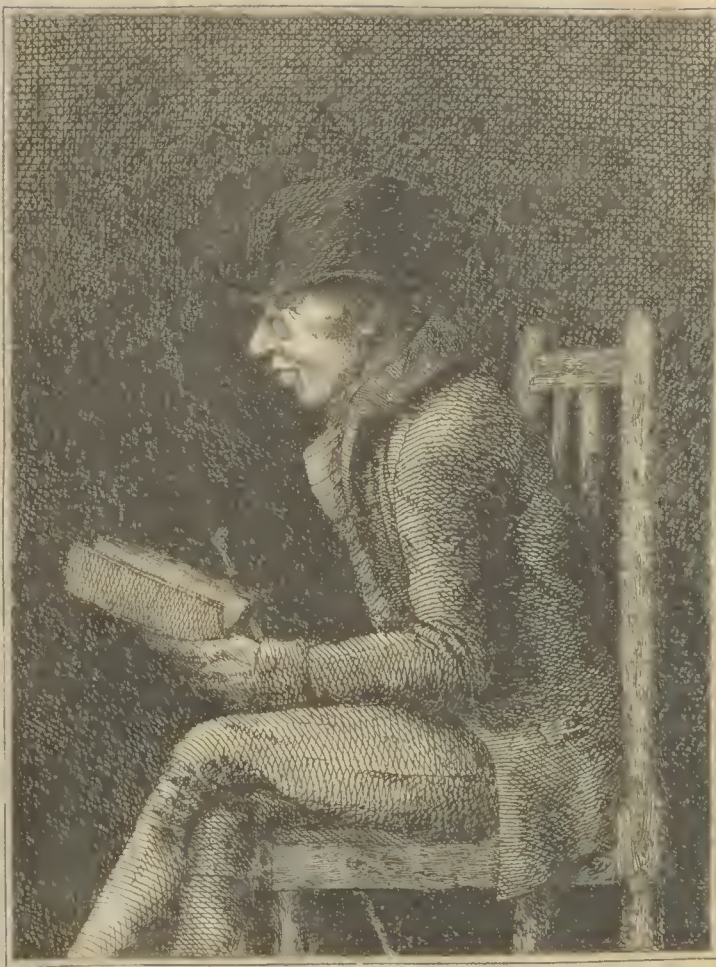


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P O E M S.





JOHN WALKER.

X

POEMS

IN

ENGLISH, SCOTCH, AND GAELIC,

ON

Various Subjects.

BY

JOHN WALKER,

FARMER, LUSS.

GLASGOW :

Printed by Young, Gallie, & Co.

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1817.

PREFACE.

ALTHOUGH it be true that every work must possess sufficient excellence in itself to recommend it to the notice of the Public, yet there are cases, in which something must be known of the circumstances of the Author, before a fair and proper estimate of his merits can be formed. The production of a poor and illiterate man is read with indulgence, and is justly considered as a curiosity rather than a subject of rigid criticism. The disadvantages with which he had to contend, while they enhance our value for whatever is really good, dispose us also to treat with gentleness, whatever is faulty and deficient in his performance.

In justice, therefore, to the Author of the following Poems, it is judged proper to mention one or two particulars of his life.

His Father occupied a small farm near the village of Luss; and having destined his Son to common

country labour, he gave him no more than the scanty education which appeared suitable to his humble prospects. And as the early instruction which our Author received was extremely limited, so he has ever since been constantly engaged in a laborious occupation, which, while it gave him little opportunity, certainly held out no inducement for the improvement of his mind. If, therefore, these Poems indicate a knowledge superior to the Poet's station, it has been entirely the fruit of his own assiduity and taste for reading.

It may not be uninteresting to the reader of this book, to know that the Author is now a man above seventy years of age, and has passed the whole of his life on a farm called the Hill of Camstraddan, from which he has not been absent for more than a few weeks during the last forty years. To use his own words, "I live on the same floor on which my ancestors have trod from time immemorial, and within the same walls, and beneath the same *reeky* roof under which my Father lived; and I sleep on the same bed on which he died. I have lived and do live in the midst

of a group of the best neighbours, who laugh at my eccentricities, and I laugh at them in return." Here he has continued to experience the same kindness extended to his forefathers by the Lairds of Camstraddan, towards whom he entertains in return an almost *clannish* respect.

