae shamefully his short Gown set him,
His Legs were like twa Rocks,

Or Rungs that Day.

Tam Lutter was their Minstrel meet,
Good Lord how he cou'd lance,
He play'd sae shill, and sang sae sweet,
While Tousse took a Trance;
Auld Lightfoot there he did forleet,
And countersitted France:
He us'd himself as Man discreet,
And up the Morice Dance

He took that Day.

Then Steen came steppand in with Stends,

Nae Rink might him arrest,

Plaitfoot did bob with mony Bends,

For Mouse he made Request,

He lap till he lay on his Lends,

But risand was sae prest,

While that he hostit at baith Ends,

For Honour of the Feast,

And danc'd that Day.

Syne Robin Roy began to revel,
And Dawny to him rugged:
Let be, quoth Jack, and cau'd him Jevel,
And by the Tail him tugged:
The Kensie cleekit to a Cavel,
But Lord as they twa lugged;
They parted manly on a Nevel:
Men say that Hair was rugged,

Between them twa.

Ane bent a Bow, fic Stort did steer him,
Great Skaith was't to have scar'd him,
He chest a Flane as did affear him,
Th' other said, Dirdum, Dardum,
Throw baith the Cheeks he thought to sheer him,
Or throw the Arse have char'd him,
3'ane Akerbraid it came nae neer him,
I canna tell what marr'd him,

Sae wide that Day.

With that a Friend of his cry'd fy,
And up an Arrow drew,
The forged it fae furiously,
The Bow in Flinders flew:
The was the Will of GOD, trow I,
For had the Tree been true,
I fen faid, wha kend his Archery,
That he had slain a new,

Belyve that Day.

I yap young Man that flood him neift,
Loos'd aff a Shot with Ire,
He etled the Eairn in at the Breaft,
The Bolt flew o're the Eire:
Ane cry'd, Fy he has flain a Prieft
A Mile beyond a Mire;
Then Bow and Bag frae him he kieft,
And fled as fierce as Fire

Frae Flint that Day.

An hasty Henzure called Hary,
Wha was an Archer hynd,
Fit up a Tackle withoutten tarry,
That Torment sae him tynd;
I watna whether's Hand cou'd vary,
Or the Man was his Friend,
For he escap'd throw Mights of Mary,
As ane that nae ill meand,
But good that Day.

Then Laurie like a Lyon lap,
And foon a Flane can fedder,
He hetcht to pierce him at the Pap,
Thereon to wed a Wedder:
He hit him on the Wame a wap,
It buff't like ony Bladder;
But fae his Fortune was and Hap,
His Doublet made of Leather
Sav'd him that Day.

The Buff fae boisterously abaist him,

He to the Earth dusht down,

The tither Man for dead there left him,

And fled out of the Town.

The Wives came furth, and up they rest him,

And fand Life in the Loun;

Then with three Routs on's Arse they rais'd him,

And cur'd him out of Soun.

Frae Hand that Day.

F 77]

ith Forks and Flails they lent great Slaps, And flang together like Frigs, ith Bougers of Barns they beft blew Caps, While they of Bairns made Brigs. he Rierd raise rudely with the Raps. When Rungs were laid on Riggs, he Wives came furth wi' Crys and Claps, See where my Liking liggs,

Fou lou this Day.

ney girned and let Gird with Grains, llk Goffip othet griev'd: me firake with Stings, fome gather'd Stains, Some fled and ill mischiev'd. e Minstrel wan within twa Wains, That Day he wifely priev'd, r he came hame wi' unbruis'd Bains, Where Fighters were mischiev'd, Fou ill that Day.

ich Hutchon with a Hifill Rice, To red can throw them rummil; maw'd them down like ony Mice, He was na Baity Bummil: o he was wight, he was na wife, With fic Jangleurs to jummil; frae his Thumb they dang a Slice, While he cried Barlafumil, I'm flain this Day.

When that he faw his Blood fae red,

To flee might nae Man let him;
He ween'd it had been for auld Feed,
He thought and bade have at him:
He gart his Feet defend his Head,
The far fairer is fet him,
While he was past out of all plead,
He foud been swift that gat him,
Throw Speed that Day,

The Town Souter in Grief was bowden,

His Wife hang at his Waift;

His Body was with Blood a' browden,

He girn'd like ony Ghaift:

Her glittering Hair that was fo gowden,

So hard in Love him laift,

That for her Sake he was not yowden,

While he a Mile was chac'd,

And mair that Day.

The Miller was of manly Make,

To meet him was nae Mows;

There durst na tensome there him take,

Sae noyted he their Pows:

The Bushment hale about him brake,

And bickered him wi' Bows;

Syne traitrously behind his Back,

They hew'd him on the Howes,

Behind that Day.

wa that were Headsmen of the Herd,
On ither ran like Rams,
hey follow'd, seeming right unsear'd,
Beat on with Barrow-Trams:
it where there Gabs they were ungear'd,
They gat upon the Gams;
hile bloody barkn'd was ilk Beard,
As they had worried Lambs,
Maist like that Day.

he Wives kieft up a hideous Yell,
When all these Yonkiers yoked;
fierce as Flags of Fire-flaughts sell,
Frieks to the Fields they flocked:
he Carles with Clubs did others quell
On Breasts, while Blood out boaked;
e rudely rang the common Bell,
That a' the Steeple rocked

For Dread that Day.

when that he heard the Bell,
if aid he should make all a fleer,
When he came there himsel:
gaed to fight in fic a Fear,
While to the Ground he fell;
Wife that hat him on the Ear,
With a great Knocking-mell,

Fell'd him that Day.

When they had b'erd like baited Bulls,

And Brainwood brynt in Bails;

They were as meek as any Mules,

That mangit are with Mails;

For Faintness thae forfoughten Fools

Fell down like flaughter'd Fails;

Fresh Men came in, and hal'd the Dools,

And dang them down in Dails,

Bedeen that Day.

When a' was done, Dick with an Aix
Came furth to fell a Fiddir,
Qoth he, Where are yon hangit Smaiks,
That wad have flain my Brither?
His Wife bad him gae hame Gib Glaicks,
And fae did Meg his Mither:
He turn'd and gave them baith their Paiks,
For he durft ding nae ither
But them that Day.

The End of the first CANTO.





CHRIST'S-KIRK

ONTHE

GREEN.

CANTO II.

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

Sair Harship and great Spulie, nd mony a ane had gotten his Death By this unsonly Tooly:

It that the bauld Good-wife of Braith, Arm'd wi' a great Kail Gully, ame Bellyslaught, and loot an Aith, She'd gar them a' be hooly,

Fou fast that Day.

Blyth to win aff fae wi' hale Banes,

Tho mony had clowr'd Pows;

And dragl'd fae 'mang Muck and Stanes,

They look'd like Wirry-kows:

Quoth fome, who 'maift had tint their Aynds,

Let's fee how a Bowls rows;

And quat this Brulziement at anes,

Yon Gully is nae Mows,

Forfooth this Day.

Quoth Hatchon, I am well content,
I think we may do war:
Till this Time Toumond lie indent
Our Claiths of Dirt will fa'r:
Wi' Nevels I'm amaist fawn faint,
My Chafts are dung a char;
Then took his Bonnet to the Bent,
And daddit aff the Glar,

Fou clean that Day.

Tam Taylor wha in Time of Battle

Lay as gin some had fell'd him;

Gat up now wi' an unco' Rattle,

As nane there durst a quell'd him:

Bauld Best slew till him wi' a Brattle,

And spite of his Teeth held him

Closs by the Craig, and with her satal

Knife shored she wou'd geld him,

For Peace that Day.

Syne a wi' ae Confent shook Hands,
As they stood in a Ring;
Some red their Hair, some set their Bands,
Some did their Sark Tails wring:
Then for a Happ upo' the Sands
They did their Minstrel bring;
Where clever Houghs like Willi-wands,

Lap high that Day.

Claud Peky was na very blate,

He flood nae lang a dreigh;

For by the Wame he gripped Kate,

And gar'd her gi'e a Skreigh:

Had aff, quoth she, ye filthy Slate,

Ye slink o' Leeks, O figh!

Let gae my Hands, I say, be quiet;

And wow gin she was skeigh,

Now fettl'd Goffies fat, and keen

At iika blythfome Spring,

And mim that Day.

Did for fresh Bickers birle;
While the young Swankies on the Green
Took round a merry Tirle:
Meg Wallet wi' her pinky Een,
Gart Lawrie's Heart-strings dirle,
And Fouk wad threep that she did green,
For what wad gar her skirle

And skreigh some Day.

The manly Miller haff and haff,
Came out to thaw good Will,
Flang by his Mittens and his Staff,
Cry'd, Gi'e me Paty's-Mill:
He lap Bawk-hight, and cry'd, Had aff;
They rus'd him that had Skill;
He wad do't better, quoth a Caf,
Had he another Gill
Of Ufquebae.

Furth flarted nieft a penfy Blade,
And out a Maiden took;
They faid that he was Falkland bred,
And danced by the Book;
A fouple Taylor to his Trade,
And when their Hands he shook,
Gae them what he got frae his Dad,
Videlicet the Yuke,

To claw that Day.

Whan a' cry'd out he did fae well,

He Meg and Befs did call up;

The Laffes babo d about the Reel,

Ga'd a' their Hurdies wallop,

And fwat like Pownies whan they fpeel

Up Braes, or when they gallop,

But a thrawn Knublock hit his Heel,

And Wives had him to hawl up,

Hafte fell'd that Day.

But mony a pauky Look and Tale
Gae'd round when Glouming hous'd them,
The Offer Wife brought ben good Ale,
And bade the Lasses rouze them;
Up wi' them Lads, and I'se be bail
They'll loo ye ann ye touze them:
Quoth Gawsie, this will never fail
Wi' them that this gate woes them,
On sic a Day.

And up raise Willy Dadle,

A short hought Man, but su' o' Pride,

He said the Fidler play'd ill:

Let's ha'e the Pipes, quoth he, beside,

Quoth a' That is nae said ill;

He sitted the Floor syne wi' the Bride

To Cuttymun and Treeladle,

Thick, thick that Day.

n the mean Time in came the Laird,
And by some Right did claim,
To kiss and dance wir Mausse Aird,
A dink and dortie Dame:
But O poor Mause was aff her guard,
For back-gate frae her Wame,
Beckin, she loot a fearfur Raird,
That gart her think great Shame,

And bloth that Day.

Auld Steen led out Maggy Forfyth,
He was her ain Good-brither;
And ilka ane was unco' blyth
To fee auld Fowk fae clever.
Quoth Jock, wi' laughing like to rive,
What think ye o' my Mither?
Were my Dad dead, let me ne'er thrive,
But she wa'd get anither

Goodman this Day.

Tam Lutter had a muckle Difh,
And betwisht ilka Tune,
He laid his Lugs in't like a Fish,
And suckt till it was done;
His Bags were liquor'd to his Wish,
His Face was like a Moon;
Eut he cou'd get nae Place to pish
In, but his ain twa Shoon,

For Thrang that Day.

The Letter-gae of haly Rhime,
Sat up at the Boord-head,
And a' he faid was thought a Crime
To contradict indeed:
For in Clerk-Lear he was right prime,
And cou'd baith write and read,
And drank fae firm till ne'er a Styme
He cou'd keek on a Bead,

Or Book that Day.

then he was firute, twa flurdy Chiels,
Be's Oxter, and be's Collar,
eld up frae cowping o' the Creels
The liquid Logick Scholar:
then he came hame his Wife did reel,
And rampage in her Choler,
ith that he brake the spinning Wheel,
That cost a good Rix-dollar,

And mair some say.

ear Bed-time now ilk weary Wight
Was gaunting for his Rest,
or some were like to tyne their Sight,
Wi' Sleep and Drinking strest.
ut ithers that were Stomach tight,
Cry'd out, It was nae best
o leave a Supper that was dight,
To Brownies or a Ghaist,

To eat or Day.

n whomelt Tobs lay twa lang Dails,
On them flood mony a Goan,
ome fill'd wi' Brachan, fome wi' Kail,
And Milk hett frae the Loan.
f Daintiths they had Rowth and Wale,
Of which they were right fon;
ut Naithing wad gae down but Ale,
Wi' drunken Donald Don,

The Smith that Day.

Twice aught Bannocks in a Heap,
And twa good Junts of Beef,
Wi' hind and fore Spaul of a Sheep,
Drew Whitles frae ilk Sheash:
Wi' Gravie a' their Beards did dreep,
They kempit with their Teeth,
A Kebbuck fyne that 'maist cou'd creep
Its lane pat on the Sheaf,

In Stous that Day.

The Bride was now laid in her Bed,
Her left Leg Ho was flung;
And Geordie Gib was fldgen glad,
Because it hit Jean Gun.
She was his Jo, and aft had said,
Fy, Geordie, had your Tongue,
Ye's ne'er get me to be your Bride,
But chang'd her Mind when bung,
That very Day.

Tehee! quoth Touzie, when the faw
The Cathel coming ben,
It pypin hett gae'd round them a',
The Bride the made a fen,
To fit in Wyliecoat fae braw,
Upon her nether En,
Her Lad like ony Cock did craw,
That meets a Clockin Hen,

And blyth were they.

The Souter, Miller, Smith and Dick,

Laurie and Hutchen bauld,

Carles that kept nae very strict

Be Hours, tho they were auld;

Nor cou'd they e'er leave aff that Trick,

But whare good Ale was fald,

They drank a' Night, e'en tho Auld Nick

Shou'd tempt their Wives to scald

Them for't neist Day.

Was ne'er in Scotland heard or feen
Sic Banqueting and Drinkin,
Sic Revelling, and Battles keen,
Sic Dancing, and fic Jinkin,
And unko Wark that fell at E'en,
When Laffes were haff winkin,
They loft their Feet and baith their Een,
And Maidenheads gae'd linkin

Aff a that Day.

The End of the second CANTO.



IN MONOMERS OF SECRETARION SOND CONTROLL OF SECRETARION OF SECRETA

CHRIST'S-KIRK

ONTHE

GREEN.

CANTO III.

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

O W frae East Nook o' Fife the Dawn
Speel'd Westlins up the List,
Carles wha heard the Cock had crawn,
Begoud to rax and rist,
And greedy Wives wi' girning thrawn,
Cry'd, Lasses up to Thrist;
Dogs barked, and the Lads frae Hand,
Bang'd to their Breeks like Drist,
Be Break of Day.

nt fome wha had been fow Yestreen,
Sic as the Lettergae,
ir up had nae will to be seen,
Grudgin their Groat to pay.
It what aft fristed's no forgeen,
When Fowk has nought to say;
et sweer were they to rake their Een,
Sic dizy Heads had they,

And hett that Day.

that Time it was fair foor Days,
As fou's the House cou'd pang,
o see the young Fouk or they raise,
Gossips came in ding dang,
nd wi' a Soss aboon the Claiths,
Ilk ane their Gists down stang;
wall Toop Horn Spoons down Maggy lays,
Baith muckle mow'd and lang,

For Kale or Whey.

er Aunt a pair of Tangs fush in,
Right bauld she spake and spruce,
in you Goodman shall make a Din,
And gable like a Goose,
orin whan sou to skelp ye're Skin
Thir Tangs may be of Use;
ly them enlang his Pow or Shin,
Wha wins syn may make Roose,

Between you twa.

Auld Besse in her red Coat braw,
Came wi' her ain O. Nanny,
An odd like Wise, they said that saw,
A moupin runkled Granny,
She sley'd the Kimmers ane and a',
Word gae'd she was na kanny;
Nor wad they let Lucky awa,
Till she was burnt wi' Branny,
Like mony mae.

Steen fresh and fashin 'mang the rest
Came in to get his Morning,
Speer'd gin the Bride had tane the Test,
And how she loo'd her Corning?
She leugh as she had fund a Nest,
Said, Let a' be ye'r Scorning.
Quoth Roger, Fegs I've done my best
To gi'er a Charge of Horning,
As well's I may.

Kind Cirsh was there, a kanty Lass,
Black ey'd, black hair'd, and bonny;
Right well red up and jimp she was,
And Wooers had fow mony:
I wat na how it came to pass,
She cutled in wi' Jonnie,
And tumbling wi' him on the Grass,
Dung a' her Cockernonny
A Jee that Day.

nt Moufe begrutten was and bleer'd,
Look'd thowless, dowf and fleepy;
ald Maggie kend the Wyt, and sneer'd,
Caw'd her a poor daft Heepy;
is a wife Wife that kens her Wierd,
What tho ye mount the Creepy,
here a good Lesson may be lear'd,
And what the war will ye be

To fland a Day.

Bairns can read, they first maun spell,

I learn'd this frae my Mammy,

ad coost a Legen-Girth my sell,

Lang or I marred Tammie:

e warrand ye have a heard tell

Of bonny Andrew Lammy,

ifly in Loove wi' me he fell,

As soon as e'er he saw me:

That was a Day

ait Drink, frush butter'd Cakes and Cheese,

That held their Hearts aboon,

'i' Clashes mingled ast wi' Lies,

Drave aff the hale Forenoon:

ut after Dinner, ann ye please

To weary not o'er soon,

e down to E'ning Edge wi' Ease

Shall loup, and see what's done

I'the Dowp o'the Day.

Now what the Friends wad fain been at,
They that were right true blue,
Was e'en to get their Wyfons wat,
And fill young Roger fou:
But the bauld Billy took his Maut,
And was right ftiff to bou;
He fairly gae them Tit for Tat,
And fcour'd aff Healths anew,

Clean out that Day.

A Creel bowt fou of muckle Stains
They clinked on his Back,
To try the Pith o's Rigg and Reins,
They gart him cadge this Pack.
Now as a Sign he had tane Pains,
His young Wife was na flack,
To rin and eafe his Shoulder Bains,
And fneg'd the Raips fou foack,

We'er Knife that Day.

Syne the blyth Carles Tooth and Nail,

Fell keenly to the Wark;

To ease the Gantrees of the Ale,

And try wha was maist stark;

'Till Boord and Floor, and a' did fail,

Wi' spilt Ale i'the Dark;

Gart Jock's Fit slide, and like a Fail

Flay'd dad, and dang the Bark

Aff's Shins that Day.

The Souter, Miller, Smith and Dick,

Et cet'ra, closs fat cockin,

Till wasted was baith Cash and Tick,

Sae ill were they to flocken;

dane out to pish in Gutters thick,

Some fell, and some gae'd rockin,

awny hang sneering on his Stick,

To see bauld Hutchon bockin

Rainbows that Day.

The Smith's Wife her black Deary fought,

And fand him Skin and Birn;

uoth fhe, This Day's Wark's be dear bought,

He ban'd, and gae a Girn,

a'd her a Jade, and faid fhe mught

Gae hame and foum her Kirn,

'hisht Ladren, for gin ye say ought

Mair, I'se wind ye a Pirn

To reel some Day.

e'il wind a Pirn! Ye filly Snool,
Wae-worth ye'r drunken Saul!
uoth she, and lap out o'er a Stool,
And claught him be the Spaul;
e shook her, and sware muckle Dool
Ye's thole for this ye Scaul;
e rive frae aff ye'r Hips the Hool,
And learn ye to be baul

On fic a Day.

Your Tippanizing, scant o' Grace,
Quoth she, gars me gang duddy;
Our Nibour Pate sin break o' Day's
Been thumpin at his Studdy,
Ann it be true that some Fouk says,
Ye'll girn yet in a Woody;
Syne wi' her Nails she rave his Face,
Made a' his black Baird bloody
Wi' Scarts that Day.

A Gilpy that had feen the Faught,

I wat he was nae lang,

Till he had gather'd feven or aught

Wild Hempies flout and flrang;

They frae a Barn a Kaber raught,

Ann mounted wi' a Bang,

Betwifht twa's Shouders, and fat flraught

Upon't, and rade the Stang

On her that Day.

The Wives and Gytlings a' fpang'd out
O'er Middings and o'er Dykes,
Wi'mony ane unco Skirl and Shout,
Like Bumbees frae their Bykes;
Thro thick and thin they fcour'd about,
Plashing thro Dubs and Sykes,
And fic a Rierd rang thro the Rout,
Gart a' the hale Town Tykes

Yamph loud that day.

But d'ye see sou better bred

Was menssou Maggy Murdy,

she her Man like a Lamy led

Hame, wi' a well wail'd Wordy,

ast frae the Company he sled,

As he had tane the Sturdy;

she sletch'd him fairly to his Bed,

Wi' ca'ing him her Burdy,

Kindly that Day.

Lut Lawrie he took out his Nap
Upon a Mow of Peafe,
Ind Robin spew'd in's ain Wife's Lap,
He said it ga'e him Ease,
Lutchon wi' a' three lugged Cap,
His Head bizzin wi' Bees,
Lit Geordy a missufficial Rap,
And brake the Brig o's Neese

Right fair that Day.

yne ilka Thing gae'd Arfe o'er Head,
Chanlers, Boord, Stools and Stoups,
'lew thro the Houfe wi' muckle Speed,
And there was little Hopes
tut there had been fome ill done Deed,
They gat fic thrawart Cowps;
tut a' the Skaith that chanc'd indeed,
Was only on their Dowps,

Wi' Fa's that Day.

Sae whiles they toolied, whiles they drank,

Till a' their Sense was smor'd;

And in their Maws there was nae Mank,

Upon the Furms some snor'd:

Ithers frae aff the Bunkers sank,

Wi' Een like Collops scor'd:

Some ram'd their Nodles wi' a Clank,

E'en like a thick scul'd Lord,

On Posts that Day.

The young Good-man to Bed did clim,
His Dear the Door did lock in;
Crap down beyont him, and the Rim
O'er Wame he clap'd his Dock on:
She fand her Lad was not in Trim,
And be this fame good Token,
That ilka Member, Lith and Limb,
Was fouple like a Doken.

Bout him that Day.

The End of the third CANTO.





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THE

SCRIBLER L A S H'D.

You write Pindaricks! and be d—n'd,
Write Etigrams for Cutlers;
None with thy Nonfense will be sham'd,
But Chamber-Maids and Butlers.
In tother World extest dry Blows,
No Tears shall wipe thy Stains out:
Horace shall pluck thee by the Nose,
And Pindar beat thy Brains out.

T. BROWN to D'UREY



HAT I thus proflitute my MUSE On Theme to low, may gain Excul-When following Motives shall thought on, Which has this dogrel Fury brought

I'm call'd in Honour to protect
The F A I R, when tret with Difrespect:
Besides, a Zeal transports my Soul,
Which no Constraint can e'er' controul;

Service of the Government,
no draw my Pen, and Satyr vent,
gainst vile Mungrels of Parnassus,
ho through Impunity oppress us.
is to correct this scribling Crew,
ho as in former Reigns, so now
orment the World, and load our Time
ith Jargon cloath'd in wretched Rhime,
isgrace of Numbers! Earth! I hate them!
nd as they merit, so I'll treat them.

And first, these ill bred Things I lash,
he hated Authors of that Trash,
publick spread with little Wit,
uch Malice, rude and bootless Spite,
gainst the S E X, who have no Arms,
o shield them from insulting Harms;
xcept the Light'ning of these Eye,
hich none but such blind Dolts defy.

Ungen'rous War! t' attack the FAIR

It Ladies fear not, ye're the Care

f every WIT of true Descent,

t once their Song and Ornament:

hey'll ne'er neglect the lovely Crowd:

It spite of all the Multitude

f scribbling Fops, affert your Cause,

nd execute APOLLO's Laws:

APOLLO,

A P O L L O, who the B A R D inspires
With softest Thoughts and divine Fires;
Than whom on all the Earth there's no Man
More complaisant to a fine Woman.
Such Veneration mixt with Love,
Points out a P O E T from above:
But Zanny's void of Sense or Merit,
Love, Fire, or Fancy, Wit or Spirit:
Weak, frantick, clownish, and chagreen,
Pretending prompt by zealous Spleen,
T' affront your Head-dress, or your Bone-Fence,
Make Printer's Presses groan with Nonsense:
But while S O L's Offspring lives, as soon
Shall they pull down his Sister Moon.

They with low incoherent Stuff,
Dark Sense, or none, Lines lame and rough,
Without a Thought, Air or Address,
All the whole Logerhead confess.
From clouded Notions in the Brain,
They scribble in a cloudy Strain:
Defire of Verse they reckon With
And rhime without one Grane of it.
Then hurry forth in publick Town
Their Scrawls, lest they should be unknown:
Rather than want a Fame, they choose
The Plague of an infamous M U S E.

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nthinking, thus the Sots aspire,
nd raise their own Reproach the higher:
nd meddling with the Modes and Fashions
f Women of politest Nations.
rhaps by this they'd have it told us,
hat in their Spirit something bold is,
o challenge those who have the Skill,
y Charms to save, and Frowns to kill.

If not Ambition, then 'tis Spite, hich makes the puny Infects write; ike old and mouldy Maids turn'd four, hen distant Charms have lost their Pow'r, ly out in loud Transports of Passion, Then ought that's new comes first in Fashion; Till by Degrees it creeps right fnodly n Hips and Head-dress of the g-Thus they to please the fighing Sisters, Tho often beet them in their Mifters, With their malicious Breath fet fail, and write thefe filly Things they rail. "imps! Such as you can ne'er extend A Flight of Wit, which may amend Our Morals : that's a Plot too nice For you to laugh Folks out of Vice. lighing, Oh hey! Ye cry Alace! This Fardingale's a great Difgrace!

And all indeed, because an Ancle, Or Foot is seen, might Monarchs mancle: And makes the Wise, with Face upright, Look up, and bless Heav'n for their Sight.

In your Opinion nothing matches,
O horrid Sin! the Crime of Patches!
'Tis false, ye Clowns; l'II make't appear,
The glorious Sun does Patches wear:
Yea, run thro' all the Frame of Nature,
You'll find a Patch for every Creature:
Even you your selves, ye blackned Wretches,
To Heliconians are the Patches.

But grant that Ladies Modes were Ills
To be reform'd; your creeping Skills
Ye Rhimers, never would fucceed,
Who write what the polite ne'er read.
To cure an Error of the F A I R,
Demands the nicest prudent Care;
Wit utter'd in a pleasing Strain,
A Point so delicate may gain:
But that's a Task as far above
You shallow Reach, as I'm from FOVE.

No more then let the World be vexed, With Baggage empty and perplexed:

ut learn to speak with due Respect, f P E G G I E's Breafts, and Ivory Neck; ich purblind Eyes as yours, 'tis true, ou'd ne'er such divine BEAUTIES view. NELLIE's Hoop be twice as wide, s her two pretty Limbs can stride : hat then? Will any Man of Sense ake Umbrage, or the least Offence t what even the most modest may xpose to Phebus's brightest Ray? oes not the handsome of our City, he Pious, Chaste, the Kind and Witty, Tho can afford it, great and fmall, egard well shapen Fardingale? and will you, Mag-pyes, make a Noise, ou grumble at the Lady's Choice! ray leav't to them, and Mothers wife, Who watch their Conduct, Mien and Guise, To shape their Weeds as fits their Ease: and place their Patches as they pleafe. This shou'd be granted without grudging, ince we all know they're best at judging, What from Mankind demands Devotion; n Gesture, Garb, free Airs, and Motion. But you! unworthy of my Pen! Inworthy to be class'd with Men!

Haste to Cassar, ye clumfy Sots, And there make Love to Hottentots.

Another Sett with Ballads waste Our Paper, and debauch our Tafte With endless 'larms on the Street, Where Crowds of circling Rabble meet. The Vulgar judge of Poetry, By what these Hawkers sing and cry; Yea, fome who claim to Wit amis, Cannot distinguish that from this. Hence POETS are accounted now In S C O T L A N D a mean empty Crew; Whose Heads are craz'd, who spend their Time, In that poor wretched Trade of Rhime. Yet all the learn'd discerning Part Of Mankind own the heav'nly Art Is as much diffant from fuch Trash, As lay'd Dutch Coin from Sterling Cash.

Others in lofty Nonfense write; Incomprehensible's their Flight; Such magick Pow'r is in their Pen, They can bestow on worthless Men More Virtue, Merit and Renown, Than ever they cou'd call their own. They write with arbitrary Power, And pity 'tis they shou'd fall lower;

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or floop to Truth, or yet to meddle
With common Sense, for Crambo didle.

But none of all the rhiming Herd

Are more encourag'd and rever d

By heavy Souls to their's ally'd,

Than such who tell who lately dy'd.

No sooner is the Spirit flown,

Trom its Clay-Cage, to Lands unknown,

Than some rash Hackney gets his Name,

And thro' the Town laments the same:

And honest Burgess cannot dy,

But they must weep in Elegy;

Even while the virtuous Soul is soaring

Thro' middle Air, he hears it roaring.

These Ills, and many more Abuses,
Which plague Mankind, and vex the MUSES,
On Pain of Poverty shall cease,
And all the FAIR shall live in Peace:
And every one shall die contented,
Happy when not by them lamented.
For great APOLLO, in his Name,
Has ord red me thus to proclaim:

With narrow Mind, and brazen Brow,
Wou'd fain to Poets Title mount,
And with vile Maggots rub Affront

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- " On an old Virtuofo Nation,
- " Where our lov'd Nine maintain their Station :
- " We order ftrict, that all refrain
- " To write, who Learning want, and Brain;
- " Pedants, with Hebrew Roots o'ergrown,
- " Learn'd in each Language but their own.
- " Each spiritless half starving Sinner,
- " Who knows not how to get his Dinner:
- " Dealers in small Ware, Clinks, Whim Whams,
- 66 Acroflicks, Puns, and Anagrams;
- " And all who their Productions grudge,
- " To be canvast by skilful Judge,
- " Who can find out indulgent Trip,
- " Whilft 'tis in harmless Manuscript,
- " But to all them who disobey,
- " And jog on flill in their own Way ;
- " Be't kend to all Men, that OUR WILL is,
- " Since all they write so wretched ill is;
- " They must dispatch their shallow Ghosts,
- "To Pluto's Jakes, and take their Posts;
- " There to attend, 'till Dis shall deign
- " To use their Works ; the Use is plain.

Now know, ye Scoundrels, if ye stand To Humph and Ha at this Command, The Furies have prepar'd a Halter, To hang, or drive ye helter skelter,

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Through Bogs and Moors, like Rats and Mice, Pursu'd with Hunger, Rags and Lice,

If e'er ye dare again to Croak,

And God of Harmony provoke.

Wherefore pursue some Crast for Bread,
Where Hands may better serve than Head;
Nor ever hope in Verse to shine,

Or share in HOMER's Fate or——.



CONTENT.



CONTENT.

A

POEM.

Virtue was taught in Verfe, and Athens' Glory rofe.
PRIOR.



HEN genial Beams wade thro' the dewy Morn,

And from the Clod invite the sprouting Corn;

When chequer'd Green, wing'd Mufick, new blown Scents,

Conspir'd to smooth the Mind, and please each Sense:

Then down a shady Haugh I took my Way,

Delighted with each Flower and budding Spray;

Muling

Musing on all that Hurry, Pain and Strife,
Which flow from the phantastick Ills of Life.
Enlarg'd from such Distresses of the Mind,
Due Gratitude to Heav'n my Thoughts refin'd,
And made me in the laughing † SAGE's Way,
As a meer Farce the murm'ring World survey;
Finding imagin'd Maladies abound,
Tenfold for One which gives a real Wound.

Godlike is he whom no false Fears annoy,
Who lives CONTENT, and grasps the present Joy;
Whose Mind is not with wild Convulsions rent
Of Pride, and Avarice, and Discontent:
Whose well train'd Passions, with a pious Aw,
Are all subordinate to Reason's Law:
Then smooth CONTENT arises like the Day,
And makes each rugged Phantom slee away.
To lowest Men she gives a lib'ral Share
Of sordid Bliss, she mitigates our Care,
Enlarging Joys, administrating Health;
The rich Man's Pleasure, and the poor Man's Wealth;
A Train of Comforts on her Nod attend,
And to her Sway Profits and Honour bend.

Hail bleft CONTENT! who art by Heav'n defign'd Parent of Health and Chearfulness of Mind;

⁺ Democritus.

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Serene CONTENT shall animate my Song,
And make th' immortal Numbers smooth and strong,

SILENUS, thou whose hoary Beard and Head Experience speak, and Youth's Attention plead, Retail thy gather'd Knowledge, and disclose What State of Life enjoys the most Repose.

Thus I addrest: —— And thus the ancient Bard; —— First, to no State of Life fix thy Regard.

All Mortals may be happy, if they please,

Not rack'd with Pain, nor lingering Disease.

MIDAS the Wretch, wrapt in his patched Rags, With empty Paunch, fits brooding o'er his Bags; Meager his Look, his Mind in conflant Fright, If Winds but move his Windows in the Night; If Dogs shou'd bark, or but a Monse make Din, He sweats and starts, and think's the Thief's got in : His Sleep forfakes him 'till the Dawn appears, Which every Thing but fuch a Caitiff chears; It gives him Pain to buy a Farthing Light, He jumps at Home in Darkness all the Night. What makes him manage with fuch cautious Pain? 'Twould break a Sum; a Farthing spent so vain! If e'er he's pleas'd, 'tis when some needful Man Gives Ten ter Cent with an infuring Pawn. Tho he's provided in as much would ferve Whole Neftor's Years, he ever fears to flarve.

Tell him of Alms, alace! he'd rather chuse

Damnation, and the promis'd Blis refuse.

— And is there such a Wretch beneath the Sun? —

Yes, he return'd, Thousands instead of one,

To whom CONTENT is utterly unknown. —

Are all the rich Men such? — He answer'd, No;

MARGUS hath Wealth, and can his Wealth bestow

Upon himself, his Friends, and on the Poor,

Enjoys enough, and wishes for no more.

Reverse of these, is he who braves the Skie,
Cursing his Maker when he throws the Die:
Gods, Devils, Furies, Hell, Heaven, Blood and Wounds,
Promiscuous sy in Bursts of tainted Sounds:
He to Perdition doth his Soul bequeath,
Yet inly trembles when he thinks of Death.
Except at Game, he ne'er imploys his Thought
'Till his'd and pointed at, —— not worth a Groat.
The desp'rate Remnant of a large Estate
Goes at one Throw, and points his gloomy Fate,
He finds his Folly now, but finds too late.
Ill brooks my fondl'd Master to be poor,
Bred up to nought but Bottle, Game, and Whore.
How pitiful he looks without his Rent!
They who sy Virtue, ever sy CONTENT.

Now I beheld, the SAGE look'd less severe, . Whilst Pity join'd his old Satyrick Lear.

H

The weakly Mind, faid he, is quickly torn, Men are not Gods, some Frailties must be born : Heaven's bounteous Hand all in their Turn abuse. The happiest Men at Times their Fate refuse, Befool themselves, - and trump up an Excuse.

Is LUCIUS but a Subaltern of Foot? His Equal GALLIUS is a Coronet.

STERILLA shuns a Gossiping, and why? The teeming Mother fills her with Envy. The pregnant Matron's Grief as much prevails, Some of the Children always fomething ails: One Boy is fick, t'other has broke his Head, And Nurse is blam'd when little Miss is dead,

A Dutchess on a Velvet Couch reclin'd, Blabs her fair Cheeks till she is almost blind ; Poor Phili's Death the briny Pearls demands, Who ceases now to snarl and lick her Hands.

The Politicians, who in learn'd Debates, With Penetration carve out Kingdoms Fates, Look four, drink Coffee, shrug, and read Gazettes: Deep funk in Craft of State their Souls are loft, And all their Hopes depend upon the Post: Each Mail that's due they curfe the contrary Wind, 'Tis strange if this Way Men CONTENTMENT find. Tho old, their Humours I am yet to learn, Who vex themselves in what they've no Concern.

NINNY the glaring Fop, who always runs
In Tradesmen's Books, which makes the careful Duns
Often e'er Ten to break his slumb'ring Rest:
Whilst with their craving Clamours he's opprest,
He frames Excuses 'till his Cranny akes,
Then thinks he justly damns the cursed Snakes.
The disappointed Dun with as much Ire,
Both threats and curses till his Breast's on Fire:
Then home he goes, and pours it on his House,
His Servants suffer oft, and oft his Spouse.

Some groan thro' Life amidst a Heap of Cares,
To load with too much Wealth their lazy Heirs:
The lazy Heir turns all to Ridicule,
And all his Life proclaims his Father Fool.
He toils in spending,——leaves a Threed-bare Son,
To scrape anew as had his Grandsire done.

How is the Fair $M \Upsilon R \Upsilon I L L A$'s Bosom fir'd, If L E D A's fable Locks are more admir'd; While L E D A does her secret Sighs discharge, Because her Mouth's a Straw-breadth, ah! too large.

Thus fung the Sire, and left me to evite
The fcorching Beams in fome cool green Retreat,
Where gentle Slumber feiz'd my weary'd Erain,
And mimick Fancy op'd the following Scene.

Methought I flood upon a rifing Ground, A splendid Landskip open'd all around, Rocks, Rivers, Meadows, Gardens, Parks and Woods, And Domes, which hid their Turrets in the Clouds; To me approach'd a Nymph divinely fair, Celestial Virtue shone through all her Air : A Nymph for Grace, her Wildom more renown'd Adorn'd each Grace, and both true Valour crown'd. Around her heav'nly Smiles a Helmet blaz'd, And graceful as the mov'd, a Spear the gently rais'd. My Sight at first the Lustre scarce could bear, Her dazling Glories shone so strong and clear: A Majesty sublime, with all that's sweet, Did Adoration claim, and Love invite. I felt her Wisdom's Charm my Thoughts inspire, Her dauntless Courage set my Soul on Fire. The Maid, when thus I knew, I foon addrest, My present wishful Thoughts the Theme suggest: " Of all th' etherial Powers thou noblest Maid, "To human Weakness lend'st the readiest Aid : " To where CONTENT and her bleft Train refide, " Immortal P A L L A S, deign to be my Guide. With my Request well pleas'd, our Course we bent, To find the Habitation of CONTENT.

Thro' fierce BELLONA's Tents we first advanced, where Cannons bounc'd, and nervous Horses prancid:

Here Vi & armis fat with dreadful Aw,
And daring Front, to prop each Nation's Law:
Atending Squadrons on her Motions wait,
Array'd in Deaths, and fearless of their Fate.
Here Chiftain Souls glow'd with as great a Fire,
As his who made the World but one Empire.
Even in low Ranks brave Spirits might be found,
Who wanted nought of Monarchs but a Crown.
But ah! Ambition stood a Foe to Peace,
Shaking the empty Fob and ragged Fleece;
Which were more hideous to these Sons of War,
Than Brimstone, Smoak, and Storms of Bullets are.
Here, said my Guide, C O N T E N T is rarely found,
Where blood and noify Jars beset the Ground.

Trade's wealthy Warehouse next fell in our Way, Where in great Bales Part of each Nation lay, The Spanish Citron, and Hesperia's Oil, Persia's soft Product, and the Chinese Toil; Warm Borneo's Spices, Arab's scented Gum, The Polish Amber, and the Saxon Mum, The Orient Pearl, Holland's Lace and Toys, And Tinsie Work, which the fair Nun imploys. From India Ivory, and the clouded Cane, And Cocheneal from Straits of Magellan. The Scandinavian Rosin, Hemp and Tar, The Lapland Furs, and Russia's Caviare,

The Gallick Punchion charg'd with Ruby Juice, Which makes the Hearts of Gods and Men rejoice. Britannia here pours from her plenteous Horn, Her shining Mirrours, Clock-work, Cloaths and Corn. Here Cent ter-Cents fat poring o'er their Books, While many shew'd the Bankrupts in their Looks, Who by Mismanagement their Stock had spent. Curs'd these heard Times, and blam'd the Government. The miffive Letter, and peremptor Bill, Forbade them Rest, and call'd forth all their Skill. Uncertain Credit bore the Scepter here, And her prime Ministers were Hope and Fear. The furly Chufs demanded what we fought, CONTENT, faid I, may the with Gold be bought? CONTENT! said one, then star'd and bit his Thumb, And leering ask'd, if I was worth a + Plum.

Love's fragrant Fields, were mildest western Gales, Loaden with Sweets, persume the Hills and Dales, Where longing Lovers haunt the Streams and Glades, And cooling Groves whose Verdure never sades; Thither with Joy and hasty Steps we Strode, There sure I thought our long'd for Blis abode. Whom first we met on that enchanted Plain, Was a tall yellow hair'd young pensive Swain;

^{+ 100000} Lib.

Him I addreft, —— "O Youth, what heavenly Power "Commands and graces you Elysian Bower?"
"Sure 'tis C O N T E N T, else much I am deceiv'd.
The Shepherd figh'd, and told me that I rav'd.
Rare she appears, unless on some fine Day
She grace a Nuptial, but soon hastes away:
If her you seek, soon hence you must remove,
Her Presence is precarious in Love.

Thro' these and other Shrines we wander'd long, Which merit not Description in my Song, Till at the last, methought we cast our Eye Upon an antique Temple, square and high, Its Area wide, its Spire did pierce the Sky; On adamantine Dorick Pillars rear'd, Strong Gothick Work the massy Pile appear'd: Nothing feem'd little, all was great defign'd, Which pleas'd the Eye at once, and fill'd the Mind. Whilst Wonder did my curious Thoughts ingage, To us approach'd a fludious rev'rend Sage; Both Aw and Kindness his grave Aspect bore, Which spoke him rich with Wisdom's finest Store. He ask'd our Errand there, Straight I reply'd, " CONTENT: In these high Towers does she reside? Not far from hence, faid he, her Palace flands, Ours she regards, as we do her Demands, Philosophy sustains her peaceful Sway, And in Return the fealts us every Day.

Then

Then straight an antient Telescope he brought, By SOCRATES and EPICTETUS wrought, Improved fince, made easier to the Sight, Lengthen'd the Tube, the Glasses ground more bright: Through this he shew'd a Hill, whose lofty Brow Enjoy'd the Sun, while Vapours all below, In pitchy Clouds, encircled it around, Where Phantoms of most horrid Forms abound; The ugly Brood of lazy Spleen and Fear, Frightful in Shape, most monstrous appear. Then thus my Guide, ___ Your Way lies through you Gloom, be not agast, Come briskly on, you'll jest them when they're past: Mere empty Spectres, harmless as the Air, Which merit not your Notice, less your Care. Encourag'd with her Word, I thus addrest My noble Guide, and greateful Joy exprest:

- " O facred WISDOM! thine's the Source of Light,
- " Without thy Blaze the World would grope in Night.
- " Of Woe and Bliss thou only art the Test,
- " Falshood and Trush before thee stand confest:
- "Thou mak'st a double Life: One Nature gave,
- " But without thine, what is it Mortals have?
- . A breathing Motion grazing to the Grave.

Now through the Damps methought we boldly went, Smiling at all the Grins of Discontent:

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Tho oft pull'd back, the rifing Ground we gain'd, Whilft inward Joy my weary'd Limbs fuftain'd, Arriv'd the Height, whose Top was large and plain, And what appear'd foon recompens'd my Pain, Nature's whole Beauty deck'd the enamell'd Scene,

3

Amidst the Glade the sacred Palace stood,
The Architecture not so fine as good,
Nor scrimp, nor gosty, regular and plain,
Plain were the Columns which the Roof sustain:
An easy Greatness in the whole was sound,
Where all that Nature wanted did abound.
But here no Beds are screen'd with rich Brocade,
Nor Fewel-Logs, in Silver Grates are laid:
No broken China Bowls disturb the Joy
Of waiting Hand-maid or the running Boy;
Nor in the Cupboard Heaps of Plate are rang'd,
To be with each splenetick Fashion chang'd.

A Weather-beaten Sentry watch'd the Gate,
Of Temper cross, and practis'd in Debate:
Till once aquaint with him, no Entry here,
Tho brave as C E S A R, or as H E L E N fair:
To Strangers sierce, but with Familiars tame,
And Touchstone Disappointment was his Name.

This fair Inscription shone above the Gate, Fear none but him whose will directs thy Fate.

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With Smile austere he listed up his Head, Pointed the Characters, and bid us read. We did, and stood resolv'd. The Gates at last Op'd of their own accord, and in we past.

Each Day a Herauld, by the QUEE N's Command, Was order'd on a Mount to take his stand,
And thence to all the Earth this Offer make,
"Who are inclin'd her Favours to partake,

" Shall have them free, if they small Rubs can bear,

" Of Disappointment, Spleen and bug-bear Fear.

Rais'd on a Throne within the outer Gate, The GODDESS fat, her Vot'ries round her wait : The beautiful DIVINITY disclos'd Sweetness sublime, which roughest Cares compos'd: Her Looks sedate, vet joyful and serene, Not rich her Drefs, but suitable and clean : Unfurrow'd was her Brow, her Cheeks were finooth, Tho old as Time, enjoy'd immortal Youth; And all her Accents fo harmonious flow'd, That every liftning Ear with Pleasure glow'd. An Olive Garland on her Head she wore, And her right Hand a Cornucoția bore. Cross Touchstone fill'd a Bench without the Door, To try the Sterling of each human Ore: Grim Judge he was, and them away he fent, Unfi: t'approach the Shrine of calm CONTENT. To him a hoary Dotard load with Bags:

Unweildy Load! to one who hardly drags

His being. — More than Seventy Years, faid he,

I've fought this Court, 'till now unfound by me;

Now let me rest. — Yes, if ye want no more;

But e're the Sun has made his annual Tour,

Know, grov'ling Wretch, thy Wealth's without thy Power.

The Thoughts of Death, and ceasing from his Gain,

Prought on the old Man's Head so sharp a Pain,

Which dim'd his optick Nerves, and with the Light

He lost the Palace, and crawl'd back to Night.

Poor gripping Thing, how useless is thy Breath, While nothing's so much long'd for as thy Death? How meanly hast thou spent thy Lease of Years? A Slave to Poverty, to Toils and Fears; And all to vie with some black rugged Hill, Whose rich Contents Millions of Chess can fill. As round the greedy Rock clings to the Mine, And hinders it in open Day to shine, Till Diggers hew it from the Spar's Imbrace, Making it circle, slampt with C E S A R's Face; So dost thou hoard, and from thy Prince pursoin His useful Image, and thy Country Coin, Till gaping Heirs have sree'd the imprison'd Slave, When to their Comfort thou hast fill'd a Grave.

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The next who with a janty Air approach'd,
Was a gay Youth, who thither had been coach'd:
Sleek were his Flanders Mares, his Liv'ries fine,
With glittering Gold his Furniture did shine.
Sure such methought may enter when they please,
Who have all these Appearances of Ease.
Strutting he march'd, nor any Leave he crav'd,
Attemp't to pass, but sound himself deceiv'd:
Old Touchstone gave him on the Breast a Box,
Which op'd the Sluces of a latent Pox,
Then bid his Equipage in haste depart.
The Youth look'd at them with a fainting Heart;
He found he could not walk, and bid them stay,
Swore three cramp Oaths, mounted and wheel'd away.

The Pow'r express'd herself thus with a Smile,
"These changing Shadows are not worth our while,

- " With smallest Trisles oft their Peace is torn,
- " If here at Night, they rarely wait the Morn.

Another Beau as fine, but more vivace,
Whose Airs sat round him with an easy Grace,
And well bred Motion, came up to the Gate,
I lov'd him much, and trembl'd for his Fate.
The Sentry broke his clouded Cane, —— He smil'd,
Got fairly in, and all our Fears beguil'd.
The Cane was soon renew'd which had been broke,
And thus the VERTUE to the Circle spoke,

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" Each Thing magnificent or gay we grant,
"To them who're capable to bear their Want.

Two handsome Toasts came next, them well I knew, Their lovely Make the Court's Observance drew; Three Waiting Maids attended in the Rear, Each loaden with as much as the could bear: One mov'd beneath a Load of Silks and Lace, Another bore the Offsets of the Face: But the most bulky Burden of the Three. Was hers who bore th' Utenfils of Bobee. My Mind indulgent in their Favour pled, Hoping no Opposition would be made: So mannerly, fo fmooth, fo mild their Eye, Enough almost to give CONTENT Envy. But foon I found my Error, the bold Judge, Who acted as if prompted by fome Grudge, Them thus faluted with a hollow Tone, "You're none of my Acquaintance, get you gone; " What Loads of Trump'ry these ? -- Ha, where's my Cros?? " I'll try if these be solid Ware or Boss, The Ching felt the Fury of his Blow, And loft a Being, or for Use or Show; For Use or Show no more's each Plate or Cup, But all in Shreds upon the Treshold drop. Now every Charm which deck'd their Face before Give Place to Rage, and Beauty is no more.

The briny Stream their rosy Cheeks besmear'd, Whilst they in Clouds of Vapours disappear'd.

A ruflick Hynd, attir'd in home-spun Gray,
With sorked Locks, and Shoes bedaub'd with Clay,
Palms shod with Horn, his Front fresh, brown and broad,
With Legs and Shoulders sitted for a Load;
He 'midst ten bawling Children laugh'd and sung,
While Consort Hobnails on the Pavement rung:
Up to the Porter unconcern'd he came,
Forcing along his Offspring and their Dame.
Cross Touchstone strove to stop him, but the Clown
At Handy-cuss him match'd, and threw him down;
And spite of him into the Palace went,
Where he was kindly welcom'd by CONTENT.

Two Bustian Philosophs put in their Claims, GAMALIEL and CRITIS were their Names; But soon's they had our BRITISH HOMER seen, With Face unruffl'd waiting on the QUEEN, Envious Hate their surly Bosoms sir'd, Their Colour chang'd, they from the Porch retir'd: Backward they went, reslecting with much Rage On the bad Tast and Humour of the Age, Which pay'd so much Respect to nat'ral Parts, While they were starving Graduates of Arts. The Goddess fell a laughing at the Fools, And sent them packing to their Grammar Schools;

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Or in some Garret elevate to dwell,

There with Sisyphian Toil to teach dull Beaus to spell.