Having made this allusion to the grateful sentiments of the Poet, it would be doing injustice to his feelings—were we to omit the expression of the same sentiments on his part, towards another family in his immediate neighbourhood, (universally known for their benevolence and hospitality,) as well for their uniform kindness to him, as for their friendly attention to his interest in the instance of the present publication

It is due to the modesty of our Author, to state that it would never have occurred to himself to publish his Poems. They were written at various intervals during the last thirty years, and none of them with a view to the press.—This may in some degree account for the great diversity both in the character and merit of the different compositions.

THE Author begs leave to offer an apology for any inaccuracies which may be found in the List of Subscribers. They have been occasioned by his not having been made fully acquainted with the designations of all who have honoured him with their subscriptions.

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P O E M S.

VERSES ON THE RETURN OF PEACE.

Adv. Bib.
MILD as the breath of early Spring,
That floats on Zephyr's balmy wing,
When winter blasts no more annoy,
And fields and groves burst out with joy,
Fair Queen of high exalted birth,
Too oft retiring from the earth,
Too oft thy absence makes us mourn,
But now we hail thy sweet return.
O gentle Peace, now stay a while,
And bless, and sooth our native Isle;

With Liberty thy Sister twin,
 And dauntless Truth of royal kin,
 And Equity t'adjust the scale,
 And Loyalty, and Public Zeal,
 And Piety the leading grace,
 And Charity of godlike race,
 And all the fair, and Heavenly band,
 That dignifies a Christian land.

THE POET'S WISH.

O PLACE me near some verdant hill,
 And close beside a winding rill,
 Where Zephyrs whisper through the trees,
 And woodland songsters tune the breeze,
 Where phœbus pours his mildest beam,
 And mottled fry disturb the stream ;

Retired from crowds, and madd'ning noise,
 With all my powers in equal poise,
 And with a friend that knows no guile,
 Nor wears the false deceiver's smile,
 To sooth by turns each other's woe,
 Or share in joys that amply flow,
 When Heav'n is pleas'd with liberal hand,
 To shed its bounties round the land.

A COMPARATIVE VIEW,
 OF FRANCE AND BRITAIN,
In September, 1792.

O FANCY, bear me not to Gallia's bounds,
 Nor wide disclose to me her bleeding wounds;
 Her midnight revels, and her secret toils,
 Her open tumults, and her deadly broils.

At eve let me not hear, ah doleful knell !
 The virgin lover's shriek, the widow's wail,
 The orphan's clamour round the empty bed,
 The hoary sire exclaim, My joys are fled !
 Loud peals of woe ascend from ev'ry vale,
 From ev'ry dome, deep groans o'erload the gale ;
 Hope sickens into dark and deep despair,
 And social joys evanish into air.
 What though the vine her ample cluster yields,
 What though rich harvests swell on fertile fields,
 While discord reigns, and universal strife,
 The scourge of public and domestic life.
 The Muse who went in rural strains to sing,
 And hail with joy th' approach of early spring,
 The burden'd grove, the rich embroider'd dale,
 The swelling cliff, that shades the chequer'd vale,
 Domestic bliss, the soft endearing smile,
 The virtuous friend that knows no polish'd guile,

'The generous heart that's not by pelf confin'd,
 The spotless life, and cultivated mind—
 Be these her themes, while oft she woos the glade,
 Or roves meand'ring through the flow'ry mead,
 Or poring deep beside the bubbling streams,
 Or basking careless in the sunny beams:
 She loaths the dagger soak'd in kind'red gore,
 And bends her course to fair Britannia's shore ;
 And as she joyous moves the scene along,
 She hails the Sov'reign in her simple song,
 Reviews each link that constitutes the chain,
 The god-like patriot, and industrious swain,
 A head supreme, but no despotic power,
 A people loyal, free, and made secure,
 One heart, one hand, one interest and aim,
 Their motives common, and their cause the same.
 'Tis hence Britannia's thunder forth is hurl'd,
 And stands unrivall'd midst the wond'ring world ;

Let no contagion seize our vital pow'rs,
 No passion rise to gall our peaceful hours,
 Nor luxury her pois'nous bane infuse,
 To blast the glory of the hopeful Muse.

LINES INSCRIBED ON THE TOMB-STONE, OF A CHILD
 OF THE AUTHOR, IN LUSS CHURCH-YARD

'Twas when the primrose hail'd the infant year,
 When all was eye, and all was list'ning ear,
 My sweet rose bud reclined his weary head,
 And here he lies among the silent dead.
 Uncertain life, how transient is thy show!
 How high thy projects, and thy end how low!
 This day in health, a country's pride and boast—
 Perhaps to morrow mingling with the dust.

GAELIC INSCRIPTION ON THE SAME.

GE domhain dorch an leaba 'nuaigh
 Na bitheadh gruaim air creidmheach bēo;
 Tha 'n lá à teachd an toirear buaidh,
 'Scha mhaslaich truailleachd sinn nis mò.

Thus Translated.

Tho' dark and dismal is the grave,
 Let faith dispel the gloom;
 We yet shall vanquish all our foes,
 And triumph o'er the tomb.

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN,

IN RETURN FOR SOME VERSES ON FRIENDSHIP.

I HAIL the Muse, who social friendship sings,
 And dares to soar on virtue's golden wings;

Each note harmonious swells upon mine ear,
My bosom heaves—I breathe enchanted air.
Go on, dear youthful Bard, and loud proclaim
The sweets of Friendship, and fair virtue's fame,
Report their honours to each hill and dale,
And spread their ensigns in the flutt'ring gale.
Let ev'ry Muse attend in raptur'd throng,
And lend their aid to animate the song;
Let Ossian's long departed ghost preside,
T'adjust the cadence, and each note divide
To teach the flowing strains their rise and fall,
And how he sung in Selma's echoing hall;
Let murm'ring brooks convey the swelling sound,
And stubborn rocks the echo back rebound;
Let lofty pines, while waving in the breeze,
Repeat the darling theme to humble trees;
Let bursting torrents in full force appear,
And rough cascades attract the list'ning ear;

While op'ning clouds, the heighten'd concert hail,
 And gentle breezes waft th' endearing tale:
 Till ev'ry heart unite, each bosom glow,
 And joy unclouded fix on ev'ry brow.
 Let me conceal'd in some lone crevice lie,
 And catch the soothing accents as they fly.

“The Fool hath said in his heart there is no God.”
 Psalm xiv. verse 1.

I SEE a God at ev'ry step,—
 If I but chance to cast my eye
 On hill, or dale, or on the deep,
 Or raise my look to yonder sky.

Behold a God of boundless sway,
 In the eccentric comet's flight;
 And when the sun pours forth the day,
 Or when the moon illumines the night.

When thunders burst yon pregnant cloud,
And strike with dread, the earth and air,
Then cavern deep, and rock, and wood,
Reply aloud—A God is there.

A God presides, when storms pervade,
And heave the billows to the sky;
And when the tempest's fury's laid,
'Tis He that sooths, for He is nigh.

A God appears, of grace and power,
In ev'ry flower that decks the vale,
In ev'ry breeze, and fost'ring shower,
And ev'ry bloom that scents the gale.

He comes in all the power of love,
To sooth, and animate the Spring,
While stubborn rock, and dell, and grove,
With joy unmix'd, exulting sing.

His pencil paints the Summer scenes,
From ev'ry distant shore to shore;
He pours profuse, through Nature's veins,
The tide that swells the Autumn store.

When hoary Winter issues forth,
With all his inauspicious train,
'Tis God that gives his offspring birth,
And regulates his gloomy reign.

When thickest shades obscure the sky,
And star is hid, and sun is fled,
At midnight hour, with reason's eye,
I see a God while on my bed.