Now all this while a Gale of Eastern Wind And cloudy Skies oppress'd the humane Mind: The Wind fet West, back'd with the radiant Beams, Which warm'd the Air, and danc'd upon the Streams, Exhal'd the Spleen, and footh'd a World of Souls Who crowded now the Avenue in Shoals. Numbers in black of Widowers, Relicts, Heirs. Of new wed Lovers many handsome Pairs; Men landed from Abroad, from Camps and Seas: Others got through some dangerous Disease: A Train of Belles adorn'd with fomething new. And even of ancient Prudes there were a few. Who were refresh'd with Scandal and with Tea, Which for a Space fet them from Vapours free. Here from their Cups the lower Species flockt, And Knaves with Bribes and cheating Methods flockt.

The Pow'r furvey'd the Troop, and gave command They should no longer in the Entry sland, But be convey'd into Chimera's Tower, There to attend her Pleasure for an Hour.

Soon as they entred, Apprehension shook The Fabrick: Fear was fixt on every Look, Old Age and Poverty, Disease, Disgrace, With horrid Grin, star'd full in every Face,

Which

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Which made them, trembling at their unknown Fate, Iffue in hafte out by the postern Gate.

None waited out their Hour but only two, Who had been wedded Fifteen Years ago. The Man had learn'd the World, and fixt his Mind : His Spouse was chearful, beautiful and kind : She neither fear'd the Shock, nor Phantom's Stare: She thought her Husband wife, and knew that he was there-Now while the Court was fitting, my fair Guide Into a fine Elysium me convey'd: I faw or thought I faw the spacious Fields Adorn'd with all prolifick Nature yields. Profusely rich, with her most valu'd Store: But as m' inchanted Fancy wander'd o'er The happy Plain, new Beauties feem'd to rife, The Fields were fled, and all was painted Skies. Pleas'd for a while, I wish'd the former Scene: Straight all return'd and eas'd me of my Pain, Again the flow'ry Meadows disapear, And Hills and Groves their flately Summits rear; These fink again, and rapid Rivers flow. Next from the Rivers Cities feem to grow.

Sometime the fleeting Scene I had forgot,
In busie Thought intranc'd, with Pain I fought
To know the hidden Charm, straight all was fled
And boundless Heav'ns o'er boundless Ocean spread;
Impatient

Impatient I obtest my noble Guide, Reveal this wond'rous Secret. She reply'd,

We carried on what greatly we defign'd,
When all these humane Follies your refign'd,
Ambition, Lux'ry, and a cov'tous Mind:
Yet think not true CONTENT can thus be bought,
There's wanting still a Train of virtuous Thought.

When me your Leader prindently you chose, And lifting to my Counsel, didft refuse Fantastick Joys, your Soul was thus prepar'd For true Content ; and thus I do reward Your gen'rous Toil. Observe this wondrous Clime; Of Nature's Bleffings here are hid the Prime: But wife and virtuous Thought in conftant Courfe, Must draw these Beauties from their hidden Source: The smallest Intermissions will transform The pleasant Scene, and spoil each perfect Charm. 'Tis ugly Vice will rob you of CONTENT, And to your View all hellish Woes present. Nor grudge the Care in Virtue you imploy, Your present Toil will prove your future Joy. Then smil'd she heav'nly sweet, and parting said, Hold fast your virtuous Mind, of nothing be afrai'd.

And while the charming Voice so fill'd my Ears, I griev'd the divine Form no more appears.

Then

Then to confirm my yet unfteady Mind,
Under a lonely Shadow I reclin'd,
To try the Virtues of the Clime I fought:
Then flraight call'd up a Train of hideous Thought,
Famine, and Blood, and Peftilence appear,
Wild Shrieks and loud Laments diffurb mine Ear;
New Woes and Horrors did my Sight alarm,
Envy and Hate compos'd the wretched Charm.

Soon as I faw, I dropt the hateful View,
And thus I fought past Pleasures to renew.
To heav'nly Love my Thoughts I next compose,
Then quick as Thought the following Sights disclose;
Streams, Meadows, Grotto's Groves, Birds carolling.
Calmness, and temp'rate Warmth, and endless Spring,
A perfect Transcript of these upper Bowers,
The Habitation of th' immortal Powers.

Back to the Palace ravished I went,
Resolved to reside with blest CONTENT,
Where all my special Friends methought I met,
In Order 'mongst the best of Mankind set:
My Soul with too much Pleasure overcharged,
The captiv'd Senses to their Post enlarg'd:
Listing mine Eyes I view'd declining day,
Sprang from the Green, and homeward bent my Way,
Resecting on that Hurry, Pain and Strife
Which slow from false and real Ills of Life.

STREET, STREET,

RICHT and SANDT,

A

PASTORAL

On the DEATH of

Mr. Foseph Addison.

RICHY.

W HAT gars thee look fae dowf? dear Sandy fay,
Chear up dull Fallow, take thy Reed and play,
My Apron Deary,— or fome wanton Tune;
Be merry, Lad, and keep thy Heart aboon.

SANDY.

Na, na! It winna do! Leave me to mane This aught Days twice o'er tell'd I'll whistle nane.

RICHY.

Wow Man, that's unco' fad, —— is that ye'r Jo Has ta'en the Strunt? —— Or has some Bogle-bo Glowrin frae 'mang auld Waws gi'en ye a Fleg? Or has some dawted Wedder broke his Leg?

SANDY.

Naithing like that, fic Troubles eith were born,

What's Bogles,—Wedders,—or what's Maufy's Scorn;

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Our Loss is meikle mair, and past Remeed, Edie that play'd and sang sae sweet is dead.

RICHY.

Dead, fay'ft thou! Oh! Had up my Heart O Pan.
Ye Gods! What Laids ye lay on feckless Man!
Alake therefore! I canna wyt ye'r Wae,
I'll bear ye Company for Year and Day.
A better Lad ne'er lean'd out o'er a Kent,
Or hounded Coly o'er the mostly Bent;
Blyth at the Bught how aft ha' we three been,
Hartsome on Hills, and gay upon the Green.

SANDY

That's true indeed! But now that Days are gane, And with him a' that's pleafant on the Plain.

A Summer Day I never thought it lang
To hear him make a Roundel or a Sang.
How fweet he fung where Vines and Myrtles grow, And wimpling Waters which in Latium flow.

Titry the Mantuan Herd wha lang finfyne
Best sung on aeten Reed the Lover's Pine,
Had he been to the fore now in our Days,
Wi' Edie he had stankly dealt his Bays:
As lang's the Warld shall Amaryllis ken,
His Rosamond shall eccho thro' the Glen:
While on Burn-Banks the yellow Gowan grows,
Or wand'ring Lambs rin bleeting after Ews,

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His Fame (hall last, last shall his Sang of Weirs, While British Bairns brag of their bauld Forbears. We'll mickle miss his blyth and witty Jest At Spaining Time, or at our Lambmash Feast.

O Ricky, but 'tis hard that Death ay reaves Away the best Fowck, and the ill anes leaves. Hing down ye'r Heads ye Hills, greet out ye'r Springs, Upon ye'r Edge na mair the Shepherd sings.

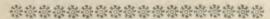
RICHY.

Then he had ay a good Advice to gi'e, And kend my Thoughts amaist as well as me; Had I been thowless, vext, or oughtlins four, He wad have made me blyth in haff an Hour. Had Rosie ta'en the Dorts, - or had the Tod Worry'd my Lamb, -- or were my Feet ill shod, Kindly he'd laugh when fac he faw me dwine, And tauk of Happiness like a Divine. Of ilka Thing he had an unco' Skill, He kend be Moon Light how Tides ebb and fill : He kend, What kend he no? E'en to a Hair, He'd tell o'er night gin niest Day wad be sair. Blind Fohn, ye mind, wha fang in kittle Phrase. How the ill Sp'rit did the first Mischief raise: Mony a Time beneath the auld Birk-tree What's bonny in that Sang he loot me fee. The Lasses aft flang down their Rakes and Pails, And held their Tongues, O flrange! to hear his Tales. SANDT.

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SANDY.

Sound be his Sleep, and faft his Wak'ning be, He's in a better Cafe than thee or me; He was o'er good for us, the Gods hae ta'en Their ain but back, —— he was a borrow'd Len. Let us be good, gin Virtue be our Drift, Then may we yet forgether 'boon the Lift. But fee the Sheep are wyfing to the Cleugh, Thomas has loos'd his Ousen frae the Pleugh, Maggy be this has beuk the Supper Scones, And nuckle Ky stand rowting on the Lones; Come Richy let us trus and hame o'er bend, And make the best of what we canna mend.



An EXPLANATION of

RICHY and SANDT.

By Mr. BURCHET.

RICHY.

HAT makes thee look fo fad? Dear Sandy fay,
Roufe up dull Fellow, take thy Reed and play
A merry Jig, or try fome other Art,
To raife thy Spirits, and cheer up thy Heart.

SANDY.

No, no, it will not do; leave me to moan;

Till twice eight Days are past I'll whistle none.

R I C H Y.

RICHY.

That's firange indeed! Has Jenny made thee fad?

Or, tell me, hath fome horrid Spectre, Lad,
(Glaring from Ruins old, in filent Night)

Surpriz'd, and put thee in a panic Fright?

Or ails that Wedder ought, thy Favourite?

?

SANDY.

Such Troubles might with much more Ease be born: What's Goblins, Wedders, or what's Woman's Scorn? Our Loss is greater far; for Addy's dead; Addy, who sang so sweetly on the Mead.

RICHY.

Dead is he, fay'ft thou? Guard my Heart, oh Pan! What Burthens, Gods, ye lay on feeble Man! Alack I cannot blame thee for thy Grief; Nor hope I, more than thou, to find Relief. A better Lad ne'er lean'd on Shepherd's Crook, Nor after Game halloo'd his Dog to look. How glad where Ews give Milk have we three been, Merry on Hills, and gay upon the Green!

SANDY.

That's true indeed; but now, alas! in vain
We feek for Pleafure on the rural Plain:
I never thought a Summer's Day too long
To hear his Couplets, or his tuneful Song.
How fweet he fang where Vines and Myrtles grow,
And winding Streams which in old Latium flow!

1

Tillys

Titry, the Mantuan Herd, who long ago Sang best on oaten Reed the Lovers Woe, Did he, fam'd Bard, but live in these our Days, He would with Addy freely share his Bays. As long as Shepherds Amaryllis hear, So long his Rosamond shall please the Ear. While spangled Daisie near the Riv'let grows, And tender Lambs seek after bleating Ews, His Fame shall last: Last shall his Song of Wars, While British Youngsters boast of Ancestors. Much shall we miss his merry witty Jests At weaning Times, and at our Lambmaß Feafts. Oh Richy! Richy! Death hath been unkind To take the Good, and leave the Ill behind. Bow down your Heads, ye Hills, weep dry your Springs, For on their Banks no more the Shepherd fings.

RICHT.

Then he had always good Advice to give,
And could my Thoughts, like as my felf, conceive.
When I've been drooping, vex'd, or in the Spleen,
In one half Hour with him I've merry been.
Had Jenny froward been, or Roynard bold
Worry d my Lamb, or were my Shoes grown old:
Kindly he'd finile, when he observ'd me grieve,
And by his Talk divine my Breast relieve.

Addy did all Things to Perfection know;
Saw by the Moon how Tides would ebb or flow.

He knew, what knew he not? E'en to a Hair
He'd tell o'er Night if next Day would be fair.
The fam'd blind Bard fang in mysterious Phrase
How envious Satan did first Mischief raise;
But oft beneath the well-spread Birchen-Tree
The Beauties of that Song he made me see.
The Lasses oft slung down their Rakes and Pails,
And held their Tongues, Oh strange! to hear his Tales.

SANDY.

Sound be his Sleep, and fost his Waking be;
More happy is he far than thee or me;
Too good he was for us; the Gods but lent
Him here below, when hither he was sent.
Let us be good, if Virtue be our Aim,
Then we may meet above the Skies again,
But see how tow'rds the Glade the Fatlings go;
Thomas hath ta'en the Oxen from the Plough;
Joan hath prepar'd the Supper 'gainst we come,
And late calf'd Cows stand lowing near their Home;
Then let's have done, and to our Rest repair,
And what we cannot help, with Patience bear.





TO

Mr. ALLAN RAMSAY

ONHIS

RICHT and SANDY.

Ell fare thee, Allan, who in Mother Tongue, So sweetly hath of breathless Addy sung. His endless Fame thy nat'ral Genius fir'd, And thou hast written as if he inspir'd, Richy and Sandy, who do him furvive, Long as thy rural Stanza's laft, shall live. The grateful Swains thou'st made, in tuneful Verse, Mourn fadly o'er their late -- loft Patron's Herfe, Nor would the Mantuan Bard, if living, blame Thy pious Zeal, or think thou'ft hurt his Fame, Since Addison's inimitable Lays Give him an equal Title to the Bays, When he of Armies fang, in lofty Strains, It feem'd as if he in the hosfile Plains Had present been. His Pen hath to the Life Trac'd ev'ry Action in the fanguine Strife.

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In Council now fedate the Chief appears,
Then loudly thunders in Baverian Ears;
And still pursuing the destructive Theme,
He pushes them into the rapid Stream.
Thus beaten out of Blenheim's neighb'ring Fields,
The Gallic General to the Victor yields;
Who, as Britannia's Virgil hath observ'd,
From threatn'd Fate all Europe then preserv'd.

Nor dost thou, Ramfay, fightless Milton wrong
By ought contain'd in thy melodious Song;
For none but Addy could his Thoughts sublime
So well unriddle or his mystick Rhime.
And when he deign'd to let his Fancy rove
Where Sun-burnt Shepherds to the Nymphs make Love,
No one e'er told in softer Notes the Tales
Of rural Pleasures in the spangled Vales.

So much, Oh Allan! I thy Lines revere, Such Veneration to his Mem'ry bear, That I no longer could my Thanks refrain For what thou'ft fung of the lamented Swain.

J. BURCHET.





TO

JOSIAH BURCHET, Esq;

Hirsting foa Fame, at the Pierian Spring
The Poet takes a Waught, then seys to sing
Nature, and with the tentiest View to hit
Her boony Side with bauldest Turns of Wit.
Streams slide in Verse, in Verse the Mountains rise,
When Earth turns toom he rumages thy Skies,
Mounts up beyond them, paints the Fields of Rest,
Doups down to visit ilka Laigh-land Ghaist.
O hartsome Labour! Wordy Time and Pains,
That frae the Best Esteem and Friendship gains:
Be that my Luck, and let the greedy Bike
Stock job the Warld among them as they like.

In blyth braid Scots allow me, Sir, to shaw
My Gratitude, but Fleetching or a Flaw.
May Rowth o' Pleasures light upon ye lang,
Till to the blest Elysian Bowers ye gang;
Wha've clapt my Head sae brawly for my Sang.
When honour'd Burchet and his Maiks are pleas'd
With my Corn-pipe, up to the Starns I'm heez'd;

5

Whence far I glowr to the Fag-end of Time,
And view the Warld delighted wi' my Rhime:
That when the Pride of sprush new Words are laid,
I like the Classick Authors shall be read.
Stand yont, proud Gzar, I widna nisser Fame
With thee, for a' thy Furs and paughty Name.

If sic great Ferlies, Sir, my Muse can do, As spin a three-plait Praise where it is due, Frae me there's nane deserves it mair than you. Frae me, Frae ilka ane; for sure a Breast Sae gen'rous is of a' that's good posses.

Till I can serve ye mair, I'll wish ye weell, And ast in sparkling Claret drink your Heal: Minding the Mem'ry of the great and good Sweet Addison, the Wale of humane Blood, Wha fell, (as Horace anes said to his Billy) Nulli stebilior quam tibi, Virgili.

3

SIR,

Yours, &c.

A. RAMSAY.

Familiar



Familiar Epistles

BETWEEN

W--H--- and A--R---.

EPISTLE I.

W---- to A---- R-----

Gilbertfield June 26th, 1719.

Fam'd and celebrated ALLAN!

Renowned RAMSAT, canty Callan,
There's nowther Highlandman nor Lawlan,
In POETRIE,

But may as foon ding down Tamtallan

As match wi' Thee,

For ten Times ten, and that's a hunder, I ha'e been made to gaze and wonder, When frae Parnassus thou didft thunder

W? Wit an Skill.

Wherefore I'll foberly knock under,

And quat my Quill.

Of POETRY the hale Quintessence Thou has suck'd up, lest me Excrescence To petty Poets, or sic Messens,

They may pick Crumbs, and lear some Lessons

At RAMSAY's School.

Tho BEN and DRTDEN of renown Were yet alive, in London Town,
Like Kings contending for a Crown;

'Twad be a Pingle,

Whilk o' you three wad gar Words found And best to gingle:

Transform'd may I be to a Rat,
Wer't in my Pow'r but I'd creat
Thee upo' fight the Laureat

Of this our Age,

Since thou may'ft fairly claim to that

As thy just Wage.

Let modern POETS bear the Blame Gin they respect not RAMSAT's Name, Wha soon can gar them greet for Shame,

To their great Loß;

And fend them a' right fnaking hame

Be weeting Gross.

Wha bourds wi' thee had need be warry, And lear wi' Skill thy Thrust to parry, When thou consults thy Dictionary

Of ancient Words,

Which come frae thy poetick Quarry,

As Sharp os Swords.

Now tho I should baith reell and sottle,

And be as light as ARISTOTLE,

At Edinburgh we fall hase a Bottle

Of reaming Claret,

Gin that my haff-pay Siller Shottle

Can Safely Spare it.

At Crambo then we'll rack our Brain, Drown ilk dull Care and aking Pain, Whilk aften does our Spirits drain

Of true Content;

Wow, Wow! but we's be wonder fain,

When thus acquaint.

Wi' Wine we'll gargarize our Craig,
Then enter in a lasting League
Free of Ill Aspect or Intrigue,

And gin you please it,

Like Princes when met at the Hague,

We'll folemnize it.

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Accept of this, and look upon it With Favour, tho' poor I have done it; Sae I conclude and end my Sonnet,

Who am most fully,

While I do wear a Hat or Bonnet,

Yours - wanton WILLY.

POSTSCRIPT.

BY this my Possicript I incline
To let you ken my hale Design
Of sic a lang impersed Line,

Lyes in this Sentence,

To cultivate my dull Ingine

By your Acquaintance.

Your Answer therefore I expect, And to your Friend you may direct, At † Gilbertfield do not neglect

When you have Leifure,

Which I'll embrace with great Respect

And perfect Pleasure.

⁺ Nigh Glasgow.

ANSWER I.

 $A \longrightarrow R \longrightarrow \text{to } W \longrightarrow H \longrightarrow$

Edinburgh, July 10th, 1719.

SONS fa me! witty, wanton WILLY,
Gin blyth I was na as a Filly;
Not a fow Pint, nor fhort hought Gilly,
Or Wine that's better,

Cou'd please sae meikle, my dear Billy,

As thy kind Letter.

Before a Lord and eek a Knight, In Goffy DO N's be Candle-light, There first I saw't, and ca'd it right;

And the maist feck

Wha's feen't finfyne, they ca'd as tight

As that on HECK.

Ha, heh! thought I, I canna fay
But I may cock my Nofe the Day,
When HAMILTON the bauld and gay,
Lends me a Heezy,

In Verse that slides sae smooth away,

Well tell'd and eafy.

Sae roos'd by ane of well kend Mettle, Nae sma did my Ambition pettle;

My canker'd Criticks it will nettle,

And e'en sae be't :

This Month I'm sure I winna settle,

Sae proud I'm wit.

When I begond first to cun Verse, And cou'd your † Ardry Whins rehearse, Where Bonny Heck ran fast and sierce,

It warm'd my Breast;

Then Emulation did me pierce,

Whilk since ne'er ceast.

May I be licket wi' a Bitle, Gin of your Numbers I think little; Ye're never rugget, shan, nor kittle,

But blyth and gabby,

And hit the Spirit to a Title,

Of Standart HABBY.

Ye'll quat your Quill! that were ill-willy, Ye's fing some mair yet, nill ye will ye; D'er meikle Haining wad but spill ye,

And gar ye Sour,

Then up and war them a' yet, WILLY,

'Tis in your Power.

The last Words of Bonny Heck, of which he was Author.

K 2

To knit up Dollers in a Clout,
And then to eard them round about,
Syne to tell up, they downa lout

To lift the Gear;

The Malison lights on that Rout,

Is plain and clear.

The Chiels of London, Cam and Ox, Hae rais'd up great Poetick Stocks Of Rapes, of Buckets, Starks and Locks,

While we neglect

To shaw their betters. This provokes

Me to reflect

On the lear'd Days of GAWN DUNKELL,
Our Country then a Tale cou'd tell,

Europe had nane mair fnack and fnell

At Verse or Prose;

Our KINGS were POETS too themsell,

Bauld and jocofe.

To Edinburgh, Sir, when e'er ye come, I'll wait upon ye, there's my Thumb, Were't frae the Gill-bells to the Drum,

And take a Bout,

And faith I hope we'll not fit dumb,

Nor yet cast out.

EPISTLE

BACEBACEBACEBACEBACEB

EPISTLE II.

W—— to A—— R——.

Gilbertfield, July 24th, 1719.

Dear RAMSAY,

HEN I receiv'd thy kind Epifile,

It made me dance, and fing, and whifile;

of fic a Fyke, and fic a Fifile

I had about it!

That e'er was Knight of the SCOTS Thisle
Sae fain, I doubted.

The bonny Lines therein thou fent me, How to the Nines they did content me; Tho', Sir, fae high to compliment me,

Ye might defer'd,

For had ye but haff well a kent me,

Some less wad ser'd.

With joyfou' Heart beyond Expression, They're safely now in my Possession: O gin I were a Winter-Session

Near by thy Lodging,

'd closs attend thy new Profession,

Without e'er budging.

In

In even down earnest, there's but few To vie with R A M S A T, dare avow In Verse; for to gi'e thee thy due,

And without fleetching,

Thon's better at that Trade, I trow,

Than Some's at preaching.

For my Part, till I'm better leart, To troke with thee I'd best forbear't; For an' the Fouk of Ednburgh hear't,

They'll ca' me daft,

I'm unco' irie and Dirt feart

I make wrang Waft.

Thy Verses nice as ever nicket, Made me as canty as a Cricket; I ergh to reply, less I slick it,

Syne like a Goof

I look, or ane whose Poutch is picket

As bare's my Looff.

Heh Winsom! How thy saft sweet Stile, And bonny auld Words gars me smile; Thou's travel'd sure mony a Mile

Wi' Charge and Coft,

To learn them thus keep Rank and File,

And ken their Post.

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For 1 maun tell thee, honest ALLIE,
I use the Freedom so to call thee,
I think them a' sae bra and walie,

And in sic Order,

I wad nae care to be thy Vallie,

Or, thy Recorder.

Has thou with Rofycrucians wandert?
Or thro' fome doncie Defart danert?
That with thy Magick, Town and Landart,
For ought I fee,

Maun a' come truckle to thy Standart

Of POETRIE.

Do not mistake me, dearest Heart, As if I charg'd thee with black Art; 'Tis thy good Genius still alart,

That does inspire

Thee with ilk Thing that's quick and smart,

To thy Desire.

E'en mony a bonny knacky Tale, Bra to set o'er a Pint of Ale: For Fifty Guineas I'il find Bail

Against a Bodle,

That I wad quat ilk Day a Male,

For Sic a Nodle.

And on Condition I was as gabby As either thee, or honest $HABB\Upsilon$, That I lin'd a' thy Claes wi' Tabby,

Or Velvet Plush,

And then thou'd be sae far frae shabby,

Thou'd look right Sprush.

What tho young empty airy Sparks May have their critical Remarks On thir my blyth diverting Warks;

'Tis Sma Presumption

To fay, they're but unlearned Clarks,

And wants the Gumption.

Let Coxcomb Criticks get a Tether To ty up a' their lang loofe Lether; If they and I chance to forgether,

The tane may rue it,

For an they winna had their Blether,

They's get a Flewet.

To learn them for to peep and pry In fecret Drolls 'twixt thee and I; Pray dip thy Pen in Wrath, and cry,

And ca' them Skellums,

I'm fure thou needs fet little by

To bide their Bellums. Adieu.

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POSTSCRIPT.

W I' Writing I'm fo bleirt and doited,
That when I raile, in Troth I stoited;
I thought I shou'd turn capernoited,
For wi' a Gird,

Upon my Bum I fairly cloited

On the cald Eard.

Which did oblige a little Dumple Upon my Doup, close by my Rumple : But had ye seen how I did trumple,

Te'd Split your Side,

Wi' mony a' lang and weary Wimple,

Like Troch of Clyde.

303030303030303030303*9030303030303030303030

ANSWER II.

A---- to W----- H-----

Edinburgh, August 4th, 1719.

DEAR HAM IL TO N ye'll turn me Dyver, My MUSE sae bonny ye descrive her; Ye blaw her sae, I'm sear'd ye rive her,

For wi' a Whid,

Gin ony higher up ye drive her,

She'll rin red-wood.

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Said I .- "Whisht, quoth the vougy Jade,

- " WILLIAM's a wife judicious Lad,
- " Has Havins mair than e'er ye had,

" Ill bred Bog-staker;

" But me ye ne'er sae crouse had craw'd,

" Te poor Scull-thacker.

- " It fets you well indeed to gadge!
- " E'er I t' A P P O L L O did ye cadge,
- " And got ye on his Honour's Badge,
 " Ungratefou Beaft,
- " A Glasgow Capon and a Fadge
 " Ye thought a Feast.
- " Swith to CASTALIUS Fountain Brink,
- " Dad down a Grouf, and take a Drink,
- " Syne whisk out Paper, Pen and Ink,

" And do my Bidding;

" Be thankfou, else l'se gar ye stink

" Yet on a Midding."

My Mistress dear, your Servant humble, Said I, I shou'd be laith to drumble Your Passions, or e'er gar ye grumble,

'Tis ne'er be me

Shall scandalize, or say ye bummil

Yer POETRIE.

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Frae what I've tell'd, my Friend may learn How fadly I ha'e been forfairn, I'd better been a yont Side Kairn.

-a-mount, I trow:

I've kis'd the Taz like a good Bairn,

Now, Sir to you.

Heal be your Heart, gay couthy Carle, Lang may ye help to toom a Barrel; Be thy Crown ay unclowr'd in Quarrel,

When thou inclines

To knoit thrawn gabbet Sumphs that fnarl

At our frank Lines.

Ilk good Chiel fays ye're well worth Gowd, And Blythness on ye's well bestow'd. 'Mang witty SCOTS ye'r Name's be row'd, Ne'er Fame to tine :

The crooked Clinkers shall be cow'd,

But ye Shall Shine,

Set out the burnt Side of your Shin, For Pride in PQETS is nae Sin, Glory's the Prize for which they rin,

And Fame's ther 70;

And wha blaws best, the Horn shall win,

And wharefore no.

Quisquis

Quisquis vocabit nos Vainglorious,

Shaw scanter Skill than malos mores,

Multi & magni Men before us

Did stump and swager,

Probatum est, exemplum Horace

Was a bauld Bragger.

Then let the Doofarts fash'd wi' Spleen,
Cast up the wrang Side of their Een,
Pegh, fry, and girn wi' Spite and Teen,

And fa a flyting,

Laugh, for the lively Lads will foreen

Us frae Backbiting.

If that the Gypfies dinna spung us,
And foreign Whiskers h'ae na dung us;
Gin I can snifter thro' Mundungus,

Wie Boots and Belt on,

I hope to fee you at St. Mungos

Atween and Beltan.





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EPISTLE III.

W ___ to A ___ R ____.

Gilbertfield August 24th, 1719.

CCEPT my third and last Essay
Of rural Rhyme, I humbly pray,
Bright RAMSAY, and altho it may

Seem doilt and donfie,

Yet thrice of all Things, I heard fay,

Was ay thought fonfie,

Wherefore I scarce cou'd fleep or slumber, Till I made up that happy Number, The Pleasure counterpois'd the Cumber,

In ev'ry Part,

And snoov't away like three Hand Omber, Sixpence a Cart.

Of thy last Poem, bearing Date August the Fourth, I grant Receipt; It was sae bra, gart me look blate,

'Maist tyne my Senses,

And look just like poor Country Kate,

In Lucky Spence's.

I shaw'd it to our Parish Priest,
Wha was as blyth as gi'm a Feast;
He says, "Thou may had up thy Creest,

" And craw fu' crouse,

" The Poets a' to thee's but Jeft,

" Not worth a Souce.

Thy blyth and cheerfu' merry Muse, Of Complements is sae profuse; For my good Haivens dis me roose

Sae very finely,

It were ill Breeding to refule

To thank her kindly.

What the fometimes in angry Mood, When the puts on her Barlickhood, Her Dialect feem rough and rude;

Let's ne'er be flee's,

But take our Bit, when it is good,

And Buffet wi't.

For gin we ettle anes to taunt her,

And dinna calmly thole her Banter,

She'll take the Flings; Verse may grow scanter,

Syne wi' great Shame

- ---- -- h ---

We'll rue the Day that we do want her,

Then wha's to blame?

But let us fill her Kindness culzie,
And wi' her never breed a Toulzie,
For we'll bring aff but little Spulzie
In sic a Barter:

And she'll be fair to gar us fulzie,

And cry for Quarter.

Sae little worth's my rhyming Ware,

My Pack I scarce dare apen mair,

Till I take better wi' the Lair,

My Pen's fae blunted;

And a' for Fear I file the Fair,

And be offronted.

The dull Draff-Drink makes me fae dowff,
A'I can do's but bark and yowff;
Yet fet me in a Claret Howff,

Wi' Fowk that's chancy,

My MUSE may len me then a Gowff

To clear my Fancy.

Then BACCHUS like I'd baul and blufter, And a' the MUSES 'bout me muster; Sae merrily I'd squeeze the Cluster,

And drink the Grape,

'Twad gi' my Verfe a brighter Lustre,

And better Shape.

The Pow'rs aboon be still auspicious

To thy Atchievments maist delicious,

Thy Poems sweet, and nae Way vicious,

But blyth and canny;

To fee, I'm anxious and ambitious,

Thy Miscellany.

A' Bleffings RAMSAY on the row,
Lang may thou live, and thrive, and dow,
Until thou claw an auld Man's Pow;

And, thro' thy Greed,

Be keeped frae the Wirricow,

After thou's dead. Amen.

ANSWER III.

1--- R---- to W---- H-----

Edinburgh, September 2d, 1719.

My Trusty TROJAN,

THY last ORATION orthodox,
Thy innocent auldfarran Jokes,
And sonsie Saw of Three, provokes

Me anes again,

Tod Lowrie like to loofe my Pocks,

And pump my Brain.

By a' your Letters I ha'e red, I eithly scan the Man well bred, And Sodger wha for Honour's Bed

Has ventur'd bauld;

Wha now to Youngsters leaves the Yed

To 'tend his Fald.

That Bang'ster Billy CESAR FULT, Wha at Pharfalia wan the Tooly, Had better sped, had he mair hooly

Scamper'd thro' Life,

And 'midst his Glories sheath'd his Gooly,

And kis'd his Wife,

Had he like you, as well he cou'd,

Upon Burn Banks the MUSES woo'd, Retir'd betimes frae 'mang the Crowd,

Wha'd been aboon him?

The Senate's Durks, and Faction loud,

Had ne'er undone him?

Yet fometimes leave the Rigs and Bog, Your Howms, and Braes, and shady Scrog, And helm-a-lee the Claret cog,

To clear your Wit;

Be blyth; and let the Warld e'en shog,

As it thinks fit.

Ne'er fash about your niest Year's State,
Nor with superior Powers debate,
Nor Cantrapes cast to ken your Fate;

There's Ills anew

To cram our Days, which foon grow late,

Let's live just now.

When Northern Blasts the Oceans sourl,
And gars the Heights and Hows look gurl,
Then Left about the Eumper whirl,

And toom the Horn,

Grip fast the Hours which hasty hurl,

The Morn's the Morn.

Thus to LEUCONOE fang sweet FLACCUS,

Wha nane e'er thought a Gillygacus,
And why should we let Whimsies bauk us,

When Joy's in Seafon,

And thole fae aft the Spleen to whauk us

Out of our Reason.

Tho I were Laird of Tenscore Acres,

Noding to Jouks of Hallenshakers,

Yet crush'd wi' Humdrums, which the Weaker's

Contentment ruines,

I'd rather rooft wi' Caufey-Rakers,

And Sup cauld Sowens.

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I think, my Friend, an Fowk can get

A Doll of rost Beef pypin het,

And wi'red Wine their Wyson wet,

And Gleathing clean,

And be nae fick or drown'd in Debt,

They're no to mean.

I red this Verfe to my ain Kimmer, Wha kens I like a Leg of Gimmer, Or fic and fic good Belly Timmer;

Quoth she, and leugh,

6 Sicker of thae Winter and Simmer,

" Ye're well enough.

My hearty Goss, there is nae help,
But Hand to Nive we twa maun scelp
Up Rhine and Thames, and o'er the Alppines and Pyrenians,

The chearfou Carles do sae yelp

To ha'e us their Minions.

Thy raffan rural Rhyme fa rare, Sic wordy, wanton, hand-wal'd Ware, Sae gafh, and gay, gars Fowk gae gare,

To have them by them,

Tho gaffin they wi' Sides fae fair,

Cry, __ " Wae gae by him!

[164]

Fair fa that Sodger did invent

To ease the POETS Toil wi' Print;

Now, WILLIAM wi' maun to the Bent,

And pouse our Fortune,

And crack wi' Lads wha're well content

Wi' this our Sporting.

Gin ony fowr mou'd girning Bucky
Ca' me conceity keckling Chucky,
That we like Nags, whase Necks are yucky,

Ha'e us'd our Teeth:

I'll answer fine, -- " Gae kiss ye'r Lucky " She dwelle i' Leith.

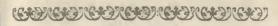
I ne'er wi' lang Tales fash my Head, But when I speak, I speak indeed: Wha ca's me droll, but ony Feed,

I'll own I am fae,

And while my Champers can chew Bread,

Yours - ALLAN RAMSAY.





AN

EPISTLE

TO

ON

The receiving the Compliment of a Barrel of Loch fyne HERRINGS from him, 19th December, 1719.

YOur Herrings, Sir, came hale and feer,
In healfome Brine a' foumin,
Fu' fat they are, and gusty Gear
As e'er I laid my Thumb on:
Bra' fappy Fish

As ane cou'd wish

To clap on Fadge or Scon:

They relish fine Good Claret Wine,

That gars our Cares stand yon.

Right mony Gabs wi' them shall gang About Audd Reeky's Ingle,

When kedgy Carles think nae lang, Where Stowps and Trunchers gingle;

L 3

Then

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Then my Friend leal We toss ye'r Heal,

And with bald Brag advance,

What's hoorded in

Loch's Broom and Fyne

Might ding the Stocks of France.

A Jelly Sum to carry on
A FISHERY's defign'd,

Twa Millions good of Sterling Pounds

By Men of Money's fign'd.

Had ye but feen

How unco' keen

And thrang they were about it,

That we are bald,

Right rich and ald-

Farran ye ne'er wad doubted.

Now, now I hope we'll ding the Dutch
As fine as a round Robin,

Gin Greediness to grow soon rich.

Invites not to Stock jobbing:

That poor boss Shade Of finking Trade,

And Weather-Glass politick,

Which heaves and fets,

As Publick gets

A Heezy, or a wee Kick.

Fy, fy! But yet I hope 'tis daft To fear that Trick come hither; Na, we're aboon that dirty Craft Of biting ane anither.

The Subject rich
Will gi' a Hitch
T' increase the Publick Gear,
When on our Seas,
Like bify Bees,
Ten thousand Fishers steer.

Could we catch the united Sholes
That crowd the Western Ocean,
The Indias wad prove hungry Holes,
Compar'd to this our Goshen:
Then let's to wark
With Net and Eark,
Them fish and faithfu' cure up;
Gin sae we join,
We'll cleek in Coin
Frae a' the Ports of Europe,

Thanks t'ye Captain for this Swatch
Of our Store, and your Favour;
Gin I be spar'd, your Love to match
Shall still be my Endeavour.

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Next unto you,

My Service due,

Please gi'e to Matthew Gumin,

Wha with fair Heart Has play'd his Part,

And fent them true and trim in.

SIR,

Yours, &c.

A. R.



PATIE



PATIE and ROGER:

A

PASTORAL

Inscrib'd to

JOSIAH BURCHET, Esq;

Secretary of the Admiralty.

HE nipping Frosts, and driving Sna',
Are o'er the Hills and far awa;
Bauld Boreas sleeps, the Zephyres blaw,

And ilka Thing Sae dainty, youthfou, gay and bra',

Invites to fing.

Then let's begin by Creek of Day, Kind M U S E, skiff to the Bent away, To try anes mair the Landart Lay,

With a' thy Speed,

Since BURCHET awns that thou can play Upon the Reed,

Anes,

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Anes, anes again, beneath some Tree, Exert thy Skill and natiral Glee, To him wha has sae courteously,

To weaker Sight,

Set these rude Sonnets sing by me

In truest Light.

In trueft Light may a' that's fine In his fair Character still shine, Sma' need he has of Sangs like mine,

To beet his Name;

For frae the North to Southren Line,

Wide gangs his Fame.

His Fame, which ever shall abide, While Hist ries tell of Tyrants Pride, Wha vainly strave upon the Tide,

T' invade these Lands,

Where Briton's Royal Fleet doth ride,

Which still commands.

These doughty Actions frae his Pen, Our Age, and these to come, shall ken, How stubborn Navies did contend

Upon the Waves,

How free born Britons faught like Men,

Their Faes like Slaves.

1717

Sae far inscribing, Sir, to you This Country Sang, my Fancy flew, Keen your just Merit to pursue;

But ah! I fear,

In giving Praises that are due,

I grate your Ear.

Yet tent a P O E T's zealous Pray'r; May Powers aboon with kindly Care, Grant you a lang and mikle Skair Of a' that's good,

Till unto langest Life and mair, You've healthfou flood.

May never Cares your Bleffing fowr, And may the MUSESilka Hour Improve your Mind, and haunt your Bower, I'm but a Callan :

Yet may I please ye while I'm your Devouted A L L A N.





PATIE and ROGER.

BENEATH the South-fide of a Craigy Beild,
Where a clear Spring did healfome Water yeild,
Twa youthfou Shepherds on the Gowans lay,
Tenting their Flocks ae bonny Morn of May.
Poor ROGER grain'd till hollow Echoes rang,
While merry PATIE humm'd himfell a Sang.
Then turning to his Friend in blythfome Mood,
Quoth he, How does this Sun-fhine clear my Blood?
How hartfome is't to fee the rifing Plants?
To hear the Burds chirm o'er their Morning Rants?
How tofie is't to fnuff the cauller Air,
And a' the Sweets it bears, when void of Care?
What ails thee, ROGER, then? What gars the grane?
Tell me the Caufe of thy ill feafon'd Pain.

ROGER.

I'm born, O P A T I E, to a thrawart Fate!

I'm born to strive with Hardships dire and great;

Tempess may cease to jaw the rowan Flood,

Corbies and Tods to grein for Lambkins Blood:

But I-oppress with never ending Grief,

Maun ay despair of lighting on Relief.

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PATIE.

The Bees shall loath the Flower and quate the Hive, The Saughs on Boggie Ground shall cease to thrive, E'er scornsou Queans, or Loss of warldly Gear, Shall spill my Rest, or ever force a Tear.

ROGER.

Sae might I fay, but its no eafy done

By ane wha's Saul is fadly out o' Tune:

You have fae faft a Voice and flid a Tongue,

You are the Darling of baith auld and young:

If I but ettle at a Sang, or speak,

They dit their Lugs, syn up their Leglens cleek,

And jeer me hameward frae the Loan or Bought,

While I'm confus'd with mony a vexing Thought:

Yet I am tall, and as well shap'd as thee,

Nor mair unlikly to a Lasse's Eye:

For ilka Sheep ye have, I'll number ten,

And shou'd, as ane might think, come farrer ben.

PATIE.

But ablins, Nibour, ye have not a Heart, Nor downa eithly wi' your Cunzie part: If that be true, what fignifies your Gear? A Mind that's forimpit never wants some Care.

ROGER.

My Byar tumbled, Nine braw Nowt were imoord, Three Elf-shot were, yet I these Ills endur'd.

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In Winter last my Cares were very sma, Tho Scores of Wathers perish'd in the Sna.

PATIE.

Were your bein Rooms as thinly flock'd as mine,
Less you wad loss, and less you wad repine:
He wha has just enough, can foundly fleep,
The O'ercome only fashes Fowk to keep.

ROGER.

May Plenty flow upon thee for a Cross,
That thou may'ft thole the Pangs of frequent Loss;
O may'ft thou dote on some fair paughty Wench,
Wha ne'er will lout thy lowan Drouth to quench,
Till, birs'd beneath the Burden, thou cry Dool,
And awn that ane may fret that is nae Fool.

PATIE.

Sax good fat Lambs I fald them ilka Clute, At the West-Port, and bought a winsom Flute, Of Plumb-tree made, with Ivry Virles round, A dainty Whistle wi' a pleasant Sound; I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry Dool, Then you wi' a' your Gear, ye dowie Fool.

ROGER.

Na PATIE, na! I'm nae fic churlish Beast, Some ither Things ly heavier at my Preast, I dream'd a dreery Dream this hinder Night, That gars my Flesh a' creep yet wi' the Fright.

PATIE.

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PATIE.

Now to your Friend how filly's this Pretence,
To ane wha you and a' your Secrets kens:
Daft are your Dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your well-feen Love, and dorty JENNY's Pride:
Take Courage, ROGER, me your Sorrows tell,
And fafely think nane kens them but your fell.

ROGER.

O PATIE, ye have guest indeed o'er true,
And there is nathing I'll keep up frae you:
Me dorty JENNY looks upon asquint,
To speak but till her I dare hardly mint;
In ilka Place she jeers she air and late,
And gars me look bumbas'd and unco blate.
But Yesterday I met her yont a Know,
She sled as frae a Shellycoat or Kow;
She BAULDY loo's, BAULDY that drives the Car,
But gecks at me, and says I smell o' Tar.

PATIE.

But BAULDY loo's nae her, right well I wat,

He fighs for NEPS; —— fae that may fland for that.

ROGER.

I wish I cou'd na loo her, —— but in vain,
I still maun dote, and thole her proud Disdain.
My Bauty is a Cur I dearly like,
Till he youl'd fair she strake the poor dumb Tyke;

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If I had fill'd a Nook within her Breaft,
She wad hae shawn mair Kindness to my Beaft.
When I begin to tune my Stock and Horn,
With a' her Face she shaws a cauldrife Scorn.
Last Time I play'd, ye never saw sic Spite,
O'er Bogie was the Spring, and her Delyte,
Yet tauntingly she at her Nibour speer'd,
Gin she cou'd tell what Tune I play'd, and sneer'd.
Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
I'll break my Reed, and never whistle mair.

PATIE.

E'en do fae, ROGER, wha can help Mifluck, Saebeins she be sic a thrawngabet Chuck; Yonder's a Craig, since ye have tint a' Hope, Gae till't ye'r ways, and take the Lover's Loup.

ROGER.

I need na make fic Speed my Blood to spill, I'll warrand Death come soon enough a will.

PATIE.

Dast Gouk! Leave aff that filly whindging Way, Seem careless, there's my Hand ye'll win the Day.

Last Morning I was unco' airly out,

Upon a Dyke I lean'd and glowr'd about;

I saw my MEG come linkan o'er the Lee,

I saw my MEG, but MAGGIE saw name:

For yet the Sun was wading throw the Mist,

And she was closs upon me e'er she wist.

Her Coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw Her straight bare Legs, which whiter were than Snaw : Her Cockernony snooded up fou sleek, Her hafet Locks hung waving on her Cheek: Her Cheek sae ruddy! and her Een sae clear! And O! her Mouth's like ony hinny Pear. Neat, neat she was, in Bustine Wastecoat clean, As the came skiffing o'er the dewy Green: Blythsome I cry'd, My bonny M E G, come here, I ferly wherefore ye're sae soon a steer : But now I guess ye're gawn to gather Dew. She scour'd awa, and said, What's that to you? Then fare ye well, Meg-dorts, and e'ens ye like, I careless cry'd, and lap in o'er the Dyke. I trow, when that she saw, within a Crack With a right thievless Errand she came back, Miscau'd me first, ---- then bade me hound my Dog To weer up three waff Ews were on the Bog. I leugh, and sae did she, then wi' great Haste I clasp'd my Arms about her Neck and Waste; About her yielding Waste, and took a Fouth, Of sweetest Kisses frae her glowan Mouth: While hard and fast I held her in my Grips, My very Saul came louping to my Lips. Sair, fair she flete wi' me 'tween ilka Smack, But well I kend she mean'd na as she spake.

Dear ROGER, when your Jo puts on her Gloom, Do ye fae too, and never fash ye'r Thumb; Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her Mood; Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

ROGER.

PATIE.

Well hadd ye there,—and fince ye've frankly made
A Present to me of your bra new Plaid,
My Flute's be yours, and she too that's sae nice,
Shall come a Will, if you'll take my Advice:

ROGER.

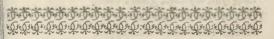
As ye advife I'll promife to observ't,
But you maun keep the Flute, ye best deserv't;
Now take it out and gi'es a bonny Spring,
For I'm in tift to hear you play or sing.

PATIE.

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PATIE.

But first we'll take a Turn up to the Hight,
And see gin a' our Flocks be feeding Right:
Be that Time Bannocks and a Shave of Cheese
Will make a Breakfast that a Laird might please;
Might please our Laird, gin he were but sae wise
To season Meat wi' Health instead of Spice:
When we ha'e ta'en the Grace-Drink at this Well,
I'll whistle fine, and sing t'ye like my sell.



EDINBURGH'S SALUTATION

To the Most Honourable

My Lord Marquis of Carnarvon.

ELCOME, my Lord, Heav'n be your Guide,
And furder your Intention
To whate'er Place you fail or ride

To brighten your Invention.

The Book of Mankind lang and wide
Is well worth your Attention:

Wherefore, pleafe fometime here abide,

And measure the Dimension

Of Minds right flout, M 2 O that ilk worthy British Peer
Wad follow your Example,
My auld Gray Head I yet wad rear,
And spread my Skirts mair ample.
Shou'd London poutch up a the Gear?
She might spare me a Sample:
In truth his Highness shou'd live here;
For without Oyl our Lamp will
Gang blinkan out.

Lang fyne, my Lord, I had a Court,
And Nobles fill'd my Cawfy;
But fince I have been Fortune's Sport
I look nae haff fae gawfy.
Yet here brave Gentlemen refort,
And mony a handsome Laffy;
Now that you're lodg'd within my Port,
Fou well I wat they'll a' fay,
Welcome, my Lord.

For you my best Cheer I'll produce,
I'll no make muckle vaunting;
But rowth for Pleasure and for Use,
Whatever you be wanting,
You's have at Will to chap and chuse,
For sew Things I am scant in:
The Wale of well-set Ruby Juice,
When you like to be rantin,

I can afford.

Than I, nor Paris, nor Madrid,
Nor Rome, I trew's mair able
To busk you up a better Bed,
Or trim a tighter Table.
My Sons are honourably bred,
To Truth and Friendship stable:
What my detracting Faes have said,
You'll find a feigned Fable,

At the first Sight.

May Classic Lear and Letters Belle,
And Traveling conspire,
Ilk unjust Notion to repell,
And God-like Thoughts inspire;
That in ilk Action wise and snell
You may shaw manly Fire:
Sae the fair Picture of himsell,
Will give his Grace your Sire

Immense Delight.

Edinb. 17th May, 1720.





WEALTH,

OR

The Woody.

Illi robur & as triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui fragelem truci.
Commissi telago ratem
Primus,

HOR

Daring and unco' flout he was,
With Heart hool'd in three Sloughs of Brass,
Wha ventur'd first upon the Sea
With Hempen Branks, and Horse of Tree.

Halia, ever welcome to this Isle,

Descend, and glad the Nation with a Smile;

See frae yon Bank where South-Sea ebbs and flows,
How Sand-blind Charce Woodies and Wealth bestows:

Aided by thee I'll fail the wondrous Deep,
And throw the crouded Alleys cautious creep.

Not easy Task to plough the swelling Wave,
Or in Stock-jobbing press my Guts to save:

But naething can our wilder Passions tame,
Wha wax for Riches or immortal Fame.

Long had the Grumblers us'd this murm'ring Sound,

Poor Britain in her publick Debt is drown'd!

At fifty Millions late we flarted a',

And wow we wonder'd how the Debt wad fa';

But fonfy Sauls wha first contriv'd the Way,

With Project deep our Charges to defray;

O'er and aboon it Heaps of Treasure brings,

That Fouk be guess become as rich as Kings.

Lang Heads they were that first laid down the Plan,

Into the which the round anes headlang ran,

Till overstockt they quat the Sea, and fain wa'd be at

Land.

Thus when braid Flakes of Snaw have clad the Green,
Aften I have young sportive Gilpies seen
The waxing Ea' with meikle Pleasure row,
Till past their Pith, it did unwieldy grow.

'Tis strange to think what Changes may appear Within the narrow Circle of a Year; How can ae Project, if it be well laid, Supply the simple Want of trisling Trade! Saxty lang Years a Man may rack his Brain, Hunt after Gear baith Night and Day wi' Pain, And die at last in Debt instead of Gain. But O South-Sea! What mortal Mind can run Throu' a' the Miracles that thou hast done? Nor scrimply thou thy sell to Bounds confines, But like the Sun on ilka Party shines,

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To Poor and Rich, the Fools as well as Wife, With Hand impartial firetches out the Prize.

Like Nilus swelling frae his unkend Head,
Frae Bank to Brae o'erflows ilk Rig and Mead,
Instilling lib'ral Store of genial Sap,
Whence Sun-burn'd Gypsies reap a plenteous Crap:
Thus flows our Sea, but with this Diff'rence wide,
But anes a Year their River heaves his Tide;
Our's, ast ilk Day, t'enrich the Common-weal,
Bangs o'er its Banks, and dings Egyptian Nile.

Ye Rich and Wife, we own Success your Due;
But your Reverse their Luck with Wonder view,
How without Thought these dawted Petts of Fate
Have jobb'd themsells unto sae high a State,
By pure Instink sae leal the Mark have hit,
Without the Use of either Fear or Wit.
And ithers wha last Year their Garrets kept,
Where Duns in Vision fash'd them while they slept,
Wha only durst in Twilight, or the Dark,
Steal to a common Cook's with hasf a Mark,
A' their hale Stock.—— Now by a canny Gale,
In the o'erssowing Ocean spread their Sail,
While they in gilded Galleys cut the Tide,
Look down on Fisher-Boats wi' meikle Pride.

Mean time the Thinkers wha are out of Play, For their ain Comfort kenna what to fay; That the Foundation's loose, sain wad they shaw,
And think na but the Fabrick soon will sa':
That's a' but Sham — for inwardly they fry,
Vext that their Fingers were na in the Pye.
Faint-hearted Wights, wha dully shood asar,
Tholing your Reason great Attempts to mar,
While the brave Dauntless, of sic Fetters free,
Jumpt headlong glorious in the golden Sea:
Where now like gods they rule each wealthy Jaw,
While you may thump your Pows against the Wa'.

On Summers E'en the Welking calm and fair, When little Midges frisk in lazy Air, Have you not feen thro' ither how they ree!, And Time about how up and down they wheel? Thus Eddies of Stockjobbers drive about; Upmost to Day, the Morn their Pipe's put out, With penfive Face, when e'er the Market's hy, Menutius crys, Ah! What a Gowk was I! Some Friend of his wha wifely feems to ken Events of Causes mair than ither Men, Push for your Interest yet, Nae fear, he crys, For South-Sea will to twice ten hunder rife. Waes me for him that fells paternal Land, And buys when Shares the highest Sums demand He ne'er shall taste the Sweets of rising Stock, Which faws neift Day: Nae Help fort, he is broke.

Dear Sea, be tenty how thou flows at Shams Of Hogland Gad'rens in their froggy Dams, Lest in their muddy Bogs thou chance to fink, Where thou may'st stagnate, syne of Course maun slink.

This I forfee, (and Time shall prove I'm right;
For he's nae Poet wants the second Sight,)
When Autumn's S.ores are ruck'd up in the Yard,
And Sleet and Snaw dreeps down cauld Winter's Beard;
When bleak November Winds make Forests bare,
And with splenetick Vapours fill the Air:
Then, then in Gardens, Parks, or silent Glen,
When Trees bear naithing else, they Il carry Men,
Wha shall like paughty Romans greatly swing
Aboon Earth's Disappointments in a String,
Sae ends the towning Saul that downa see

A Man move in a higher Sphere than he.

Happy that Man wha has thrawn up a Main, Which makes some hundred thousands a his ain, And comes to anchor on sae firm a Rock, Britannia's Credit and the South-Sea Stock.

Ilk blythsome Pleasure waits upon his Nod, And his Dependents eye him as a God.

Closs may he bend Champain frace E en to Morn, And look on Cells of Tippony with Scorn.

Thrice lucky Pimps, or snug sac'd wanton Fair, That can in a' his Wealth and Pleasures skair.

Like Jove he sits, like Jove high Heaven's Goodman, While the inferior Gods about him stand,

Till he permits, with condescending Grace,
That ilka ane in Order take their Place.
Thus with attentive Look mensfu' they fit,
Till he spake first, and shaw some shining Wit;
Syne circling Wheels the flattering Gaffaw,
As well they may; he gars their Beards wag a'.
Imperial Gowd, What is't thou canna grant?
Posses of thee, What is't a Man needs want?
Commanding Coin, there's nathing hard to thee,
I canna guess how rich Fowk come to die.

Unhappy Wretch, link'd to the threed bare Nine, The dazling Equipage can ne'er be thine.

Deflin'd to toil thro' Labyrinthsof Verfe,

Dar'ft speak of great Stock-jobbing as a Farce:

Poor thoughtless Mortal, vain of airy Dreams,

Thy flying Horse, and bright Apollo's Beams,

And Helicon's wersh Well thou ca's Divine,

Are nathing like a Mistress, Coach and Wine.

Wad fome good Patron (whafe fuperior Skill, Can make the South-Sea ebb and flow at Will) put in a Stock for me, I own it fair, In Epick Strain I'd pay him to a Hair, Immortalize him, and whate'er he loves, In flowing Numbers I shall fing, approves: If not, Fox like, I'll thraw my Gab and Gloom, And ca' your hundred thousand a four Plum.

Edinb. June 1720.



The Prospect of Plenty:

A

POEM.

ONTHE

NORTH SEA.

Dedicated to the ROTAL BURROWS of SCOTLAND. Edinburgh, 18 Oct. 1720.

Βαιῷ δὲ πόιω μέγα κέρδος όπηδει.

Opțian. Alieutic. Lib. III.



HALIA anes again in blythsome Lays, In Lays immortal chant the NORTH SEA's Praise.

Tent how the CALEDONIANS language

Begin, mair wise, to open baith their Een.

And,

And, as they ought, t'imploy that Store which Heav'n
In fic Abundance to their Hands has given.
Sae heedless Heir born to a Lairdship wide,
That yields mair Plenty than he kens to guide;
Not well acquainted with his ain good Luck,
Lets ilka sneaking Fellow take a Pluck;
Till at the Langrun, wi'a Heart right fair,
He sees the Bites grow bein, as he grows bare:
Then wak'ning, looks about with glegger Glour,
And learns to thrive, wha ne'er thought on't before.

Nae Nation in the Warld can parallel The plenteous Product of this happy Isle: But Past'ral Heights, and sweet prolifick Plains, That can at Will command the fafteff Strains. Stand yout; for Amphitrite claims our Sang, Wha round fair Thule drives her finny Thrang, O'er Shaws of Corral, and the Pearly Sands, To SCOTIA's smoothest Lochs and Christal Strands. There keeps the Tyrant Pike his awfu' Court, Here Trouts and Salmond in clear Channels Sport. Wae to that Hand that dares by Day or Night Defile the Stream, where sporting Frys delight. But Herrings, lovely Fish, like best to play In rowan Ocean or the open Bay: In Crouds amazing thro' the Waves they Shine, Millions on Millions form ilk equal Line:

Nor dares the imperial Whale, unless by Stealth, Attack their firm united Common-wealth.

But Artsu' Nets, and Fishers wylie Skill,
Can bring the scaly Nations to their Will.

When these retire to Caverns of the Deep,
Or in their oozy Beds thro' Winter sleep,
Then shall the tempting Bait, and stented String,
Beguile the Cod, the Sea Cat, Tusk and Ling.
Thus may our F I S H E R Y throu' a' the Year
Be still imploy'd, t' increase the publick Gear.

Delytsou' Labour, where the industrious gains Profit furmounting ten Times a' his Pains.

Nae Pleasure like Success, then Lads sland be, Ye'll find it endless in the Northern Sea.

O'er lang with empty Brag we have been vain Of toom Dominion on the plenteous Main, While others ran away with a' the Gain.

Thus proud Iberia vaunts of sov'reign Sway O'er Countries rich, frae rise to set of Day: She grasps the Shadow, but the Substance tines, While a' the rest of Europe milk her Mines.

But dawns the Day fets Britain on her Feet, Lang look'd for's come at last, and welcome be't: For numerous Fleets shall hem Æbudan Rocks, Commanding Seas, with Routh to raise our Stocks. Nor can this be a toom Chimera found,
The Fabrick's bigget on the furest Ground.
Sma is our need to toil on foreign Shores,
When we have baith the Indias at our Doors.
Yet for Diversion laden Vessels may
To far aff Nations cut the liquid Way,
And fraught frae ilka Port what's nice or braw,
While for their Tristes we maintain them a'.
Goths, Vandals, Gauls, Hesperians and the Mores,
Shall a' be treated frae our happy Shores:
The rantin Germans, Russians, and the Poles,
Shall feast with Pleasure on our gusty Sholes:
For which deep in their Treasures we shall dive;
Thus by fair Trading North Sea Stock shall thrive.

Sae far the bonny Prospect gave Delight,
The warm Ideas gart the MUSE take Flight:
When straight a Grumbletonian appears,
Peghing sou sair beneath a Lade of Fears;

- " Wow that's braw News, quoth he, to make Fools fain,
- "But gin ye be nae Warlock, How d'ye ken?
- " Dis Tam the Rhimer spae oughtlins of this?
- " Or do ye prophecy just as ye wish?
- " Will Projects thrive in this abandon'd Place?
- " Unsonly we had ne'er sae meikle Grace.
- " I fear, I fear, your touring Aim fa' short,
- " Alake we winn o'er far frae King and Court!

"The Southrens will with Pith your Project bawk,

"They'll never thole this great Defign to tak.

Thus do the dubious ever countermine, With Party wrangle ilka fair Design. How can a Saul that has the Use of Thought, Be to fic little creeping Fancies brought? Will Britain's King or Parliament gainfland The universal Profit of the Land? Now when nae sep'rate Interest eags to Strife, The antient Nation's join'd like Man and Wife, Maun fludy closs for Peace and Thriving's fake, Aff a' the wiffen'd Leaves of Spite to shake : Let's weave and fish to ane anither's Hands, And never mind wha ferves or wha commands; But baith alike confult the Common-weal, Happy that Moment Friendship makes us leal To Truth and Right ___ Then springs a shining Day, Shall Clouds of sma Mistakes drive fast away. Mistakes and private Int'rest hence be gane, Mind what ye did on dire Pharfalia's Plain, Where doughty Romans were by Romans flain.

A meaner Phantom niest with meikle Dread,

Attacks with senseless Fears the weaker Head.

"The Dittch, say they, will strive your Plot to stap,

"They'll toom their Banks before you reap their Crap;

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- " Lang have they ply'd that Trade like bify Bees,
- " And fuck't the Profit of the Pickland Seas:
- " Thence Riches fish'd mair by themsells confest,
- "Than e'er they made by India's East and West,

O mighty fine and greatly was it spoke!

Maun bauld Britannia bear Batavia's Yoke?

May she not open her ain Pantry-door,

For Fear the paughty State shou'd gi'e a Roar?

Dare she nane of her Herrings sell or prive,

Afore she say, Dear Hossand, wi ye'r leave?

Curse on the Wight wha tholes a Thought sae tame,

He merits not the manly Britain's Name.

Grant they'r good Allies, yet its hardly wise

To buy their Friendship at sae high a Price.

But frae that Airth we needna fear great Skaith,

These People, right auldsaran, will be laith

To thwart a Nation, wha with Ease can draw

Up ilka Sluce they have, and drown them a'.

Ah flothfu Pride! a Kingdom's greatest Curse

How dows looks Gentry with an empty Purse?

How worthless is a poor and haughty Drone,

What thowless stands a lazy Looker on?

While active Sauls a stagnant Lise despile,

Still ravish't with new Pleasures as they rise.

O'er lang in troth have we By standers been,

And loot Fowk lick the Whyte out of our Een:

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Nor can we wyt them, fince they had our Vote, But now they'se get the Wistle of their Groat.

Here did the M U S E intend a while to rest,
Till hame o'er spitesou Din her Lugs opprest;
Anither Sett of the envysou kind
(With narrow Notions horridly confin'd)
Wag their boss Nodles; syn with filly Spite
Land ilka worthy Project in a Bite.
They force with aukward Girn their Ridicule,
And ca ilk ane concerned a simple Fool,
Excepting some, wha a' the lave will nick,
And gie them nought but bare Whop-shafts to lick.

Malicious Envy! Root of a' Debates,
The Plague of Government and Bane of States;
The Nurse of positive destructive Strife,
Fair Friendship's Fae, which sowrs the Sweets of Life;
Promoter of Sedition and base Fead,
Still overjoy'd to see a Nation bleed.
Stap, stap my L A SS, forgetna where ye'r gawn,
If ye rin on, Heav'n kens where ye may land;
Turn to your Fishers Sang, and let Fowk ken
The NORTH SE A Skippers are leal hearted Men,
Vers'd in the critick Seasons of the Year,
When to ilk Bay the Fishing-bush shou'd steer;
There to hawl up with Joy the plenteous Fry,
Which on the Decks in shining Heaps shall ly,

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Till carefou Hands, even while they've vital Heat,
Shall be employ'd to fave their Juices sweet:
Strick Tent they'll tak to flow them wi' firang Brine,
In Barrels tight, that shall nae Liquor tine;
Then in the foreign Markets we shall stand
With upright Front, and the first Sale demand.
This, this our faithfou TR USTEES have in View,
And honourably will the Task pursue;
Nor are they bigging Castles in a Cloud,
Their Ships already into Action scud.

Now dear ill-natur'd Billies say nae mair,
But leave the Matter to their prudent Care;
They'r Men of Candor, and right well they wate
That Truth and Honesty hads lang the Gate:
Shouder to Shouder let's stand firm and stout,
And there's nae sear but we'll soon make it out;
We've Reason, Law and Nature on our Side,
And have nae Bars but Party, Slowth and Pride.

When a's in Order, as it foon will be,
And Fleets of Bushes fill the NORTHRENSEA,
What hopefou' Images with Joy arise,
In Order rang'd before the Muse's Eyes;
A Wood of Mass,—well man'd,—their jovial Din,—
Like eydent Bees gawn out and coming in.
Here haff a Nation, healthsou, wise and stark,
With Spirits, only tint for want of Wark,

Shall now find Place their Genius to exert, While in the Common-good they act their Part. These fit for Servitude shall bear a Hand. And these find Government form'd for Command. Besides, this as a Nursery shall breed Stout skill'd Marines, when Britain's Navies need. Pleas'd with their Labour, when their Task is done, They'll leave green Thetis to imbrace the Sun: Then freshest Fish shall on the Brander bleez, And lend the bify Browster-Wife a Heez: While healthfou Hearts shall own their honest Flame, With reaming Quaff, and whomelt to her Name; Whase active Motion to his Heart did reach, As the the Cods was turning on the Beech. Curs'd Poortith, Love and Hymen's deadly Fac. (That gars young Fouk in Prime cry aft, Oh hey, 'And fingle live, till Age and Runkles shaw Their canker'd Spirit's good for nought at a';) Now flit your Camp, far frae our Confines scour, Our Lads and Laffes foon shall slight your Power; For Rowth shall cherish Love, and Love shall bring Mae Men t'improve the Soil and serve the King. Thus universal Plenty shall produce Strength to the State, and Arts for Joy and Use.

O PLENTY, thou Delyt of great and sina, Thou nervous Sinnon of baith War and Law:

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The Statesiman's Drift, Spur to the Artist's Skill:
Nor does the very Flamens like the ill.
The shabby Poet hate thee! That's a Lie,
Or else they are na of a Mind wi' me.

PLENTY shall cultivate ilk Scawp and Moor,
Now Lee and bair, because the Landlord's poor.
On scroggy Braes shall Aiks and Ashes grow,
And bonny Gardens clead the Brecken How.
Does others backward dam the raging Main,
Raising on barren Sands a flowry Plain?
By us then shou'd the Thought o't be endur'd,
To let braid Tracts of Land ly unmanur'd?
Uncultivate nae mair they shall appear,
But shine with a' the Beauties of the Year;
Which start with Ease frae the obedient Soil,
And ten Times o'er reward a little Toil.

Alang wild Shores, where tumbling Billows break, Plenisht with nought but Shells and Tangle Wreck, Braw Towns shall rife, with Steeples mony a ane, And Houses bigget a with Estler Stane. Where Schools polite shall lib'ral Arts display, And make auld barb'rous Darkness fly away.

Now Nereus rifing frae his watery Bed, The pearly Draps hap down his lyart Head; Oceanus with Pleasure hears him sing, Tritons and Nereids form a jovial Ring; And dancing on the Deep, Attention draw, While a' the Winds in Love, but fighing, blaw. The Sea-born Prophet fang in sweetest Strain,

- " Britains be blyth, fair Queen of Isles be fain;
- 66 A richer People never faw the Sun,
- 6. Gang tightly throw what fairly you've begun ;
- " Spread a' your Sails and Streamers in the Wind,
- 66 For ilka Power in Sea and Air's your Friend;
- " Great Neptune's unexhausted Bank has Store
- "Of endless Wealth, will gar yours a' run o'er.

 He sang sae loud, round Rocks the Ecchoes slew,
 'Tis true, he said, they a' return'd, 'Tis true,



Spoken to Mrs. N.

A POEM wrote without a Thought,

By Notes may to a SONG be brought,

Tho' Wit be scarce, low the Design,

And Numbers lame in every Line:

But when sair CHIRSTT this shall sing

In Confort with the trembling String,

O then the POET's often prais'd,

For Charms so sweet a Voice hath rais'd.



MARY SCOT.

I.

O W fweet's the Love which meets Return, When in foft Flames Souls equal burn; But Words are wanting to discover The Torment of a hopeless Lover.

Ye Registers of Heav'n relate,

If looking o'er the Rolls of Fate,

Did you there see me mark'd as Marrow

To MARYSGOT the Flower of Yarrow.

II.

Ah no! her Form's too heavenly fair, Her Love the Gods above must share, While Mortals with Despair explore her, And at a Distance due adore her.

O lovely Maid, my Doubts beguile!
Revive and bless me with a Smile, Alace if not, you'll soon debar a Sighing Swain from the Banks of Yarrow.

III.

Be hush ye Fears, I'll not despair, My MART's tender as she's fair: Then I'll go tell her all mine Anguish, Sure's she's too good to let me languish;

With

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With Success crown'd I'll not envy
The Folks who dwell above the Sky,
When MARYSCOT's become my Marrow,
We'll make a Paradice on Yarrow.

Wine and Musick, an ODE.

SYMON.]

COLIN, how dull is't to be
When a Soul is finking wi' Pain,
To one who is pained like me,
My Life's groan a Load,
And my Faculties nod,
While I figh for cold FEANIE in vain,
I'm flain, I'm flain, I'm flain,

I'm flain, I'm flain, I'm flain,
The Wound it is mortal and deep,
My Pulses beat low in each Vein,
And threaten eternal Sleep.

A Cure for all thy Wounds,

A Cure for all thy Wounds,

The Bowl, the Bowl, the Bowl,

O Boy, the Cordial Bowl!

With foft harmoni us Sounds,

Wounds, Wounds, Wounds, These can cure all Wounds,

With soft harmonious Sounds,

And pull off the Cordial Bowl:

Tune, tune, tune, O SYMON tune thy Soul.

Above

Above the Gods bienly bouze,

When round they meet in a Ring,

They cast away Care, and carouse

Their Nectar, while they sing.

Then drink, drink, drink and sing,

These make the Blood circle fine,

Strike up the Musick,

The safest Physick,

Compounded with sparkling Wine,

O'er BOGIE.

I Will awa' wi' my Love,
I will awa' wi' her,
Tho a' my Kin had fworn and faid
Ell o'er Bogie wi' her.
If I can get but her Confent,
I dinna care a Strae,
Tho ilka ane be discontent,
Awa' wi' her I'll gae.
I will awa', &c.

II.

For now she's Mistress of my Heart,

And wordy of my Hand,

And well I wat we shanna' part,

For Siller or for Land,

Let Rakes delyte to fwear and drink,
And Beaus admire fine Lace,
But my chief Pleasure is to blink
On BETTY's bonny Face.
I will awa', &c.

III.

There a' the Beauties do combine
Of Colour, Treats and Air,
The Saul that sparkles in her Een
Makes her a Jewel rare;
Her flowing Wit gives shining Life
To a' her other Charms,
How blest I'll be when she's my Wife,
And lockt up in my Arms.
I will awa', &c.

IV.

While o'er her Sweets I range,
I'll cry' Your humble Servant King,
Shamefa' them that wa'd change
A Kifs of B E TTT and a Smile,
Abeet ye wa'd lay down
The Right ye ha'e to Britain's life,
And offer me ye'r Crown.
I will awa', &c.

There blythly will I rant and fing,

O'er the Moor to MAGGY.

I.

And I'll o'er the Moor to MAGGY,
Her Wit and Sweetness call me,
Then to my FAIR I'll show my Mind,
Whatever may befal me.
If the love Mirth, I'll learn to sing,
Or likes the Nine to follow,
I'll lay my Lugs in Pindus Spring,
And invocate APOLLO.

II.

If the admire a martial Mind,

I'll theath my Limbs in Armour;

If to the fofter Dance inclin'd,

With gayest Airs I'll charm her;

If the love Grandeur, Day and Night

I'll plot my Nation's Glory,

Find Favour in my Prince's Sight,

And thine in future Story.

III.

Beauty can Wonders work with Eafe,

Where Wit is corresponding,

And bravest Men know best to please,

With Complaisance abounding.

My bonny M A G G I E's Love can turn
Me to what Shape she pleases,
If in her Breast that Flame shall burn
Which in my Bosom blazes.

I'll never leave Thee.

FONNY.

THO' for feven Years and mair Honour shou'd reave me,

To Fields where Cannons rair, thou need na grieve thee, For deep in my Spirit thy Sweets are indented, And Love shall preferve ay what Love has imprinted. Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee, Gang the World as it will, Dearest believe me,

NELLT.

O JONNY I'm jealous, when e'er ye discover My Sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a lose Rover; And nought i'the Warld wa'd vex my Heart sairer, If you prove unconstant, and sancy ane sairer: Grieve me, grieve me, Oh it wa'd grieve me! A' the lang Night and Day, if you deceive me.

FONNY.

My NELLY let never fic Fancies oppress ye, For while my Blood's warm I II kindly cares ye, Your blooming saft Beauties first beeted Love's Fire, Your Virtue and Wit make it ay slame the byer:

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Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee, Gang the Warld as it will, dearest believe me.

NELLT.

Then FONNY, I frankly this Minute allow ye
To think me your Mistress, for Love gars me trew ye,
And gin ye prove fa'se, to ye'r fell be it said then,
Ye'll win but sma' Honour to wrang a kind Maiden:
Reave me, reave me, Heav'ns! it wa'd reave me,
Of my Rest Night and Day, if ye deceive me.

FONNY.

Bid Iceshagles hammer red Gauds on the Study,
And fair Simmer Mornings nae mair appear rudy;
Bid Britons think as Gate, and when they obey ye,
But never till that Time, believe I'll betray ye:
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;
The Starns shall gang withershins e'er I deceive thee.

Polwart on the Green.

AT Polwart on the Green

If you it meet me the Morn,
Where Lasses do conveen
To dance about the Thorn,
A kindly welcome you shall meet
Frae her wha likes to view
A Lover and a Lad complete,

The Lad and Lover you.

II.

Let dorty Dames fay Nz,

As lang as e'er they pleafe,

Seem caulder than the Sna',

While inwardly they bleez;

But I will frankly fhaw my Mind,

And yield my Heart to thee;

Be ever to the Captive kind,

That langs na to be free.

III.

At Polwart on the Green,
Amang the new mawn Hay,
With Sangs and dancing keen
We'll pass the heartsome Day,
At Night if Beds be o'er thrang laid,
And thou be twin'd of thine,
Thou shalt be welcome, my dear Lad,
To take a Part of mine.

John Hay's bonny Lassie.

I.

 \mathbf{B}^{Y} (mooth winding $T_{0}y$ a Swain was reclining, Aft cry d he, Oh hey! Maun I still live pining My sell thus away, and darna discover To my bonny HAY that I am her Lover.

II.

Nae mair it will hide, the Flame waxes stranger,

If she's not my Bride, my Days are nae langer;

Then I'll take a Heart, and try at a Venture,

May be e'er we part my Vows may content her.

III.

She's fresh as the Spring, and sweet as Aurora;
When Birds mount and sing bidding Day a Goodmorrow
The Sward of the Mead, enamel'd with Daisies,
Look wither'd and dead when twin'd of her Graces.

IV.

But if the appear where Verdures invite her,
The Fountains run clear, and Flowers fmell the fweeter,
Tis Heav'n to be by, when her Wit is a flowing,
Her Smiles and bright Eye fet my Spirits a glowing.

V.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded,

Struck dumb with Amaze, my Mind is confounded;

I'm all in a Fire dear Maid to carefs ye,

For a' my Defire is HAT's bonny Laffie.

Genty Tibby, and fonfy Nelly.

I.

TIBBY has a Store of Charms,

Her genty Shape our Fancy warms,

How firangely can her fina' white Arms

Fetter the Lad wha looks but at her;

Frae Ancle to her flender Waste,

These Sweets conceal'd invite to dawt her,

Her rosie Cheek and rising Breast,

Gar ane's Mouth gush bowt fou' o' Water.

I Saleso VI .. II.

NELLY's gawly faft and gay,
Fresh as the lucken Flowers in May,
Ilk ane that sees her cries Ah hey!
She's bonny, O I wonder at her!
The dimples of her Chin and Cheek,
And Limbs sae plump invite to dawt her,
Her Lips sae sweet, and Skin sae sleek,
Gar mony Mouths beside mine water.

III.

Now firike my Finger in a Bore,
My Wyfon with the Maiden shore,
Gin I can tell whilk I am for

When these twa Stars appear thegither.

O Love! Why dost thou gi'e thy Fires
Sae large? While we're oblig'd to nither
Our spacious Sauls immense Desires,
And ay be in a hankerin Swither.

IV.

TIBBY's Shape and Airs are fine, And NELLY's Beauties are divine. But fince they can na baith be mine, Ye Gods give Ear to my Petition.

Provide

Provide a good Lad for the tane,

But let it be with this Provision,

I get the other to my lane,

In Prospect plano and Fruition.

Up in the Air.

the Les Doors, Longthe Bro.

Now the Sun's gane out o' Sight, The ANN Beet the Ingle, and fnuff the Light: In Glens the Fairies skip and dance,
And Witches wallop o'er to France,

Up in the Air

On my bonny grey Mare.

And I see her yet, and I see her yet, Up in, Gc.

II.

The Wind's drifting Hail and Sna'
O'er frozen Hags like a Foot Ba',
Nae Starns keek throw the Azure Slit,
Tis cauld and mirk as ony Pit,

The Man i'the Moon

Is Carousing aboon, D'ye see, d'ye see him yet.

The Man, &c.

III.

Take your Glass to clear your Een, Tis the Elixir hales the Spleen,

Baith

Baith Wit and Mirth it will inspire, and had been a state of And gently puffs the Lover's Rive, the said self and

Up in the Air, you as no no ent tog

Ha'e wi'ye, ha'e wi'ye, and ha'e wi'ye Lads yet,

Up in, oc.

IV.

Steek the Doors, keep out the Frost,

Come WILL T gi'es about ye'r Tost, and WO T

Til't Lads and list it out, involved the sent of the se

Up wit there, there,

Huzza, Huzza, and Huzza Lads yet,





The RISE and FALL of

STOCKS,

1720.

An Epistle to the Right Honourable my Lord RAMSAY.

Tour Pettifoggers, damn their Souls!!

To Share with Knaves in cheating Fools,

And Merchants vent ring on the Main

Slight Pirates, Rocks, and Horns for Gain.

HUDIBRAS.

To the Mind's Eye Things well aptear At Diffance, thro an artful Glafs, Bring but the flatt'ring Object near, They're all a fenflefs gloomy Mafs.

PRIOR.

My LORD,

Ithoutten Preface or Preamble,
My Fancy being on the Ramble;
Transported with an honest Passion,

Viewing our poor bambouzl'd Nation,

Biting

Biting her Nails, her Knuckles wringing, Her Cheek fae blae, her Lip fae hinging; Grief and Vexation's like to kill her, For tyning baith her Tick and Siller.

Allow me then to make a Comment
On this Affair of greatest Moment
Which has sa'n out, my Lord, since ye
Lest Louthian and the † Edge-well Tree:
And, with your Leave, I needna stickle
To say we're in a sorry Pickle,
Since Poortish o'er ilk Head does hover
Frae * John a Groat's House, South to Dover.
Sair have we pelted been with Stocks,
Casting our Credit at the Cocks.
Lang guilty of the highest Treason
Against the Government of Reason;
We madly, at our ain Expences,
Stock-job'd away our Cash and Senses.

As little Bairns frae Winnocks hy Drap down Saip. Bells to waiting Fry,

The Northmost House in Scotland.

An Oak Tree which grows on the side of a fine Spring, nigh the Gastle of Dalhousie, very much observed by the Country People, who give out, That before any of the Family died, a Branch fell from the Edge-well Tree. The old Tree some few Years ago fell altogether, but another spring from the same Root, which is now tall and flourishing, and lang be't sae.

Wha run and wrefile for the Prize,
With Face erect and watchfou' Eyes;
The Lad wha gleggest waits upon it,
Receives the Bubble on his Bonnet,
Views with Delight the shining Beau-thing,
Which in a Twinkling bursts to Nothing.
Sae Britain brought on a' her Troubles
By running dastly after Bubbles.

Impos'd on by languebit Juglers, Stock-Jobbers, Brokers, cheating Smuglers, Wha set their Gowden Girns sae wylie, Tho ne'er fae cautions they'd beguile ye, The covetous Infatuation Was smittle out o'er a' the Nation. Clergy, and Lawyers, and Physicians, Mechanicks, Merchants, and Muficians; Baith Sexes of a' Sorts and Sizes Drap'd ilk Defign and job'd for Prizes: Frae Noblemen to Livery Varlets, Frae topping Toafts to Hackney Harlots. Poetick Dealers were but scarce, Less browden still on Cash than Verse: Only ae * Bard to Coach did mount, y finging Praise to Sir John Blount;

But fince his mighty Patron fell, He looks just like † Jock Blunt himsel.

Some Lords and Lairds fell'd Riggs and Castles,
And play'd them aff with tricky Rascals,
Wha now with Routh of Riches vapour,
While their late Honours live on Paper:
But ah! the Difference 'twixt good Land,
And a poor Bankrupt Bubble's Band.

Thus Europeans Indians rifle,
And give them for their Gowd fome Trifle,
As Deugs of Velvet, Chips of Christal,
A Facon's Bell, or Baubie Whistle.

Merchants and Bankers Heads gade wrang,
They thought to Millions they might spang;
Despis'd the virtuous Road to Gain,
And look'd on little Bills with Pain:
The well won Thousands of some Years,
In ae big Bargain disappears.
'Tis sair to bide, but wha can help it,
Instead of Coach, on Foot they skelp it.

The Ten fer Cents wha durfina venture, But lent great Sums upon Indenture,

To

^{+ &#}x27;Tis commonly field of a Person who is out of Countenance at a Disappointment.

To Billies wha as frankly war'd it, As they out of their Guts had spar'd it, When craving Money they have lent, They're answer'd, Item, A' is spent. The Miser hears him with a Gloom, was as a standard of the sta Girns like a Brock and bites his Thumb. Syne shores to grip him by the Wyson, And keep him a' his Days in Prison. Sae may ye do, replies the Debter. But that can never mend the Matter; As foon can I mount Charle-wain, As pay ye back your Gear again. Poor Mouldy rins quite by himsell, And bans like ane broke loofe frae Hell. It lulls a wee my Mullygrubs, To think upon these bitten Scrubs, When naething faves their vital Low, But the Expences of a Tow.

Thus Children oft with carefou Hands, In Summer dam up little Strands, Collect the Drizel to a Pool, In which their glowing Limbs they cool; Till by comes fome ill-deedy Gift, Wha in the Bulwark makes a Rift, And with ae Strake in Ruins lays, The Work of Use, Art, Care and Days.

Even Handy-crafts-men too turn'd faucy,
And maun be Coaching't thro' the Caufy;
Syne firoot fou paughty in the Alley,
Transferring Thousands with some Valley.
Grow rich in Fancy treat their Whore,
Nor mind they were or shall be poor.
Like little Foves they treat the Fair,
With Gowd frae Banks built in the Air,
For which their † Danaes lift the Lap,
And compliment them with a Clap,
Which by ast jobbing grows a Pox,
Till Brigs of Noses fa' with Stocks.

Here Coachmen, Grooms, or Pasment Trotter, Glitter'd a while, then turn'd to Snoter:

Like a shot Starn, that thro' the Air
Skyts East or West with unko Glare,
But found neist Day on Hillock Side,
Nae better seems nor Paddock Ride.

Some Reverend Brethren left their Flocks, And fank their Stipends in the Stooks; But tining baith, like Æfop's Colly, O'er late they now lament their Folly.

[†] Danae the Daughter of Acrifius King of Argos, to whom lupiter descended in a Shower of Gold.

For three warm Months, May, June, and July, There was odd scrambling for the Spulzy: And mony a ane, till he grew tyr'd, Gather'd what Gear his Heart defir'd. We thought that Dealer's Stock an ill ane, That was not wordy haf a Million. O had this Golden Age but lasted, And no fae foon been broke and blaffed: There is a Person well I ken Might wi' the best gane right far ben; His Project better had succeeded, And far less Labour had he needed: But 'tis a Daffin to debate. And aurgle-bargain with our Fate. Well, had this Gowden Age but lasted, And not fo foon been broke and blafted, O wow, my Lord, these had been Days Which might have claim'd your Poet's Lays; But foon alake! the mighty Dagon Was feen to fa' without a Rag on. In Harvest was a dreadfou' Thunder. Which gart a' Britain glowr and wonder; The fizzing Bowt came with a Blatter, And dry'd our great Sea to a Gutter.

But mony Fowk with Wonder speir, What can become of a' the Gear? For a' the Country is repining,

And ilka ane complains of tining.

Plain Answer I had best let be,

And tell ye just a Similie.

Like Belzie when he nicks a Witch,
Wha fells her Saul the may be rich;
He finding this the Bait to damn her,
Casts o'er her Een his cheating Glamour;
She signs and seals, and he affords
Her Heaps of visionary Hoords.
But when she comes to count the Cunzie,
'Tis a' Sklate-stanes instead of Money.

Thus we've been trick'd with braw Projectors,
And faithfou managing Directors,
Wha for our Cash, the Saul of Trade,
Bonny Propines of Paper made,
On footing clean, drawn unco' fair,
Had they not vanisht into Air.

When South-Sea Tyde was at a Hight, † My Fancy took a daring Flight, THALIA, lovely Muse, inspired My Breast, and me with Foresight fired; Rapt into future Months, I sa' The rich Aërial Babel sa'.

[†] Wealth or the Woody, wrote in the Month of June laft. You

Yond Seas I faw the Upstarts drifting, Leaving their Coaches for the lifting. These Houses fit for Wights gane mad, I faw cramm'd fou as they cou'd had; While little Sauls, funk with Defpair, Implor'd cauld Death to end their Care. But now a fweeter Scene I view. Time has, and Time shall prove I'm true, For fair ASTRE A moves frae Heav'n, And shortly shall make a' Odds Ev'n. The honest Man shall be regarded, And Villains as they ought rewarded: The fetting Moon and rofie Dawn Bespeak a shining Day at Hand, A glorious Sun shall soon arise, To brighten up Britannia's Skies. Our King and Senate shall engage To drive the Vultures off the Stage: Trade then shall flourish, and ilk Art, A lively Vigour shall impart To Credit languishing and famisht, And Lombard-street shall be replenisht. Got safe ashore after this blaft, Britons shall smile at Follies past.

G O D grant your Lordship Joy and Health, Lang Days, and Rowth of real Wealth; Safe to the Land of Cakes Heav'n fend ye,
And frae cross Accidents defend ye.

Edinb. March 25.

1721.



THE

S A T Y R's Comick Project

For recovering

A young bankrupt Stock-jobber;

A

SONG,

To the Tune of, If the Kirk wad let me be.

I.

N the Shore of a low ebbing Sea,
A fighing young Jobber was feen
Staring wishfully at an old Tree
Which grew on the Neighbouring Green;
There's a Tree that can finish the Strife
And Disorder that wars in my Breast,
What need one be pain'd with his Life,

When a Halter can purchase him rest?

Some-

IT.

Sometimes he would flamp and look wild,

Then roar out a terrible Curse

On Bubbles that had him beguil'd,

And left ne'er a Doit in his Purse.

A Satyr that wander'd along,

With a Laugh to his Raving reply'd;

The Savage maliciously sung,

And jok'd while the Stock-jobber cry'd.

To Mountains and Rocks he complain'd,
His Cravat was bath'd with his Tears;
The Satyr drew near like a Friend,
And bid him abandon his Fears.
Said he, "Have ye been at the Sea,
"And met with a contrary Wind,
"That you rail at fair Fortune so free,

" Don't blame the poor Goddes, she's blind,

IV.

"Come hold up thy Head foolish Wight,

"I'll teach thee the Loss to retrieve;

Observe one this Project aright,

"And think not of hanging, but live.

" Hecatissa, conceited and old,

" Affects in her Airs to feem young,

" Her Joynture yields Plenty of Gold,

" And plenty of Monfense her Tongue.

cc Lay Siege to her for a short Space,

" Ne'er mind that she's wrinkled or grey ;

" Extol her for Beauty and Grace,

" And doubt not of gaining the Day.

" In Wedlock ye fairly may join,

" And when of her Wealth ye are fure,

" Make free with the old Woman's Coin,

" And purchase a sprightly young W

The Life and Acts of, Tears, Tears,

An ELEGY on PATIE BIRNIE, The Famous Fidler of Kinghorn; Who gart the Lieges gawff and girn ay, Aft till the Cock proclaim'd the Morn. Tho baith his Weeds and Mirth were pirmy, He roos'd thefe Things were langest worn: The Brown Ale Barrel was his Kirn ay, Jo And faithfully he toom'd his Horn.

> And then besides his valiant Acts. At Bridals he wan mony Placks.

> > HABSIMPSON.

N Sonnet flee the Man I fing, His rare Engine in Rhyme shall ring; Wha flaid the Stick out o'er the String With fic an Art;

Wha fang fae fweetly to the Spring,

And rais'd the Heart.

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And spend their Cash,

To see his Snowt, to hear him play,

And gab fae gash.

When Strangers landed, wow fae thrang Fuffing and peghing he wa'd gang, And crave their Pardon that fae lang

He'd been a coming;

Syne his Bread-winner out he'd bang,

And fa' to bumming.

Your Honour's Father dead and gane, to no the Hard For him he first wa'd make his Mane Hard has a will state But soon his Face cou'd make ye fain

When he did fough, hold w

O wiltu, wiltu do't again!

And gran'd and leugh.

Sae finne aud legabet ?

This Sang he made frac his ain Head, and chimn s's wolf And eke, The auld Men's Mare Spe's dead, find add of so The Peets and Tures and e's to lead;

Ofy upon her! Sign this

A bonny auld Thing this indeed,

An't like ye'r Honour.

After

After ilk Tune he took a Sowp, And bann'd wi' Birr the corky Cowp, That to the Papifts Country fcowp

To lear Ha ha's,

Frae Chiels that fing, hap, flap and lowp,

Wantin the B-s.

That beardless Capons are na Men, We by their fozie Springs might ken; But our's, he faid, cou'd Vigour len

To Men o' Weir,

And gar them flout to Battle ffen'

Withoutten Fear.

How first he practised, ye shall hear, The Harn-pan of an umquhile Mare, He strung, and strak Sounds sast and clear

Out o' the Pow,

Which fir'd his Saul, and gart his Ear
With Gladness glow.

Sae some auld-gabet Poets tell,

Jove's nimble Son and Lacky snell,

Made the first Fiddle of a * Shell;

On which Apollo

With meikle Pleasure play'd himsell

Baith Jig and Solo.

^{*} Tuque Testudo, resonare septem Gallida nervis.

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O Jonny Stocks! What comes of thee?

I'm fure thou'lt break thy Heart and die;

Thy Birnie gane, thou'lt never be,

Nor blyth, nor able

To shake thy short Houghs merrily

Upon a Table.

How pleasant was't to see thee diddle,
And dance sae finely to his Fiddle,
With Nose forgainst a Lass's Middle

And briskly brag,

With cutty Steps to ding their Striddle,

And gar them fag.

At runkling o' his Deary's Gown,

And wi' a Rung came o'er his Crown,

For being there;

But flarker Thrums got Patie down,

And knooft him fair,

Wae worth the Dog, he maift had fell'd him;
Revengfu' Pate aft green'd to geld him,
He aw'd a Mends, and that he tell'd him,
And bann'd to do't a

He took the Tid, and fairly fell'd him

For a Recruit.

Pate was a Carle of canny Senfe,

And wanted ne'er a right bein Spence,

And laid up Dollars in Defence,

'Gainst Eild and Gout;

Well judging Gear in future Tense

Cou'd fland for Wit.

Yet prudent Fowk may take the Pet; Anes thrawart Porter wad na let Him in, while Latter-meat was het;

He gaw'd fou fair,

Flang in his Fiddle o'er the Yate,

Whilk ne'er did mair.

But Profit may arise frae Loss, Sae Pate gat Comfort by his Cross: Soon as he wan within the Closs,

He doufly drew in

Mare Gear frae ilka gentle Gos

Than bought a new ane.

When lying Bedfast sick and sair, To Parish Priest he promis'd fair, He never wad drink sou ony mair:

But hale and tight,

He prov'd the auld Man to a Hair,

Strute ilka Night,

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The hally Dad with Care effays
To wile him frae his wanton Ways,
And tell'd him of his Promife twice:

Pate answer'd cliver,

"Whatents what People raving fays,

" When in a Feyer.

At Bothwell-Brig he gade to fight,
But being wife as he was wight,
He thought it shaw'd a Saul but slight,
Dauftly to sland,
And let Gun-powder wrang his Sight,

Or Fiddle-Hand.

Right pawkily he left the Plain, Nor o'er his Shoulder look'd again, But scour'd o'er Moss and Moor amain,

To Ricky flraight,

And tald how mony Whigs were flain

Before they faught.

Sae I've lamented Pasie's End;
But lest your Grief o'er far extend,
Come dight ye'r Cheeks, ye'r Brows unbend,
And lift ye'r Head,

For to a' Britain be it kend

He is not dead.

January 25.



PROLOGUE.

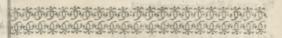
Spoke by one of the young Gentlemen, who, for their Improvement and Diversion, acted The Diphan, and Chrats of Drapin, the last Night of the Year 1719.

But wha's to entertain ye, — never speer,
Quietness is best, — Tho we be leal and true,
Good Sense and Wit's mair than we dare avow.—
Some Body says to some Fowk, We're to blame,
That 'tis a Scandal and black-burning Shame
To thole young Callants thus to grow sae snack,
And lear — O mighty Crimes! — to speak and act.
Stage-Flays, quoth Dunce, are unco' Things indeed!
He said,—he gloom'd,— and shock his thick boss Head,
They're Papery, Papery! cry'd his Nibour neist,
Contriv'd at Rome by some malignant Priest,
To witch away Fowk's Minds frae doing well,
As saith Rab Ker, M'Millan and M'Neil.

But let them tauk. - In Spite of ilk Cadaver, We'll cherish Wit, and scorn their Fead or Favour;

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We'll strive to bring in active Eloquence, Tho for a while upon our Fame's Expence. 'm wrang. -Our Fame will mount with mettled Carles, And for the rest we'll be about their Snarls. Knock down the Fools, wha dare with empty Rage Spit in the Face of Virtue and the Stage. Cause Hereticks in Pulpits thump and rair, Must naithing orthodox b' expected there? Because a Rump cut off a Royal Head, Must not anither Parli'ment succeed? Thus tho the Drama's aft debauch'd and rude, Must we, for some are bad, refuse the good : Answer me that, - If there be ony Log, That's come to keek upon us here incog, Anes, - Twice, Thrice, - But now I think on't, flay 've fomething elfe to do, and must away. This Prologue was defign'd for Use and Sport, The Chiel that made it, let him answer for't.



To Mr. William Aikman.

Your Merit to fet forth,
When there's fae few wha claim Regard,
That difna ken your Worth.

P 3

Yet Poets give immortal Fame
To Mortals that excell,
Which if neglected they're to blame;
But you've done that your fell.

While frae Originals of yours
Fair Copies shall be tane,
And fix'd on Brass to busk our Bow'rs,
Your Mem'ry shall remain.

To your ain Deeds the maift deny'd, Or of a Tafte o'er fine, Maybe ye're but o'er right! afraid To fink in Verse like mine.

The last can ne'er the Reason prove,
Else wherefore with good Will
Do ye my nat'ral Lays approve,
And help me up the Hill?

By your Affishance unconfirmin'd

To Courts I can repair,

And by your Art my Way I've gain'd

To Closets of the Fair.

Had I a Muse like losty Pose,
For tow'ring Numbers sit,
Then I th' ingenious Mind might hope
In truest Light to hit.

But comick Tale and Sonnet flee Are cooften for my Share, And if in these I bear the Gree, I'll think it very fair,

الخوالف الفوالف الفوالف الفوالف الفوالف الفوالف

CUPID thrown into the South-Sea.

M TR TILL A, as like Venus' fell
As e'er an Egg was like anither,
Anes Cupid met upon the Mall,
And took her for his bonny Mither.

He wing'd his Way up to her Breast; She started, he cry'd, Mam 'tis me; The Beauty, in o'er rash a Jest, Flang the Arch Gytling in South-Sea.

Frae thence he raise wi' guilded Wings, His Bow and Shasts to Gowd were chang'd; Deels i' the Sea, quoth he, it dings; Syne back to Mall and Park he rang'd.

Breathing Mischief, the God look'd gurly, With Transfers a' his Darts were feather'd; He made a horrid hurly burly, Where Beaus and Belles were thickest gather'd.

He tentily Myrsilla fought,

And in the thrang Change-Alley got her;

He drew his Bow, and quick as Thought
With a braw new Subscription shot her.

Property of the property of th

To the MUSICK CLUB.

Rear'd by those Giants who durst Heav'n oppose;
An universal Language Mankind us'd.

'Till daring Crimes brought Accents more consus'd;
Discord and Jar for Punishment were hurl'd
On Hearts and Tongues of the rebellious World.

The primar Speech with Notes harmonious clear, we start Transposing Thought, gave Pleasure to the Ear south and Then Musick in its full Perfection ship do not a seal out? When Man to Man melodious spoke his Mindon and pour

As when a richly fraughted Fleet is lost decided and lead In rolling Deeps, far from the ebbing Coast.

Down many Fathoms of the liquid Mass, decided and The Artist dives in Ark of Oak, or Brass, decided and Sanches some Ingots of Peruvian Ore, decided and with his Prize rejoicing makes the Shore.

Oft this Attempt is made, and much they find;

They swell in Wealth, tho much is less the Shire.

Amphion's Sons with Minds elate and bright,
Thus plunge th' unbounded Ocean of Delight.
And daily gain new Stores of pleafing Sounds
To glad the Earth, fixing to Spleen its Bounds;

While vocal Tubes and Confort Strings engage
To speak the Dialect of the Golden Age.
Then you whose Symphony of Souls proclaim
Your Kin to Heaven, add to your Country's Fame,
And shew that Musick may have as good Fate
In Albion's Glens, as Umbria's green Retreat:
And with Correlli's soft Italian Song
Mix Cowdon Knows, and Winter Nights are long.
Nor should the Martial Pibrough be despis'd,
Own'd and refin'd by you, these shall the more be priz'd.

Each ravisht Ear extolls your Heavenly Art, Which sooths our Care, and elevates the Heart, Whilst hoarser Sounds the Martial Ardors move, And liquid Notes invite to Shades and Love.

Hail fafe Reftorer of distemper'd Minds,
That with Delight the raging Passion binds:
Extatick Concord, only banisht Hell,
Most perfect where the perfect Beings dwell.
Long may our Youth attend thy charming Rites,
Long may they relish thy transporting Sweets.

On FRIENDSHIP.

HE Earth-born Clod who hugs his Idol, Pelf,

His only Friends are Mammon and himself:

The drunken Sots, who want the Art to think,

Still cease from Friendship when they cease from Drink.

The

The empty Fop, who scarce for Man will pass, Ne'er sees a Friend but when he views his Glass,

Friendship firsts springs from Sympathy of Mind, Which to complete the Vertues all combine,
And only found 'mongst Men who can espy
The Merits of his Friend without Envy.
Thus all pretending Friendship's but a Dream,
Whose Base is not reciprocal Esteem.

हेश्रह्में अस्तिहार है जिल्हा है अस्तिहार है

To the Whin-Bush CLUB,

THE

BILL

O F

ALLAN RAMSAY.

F Crawfurd-Moor, born in Leadhill,
Where Min'ral Springs Glengoner fill,
Which joins sweet flowing Clyde,
Between auld Crawfurd-Lindsay's Towers,
And where Deneetne rapid pours
His Stream thro' Glotta's Tide:

Native

Native of Clydfdale's upper Ward, Bred Fifteen Summers there, Tho, to my Loss, I'm no a Laird By Birth, my Title's fair

> To bend wi' ye, and spend wi' ye An Evening, and gassaw; If Merit and Spirit Be found without a Flaw.

Since doufly ye do nought at Random,
Then take my Bill to Avifandum;
And if there's nae Objection,
I'll deem't my Honour, and be glad
To come beneath your Whin-Bush Shade,
And claim to its Protection:
If frae the Caverns of a Head
That's boss, a Storm should blaw,
Ettling wi' Spite to rive my Reed,

And give my Muse a Fa';

When poring and foaring O'er Heliconian Heights, She traces these Places Where Cynthius delights.