I feel a God within my breast,
Else what's this immaterial thing,
This conscious being ne'er at rest
From which our hopes and wishes spring?

Ruin and death, she treats with scorn,
 And spurns destruction from her view:
 If there's no God, her state's forlorn,—
 He can alone discharge her due.

But what is God? Lo! there's the pause.
 Immortal essence veil'd from day!
 And who can scan th' efficient cause
 Of motion, light, and reason's sway?

Ye powers angelic,—Seraphs bright,
 Ye who surround th' empyrean throne,
 Or range at large o'er fields of light,
 Can ye define the Great Three-One?

Have ye laid bare th' Eternal Springs,
 From whence Creation first arose?
 Or have ye traced the chain of things,
 Before they were, and how they'll close?

A deep profound before you lies,
A boundless sea, that knows no shore:
For earth and sea, and air and skies,
Are but the hiding of his power.

Then how dare mortal man pretend
To scan th' Immortal, the Divine?
Enough for me, if in the end,
A God of mercy shall be mine.

ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

HAIL! Source of genial heat and light,
Which warms and cheers this world below,
Fair emblem of that grace and might,
That form'd thee first, and fix'd thee so.

High in thy bright imperial car,
 Revolving worlds thy favours share;
 Thy fost'ring beams shoot deep and far,
 Enliv'ning ocean, earth, and air.

Thy power begets the vernal Spring,
 And swells the year with life and love,
 The tuneful warblers taught to sing,
 Send echoes sweet, from grove to grove.

The Summer's thine, effulgent god,
 In all the pride of dress, array'd,
 In hill and dale, in lawn and wood,
 Thy lib'ral bounties are display'd.

What would avail Peruvia's ore,
 And all the sparkling gems beside?
 What would avail Golconda's store,
 If corn and herbage were denied?

Unblest by thee, the Autumn's store
No more would cheer the lab'rer's toil,
But death behind, and want before,
Would soon depopulate our Isle.

When dreary Winter's wrapp'd in gloom,
And distant far, and faint thy beams,
And fields and groves depriv'd of bloom,
And bound in chains the silver streams,

Thy smile makes glad the mountain's brow,
The vale salutes the transient ray,
A languid blush o'erspreads the view,
And all the landscape faintly gay.

No wonder Fancy rais'd the fane,
And garnish'd fair the pompous pile,
No wonder nations swell'd the train,
To court and supplicate thy smile.

Were I dispos'd t' address my prayer,
 To aught creation holds to view,
 With fervent mind, and rev'rent air,
 I'd at thy footstool humbly bow.

But thanks to Heaven, that gave the day,
 Illum'd our path, and mark'd our road,
 Dispell'd the gloom that vail'd our way,
 "Through Nature on to Nature's God."

A MIDNIGHT PIECE,

Composed August, 1813.

AWAKE my Muse, attend the hour,
 'Tis midnight still, and darkness reigns,
 The world is hush'd beneath its power,
 And clos'd are all the brighter scenes.

The sun has fled, and left our Isle,
To distant regions led the day,
The rocks and streams forget to smile,
The woods and lawns no more are gay.

No object now invites the eye,
No bustling sound attracts the ear;
Creation's blooms unnotic'd lye,
While all around is silence drear.

And am I then unknown, unseen,
As on my bed I musing lye?
Will tenfold darkness amply screen
Me from the Omniscient piercing eye?

No secret can elude the sight
Of Him who rules the earth and sky,

The shades of death are cloth'd with light,
And deeps, unfathom'd, open lye.

And shall I dare defy a Pow'r,
Which gave ten thousand worlds their birth,
And which, in one decisive hour,
Can smite and dissipate the earth?

Nor need I doubt a Father's care,
If Virtue's path has been my road,
Or feel myself in deep despair,
Though desolation walk abroad.

While states unhinge, and empires reel,
And quake from distant shore to shore,
And carnage treads on discord's heel,
With tented fields deep drench'd in gore;

Thanks be to Heav'n, that guards my lot,
Amidst a world involv'd in war,
No murd'ring ruffian near my cot,
With ruthless hand, to plunder dare.