On the Great Cilipse of the SUN, the 22d April, nine a Glock of the Morning; wrote a Month before it happened, 1715.

OWI do press among the learned Throng, To tell a great Eclipse in little Song. At me nor Scheme, nor Demonstration ask, That is our Gregory's, or sam'd Halley's Task: 'Tis they who are conversant with each Star, Who know how Planets Planets Rays debar. This to pretend my Muse is not so bold, She only ecchoes what she has been told.

Our rolling Globe will scarce have made the Sun Seem half-way up Olympus to have run,
When Night's pale Queen in her oft changed Way,
Will intercept in direct Line his Way,
And make black Night usurp the Throne of Day.
The Curious will attend that Hour with Care,
And with no Clouds may hover in the Air,
To dark the Medium, and obstruct from Sight
The gradual Motion and Decay of Light:
Whilst thoughtless Fools will view the Water Pail,
To see which of the Planets will prevail;
For then they think the Sun and Moon make War:
Thus Nurses Tales oft times the Judgment mar.

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When this strange Darkness overshades the Plains. 'Twill give an odd Surprise t' unwarned Swains: Plain honest Hinds, who do not know the Cause. Nor know of Orbs their Motions or their Laws. Will from the half plough'd Furrows homeward bend, In dire Confusion, judging that the End Of Time approacheth. - Thus poffest with Fear, They'll think the general Conflagration near. The Traveller benighted on the Road Will turn devout, and supplicate his God. Cocks with their careful Mates and younger Fry, As if't were Evening, to their Roofts will fly. The horned Cattle will forget to feed, And come homelowing from the graffie Mead. Each Bird of Day will to his Nest repair, And leave to Bats and Owls the dusky Air. The Lark and little Robin's fofter Lav Will not be heard till the Return of Dav. Now this will be great Part of Eurote's Cafe. While Phabe's as Mask on Phabus' Face. The unlearn'd Clowns, who don't our Ara know. From this dark Friday will their Ages show; As I have often heard old Country Men Talk of dark Munday, and their Ages then.

Not long shall last this strange uncommon Gloom, When Light dispells the Ploughman's Fear of Doom; With merry Heart he'll lift his ravish'd Sight

Up to the Heavens, and welcome back the Light,

How just's the Motion of these whirling Spheres!

Which ne'er can err while Time is mete by Years.

How vast is little Man's capacious Soul!

That knows how Orbs throw Wilds of Æther roll.

How great's the Power of that Omnifick Hand!

Who gave them Motion by his wise Command,

That they should not, while Time had Being, stand.

SURVEY TO SHEET WAS THE STATE OF THE STATE O

The GENTLEMAN'S QUALIFICATIONS, as debated by some of the Fellows of the Easy Club, April 1715.

Rom different Ways of thinking comes Debate,
This we despise, and that we over-rate,
Just as the Fancy takes, we love or hate.
Hence Whig and Tory live in endless Jar,
And most of Families in civil War.
Hence 'mongst the easiest Men beneath the Skies,
Even in their easy Dome Debates arise:
'As late they did with Strength of Judgment scan
These Qualities that form a Gentleman.
First Tippermalloch pled with Spanish Grace.
That Gentry only sprung from antient Race,
Whose Names in old Records of Time were fix'd,
In whose rich Veins some Royal Blood was mixt.

I being a Poet sprung from a Douglas's Loin, In this proud Thought did with the Doctor join; With this Addition, if they could speak Sense, Ambitious I, ah! had no more Pretence. Buchanan with stiff Argument and bold, Pled Gentry took its Birth from powerful Gold. Him Hector Boece join'd, they argued ftrong, Said they, to Wealth that Title muft belong, If Men are rich, they're gentle; and if not, You'll own their Birth and Sense are soon forgot : Pray say, said they, how much respectful Grace Demands an old red Coat and mangled Face, Or one if he could like an Angel preach, If he to no rich Benefice can reach. Even Progeny of Dukes are at a fland How to make out bare Gentry without Land. But still the Doctor would not quit the Field, But that rich Upstarts should to Birth-right yield. He grew more stiff, nor would the Plea let go, Said he was right, and fwore it should be so.

But happy we who have such wholesome Laws, Which without pleading can decide a Cause, To this good Law Recourse we had at last, That throws off Wrath, and makes our Friendship sast; In which the Legislators laid the Plot, To end all Controversy by a Vote.

Yet that we more good Humour might display, We frankly turn'd the Vote another Way, As in each Thing we common Topicks shun, So the great Prize, nor Birth nor Riches won. The Vote was carried thus, That easy he Who should three Years a social Fellow be, And to our Easy Club give no Offence, After Triennial Tryal, should commence A Gentleman, which gives as just a Claim To that great Title, as the Blast of Fame Can give to them who trade in humane Gore, Or those who heap up Hoords of coined Ore; Since in our focial Friendship nought's defign'd But what may raife and brighten up the Mind; We aiming closs to walk by Virtue's Rules, To find true Honour's felf, and leave her Shade to Fools.

BESERVERS EXERCE EXECT

Inscription on the Gold Teapot, gain'd by Sir James Cuningham of Milneraig, Bar.

The Day before with running thrice,
Me Milneraig's Rock most fairly won,
When thrice again the Course he run.
Now for Diversion 'tis my Share
To run three Heats, and please the Fair.

Inseription engraven on the Piece of Plate, which was a Punch-bowl and Ladle, given by the Captains of the Train'd Bands of Edunburgh, and gain'd by Captain Charles Crockat's Swallow.

Harge me with Nants and limpid Spring,

Let fowr and fweet be mixt,

Bend round a Health fyne to the King,

To Edinburgh's Captains next,

Wha form'd me in fae blyth a Shape,

And gave me lafting Honours,

Take up my Ladle, fill and lape,

And fay, Fairfa' the Donors:

市市市市市市市市市市市市市市市市市市市市市市市市市市市市市市市市市市市

Spoken to two young Ladies who asked if I could fay any thing on them: One excell'd in a beautiful Complettion, the other in fine Eyes.

To the first.

Pon your Cheek fits blooming Youth.

To the other.

Heaven sparkles in your Eye.

To both.

There's something sweet about each Mouth, Dear Ladies let me try.

To



To the Ph- An ODE.

Vides, ut alti ftet nive candidum
Sorafte. HOR.

O O K up to Pensland's towning Taps,
Buried beneath great Wreaths of Snaw,
O'er ilka Cleugh, ilk Scar and Slap,
As high as ony Roman Wa'.

Driving their Baws frae Whins or Tee,
There's no ae Gowffer to be feen,
Nor douffer Fowk wyfing a-Jee
The Byass Bowls on Tamson's Green.

Then fling on Coals, and ripe the Ribs, And beek the House baith Butt and Ben, That Mutchken Stoup it hads but Dribs, Then let's get in the tappit Hen.

Good Claret best keeps out the Cauld, And drives away the Winter soon, It makes a Man baith gash and bauld, And heaves his Saul beyond the Moon.

Leave to the Gods your ilka Care, If that they think us worth their While, They can a Rowth of Bleffings spare, Which will our Fashious Fears beguile. For what they have a Mind to do,

That will they do, should we gang wood;

If they command the Storms to blaw,

Then upo' Sight the Hailflanes thud.

But foon as e'er they cry, Eequiet,

The blatt'ring Winds dare nae mair move,

But cour into their Caves, and wait

The high Command of supreme JOVE.

Let neist Day come as it thinks fit,

The present Minute's only ours,

On Pleasure let's imploy our Wit,

And laugh at Fortune's feckles's Power,

Be fure ye dinna quat the Grip
Of ilka Joy when ye are young,
Before auld Age your Vitals nip, him was a second and lay ye twafald o'er a Rung.

Sweet Youth's a blyth and heartsome Time,
Then Lads and Lasses while 'tis May,
Gae pu' the Gowan in its Prime,
Before it wither and decay.

Watch the laft Minutes of Delyte, When Jenny speaks beneath her Breath, And kiffes, laying a the Wyte On you, if she kepp ony Skaith.

Hath ye're ill bred, she'll smiling say, Ye'll worry me, ye greedy Rook; Syne frae your Arms she'll rin away, And hide her fell in some dark Nook :

Her Laugh will lead you to the Place to the month and . Where lies the Happiness ye want, the best want and the And plainly tells you to your Face, and and the same and Nineteen Nay-says are haff a Grant, be word hold on

Now to her heaving Bosom cling, And sweetly toolie for a Kis, wo wind about and age and Frae her fair Finger whop a Ring, and a second seco As Taiken of a future Blis. And decount to the said bad

These Bennisons, I'm very fure, the same Are of the Gods indulgent Grant; Then, furly Carles, whisht, forbear To plague us with your whining Cant,

Patie and Pegie: A S A N G. PATIE.

Y the delicious Warmness of thy Mouth, And rowing Eye, which fmiling tells the Truth, I guels, my Lassie, that, as well as I, You're made for Love, and why should ye deny.

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PEGIE.

But ken ye, Lad, gin we confess o'er foon, Ye think us cheap, and fyne the Wooing's done: The Maiden that o'er quickly tines her Pow'r, Like unripe Fruit, will tast but hard and sowr.

PATIE.

But when they hing o'er lang upon the Tree, Their Sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye: Red cheeked you completely ripe appear, And I have thol'd, and woo'd a lang haff Year.

PEGIE.

Then dinna pu' me; gently thus I fa'
Into my PATIE's Arms for good and a':
But stint your Wishes to this frank Embrace,
And mint na farrer till we've got the Grace.

PATIE.

O charming Armfou! Hence ye Cares away,
I'll kis my Treasure a' the live lang Day;
A' Night I'll dream my Kisses o'er again,
Till that Day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

CHORUS.

Sun gallop down the Westlin Skyet,
Gang soon to Bed, and quickly rise;
O lash ye'r Steeds, post Time away,
And haste about our Bridel Day;
And if ye'r weary'd, honest Light,
Sleep gin ye like a Week that Night.
O 3

The

The Mill, Mill, --- O. ASONG.

Beneath a green Shade I fand a fair Maid

Was fleeping found and fill—O,

A lowan wi' Love, my Fancy did rove,

Around her with good Will—O;

Her Bosom I press'd, but funk in her Rest,

She stir'dna my Joy to spill—O:

While kindly she flept, closs to her I crept,

And kis'd, and kis'd her my fill—O.

Oblig'd by Command in Flanders to land,

T' employ my Courage and Skill—O;
Frae 'er quietly I staw, hoist Sails and awa',

For Wind blew fair on the Bill—O.

Twa Years brought me hame, where loud fraising Fame

Tald me with a Voice right shill—O,

My Lass like a Fool had mounted the Stool,

Mair fond of her Charms, with my Son in her Arms,

I ferlying speer'd how she fell—0;

Wi' the Tear in her Eye, quoth she, Let me die,

Sweet Sir, gin I can tell—O.

Love ga'e the Command, I took her by the Hand,

And bade her a' Fears expell—O,

And nae mair look wan, for I was the Man Wha had done her the Deed my fell—O.

Nor kend wha'd done 'er the III-O.

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My bonny fweet Lass on the gowany Grass, Beneath the Shilling-hill—O:

If I did Offence I'se make ye Amends, Before I leave Peggy's-Mill—O,

O the Mill, Mill,—O, and the Kill, Kill,—O, And the Cogging of the Wheel—O;

The Sack and the Sieve, a' that ye maun leave,
And round with a Sodger reel--O.

Colin and Grisy parting.

A SONG to the Tune of Woes my Heart that we should funder.

WIth broken Words and down-cast Eyes,
Poor COLIN spoke his Passion tender;
And parting with his GRISY, cries,
Ah! woes my Heart that we should sunder.

To others I am cold as Snow,
But kindle with thine Eyes like Tinder;
From thee with Pain I'm forc'd to go,
It breaks my Heart that we should sunder.

Chain'd to thy Charms I cannot range, No Beauty new my Love shall hinder, Nor Time nor Place shall ever change My Vows, tho' we're oblig'd to sunder.

Q 4

The Image of thy graceful Air,
And Beauties, which invite our Wonder;
Thy lively Wit and Prudence rare
Shall fill be prefent, tho we funder.

Dear Nymph, believe thy Swain in this,
You'll ne'er engage a Heart that's kinder;
Then seal a Promise with a Kis,
Always to love me tho we funder.

Ye Gods take Care of my dear Lass,
That as I leave her I may find her:
When that blest Time shall come to pass
We'll meet again and never sunder.

KEITHA:

A PASTOR AL lamenting the Death of the Right Honourable MARY Counters of Wigton.

RINGAN.

'Er ilka Thing a gen'ral Sadness hings!
The Burds wi' Melancholy droop their Wings;
My Sheep and Kye neglect to moup their Food,
And seem to think as in a dumpish Mood.
Hark how the Winds souch mournfu' throu' the Broom,
The very List puts on a heavy Gloom;

My Neibour Colin too, he bears a Part, His Face speaks out the Sairness of his Heart; Tell, tell me Colin, for my bodding Thought, A Bang of Fears into my Breast has brought,

COLIN.

Where hast thou been thou Simpleton, wha speers The Cause of a our Sorrow and our Tears? Wha unconcern'd can hear the common Skaith The Warld receives by lovely Keitha's Death? The bonniest Sample of what's good and kind, Fair was her Make, and heav'nly was her Mind. But now this sweetest Flower of a'our Plain Leaves us to figh, tho a' our Sighs are vain; For never mair she'll grace the heartsome Green, Ay heartsome when she deign'd there to be seen. Speak Flowry Meadows where she us'd to wank, Speak Flocks and Burds wha've heard her fing or tauk; Did ever you sae meikle Beauty bear ? Or ye fae mony heav'nly Accents hear? Ye painted Haughs, ve Minstrels of the Air Lament, for lovely Keitha is nae mair.

RINGAN.

Ye westlin Winds that gently us'd to play On her white Breaft, and fleal some Sweets away, Whilst her delicious Breath perfum'd your Breeze, Which gratefu' Flora took to feed her Bees. Bear on your Wings, round Earth, her spoteless Fame, Worthy that noble Race from whence she came:

Refounding

[.250]

Refounding Braes where e'er she us'd to lean,
And view the Crystal Burn glide o'er the Green,
Return your Echoes to our mournfu' Sang,
And let the Streams in Murmures bear't alang.
Ye unken'd Powers, wha Water haunt or Air,
Lament, for lovely Keirba is nae mair.

COLIN.

Ah! wha cou'd tell the Beauties of her Face, Her Mouth that never op'd but wi' a Grace; Her Een which did with heav'nly Sparkles low, Her modest Cheek slush'd with a rose Glow. Her fair brent Brow, smooth as the unrunkled Deep, When a' the Winds are in their Caves afleep; Her Presence like a Simmer's Morning Ray, Lighten'd our Hearts, and gart ilk Place look gay. Now twin'd of Life, these Charms look cauld and blae, And what before gave lov, now makes us wae. Her Goodness shin'd in ilka pious Deed, -A Subject, Ringan, for a lofty Reed! A Shepherd's Sang maun fic high Thoughts decline, Left ruftick Notes should darken what's divine. Youth, Beauty, Graces, a' that's good and fair Lament, for lovely Keitha is nae mair.

RINGAN.

How tenderly the smooth'd our Master's Mind, When round his manly Waist her Arms she twin'd, And look'd a thousand saft Things to his Heart,
While native Sweetness fought nae Help frae Art.
To him her Merit still appear'd mair bright,
As yielding she own'd his superior Right.
Baith saft and sound he slept within her Arms,
Gay were his Dreams, the Instuence of her Charms.
Soon as the Morning dawn'd he'd draw the Screen,
And watch the op'ning of her fairer Een;
Whence sweetest Rays gusht out in sic a Thrang,
Beyond Expression in my rural Sang.

GOLIN.

O Clementina! forouting fair Remains
Of her, wha was the Glory of our Plains:
Dear Innocence with Infant Darkness bleft,
Which hides the Happiness that thou hast miss.
May a' thy Mither's Sweets thy Portion be,
And a' thy Mither's Graces shine in thee.

RINGAN.

She loot us ne'er gae hungry to the Hill,
And a' she gae, she geed it wi' good Will;
Fow mony, mony a ane will mind that Day
On which frae us she's tane sae soon away,
Baith Hynds and Herds, wha's Cheeks bespake nae Scant,
And throu' the Howms could whistle, sing and rant,
Will miss her sair, till happily they find
Anither in her Place sae good and kind.

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The Lasses wha did at her Graces mint

Ha'e by her Death their bonniest Pattern tint,

O ilka ane wha did her Bounty skair,

Lament, for gen'rous Keitha is nae mair.

A COLIN.

O Ringan, Ringan! Things gang fae uneven,
I canna well take up the Will of Heav'n:
Our Croffes teughly last us mony a Year,
But unco foon our Blessings disappear.

RINGAN.

I'll tell thee, Colin, my last Sunday's Note,
I tented well Mess Thamas ilka Jot;
The Powers aboon are cautious as they're just,
And dinna like to gi'e o'er meikle Trust
To this unconstant Earth with what's divine,
Lest in laigh Damps they should their Lustre tine.
Sae let's leave aff our Murmuring and Tears,
And never value Life by Length of Years:
But as we can in Goodness it employ,
Syne wha dies first, first gains eternal Joy.
Come, Colin, dight your Cheeks, and banish Care,
Our Lady's happy, tho' with us nae mair.



THE REPORT OF THE PERSON.

The beautiful Rose Tree enclosed.

But hedg'd about and watch'd with warry Eyes,
O Plant superior, beautiful and fair,
We view thee like you Stars which gem the Skies,
But equally to gain we must despair.

Ah! were thou growing on some secret Plain, And sound by me, how ravisht would I meet All thy transporting Charms to ease my Pain, And feast my raptur'd Soul on all that's sweet.

Thus fung, poor Symon: Symon was in Love,
His too aspiring Passion made him smart;
The Rose Tree was a Mistress far above
The Shepherd's Hope, which broke his tender Heart.

*촻*쁂창창창창창창창창창창창청청청청청청

Spoken to three young Ladies, who would have me to determine which of them was the bonniest.

E anes three Beauties did furround,
And ilka Beauty gave a Wound,

Whilst they with smiling Eye,
Said, Allan, which think ye maist fair?
Gi'e Judgment frankly, never spare,
Hard is the Task said I:
But added, seeing them sae free,
Ladies ye maun say mair to me,
And my Demand right fair is;
First, like the gay Celestial Three,
Shaw a' your Charms, and then ha'e wi' ye,
Faith I shall be your Pares.



AN

EPISTLE

TO

JAMES ARBUCKLE of Belfalt, A. M.

Edinburgh, Jan. 1719.

A S Errant Knight with Sword and Pistol,
Bestrides his Steed with mighty Fistle;
Then stands some Time in jumbled Swither
To ride in this Road or that ither;
At last spurs on, and disna care for
A how, a what Way, or a wherefore.

Or like extemporary Quaker,

Wasting his Lungs t'enlighten weaker

Lanthorns of Clay, where Light is wanting,

With formless Phrase, and formal Canting;

While Jacob Behmen's Salt does season,

And saves his Thought frae corrupt Reason,

Gowling aloud with Motions queerest,

Yerking these Words out which ly nearest.

Thus I (no longer, to illustrate
With Similies, lest I should frustrate
Design Laconick of a Letter,
With Heap of Language and no Matter,)
Bang'd up my blyth auld-fashion'd Whistle,
To sowf ye o'er a short Epistle,
Without Rule, Compasses or Charcoal,
Or serious Study in a dark Hole.
Three Times I ga'e the Muse a Rug,
Then bate my Nails and claw'd my Lug;
Still heavy, at the last my Nose
I prim'd with an inspiring Dose,
Then did Ideas dance, (dear safe us!)
As they'd been dast, —— Here ends the Presace.

Good Mr. James Arbuckle, Sir,
(That's Merchant's Stile as clean as Fir)
Ye're welcome back to Coledonie,
Lang Life and Thriving light upon ye,

Harveft,

Harvest, Winter, Spring and Summer,
And ay keep up your heartsome Humour,
That ye may thro' your lucky Task go,
Of brushing up our Sister Glasgow;
Where Lads are dextrous at improving,
And docile Lasses fair and loving:
But never tent these Fellows Girning,
Wha wear their Faces ay in Mourning,
And frae pure Dulness are malicious,
Terming ilk Turn that's witty, vicious.

Now, Jamie, in neist Place, Secundo, To give you what's your Due in mundo; That is to fay in hame-o'er Phrases. To tell ye, Men of Mettle praises Ilk Verse of yours when they can light on't, And trouth I think they're in the right on't; For there's ay fomething fae auldfarran, Sae flid, fae unconftrain'd and darrin, In ilka Sample we have feen yet, That little better e'er has been yet. Sae much for that. ___ My Friend Arbuckle, I ne'er afore roos'd ane sae muckle. Fause Flat'ry nane but Fools will tickle, That gars me hate it like auld Nicol: But when ane's of his Merit conscious, He's in the wrang, when prais'd, that glunshes.

Thirdly,

Thirdly, Not tether'd to Connection,
But rattling by inspir'd Direction,
When ever Fame, with Voice like Thunder,
Sets up a Chield a Warld's Wonder,
Either for slashing Fowk to dead,
Or having Wind-mills in his Head,
Or Poet, or an airy Beau,
Or ony twa Leg'd Rary-show,
They wha have never seen't are bissy
To speer what like a Carlie is he.

Imprimis then, for Tallness I

Am five Foot and four Inches high:

A Elack-a-vic'd fnod dapper Fallow,

Nor lean, nor overlaid wi' Tallow;

With Phiz of a Moroco Cut,

Refembling a late Man of Wit,

Auld-gabbet Spec, wha was sae cunning

To be a Dummie ten Years running.

Then for the Fabrick of my Mind,
'Tis mair to Mirth than Grief inclin'd.
I rather choose to laugh at Folly,
Than show Dislike by Melancholy:
Well judging a fowr heavy Face
Is not the truest Mark of Grace.

I hate a Drunkard or a Glutton, Yet am nae Fae to Wine and Mutton. Great Tables ne'er engag'd my Wifhes,
When crowded with o'er mony Difhes;
A healthfu' Stomach fharply fet
Prefers a Back-fey piping het.

I never cou'd imagin't vicious
Of a fair Fame to be ambitious:
Proud to be thought a comick Poet,
And let a Judge of Numbers know it;
I court Occasion thus to show it.

Second of thirdly, — pray take heed, Ye's get a short Swatch of my Creed.

To follow Method negatively
Ye ken takes Place of positively.
Well then, I'm nowther Whig nor Tory,
Nor Credit give to Purgatory,
Transub, Loretta-house, and mae Tricks,
As Prayers to Saints, Kattier and Patricks;
Nor Afgilite, nor Best Clarksonian,
Nor Mountaineer, nor Mugletonian;
Nor can believe, an'tis nae great Ferly
In Cotmoor Fowk, and Andrew Harley.

Neist, Anti-Toland, Blunt and Wh-Know positively I'm a Christian, Believing Truths and thinking free, Wishing thrawn Parties wad agree.

Say, wad ye ken my Gate of Fending, My Income, Management and Spending? Born to nae Lairdship, mair's the Pity! Yet Denison of this fair City. I make what honest Shift I can, And in my ain House am Good man, Which stands on Edinburgh's Street the Sun-side, Where I theek th'out, and line the Infide Of mony a douse and witty Pash, And baith Ways gather in the Cash; Thus heartily I graze and beau it, And keep a Wife ay great wi' Poet. Contented I have fic a Skair, As does my Bufiness to a Hair ; And fain wa'd prove to ilka Scot That Poortith's no the Poet's Lot.

Fourthly and lastly baith together,
Pray let us ken when ye come hither;
There's mony a canty Carle and me
Wa'd be much comforted to see ye:
But if your outward be refractory,
Send us your inward Manufactory;
That when we're kedgy o'er our Claret,
We correspond may with your Spirit.

Accept of my kind Wishes, with The same to Dons Buttler and Smith; Health, Wit and Joy, Sauls large and free Be a' your Fates,—— fae G O D be wi' ye.

www.wwwww.wwwww.www

On W I T.

Y eafy Friends, fince ye think fit
This Night to lucubrate on Wit;
And fince ye judge that I compose
My Thoughts in Rhyme better than Prose,
I'll give my Judgment in a Sang,
And here it comes be't right or wrang.
But first of a' I'll tell a Tale
That with my Case runs parallel.

There was a manting Lad in Fife,
Wha cou'd na for his very Life
Speak without flammering very lang,
Yet never manted when he fang.
His Father's Kiln he anes faw burning,
Which gart the Lad run breathless mourning;
Hameward with cliver Strides he lap,
To tell his Daddy his Mishap.
At Distance e'er he reach'd the Door,
He shood and rais'd a hideous Roar.
His Father when he heard his Voice,
Stept out and said, Why a' this Noise?

The Callant gap'd and glowr'd about,
But no ae Word could he lug out.
His Dad cry'd, kenning his Defect,
Sing, fing, or I shall break your Neck.
Then soon he gratify'd his Sire,
And sang aloud, Your Kiln's a Fire.

Now ye'll allow there's Wit in that,
To tell a Tale fo very pat.
Bright Wit appears in mony a Shape,
Which fome invent and others ape.
Some shaw their Wit in wairing Claiths,
And some in coining of new Aiths;
There's Crambo Wit in making Rhime,
And dancing Wit in beating Time:
There's mettl'd Wit in Story-telling,
In writing Grammar, and right Spelling.
Wit shines in Knowledge of Politicks,
And wow! what Wit's amang the Criticks.

So far, my Mates, excuse me while I play. In Strains Ironick with that heavenly Ray, Rays which the humane Intelleds refine, And make the Man with brillant Lustre shine, Marking him sprung from Origine divine. Yet may a well rig'd Ship be sull of Flaws, So may loose Wits regard no sacred Laws: That Ship the Waves will soon to Pieces shake, So 'midst his Vices sinks the witty Rake.

3

But when on First-rate-virtues Wit attends,

It both itself and Virtue recommends,

And challenges Respect where e'er its Blaze extends.

3

BREEDREEDREEDREE

To the Right Honourable,

The Town Council of EDINBURGH,

THE

ADDRESS

OF

ALLAN RAMSAY.

Our Poet humbly means and shaws,
That contrair to just Rights and Laws
I've suffer'd muckle Wrang,
By Lucky Reid and Ballad Singers,
Wha thum'd with their coarse dirty Fingers
Sweet Edie's Funeral Sang.
They spoil'd my Sense, and slaw my Cash,
My Muses Pride margully'd,
And printing it like their vile Trash,
The honest Lieges whilly'd.

Thus

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Thus undone to London

It gade to my Difgrace,
Sae pimpin and limpin
In Rags wi' bluther'd Face.

Yet gleg-ey'd Friends throw the Difguise
Receiv'd it as a dainty Prize
For a' it was sae hav'ren,
Gart Lintot take it to his Press,
And clead it in a braw new Dress,
Syne took it to the Tavern.
But tho it was made clean and braw,
Sae sair it had been knoited,
It blather'd Buff before them a',

And aftentimes turn'd doited.

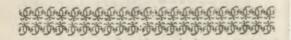
It griev'd me, and reav'd me Of kindly Sleep and Rest, By Carlings and Gorlings To be sae sair opprest,

Wherefore to you, ne'er kend to guide ill,
But wifely hadd the good Town's Bridle,
My Cafe I plainly tell,
And, as your ain, plead I may have
Your word of Weight, when now I crave
To guide my Gear my fell.

R.4.

Then clean and fair the Type shall be, The Paper like the Snaw, . Nor shall our Town think shame wi'me, When we gang far awa.

> What's wanted, if granted Beneath your honour'd Wing, Baith hantily and cantily Your Supplicant shall fing.



To fome young Ladies who had been difpleas'd at a Gentleman's too imprudently afferting, That to be condemn'd to perpetual Virginity was the greatest Punishment could be inflicted on any of their Sex.

By the superior Powers,
Would to your Sex prove cruel Fate,
I'm sure it would to ours.

From you the numerous Nations spring,
Your Breads our Beings save,
Your Beauties make the youthful sing,
And sooth the old and grave.

Alas! how foon would every Wight
Despise both Wit and Arms?
To primitive old Chaos Night
We'd fink without your Charms.

No more our Breath would be our Care, Were Love from us exil'd, Sent back to Heaven with all the Fair, This World would turn a Wild.

Regardless of these facred Ties, Wife, Husband, Father, Son, All Government we would despise, And like wild Tygers run.

Then, Ladies, pardon the Mistake,
And with th' accus'd agree,
I beg it for each Lover's sake,
Low bended on my Knee.

And frankly wish what has been said

By the audacious Youth,

Might be your Thought, but I'm afraid

It will not prove a Truth.

For often, ah! you make us groan
By your too cold Difdain,
Then quarrel with us when we moan
And rave amidst our Pain.



To the Right Honourable

WILLIAM

Earl of DALHOUSIE.

Macenos atavis edite Regibus. HOR.

Dalhousie of an auld Descent,
My Chief, my Stoup and Ornament,
For Entertainment a wee while,
Accept this Sonnet with a Smile;
Setting great Horace in my View,
He to Mecenas, I to you:
But that my Muse may sing with Ease,
I'll keep or drap him as I please.

How differently are Fowk inclin'd?

There's hardly twa of the fame Mind!

Some like to study, fome to play,

Some on the Links to win the Day,

And gar the Courfer rin like wood,
A' drapin down with Sweat and Blood;
The Winner fyne affumes a Look
Might gain a Monarch or a Duke.
Neift, view the Man with pauky Face
Has mounted to a fashous Place,
Inclin'd by an o'er-ruling Fate,
He's pleas'd with his uneasy State:
Glowr'd at a while, he gangs fou braw,
Till frae his kittle Post he fa'.

The Lothian Farmer he likes best To be of good faugh Riggs possess, And sen upon a frugal Stock, Where his Forbears had us'd the Yoke: Nor is he fond to leave his Wark, And venture in a rotten Bark, Syne unto far aff Countries steer On tumbling Waves to gather Gear.

The Merchant wreck'd upon the Main Swears he'll ne'er venture on't again; That he had rather live on Cakes, And shyrest Swats, with Landart Maiks, As rin the Risk by Storms to have, When he is dead, a living Grave. But Seas turn smooth, and he grows fain, And sairly takes his Word again:

Tho he shou'd to the Bottom sink, Of Poverty he downa think.

Some like to laugh their Time away, To dance while Pipes or Fiddles play, And have nae Sense of ony Want As lang as they can drink and rant.

The rat'ling Drum and Trumpet's Tout,
Delight young Swankies that are flout:
What his kind frighted Mother ugs,
Is Mufick to the Soger's Lugs.

The Hunter with his Hounds and Hawks
Bangs up afore his Wife awakes;
Nor speers gin she has ought to say,
But scowrs o'er Highs and Hows a' Day,
Throw Moss and Moor; nor does he care
Whether the Day be foul or fair,
If he his trusty Hounds can cheer
To hunt the Tod, or drive the Deer.

May I be happy in my Lays,
And win a lasting Wreath of Bays,
Is a' my Wish. — Well pleas'd to fing
Beneath a Tree, or by a Spring;
While Lads and Lastes on the Mead
Attend my Caledonian Reed,
And with the sweetest Notes rehearse
My Thoughts, and roose me for my Verse.

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If you, my Lord, class me amang Those who have sung baith saft and strang, Of fmiling Love or doughty Deed, To Starns sublime I'll lift my Head.



Clyde's Welcome

TO HIS

RINCE.

Hat chearful Sounds from ev'ry Side I hear, How beauteous on their Banks my Nymphs appear; Got throw these massy Mountains at my Source, O'er Rocks stupendous of my upper Course, To these fair Plains where I more smoothly move, Throw verdant Vales to meet Evana's Love. Yonder the comes beneath Dodona's Shade. How blyth the looks! How fweet and gaylie clade; Her flowry Bounds bears all the Pride of May, While round her fost Meanders Shepherds play. Hail lovely Naid, to my Bosom large, A midft my Stores commit thy chryffal Charge, And speak these Joys all thy Deportment shews, That to old Ocean I may have good News.

With

With solemn Voice thus spoke majestick Clyde, In softer Notes lov'd Evan thus reply'd.

Great Glotta, long have I had Cause to mourn, While my forsaken Stream gusht from my Urn: Since my late LORD, his Nation's just Delight, Greatly lamented, sunk in endless Night: His hopeless STEM, our chief Desire and Boast, Expos'd to Danger on some foreign Coast; Lonely for Years, I've murmur'd on my Way, When dark I wept, and sigh'd in shining Day.

The Sire return'd, Just Reasons for thy Pains, So long to wind through solitary Plains: Thy Loss was mine, I sympathiz d with thee, Since one our Griess, then share thy Joys with me.

Then hear me, liquid Chifcain of the Dale,
Hush all your Cat'racts, till I tell my Tale,
Then rise and rore, and kis your bord'ring Flowers,
And sound our Joys around you lordly Towers;
You lordly Towers, which happy now contain
Our brave and youthful PRINCE return'd again.

Welcome, in loudest Raptures, cry'd the Flood, His Welcome echo'd from each Hill and Wood. Enough Evana, long may they contain The noble Youth safely return'd again. From the green Mountain where I list my Head, With my twin Brothers Annan and the Tweed,

To those high Arches where, as Culdees fing, The pious Mungo fish'd the Trout and Ring, My fairest Nymphs shall on my Margin play, And make ev'n all the Year one holy Day : The Sylvan Powers, and Watches of each Hight, Where Fleecy Flocks and climbing Goats delight, Shall from their Groves and rocky Mountains roam, To join with us, and fing his Welcome home, With lofty Notes we'll found his high Descent, His dawning Merits and heroick Bent; These early Rays which stedfastly shall shine, And add new Glories to his ancient Line; A Line ay loyal, fir'd with generous Zeal, The brayest Patrons of the Common-weal. From him who plung'd his Sword (fo Mules fing) Deep in his Breast who durst defame our King; We'll fing the Fire which in his Bosom glows, To warm his Friends, and fcorch his daring Foes; Endow'd with all these sweet, vet manly Charms, As fits him for the Fields of Love or Arms. Fixt in an high and independent State, Above to act what's little to be great.

Guard him, first Power, whose Hand directs the Sun, And teaches me throw Caverns dark to run; Long may he on his own fair Plains reside, And slight my Rival Thames, and love his Clyde.



On the most Honourable the Marquess of Bow-MONT's Cutting off his Hair:

SHall Berenite's Treffes mount the Skies,
And by the Muse to shining Fame arise,
Bellinda's Lock invite the smoothest Lays
Of him whose Merit claims the British Bays;
And not, dear Bowmont, beautiful and young,
The graceful Ringlets of thy Head be sung?
How many tender Hearts thine Eyes hath pain'd!
How many sighing Nymphs thy Locks have chain'd!

The God of Love beheld him with Envy, And on Cyth'rea's Lap began to cry, All drench'd in Tears, "O Mother help your Son,

- " Elfe by a mortal Rival I'm undone;
- " With happy Charms h' encroaches on my Sway,
- " His Beauty disconcerts the Plots I lay.
- " When I've made Chloe her humble Slave admire,
- " Straight he appears and kindles new Defire;
- 6 She Sighs for him, and all my Art beguiles,
- "Whilst he, like me, commands and careless smiles.
- " Ah me! these sable Circles of his Hair,
- "Which wave around his Beauties red and fair,
- " I cannot bear ! Adonis would feem dim,
- " With all his flaxen Locks, if plac'd by him."

Venus reply'd, "No more, my dearest Boy,
Shall those inchanting Curls thy Peace destroy;
For ever sep'rate they shall cease to grow,
Or round his Cheek, or on his Shoulders slow;
I'll use my Slight, and make them quickly seel
Their Honour's lost by the invading Steel;
I'll turn my self in Shape of Mode and Health;
And gain upon his youthful Mind by Stealth;
Three Times the Sun shall not have rouz'd the Morn,
E'er he consent these from him shall be shorn.

The Promise she perform'd, but Labour vain, and still shall prove while his bright Eyes remain:
And of Revenge blind Cupid must despair,
As long's the lovely Sex are grac'd with Hair;
They'll yield the conquering Glories of their Heads,
To form around his Beauty easy Shades:
And in Return Thalia spaes and sings,
His log'd off Locks shall sparkle in their Rings.

An EPISTLE to a Friend at Florence, in his
Way to Rome.

Our fleady Impulse foreign Climes to view,
To study Nature, and what Art can shew,
now approve, while my warm Fancy walks
D'er Italy, and with your Genius talks.

S

We trace with glowing Breast and piercing Look
The curious Galery of th' illustrious Duke,
Where all those Masters of the Arts divine,
With Pencils, Pens, and Chizels greatly shine,
Immortalizing the Augustan Age,
On Medalls, Canvass, Stone, or written Page.
Profiles and Busts Originals express,
And antique Scrols, old e'er we knew the Press.
For's Love to Science, and each virtuous Scot,
May Days unnumber'd be great Cosmus' Lot.

The fweet Hesperian Fields you'll next explore,
'Twixt Arnus Banks and Tiber's fertile Shore.

Now, now I wish my Organs could keep Pace
With my fond Muse and you these Plains to trace,
We'd enter Rome with an uncommon Taste,
And seed our Minds on every famous Waste;
Amphitheatres, Columns, Royal Tombs,
Triumphal Arches, Ruins of vast Domes,
Old aerial Aqueducts, and strong pav'd Roads,
Which seem to've been not wrought by Men, but Gods.

These view'd, we'd then survey with outmost Care What modern Rome produces fiue or rare, Where Buildings rise with all the Strength of Art, Proclaiming their great Architect's Desert, Which Citron Shades surround and Jessamine, And all the Soul of Raphael shines within:

Then we'd regale our Ears with founding Notes, Which warble tuneful thro' the beardless Throats; Join'd with the vib'rating harmonious Strings, And breathing Tubes, while the foft Eunoch fings.

Of all those Dainties take a hearty Meal;
But let your Resolution still prevail;
Return before your Pleasure grow a Toil,
To longing Frienls, and your own native Soil:
Preserve your Health, your Virtue still improve,
Hence you'll invite Protection from above.

THE SECOND RECEIVED AND SECOND SECON

To Sir WILLIAM BENNET of Grubbet, Bar.

Hile now in Difcord giddy Changes reel,
And some are rack'd about on Fortune's Wheel,
You with undaunted Stalk, and Brow serene,
May trace your Groves, and press the dewy Green;
No guilty Twangs your manly Joys to wound,
Or horrid Dreams to make your Sleep unsound.

To such as you, who can what's base despise, in Nature's all beautiful 'twixt Earth and Skies.

Not hurried with the Thirst of unjust Gain, on You can delight your self on Hill or Plain,

Observing

Observing when those tender Sprouts appear,
Which crowd with fragrant Sweets the youthful Year.
Your lovely Scenes of Marlefield abound
With as much Choise as is in Britain found:
Here fairest Plants from Nature's Bosom start
From Soil prolifick, serv'd with curious Art:
Here oft the heedful Gazer is beguil'd,
And wanders through an artificial Wild,
While native flowry Green, and christal Strands,
Appear the Labours of ingenious Hands.

Most happy he who can those sweets enjoy, With Taste resin'd, which does not easy cloy. Not fo Plebeian Souls, whom sporting Fate Thrusts into Life upon a large Estate, While Spleen their weak Imagination fowrs, They're at a Loss how to imploy their Hours: The sweetest Plants which fairest Gardens show, Are lost to them, for them unheeded grow. Such purblind Eyes ne'er view the fon'rous Page, Where shines the Raptures of poetick Rage, Nor through the Microscope can take Delight, T' observe the Tusks and Bristles of a Mite; Nor by the lengthen'd Tube learn to descry These shining Worlds which roll around the Sky. Bid fuch read Histry to improve their Skill, Polite Excuse! Their Memories are ill,

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Moll's Maps may in their Dining-rooms make show, But their Contents they're not oblig'd to know; And gen'rous Friendship's out of Sight too fine, They think it only means a Glass of Wine.

But he whose chearful Mind hath higher flown, And adds learn'd Thoughts of others to his own, Has feen the World, and read the Volume Man, And can the Springs and Ends of Actions scan, Has fronted Deaths in Service of his King, And drunken deep of the Castalian Spring; This Man can live, - and happiest Life's his due, Can be a Friend; - a Virtue known to few; Yet all fuch Virtues strongly shine in you.

(64)(64)(64)(64)(64)(64)(64)(64)

HORACE to VIRGIL, on his taking a Voyage to Athens.

Sic te diva totens Cytri, -

Cyprian Goddess twinkle clear, And Helen's Brithers ay appear; Ye Stars wha shed a lucky Light, Auspicious ay keep in a Sight: King Eol grant a tydie Tirl, But boaft the Blaft that rudely Whirl;

Dear Ship be canny with your Care,

At Athens land my Virgil fair:

Syne foon and fafe, baith Lith and Spaul,

Bring hame the tae haff o' my Saul.

Daring and unco flout he was,
With Heart hool'd in three Sloughs of Brais,
Wha ventur'd first on the rough Sea,
With hempen Branks and Horse of Tree:
Wha on the weak Machine durst ride
Throu' Tempests and a rairing Tide;
Nor clinty Craigs, nor Hurrycane,
That drives the Adriatick Main,
And gars the Ocean gowl and quake,
Cou'd e'er a Saul sae sturdy shake:
The Man wha cou'd sic Rubs win o'er,
Without a Wink at Death might glowr,
Wha unconcern'd can take his Sleep
Amang the Monsters of the Deep.

Fove vainly twin'd the Sea and Eard, Since Mariners are not afraid.
With Laws of Nature to dispense, And impiously treat Providence.
Audacious Men at nought will fland When vicious Passions have command.
Prometheus ventur'd up and flaw
A lowan Coal frae Heav'ns high Ha':

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Unfonfy Thift, which Feavers brought
In Bikes, which Fowk like Sybous hought:
Then Death erft flaw began to ling,
And faft as Haps to dart his Sting.
Neift Dadalus must contradict
Nature forfooth, and Feathers slick
Upon his Back, fyne upward streek,
And in at Jove's high Winnocks keek,
While Hercules, wi's Timber Mell,
Plays rap upo' the Yates of Hell.

What is't Man winna ettle at?
E'en wi' the Gods he'll bell the Cat:
Tho Jove be very Laith to kill,
They winna let his Bowt ly Rill.

An ODE to Mr. F----

Solvitur acris biems, -

HOR.

Ow Gowans sprout and Lavrocks sing,
And welcome West-winds warm the Spring,
O'er Hill and Dale they safely blaw,
And drive the Winter's Cauld awa.

The

The Ships lang gyzen'd at the Peer, Now spread their Sails and smoothly steer. The Nags and Nowt hate wiffen'd Strae, And frisking to the Fields they gae: Nor Hynds wi' Elson and Hemp Lingle, Sit folling Shoon out o'er the Ingle. Now bonny Haughs their Verdure boaff, That late were clade wi' Snaw and Frost. With her gay Train the Pathian Queen By Moon-light dances on the Green; She leads, while Nymphs and Graces fing, And trip around the Fairy Ring. Mean Time poor Vulcan hard at Thrift, Gets mony a fair and heavy Lift, Whilst rinnen down, his haff blind Lads Blaw up the Fire, and thump the Goads.

Now leave your Fitfled on the Dew,
And busk ye'r fell in Habit new:
Be gratefu' to the guiding Powers,
And blythly spend your easy Hours.
O canny F——, tutor Time,
And live as lang's ye'r in your Prime:
That ill-bred Death has nae Regard
To King or Cottar, or a Laird:
As soon a Cassle he'll attack,
As Waws of Divots roof'd wi' Thack.

Immediately we'll a' take Flight
Into the mirk Realms of Night,
As Stories gang, with Gaifts to roam,
In glowmie Pluto's gowfty Dome;
Bid fair Good-day to Pleasure syne
Of bonny Lasses and red Wine.

Then deem ilk little Care a Crime,
Dares waste an Hour of precious Time;
And since our Lise's sae unco short,
Enjoy it a', ye've nae mair for't.



To R--- H--- B---, an Ode.

Nullum Vare sacra vite prius severis arborem, Circa mite solum Tiburis & mania Catilia.

HOR

B—could these Fields of thine
Bear as in Gaul the juicy Vine,
How sweet the bonny Grape wou'd shine

On Wa's, where now

Your Apricocks and Branches fine

Their Branches bow ?

Since

Since human Life is but a Blink,
Why should we its short Joys sink?
He disna live that canna link

The Glass about;
When warm'd with Wine, like Men we think,

And grow mair flout.

The cauldrife Carlies clog'd wi' Care, Wha gathering Gear gang hyte and gare, If ramn'd wi' Red, they rant and rair

Like mirthfu' Men :

It foothly shaws them they can spare

A Rowth-to spend.

What Soger when with Wine he's bung Did e'er complain he had been dung, Or of his Toil, or empty Spung?

Na, o'er his Glass,

Nought but braw Deeds employ his Tongue,
Or some sweet Lass.

Yet Trouth, 'tis proper we should slint Our sells to a fresh mod'rate Pint; Why should we (the blyth Blessing) mint

To waift or fpill?

Since, aften, when our Reason's tint

We may do ill.

Let's fet these Hair brain'd Fowk in View,
That when they're stupid, mad and fow,
Do brutal Deeds, which aft they rue
For a' their Days,

Which frequently prove very few

To fuch as thefe.

Then let us grip our Bliss mair ficker, And tape our Heal, and sprightly Liquor, Which sober tane makes Wit the quicker,

And Sense mair keen ;

While graver Heads that's muckle thicker

Grane wi' the Spleen.

May ne'er such wicked Fumes arise In me, shall break a' sacred Ties, And gar me like a Fool despise

With Stifness rude,

What ever my best Friends advise,

Tho ne'er fae good.

'Tis best then to evite the Sin

Of bending till our Sauls gae blin;

Lest like our Glass our Breasts grow thin,

And let Fowk peep

At ilka Secret hid within,

That we should keep.



To Mr. JOSEPH MITCHEL, on the successful Representation of a Irazedy wrote by by him.

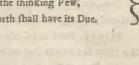
Ut Jealoufy, dear Jos. which aft gives Pain To scrimpit Sauls, I own my sell right vain To fee a native trufty Friend of mine Sae brawly 'mang our bleezing Billies shine. Yes, wherefore no? shaw them the frozen North Can towring Minds with heav'nly Heat bring forth; Minds that can mount with an uncommon Wing, And frae black heath'ry headed Mountains fing, As faft as he that Haughs Hefterian trades, Or leans beneath the Aromatick Shades. Bred to the Love of Lit'rature and Arms, Still fomething great a Scottish Bosom warms: Tho nurs'd on Ice, and educate in Snaw, Honour and Liberty eags him to draw A Hero's Sword, or an heroick Quili, The monfirous Faes of Right and Wit to kill.

Well may ye further in your leal Defign,
To thwart the Gowks, and gar the Breth'ren tine
The wrang Opinion which they lang have had,
That a' which mounts the Stage——is furely bad,

Stupidly dull! But Fools ay Fools will be,
And nane's fae blind as them that winna fee.
Where's Vice and Virtue fet in juster Light?
Where can a glancing Genius shine mair bright?
Where can we human Life review mair plain
Than in the happy Plot and curious Scene?

If in themsells sic fair Designs were ill,
We ne'er had priev'd the sweet drammatick Skill
Of Congrave, Addison, Steel, Rowe and Hill;
Hill, wha the highest Road to Fame doth chuse,
And has some upper Seraph for his Muse:
It maun be sae, else how could he display
With so just Strength the great tremenduous Day?

Sic Patterns, Joseph, always keep in View, Ne'er fash if ye can please the thinking Few, Then Spite of Malice, Worth shall have its Due,







The Poet's Wish: An ODE.

Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem Vates?

HOR.

Rae great Apollo, Poet fay,
What is thy Wish, what wadst thou hae,
When thou bows at his Shrine?
Not Karss o' Gowrie's sertile Field,
Nor a' the Flocks the Grampians yield,
That are baith sleek and sine:
Not costly Things brought frae asar,
As Ivory, Pearl and Gems;
Nor those fair Straths that water'd are
With Tay and Tweed's smooth Streams,
Which gentily and daintily
Eat down the flowry Braes;
As greatly and quietly

They wimple to the Seas.

Whaever by his kanny Fate Is Master of a good Estate, That can ilk Thing afford,
Let him enjoy't withoutten Care,
And with the Wale of curious Fare
Cover his ample Board.
Much dawted by the Gods is he,
Wha to the Indian Plain,
Successfu' ploughs the wally Sea,
And safe returns again

With Riches, that hitches Him high aboon the rest Of sma' Fowk, and a' Fowk That are wi' Poortith prest.

For me I can be well content
To eat my Bannock on the Bent,
And kitchent't wi' fresh Air:
Of Lang-kail I can make a Feast,
And cantily had up my Crest,
And laugh at Dishes rare.
Nought frae Apollo I demand,
But throu' a lengthen'd Life
My outer Fabrick firm may sland,
And Saul clear without Strife.

May he then but gi'e then Those Bleffings for my Skair, I'll fairly and squairly Quite a' and seek nae mair.

The Response of the Oracle.

And heeze thee out of vulgar Life,
We in a Morning-Dream,
Whisper'd our Will concerning thee,
To Marlus stretch'd beneath a Tree,
Hard by a pop'ling Stream;
He full of me shall point the Way,
Where thou a Star shalt see,
The Influence of whose bright Ray,
Shall wing thy Muse to stee.

Mair speer na, and sear na, But set thy Mind to Rest:
Aspire ay still high'r ay,
And always hope the best.





THE

TEA-TABLE

MISCELLANY.

Behold, and listen, while the Fair Breaks in sweet Sounds the willing Air; And, with her own Breath, fans the Fire Which her bright Eyes do first inspire: What Reason can that Love controul, Which more than one Way courts the Soul?

E. W.

TO

Ilka lovely British Lass,
Frae Ladys Charlote, Anne, and Jean,
Down to ilk bony singing Bess,
Wha dances barefoot on the Green,

EARLASSES,
Your most Lumble Slave,
Wha ne'er to serve ye shall decline;
Cneeling wad your Acceptance crave,
When he presents this sma' Propine.

Then

Then take it kindly to your Care,
Revive it with your sunefu' Notes;
Its Beauties will look fweet and fair,
Arising saftly through your Throats.

The wanton wee thing will rejoice,
When tented by a sparkling Eye,
The Spinnet tinkling with her voice,
It lying on her lovely Knee.

While Kettles dringe on Ingles dure,
Or Clashes stays the lazy Lass,
Thir Sangs may ward ye frae the sowr,
And gayly vacant Minutes pass.

E'en while the Tea's fill'd recking round, Rather than plot a tender Tongue, Treat a' the circling Lugs wi Sound, Syne sifely sip when ye have sung.

May Happiness had up your Hearts,
And warm ye lang with loving Fires,
May Powers propitious play their Parts
In matching ye to your Desires.

Edin. Fanuary
I. 1723.

A. RAMSAY.



Bony Christy.

O W fweetly finells the Simmer green?
Sweet taffe the Peach and Cherry;
Painting and Order please our Ecn,
And Claret makes us merry:
But finest Colours, Fruits and Flowers,
And Wine, tho' I be thirsty,

And Wine, the I be thirtly,

Lofe a' their Charms and weaker Powers,

Compar'd with those of Christy.

When wandring o'er the flow'ry Park,
No nat'ral Beauty wanting;
How lightsome is't to hear the Lark,
And Birds in Consort chanting:
But if my Christy tunes her Voice,
I'm rapt in Admiration,
My Thoughts with Extasses rejoice,
And drap the hale Creation.

When

When e'er fhe smiles a kindly Glance,
I take the happy Omen,
And aften mint to make Advance,
Hoping she'll prove a Woman:
But dubious of my ain Desert,
My Sentiments I smother,
With secret Sighs I vex my Heart,
For sear she love another.

Thus fang blate Edie by a Burn,
His Christy did o'erhear him,
She doughtna let her Lover mourn,
But e'er he wist drew near him.
She spake her Pavour with a Look,
Which left nae Room to doubt her,
He wisely this white Minute took,
And stang his Arms about her.

My Christy! — witness, bony Stream,
Sic Joys frae Tears arising,
I wish this may na be a Dream; —
O Love the maist surprising!
Time was too precious now for Tauk,
This Point of a' his Wishes,
He wadna with set Speeches bauk,
But wair'd it a' on Kisses.

The Bush aboon Traquair.

The AR 'me, ye Nymphs, and every Swain,
I'll tell how Peggy grieves me,
The thus I languish, thus complain,
Alas, she ne'er believes me.
My Vows and Sighs, like filent Air,
Unheeded never move her;
At the bony Bush aboon Traquair,
'Twas there I first did love her.

That Day she smil'd, and made me glad,
No Maid seem'd ever kinder,
I thought myself the luckiest Lad,
So sweetly there to find her.
I try'd to sooth my am'rous Flame,
In Words that I thought tender,
If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flies the Plain,
The Fields we then frequented,
If e'er we meet, she shews Disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bony Bush bloom'd fair in May,
Its Sweets I'll ay remember;
But now her Frowns make it decay,
It sades, as in December.

Ye Rural Powers, who hear my Strains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
Oh! make her Partner in my Pains,
Then let her Smiles relieve me.
If not, my Love will turn Despair,
My Passion no more tender;
I'll leave the Bush aboon Traquair,
To lonely Wilds I'll wander.

An ODE.

To the Tune of Polwarth on the Green.

That smiles on Polwarth Green,
In various Colours shows,
As 'tis by Fancy seen:
Yet all its different Glories ly
United in thy Face,
And Vertue, like the Sun on high,
Gives Rays to ev'ry Grace.

So charming is her Air,
So fmooth, to calm her Mind,
That to fome Angel's Care
Each Motion feems affign d:

But yet so cheerful, sprightly, gay, The joyful, Moments sly, As if for Wings they stole the Ray She darteth from her Eye.

Kind am'rous Cupids, while
With tuneful Voice she sings,
Presume her Breath and smile,
And wave their balmy Wings:
But as the tender Blushes rise,
Soft Innocence doth warm,
The Soul in blissful Extasses
Dissolveth in the Charm.

D.

Tweed-Side.

HAT Beauties does Flora disclose?

How sweet are her Smiles upon Tweed?

Yet Mary's still sweeter than those,
Both Nature and Fancy exceed.

Not Daisie, nor sweet blushing Rose,
Not all the gay Flowers of the Field,
Not Tweed gliding gently thro' those,
Such Beauty and Pleasure does yield.

TA

The Warblers are heard in the Grove,
The Linnet, the Lark and the Thrush,
The Black-bird, and sweet cooing Dove,
With Musick enchant ev'ry Bush.
Come let us go forth to the Mead,
Let us see how the Primroses spring,
We'll lodge in some Village on Tweed,
And sove while the feather'd Folks sing.

How does my Love pass the long Day?

Does Mary not 'tend a few Sheep?

Do they never carelesly stray,

While happily she lyes asleep?

Tweed's Murmurs should lull her to Rest,

Kind Nature indulging my Blis,

To relieve the soft Pains of my Breast,

I'd steal an ambrosial Kis.

Tis she does the Virgins excell,

No Beauty with her may compare,

Love's Graces all round her do dwell,

She's fairest, where Thousands are fair.

Say, Charmer, where do thy Flocks stray?

Oh! tell me at Noon where they feed;

Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,

Or the pleasanter Banks of the Tweed?

SONG.

To the Tune of, Wo's my Heart that we Should Sunder.

Is Hamilla then my own,
O the dear, the charming Treasure?
Fortune now in vain shall frown,
All my suture Life is Pleasure.

See how rich with youthful Grace, Beauty warms her ev'ry Feature; Smiling Heaven is in her Face, All is gay, and all is Nature.

See what mingling Charms arife, Rofy Smiles and kindling Blushes; Love fits laughing in her Eyes, And betrays her feoret Wishes.

Haste then from th' Idalian Grove, Infant Smiles, and Sports, and Graces, Spread the Downy Couch for Love, And Iulis us in your sweet Embraces.

Softest Raptures, pure from Noise, This fair happy Night furround us, While a Thousand spritty Joys Silent flutter all around us. Thus unfowr'd with Care or Strife, Heaven fill guard this dearest Bleffing, While we tread the Path of Life, Loving still, and still possessing.

5.

A SONG.

ET's be jovial, fill our Glasses,

Madness 'tis for us to think,

How the World is rul'd by Asses,

And the Wise are sway'd by Chink.

Fal la ra, &c.

Then never let vain Cares oppress us, Riches are to them a Snare, We're ev'ry one as rich as Crasus, While our Bottle drowns our Care.

Wine will make us red as Rofes,

And our Sorrows quite forget,

Come let us fuddle all our Nofes,

Drink ourfelves quite out of Debt.

Fa la ra, &c.

When grim Death comes looking for us,
We are topping at our Bowls,
Bacchus joining in the Chorus;
Death, begone, here's none but Souls.
Fa la ra, &c.

Godlike

Godlike Bacchus thus commanding, Trembling Death away shall-fly, Ever after understanding Drinking Souls can never dy. Fa la ra, &c.

X.

Muirland Willie.

Arken and I will tell you how
Young Muirland Willie came to woo,
The he cou'd neither fay nor do,
The Truth I tell to you.
But ay he cries, What e'er betide,
Maggy I'se ha'e her to be my Bride,
With a fal dal, &c.

On his gray Yad as he did ride,
With Durk and Piffol by his Side,
He prick'd her on wi' mikle Pride,
Wi' mikle Mirth and Glee.
Out o'er yon Moss, out o'er yon Muir,
Till he came to her Dady's Door.
With a fal dal, &c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
I'm come your Doghter's Love to win,
I care no for making mikle Din,
What Answer gi' ye me?

Now Wooer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down, I'se gi'e ye my Doghter's Love to win, With a fil dal, &c.

Now Wooer fin ye are lighted down,
Where do ye won, or in what Town,
I think my Doghter winna gloom,
On fiken a Lad as ye.
The Wooer he step d up the House,
And wow but he was wond rous crouse,
With a fal, &c.

I have three Owfen in a Pleugh,
Twa good gan Yads and Gear enough,
The Place they ca' it Codeneugh,
I foorn to tell a Lie.
Befides I had trae the great Laird,
A Peat Pat and a Lang-kail Yard,
With a fal, &c.

The Maid pat on her Kirtle brown,
She was the brawest in a' the Town,
I wat on him she did na gloom,
But blinkit bonnilie.
The Lover he stended up in haste,
And gripit her hard about the Waist,
With a fal, &c.

To win your Love, Maid, I'm come here, I'm young and hae enough o' Gear, And for my fell ye need aa fear,

Troth try me whan ye like.

He took aff his Bonnet and spat in his Chew,

He dighted his Gab and he pri'd her Mou'

With a fal, &c.

The Maiden blusht and bing'd fu' law, She had na Will to say him na, But to her Dady she left it a'.

As they twa cou'd agree.

The Lover he ga'e her the tither Kifs,

Syne ran to her Dady and telld him this,

With a fal, &c.

Your Doghter wad na fay me na,
But to your fel she has left it a'
As we cou'd gree between us twa,
Say what'll ye gi' me wi' her.
Now Wooer, quo' he, I ha'e no Mikle,
But sik's I ha'e ye's get a Pikle,
With a fal, &c.

A Kilnfu' of Corn I'll gi'e to thee,
Three Soums of Sheep, twa good Milk Ky,
Ye's ha'e the Wadding Dinner free,
Troth I dow do na Mair.

Content, quo' he, a Bargain bert, I'm far frae hame, make haste let's do't; With a fal, &c.

The Bridal Day it came to pass,
Wi'mony a blythsome Lad and Lass,
But sicken a Day there never was,
Sic Mirth was never seen.
This winsom Couple straked Hands,
Mess John ty'd up the Marriage Bands,
With a fal, &c.

And our Bride's Maidens were na few, Wi' Tap-knots, Lug-knots a' in blew, Frae Tap to Tae they were braw new, And blinked bonnilie.

Their Toys and Mutches were fae clean, They glanced in our Ladfes Een, With a fal. &c.

Sic Hirdum, Dirdum, and fic Dir,
Wi' he o'er her and the o'er him,
The Minstrels they did never blin,
Wi' mikle Mirth and Glee.
And ay they bobit and ay they beckt,
And ay their Wames together met,
With a fal, &c.

The promis'd Joy.

To the Tune of Carle and the King some. Address'd to Ophelia.

When we meet again, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely,
Raptures will reward our Pain,
And Lofs refult in Gain, Phely.
Long the Sport of Fortune driv'n,
To Despair our Thoughts were giv'n,
But when Hell is turn'd to Heav'n,
Our Odds will all be ev'n, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely, Oc.

Now in dreary-diffant Groves,
Tho we moan like Turtle Doves,
Suffering best our Virtue proves,
And will enhance our Loves, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely, &c.

Joy will come in a Surprife,
'Till its happy Hour arife,
Temper well your Love-fick Sighs,
For Hope becomes the Wife, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely,

To Delia on her drawing him to her Valentine.

To the Tune of Black Ey'd Susan.

Te Powers! was Damon then so bless
To fall to charming Delia's Share,
Delia, the beauteous Maid possess
Of all that's fost and all that's fair?
Here cease thy Bounty, O indulgent Heav'n,
I ask no more, for all my Wish is giv'n.

I came, and Delia smiling show'd,
She smil'd and show'd the happy Name;
With rising Joy my Heart o'erstow'd,
I felt and blest the new born Flame.
May softest Pleasures ceaseless round her move,
May all her Nights be Joy, and Days be Love.

That Breast where Love and Graces play,
O Name beyond Expression bless!
Thus lodg'd with all that's fair and gay,

The faithful Shepherd.

To the Tune of Auld lang syne.

Hen Flow'ry Meadows deck the Year,
And sporting Lambkins play,
When spangl'd Fields renew'd appear,
And Musick wak'd the Day;
Then did my Chloe leave her Bower,
To hear my am'rous Lay,
Warm'd by my Love she vow'd no Power
Shou'd lead her Heart astray.

The warbling Quires from ev'ry Bough,
Surround our Couch in Throngs,
And all their tuneful Art beflow,
To give us change of Songs;
Scenes of Delight my Soul poffes'd,
I blis'd, then hug'd my Maid;
I rob'd the Kiffes from her Breaft,
Sweet as a Noon-day's Shade.

Joy so transporting never fails

To fly away as Air,

Another Swain with her prevails,

To be as false as fair.

rτ

What can my fatal Paffion cure,
I'll never woo again,
All her Difdain I must endure,
Adoring her in vain.

O,

What Pity 'tis to hear the Boy
Thus fighing with his Pain;
But Time and Scorn may give him Joy
To hear her figh again.
Ah! fickle Gloe be advis'd,
Do not thy felf beguile,
A faithful Lover should be priz'd,
Then cure him with a Smile.

To Mrs. S. H. on her taking something ill I said.

To the Tune of Hallow E'en.

WHY hangs that Cloud upon thy Brow?
That beauteous Heav'n e're while ferene:
Whence do thefe Storms and Tempess slow
Or what this Gust of Passion mean?
And must then Mankind lose that Light,
Which in thine Eye was wont to shine?
And ly obscur'd in endless Night,
For each poor filly Speech of mine?

Dear

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Dear Child! How can I wrong thy Name, Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all Hands,
That could ill Tongues abuse thy Fame,
Thy Beauty can make large Amends.
Or if I durst profanely try,
Thy Beauty's pow'rful Charms t'upbraid,
Thy Virtue well might give the Lie,
Nor call thy Beauty to its Aid.

For Venus every Heart t'ensnare,
With all her Charms has deckt thy Face,
And Pallas with unusual Care,
Bids Wisdom heighten every Grace.
Who can the double Pain endure?
Or who must not resign the Field,
To thee, Cœlestial Maid, secure
With Cupid's Bow and Pallas' Sheild?

If then to thee fuch Power is giv'n, Let not a Wretch in Torment live, But finile and learn to copy Heav'n, since we must fin ere it forgive. Yet pitying Heav'n not only does Forgive th' Offender and th' Offence, But even itself appeas'd bestows, as the Reward of Penitence.

H.

The Broom of Cowdenknows.

The Swain come o'er the Hill?

He skipt the Burn, and flew to me,
I met him with good Will.

O the Broom, the bonny, bonny Broom,
The Broom of Cowdenknows;
I wish I were with my dear Swain,
With his Pipe and my Ews.

I neither wanted Ew nor Lamb,
While his Flock near me lay;
He gather'd in my Sheep at Night,
And chear'd me a' the Day.
O the Broom, &c.

He tun'd his Pipe and Reed fae sweet,
The Burds flood lishing by;
Even the dull Cattle flood and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his Melody.

O the Broom, &c.

While thus we spent our Time by Turns,
Betwixt our Flocks and Play;
I envy'd not the fairest Dame,
Tho' ne'er sae rich and gay.
O the Broom, &c.

Hard Fate that I (hou'd banish'd be, Gang heavily and mourn, Because I lov'd the kindest Swain That ever yet was born. O the Broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry Hour,
Cou'd I but faithfu' be?
He staw my Heart, cou'd I refuse
What e'er he ask'd of me?
O the Broom, &c.

O the Broom, &c.

My Doggie and my little Kit
That held my wee Soup Whey,
My Plaidy, Broach and crooked Stick,
May now ly ufeless by.
O the Broom, &c.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu, Farewel a' Pleasures there, Ye Gods restore to me my Swain, Is a' I crave or care.

O the Broom, the bonny, bonny Broom,
The Broom of Cowdenknows;

I wish I were with my dear Swain,
With his Pipe and my Ews.

S. R.

To CHLOE.

To the Tune of I wish my Love were in a Mire.

Lovely Maid! How dear's thy Pow'r?

At once I love, at once adore;
With Wonder are my Thoughts possess,
While softest Love inspires my Breast.
This tender Look, these Eyes of mine,
Confess their am'rous Master thine;
These Eyes with Strephon's Passion play,
First make me love, and then betray.

Yes, charming Victor, I am thine, Poor as it is, that Heart of mine, Was never in another's Pow'r, Was never pierc'd by Love before. In thee I've treafur'd up my Joy, Thou can'ft give Blifs, or Blifs deflroy And thus I've bound myfelf to love While Blifs or Mifery can move.

O fhould I ne'er possess thy Charms, Ne'er meet my Comfort in thy Arms, Were Hopes of dear Enjoyment gone, Still would I love, love thee alone. But like fome discontented Shade, That wanders where its Body's laid, Mournful I'd roam with hollow Glare, For ever exil'd from my Fair.

L.

Upon hearing his Picture was in Chloe's Breast.

To the Tune of The Fourteen of October.

E Gods! was Strephon's Picture bleft
With the fair Heaven of Chloe's Breaft;
Move fofter, thou fond flutring Heart,
Oh gently throb, --- too fierce thou art.
Tell me, thou brightest of thy kind,
For Strephon was the Bliss designed?
For Strephon's Sake, dear charming Maid,
Didst thou prefer his wond ring Shade?

And thou bleft Shade that sweetly art Lodg'd so near my Chloe's Heart,
For me the tender Hour improve,
And softly tell how dear I love.
Ungrateful Thing! it scorns to hear
Its wretched Master's ardent Pray'r,
Engroffing all that beauteous Heaven,
That Chloe, lavish Maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee; were I Lord
Of all the Wealth those Breasts afford,
I'd be a Miser too, nor give
An Alms to keep a God alive.
Oh smile not thus, my lovely Fair,
On these cold Looks, that lifeless Air,
Prize him whose Bosom glows with Fire,
With eager Love and soft Defire.

'Tis true thy Charms, O powerful Maid,
To Life can bring the filent Shade;
Thou can'ft furpass the Painter's Art,
And real Warmth and Flames impart.
But oh! it ne'er can love like me,
I've ever lov'd and lov'd but thee:
Then, Charmer, grant my fond Request,
Say thou canst love and make me bless.

r

Song for a Serenade.

To the Tune of The Broom of Cowdenknows.

Each me, Chloe, how to prove
My boafted Flame fincere;
'Tis hard to tell how dear I love,
And hard to hide my Care.

Sleep in vain displays her Charms, To bribe my Soul to Rest, Vainly spreads her Silken Arms, And courts me to her Breast.

Where can Strephon find Repose,

If Chlor is not there?

For ah! no Peace his Bosom knows

When absent from the Fair.

What the Phabus from on high
Witholds his chearful Ray,
Thine Eyes can well his Light fupply,
And give me more than Day.

Τ.

Love is the Cause of my Mourning.

By a murmuring Stream a fair Shepherdess lay,
Be so kind, O ye Nymphs, I ostimes heard her say,
Tell Strephon I dy, if he passes this Way,
And that Love is the Cause of my mourning.
False Shepherds that tell me of Beauty and Charms,
You deceive me, for Strephon's cold Heart never warms;
Yet bring me this Strephon, let me dy in his Arms,

Ob Strephon the Cause of my mourning.

But first, said she, let me go

Down to the Shades below,

E'er ye let Strephon know
That I have lov'd him fo;
Then on my pale Cheek no Blushes will show
That Love was the Cause of my mourning.

Her Eyes were scarce closed when Strephon came by, He thought she'd been sleeping, and fostly drew nigh; But finding her breathless, Oh Heavens, did he cry, Ab Chloris the Gause of my mourning.

Reftore me my Chloris, ye Nymphs use your Art;
They sighing reply'd, 'Twas yourself shot the Dart
That wounded the tender young Shepherdess Heart,
And kill'd the poor Chloris with mourning.

Ah then is Chloris dead,

Wounded by me? He faid,
I'll follow thee, chafte Maid,
Down to the filent Shade:

Then on her cold Snowy Breaft leaning his Head,

Expir'd the poor Strephon with mourning.

X,

To Mrs. A. H. on seeing ber at a Consort.

To the Tune of The bonniest Lass in a' the Warld.

Ook where my dear Hamilla smiles,

Hamilla! heavenly Charmer,

See how with all their Arts and Wiles

The Loves and Graces arm her.

A Blush dwells glowing on her Cheeks, Fair Seats of youthful Pleasures, There Love in smiling Language speaks, There spreads his Rosy Treasures.

O fairest Maid I own thy Pow'r,
I gaze, I sigh and languish,
Yet ever, ever will adore,
And triumph in my Anguish.
But ease, O Charmer, ease my Care,
And let my Torments move thee;
As thou art fairest of the Fair,
So I the dearest love thee.

2 C

The bonny SCOT.

To the Tune of The Bost-man.

E Gales that gently wave the Sea,
And please the canny Boat-man,
Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
My brave, my bonny Scot---- Man.
In haly Bands
We join'd our Hands,
Yet may not this discover,
While Parents rate
A large Estate
Before a faithfu' Lover.

But I loor chuse in Highland Glens
To herd the Kid and Goat---Man,
E'er I cou'd for sic little Ends
Resulte my bonuy Scot----Man,
Wae worth the Man
Wha sirst began
The base ungenerous Fashion,
Frae greedy Views
Love's Art to use,
While Strangers to its Passion.

Frae foreign Fields my lovely Youth,
Hafte to thy longing Laffie,
Wha pants to prefs thy bawmy Mouth,
And in her Bofom hawfe thee.
Love gi'es the Word
Then hafte on Board,
Fair Winds and tenty Boat-man,
Waft o'er, waft o'er
Frae yonder Shore
My blyth, my bonny Scot----Man.



Scornfu' Nansy.

To its own Tune.

Anfy's to the Green Wood gane,
To hear the Gowdfinks chatring,
And Willie he has followed her,
To win her Love by flat'ring:
But a' that he cou'd fay or do,
She geck'd and formed at him,
And ay when he began to woo,
She bad him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my Dad, quoth he,
My Minny or my Aunty,
With Crowdy Mowdy they fed me,
Lang-Kail and Ranty Taunty:
With Bannocks of good Barly Meal,
Of that there was right Plenty,
With chapped Stocks fou butter'd well,
And was not that right dainty.

Altho my Father was nae Laird,
'Tis Dafine to be vaunty,

He keepit ay a good Kail Yard,

A Ha' House and a Pantrie:

12

A good blew Bonnet on his Head, An Owrlay 'bout his Cragy, And ay until the Day he died, He rade on good Shanks Nagy.'

Now Wae and Wander on your Snout,

Wad ye ha'e bony Nanfy,

Wad ye compare ye'r fell to me,

A Docken till a Tanfie.

I have a Woer of my ain,

They ca' him fouple Sandy,

And we'll wat his bony Moulls fweet like Sugar-Candy.

Wow Nanfy wha needs a' this Din,
Do I not ken this Sandy?
I'm fure the Chief of a' his Kin
Was Rab the Beggar Randy:
His Minny Meg upo' her Back
Bare baith him and his Billy;
Will ye compare a nafty Pack
To me your winfome Willy.

My Gutcher left a good braid Sword,
Tho it be auld and rufty,
Yet ye may tak it on my Word,
It is baith flout and trufty;

And if I can but get it drawn,
Which will be right uneasy,
I shall lay baith my Lugs in Pawn,
That he shall get a Heezy.

Then Nanfy turn'd her round about,
And said did Sandy hear ye,
Ye wadna miss to get a Clout,
I ken he disna fear ye:
Sae had ye're Tongue and sae nae mair,
Set somewhere else your Fancy;
For as lang's Sandy's to the fore
Ye never shall get Nanfy.

Z:

Slighted Nansy.

To the Tune of The Kirk wad let me be.

And ither feven better to mak,
And yet for a' my new Gowns
My Woer has turn'd his Back.
Befides I have feen Milk Ky,
And Sandy he has but three;
And yet for a' my good Ky,
The Laddie winna ha'e me.

My Dady's a Delver of Dikes,
My Mither can card and spin,
And I am a fine fodgel Lass,
And the Siller comes linkin in:
The Siller comes linkin in,
And it is fou fair to see,
And fifty Times wow! O wow!
What ails the Lads at me.

When ever our Bauty does bark,
Then fast to the Door I rin,
To see gin ony young Spark
Will light and venture but in:
But never a ane will come in,
Tho mony a ane gaes by,
Syne far Ben the House I rin,
And a weary Wight am I.

When I was at my first Pray'rs,
I pray'd but anes i'the Year,
I wish'd for a handsome young Lad,
And a Lad with muckle Gear.
When I was at my neist Prayers,
I pray'd but now and than,
I fash'd na my Head about Gear,
If I gat a handsome young Man.

Now when I'm at my last Prayers,

I pray on baith Night and Day,

And O if a Beggar wad come, of the stand of

Shou'd die for a Woer I trow. Samue and 1 --- yest Za

Lucky NANSY Com was end ban

To the Tune of, Dainty Davy, see I sel a And Lead to A

While Fops in fast Italian Verse, means word, your Ilk fair ane's Een and Breast rehearse, shift bat.
While Sangs abound and Sence is scarce,

These Lines I have indited: The Lines I have indited:
But neither Darts nor Arrrows here, and have individually on Venus nor Cupid shall appear, and have individual had yet?

And yet with these sine Sounds I swear,

The Maidens are delited.

I was ay telling you,

Lucky Nansy, Lucky Nansy,

Auld Springs wad ding the News

But ye wad never trow me.

Nor Snaw with Crimson will I mix, To spread upon my Lassie's Cheeks,

And

And fyne th' unmeaning Name prefix,

Miranda, Chloe, or Phillis:

I'll fetch nae Simile frae Jove,

My Height of Extafy to prove,

Nor fighing,—thus—prefentmy Love,

With Rofes eek and Lillies.

I was ay telling, &c.

But flay,—I had amaift forgot

My Miftrefs and my Sang to Boot,

And that's an unko Faut I wate:

But Nanfy 'tis nae Matter.

Ye fee I clink my Verfe wi' Rhime,

And ken ye, that atones the Crime,

Forby, how fweet my Numbers chime,

And flide awa like Water.

I was ay telling you, &cc.

Now ken, my reverend fonly Fair, of sould lead the Thy runckled Cheeks and lyart Hair, sould lead the Thy haff that Een and hod'ling Air, is a lead to the Are a' my Paffions Fewel.

Nae sky'ring Gowk my dear can fee,
Or Love or Grace or Heaven in thee,
Yet thou hast Charms enew for me,

Then fmile and be na cruel.

Lucky Nansy, Lucky Nansy, Dryest Wood will eithest low, And Nansy sae will ye now. Troth I have fung this Sang to you, Which ne'er anither Bard wad do, Hear then my charitable Vow, Dear venerable Nanfy.

But if the World my Passion wrang, And say ye only live in Sang, Ken I despite a slandring Tongue, And sing to please my Fancy.

Leez me on thy, &c.

A Scots Cantata.

The Tune after an Italian Manner. Compos'd by Signior LORENZOBOCCHI.

RECITATIVE.

B Late Jonny faintly tell'd fair Jean his Mind, Jeany took Pleasure to deny him lang:

He thought her Scorn came frae a Heart unkind,
Which gart him in Despair tune up this Sang.

AIR.

O bonny Laffie fince 'tis fae,
That I'm despis'd by thee,
I hate to live; but O I'm wae,
And uncko sweer to die.

X 2

Dear Jeany think what dowy Hours

I thole by your Difdain;

Ah! fhou'd a Breaft fae faft as yours

Contain a Heart of Stane.

RECITATIVE:

These tender Notes did a' her Pity move, With melting Heart she listned to the Boy; O'ercome she smil'd and promis'd him her Love: He in Return thus sang his rising Joy.

AIR.

Hence frae my Breast contentious Care,
Ye've tint the Power to pine,
My Jeany's good, my Jeany's fair,
And a' her Sweets are mine.
O spread thine Arms and gi'e me Fowth
Of dear enchanting Bliss,
A thousand Joys around thy Month,
Gie Heaven with ilka Kiss.

The TOAST.

To the Tune of Saw ye my PEGGY.

Ome let's ha'e mair Wine in,
Bacchus hates Repining,
Venus loos na Dwining,

Let's be blyth and free.

Away with dull here t'ye, Sir,
Ye'r Mistress——gi'es her,
We'll drink her Health wi' Pleasure,
Wha's belov'd by thee?

Then let——warm ye,
That's a Lass can charm ye,
And to Joys alarm ye,
Sweet is she to me.
Some Angel ye wad ca' her,
And never wish ane brawer,
If ye bare Headed saw her,
Kiltet to the Knee.

——a dainty Lass is,

Come let's join our Glasses,

And refresh our Hawses,

With a Health to thee.

Let Coofs their Cash be clinking,

Be Statesmen tint in Thinking,

While we with Love and Drinking,

Give our Cares the Lie.

N. B. The first Blank to be supply'd with the Toaster's a Name, the two last with the Name of the Toast.



Maggie's Tocher.

To its ain Tune.

We buckl'd us a' the gither;
And Maggie was in her Prime,
When Willy made Courtship till her.
Twa Pistals charged beguess,
To gi'e the courting Shot;
And syne came ben the Lass,
Wi' Swats drawn frae the Butt.
He first speer'd at the Guidman,
And syne at Giles the Mither,
And ye wad gi's a bit Land,
We'd buckle us een the gither, Jo.

My Daughter ye fall hae,

I'll g'you her be the Hand;

But I'll part wi' my Wife be my Fae,

Or I part wi' my Land.

Your Tocher it fall be good,

There's nane fall ha'e its Maik,

The Lass bound in her Snood,

And Crummie wha kens her Stake:

With an auld Bedden o' Claiths. Was left me by my Mither, They're jet black o'er wi' Fleas, Ye may cudle in them the gither, To.

Ye speak right well, Guidman, But ye maun mend your Hand, And think o' Modestv. Gin ye'll no quat your Land: We are but young ye ken, And now we're gawn the gither. A House is butt and benn. And Grummie she'll want her Fother. The Bairns are coming on, tibel bittle gion (Dings) And they'll cry O their Mither, We ha'e nowther Pot nor Pan. But four bare Legs the gither, To.

Your Tocher's be good enough, For that ye need na fear, Twa good Stilts to the Pleugh, An ye your fell maun fteer : Ye fall ha'e twa good Pocks, That anes were o' the Tweel. The tane to had the Grots, The ither to had the Meal.

IS TO A STATE OF THE STATE OF T

And that fall be your Coffer, which we have the work of the work o

Consider well, Guidman,
We ha'e but borrow'd Gear,
The Horse that I ride on
Is Sandy Wilson's Mear:
The Sadle's nane o' my ain,
And thae's but borrow'd Boots,
An whan that I gae hame
I maun tak me to my Coots.
The Cloak is Geordy Watts,
That gars me look sae crouse;
Come fill us a Cog o' Swats,
We'll mak na mair toom Ruse, Jo,

I like ye well young Lad,
For telling me fae plain,
I married when little I had
O' Gear that was my ain.
But fin that Things are fae,
The Bride she maun come furth,
Tho a' the Gear she'll ha'e,
It'll be but little worth.

A Bargan it maun be,

Fy cry on Giles the Mither:

Content am I, quoth she,

E'en gar the Hissie come hither.

The Bride she gade till her Bed,

The Bridegroom he came till her,

The Fidler crap in at the Fit,

And they cudl'd it a thegither, Jo.

7

A SONG.

To the Tune of, Blink over the Burn fweet Betty.

Eave Kindred and Friends, fweet Lady,
Leave Kindred and Friends, for me;
Affur'd, thy Servant is fleddy
To Love, to Honour, and thee.
The Gifts of Nature and Fortune,
May fly, by Chance, as they came.
They're Grounds the Deftines sport on,
But Virtue is ever the same.

Altho my Fancy were roving,

Thy Charms so heav'nly appear,

That other Beauties disproving,

I'd worship thine only, my Dear.

And shou'd Life's Sorrows embitter The Pleasure we promis'd our Loves, To share them, together, is fitter, Then moan, affunder, like Doves.

Oh! were I but once so bleffed, To grasp my Love in my Arms! By thee to be grasp'd! and kissed! And live on thy Heaven of Charms! I'd laugh at Fortune's Caprices, Shou'd Fortune capricious prove; Tho Death shou'd tear me to Pieces, I'd die a Martyr to Love.

A SONG.

To the Tune of The bonny Gray Ey'd Morning.

Elestial Muses, tune your Lyres, Grace all my Raptures with your Lays, Charming, enchanting Kate inspires, In lofty Sounds her Beauties praife, How undefigning the difplays, Such Scenes, as ravish with Delight; Tho brighter than meridian Rays, They dazle not, but please the Sight.

Blind God give this, this only Dart, I neither will, nor can her harm, I wou'd but gently touch her Heart, And try for once if that cou'd charm. Go Venus, use your fav'rite Wile, As she is beauteous, make her kind, Let all your Graces round her smile, And sooth her, till I Comfort find.

When thus, by yeilding, I'm o'erpaid,
And all my anxious Cares remov'd,
In moving Notes, I'll tell the Maid,
With what pure lasting Flames I lov'd.
Then shall alternate Life and Death,
My ravish'd stutt'ring Soul posses,
The softest tend'rest Things I'll breathe,
Betwixt each am'rous fond Cares.

0.

SONG.

To the Tune of The Broom of the Cowdenknows.

By Nell's refifiles Charms,
The Fancy fix'd no more can rove,
Or fly Love's fost Alarms.

Gay Damon had the Skill to shun,
All Traps by Gupid laid,
Until his Freedom was undone
By Nell, the conquering Maid.

But who can fland the Force of Love,
When she resolves to kill?
Her sparkling Eyes Love's Arrows prove,
And wound us with our Will.

O happy Damon, happy Fair, What Gurrd has begun, May faithful Hymen take a Care To fee it fairly done.

SONG.

Tune of Logan Water.

Vitas Hinnuleo me similis, Chloe.

TELL me, Hamilla, tell me why
Thou doft from him that loves thee run?
Why from his foft Embraces fly,
And all his kind Endearments shun?

So flies the Fawn, with Fear oppress'd, Seeking its Mother ev'ry where, It flarts at ev'ry empty Blast, And trembles when no Danger's near.

And

And yet I keep thee but in View,

To gaze the Glories of thy Face,

Not with a hateful Step purfue,

As Age to rifle ev'ry Grace.

Ceafe then, dear-Wildness, cease to toy,
But haste all Rivals to outshine,
And grown mature and ripe for Joy,
Leave Mama's Arms and come to mine.

W.

A South Sea Sang.

Tune of --- For our lang biding here.

Hen we came up to London Town,
We dream'd of Gowd in Gowpings here,
And rantinly ran up and down,
In rising Stocks to buy a Skair,
We daftly thought to row in Rowth,
But for our Daffine pay'd right dear;
The lave will fare the war in Trouth,
For our lang biding here.

But when we fand our Purses toom, And dainty Stocks began to sa', We hang our Lugs and wi' a Gloom, Girn'd at Stock-jobbing ane and a'. If ye gang near the South Sea House, The Whillywha's will grip ye'r Gear, Syne a' the Lave will fare the war, For our lang biding here.

Hap me with thy Peticoat.

I pass the Day in Pain,
When Night returns I feel the Smart,
And wish for thee in vain.
I'm starving cold, while thou art warm,
Have Pity and incline,
And grant me for a Hap that Charmaning Peticoat of thine.

My ravish'd Fancy in Amaze,
Still wonders o'er thy Charms,
Delusive Dreams ten thousand Ways
Present thee to my Arms.
But waking think what I endure,
While cruel you decline,
Those Pleasures which can only cure
This panting Breast of mine.

I faint, I fail and wildly rove,

Because you still deny

The just Reward that's due to Love,

And let true Passion die.

Oh! turn and let Compaffion feife That lovely Breaft of thine; Thy Peticoat could give me Eafe, If thou and it were mine.

Sure Heaven has fitted for Delight
That beautious Form of thine,
And thou'rt too good its Laws to flight,
By hindering the Defign.
May all the Powers of Love agree,
At length to make thee mine,
Or loofe my Chains and fet me free
From ev'ry Charm of thine.

Love inviting Reason.

A SONG to the Tune of, ___ Chami ma chatle, ne duce fkar mi.

When innocent Passime our Pleasure did crown,
Upon a green Meadow, or under a Tree,
E'er Annie became a fine Lady in Town,
How lovely and loving and bonny was she?
Ronze up thy Reason my beautifu' Annie,
Let ne'er a new Whim ding thy Fancy ajee,
O as thou art bonny be faithfu' and canny,
And savour thy Jamie wha doats upon thee,

Does the Death of a Lintwhite give Annie the Spleen,
Can tyning of Trifles be uneafy to thee,
Can Lap dogs and Monkies draw Tears frae thefe Een,
That look with Indifference on poor dying me?
Rouse up thy Reason my beautifu' Annie,
And dinna prefer a Paroquet to me,
O as thou art bonny, be prudent and canny,
And think on thy Jamie wha doa's upon thee,

Ah! shou'd a new Manto or Flanders Lace Head,
Or yet a wee Cottie, tho never fae fine,
Gar thee grow forgetfu' and let his Heart bleed,
That ares had some Hope of the purchasing thine.
Rouse up thy Reason my beautifu' Annie,
And dinna prefer ye'r Fleegeries to me;
O as thou art bonny be solid and canny,
And tent a true Lover that doats upon thee,

Shall a Paris Edition of new-fangle Sany,

Tho gilt o'er wi' Laces and Fringes he be,

By adoring himfelf be admir'd by fair Annie,

And aim at these Bennisons promis'd to me.

Rouse up thy Reason, my beautifu' Annie,

And never prefer a light Dancer to me;

O as thou art bonny be constant and canny,

Love only thy Jamie who doats upon thee,

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O think my dear Charmer on ilka sweet Hour,
That slade away safely between thee and me,
E'er Squirrels or Beaus or Fopery had Power
To rival my Love and impose upon thee.
Rouse up thy Reason my beautisu Annie,
And let thy Desires be a' center'd in me,
O as thou art bonny be faithfu' and canny.
And love him wha's langing to center in thee.

The Bob of Dunblane.

Affie, lend me your braw Hemp Heckle,
And I'll lend you my Thripling Kame;
For Fainness, Dearie, I'll gar ye keckle,
If ye'll go dance the Bob of Dunblane.
Hast ye, gang to the Ground of ye'r Trunkies,
Busk ye braw and dinna think Shame;
Consider in Time, if leading of Monkies
Be better than dancing the Bob of Dunblane.

Be frank my Lassie lest I grow fickle,
And tak my Word and Offer again,
Syne ye may chance to repent it mickle,
Ye didna accept of the Bob of Dunblane.
The Dinner, the Piper and Priest shall be ready,
And I'm grown dowie with lying my lane,
Away then leave baith Minny and Dady,
And try with me the Bob of Dunblane.

Y

SONG complaining of Absence.

To the Tune of - My Apron Deary.

A H! Chloe! thou Treasure, thou Joy of my Breast,
Since I parted from thee I'm a Stranger to Rest,
I sty to the Grove, there to languish and mourn,
There sigh for my Charmer and long to return.
The Fields all around me are smiling and gay
But they smile all in vain, — my Chloe's away;
The Field and the Grove can afford me no Ease,—
But bring me my Chloe, a Desert will please.

No Virgin I fee that my Bosom alarms,
I'm cold to the fairest, tho glowing with Charms,
In vain they attacque me, and sparkle the Eye,
These are not the Looks of my Chloe, I cry.
These Looks where bright Love, like the Sun sits enthron'd,
And smiling diffuses his Instructe round,
'Twas thus I first view'd thee, my Charmer, amaz'd;
Thus gaz'd thee with Wonder and lov'd while I gaz'd.

Then, then the dear fair one was still in my Sight, It was Pleasure all Day, it was Rapture all Night; But now, by hard Fortune remov'd from my Fair, In secret I languish, a Prey to Despair.

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But Absence and Torment abate not my Flame, My Chloe's still charming, my Passion the same; Oh would she preserve me a Place in her Breast, Then Absence would please me, for I would be bless.

R.

SONG.

To the Tune of, I fixed my fancy on her.

Right Cynthia's Power divinely great, what Heart is not obeying?

A thousand Cupids on her wait,
And in her Eyes are playing.
She seems the Queen of Love to reign;
For she alone dispenses
Such Sweets as best can entertain
The Gust of all the Senses.

Her Face a charming Prospect brings,
Her Breath gives balmy Bliss;
I hear an Angel when the sings,
And tast of Heaven in Kisses.
Four Senses thus the seasts with Joy,
From Nature's richest Treasure:
Let me the other Sense employ,
And I shall dye with Pleasure.

X.

A

A SONG.

To the Tune of, I lo'd a bonny Lady.

TEll me, tell me, charming Creature,
Will you never ease my Pain?
Must I die for every Feature?
Must I always love in vain?
The Desire of Admiration,
Is the Pleasure you pursue;
Pray thee try a lasting Passion,
Such a Love as mine for you.

Tears and fighing could not move you;
For a Lover ought to dare:
When I plainly told I lov'd you,
Then you faid I went too far.
Are fuch giddy Ways befeeming,
Will my Dear be fickle still:
Conquest is the Joy of Women,
Let their Slaves be what they will.

Your Neglect with Torment fills me,
And my desperate Thoughts encrease;
Pray consider, if you kill me,
You will have a Lover less.

If your wand'ring Heart is beating
For new Lovers, let it be:
But when you have done coquetting,
Name a Day and fix on me.

The REPLY.

In vain fond Youth, thy Tears give o'er:
What more, alas! can Flavia do;
Thy Truth I own, thy Fate deplore:
All are not happy that are true.
Suppress those Sighs, and weep no more;
Should Heaven and Earth with thee combine,
'Twere all in vain, since any Power
To crown thy Love must alter mine.

But if Revenge can ease thy Pain,
I'll footh the Ills I cannot cure,
Tell that I drag a hopeless Chain,
And all that I inflict endure.

X.

The Rose in Yarrow.

To the Tune of Mary Scot.

Was Summer, and the Day was fair,
Refolv'd a while to fly from Care,
Beguiling Thought, forgetting Sorrow,
I wander'd o'er the Braes of Yarrow;

Till

Till then despising Beauty's Power, I kept my Heart, my own secure: But Gupid's Arts did there deceive me, And Mary's Charms do now enslave me.

Will cruel Love no Bribe receive?
No Ransom take for Mary's Slave?
Her Frowns of Rest and Hope deprive me,
Her lovely Smiles like Light revive me.
No Bondage may with mine compare
Since first I saw this charming fair,
This beauteous Flower, this Rose of Yarrow,
In Nature's Gardens has no Marrow.

Had I of Heaven but one Request,
I'd ask to ly in Mary's Breast;
There would I live or dye with Pleasure,
Nor spare this World one Moments Leisure,
Despising Kings, and all that's great,
I'd smile at Courts and Courtiers Fate;
My Joy complete in such a Marrow,
I'd dwell with her and love on Yarrow.

But the' fuch Bless I ne're should gain, Contented still I'll wear my Chain, In hopes my faithful Heart may move her; For leaving Life I'll always love her. What Doubts distract a Lover's Mind, That Breast all Soltness must prove kind;

The Fair Penitent.

A SONG, — To its own Tune.

A Lovely Lass to a Friar came,
To confess in a Morning early,
In what my Dear are you to blame?
Come own it all fincerely.
I've done, Sir, what I dare not name,
With a Lad who loves me dearly.

The greatest Fault in myself I know, Is what I now discover,
Then you to Rome for that must go,
There Discipline to suffer.
Lake a Day Sir! if it must be so,
Pray with me send my Lover.

No, no my Dear, you do but dream,
We'll have no double Dealing;
But if with me you'll repete the fame,
I'll pardon your tast Failing.
I must own, Sir, tho I blush for Shame,
That your Penance is prevailing.

X.

Throw the Wood Laddie.

Sandy, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn?

Thy Presence cou'd ease me,

When naithing can please me,

Now dowie I figh on the Bank of the Burn,

Or throw the Wood Laddie until thou return.

Tho' Woods now are bonny, and Morhings are clear,
While Lavrocks are finging,
And Primrofes springing;
Yet name of them pleases my Eye or my Ear;
When throw the Wood Laddie ye dinna appear.

That I am forfaken, fome spare no to tell;
I'm fash'd wi' their Scorning,
Baith Ev'ning and Morning;
Their Jeering gaes aft to my Heart wi' a Knell;
When throw the Wood Laddie I wander my fell.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,
But quick as an Arrow,
Hast here to thy Marrow,
Wha's living in Langour till that happy Day;
When throw the Wood Laddie we'll dance, sing, and play.

Down the Burn Davie.

Hen Trees did bud and Fields were green,
And Broom bloom'd fair to fee;
When Mary was complete fifteen,
And Love laugh'd in her Eye,
Blyth Davie's Blinks her Heart did move
To speak her Mind thus free,
Gang down the Burn Davie, Love,
And I shall follow thee.

Now Davie did each Lad surpass
That dwelt on this Burnside,
And Mary was the bonniest Lass,
Just meet to be a Bride;
Her Cheeks were rosse red and white,
Her Eeen were bonny blue;
Her Looks were like Aurora bright,
Her Lips like dropping Dew.

As down the Burn they took their way,
What tender Tales they faid;
His Cheek to hers he aft did lay,
And with her Bosom play'd,
Till baith at length impatient grown,
To be mair fully blest,
In yonder Vale they lean'd them down;
Love only saw the rest.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless Play,
And naething sure unmeet;
For, ganging hame, I heard them say,
They lik'd a wa'k sae sweet;
And that they aften shou'd return
Sic Pleasure to renew.
Quoth Mary, Love, I like the Burn,
And ay shall follow you.

C.

SONG.

To the Tune of Gilder Roy.

A: Cloris, cou'd I now but fit
As unconcern'd, as when
Your Infant Beauty cou'd beget,
No Happiness nor Pain.
When I this Dawning did admire,
And prais'd the coming Day,
I little thought that rising Fire,
Wou'd take my Rest away.

Your Charms in harmless Child-hood lay,
As Metals in a Mine,
Age from no Face takes more away
Than Youth conceal'd in thine:

But as your Charms infensibly
To their Perfection prest;
So Love as unperceiv'd did fly,
And center'd in my Breast.

My Paffion with your Beauty grew,
While Cupid at my Heart,
Still as his Mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming Dart,
Each gloried, in their wanton Part,
To make a Lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his Art--To make a Beauty, she.

0

A SONG.

To the Tune of, The yellow hair'd Laddie.

E Shepherds and Nymphs that adorn the gay Plain,
Approach from your Sports, and attend tomy Strain;
Amongst all your Number, a Lover so true,
Was ne'er so undone, with such Eless in his View.

Was ever a Nymph fo hard hearted as mine? She knows me fincere, and the fees how I pine, She does not diffain me, nor from a in her Wrath, But calmly and mildly refigns me to Death.

She sails me her Friend, but her Lover denies; She smiles when I'm chearful, but hears not my Sighs: A Bosom so flinty, so gentle an Air, Inspires me with hope, and yet bids me despair!

I fall at her Feet and implore her with Tears, Her Answer confounds, while her Manner endears; When softly she tells me to hope no Relief, My trembling Lips bless her in spite of my Grief,

By Night while I flumber, fill haunted with Care, I flare up in Anguish, and figh for the Fair,

The Fair fleeps in Peace, may she ever do so?

And only when dreaming imagine my Wo.

Then gaze at a Diflance, nor farther aspire,
Nor think the should love, whom she cannot admire,
Hush all thy complaining and dying her Slave,
Commend her to Heaven, and thy self to the Grave.

X.

SONG.

To the Tune of, When she came ben she bobbed.

Ome, fill me a Bumper, my jolly brave Boys,

Lets have no more Female Impert nence and Noise;

For I've try'd the Endearments and Pleasures of Love,

And I find they're but Nonsense and Whimsys, by Jove.

When

When first of all Betty and I were acquaint, I whin'd like a Fool, and she sight d like a Saint: But I found her Religion, her Face and her Love. Were Hypocrify, Paint, and Self-interest, by Jove.

Sweet Cecil came next, with her languishing Air, Her Outside was orderly, modest and fair, But her Soul was sophisticate, so was her Love, For I found she was only a Strumper, by Jove.

Little double-gilt Jenny's Gold charm'd me at last; (You know Marriage and Money together does best)
But the Baggage forgetting her Yows and her Love,
Gave her Gold to a fniviling dull Coxcomb, by Jove.

Come fill me a Bumper then, jolly brave Boys:
Here's a farewel to Female Impert'nence and Noise;
I know sew of the Sex that are worthy my Love;
And for Strumpets and Jilis, I abhor them, by Jove.

L. .

Dumbarton's Drums.

D'Unbarton's Drums beat bonny O,
When they mind me of my dear Jonny---O,
How happy am I,
When my Soldier is by,
While he kiffes and bleffes his Annie----O.

'Tis a Soldier alone can delight me---O;
For his graceful Looks do invite me---O:
While guarded in his Arms,
I'll fear no Wars Alarms,
Neither Danger nor Death shall e're fright me----O.

My Love is a handfom Laddie---O,

Gentile, but ne're foppifh nor gaudy---O;

Tho' Commissions are dear,

Yet I'll buy him one this Year;

For he shall serve no longer a Cadie----O.

A Soldier has Honour and Bravery----O,

Unacquainted with Rogues and their Knav'ry----O;

He minds no other Thing,

But the Ladies or the King;

For every other Care is but Slavery-----O.

Then I'll be the Captain's Lady---O,
Farewel all my Friends, and my Daddy---O,
I'll wait no more at home,
But I'll follow with the Drum,
And when e'er that beats, I'll be ready---O,
Dumbarton's Drums found bonny---O,
They are sprightly like my Dear Jonny---O,
How happy shall I be,
When on my Soldier's Knee,
And he kiffes and blesses his Annie---O.

My Deary, if thou die.

Ove never more shall give me Pain, / My Fancy's fix'd on thee; Nor ever Maid my Heart shall gain, My Peggy, if thou die. Thy Beauties did fuch Pleasure give, Thy Love's fo true to me: Without thee I (hall never live,

My Deary, if thou die.

If Fate shall tear thee from my Breast, How shall I lonely stray? In dreary Dreams the Night I'll waste, In Sighs the filent Day. I ne'er can so much Virtue find, Nor fuch Perfection fee : Then I'll renounce all Womankind, My Peggy after thee.

No new blown Beauty fires my Heart, With Cupid's raving Rage, But thine which can fuch Sweets impart, Must all the World engage. T was this that like the Morning-Sun Gave Joy and Life to me, And when its destin'd Day is done, With Peggy let me die.

Ye Powers that smile on virtuous Love,
And in such Pleasure share;
You who its faithful Flames approve,
With Pity view the Fair.
Restore my Peggy's wonted Charms,
Those Charms so dear to me:
Oh! never rob them from those Arms;
I'm lost, if Peggy die.

C.

My Fo Janet.

Sweet Sir, for your Courtesse,
when ye came by the Bass then,
For the Love ye bear to me,
Buy me a Keeking-glass then.
Keek into the Draw-well
Janet, Janet,
And there ye'll see ye'r bonny sell,
My Fo Janet.

Keeking in the Draw-well clear
What if I shou'd fa' in,
Syn a' my Kin will say and swear
I drown'd my fell for Sin.
Ha'd the better be the Brae,
Janet, Janet;
Ha'd the better be the Brae,
My Jo Janet.

Good

Good Sir, for your Courtefie,
Coming through Aberdeen then,
For the Love ye bear to me
Buy me a Pair of Shoon then,
Clout the auld the new are dear,
Janet, Janet;
Ae Pair may gane ye haff a Year,
My Jo Janet.

But what if dancing on the Green,
And skipping like a Mawking,
If they shou'd see my clouted Shoon,
Of, me they will be tauking.
Dance ay laigh and late at E'en,
Janet, Janet;
Syne a' their Fauts will no be seen,
My 40 Janet.

Kind Sir for your Courtefie,

When ye gae to the Crofs then,
For the Love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pacing Horse then.

Pace upo' your Spinning-wheel,
Janet, Janet;

Pace upo' your Spinning-wheel,

My Fo Janet.

My Spinning-wheel is auld and sliff,
The Rock o't winna stand, Sir;
To keep the Temper-pin in tiff
Employs aft my Hand, Sir.
Make the best o't that ye can,
Janet, Janet;
But like it never wale a Man,
My Fo Janet.

SONG.

To the Tune of John Anderson my Jo.

Hat means this Niceness now of late,
Since Time that Truth does prove;
Such Distance may consist with State,
But never will with Love.
That does such Ways allow.

That does such Ways allow;
The first is base, the last is vain:
May neither happen you.

For if it be to draw me on,
You over-act your Part;
And if it be to have me gone,
You need not haff that Art:
For if you chance a Look to cast,
That seems to be a Frown,
I'll give you all the Love that's past,
The rest shall be my own.

Auld

Auld Rob Moris.

MITHER.

A Uld Rob Moris that wins in yon Glen,

He's the King of good Fellows, and Wale of auld

Men,

Has fourfcore of black Sheep, and fourfcore too; Auld Rob Moris is the Man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

Ha'd your Tongue Mither, and let that abee, For his Eild and my Eild can never agree: They'll never agree, and that will be seen; For he is Fourscore, and I'm but Fisteen.

MITHER.

Ha'd your Tongue Doughter, and lay by your Pride, For he's be the Bridegroom, and ye's be the Bride; He shall ly by your Side, and kiss ye too, Auld Rob Moris is the Man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

Auld Rob Moris I ken him fou weel,
His A--- it flicks out like ony Peet-Creel,
He's out-shind, in-kneed and ringle-eyd too;
Auld Rob Moris is the Man I'll ne'er loo.

MITHER.

Tho' auld Rob Moris be an elderly Man, Yet his auld Brass it will buy a new Pan; Then, Doughter, ye shoudna be sae ill to shoo, For auld Rob Moris is the Man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

But auld Rob Moris I never will hae,

His Back is fae sliff and his Beard is grown Gray;
I had titter die than live wi' him a Year;
Sae mair of Rob Moris I never will hear.

SONG.

To the Tune of Come kiss with me, come clap with me, Uc.

PEGGT.

There is nae help nor mending;
For thou hast jog'd me out of Tune,
For a' they fair pretending.

My Mither sees a Change on me,
For my Complexion dashes,
And this, alas! has been with thee
Sae late amang the Rashes,

FOCKY.

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FOCKT.

My Peggy what I've faid I'll do,

To free thee frae her fcouling;
Come then and let us buckle to,

Nae langer let's be fooling:
For her Content I'll inflant wed,
Since thy Complexion dashes;
And then we'll try a Feather-bed,
'Tis safter than the Rashes,

PEGGT.

Then Jocky fince thy Love's fae true,

Let Mither fooul, I'm eafy:

Sae langs I live I ne'r shall rue

For what I've done to please thee,

And there's my Hand I's ne'er complain.

O! wells me on the Rashes;

When e'er thou likes I'll do't again,

And a Feg for a' their Clashes.

7.

SONG.

To the Tune of Rothes's Lament; or, Pinky-House.

A S Silvia in a Forrest lay

To vent her Woe alone;

Her Swain Sylvander came that Way,

And heard her dying Moan.

Z 3

Ah! is my Love (the faid) to you So worthless and so vain;
Why is your worted Fondness now Converted to Disdain?

You vow'd the Light should Darkness turn
E'er you'd exchange your Love;
In Shades now may Creation mourn,
Since you unfaithful prove.
Was it for this I Credit gave
To ev'ry Oath you swore?
But ah! it seems they most deceive
Who most our Charms adore.

'Tis plain your Drift was all Deceit,
The Practice of Mankind:
Alas! I fee it but too late,
My Love had made me blind.
For you, delighted I could die:
But Oh! with Grief I'm fill'd
To think that credulous conflant I
Should by your felf be kill'd.

This faid,---ali breathless, fick and pale,
Her Head upon her Hand,
She found her vital Spirits fail,
And Senses at a Stand.

Time's on the Wing, and will not flay,
In fhining, Youth, let's make our Hay,
Since Love admits of nae Delay,
O let nae Scorn undo thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

While Love does at his Altar fland,
Hae there's my Heart, gi'e me thy Hand,
And, with ilk Smile, thou shalt command
The Will of him wha loes thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Y sweetest May, let Love incline thee
T'accept a Heart which he designs thee;
And, as your constant Slave, regard it,
Syne for its Faithfulness reward it;
'Tis Proof-a-shot to Birth or Money,
But yields to what is sweet and bonny;
Receive it then with a Kiss and a Smily,
There's my Thumb it will ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting fweet these Lips of thine are, Thy Bosom white, and Legs sa fine are, That when in Pools I see thee clean 'em, They carry away my Heart between 'em; I wifh, and I wifh, while it gaes duntin,
O gin I had thee on a Mountain,
Tho' Kith and Kin and a' fhou'd revile thee,
There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane through flow'ry Hows I dander,
Tenting my Flocks, lest they shou'd wander,
Gin thou'll gae alang, l'Il dawt thee gaylie,
And gi'e my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.
O my dear Lassie, it is but Dassin
To had thy Woer up ay nist nassin.
That Na, na, na, I hate it most vilely,
O say, Yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

For the Love of Jean.

GOCKy faid to Jeany, Jeany, wilt thou do't;

Ne'er a fit, quo Jeany for my Tochergood,

For my Tochergood I winna marry thee.

Eens ye like, quo' Jonny, ye may let it be.

I ha' Gowd and Gear, I ha' Land enough, I ha' feven good Owfen ganging in a Pleugh, Ganging in a Pleugh, and linking o'er the Lee; And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

I ha' a good ha' House, a Barn and a Byer, A Stack afore the Door, I'll make a rantin Fire; I'll make a rantin Fire, and merry shall we be; And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

'Jeany said to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,
Ye shall be the Lad, I'll be the Lass my sell;
Ye're a bonny Lad, and I'm a Lassie free,
Ye're welcomer to tak me, than to let me be.

2

SONG.

To the Tune of, PEGGY, I must love thee.

Beneath a Beech's grateful Shade,
Young Colin lay complaining;
He figh'd, and feem'd to love a Maid,
Without Hopes of obtaining;
For thus the Swain indulg'd his Grief,
Tho' Pity cannot move thee,
Tho' thy hard Heart gives no Relief,
Yet, Peggy, I must love thee.

Say, Peggy, what has Colin done,

That thus you cruelly use him?

If Love's a Fault, 'tis that alone,

For which you should excuse him:

'Twas thy dear self first rais'd this Flame,

This Fire by which I languish;

'Tis thou alone can quench the same,

And cool its scorching Anguish.

For thee I leave the sportive Plain,
Where every Maid invites me;
For thee, sole Cause of all my Pain,
For thee that only slights me;
This Love that fires my faithful Heart
By all but thee's commended.
Oh! wouldst thou act so good a Part,
My Grief might soon be ended.

That beauteous Breaft fo foft to feel,
Seem'd Tenderness all over,
Yet it defends thy Heart like Steel,
'Gainst thy dispairing Lover.
Alas! tho'it should ne'er relent,
Nor Colin's Care e're move thee,
Yet till Life's latest Breath is spent,
My Peggy, I must love thee.

C.

Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.

Gie 'er a Kis and let her gae, But if ye meet a daty Husiy, Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae. Be fure ye dinna quat the Grip Of ilka Joy, when ye are young, Before auld Age your Vitals nip, And lay ye twafald o'er a Rung.

Sweet Youth's a blyth and hartsome Time, Then, Lads and Lasses, while 'tis May, Gae pu' the Gowan in its Prime, Before it wither and decay.

Watch the faft Minutes of Delyte, When Jenny speaks beneath her Breath, And kisses, laying a' the Wyte On you, if she kepp ony Skaith.

Haith ye're ill bred, she'll smiling say, se'll worry me, ye greedy Rook; yne frae your Arms she'll rin away, And hide her self in some dark Nook.

Her Laugh will lead you to the Place, where lies the Happiness ye want, and plainly tell you to your Face, lineteen Nay-says are haff a Grant.

Now to her heaving Bosom cling, and sweetly toolie for a Kiss, rae her fair Finger whoop a Ring, s Taiken of a suture Bless, These Bennisons, I'm very sure,
Are of the Gods indulgent Grant;
Then, surly Carles, whisht, forbear
To plague us with your whinning Cant.

The Gaberlunzie-Man.

HE pauky auld Carle came o'er the Lee
Wi' many Good-e'ens and Days to me,
Saying, Goodwife, for your Courtefie,
Will ye lodge a filly poor Man.
The Night was cauld, the Carle was wat,
And down ayont the Ingle he fat;
My Daughter's Shoulders he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and fang;

O wow, quo' he, were I as free,
As first when I saw this Country,
How blyth and merry wad I be?
And I wad never think lang.
He grew canty, and she grew fain;
But little did her auld Minny ken
What thir slee twa togither were say'n,
When wooing they were sa thrang.

And O, quo' he, ann ye were as black, As e'er the Crown of your Dady's Hat, Tis I wad lay thee by my Back, And awa wi' me thou fhou'd gang.

And O, quoth the, ann I were as white,
As e'er the Snaw lay on the Dike,
I'd clead me braw, and Lady-like,

And awa with thee I'd gang.

Between the twa was made a Plot;
They raise a wee before the Cock,
And wyliely they shot the Lock,
And fast to the Bent are they gane.
Up the Morn the auld Wife raise,
And at her Leasure pat on her Claiths,
Syne to the Servants Bed she gaes
To speer for the fully poor Man.

She gaed to the Bed, where the Beggar lay,
The Strae was cauld, he was away,
She clapt her Hands, cry'd, Waladay,
For fome of our Gear will be gane.
Some ran to Coffers, and fome to Kists
But nought was stown that cou'd be mist,
She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praise be blest,

I have lodg'd a leel poor Man.

Since naithings awa, as we can learn,
The Kirn's to kirn, and Milk to earn,
Gae butt the House, Lass, and waken my Bairn,
And bid her come quickly ben.

Aa

The

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The Servant gade where the Daughter lay,
The Sheets was cauld, the was away,
And fast to her Goodwife can say,
She's aff with the Gaberlunzie-Man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,

And hast ye find these Traitors again;

For she's be burns, and he's be slain,

The wearysou Gaberlunzie-Man.

Some rade upo' Horse, some ran a fit,

The Wise was wood, and out o'er wit;

She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd she fit,

But ay she curs'd and she ban'd.

Mean Time far hind out o'er the Lee,
Fou foug in a Glen where nane cou'd fee,
The twa with kindly Sport and Glee,
Cut frae a new Cheefe a Whang.
The Priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his Aith.
Quo' she, to leave thee, I will be laith,
My winsome Gaberlunzie-Man.

O kend my Minny I were wi' you, Illfardly wad she crook her Mou, Sic a poor Man she'd never trow, After the Gaberlunzie-Man.

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My Dear, quo' he, ye'r yet o'er young, And ha' na learn'd the Beggar's Tongue, To follow me frae Town to Town, And carry the Gaberlunzie on.

Wi' Kauk and Keel, I'll win your Bread, And Spindles and whorles for them wha need, Whilk is a gentle Trade indeed

To carry the Gaberlanzie ---o.
Pil bow my Leg and crook my Knee,
And draw a black Clout o'er my Eye,
A Criple or Blind they will ca' me,
While we shall be merry and sing.

The CORDIAL.

To the Tune of, Where Shall our Goodman ly.

HE.

W HERE wad bonny Ann ly,
Alane nae mair ye maun ly;
Wad ye a Good-man try?

Is that the Thing ye'r laking?

SHE

Can a Lass fae young as I, Venture on the Bridal Tye, Syne down with a Good-man ly?

I'm sleed he keep me waking.

A a 2

HE.

HE.

Never judge until ye try,

Mak me your Goodman, I

Shanna hinder you to ly,

And fleep till ye be weary.

SHE.

What if I (hou'd waking ly) When the Hoboys are gawn by, Will yet tent me when I cry, My Dear, I'm faint and iry?

HE.

In my Bosom thou shall ly, When thou wakrife art or dry, Healthy Chodial standing by, Shall presently revive thee.

SHE.

To your Will I then comply, Join us, Prieft, and let me try How I'll wi' a Goodman ly, Wha can a Cordial give me.

Ew Boughts Marion.

And wear in the Sheep wi' me;
The Sun shines sweet, my Marion;
But no haf sae sweet as thee,

O Marion's a bonny Lass,
And the Blyth blinks in her Eye,
And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's Gowd in your Garters, Marion,
And Silk on your white Hause-bane:
Fou fain I wad kiss my Marion
At E'en when I come hame.
There's braw Lads in Earnslaw, Marion,
Wha gape, and glowr with their Eye
At Kirk when they see my Marion;
But nane of them loes like me.

I've nine Milk Ews, my Marion,
A Cow, and a brawny Quey,
I'll gi' them a' to my Marion,
Just on her Bridal Day;
And ye's get a Green-sey Apron,
And Wastroat o' the London Brown,
And wow but ye will be vap'ring,
When e'er ye gang to the Town.

I'm young and flout, my Marion,

Nane dances like me on the Green,
And gin ye forfake me, Mairon,

I'll e'en gae draw up wi Jean;

Sae put on your Pearlins, Marion,
And Kyrtle o' the Cramafie.
And foon as my Chin has nae Hair on,
I shall come well and see ye.

The blythsom Bridal.

Fy let us a' to the Bridal,

For there will be Lilting there;

For Jocky's to be married to Maggie,

The Lass wi' the Gowden Hair.

And their will be Lang-kail and Pottage,

And Bannocks of Barley-meal;

And there will be good sawt Herring,

To relish a Cog of good Ale.

Fy let us a' to the Bridal, &c.

And there will be Sandy the Sutor,
And Will wi' the meikle Mou;
And there will be Tam the Blutter,
With Andrew the Tinkler, I trow;
And there will be bow'd legged Robie,
With thumbless Katie's Goodman;
And there will be blew cheeked Dowbie,
And Lawrie the Laird of the Land.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Sow-libber Patie
And plucky-fac't Wat i'the Mill,
Capper nos'd Francie, and Gibbie,
That wins in the How of the Hill;
And there will be Alaster Sibby,
Wha in with black Bessy did mool,
With snivelling Lilly and Tibby,
The Lass that stands aft on the Stool.
Fy let us, &c.

And Madge that was buckled to Steenie,
And coft him gray Breeks to his Arfe,
Wha after was hangit for stealing,
Great Mercy it hap'ned nae warse;
And there will be gleed Geordy Janners
And Kirsh with the Lilly white Leg,
Wha gade to the South for Manners
And bang'd up her Wame in Mons-meg.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Juden Miowrie,
And blinkin dast Barbara Micleg,
Wi' Fleaslugged, sharny sac'd Laurie,
And shangy mou'd halucket Meg;
And there will be Happer-ars'd Nansie,
And fairy-sac'd Flowrie by Name,
Muck Madie, and fat hippit Grify,
The Lass wi' the Gowden Wame.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Girn-again-Gibby,
With his glakit Wife Jeany Bell,
And Mifle-shin'd Mungo M'capie,
The Lad that was Skipper himsel.
There Lads and Lasses in Pearlings
Will feast in the Heart of the Ha'
On Sybows, and Rifarts, and Carlings
That are baith sodden and raw.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Fadges and Brachen,
With Fouth of good Gabbock's of Skate,
Powfowdie, and Drammock and Crowdie,
And caller Nowt-feet in a Plate;
And there will be Partans and Buckies,
And Whytens and Speldings enew,
With finged Sheep-heads, and a Haggies,
And Scadlips to fup till ye fpew.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be lapper'd Milk Kebbucks,
And Sowens, and Farles, and Baps,
With Swats, and well scraped Paunches,
And Brandy in Stoups and in Caps;
And there will be Meal-kail and Castocks
...With Skink to sup till ye rive,
And Roass to roast on a Brander,
Of Flowks that were taken alive.
Fy let us, &c.

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Scrapt Haddocks, Wilks, Dulse and Tangle,
And a Mill of good Snishing to prie;
When weary with eating and drinking,
We'll rise up and dance till we die.
Then fy let us a' to the Bridal,
For there will be listing there,
For Jocky's to be married to Maggie,
The Lass wi' the gowden Hair.

7.

The Highland Laddie.

THE Lawland Lads think they are fine,
But O they'r vain and idly gaudy!
How much unlike that gracefu' Mein,
And manly Looks of my Highland Laddie?
O my bonny bonny Highland Laddie.
My handfome charming Highland Laddie,
May Heaven fill guard, and Love reward
Our Lawland Lass and her Highland Laddie.

If I were free at Will to chuse
To be the wealthiest Lawland Lady,
I'd take young Donald without Trews,
With Bonnet blew and belted Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

The

The brawest Beau in Borrows-Town,
In a' his Airs, with Art made ready,
Compar'd to him, he's but a Clown;
He's finer far in's Tartan Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty Hills with him I'll run,

And leave my Lawland Kin and Dady.

Frae Winter's Cauld and Summer's Sun,

He'll foreen me with his Highland Plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

A painted Room, and Silken Bed,
May please a Lawland Laird and Lady;
But I can kiss, and be as glad
Behind a Bush in's Highland Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few Compliments between us pass,

I ca' him my dear Highland Laddie,
And he ca's me his Lawland Lass;

Syne rows me in beneath his Plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

Nac greater Joy I'll e'er pretend,

Than that his Love prove true and fleady
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,

While Heaven preserves my Highland Laddie,
O my bonny, &cc.

ALLAN-WATER.

Or, My Love Annie's very bonny.

What Verse be found to praise my Annie?
On her ten thousand Graces wait,
Each Swain admires, and owns she's bonny.
Since first she trode the happy Plain,
She's set each youthful Heart on Fire,
Each Nymph does to her Swain complain,
That Annie kindles new Desire.

This lovely Darling, dearest Care;
This new Delight, this charming Annie,
Like Summer's Dawn, she's fresh and fair,
When Flora's fragrant Breezes fan ye.
All Day the am'rous Youths convene,
Joyous they sport and play before her;
All Night, when she no more is seen
In blessful Dreams they still adore her.

Among the Crowd Amyntor came,

He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie;

His rifing Sighs express his Flame,

His Words were few, his Wishes many.

With Smiles the lovely Maid replied,

Kind Shepherd, why should I deceive ye?

Alas! your Love must be deny'd,

This destin'd Breast can ne'er relieve ye.

Young Damon came, with Cupid's Art,
His Wiles, his Smiles, his Charms beguiling,
He ftole away my Virgin-Heart,
Ceafe, poor Amyntor, ceafe bewailing.
Some brighter Beauty you may find,
On yonder Plain the Nymphs are many,
Then chuse fome Heart that's unconfin'd,
And leave to Damon his own Annie.

C.

The Collier's bonny Lassie.

And O she's wonder bonny,

A Laird he was that sought her,
Rich baith in Land and Money;

The Tutor's watch'd the Motion
Of this young honest Lover,
But Love is like the Ocean:
Wha can its Depth discover?

He had the Art to please ye, And was by a' respected; His Airs sat round him easy, Genteel, but unaffected. The Collier's bonny Laffie
Fair as the new blown Lillie,
Ay sweet, and never saucy,
Secur'd the Heart of Willy.

He lov'd beyond Expression,

The Charms that were about her,
And panted for Possession,

His Life was dull without her.

After mature resolving,

Closs to his Breast he held her,
In saftest Flames dissolving,

He tenderly thus tell'd her.

My bonny Collier's Daughter,

Let naething discompose ye,

Tis no your scanty Tocher

Shall ever gar me lose ye;

For I have Gear in Plenty,

And Love says, 'tis my Duty

To ware what Heaven has lent me,

Upon your Wit and Beauty.

Where Helen lies.

TO ----- in Mourning.

A H why those Tears in Nelly's Eyes,
To hear thy tender Sighs and Cries,
The Gods stand listining from the Skies
Pleas'd with thy Piety.

To mourn the Dead, dear Nymph, forbear,
And of one dying take a Care,
Who views thee as an Angel fair,
Or fome Divinity.

O be less graceful or more kind,
And cool this Fever of my Mind,
Caused by the Boy severe and blind,
Wounded I figh for thee
While hardly dare I hope to rise
To such a Height by Hymen's Tyes,
To lay me down where Helen lyes
And with thy Charms be free.

Then must I hide my Love and die, When such a sovereign Cure is by? No, she can love, and I II go try,

Whate'er my Fate may be,
Which foon I'll read in her bright Eyes,
With those dear Agents I'll advise,
They tell the Truth, when Tongues tell Lies,
The least believ'd by me.



SONG.

To the Tune of Gallowsbiels.

A H the Shepherd's mournful Fate,

When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,

To bear the scornfu' fair one's Hate,

Nor dare disclose his Anguish.

Yet eager Looks, and dying Sighs,

My fecret Soul discover,
While Rapture trembling thro' my Eyes,

Reveals how much I love her.

The tender Glance, the redning Cheek,
O'erspread with rising Blushes,
thousand various Ways they speak
A thousand various Wishes.
or Oh! that Form so heavenly fair,
Those languid Eyes so sweetly smiling,
hat artless Elush, and modest Air,
So fatally beguiling.

Thy every Look, and every Grace,

So charms when e'er I view thee;

ill Death o'ertake me in the Chace,

Still will my Hopes pursue thee;

Then

Then when my tedious Hours are past,
Be this last Blessing given,
Low at thy Feet to breath my last,
And die in Sight of Heaven.

End of the Tea-Table Miscellany.



FENNY and MEGGY.

A

PASTORAL,

SEQUEL to Patie and Boger.

FENNT.

Ome, Meg, let's fa to Wark upo' this Green,
The shining Day will bleech our Linnen clean;
The Water's clear, the Lift unclouded blew
Will make them, like a Lilly, wet with Dew.

MEGGY.

Go farer up the Burn, to Habie's How,
Where a' that's sweet in Spring and Summer grow;
And, 'tween twa Birks, out o'er the little Lin,
The Water sa's, and makes a singing Din:
A Pool Breast deep, beneath as clear as Glass,
Kiss with easy Whirles the Bordering Grass;

We'll

We'll end our Washing, while the Morning's cool; And, when the Day grows het, we'll to the Pool, There wash our fells:— 'Tis healthsou' now in May, And unco cauler on sae warm a Day.

FENNY.

Daft Lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say, If our twa Herds come bratling down the Brae, And see us sae?—That jeering Follow Pase, Wad taunting say, Haith Lasses ye're no blate.

MEGGY.

We're far frae ony Road and out of Sight,
And for the Lads, they'll no be hame till Night,
They feed this Day a Mile beyont the Height.
But tell me now, dear Jenny, we're our lane,
What gars ye plague your Woer with Difdain.
The Neighbours a' tent this as well as I,
That Roger loes ye, yet ye care na by.
What ails ye at him; trouth atween us twa,
He's wordy you the best Day e'er ye saw.

FENNT.

I dinna like him, Megy, there's an End,
A Herd mair sheepish, yet I never kend.
He kames his Hair indeed, and gaes right snug,
With Ribon Knots at his blew Bonnet Lug,
Whilk pensily he wears a Thought a jee,
And spreads his Garters die'd beneath his Knee.

?

He falds his Owrlay down his Breaft with Care;
And few gangs nicer to the Kirk or Fair:
For a' that he can neither fing nor fay,
Except, How d'ye,--or, There's a bonny Day,---

MEGGY.

Ye dash the Lad with constant flighting Pride;
Hatred for Love is unco fair to bide:
But ye'll repent ye, if his Love grow cauld.--What like's a dorty Maiden when she's auld?
Like dawted Wean, that tarras at its meat,
And for some feckless Whim will orp and greet;
The lave laugh at it till the Dinner's past;
And syne the Fool Thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or scart anither's Leavings at the last.

FENNY.

If Roger is my Jo, he kens himfel;
For fick a Tale I never heard him tell.
He glowrs and fighs, and I can guess the Cause;
But wha's oblig'd to spell his Hums and Haws.
When e'er he likes to tell his Mind mair plain,
I'se tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
They're Fools wha Slavery like, that can live free,
The Chiels may a' knit up themsel'es for me.

MEGGY.

Be doing your Ways:---For me I have a Mind, To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

FENNY.

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FENNY.

Heh Lass! how can ye loo that Rattle-Scul, A very Deel, that ay maun hae his Will. We'll soon hear tell what a poor feighten Life, You twa will drive sa soon's ye're Man and Wife.

MEGGY.

I'll rin the Risk, nor hae I ony Fear,
But rather think ilk langsome Day a Year.
'Till I with Pleasure mount my Bridal Bed;
Where on my Patie's Breast, I'll lean my Head;
There we may kis, as lang as Kiffing's good;
And what we do, there's nane dare ca' it rude.
He's get his Will: Why no? 'Tis good my Part,
To give him that, and he'll gi' me his Heart.

FENNY.

He may indeed, for ten or fifteen Days,
Make mikle o' ye, with an unco' Fraife,
And dawt ye baith afore Fowk and ye'r lane:
But foon as his Newsangleness is gane—
He'll look upon ye as his Tether-stake,
And think he's tint his Freedom for ye'r Sake.
Instead then of lang Days of sweet Delyt,
Ae Day be dumb, and a' the niest he'll syt;
And may be in his Barlyhoods ne'er stick
To lend his loving Wife a lound'ring Lick.

MEGGY.

Sic course spun Thoughts as these want Pith to move My settl'd Mind,—I'm o'er far gane in Love;

B b 2

Patie to me is dearer than my Breath,
But want of him I fear nae ither Skaith.
There's nane of a' the Shepherds tred the Green
Has fic a Smile, and fic twa glancing Een.
How blythly can he sport, and gently rave
And jest at little Things that fright the lave:
In a he says or does there's fic a Gate,
The rest seem Coose compar'd with my dear Pate;
His better Sense will lang his Love secure,
Contention's heff in Sauls are weak and poor.

FENNY.

Hey! bonny Lass of Branksome, or't be lang
Your witty Pate will put ye in a Sang:
O'tis a pleasant Thing to be a Bride,
And whindging Gets about ye'r Ingle-side,
Yelping for this and that, with sashous Din,
To make them Brats, then ye maun toil and spin.
Ae Wean saws sick, ane scads himsel wi' Broo,
Ane breaks his Shin, anither tines his Shoe:
The Deel gaes o'er John Webster:—Hame grows Hell,
When Pate miscaws ye war than Tongue can tell.

MEGGY.

Yes'tis a heartsome Thing to be a Wise, When round the Ingle-edge young Sprouts are rise; Gin I'm sae happy I shall have Delight To hear their little Plaints, and keep them right. Say, Jenny, Can there greater Pleasure be
Than see sic wee Tots toolying at your Knee,
When a' they ettle at—their greatest Wish
Is to be made of, and obtain a Kiss?
Can there be Toil in tenting Day and Night
The like of them, when Love makes Care delight?

FENNY.

But Poortith Meggy is the warft of a', If o'er your Heads ill Chance shou'd Beggery draw; There's little Love, or canty Chear can come Frae dudy Jackets, or a Pantry toom: Your Nowt may die-the Speat may bear away Frae aff the Howms your dainty Rucks of Hay, The feeding Wreaths of Snaw, or blashy Thows May sometimes smoor, and aften rot your Ews. A Dyver buys your Butter, Woo and Cheefe, But, or the Day of Payment, breaks and flies: With gloomin Browthe Laird feeks in his Rent, Its no to gi'e, your Merchant's to the Bent; His Honour manna want, he poonds your Gear, Syne driven frae House and Hald, where will ye steer? Dear Meg be wife, and live a fingle Life, Trouth its nae Mows to be a married Wife.

MEGGY.

B b 3

May fic ill Luck befa' that filly five
Wha has these Fears, for that was never me;
Let Fowk bode well, and strive to do their best,
Nae mair's requir'd, let Heaven mak out the rest.

I've

I've heard my honest Father aften say,

That Lads shou'd a' for Wives that's verteous pray;

For the maist thristy Man cou'd never get

A well stor'd Room, unless his Wife wad let:

Wherefore nought shall be wanting on my Part

To gather Wealth, to raise my Shepherd's Heart.

Whate'er he wins, I'll guide with cautious Care,

And win a Vogue at Market, Tron and Fair,

For healsome, clean, cheap and sufficient Ware.

A Flock of Lambs, Cheese, Butter and some Woo

Shall first be sald, to pay the Laird his Due,

Syne a' behind s our ain,——Thus without Fear,

With Love and Rowth we throw the Warld will steer:

And when my Pate in Bairns and Gear grows rife,

He'll bless the Day he gat me for his Wife,

FENNY.

But what if some young Beauty on the Green, With dimpl'd Cheeks and twa bewitching Een, Shou'd gar your Patie think his haf worn Meg And her kend Kisses hardly worth a Feg.

MEGGY.

Nae mair of that—dear Jenny, to be free, Men are mair conflant aft in Love than we; Nor do I thank them for't: Nature mair kind Has bleft them with a Hardiness of Mind; And whensoe'er they flight their Mates at hame, Its ten to ane the Wives are maist to blame. Then I'll employ with Pleasure a' my Art To keep him chearfu' and secure his Heart. At E'en when he comes weary frae the Hill I'll have a' Things made ready to his Will. In Winter when he toils throu' Wind and Rain, A bleezing Ingle, and a clean Hearth-stane : And foon as he flings by his Plaid and Staff, The feething Pot's be ready to tak aff; Clean Hagabag I'll spread upon his Boord, And serve him with the best we can afford. Good Humour and whyt Bigonets shall be Guards to my Face, to keep his Love for me.

7 ENNY.

A Dish of married Love right soon grows cauld, And dosens down to nane as Fowk grow auld.

MEGGY

But we'll grow auld togither, and ne'er find The Want of Youth, when Love lyes in the Mind. Bairns and their Bairns make fure a firmer Tye Then ought in Love e'er kend to you and I; Like yon twa Elms that grow up Side by Side, Suppose them some Years syne Bridegroom and Bride, Nearer and nearer ilka Year they've prest, Till wide their spreading Branches are increast, And in their Mixture now are fully bleft.

FENNY.

I've done, --- I yield, dear Laffie I maun yield, Your better Sense has fairly won the Field, With the Affishance of a little Fae Lyes darn'd within my Breast this mony a Day.

MEGGT.

Alake! poor Prisoner! Jenny, that's unsair That ye'll no let the wee Thing take the Air; Hast let him out, we'll tent as well's we can If he is Bauldy's or poor Roger's Man.

FENNY.

Anither Time's as good, ----for fee the Sun
Is right far up, ----and we're no yet begun
To freath the Graith ----If canker'd Madge your Aunt
Come up the Burn, she'll gie's a winsome Rant.
But when we've done, I'se tell ye a' my Mind,
For this I find nae Lass can be unkind.

Bag-pipes no Musick:

A SATYRE on Scots Poetry. An Epillle to Mr. STANHOPE.

A S Dryden juftly term'd Poetick Sound,
A pacing Pegafus on Carpet Ground.
Researmon's nervous Sense your Verses yield
A Courser bounding o'er the surrow'd Field:

The Track purfue, --- that thinking Scots may fee The comprehensive English Energy. Scotch Moggy may go down at Aberdeen, Where Bonnets, Bag-pipers, and Plaids are feen: But fuch poor Gear no Harmony can fute. Much fitter for a Few's Trump than a Lute. Low Bells, not Lyres, the Highland Cliffs adorn, Macklean's loud halloo, or Mackgregor's Horn, Sooner shall China yield to Earthen Ware, Sooner shall Abel teach a finging Bear, Than English Bards let Scots torment their Ear. Who think their rustick Jargon to explain, For anes is once, lang, long, and two is twain, Let them to Edinburgh foot it back, And add their Poetry to fill their Pack. While you the Fay'rite of the tuneful Nine, Make English Deeds in English Numbers shine. Leave Ramfay's Clan to follow their own Ways, And while they mumble Thiftles, wear the Bays.

Oxford, Novemb: 4.

JOHN COUPER.



Grub-



Grubstreet nae Satyre.

In Answer to Bag-pipes no Musick. An Epistle to the Umquhile Fohn Cowper, late Kirk-Treasurer's Man of Edinburgh; now his Ghaist studying Poetry at Oxford, for the Benefit of E. Curl.

DE AR John, what ails ye now? Iy still:
Hout Man! What need ye take it ill
That Allan buried ye in Rhime,
May be a Start afore ye'r Time?
He's nathing but a shire dast Lick,
And disna care a Fidle-stick,
Altho your Tutor Curl and ye
Shou'd serve him sae in Elegy.

Doup down doild Ghaist, and dinna fash us With Carpet Ground, and nervous Clashes; Your Grubstreet Jargon Dryden wounds, When mixt with his Poetick Sounds.

You pace on Pegasus! Take Care,
He'll bound o'er furrow'd Fields of Air,
And sling ye headlong frae the Skies,
Never a second Time to rise:

With fic a Fa, alake! ye'll e'en a'
Dash into Sherds like broken China.
China and Men the same Fate skair,
Ah me! baith bruckle Earthen Ware.

Lang ferv'd ye in a mettl'd Station,
The foremost Beegle of our Nation,
For scenting out the yielding Creature,
Wha us'd to play at Whats-the matter:
But now, O fy for Shame to trudge,
Mun Curle's poor Hackney scribling Drudge,
To fill his Pack, while you, right fair,
Gain Title braw! His singing Bear.
But, John, Wha taught ye ilka Name,
That shines sae bonnily in Fame,
Rosecommon, Stanhope, Ramfay, Dryden,
Wha Back of winged Horse cou'd ride on?
A' them we ken; but wha the D——
Bad you up Hill Parnassus speel.

You Ramfay make a feckfu' Man,
Ringleader of a hearty Clan:
Goodfaith it fets ye well to fear him,
For gin ye etle anes to fleer him,
He'll gloom ye dead; _____in Rustick Phrase
He'll gar his Thistes rive your Bays.

PATE BIRNIE.

Kinghorn, 16th. November, 1720. ፙፙፙጜፙፙፙጜፙጜፙጜ ፙፙዿኇዹዿዿዿዿዿዿዿዿ ዿዹዿዿዿዿዿዿዿዿዿዿዿዿዿዿዿዿ

RAMSAT's

REASONS

For not answering the Hackney Scriblers, his obscure Enemies.

I.

These to my blyth indulgent Friends,
Dull Faes nought at my Hand deserve;
To pump an Answer's a' their Ends,
But not ae Line if they shou'd starve.

II.

Wha e'er shall with a Midding feight,
Of Victory will be beguil'd,
Dealers in Dirt will be to dight,
Fa they aboon or 'neath, they're fil'd.

III.

It helps my Character to heez,
When I'm the Butt of creeping Tools,
The Warld by their daft Meddly fees,
That I've nae Enemies but Fools,

IV.

But sae it has been and will be,

While real Poets rise to Pame,
Sic poor Mackfleckno's will let flee

Their Venom, and still miss their Aim.

V.

Should ane like Garth or Congrave write,

Some canker'd Coof can fay 'tis wrang;

On Pope fic Mungrels shaw'd their Spite,

And shot at Addison their Stang.

VI.

But well dear Spee the feckles Affes
To wiest Insects even'd and painted,
Sic as by magnifying Glasses
Are only kend when throw them tented.

VII.

The blundering Fellows ne'er foryet,
About my Trade to f—— their Fancies,
As if forfooth I wad look blate
At what my Honour maift advances.

VIII.

And Homer fang for's daily Bread, Surprizing Shakefpear fin'd the Wool, Great Virgil Creels and Easkets made, And famous Ben imploy'd the Trowel.

IX.

Yet Dorfet, Launsdown, Lauderdale, Bucks, Sterling, and the Son of Angus, Even Monarchs, and of Men the Wale, Were proud to be inrow'd amang us.

X

Then, Hackneys, write till ye gae wood,
Drudge for the Hawkers Day and Night,
Your Malice cannot move my Mood,
And equally your Praife I flight.

XI.

I've gotten mair of Fame than's due, Which is fecur'd amang the Best, And shou'd I tent the like of you, A little Saul wad be consest.

XII.

Nae Mastive minds a yamphing Cur, A Craig defies a frothy Wave, Nor will a Lyon raise his Fur, Altho a Monkey misbehave.

Nam Satis est equitem mihi plaudere.





THE

FAIR ASSEMBLY,

A

POEM.

Jocabethia virgo
Inchoat, & gestu cantum comitante figurat.

MILLÆUS.

Miriam prefiding o'er the Female Throng, Begins, and fuits the Movement to the Song.

To the MANAGERS.

Right Honourable L A DIES,

OW much is our whole Nation indebted to Your Ladyfhits for Your reasonable and laudable Undertaking
to introduce Politeness amongst us, by a chearful Enrainment, which is highly for the Advantage of both Body
ad Mind, in all that is becoming in the Brave and Beautid; well forseing that a barbarous Rusticity ill suits them,
ho in fuller Years must act with an Address superior to
e Common Class of Mankind; and it is undeniable, that noang tleases more, nor commands more Respect than an easy,
singaged and genteel Manner. What can be more disagreeable,

agreeable, than to see one with a stupid Impudence saying and asting Things the most shocking amongst the Polite, or others (in plain Scots) blate and bumbard, tyking how to behave, conscious of their own Want of Breeding, sit upon Nettles all the Time that their ill Luck throws them into good Company.

Warm'd with these Restlections, and the Beautifulness of the Subject, my Thoughts have made their Way in the following Stanza's, which, with Humility I beg Leave to present to your Ladyships.

Tis amazing to imagine, that any are so destitute of good Sense and Manners, as to drop the least unfavourable Sentiment against the FAIR ASSEMBLY. 'Tis to b owned, with Regrate, that the best of Things have beer abused. The Church has been, and in many Countries is the chief Place for Assignations that are not warrantable Wine, one of Heaven's kindly Bleslings, may be used to one. Hurt. The Beauty of the FAIR, which is the grea Preserver of Harmony and Society, has been the Ruin o many. Learning, which affists in raising the Mind of Mar up to the Class of Spirits, has given many a one's Brain wrong Cast. So Places design'd for healthful and manner ly Dancing, have, by People of an unhappy Turn, been de bauch'd by introducing Gaming, Drunkenneß and undecen Familiarities. But will any argue from these, that we mus have no Churches, no Wine, no Beauties, no Literature, no Dancing ? Forbid it Heaven!

Noble and worthy Ladies, whatever is under Your auf picious Conduct must be improving and beneficial in ever Respect. May all the fair Daughters copy after such vir tuous and delightful Patterns as you have been and continuto be: That You may be long a Blessing to the rising Generation, is the sincere Prayer of,

May it please your Ladyships,

Edin. June 28th.

Your most Faithful and Humble Servant,

1723.

ALT AN RAMSAI



THE

FAIR ASSEMBLY,

A POEM, in the Royal *Stanza.

Soon after them all dancing in a Row,
The comely Virgins came with Girlands dight,
As fresh as Flowers that in Green Meadows grow;
When Morning Dew upon their Leaves doth light.

SPENCER.

WAKE, Thalia, and defend,
With chearfu' Carrolling,
Thy bonny Care,---thy Wings extend,
And bear me to your Spring;
That Harmony full Force may lend

To reasons that I bring ----Now Caledonian Nymphs attend,
For 'tis to you I fing.

00

^{*}So called, being invented by James the First, King of Scots, whose incomparable Poem in these Measures will be admired s long as Images justly represented give Pleasure in slow-rg Numbers and sonorous Rhyme, when the Sense is as is singaged as if spoke in Prose.

II.

As lang as Minds maun Organs wear,
Compos'd of Flesh and Blood,
We ought to keep them hale and clear,
* With Exercise and Food.
Then, but Debate, it will appear
That Dancing must be good,
It stagnant Humors sets a Steer,
And sines the purple Flood.

III.

Difeafes, Heavines and Spleen,
And ill Things mony mae,
That gar the lazy fret and grane,
With Visage dull and blae.
'Tis Dancing can do mair alain
Than Drugs frae far away,
To ward aff these, make nightly Pain,
And sour the shining Day.

IV.

Health is a Prize, ----yet meikle mair
In Dancing we may find;
It adds a Luftre to the Fair,
And when the Fates unkind

^{*} The wife for Health on Exercife defend,

GOD never made his Works for Man to mend. Dryd.

Cloud

Cloud with a b'ate and aukward Air

A Genius right refin'd,

The sprightly Art helps to repair

This Blemish on the Mind.

V.

How mony do we daily fee,

* Right ferimp of Wit and Sense, Who gain their Aims aft easilie By well bred Confidence.

Then whate'er helps to qualifie A ruflick Negligence,

naun without Doubt a Duty be,

And fhou'd give nae Offence.

[†] Since nothing appears to me to give Children so much ecoming Confidence and Behaviour, and so raise them to be Conversation of those above their Age, as Dancing, I hink they should be taught to dance assons they are capale of learning it. For tho this consists only in outward iracefulness of Motion; yet I know not how, it gives manly thoughts and Carriage more than any Thing.

Lock.

^{*} It is certain that for Want of a competent Knowledge n this Art of Dancing, which should have been learned when young, the Publick loses many a Man of exquisite ntellectuals and unbyas'd Probity, turely for Want of that o necessary Accomplishment, Assurance; while the pressing Knave or Fool shoulders him out, and gets the Prize. Mr. Yeaver.

VI.

Cease moody Mortals to reprove † What's lawfu', blyth and chaste; Its skaithless in a Dance to move, If gracefully exprest:
Sacred and human Laws approve, Then set your Minds to rest, Since the maist worthy seem to love The FAIR ASSEMBLY best.

VII.

Mates mayna there in Mirkness meet,
But midst a Bleeze of Candle;
Is that like faunt'ring on the Street,
Like you wha Doxies dandle:
Pray learn to be some mair discreet,
And mince your mumb'ling Scandal,
Subjects like them sae fair and sweet,
It sets ye ill to handle.

VIII.

Gae hunt Diseases in the Dark,

Dull Hippoc's, and be civil;

Pursue with Pith your Mid night Wark,

Be thresh'd, or thresh your Rival:

+ ---- Tempus saltandi.

Deinde redeunte Jiphthacho Mitzpam in domum suam ecce filia ejus exibat obviam ei cum tympanis & cum choris. Adhuc ædificaturus sum te, ædificeris, virgo Israelis adhuc ornabis te tympanis tuïs, & procedes cum choro ludentium.

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Wha ettle at the Marriage Mark,
Evites these Paths are evil;
They keep alive the heavinly Spark,
* And ding auld Doctor Divel.

IX.

His Doctrine's dung, when equal Pairs
Together join their Hands,
And vow to footh ilk other's Cares,
In haly wedlock Bands;
Sae when to dance the Maid prepares,
And flush'd with Sweetness stands,
At her the wounded Lover stares,
And yields to Heaven's Commands.

X.

† The first Command he soon obeys,
While Love inspires ilk Notion,
His wishing Look his Heart displays,
While his lov'd Mate's in Motion:
He views her with a blyth Amaze,
And drinks with deep Devotion
That happy Draught, that throu' our Days
Is own'd a cordial Potion.

^{*} This Line would require a long and learned Note, but I shall leave the Honour of it to some unborn Scaliger or Heinstus.

[†] Dixit eis Deus, fatificate, augescite & implete terram.

XI.

The Cordial which conferves our Life,
And makes it smooth and easy;
Then ilka Wanter wale a Wife,
Or Eild and Humdrums seize ye,
Whase Charms can silence Dumps or Strife,
And frae the Rake release ye,
Attend th' ASSEMBLY, where there's Rife
Of virtuous Maids to please ye.

XIII all said sand in mader s

These modest Maids inspire the Muse,

In stowing Strains to shaw

Their Beauties, which she likes to ruse,

And let the Envious blaw:

That Task she canna well refuse,

Wha finle says them Na—

To paint Bellinda, first we chuse,

With Breasts like driven Snaw.

XIII.

Like Lilly Banks, fee how they rife,
With a fair Glen between,
Where living Streams, blew as the Skyes,
Are branching upward feen,
To warm her Mouth, where Rapture lyes,
And Smiles, that banish Spleen;
Wha strikes with Love and fast Surprise,
Where e'er she turns her Een.

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XIV.

Sabella gracefully complete,
Streight as the Mountain Pine,
Like Pearl and Rubies fet in Jet,
Her lovely Features shine:
In her the Gay and Solid meet,
And blended are sae sine,
That when she moves her Lips or Feet,
She seems some Power Divine.

XV.

O Daphne, sweeter than the Dawn,
When Rays glance on the Height,
Diffusing Gladness o'er the Lawn,
With Strakes of rising Light:
The dewy Flowers when newly blawn,
Come short of that Delight,
Which thy far fresher Beauties can
Afford our joyfu' Sight.

XVI.

Her Gate how gently free;
Her Steps, throu'out the Dance, express
The justest Harmony:
And when the fings, all must confess,
Wha're blest to hear and see,
They'd deem't their greatest Happiness
T'enjoy her Company.

How easy fits sweet Celia's Dress,

XVII.

And wha can ca' his Heart his ain,

That hears Aminta speak?

Against Love's Arrows Shields are vain,

When he aims frae her Cheek;

Her Cheek, where Roses free from Stain,

In Glows of Youdith beek;

Unmingl'd Sweets her Lips retain,

These Lips she ne'er shou'd steek.

XVIII.

Unless when fervent Kisses close
That Avinew of her Mind,
Thron' which true Wit in Torrents flows,
As speaks the Nymph design'd;
The Brag and Toast of Wits and Beaus,
And Wonder of Mankind,
Whase Breast will prove a blest Repose,
To him with whom she'll bind.

XIX.

See with what Gayety, yet grave,

Serena swims alang,

She moves a Goddess' mang the lave,

Distinguish'd in the Thrang.

Ye Sourocks, hafflines Fool, has Knave,

Wha hate a Dance or Sang,

To see this stately Maid behave,

'Twad gi'e your Hearts a Tyang.

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XX.

Your Hearts! faid I, trowth I'm to blame,
I had amaist forgotten,
That ye to nae sic Organ claim,
Or if ye do, 'tis rotten.
A Saul with sic a thowless Flame,
Is sure a filly Sot ane;
Ye scandalize the human Frame,

When in our Shape begotten.

XXI.

These Lurdanes came just in my Light,
As I was tenting Chloe,
With jet black Een that sparkle bright,
She's all o'er form'd for Joy;
With Neck and Waist, and Limbs as tight
As her's wha drew the Boy,
Frae feeding Flocks upon the Height,
And sled with him to Troy.

XXII.

Now Myra dances, mark her Mien,
Sae difengag'd and gay,
Mixt with that Innocence that's feen
In bonny Ew-bught May,
Wha wins the Garland on the Green,
Upon fome Bridal-Day,
Yet she has Graces for a Queen,
And might a Scepter sway.

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XXIII.

What Lays, Califta, can commend
The Beauties of thy Face,
Whafe Fancy can fae touring stend,
Thy Merits a' to trace:
Frae 'boon the Starns, fome Bard, descend,
And sing her ev'ry Grace,
Whafe wondrous Worth may recommend
Her to a God's Embrace.

XXIV.

A Seraph wad our Aikman paint,
Or draw a lively Wit,
The Features of a happy Saint,
Say, art thou fond to hit?
Or a Madona Compliment,
With Lineaments maift fit,
Fair Copies thou need'ft never want,
If bright Califia fit.

· XXV.

Mella the heaviest Heart can heez,
And sourest Thoughts expel,
Her Station grants her Rowth and Ease,
Yet is the sprightly Belle
As active as the eydent Bees,
Wha rear the Waxen Cell,
And place her in what Light you please,
She still appears Hersell.

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XXVI.

Beauties on Beauties come in View
Sae thick, that I'm afraid
I shall not pay to llk their Due,
Till Phabus lend mair Aid;
But this in general will had true,
And may be safely said,
There's ay a something shining new
In ilk delicious Maid.

XXVII.

What tends the FAIR ASSEMBLY Has Where nae By-Room is found,
But Benches fixt upon the Wa Where all are feen around;
Nor ftronger Liquors at your Cas Than fober Tea, that's found;
Nor here nae Rake out Dice dare draw,
To gi'e anes Purse a Wound.

XXVIII.

The rudest Sauls betray,
When MATRONS Noble, Wife and Meek
Conduct the healfu' Play:
Where they appear nae Vice dare keek,
But to what's Good gives Way,
Like Night, soon as the Morning Creek
Has usher'd in the Day.

Sic as against th' ASSEMBLY spake,

They

4.12

XXIX.

They govern with a chearfu' Air. And jufly kind Regard, Pleas'd with the Success of their Care. They think their Pains well war'd: Thus they in the Diversion share, Viewing their springing Breard Of sprightly Lads and Virgins fair, Whom they delight to guard.

XXX.

Dear Ed'nburgh, shaw thy Gratitude, And of fic Friends make fure. Wha strive to make our Minds less rude, And help our Wants to cure, Acting a generous Part and good, In Bounty to the Poor: Sic Virtues, if well understood, Shou'd ev'ry Heart allure,

XXXI. Well may the FAIR ASSEMBLY be, And may they blooming Spring, Ilk ane up to a fruitfu' Tree, And forth brave Branches bring. Ladies, accept these Lays frae me, Whom Truth engag'd to fing, Wha threep the contrair, tell a Lie, Adieu, ---- GOD fave the KING.



FABLES

AND

TALES

Important Truths still let your Fables hold, And moral Mysteries with Art unfold, As Veils transparent cover, but not hide; Such Metaphors appear, when right apply'd.

Ld. LANSDOWNE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

So M E of the following are taken from Messeurs Fontaine and La Motte, whom I have endeavoured to make speak Scots with as much Ease as I can; at the same Time aiming at the Spirit of these eminent Authors, without being too servile a Translator. If my manner of expressing a Design already invented have any Particularity that is agreeable, good Judges will allow such Imitations to be Originals, form'd upon the Idea of another. Others who drudge at the dull verbatim, are like timorous Attendants, who dare not move on Pace without their Master's Leave, and are never from their Back but when they are not able to come up with them.

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Those, amongst them which are my own Invention, with Respect to the Plot, as well as the Numbers, I leave the Reader to find out; or if he think it worth his while to ask me, I shall tell him.

If this Collection prove acceptable, as I hope it will, I know not how far the Love I have for this manner of Writing may engage me to be divertingly ufeful. Instruction in such a Drefs it fitted for every Palate, and strongly imprints a good Moral upon the Mind. When I think on the Clock and the Dial, I'm never upon the Blush, altho I should sit in Company ten Minutes without speaking. The Thoughts of the Fox and Rathas hindred me sometimes from disabitging a Person I did not much value. The yie Lizard makes me content with law Life. The Judgment of Minos gives me a Disgust at Avarice, and Jupiter's Lottery helps to keep me humble; the I own it has een enough ado wit, &c.

A Man who has his Mind furnished with such a Stock of good Sense, as may be had from those excellent Fables, which has been approved of by Ages, is Proof against the Insults of all those mistaken Notions which so much harass human Life: And what is Life without Serenity of Mind?





Fables and Tales.

To

The fine Lady and the Looking-Glass.

FABLE L.

M. N. P.



Fraid to place fae great a Name
To Lays yet of a dubious Fame,
I therefore ceafe to draw the Skreen,
Left they should prove a poor Propine.
I view you like a tim rous Lover,

Wha hardly dare his Mind discover;
But if I chance to make you smile,
And think my Off'ring worth your While,
I'll frankly to my Patron bow,
And hug my sell if roos'd by you.

First then, as PROLOGUE to the rest;
This Lesson comes in Fiction drest,
To shaw the lll of fleetching Fools,
And Good of Truth and Wisdom's Schools.

A NYMPH with ilka Beauty grac'd Ae Morning by her Toilet plac'd, Where the leal hearted Looking-Glass With Truths address the lovely Lass; -To do ye Justice, heavenly Fair, Amaist in Charms ye may compare With VENUS fell, - But mind amaift, For the you're happily poffest Of ilka Grace which claims Respect, Yet I see Faults ye should correct; I own they only Trifles are, Yet of Importance to the Fair. What fignifies that Patch o'er braid With which your rosse Cheek's o'erlaid? Your natural Beauties you beguile By that too much affected Smile; Saften that Look, --- Move ay with Eafe, And you can never fail to please.

Those kind Advices she approv'd, And mair her Monitor she lov'd; Till in came Visitants a Threave, To entertain them she mann leave

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Her Looking-Glass, - They fleetching praise Her Looks, - Her Drefs, - And a', she says, Be't right or wrang, She's hale complete, And fails in naithing fair or fweet: Sae much was faid, the bonny Lass Forgat her faithfu' Looking-Glass.

May't please ____ The Beautie's you, The Mirror is, Ane good and wife, Wha by his Counsels just can shew How Princes may to Greatness rife. God bless the Wark, - If you're opprest By Parasites with fause Design Then will fic faithfu' Mirrors best These Underplotters countermine.

JUPITER's Lottery.

FABLE II.

Nes JOVE by ae great Act of Grace Wad gratify his human Race, And order'd HERMES in his Name With Tout of Trumpet to proclaim A Royal Lott'ry frae the Skies, Where ilka Ticket was a Prize. Nor was there Need for Ten per Cent, To pay Advance for Money lent :

Nor Brokers nor Stockjobbers here Were thol'd to cheat Fowk of their Gear :' The first Rate Benefits were Health, Pleasures, Honours, Empire and Wealth, But happy he to whom wad fa' Wijdom, the highest Prize of a'; Hopes of attaining Things, the best, Made up the maift Feck of the reft: Now ilka Ticket fald with Eafe. At Altars for a Sacrifice; JOVE a' receiv'd, Ky, Gates, and Ews, Muir-Cocks, Lambs, Dows, or Bawbie-Rows; Nor wad debar e'en a poor Droll Wha nought cou'd gi'e but his Parol. Sae kind was he no to exclude Poor Wights for Want of Wealth or Blood; Even whiles the Gods, as Record tells, Bought several Tickets for themsells. When Fou and Lots put in the Wheel, Aft were they turn'd to mix them well, Blind Chance to draw I O V E order'd fyne, That nane with Reason might repine ? He drew, and MERCURY was Clark, The Number, Prize, and Name to mark. Now Hotes by Millions fast came forth, But seldom Prizes of mair Worth. Sic as Dominion, Wealth and State, True Friends and Lovers fortunate.

Wifdom, at last, the greatest Prize

Comes up,—Aloud Clark HERMES crys—

Number Ten thousand,—Come lets see

The Person blest.—Quoth PALLAS, ME—

Then a' the Gods for Elythness sang,

Throw Heaven glad Acclamations rang;

While Mankind grumbling laid the wyte

On them, and ca'd the hail a Byte.

Yes! Cry'd ilk an, with sobing Heart,

Kind JOVE has play'd a Parents Part,

Wha did this Prize to PALLAS send,

While we're sneg'd off at the Wob End.

Soon to their Clamours J O V E took tent,
To punish which to wark he went,
He straight with Follies fill'd the Wheel,
In Wisdom's Place they did as well,
For ilka ane wha Folly drew,
In their Conceit a' Sages grew,
Sae thus contented a retir'd,
And ilka Fool himself admir'd.

The Clock and Dial.

FABLE III.

A E Day a Knock wad brag a Dial, And put his Qualities to Trial,

Addrest

Addrest him thus, My Neighbour, pray,
Canst tell me what's the Time of Day.
The Dial said, I dinna ken.—
Alake! What stand ye there for then?—
I wait here till the Sun shines bright,
For nought I ken but by his Light,—
Wait on, quoth Knock, I feorn his Help,
Baith Night and Day my lane I scelp,
Wind up my Weights but anes a Week,
Without him I can gang and speak;
Nor like an useless Sumph I stand,
But constantly wheel round my Hand,
Hark, hark, I strike just now the Hour,
And I am right, Ane, Twa, Three, Four.

While thus the Clock was boafting loud,
The bleezing Sun brake throw a Cloud,
The Dial, faithfu' to his Guide,
Spake Truth, and laid the Thumpers Pride.
Ye fee, faid he, I've dung ye fair,
'Tis Four Hours and Three Quarters mair:
My Bairn, he added, count again,
And learn a wee to be less vain,
Nor brag of your extemp're Cant,
That you an Answer never want;
For you're no ay to be believ'd,
Wha trusts to you may be deceiv'd.
Be counsel'd to behave like me,
For when I dinna clearly see,

I always own I dinna ken, And that's the Way of wifest Men.

The Miser and Minos.

Hort syne there was a wretched Miser, With pinching had scrap'd up a Treasure, Yet frae his Hoords he doughtna take, As much wou'd buy a Mutton Stake. Or take a Glass to comfort Nature, But scrimply fed on Crumbs and Water: In short he famish'd 'midst his Plenty, Which made furviving Kindred canty, Wha scarcely for him pat on Black, And only in his Loof a Plack, Which even they grudg'd; fic is the Way Of them that fa' upon the Prey, They Il scarce row up the Wretch's Feet, Sae forimp they make his Winding-sheet, Tho' he shou'd leave a vast Estate. And Heaps of Gowd like Arthur's Seat.

Well down the flarving Ghaist did fink,
Till it fell on the Stygian Brink,
Where auld Van Charon stood and raught
His wither'd Loof out for his Fraught,
D d 3

But them that wanted wherewitha', He dang them back to stand and blaw: The Mifer lang being us'd to fave, Fand this, and wadnae Passage crave, But shaw'd the Ferry-man a Knack, Jumpt in - -- fwam o'er --- and hain'd his Plack. Charon might damn and fink and rore, But a' in vain --- he gaind the Shore---Arriv'd .-- the three Pow'd Dog of Hell Gowl'd terrible a treeple Yell, Which rouz'd the inaky Sisters three, Wha furious on this Wight did flie, Wha'd play'd the Smugler on their Coaft, By which Pluto his Dues had loft; Then brought him for this Trick fae hainous Afore the Bench of Justice Minos.

The Case was new, and very kittle, Which puzzl'd a' the Court nae little; Thought after Thought with unco' Speed Flew round within the Judge's Head, To find what Punishment was due For fic a daring Crime and new: Shou'd he the Plague of Tantal feel, Or stented be on Ixion's Wheel, Or stung wi' bauld Prometheus' Pain, Or help Sysiph to row his Stane, Or sent amang the wicked Rout, To fill the Tub that ay rins out.

No, no, continues Minos, no,
Weak are our Punishments below
For fic a Crime—— he maun be hurl'd
Straight back again into the World:
I sentence him to see and hear
What Use his Friends make of his Gear.

The Ape and the Leopard.

FABLE V.

HE Ape and Leopard, Beafts for Show,
The first a Wit, the last a Beau,
To make a Peny at a Fair,
Advertis'd a' their Parts fae rare.
The tane gae out with mikle Wind,
His Beauty 'boon the brutal Kind,
Said he, I'm kend baith far and near,
Even Kings are pleas'd when I appear;
And when I yield my vital Pus,
Queens of my Skin will make a Muss,
My Fur sae delicate and fine,
With various Spots does sleekly shine.——

Now Lads and Lasses fast did rin
To see the Beast with bonny Skin,
His Keeper shaw'd him round about,
They saw him soon, and soon came out.

But Master Monky with an Air Hapt out, and thus harrangu'd the Fair. Come Gentlemen and Ladies bonny, I'll give ye Pastime for your Money : I can perform to raife your Wonder Of pawky Tricks mae than a hunder. My Coufin Spottie true he's braw. He has a curious Suit to shaw. And naithing mair --- But frae my Mind Ye shall blyth Satisfaction find : Sometimes I'll act a Chiel that's dull, Look thoughtfou', grave, and wag my Scull, Then mimick a light-headed Rake, When on a Tow my Houghs I shake. Sometime like modern Monks, I'll feem To make a Speech, and naithing mean; But come away ye needna speer, What ye're to pay, I'se no be dear; And if ye grudge for want of Sport, I'll doce't back t'ye at the Port. The Are succeeded, in Fowk went -Stay'd long - and came out well content. Sae much will Wit and Spirit please, Beyond our Shape and brawest Claiths: How mony, Ah! of our fine Gallants Are only Leopard in their Talents.

The Ass and Brock.

FABLE VI.

Pon a Time a folemn Afs Was dand'ring throu' a narrow Pass. Where he forgether'd with a Brock, Wha him faluted frae a Rock. Speer'd how he did - how Markets gade -What's a' ye'r News - and how is Trade -How does Fock Stot and Lucky Yad, Tam Toop, and Bucky, honest Lad? Reply'd the Ass, and made a Heel, E'en a' the better that ye're weel. But Fackanates and Inarling Fitty Are grown fae wicked, some ca's't witty, That we wha folid are and grave, Nae Peace on our ain Howms can have. While we are bify gathering Gear Upon a Brae, they'll fit and fneer. If ane shou'd chance to breath behin's Or ha'e fome Slaver at his Chin, Or 'gainst a Tree shou'd rub his A-, That's subject for a winsome Farce, There draw they me, as void of thinking, And you, my Dear, famous for stinking;

And the bauld birly Bair your Frien',
A' Glutton dirty to the Een,
By laughing Dogs and Apes abus'd,
Wha is't can thole to be sae us'd!

Dear me! heh! wow! — and fay ye fae —
Return'd the Brock — I'm unko wae
To fee this Flood of Wit break in,
O fcour about, and ca't a Sin;
Stout are your Lungs, your Voice is loud,
And ought will pass upon the Crowd.

The Afs thought this Advice was right,
And bang'd away with a' his Might,
Stood on a Know amang the Cattle,
And furioufly 'gainft Wit did rattle;
Pour'd out a Deluge of dull Phrases,
While Dogs and Apes leugh, and made Faces;
Thus a' the angry Afs held forth
Serv'd only to augment their Mirth.
Guess ye the Moral, I'se no tell it,
Wha has a Nose will quickly smell it.

The Fox and Rat.

FABLE VII.

THE Lyon and the Tyger lang maintain'd

A bloody Weir—at last the Lyon gain'd,

The Royal Victor strak the Earth with Aw, And the four-footed World obey'd his Law; Frae ilka Species Deputies were fent, To pay their Homage due, and compliment Their Sovereign Liege, wha'd gart the Rebels cour, And own his Royal Right and Princely Pow'r: After Dispute, the moniest Votes agree That Reynard should address his Majesty, Ulysses like, in Name of a' the lave, Wha thus went on O Prince, allow thy Slave To roofe thy brave Atchievments and Renown, ... Nane but thy daring Front shou'd wear the Crown, Wha art like JOVE, whose Thunder-bowt can make A The Heavens be hulh, and a' the Earth to shake, Whafe very Gloom, if he but angry nods, Commands a Peace, and flegs the inferior Gods: Thus thou great King haft by thy conquering Paw Gien Earth a Shog, and made thy Will a Law; Thee at the Animals with Fear adore, And tremble if thou with Displeasure rore. O'er a' thou canst us eith thy Scepter sway, As Badrans can with cheeping Rottans play.

This Sentence vex'd the Envoy Rotton fair,
He threw his Gab and girn'd, but durft nae mair.
The Monarch pleas'd with Lowrie wha durft gloom,
A Warrant's order'd for a good round Sum,

Which

Which Dragon Lord Chief Treasurer must pay To fly tongu'd Fleechy on a certain Day : Which Secretary Ape in Form wrote down. Sign'd Lyon, and a wee beneath, Baboon. 'Tis given the Fox, - Now Bobtail tap o' Kin Made rich at anes, is nor to had nor bind, He dreams of nought but Pleasure, Joy, and Peace: Now blest with Wealth, to purchase Hens and Geese. Yet in his Loof he hadna teld the Gowd, And yet the Rottan's Breast with Anger glow'd, He vow'd Revenge, and watch'd it Night and Day, He took the Tid when Lowry was away, And throw a Hole into his Closet Ilips, There chews the Warrant a' in little Nips : Thus what the Fox had for his Flatt'ry gotten E'en frae a Lyon was made nought by an offended Rottan.

The Caterpillar and the Ant.

FABLE VIII.

A Penfy Ant right trig and clean
Came ae Day whiding o'er the Green,
Where to advance her Pride she saw
A Caterpillar moving slaw,
Good-E'en t'ye Mrs. Ant said he,
How's a' at Hame, I'm blyth to s'ye

The fawcy Ant view'd him with Scorn, Nor wad Civilities return. But gecking up her Head, quoth she, Poor Animal, I pity thee Wha scarce canst claim to be a Creature, But some Experiment of Nature, Whase filly Shape displeas'd her Eye, And thus unfinish'd was flung by. For me, I'm made with better Grace, With active Limbs, and lively Face; And cleverly can move with Eafe Frae Place to Place where e'er I please: Can foot a Minuet or lig. And snoov't like ony Whirly-Geg, Which gars my Jo aft grip my Hand 'Till his Heart pitty-pattys, and -But laigh my Qualities I bring, To fland up clashing with a Thing, A creeping Thing the like of Thee, Not worthy of a Farewel t'ye. The airy Ant fyne turn'd awa, And left him with a proud Gaffa, The Caterpillar was flruck dumb, And never answer'd her a Mum; The humble Reptile fand some Pain Thus to be banter'd with Disdain.

But tent neift Time the Ant came by,
The Worm was grown a Butterfly,
Transparent were his Wings and fair
Which bare him flightering throw the Air,
Upon a Flower he stapt his Flight,
And thinking on his former Slight,
Thus to the Ant himsel addrest,
Pray, Madam, will ye please to rest,
And notice what I now advise
Inseriors ne'er too much despise,
For Fortune may gi'e sic a Turn,
To raise aboon ye what ye scorn;
For Instance, now I spread my Wing,
In Air, while you're a creeping Thing.

The twa Cats and the Cheefe.

FABLE IX.

W A Cats anes on a Cheefe did light,
To which baith had an equal Right,
But Disputes, sic as aft arise,
Fell out at sharing of the Prize;
Fair Play said ane, Ye bite o'er thick
Thae Teeth of yours gang wonder quick:
Let's part it, else lang or the Moon
Be chang'd, the Kebuck will be done.

But wha's to do't, - They're Parties baith, And ane may do the other Skaith, Sae with Confent away they trudge, And laid the Cheefe before a Judge, A Monkey with a campsho Face, Clerk to a Justice of the Peace, A Judge he seem'd in Justice skill'd, When he his Master's Chair fill'd; Now Umpire chosen for Division. Baith sware to stand by his Decision. Demure he looks, - The Cheese he pales, -He prives it good, --- Ca's for the Scales, His Knife whops throw't, - In twa it fell, He puts ilk Haff in either Shell; said he, We'll truly weigh the Cafe, And strickest Justice shall have Place, Then lifting up the Scales, he fand The tane bang up, the ither fland; Syne out he took the heaviest Haff, And ate a Knooft o't quickly aff, And try'd it fyne, --- It now prov'd light, Friend Cats, said he, We'll do ye right. Then to the ither Haff he fell, And laid till't teughly Tooth and Nail, Till weigh'd again it lightest prov'd: The Judge wha this sweet Process lov'd, Still weigh'd the Cafe, and still ate on, 'Till Clients baith were weary grown,

And tenting how the Matter went, Cry'd, Come, come Sir, We're baith content. Ye Fools, quoth he, and Justice too Maun be content as well as you. Thus grumbled they, thus he went on, Till baith the Haves were near hand done; Poor Pousies now the Daffine saw Of gawn for Nignyes to the Law: And bill'd the Judge that he wad pleafe To give them the remaining Cheefe: To which his Worship grave reply'd, The Dues of Court maun first be paid. Now Justice pleas'd, --- What's to the Fore Will but right scrimply clear your Score; That's our Decreet. - Gae Hame and Sleep. And thank us ye're win aff sae cheap.

The Chamaeleon.

FABLE X.

Wa Travellers as they were wa'king,
'Bout the Chamaeleon fell a ta'king
(Sic think it shaws them mettl'd Men
To say I've seen and ought to ken)
Says ane, 'tis a strange Beast indeed,
Four sooted, with a Fish's Head,

A little Bowk with a lang Tail, moves far flawer than a Snail; Of Colour like a Blawart Blue, ----Reply'd his Nibour, That's no true, For well I wat his Colour's Green, If ane may trow his ain twa Een, For I in Sun-shine saw him fair, When he was dining on the Air. Excuse me, says the ither Blade, I faw him better in the Shade, And he is Blue: He's Green I'm fure. Ye lied. ___ And ye're the Son of a Whore. ___ Frae Words there had been Cuff and Kick Had not a Third come in the Nick, What tenting them in this rough Mocd Cry'd, Gentlemen, What, are ye Wood? What's ye'r Quarrel, and't may be speer't, Truth, fays the tane, Sir, ye shall hear't; The Chamaeleon, I fay, he's Elue, He threaps he's Green, - Now, What fay you? Ne'er fash ye'r fells about the Matter, Says the fagacious Arbitrator, He's Black - Sae nane of you are right, I view'd him well with Candle-light, And have it in my Pocket here, Row'd in my Napkin hale and feer. Fy! Said ae Cangler, What d'ye mean? I'll lay my Lugs on't that he's Green.

Said

Said th 'ither, were I gawn to Death, I'd fwear he's Blue with my last Breath. He's Black the Judge maintain'd ay flout, And to convince them whop'd him out; But to Surprise of ane and a' The Animal was White as Snaw,

And thus reprov'd them, " Shallow Boys,

- " Away, away, make nae mair Noise,
- "Ye're a' three wrang, and a' three right,
- 66 But learn to own your Nibours Sight
- " As good as yours. Your Judgment speak,
- " But never be fae daftly weak
- " T' imagine ithers will by Force
- " Submit their Sentiments to yours;
- 6 As Things in various Lights ye fee.
- " They'll ilka ane resemble me.

The twa Lizards.

FABLE XI.

Eneath a Tree, ae shining Day, On a Burn-bank twa Lizards lay Beeking themsells now in the Beams, Then drinking of the cauller Streams: Waes me, fays ane o' them to th' ither, How mean and filly live we, Brither?

Beneath

Beneath the Moon is ought fae poor,
Regarded less, or mair obscure!
We breath indeed, and that's just a',
But forc'd by destiny's hard Law
On Earth like Worms to creep and sprawl;
Curst Fate to ane that has a Sau!!
Forby, gin we may trow Report,
In Nilus Giant Lizards Sport,
Ca'd Grocodiles,—— Ah! had I been
Of sic a fize, upon the Green,
Then might I had my Skair of Fame,
Honour, Respect and a great Name.
And Man with gaping Jaws have shor'd,
Syn like a Pa-god been ador'd.

Ah Friend, replies the ither Lizard,
What makes this grumbling in thy Gizzard;
What Cause have ye to be uneasy,
Cannot the Sweets of Freedom please ye?
We free frae Trouble, Toil or Care,
Cnjoy the Sun, the Earth and Air;
The chrystal Spring, and green Wood shaw,
and beildy Holes, when Tempests blaw.
Why shou'd we fret, look blae or wan,
Tho were contemn'd by paughty Man?
Tae, let's in Return be wise,
and that proud Animal despise.

O fy! returns th' ambitious Beaft, How weak a Fire now warms thy Breaft? It breaks my Heart to live fae mean, I'd like t'attract the Gazer's Een. And be admir'd, what flately Horns The Deer's majestick Brows adorn : He claims our Wonder and our Dread. Where e'er he heaves his haughty Head: What Envy a'my Spirit fires When he in clearest Pools admires His various Beauties with Delyte, I'm like to drown my fell with Spite. Thus he held forth, --- when straight a Pack Of Hounds, and Hunters at their Back. Ran down a Deer before their Face. Breathless and wearied with the Chace: The Dogs upon the Victim feife. And Bougles found his Obfequies. But neither Men nor Dogs took tent Of our wee Lizards on the Bent. While hungry Bawty, Buff and Tray Devour'd the Paunches of the Prey.

Soon as the bloody Deed was past, The Lizard wise the proud addrest, Dear Cousin now pray let me hear How wad ye like to be a Deer? Ohon! quoth he, convinc'd and wae, wha wad have thought it anes a Day! Well, be a private Life my Fate, I'll never envy mair the Great; That we are little Fowk that's true, But fae's our Cares and Dangers too.

Mercury in Quest of Peace.

FABLE XII.

HE Gods cooff out, as Story gaes, Some being Friends, some being Faes, To Men in a befieged City, Thus fome frae Spite, and fome frae Pity. Stood to their Point with canker'd Strictness, And leftna ither in Dogs Likeness. Juno ca'd Venus Whore and Bawd, Venus ca'd Juno scauldin Jad, E'en cripple Vulcan blew the Low. Apollo ran to bend his Bow. Dis shook his Fork, Pallas her Shield, Neptune his Grape began to weild. What Plague, cries Jupiter, Heh hov! Maun this Town prove anither Troy? What will you ever be at Odds, 'Till Mankind think us foolish Gods?

Hey!

Hey! Mistress Peace, make Haste, ---- appear ---- But Madam was nae there to hear:

Come, Hermes, wing thy Heels and Head,

And find her out with a' thy Speed,

Trowth this is bonny Wark indeed.

Hermes obeys, and staptna short,
But slies directly to the Court;
For sure thought he she will be found,
On that fair complimenting Ground,
Where Praises and Embraces ran
Like current Coin 'tween Man and Man'.
But soon alake he was beguil'd!
And fand that Courtiers only smil'd,
And with a formal Flat'ry treat ye,
That they mair sickerly might cheat ye;
Peace was na there, nor e'er cou'd dwell,
Where hidden Envy makes a Hell.

Niest to the Ha', where Justice stands
With Sword and Ballance in her Hands,
He slew—no that he thought to find her
Between th' Accuser and Defender;
But sure he thought to find the Wench
Amang the Fowk that fill the Bench;
Sae muckle Gravity and Grace
Appear'd in ilka Judge's Face:
Even here he was deceiv'd again,
For ilka Judge stack to his ain

Interpre-

Interpretation of the Law,
And yex'd themfells with Had and Draw.

Frae thence he flew straight to the Kirk,
In this he prov'd as dast a Stirk,
To look for Peace, where never three
In ev'ry Point cou'd e'er agree;
Ane his ain Gate explain'd a Text
Quite contrair to his Nighbour next,
And teughly toolied Day and Night,
To gar Believers trow them right.

Then fair the figh'd, ---- where can the be---Well thought ---- the Univerfity,
Science is ane these maun agree.
Then did he bend his Strides right clever,
But is as far mistane as ever;
For here Contention and ill Nature
Had runkl'd ilka learned Feature,
Ae Party stood for antient Rules,
Anither ca'd the Antients Fools;
Here ane wad set his Shanks aspar,
And roose the Man sang Troy War,
Anither ca's him Robin Kar.

Well, she's no here ---- away he flies
To seek her amangst Families;
Toot, what shou'd she do there I wonder?
Dwells she with matrimonial Thunder,

2

3

Where Mates, fome greedy, fome deep Drinkers Contend with thriftles Mates or Jinkers? This fays 'tis Black, and that wi' Spite Stifly mantains, and threeps 'tis white,

Weary'd at last, quoth he, let's see
How Branches with their Stocks agree,
But here he fand still his Mistake,
Some Parents cruel were, some weak;
While Bairns ungratefu' did behave,
And wish'd their Parents in the Grave.

Has Fove then fent me amang thir Fowk, Cry'd Hermes here to hunt the Gowk? Well, I have made a waly Round To feek what is na to be found; Just on the Wing --- towards a Burn A wee piece aff his Looks did turn, There Mistreß PE A CE he chanc'd to see Sitting her lane beneath a Tree; And have I found ye at the last? He cry'd aloud, and held her fast. Here I refide, quoth she, and smil'd, With an auld Hermite in this Wild. Well, Madam, faid he, I perceive That ane may lang your Presence crave, And miss ye still - but this seems plain To have ye, ane maun be alane.

The Spring and the Syke.

FABLE XI.

ED by a living Spring a Rill Flow'd eafily adown a Hill: A thousand Flowers upon its Bank Flourish'd su' Fair, and grew right Rank: Near to its Course a Syke did ly, Whilk was in Summer aften dry, And ne'er recover'd Life again, But after foaking Showers of Rain; Then wad he fwell, look Big and Sprufh, And o'er his Margine proudly gush, Ae Day after great Waughts of Weet, He with the Chrystal Current met, And ran him down with unco' Din, Said he, How poorly does thou rin? See with what State I dash the Brae, Whilst thou canst hardly make thy Way.

The Spring with a Superior Air,
Said, Sir, Your Brag gives me nae Care;
For foon's ye want your Foreign Aid,
Your paughty Cracks will foon be laid.
Frae my ain Head I have supply,
But you must borrow else rin dry.

The daft Bargain.

TALE I.

A T Market anes, I watna how Twa Herds between them coft a Cow, Driving her Hame, the needfu' Hacky But Ceremony chanc'd to K-Quoth Rab right ravingly to Roff, Gin ye'll eat that digested Draf, Of Grummy, I shall quat my Part, A Bargain bee't with a' my Heart. Raff foon reply'd and lick'd his Thum To gorble't up without a Gloom; Syne till't he fell, and feem'd right yap His Mealtith quickly up to gawp; Haff done his Heart began to scunner, But lootna on till Rab strak under. Wha fearing Skair of Cow to tine, At his dast Bargain did repine. Well, well, quoth Raff, though ye was rash, I'll fcorn to wrang ye fenfeles Hash, Come fa' to Wark as I ha'e done, And eat the ither Haff as foon, Ye's fave ye'r Part. - Content quoth Rab. And flerg'd the rest o't in his Gab:

Now what was tint, or what was won,
Is eithly feen, My Story's done.
Yet frae this Tale Confed'rate States may learn
To fave their Cow, and yet no eat her Sharn.

The twa Cut-Purses.

IN Borrowstown there was a Fair,
And mony a Landart Coof was there;
Baith Lads and Lasses busked brawly,
To glowr at ilka Bonny-waly,
And lay out ony ora Bodies
On sma Gimcracks that pleas'd their Nodles,
Sic as a Jocktaleg, or Sheers,
Confeckit Ginger, Plums or Pears.

These gaping Gowks twa Rogues survey,
And on their Cash this Plot they lay,
The tane less like a Knave than Fool,
Unbidden claim the high Cockstool,
And pat his Head and baith his Hands
Throw Holes where the III-Doer stands.
Now a' the Crowd with Mouth and Een
Cry'd out, What does the Idiot mean?
They glowr'd and leugh, and gather'd thick,
And never thought upon a Trick,

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Till he beneath had done his Job, By tooming Poutches of the Mob, Wha now posses of Rowth of Gear, Scour'd aff as lang's the Cost was clear.

But wow the Ferly quickly chang'd,
When throw their empty Fobs they rang'd;
Some girn'd, and some look'd blae wi' Grief,
While some cry'd out, Fy had the Thief.
But ne'er a Thief or Thief was there,
Or cou'd be found in a' the Fair.
The Jip wha stood aboon them a',
His Innocence began to shaw,
Said he, My Friends, I'm very forry
To hear your Melancholy Story:
But sure what e'er your Tinsel be,
Ye canna lay the Wyte on me.





THE

Poetick Sermon:

To R ---- Esquire.

Sometimes of humble rural Things
The Muse in middle Air, with vary'd Number sings,
Then without Pride, divinely great,
She mounts her native Skies,
And Goddess-like retains her State
When down again she slies.

DENNIS.

RAE North'ren Mountains clad with Snaw,
Where whiftling Winds inceffant blaw,
In Time now when the Curling Stane
Slides murm'ring o'er the Icy Plain,
What sprightly Tale in Verse can Tarde
Expect frae a cauld Scottish Bard,
With Brose and Bannocks poorly fed,
In Hoden Gray right hashly cled,
Skelping o'er frozen Hags with Pingle,
Picking up Peets to beet his Ingle,
While Sleet that sreezes as it saws,
Theeks as with Glass the Divet Waws

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Of a laigh Hut, where fax thegither, Ly Heads and Thraws on Craps of Heather?

Thus, Sir, of us the Story gaes
By our mair dull and fcornfu' Faes.
But let them tauk, and Gowks believe,
While we laugh at them in our Sleeve;
For we, nor barbarous nor rude,
Ne'er want good Wine to warm our Blood,
Have Tables crown'd,----and hartfom Bicls,
And can in Cumin's, Don's or Steil's,
Be ferv'd as plenteoufly and civil,
As you in London at the Devil.
You, Sir, yourfelf wha came and faw,
Own'd that we wanted nought at a',
To make us as content a Nation,
As any is in the Creation.

This Point premis'd, my canty Muse Cocks up her Crest without Excuse,
And scorns to screen her natural Flaws,
With Is's and Bur's and dull Because;
She pukes her pens and aims a Flight
Throu' Regions of internal Light,
Frae Fancy's Field, these Truths to bring
That you shou'd hear, and she shou'd sing.

LANGSYNE when Love and Innocence Were human Nature's best Defence,

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E'er party Jars made Lateth less,

By cleathing't in a Monkish Dress;

Then POETS shaw'd these evenly Roads

That lead to Dwellings of the Gods,

In these dear Days, well kend to Fame,

Divini Vates was their Name;

It was, and is, and shall be ay,

While they move in fair Virtue's Way.

Tho rarely we to Stipends reach,

Yet nane dare hinder us to preach.

Believe me, Sir, the nearest Way To Happiness is to be gay. For Spleen indulg'd will banish Rest Far frae the Bosoms of the best. Thousands a Year's no worth a Prin. When e'er this fashous Guest gets in. But a fair competent Effate Can keep a Man frae looking blate, Sae eithly it lays to his Hand What his just Appetites demand. Wha has, and can enjoy, O wow! How smoothly may his Minutes flow? A Youth thus bleft, with manly Frame, Enliven'd with a lively Flame, Will ne'er with fordid Pinch controll The Satisfaction of his Soul.

Poor

Poor is that Mind, ay discontent,
That canna use what God has lent.
But envious girns at a' he sees,
That are a Crown richer than he's;
Which gars him pitifully hane,
And Hell's Ase-middings rake for Gain;
Yet never kens a blythsome Hour,
Is ever wanting, ever sour.

Yet ae Extreme shou'd never make A Man the Gowden Mien forfake. It shaws as much a shallow Mind, And ane extravagantly blind, If careless of his future Fate. He daftly waste a good Estate, And never thinks till Thoughts are vain. And can afford him nought but Pain. Thus will a Joiner's Shavings bleez, Their Low will for some Seconds please, But soon the glaring Leam is past, And cauldrife Darkness follows fast : While flaw the Fagots large expire, And warm us with a lasting Fire. Then neither, as I ken ye will. With idle Fears your Pleasures spill. Nor with neglecting prudent Care. Do Skaith to your succeeding Heir.

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Thus steering cannilie through Life,
Your Joys shall lasting be and rife:
Give a' your Passions room to reel,
As lang as Reason guides the Wheel.
Desires, tho ardent, are nae Crime,
When they harmoniously keep Time.
But when they spang o'er Reason's Fence,
We smart for't at our ain Expence.
To recreate us we're allow'd,
But gaming deep boils up the Blood,
And gars ane at Groomporters ban
The Being that made him a Man,
When his fair Gardens, House and Lands
Are sawn amongst the Sharper's Hands.

To love the bonny smiling Fair,
Nane can their Passions better ware,
Yet Love is kittle and unruly,
And shou'd move tentily and hooly;
For if it get o'er meikle Head,
'Tis fair to gallop ane to dead;
O'er ilka Hedge it wildly bounds,
And grazes on forbidden Grounds,
Where constantly like Furies range,
Poortith, Diseases, Death, Revenge,
To toom anes Poutch to Dunty clever,
Or have wrang'd Husband prob anes Liver,
Or void anes Saul out throu' a Shanker,
In Faith 'twad any Mortal canker.

Then

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Then wale a Virgin worthy you, Worthy your Love and nuptial Vow, Syne frankly range o'er a' her Charms, Drink deep of Joy within her Arms, Be still delighted with her Breast, And on her Love with Rapture feast.

May she be blooming, saft and young, With Graces melting from her Tongue, Prudent and yielding to retain
Your Love, as well as you, her ain.

Thus with your Leave, Sir, I've made free To give Advice to ane can gi'e
As good again; but as Mess John
Said, when the Sand tald Time was done,
"Ha'e Patience, my dear Friends, a wee,

- " And take ae ither Glass frae me;
- " And if ye think there's Doublets due,
- " I shauna bauk the like frae you.





ON

PRIDE.

An EPISTLE to-

Mange dessous un Dais; dors dedans un Balustre, Sois Fils de mille Rois, & petit fils des Dieux, Si tu n'as la Virtu qui les mit dans les Cieux, Tu ne seras qu'un Sot illustre.

De GOMBERVILLE:

SIR,

Hut in a Study three Foot square,

No fash'd with meikle Wealth or Care,

I pass the live lang Day,

Yet fome ambitious Thoughts I have,
Which will purfue me to my Grave,
Sic busked Baits they lay.

These keep my Fancy on the Rack,
Something to sing that's blyth or snack,

To smooth the runckled Brow.

Thus vacant Minutes I beguile, To win a Plaudit and a Smile

Frae ony ane like you.

You wha in kittle Casts of State, When Property demands Debate,

Can right what is dung wrang?
Yet blythly can, when ye think fit,
Enjoy your Friend, and judge the Wit
And Slidness of a Sang.

How mony, your Reverse, unbleft,
Whase Minds gae wandring through a Miss,
Proud as the Thief in Hell,
Pretend forsooth they're gentle Fowk,
'Cause Chance gi'es them of Gear the Yowk,
And better Chiels the Shell.

I've feen a Wean aft vex itfell,

And greet because it was na tall;

Heez't on a Board, O than!

Rejoicing in its artfu' Hight,

How smirky looks the little Wight,

And thinks itsell a Man.

Sic Bairns are fome, blawn up a wee
With Splendor, Wealth and Quality,
Upon these Stilts grown vain;
They o'er the Pows of poor Fouk stride,
And neither are to had nor bide,
Thinking this Height their ain.

Now shou'd ane speer at sic a Puff,
What gars thee look sae high and bluff?

Is't ane attending Menzie?

Or Fifty Dishes on your Table?

Or Fifty Horses in your Stable?

Or Heaps of glancing Cunzie?

Are these the Things thou ca's thy sell?

Come, proud gigantick Shadow, tell:

If thou sayst, Yes,--I'll shaw
Thy Picture—means thy filly Mind,
Thy Wit's a Croil, thy Judgment blind,

And Love worth nought ava.

Some really Great and nobly born,

Whom Heaven takes Pleafure to adorn

With ilka manly Gift,

In Courts or Camps to ferve their Nation,

Warm'd with that generous Emulation

Which their Forbears did lift.

Frankly to this superior Few,

Pride pardonable we'll allow;

But these are maist deny'd:

Yet they shall be rever'd and priz'd,

When struting Naithings are despis'd,

With a' their glaring Pride.

This to fet aff as I am able,
I'll frae a French Man thigg a Fable,
And busk it in a Plaid:

Altho' it be a Bairn of Mote's,

When I have taught it to speak Scots,

I am its second Dad.

FABLE of the twa Books.

The Yeither's Face was weather-beaten,
And Leathern Jacket fair worm-eaten,
The Modern proud of his braw Sute,
Curl'd up his Nose, and thus cry'd out,
Ah! place me on some fresher Binks,
Figh! how this moudy Creature slinks;
How can a gentle Book like me
Endure sic scoundred Company?
What may Fouk say to see me cling
Sae closs to this auld ugly Thing,
But that I'm of a filly Spirit,
And difregard my proper Merit.

Quoth Graybaird, Whist, Sir, wi' ye'r Din, For a' your meritorious Skin, I doubt if ye be worth within.

} For For as auld fashion'd as I look, Maybe I am the better Book.

O Heavens! I canna thole the Clash Of this impertinent auld Hash: I winna stay ae Moment langer.

My Lord! please to command your Anger;
Pray only let me tell you that—

What wou'd this infolent be at !
Rot out your Tongue, — O Mr. Symmer,
Remove me frae this noisie Rhimer,
If you regard your Reputation,
And us of a diffinguish'd Station:
Hence frae this Beast let me be hurried,
For with his Stour and Stink I'm worried.

Scarce had he shook his paughty Crap, When in a Customer did pap,
Wha up auld Parchment lists and Eyes him,
Turns o'er his Leaves, admires and buys him.
This Book, said he, is good and scarce,
The Saul of Sence in smoothest Verse.
But reading Title of Gilt Cleathing,
Crys, Gods! Wha buys this bony Naithing?
Nought duller e'er was put in Print,
Wow! what a Deal of Turky's tint!

Now to apply what is invented, You are the Buyer represented, And may your Servant hope In ought to merit your Regard, I'll thank the Gods for my Reward, And fmile at ilka Fop.

Spoke to Eolus one Night blowing hard on the House of M-f-d.

7 H Y on this Bow'r, bluff Cheeked God, Sacred to Phabus, and th' Abode Of B-t, his much dauted Son, Say, wherefore makes thou all this Din In Dead of Night? Heh! like a Kow! To fuff at Winnocks and cry Wow! I have it now! Juno has feen The fair B-tas tred the Green. And them for Bairns of Venus' gueft, Sae sends thee to disturb their Rest. Pray wauk your Body, if you please, Gae gowl and tooly on the Seas; Thou wants the Pith to do them Harm; Within we're fafe and fnug and warm, Kindly refresh'd with healthfu' Sleep, While to my Kod my Pow I keep, Canty and cofiely Ily, And baith thy bursten Cheeks defy.



ONTHE

DEATH

OF

Lady Margaret Anstruther.

L L in her Eloom the graceful fair

L UCIND A leaves this mortal Round;

Her Loss a Thousand Mourners share,

And Beauty seels the cruel Wound,

Now Grief and Tears o'er all our Joys prevail,

Viewing her Rosy Cheeks all cold and pale.

Thus fome fair Star distinguish'd bright,
Which decks the Heavens and guides the Main,
When Clouds obscure its glorious Light,
It leaves the gloomy World in Pain.
So sudden Death has vail'd L U C I N D A's Eyes,
And left us lost in Darkness and Surprise.

Nor Sweetness, Beauty, Youth nor Wealth,
Nor Blood, the nobly high it springs;
Not Virtue's self can purchase Health,
When Death severe his Summons brings.
Else might the fair L U C I N D A young and gay,
Have blest the World with a much longer Stay.

But

But say, sweet Shade, was it thy Choice
To leave this low unconstant Globe,
Tyr'd with its vain, its jangling Noise,
Thou wisely dropt thy human Robe;
Or tell us Guardian Angels, tell us true,
Did ye not claim her as a Part of you.

Wes, well we know it is your Way,

When here below such Beings shine,

To grudge us even our Earthly Clay,

Which form'd like her becomes divine,

You take such hence, remov'd from Cares and Fears,

Unmindful of our fruitless Sighs and Tears.

Yet daign ye Friends to human Kind,
The lonely CONSORT to attend,
O footh the Anguish of his Mind,
And let his killing Sorrows end.
Tell him, his Sighs and Mourning to affwage,
Each Day she dwelt with him was worth an Age.

Ye lovely Virgins who excell,
Ye Fair to whom foft Strains belong,
In melting Notes her Beauties tell,
And weep her Virtues in a Song:
See that ye place her Merit in true Light:
Thus finging her's, your own will shine more bright.

ROBERT,



ROBERT, RICHY, and SANDY,

A

PASTORAL

On the Death of

MATTHEW PRIOR, Efq;

Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable Person defign'd by the Old Shepher D.

OBERT the doufe, by a'the Swains rever'd,
Wife are his Words, like Siller is his Beard;
Wear faxty thining Simmers he has feen,
Tenting his Hirfle on the Moor-land Green:
Unshaken yet with mony a Winter's Wind,
Stout are his Limbs, and youthfu' is his Mind:
But now he droops, ane wad be wae to fee
Him sae cost down; ye wadna trow its he.
By break of Day he seeks the dowy Glen,
Thathe may Scowth to a' his Mourning Ien:

Nag

Nane but the clinty Craigs and forogy Briers
Were Witnesses of a' his Granes and Tears;
Howder'd wi' Hills a Crystal Burnie ran,
Where twa young Shepherds fand the auld Goodman:
Ane Richy height, a Friend to a' distrest,
Ane Sandy wha of Shepherds fings the best;
With friendly Looks they speer'd wherefore he mourn'd,
Three Times he figh'd, and thus to them return'd.

ROBERT

My Matt, my Matt!—O Lads e'en take a Skair
Of a' my Grief—Our sweet tongu'd Matt's nae mair.
Ah Heavens! did e'er this Lyart Head of mine
Think to have seen the cauldrife Mools on thine!

RICHY.

My Heart misga'e me, when I came this Way, His Dog its lane sat yowling on a Brae; I cry'd, Ishifk—poor Ringwood—sairy Man, He wag'd his Tail, cout'd near, and lick'd my Hand, I straik'd his Back, which eas'd a wee his Pain; But soon's I gade away he yowl'd again: Poor kindly Beast. Ah Sirs! how sic should be Mair tender-hearted mony a Time than we!

SANDY.

Last Ouk I dream'd my Toop that bears the Bell,
And paths the Snaw, out o'er a high Craig sell
And brak his Neck.—I started frae my Bed,
Awak'd, and leugh—But now my Dream its red.

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How dreigh's our Cares, our Joys how foon away, Like Sun-blinks on a cloudy Winter's Day! Flow on ye Tears, ye have free Leave for me; O sweet-tongu'd Matt, Thousands shall greet for thee.

ROBERT.

Thanks to my Friends, for ilka briny Tear Ye shed for him wha to us a' was dear; Sandy I'm eas'd to see thee look sae wan, Richy thy Sighs bespeak a kindly Man.

RIGHY.

But twice the Simmer's Sun has thaw'd the Snaw, Since frae our Heights Eddie was tane awa'; Fast Matt has follow'd __ Of fic twa bereft, To smooth our Sauls, alake wha have we left ! Waes me! o'er short a Tack of sic are given, But wha may contradict the Will of Heaven? Yet mony a Year he liv'd to hear the Dale Sing o'er his Sangs, and tell his merry Tale. Last Year I had a stately tall Ash-Tree, Braid were its Branches, a sweet Shade to me; I thought it might have flourish'd on the Brae, (Tho' past its Prime) yet twenty Years or sae; But ae rough Night the blat'ring Winds blew fnell, Torn frae its Roots adown it fouchan fell; Twin'd of its Nourishment it lifeless lav. Mixing its wither'd Leaves amang the Clay. Sae flourish'd Matt, but where's the Tongue can tell How fair he grew? how much lamented fell?

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SANDT.

How fnackly cou'd he give a Fool Reproof,
E'en with a Canty Tale he'd tell aff loof?
How did he Warning to the dosen'd sing,
By auld Parganty, and the Dutchman's Ring?
And Lucky's Siller Ladle shaws how aft
Our greatest Wishes are but mean and dast.
Unnatural Wits, he will'd them a to pap
Their crazy Heads into Tam Tinman's Shap,
Where they might see a Squirrel wi' his Bells
Ay wrestling up, but rising like themsells.
Thousands of Things he wittily cou'd say,
With Fancy strang, and Saul as clear as Day;
Gay were his Tales, But where's the Tongue can tell
How blyth he was? how much lamented fell?

RICHY.

And as he blythsome was, sae was he wise;
Our Laird himsell wa'd aft take his Advice.
E'en Cheek for Chew he'd seat him 'mang them a'
And tak his Mind 'bout kittle Points of Law.
When * Clan Red-yards, ye ken, wi' wicked Fewd
Had skaild of ours, but mair of his ain Blood,
When I and several mae that were right crouse
Wa'd fain about his Lugs have burnt his House;
Yet Lady A N N E, a Woman meek and kind,
A Fae to Rancour and a bloody Mind,

^{*} Lewis XIV. King of France.

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Since mony in the Fray had got their Dead,
To make the Peace our Friend was fent wi' Speed:
The very Faes had for him just Regard,
Tho fair he jyb'd their f foremost singing Bard.
Active was Mass, but where's the Tongue can tell
How wise he was? how much lamented fell?

SANDY.

Wha cou'd like him in a short Sang define
The bonny Lass, and her young Lover's Pine;
I'll ne'er forget that ane he made on May,
Wha brang the poor blate Symie to his Clay
To gratifie the paughty Wench's Pride,
The filly Shepherd bow'd, obey'd and dy'd.
But sic dear Lasses as the Nit Brown Maid,
Shall never want ay lasting Honours paid;
Sic claim'd his Lays, and still it was his Care
With manly Mind to shield and roose the Fair;
Sweet was his Voice, when Beauty was in View,
Smooth ran his Lines, ay grac'd wi' something new;
Nae Word stood wrang, but where's the Tougue can tell
How saft he sung? how much lamented fell?

RICHT.

And when he had a Mind to be mair grave, A Minister nae better cou'd behave,

[†] Boileau, whose Ode on the taking Namure by the French 1692, he burlesqu'd, on its being retaken by the British 1695.

Far out of fight of fic he aften flew.

When he of haly Wonders took a View,

Well cou'd he praise the Power that made us a',

And bids us in Return but tent his Law

Wha guides us when we're waking or assep,

With thousand Times mair Care than we our Sheeps

When he of God's unbounded Wisdom sang,

My Heart lap sigh, my Lugs with Pleasure rang;

These to repeat, braid spoken, I wad spill,

Altho I should imploy my outmost Skill.

He town'd aboon, but where's the Tongue can tell

How high he slew? how much lamented fell?

ROBERT.

My Bennison, dear Lads, light on ye baith, Wha ha'e fac true a feeling of our Skaith; O Sandy draw his Likeness in smooth Verse, As well ye can, — then Shepherds shall rehearse His Merit, while the Sun meets out the Day, While Ews shall bleet, and little Lambkins mae.

I've been a Fauter now three Days are past,
While I for Grief have hardly broke my fast:
Let's to my Shiel, I have a Brown of Tip,
As good as ever wush a Shepherd's Lip,
We'll take a Scour o't to put aff our Pain,
For Reason tells me a' our Sighs are vain,
Come help me up, — you sooty Cloud shores Rain.



THE

CONCLUSION.

After the Manner of Horace, ad librum suum.

Ear vent'rous Book, e'en take thy Will, And scowp around the Warld thy fill: Wow! ve're newfangle to be feen, In guilded Turky clade, and clean. Daft giddy Thing! to dare thy Fate, And spang o'er Dikes that scar the blate: But mind when anes ye're to the Bent, (Altho in vain) ye may repent. Alake, I'm flied thou aften meet A Gang that will thee fourly treat. And ca' thee dull for a' thy Pains, When Damps distress their drouzie Brains. I dinna doubt whilft thou art new, Thou'lt Favour find frae not a few: But when thou'rt rufl'd and forlorn. Sair thumb'd by ilka Coof or Bairn; Then, then by Age you may grow wife, And ken Things common gies nae Price. I'd fret, wae's me! to fee thee ly Beneath the Bottom of a Pve. Or cow'd out Page by Page to wrap Up Snuff or Sweeties in a Shap.

Away

Away fic Fears, gae spread my Fame. And fix me an immortal Name: Ages to come shall thee revive, And gar thee with new Honours live. The future Criticks I forfee Shall have their Notes on Notes on thee : The Wits unborn shall Beauties find That never enter'd in my Mind.

Now when thou tells how I was bred, But hough enough to a mean Trade: To ballance that, pray let them ken My Saul to higher Pitch cou'd flen : And when ye shaw I'm scarce of Gear. Gar a' my Virtues shine mair clear. Tell. I the best and fairest please, A little Man that loo's my Eafe, And never thole these Passions lang That rudely mint to do me Wrang.

Gin ony want to ken my Age, See Anno Dom. on Title Page; This Year when Springs, by Care and Skill, The spacious Leaden Conduits fill, And first flow'd up the Castle-hill. When South-Sea Projects cease to thrive, And only North-Sea feems alive, Tell them your Author's Thirty five. FINIS.



GLOSSARY,

EXPLANATION of the Scots Words us'd by the Author, which are rarely or never found in the modern English Writings.

Some general Rules shewing wherein many Southern and Northern Words are originally the same, having only a Letter changed for another, or sometimes one taken away or added.

I. In many Words ending with | II. The 1. changes to a. w. or an 1. after an a. or u. the 1. is rarely founded.

English. Call. Fa, Fall. Gall. Ga, Hall. Ha, Sma. Small. Stall. Sta. Wa, Wall. Foy, or fu, F1211. Pull. Pou, or pu, Wool, Woo, or U.

u. after o. or a. and is frequently funk before another Confonant; as,

Scots.	English.
DAwm,	D Alm.
D Bauk,	D Baulk.
Bowk,	Bulk.
Bow,	Boll.
Bowt,	Bolt.
Caff,	Calf.
Cow,	Coll or Clip.
Faut,	Fault.
Fause,	False.
Fowk,	Folk.
Fawn,	Fallen.
A	Gowa

Scots.	English.
Gowd,	Gold.
Haff,	Half.
How,	Hole or Hollow
Howms,	Holms.
Maut;	Malt.
Pow,	Poll.
Row,	Roll.
Scawd,	Scald.
Stown,	Stoln.
Wawk,	Walk.

III. An o. before ld. changes to an a. or au; as,

Scots.	English.
A Uld,	()Ld.
A Bauld,	Bold.
Cauld,	Gold.
Fauld,	Fold.
Hald, or Had,	Hold.
Sald,	Sold.
Tald,	Told.
Wad,	Would.

IV. The o, oe, or ow is changed to a, ae, aw, or ai; as,

Scots.	English
A E, or and	e, Ne.
Aeten,	Oater.
Aff,	Off.
Aften,	Often.
Aik,	Oak.
Aith,	Oath.
Ain, or awn,	Own.
Alane,	Alone.
Amaift,	Almost.
Amang,	Among.
Airs,	Oars.
Aits,	Ogis.

	Scot	s. English.
	Apen,	Ореп.
	Awner,	Owner.
w.	Bain,	Bone.
	Bair,	Boar.
2	Baith,	Both.
	Blaw,	Blow.
~	Braid,	Broad.
	Claith,	Gloath.
	Craw,	Grow.
	Drap,	Drop.
	Fae,	Foe.
es	Frae,	Fro, or from.
	Gae,	·Go.
	Gaits,	Goats.
	Grane,	Groan.
	Haly,	Holy.
	Hale,	Whole.
	Halesom,	Wholesome.
1	Hame,	Home.
	Hait, or 1	Het, Hot.
	Laith,	Loath.
1	Laid,	Load.
1	Lain, or 1	Len, Loan.
I	lang,	Long.
I	aw,	Low.
N	fae,	Moe.
	faift,	Most.
N	fair,	More.
N	fane,	Moan.
M	law,	Mow.
N	la,	No.
	lane,	None.
N	laithing,	Nothing:
P	ape,	Pope.
	ae,	Roe.
	air,	Roar.
	aip,	Rope.
	aw,	Row.
	ft,	Soft.
Sa	ip,	Soap.

English. Scots. Sair. Sore. Song. Sang, Slow. Slaw, Snow. Snaw. Stroak. Strake, Staw. Stane, Stone. Soul. Saul, Toc. Tae Token. Taiken, Tongs. Tangs, Top. Tap, Thrang, Throng. Wae, Woe. Womb. Wame, Won. Wan, Worfe. War, Work. Wark. World. Warld, Wha, Who.

V. The o. or u. is frequently changed into i; as,

English. Scots. Nither, Nother. Bill. Bull. Birn. Burn. Brother. Brither, Fit, Foot. Fother. Fither; Hinny, Hony. Other. Ither, Mother. Mither, Nuts. Nife, Nofe. Pit, Put. Rin. Run. Sin, Sune

AB

Blins, Perhaps. Aboon, Above.

Aikerbraid, The Breadth of Bairns, Children. an Acre.

Air, Long fince. It. Early. Air up, Soon up in the Morning.

Anew, Enow.

Arles, Earnest of a Bargain. Atains, or Atanes, At once. At the same Time.

Auldfarran, Ingenious. Aurglebargin, or Eagglebargin, To contend or wrangie.

Aynd, The Breath.

BA

Ack-fey, A Surloin. Baid, Stayed; Abode.

Balen, Whale-bone,

Bang, Is sometimes an Action of Haste. We say he or it came with a Bang. A Bang also means a great Number. Of Customers she had a Bang. Bangster, A blustering roar-

ing Person. Bannocks, A Sort of Bread thicker than Cakes, and

round.

Barken'd, When Mire, Elsod, Oc.

Uc. hardens upon a thing like Bark.

Barlikhood, A Fit of Passion or ill Humour.

Barrow Trams, The Staves of a Hand-barrow.

Batts, Colick.

Bawbie, Halfpenny.

Bawfy, Bawland fac'd, is a Cow or Horse with a white

Bedeen, Immediately, In hafte. Beft, Beaten.

Begoud, Began.

Begrutten, All in Tears.

Beik, To bask. Beild, Shelter.

Bein, or Been, Wealthy. A been House, A warm well furnished one.

Beit, or Beet, To help, repair.

Bells, Bubbles.

Beltan, The 3d of May, or Rood-day.

Bended, Drunk hard. Benn, The Inner-room of a

House. Bennison, Bleffing. Benfell, or Benfail, Force.

Bent, The open Field. Beuk, Baked.

Bicker, A wooden Dish. Bickering, Fighting, Running

quickly, School-boys battling with Stones.

Bigg, Build. Bigget, Built. Biggings, Buildings. Billy, Brother.

Bire, or Byar, A Cow-stall. Birks, Birch-Trees.

Birle, To drink. Common Boglebo, Hobgoblin or Spectre.

People joining their Farthings for purchasing Liquor, they call it Birling a Bawbie.

Birn, A burnt Mark. Birr, Force, flying swiftly

with a Noise. Birs'd; Bruised.

Bittle, or Beetle, A wooden Mell for beating Hemp, or a Fuller's Club.

Black-a-vic'd, Of a black

Complexion.

Blae, Pale blew, the Colour of the Skin when bruised. 'Tis used as a Proverb, when one looks pale, or out of Countenance, He looks blae fac'd.

Blate, Bashfull. Blatter, A rattling Noise.

Bleez, Blaze.

Blether, Foolish Discourse. Bletherer, A Babbler, Stammering is called Blethering. Blin, Cease. Never blin, Ne-

ver have done.

Blinkan, The Flame raising and failing, as of a Lamp when the Oil is exhausted.

Boak, or boke, Vomit. Bodin, or bodden, Provided

or furnished.

Bodle, Two Pennies Scots, or one fixth of a Penny Englifb.

Bodword, An ominous Meffage. Bodwords are now used to express ill-natur'd

Meffages.

Bolsa

Boss, Empty. Applied to as Reed, Bone, or Head, Uc. Bourd, Jest or Dalley. We say,

A footh Bourd is nae Bourd.

Bouze, To drink.

Brachen, A kind of Water-Gruel of Oat meal, Butter and Honey.

Brae, The Side of a Hill,

Bank of a River.

Brander, A Gridiron.

Brands, Calves of the Legs. Brankan, Prancing, a caper-

ing.

Branks, Wherewith the Ruflicks bridle their Horses, A Halter fixt to two Pieces of Wood, which hang on either Side of the Nose. Braile, Noise, as of Horse

Feet.

Brats, Rags. Braw, Brave, Fine in Apparel.

Brecken, Fearn.

Brent-brow, Smooth high

Forehead. Brigs, Bridges.

Brock, A Badger. Browden, Fond.

Browster, Brewer. Bruliment, A Broil.

Bucky, The large Sea-Snail, A Term of Reproach, when we express a cross natur'd

Fellow, by Bucky. Ruff, Nonsense; As, He ble-

ther'd Buff.

lught. The little Fold where the Ews are inclosed at Milking-time.

uller, To bubble, The Mo- | Car, Sledge.

tion of Water at a Springhead, or a Noise of a rising Tide.

Bumbazed, Confused, Made to stare and look like an Idiot.

Bung, Completely fuddled, as it were to the Bung.

Bunkers, A Bench, or fort of long low Cheffs that ferve

for Seats.

Bumler, A Bungler, One that cannot perform his Work handsomely.

Burn, A Brook, Any little

Torrent of Water. Busk, To deck, Dress.

Bustine, Fustian (Cloath.)

But, often for Without. As, But Feed or Favour.

Bykes, or Bikes, Nests or Hives of Bees or Pismires.

Adge, Carry. Cadger is a Country Carrier, who jogs about with his Fish, Fowls, Eggs, Oc.

Callan, Boy. Camschough, Stern, grim, of

a distorted Countenance. Cankerd, Angry, cassionately fnarling.

Canna, Cannot. 1

Cant, To tell merry old Tales. Canty, Chearful and merry.

Caternoited, Whimfical, One who has got a Blow or Knoit on the Head that has turned his Judgment wrong. Ill natur'd.

Carle, An old Word for a Man. | Cleek, To catch as with a Carline, An old Woman, Gire-Carline, A Giant's Wife. Cathel, An hot Pot, made of

Ale, Sugar and Eggs.

Cauldrife, Spiritless, Wanting chearfulness in Address. Cauler, Cool or fresh.

Chafes, Chops.

Chaping, An Ale Measure or Stoup, somewhat less than an English Quart.

A-Char, or a-jar, Aside. When any Thing is beat a little out of its Position, or a Door or Window a little opened, we say they're a-

Char, or a-jar.

Charlewain, Charles-wain. The Constellation called the Plow, or Urfa major. Chancy, Fortunate, good na-

tur'd.

Chat, A cant Name for the Gallows.

Chiel, A general Term, like Fellow, used sometimes with Respect; as, He's a very good Chiel; and contemptuously, That Chiel.

Chirm, Chirp and fing like a Bird.

Chucky, A Hen. Clan, Tribe, Family.

Clank, The Din of a Pot Lid. when the Drinker makes it speak for more Liquor; or, a sharp Blow.

Clashes, Chat. Glaught, Took hold.

Claw, Scratch.

Hook.

Cleugh, A Den betwixt Rocks. Clinty, Hard, stonny.

Clock, Beetle.

Cloited, The Fall of any foft moist Thing. When one falls carelefly, he's faid to cloit down.

Gloss, A Court or Square. And frequently a Lane or

Alley.

Clour, The little Lump that rifes on the Head, occasioned by a Blow or Fall. Clute, Hoof of Cows, or

Sheep.

Cockernony, The gathering of a Woman's Hair, when tis wrapt or snooded up with a Band or Snood.

Cod, A Pillow.

Cog, A pretty large wooden Dish the Country People put their Pottage in.

Cogle, When a Thing moves backwards and forwards, inclining to fall.

Coof, A stupid Fellow. Coofer, A Ston'd Horse. Cooft, Did caft. Cooften,

Thrown. Corby, A Raven.

Cotter, A Sub-tenant.

Cowp, To fall; also a Fall. Comp, To change or barter.

Gowp, A Company of People. As merry, senseles, corky Cowp.

Cour, To crouch and creep. Greel, Basket.

Griff,

Grifh, Greafe.

Groom, or Crune, To murmure, or hum o'er a Song. The Lowing of Bulls.

Crouse, Bold.

Cryn, Shrink, or become less

by drying.

Culzie, Intice or flatter. Cun, To tafte, learn, know. Cunzie, or Goonie, Coin.

Gursche, A Kerchief. A Linnen Drefs wore by our

Highland Women.

Cutled, Used kind and gaining Methods for obtaining Love and Friendship, like little Children pressing in upon, and pratling agreeably to their Parents.

Cutts, Lots. These Cutts are usually made of Straws unequally cut, which one hides between his Finger and Thumb while another

draws his Fate.

Gutty, Short.

Ad, To beat one Thing against another, He fell with a Dad. He dadded his Head against the Wall, Oc.

Daft, Foolish. And some-

times, Wanton.

Daffin, Folly, Wagrie. Dail, or Dale, A Valley, Plain. Daintiths, Delicates, Dainties. Dainty, Is used as an Epithet

of a fine Man or Woman. Dander, Wander to and fre, Donk, Moift.

or faunter.

Dang, Did ding, Beat, Thrust, Drive. Ding dang, Moving haftily one on the Back of another.

Dawty, A Fondling, Darling. To dawt, To cocker, and carels with Tendernels.

Deave, To flun the Ears with

Noife.

Deray, Merriment, Jollity, Solemnity, Tumult, Disorder, Noise.

Dern, Secret, Hidden, Lonely. When one has hid himfelf, we say, He's dern'd in Some Place.

Deva, To descend, fall, hur-

ry, or dip down.

Dewgs, Rags or Shapings of Cloth.

Didle, To act or move like a Dwarf.

Dight, Deck'd, Made ready. Alfo, to clean.

Dinna, Do not.

Dirle, A Smarting Pain quick-

ly over.

Dit, To step or close up a Hole. Dit ye'r Gab wi'. ve'r Meat.

Dives, Broad Turf.

Docken, A Dock, (the Herb.) Doilt, Confused and filly.

Doited, Dozed or crazy, as in old Age. Daft young, and doited auld, the two Times of foolish Marriage.

Doll, A large Piece, Dole or Share.

Donfie, Affectedly neat. Clean, 1 when applied to any little Person.

Doofart, A dull heavy headed Fellow.

Dool, or Drule, The Goal which Gamesters strive to gain first (as at Football.)

Dores, A proud Pet.

to; Conceited, appearing as disobliged.

Dought, Could, Avail'd. Doughty, Strong, valiant and

able.

Douks, Dives under Water. Douse, Solid, Grave, Prudent. Dow, To will, to incline, to thrive, to do good.

Dowd, (Liquor) that's dead, or has loft the Spirits, Or, (wither'd) Plant.

Dowff, Mournful, wanting

Vivacity. Dowie, Melancholy, Sad,

Downa, Dow not, i. e. Tho one has the Power, he wants the Heart to it.

Dowp, The A-fe. small Remains of a Candle. The Bottom of an Eggshell. Better haff Egg as toom dowp.

Drant, To speak flow, after a fighing Manner.

Dree, To suffer, Endure. Dreery, Wearysome, Frightful.

Dreigh, Slow, keeping at Ergh, Scrupulous. When one Distance. Hence an ill Pay-

er of his Debts, we call dreigh. Or when on lourney, if the Way prove longer than we expected, we lay, 'Tis a dreigh Road. Dribs, Drops.

Drizel, A little Water in a Rivulet, scarce appearing

to run.

Dorty, Proud, not to be spoke Droning, Sitting lazily, or moving heavily, Speaking with Groans.

Drouked, Drench'd, All wet.

Dubs, Mire.

Dunt, Stroke or Blow. Durk, A Poinyard or Dagger.

Dynles, Trembles, Shakes To have a Touch of a Pain, as Gout or Toothach.

Dyver, A Bankrupt.

Ags, Incites, Stirs up. Eard, Earth, The Ground.

Edge, Of a Hill, is the Side

or Top.

Een, Eyes. Eild, Age.

Eith, Easy. Eithar, Easier. Elbuck, Elbow.

Elfshot, Shot by an Elf or

Fairy.

Elfon, A Shoe-maker's Awl. Elritch, Wild, Hideous, Uninhabited, except by imaginary Ghosss.

Endlang, Along.

makes faint Attempts to

do a Thing without a stea- Feckfow, Able, Active. dy Resolution. Erft, Time paft.

Estler, Hewn Stone. Build. ings of fuch we call Estler-work.

Ether, An Adder. Etle, To aim, Defign. Eydent, Diligent, Laborious.

A, A Trap, fuch as is used for catching Rats or Mice.

Fadge, A Spungy Sort of Bread, in Shape of a Roll.

Fag, To tire, or turn weary. Fail, Thick Turf, fuch as are used for building Dikes for Folds, Inclosures, Uc.

Fain, This Word used in England, expresses a Desire or Willingness to do a Thing; as, Fain would I. Besides its being used in the same Sense with us, it likewise means joyful, tickled with Pleasure. As, As Fain as a Fidler.

Fait, Neat, In good Order Fairfaw, When we wish well to one. That a good or fair Fate may befal him.

Fash, Vex or Trouble, Fashous, Troublesome.

Faugh, A Colour between whiteandred Faugh Rigs, Fallow Ground.

Feck, A Part, Quantity; as, Maist Feck, The greatest Number. Nae Feck, Very few.

Feckless, Feeble, little and

Feed, Feud, Hatred, Quarrel. Feil, Many, Several.

Fen, Shift, Fending, Living by Industry, Make a Fen, Fall upon Methods.

Ferlie, Wonder.

Fernzier, The last or forerun Year.

File, To defile or dirty. Fireflaught, A Flash of Light-

ning. Fistle, To stir, A Stir. Fusted, The Printof the Foot.

Fizzing, Whizzing.

Flaffing, Moving up and down, raising Wind by Motion, as Birds with their Wings.

Flags, Flashes, as of Wind and Fire.

Flane, An Arrow.

Flang, Flung. Flaughter, To pare Turf from the Ground.

Fleeich, To cox. Fleg, Fright.

Flewet, A Smart Blow on the Head.

Fley or flie. To affright. Fleyt, Affraid or terrified.

Flinders, Splinters. Flit, To remove.

Plite or Flyte, To scold, Chide. Flet. Did scold. Flushes, Floods.

Fog. Moss.

Foordays, The Morning far advanced Fair Day light. Eorby,

Forby. Befides. Forebares, Forefathers, Ancestors. Forfairn, Abused, Bespatter'd. Forfoughten, Weary. Faint and out of Breath with Fighting. Forgainst, Opposite to. Forgether, To meet, Encoun-- ter. Forleet, To forfake. Forestam, The Fore-head. Fouth, Abundance, Plenty. Fozie, Spungy, Soft. Frais. To make a Noise. We use to say one makes a Frais, when they boaft, wonder, and talk more of a Matter than it is worthy of, or will bear. Freik, A Fool, light, impertinent Fellow. Fremit, Strange, Not a-Kin. Fristed, Trufted. Frush, Brittle, like Bread baken with Butter. Fuff, Toblow, Fuffin, Blowing. Furder, Prosper. Furthy, Forward. Fush, Brought.

Figh; To be reffless, Uneasy.

Ab, The Mouth. To Gabbing, Prating pertly. To gab again, When Servants give faucy Returns when reprimanded. . . .

easy Expression. The same with auld Gabbet.

Gadge, To dictate impertinently, Talk idly with a stupid Gravity.

Gafaw, A hearty loud Laughter, To Gawf, Laugh.

Gams, Gums.

Gar, To cause, make or force. Gare, Greedy, Rapacious, earnest to have a Thing.

Gosh, Solid, Sagacious; One with long out Chin, we call Gash Gabbet, or Gash Beard.

Gate, Way. Gaunt, Yawn.

Gawky, Idle, flaring, idiotical Person.

Gawn, Going. Gawfy, Jolly, Buxom. Geck, To mock.

Geed, or Gade, Went. Genty, Handsome, Genteel. Get, Brat ; A Child, by Way of Contempt or De-

rifion. Gif. If.

Gillygacus, or Gilligatus, A staring; gaping Fool. ...

Gilty, A roguish Boy. Gimmer, A young Sheep (Ew.)

Gin, If.

Gird, To firike, Pierce. Girn, To grin, Snarl. Also a Snare or Trap, such as Boys make of Horse Hair to catch Birds.

Girth, A Hoop.

ilabby, One of a ready and Glaiks, An idle, good for

nothing

nothing Fellow. Glaiked, Foolish, Wanton, Light. To give the Glaiks, To beguile one, by giving him his Labour for his Pains. Glaister, To bawl or bark. vils, Wizards, or Juglers

Glamour, Jugling. When Dedeceive the Sight, they are faid to cast Glamour o'er the Eyes of the Spectator.

Glar, Mire, ouzy Mud.

Glee, To squint.

Gleg, Sharp, Quick, Active. Glen, A narrow Valley between Mountains.

Gloom, To scoul or frown. Glowming, The Twilight, or Evening-Gloom.

Glowr, To flare, look flern. Glunsh, To hang the Brow

and grumble. Goan, A wooden Dish for

Meat.

Goolie, A large Knife. Gorlings, or Gorblings, Young unfleg'd Birds.

Goffie, Goffip. Gowans, Dazies,

Gove, To look broad and stedfast, holding up the Face. Gowf, Befides the known Game, a Racket or found Blow on the Chaps, we

call a Gowf on the Haffet. Gowk, The Cuckow. In Derision we call a thoughtless Fellow, and one who harps too long on one Subject,

a Gowk.

Gowl, A Howling, To bel- Harns, Brains. Harn-pan,

low and cry.

Gouffy, Ghaffly, Large, Wafte, Desolate, and Frightful. Granny, Grandmother, Any

old Woman. Gree, Prize, Victory.

Green, To long for.

Greet, To weep. Grat, Wept. Grieve, An Overseer.

Grouf, To ly flat on the Belly. Grounche, or Glunsh, To murmure, Grudge.

Gryfe, A Pig or young Swine. Gumption, Good Sense.

Gurly, Rough, bitter, cold (Weather.)

Gysened, When the Wood of any Vessel is shrunk with dryness.

Gytlings, Young Children.

HA

H Affet, The Cheek-Side of the Head.

Hags, Hacks, Peat Pits, or Breaks in mosfy Ground. Hain, To fave, Manage narrowly.

Halesome, Wholesome ;

Hale, Whole.

Hallen, A Screen, or Fence of Stone, Turf, Cc. A Hanger on or Paralite is called a Hallensbaker.

Hameld, Domestick.

Hamely, Friendly, Frank, Open, Kind.

Hanty, Convenient, Handfome.

Harle, Drag.

The

The Scull. Har Ship, Ruin. Haveren, or Havrel, Sloven. Haughs, Valleys, or low Grounds on the Sides of Rivers. Havins, Good Breeding. Hawfs, The Throat, or fore Part of the Neck. Heal, or Heel, Health. Heepy, A Person hypochondriack. Heez, To lift up a heavy Thing a little. A Heezy is a good Lift. Heght, Promised, also named Hempy, A tricky Wag such for whom the Hemp grows. Hereit, Ruined in Estate, broke, spoil d, impoverisht. Help, A Clasp or Hook, Bar or Bolt; also in Yarna certain Number of Threeds. Heugh, A Rock or steep Hill; also a Coal-pit. Hiddils, or Hidlings, Lurking, hiding Places. To do a thing in hidlings, i. e. privately, Hirple, To move flowly and lamely. Hirfle, To move as with a ruftling Noise. Ho A fingle Stocking. Hool, Husk. Hool'd, Inclosed Hooly, Slow. Hoft, or Whoft, To cough. How, Low Ground, A Hollow.

How! Ho! Howk, To dig.

Howms, Plains on River Sides. Howt! Fy! Hurkle, To crouch or bow together like a Cat, Hedgehog, or Hare. Hyt, Mad. TA TAck, Jacket. Jag, To prick as with a Pin. Faw, A Wave or Gush of Water. Fawp, The dashing of Water. Iceshogles, Icicles. Tee, To incline to one Side. To jee back and fore, is to move like a Balk up and down to this and the other Side. Fig. To crack, make a Noise like a Cart-wheel. Timp, Slender. Ilk, Each. Ilka, Every. Ingle, Fire. 70, Sweet-heart. Fouk, A low bow. Irie Fearfol, terrified, as if afraid of fome Ghoft or Apparition; also Melancholy. I'fe, I shall; as I'll for I will. Isles, Embers. Funt, A large Joint or Piece of Meat. Jute, Sour or dead Liquor.

Tybe, To mock, Gibe, Taunt.

7 Aber, A Rafter. Kale, or Kail, Colewort, and sometimes Broth.

Kame, Comb.

Kanny, or Canny, Fortunate; alfo warry: One who manages his Affairs discreetly.

Kebuck, A Cheefe.

Keckle, To laugh, to be noifie.

Kedgy, Jovial. Keek, To peep.

Kemp, To firive who shall perform most of the same Work in the same Time, equal to that Proverb, (Fool's Haste is no Speed) is, Kempers Share nae Corn.

Ken, To know; used in England as a Noun. A thing within Ken, i. e. within

View.

Kent, A long Staff, such as Shepherds use for leaping over Ditches.

Kepp, To catch a thing that moves towards one.

Kieft, Did caft. vid Cooft. Kilted, Tuck'd up.

Kimmer, A Female Goffip. Kirn, A Churn, Item, To churn.

Kirtle, An upper Petticoat. Kitchen, All Sorts of Eata-

bles, except Bread. Kittle, Difficult, Mysterious,

Knotty (Writings.) Kittle, To tickle, Ticklish.

Knacky, Witty and facetious. To beat or firike Knoit,

sharply. Knoos'd, Buffeted and bruifed.

Know, A Hillock. Knublock, A Knob.

Knuckles, Only used in Scots for the Joints of the Fingers next the back of the Hand.

Knuift, A Lump or large

Quantity.

Kow, A Goblin, or any Perfon one flands in aw to disoblige, and fears.

Ky, Kine, or Cows. Kyth, To appear. He'll kyth, in bis ain Colours.

I. A Aggert, Bespatter'd, Co-

wer'd with Clay. Laigh, Low.

Laits, Manners.

Lak, or Lack, Undervalue, Contemn; as, He that laks my Mare, would buy my Mare.

Landart, The Country, or belonging to it. Ruslick. Langour, Languishing, Melancholy. To hold one out of Langour, i.e. divert him.

Lankale, Coleworts uncut down.

Lap, Leaped.

Lapper'd, Crudled, or clotted. Lare, A Place for lying, or that has been layn in.

Lare, Bog.

Lave, The Reft, or Remainder.

Lawin.

Lawin, A Tavern Reckoning.

Lawland, Low Country.

Laurock, The Lark.

Lawry, or Lawtith, Justice,

Fidelity, Honesty.

Leal, True, Upright, Honefty, al. A leal Heart never lied.

Lear, Learning, to learn.

Lee, Untill'd Ground; also an open Grassy Plain.

Leglen, A Milking-Pale with one Lug or Handle. Lends, Buttocks, Loins.

Leugh, Laughed. Leu warm, Lukewarm.

Libbit, Gelded.

Lick, To whip or beat. It. A Wag, or Cheat, we call a great Lick.

Lift, The Sky or Firmament.

Liggs, Lyes.

Lills, The Holes of a Wind Infrument of Munck: Hence, Lilt up a Spring, Lilt it out, Take off your Drink merrily.

Limp, To halt. Lin, A Cataract.

Ling, A quick carrere, in a ftraight Line. To gallop. Lingle, Cord, Shoe-makers

Threed.

Linkon, Walking speedily. Lire, Breasts. Item, The most muscular Parts; sometimes the Air or Complexion of the Face.

Lisk, The Flank.

Lith, A Joint.

Loan, A little Common near

to Country Villages, where they milk their Cows.

Loch, A Lake. Loo, To love.

Loof, The hollow of the Hand.

Looms, Tools, Infirements in general, Vessels.

Loot, Did let.

Low, Flame, Lowan, Flaming.

Lown, Calm, Keep lown, Be fecret. He fits fou lown that has a riven Breech.

Loun, Rogue, Whore, Villain.
Lout, To bow down, making Courtefie, To floop.
Luck, To enclose, Shut up,
Fasten: Hence, Lucken
handed, Close sifted, Lucken Gowans, Booths, &c.

Lucky, Grandmother, or Goody.

Lug, Ear, Handle of a Pot or Veffel.

Lyart, Hoary or Gray. hair'd.

MA

Maik, or Make, Match, Equal, Maikieß, Matchleis, Makly, Seemly, Wellproportion'd.

Malifon, A Curse, Male-

Mangit, Gall'd or bruised by Toil or Stripes.

Mank, A Want.

Mant, To flammer in Speech. March, or Merch, A Landmark, Border of Lands.

March,

March. The Marrow. Marrow, Mate, Fellow, Equal, Comrade. We say, Halfmarrow, Husband or Wife,

and the Marrow of a Shoe or Glove.

Mask, To mash, in Brewing Masking Loom, Mash-Vat. Maun, Must. Maunna, Must

not, May not.

Meikle, Much, Big, Great,

Large.

Meith, Limit, Mark, Sign. Mends, Satisfaction, Revenge, Retaliation. To make a Mends, To make a grate-

ful Return.

Mense, Discretion, Sobriety, good Breeding. Mensfou, Mannerly.

Menzie, Company of Men, Army, Affembly; One's Followers.

Messen, A little Dog, Lap-dog. Midding, A Dunghill.

Midges, Gnats, little Flies. Mim, Affectedly modest.

Mint, Aim, Endeavour. Mirk, Dark.

Miscare, To give Names. Mischance, Missortune.

Misken, To neglect or not take notice of one; also, Let alone.

Mislushous, Malicious, Rough. Misters, Necessities, Wants.

Mony, Many.

Mou, Mouth.

Mow, A Pile or Bing, as of Fewel, Hay, Sheaves of Corn, Gc.

Moup, To eat, generally used of Children, or of old People, who have but few Teeth, and make their Lips move fast, tho they

eat but flow. Muckle, See Meikle.

Murgullied, Milmanaged, Atused.

Mutch, A Coif. Muichken, An English Pint.

Acky, or Knacky, Clever, active in small Affairs.

Neefe, Nose.

Netle, To fret or vex.

Newfangle, Fond of a new thing.

Nevel, A found Elow with

the Nive or Fift.

Nick, To bite or cheat, Nicked, Cheated; also as a cant Word, to drink heartily; as: He nicks fine.

Niest, Next.

Niffer, To exchange or barter. Nither, To straiten. Nithered, Hungered or half flary'd in Maintenance.

Nive, The Fift,

Nock, Notch or Nick of an

Arrow or Spindle. Noit, See Knoit.

Nowt, Cows, Kine.

Nowther, Neither. Nuckle, New calv'd (Cows.)

E, A Grandchild. O'er, or Owre,

much ;

much ; as, A' O'ers is Vice. O'ercome, Superplus. Ony, Any. Or. Sometimes used for e're or before. Or Day, i. e. before Day break. Oughtlens. In the leaft. Owfen, Oxen. Owthir, Either. Oxter, The Arm-pit,

PA Addock, A Frog. Paddock Ride, The Spawn of Frogs. Paiks, Chastisement. To paik, To beat or belabour one foundly. Pang, To squeez, press or pack one Thing into another. Paughty, Proud, haughty. Pawky, Witty or fly in Word or Action, without any Harm or bad Defigns. Peer, A Key or Wharf. Peets, Turf for fire. Peb, To pant. Penfy, Finical, foppish, conceited.

Perquire, By Heart. Pett, A Favourite, a Fondling. To pettle, To dandle, feed, cherish, flatter. Hence to take the Pett, is to be peevish, or fullen, as commonly Petts are when in the least disobliged. Pibroughs, Such Highland

Tunes as are play'd on Bag-pipes before them Propine, Gift or Present.

when they go out to Battle. Pig. An Earthern Pitcher. Pike, To pick, pick out, or chuse. Pimpin, Pimping, mean,

fcurvy. Pine, Pain or Pining.

Pingle, To contend, firive or work hard.

Pirn, The Spool or Quill within the Shuttle, which receives the Yarn. Pirny, (Cloath or a Web) of unequal Threeds or Colours, ffripped.

Pith, Strength, Might, Force. Plack, Two Bodles, or the 3d of a Penny English.

Pople or Paple, The Bubling, Purling or Boyling up of Water. (Popling.)

Poortith, Poverty.

Powny, A little Horse or Galloway; alfo a Turky. Pouse, To push.

Poutch, A Pocket.

Pratick, Practice, Art, Stratagem. Priving Pratick, Trying ridiculous Experiments.

Prets, Tricks, Rogueries. We fay, He play'd me a Pres. i.e. Cheated. The Callan's fu' of Prets, i. e. Has abundance of waggish Tricks. Prig, To cheapen, or importune for a lower Price of Goods one is buying.

Prin. A Pin. Prive, To prove or tafte.

Prym,

Prym, or Prime, To fill or fluff.

RA

Ackless, Careless. One who does Things withoutregarding whetherthey be good or bad, we call him rackleß Handed.

Raffan, Merry, roving, hearty. Raird, A loud Sound.

Rak, or Rook, A Mist or Fog. Rampage, To speak and act furioufly.

Rashes, Rushes. Rave, Did rive or tear. Raught, Reached.

Rax, To stretch. Rax'd,

Reached.

Ream, Cream, Whence, Reaming; as Reaming Liquor. Redd, To rid, unravel, To separate Folks that are fighting, where one oft gets what we call the Redding Strake. It also fignifies clearing of any Passage.

Rede, Council, Advice, As, I wad na rede ye to do that. Reft, Bereft, robbed, forc'd

or carried away. Reif, Rapine. Robbery.

Reik, or Rink, A Course or Race.

Rice, or Rife, Bulrushes, Bramble Branches, or Twigs of Trees, fuch as are used for Partition Walls plaister'd with Clay.

Rift, To belch.

Rigging, The Back, or Rig-

back, the Top or Ridge of a House,

Rock, A Distaff.

Roofe, or Rufe, To commend. extoll.

Rowan, Rolling.

Roundel, A witty, and often Satyrick Kind of Rhime, commonly of 8 Lines, some of which are repeted as the Fancy requires.

Rowt, To roar, especially the Lowing of Bulls and

Cows.

Rowth, Plenty.

Ruck, A Rick or Stack of Hay, or Corns.

Rude, The red Taint of the Complexion.

Ruefu, Doleful.

Rug, To pull, take away by Force.

Rumple, The Rump.

Rungs, Small Boughs of Trees loped off, which serve for Staves to Country People. Runkle, A Wrinkle. Runcle, To ruffle. Rype, To search.

C' Aebiens, Seeing it is, fince. Saikleß, Guiltless, free. Sall, Shall. Like Soud, for Should.

Sand-blind, Pur-blind, Shortfighted.

Sare, Sayour or Smell.

Sark, A Shirt. Saugh, A Willow or Sallow

Tree,

Saw, An old Saying, or pro- [Shotle, A Drawer. verbial Expression.

Scar, The bare places on the Sides of Hills washen down with Rains.

Scart, To Scratch.

Scawp, A bare, dry Piece of stony Ground.

Scon, Bread the Country People bake over the Fire, thinner and broader than a Bannock.

Scowp, To leap or move hastily from one Place to another.

Scrimp, Narrow, straitned, little.

Scroggs, Shrubs, Thorns. Briers. Scroggy, Thorny.

Scuds, Ale. A late Name given it by the Benders, perhaps from its easy and clever Motion.

Sell, Self.

Seuch, Furrow, Ditch.

Sey, To try.

Seybow, A young Onion. Shan, Pitiful, filly, poor. Shaw, A Wood or Forrest.

Shill, Shril, having a sharp

Sound.

Shire, Clear, thin. We call thin Cloath, or clear Li. quor, Shire. Also a clever Wag, A Shire Lick.

Shog, To wag, shake, or jog backwards and forwards.

Shool, Shovel. Shoon, Shoes.

Shore, To threaten.

Sib, a-Kin.

Sic. Such.

Sicker, Firm, secure.

Sike, A Rill or Rivnlet, commonly dry in Summer. Siller. Silver.

Sinfyne, Since that Time. I.angsinsyne, Long ago.

Skaill, To scatter.

Skair, Share.

Skaith, Hurt, Damage, Loss. Skeigh, Skittish.

Skelp, To run. Used when one runs Barefoot. Also 2 small Splinter of Wood. It. To flog the Hips.

Skiff, To move smoothly

away.

Skink, A kind of firong Broth made of Cows Hams or Knuckles. We fay, A Spoonfu' of Skitter will spoil a Porfu of Skink. Alfo, to fill Drink in a Cup.

Skirl, To Shreik, or cry with

a shrill Voice.

Sklate, Slate. Ekailie, is the

fine blue Slate.

Skowrie, Ragged, Nasty, Idle. We call a vagrant lazy Fellow, A Skowrie, or Skurrievaig, i. e. A Scourer or Vagrant,

Skyt, To fly out hastily. Slade or Slaid, Did flide, moved, or made a Thing

move eafily.

Slap or Slak, A Gap, or narrow Pass between two Hills. Slap, A Breach in a Wall.

Stid,

pery; as, He's a flid Lown. Slidry, Slippery.

Slippery, Sleepy.

Slonk, A Mire, Ditch or Slough.

Slot, A Bar or Bolt for a Door.

Slough, A Husk or Coat. Smaik, A filly little pitiful

Fellow: the same with Smatchet.

Smittle, Infectious or Catch-

Smoor, To imother.

Snack, Nimble, ready, cliver. Sned, To cut.

Sneg, To cut; as, Sneg'd off

at the Web End. Snell, Sharp, Smarting, bitter. Snib, Snub, check or reprove,

correct. Snifter. To Inuff or breath throw the Nose a little

· ftopt.

Snod, Metaphorically used for Neat, Handsome, Tight.

Snood, The Band for tying up a Woman's Hair.

Snool, To dispirit by chiding, hard Labour, and the like; also a pitiful groveling Slave.

Snoove, To whirl round.

Snotter, Snot.

Snurl, To ruffle or wrinkle. Sod, A thick Turf.

Sonfy, Happy, fortunate, lucky, sometimes used for large and lufty.

Sore, Sorrell, redish coloured. I Stunk, Tinder.

Slid, Smooth, cunning, flip- | Sofs, The Noise that a Thing makes when it falls to the Ground. To fall down heavily, is to fall with a Sofs.

Souch, The Sound of Wind amongst Trees, or of one

fleeping.

Sowens, Flumry, or Oat-meal fowr'd amongst Water for fometime, then boil'd to a Confishency, and eaten with Milk or Butter.

Sowf, To conn over a Tune

on an Instrument.

Spac. To foretel or divine. Spaemen, Prophets. Augurs. Spain, To wean from the Breaft.

Spait, A Torrent, Flood, or Inundation.

Spang, A Leap or Jump. To leap or jump.

Spaul, Shoulder, Arm.

Speel, To climb. Speer, To ask, inquire.

Spelder, To Split, Bretch, Spread out, draw afunder. Whence Speldin, A little Fish open'd and drv'd.

Spence, The Place of the House where Provisions

are kept.

Still, To spoil, abuse.

Spoolie, Spoil, Booty, Plunder. Spraings, Stripes of different Colours, as in Cloath.

Spring, A Tune on a Musical Instrument.

Sprush, Spruce.

Strutt'd, Speckled, spotted.

Stang, Did sling; also a Sture, or Stoor, Stiff, strong, Sting or Pole.

Stank, A Pool or Pond of standing Water.

Stark, Strong, robust. Starns. The Stars, Starn, A small Moiety. We say, Ne'er

a Starn.

Stay, Steep; as, Set a stout Heart to a Stay Brae.

Steek, To shut, close.

Stend, or Sten, To move with a hafty long Pace. Stent, To stretch or extend.

Stirk, A Steer or Bullock. Stoit, or Stot, To rebound or reflect. One is faid to Stoit, when he hits his Foot

against a Stone, or moves like one drunk.

Stou, To cut or crop, A Stow, A large Cut or Piece.

Stound, A smarting Pain or Stitch; as, A Stound of Love, Stour, Dust agitated by Winds, Men or Horse Feet. To

Stour, To run quickly. Stowth, Stealth.

Strath, A plain on a River Side.

Streek, To firetch.

Striddle, To stride, applied commonly to one that's little. Strinkle, To sprinkle or fraw. Stroot or Strute, Stuff'd full,

Strunt, A Fett. A Fit of ill Humour. To take the Strunt. To be petted or out of Humour.

Study. An Anvil or Smith's

Stithy.

Sturdy, Giddy-headed.

rough, hoarle. Sturt, Trouble, Disturbance,

Vexation.

Stym, A Blink, or a little Sight of a Thing. Suddle, To fully or defile.

Sumph, Blockhead. Sunkots, Something.

Swak. To throw, cast with Force.

Swankies, Clever young Fel-

Swarf, To Iwoon away. Swash, Squat, fuddled. Swatch, A Pattern.

Swats, Small Ale. Swecht, Burden, Weight, Force. Sweer, lazy, flow.

Sweeties, Confections. Swelt, To be suffocated,

choaked to Death. Swith, Begone quickly.

Szwither. To be doubtful whether to do this or that, go this Way or the other.

Syne, Afterwards, then.

Ackel, An Arrow. Tane, Taken.

Tap. A Head, or fuch a Quantity of Lint as the Spinsters put on the Distaff, is a Lint-Tap.

Tape, To imploy or use any Thing sparingly, that it

may last long.

Taptit-hen, The Scots Quart, or English half Gallon

Tartan,

various Colours, checker'd. The Highland Plaids.

Tate, A small Lock of Hair, or any little Quantity of Wooll, Cotton, or the like.

Taz, A Whip or Scourge. Ted, To scatter, spread; as

Tedding Hay.

Tee. A little Earth, on which Gamesters at the Gowf set their Balls before they ftrike them off.

Teen or Tynd, Anger, Rage,

Sorrow.

Teet, To peep out.

Tensome, The Number of Ten. Tent, Attention, To observe. Tenty, headful, cautious.

Thack, Thatch, Thacker,

Thatcher. Thae, Those,

Tharmes, Small Tripes.

Theek, To thatch.

Thig, To beg. Thir, These.

Thole, To endure, fuffer. Thowless, Unactive, filly, la-

zy, heavy.

Thrawart, Froward, cross, crabbed. Thrawin, Stern and Cross grain'd.

Threep, To aver, alledge, urge and affirm boldly.

Thrimal, To press or squeez thro' with Difficulty.

Thud, A Blaft, Blow, Storm, or the violent Sound of these. Cry'd heh at ilka Thud, i. e. Gave a Groan at every Blow.

Tartan, Crofs striped Stuff, of Tid, Tide or Time, proper Time; as, He took the Tid. Tift, Good Order, Health. Tine, To lose, Tint, Lost.

Tip or Tippony, Ale fold for Two-pence the Scots Pint.

Tirle or Tirr, To uncover a House, or undress a Person, strip one naked. Sometimes a short Action is named a Tirle; as, They took a Tirle of dancing, drinking, &cc.

Tocher, Portion, Dowry.

Tod, A FCX.

Tooly, To fight; A Fight or Quarrel.

Toom, Empty, applied to a Barrel, Purse, House, Oc. It. To empty.

Tofb, Tight, neat, when spoke

of a little Person.

Tofie, Warm, pleasant, half fuddled.

To the fore, In being, alive, unconsumed.

Touse or Tousle, To rumple, teeze.

Tout, The Sound of a Horn or Trumpet.

Tow, A Rope. A Tyburn Neck-lace, or St. Fohnstoun Ribband.

Towmond, A Year or Twelve-

month. Trewes, Hofe and Breeches

all of a Piece, wore by the Highlandmen.

Trig, Neat, handsome.

Troke, Exchange.

True, To trow, truft, believe ;

as, True ye fae; or, Love Wally, Chosen, beautiful, large gars me true ye. Truf, Steal. Turs, Turfs. Twin, To part with, or fepa-

rate from. Tydie, Plump, fat, lufty:

Tynd, Vid. Teen.

Tyft, To entice, stir up, allure.

TGg, To detest, hate, nauseate.

Ugsome, Hateful, nauseous, horrible.

Umwhile, The late, or deceast sometime ago. Of

Undocht, or Wandought, A filly weak Person.

Uneith, Not eafy.

Ungear d, Naked, not clad, unharness'd. Unko, or Unco, Uncouth,

strange. Unlusom, Unlovely.

Ougy, Elevated, Proud. That boafts or brags of any Thing.

WA

TAd, or wed, Pledge, Wager, Pawn. Waff, Wandring by itself. Wak, Moilt, wet. Wale, to pick and chuse. The Wale, i. e. The best. Walop, To move swiftly with much Agitation.

A bonny Wally, i. e. A fine Thing.

Wame, Womb.

Wangrace, Wickedness, want of Grace.

War, Worle,

Warlock, Wizard. Wat, or Wit, To know.

Waught, A large Draught. Waughts, drinks largely.

Wee, Little; as, A wanton wee Thing. Wean, or wee an, A Child.

Ween, Thought, imagined, supposed.

Weer, To stop or oppose.

Weir, War.

Weird, Fate or Destiny.

Weit, Rain.

Wersh, Insipid, Wallowish, wanting Salt.

Whauk, Whip, beat, flog. Whid, To fly quickly. A Whid is a hafty Flight.

Whilk, Which.

Whilly, To cheat. Whillywha, A Cheat.

Whindging, Whining, speaking with a doleful Tone. Whins, Furze.

Whisht, Hush, Hold your Peace.

Whisk, To pull out hastily, as a Sword out of its Sheath.

Whomilt, Turn'd upfide down. Whelmed.

Wight, Stout, clever, active. Item, A Man or Person.

Wimpling, A turning back-

ward

ing like the Meanders of a River.

Win, To refide, dwell. Winna, Will not. Winnocks, Windows.

Winfom, Gaining, defirable, agreeable, complete, large; we fay, My winfome Love. Wifent, Parch'd, dry'd, Wi-

ther'd. Wiftle, To exchange (Money.)

Wither shins, Cross Motion, or against the Sun.

Woo, or W, Wool; as in the Whim of making five Words out of four Letters, thus, z, a, e, w, (i.e) Is it all one Wool ?

Wood, Mad. Woody, The Gallows. Wordy, Worthy. Wow! Wonderful! Strange!

O wow! A strange! Wreaths, Of Snow, when Heaps of it are blown together by the Wind,

ward and forward, wind- | Wyfing, Inclining. To wyfe, To lead, train; as, He's no sic Gouk as to wyse the Water by his ain Mill. Wyfon, The Gullet, Wyt, To blame. Blame.

TAmth, Tobark, or make a Noise like little Dogs. Yap, Hungry, having a longing Defire for any Thing ready.

Yealtou, Yea wilt thou. Yed, To contend, wrangle. Contention, Wrangling.

Yeld, Barren, as a Cow that gives no Milk.

Yerk, To do any Thing with celerity.

Yesk, The Hickup. Terr, Gate. Testreen, Yesternight. Yowden, Wearied. Youf, A swinging Blow. Tuke, The Itch. Yule, Christmass.

FINIS.



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