What, though I strain, and sweat, and toil,
Through winter's cold, and summer's glow,
Inur'd to tear the rugged soil,
My fortune found, and fix'd me so.

What, though my garb be home-spun made,
And though my food be coarser fare,
What, though no down swells soft my bed,
What cause of grief, or why despair?

My sleep is sound, and calm my rest,
No horrid dream invades my brain,
No anxious thought alarms my breast,
I've only wak'd to sleep again.

WRITTEN AFTER HEARING

A SERMON

Preached by the Rev. Dr. Stuart, Luss,

From Psalm lxxxix. 36.

HAST thou, Religion, brav'd the wreck of time,
 Withstood each tyrant, and travers'd each clime?
 Majestic, humble, lively, yet serene,
 Undaunted, mild, and of unsullied mien,
 Maintain'd thy constant course from Eden's fall,
 Victorious oft, though often doom'd to thrall?
 Yes,—but the hand that weigh'd in scales the hills,
 That rous'd the thunder, and the thunder stills,
 Pour'd out the ocean, and made fast its bars,
 O'er-rules the planets, and leads forth the stars,
 Of Nature holds the reins, and fix'd the laws—
 That Potent hand alone supports thy cause.

Thus ancient Bards their sacred harps have strung,
 Thy power, in high prophetic vision sung,
 Thy deathless peace, thy progress and thy gain,
 Thy latter glory, and Messiah's reign.

O happy Island, highly-favour'd seat,
 Land of true freedom, and religion sweet,
 Still practise honour, still in virtue rise,
 Improve thy blessings, and thy favours prize.

ADDRESS TO COWPER.

THY strains, O Cowper, sound and clear,
 Ev'n saints may sing, and angels hear ;
 Thy object, God ; the truth thy theme,
 And all thy boast, the Christian scheme :

Let the proud Deist carp and sneer,
 Or spurn at truths he hates to hear,
 Thy pious song shall higher rise:
 When stars and sun desert the skies,
 When thunders crush the icy pole,
 And this fair globe shall cease to roll,
 Its works of art in flames involv'd,
 And all material things dissolv'd,
 Thy Muse, unclogg'd, shall fearless rise,
 In all the effulgence of the skies.

A PRAYER FOR MY COUNTRY.

BRITANNIA claims my high respect,
 My hope, my love, and my esteem,
 Where freedom walks with brow erect,
 And smiles on ev'ry rock and stream.

And shall I shut my slumb'ring eyes,
And sink supine in soft repose?
No, let my warmest wishes rise
To heaven, before my eyelids close.

All bounteous source, immortal King,
Bestow on us a Father's smile,
And deign to spread thy shelt'ring wing;
O cherish and preserve our Isle,

From luxury's vile polluted stream,
Wherewith the moral world o'erflows,
And dissipation's frantic dream,
That brings destruction at the close.

Let temp'rance, with a healthful smile,
Be sent to guide our onward way,
And brace our nerves to meet our toil,
And save our powers from quick decay,—

Rough labour, hard to overcome,
 To swell and amplify our stores,
 And warm devotion, free from gloom,
 To bless and dignify our shores.

WRITTEN ON REVIEWING THE CONDUCT OF
 FRANCE,

FEBRUARY, 1799.

*“ Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any
 people.”*

PROVERBS.

FEIGN'D love to God, and mankind's good,
 Led forth to blood the Papal train,
 And France defies that God aloud,
 And treats him rudely with disdain.

A power above has scourged Rome,
 And laid her horrid grandeur low;
 Let France prepare to meet her doom,
 Lo! vengeance waits to give the blow.

When was the time, or where the state,
 That vice o'ergrown escap'd a woe?
 Or where the empire small or great,
 That virtue caused its overthrow?

'Twas vice that Babel's empire hurl'd,
 To deep oblivion's dark abode,
 No more to scourge the eastern world,
 Or sway her tyrant iron rod.

No cultures grace her hapless plains,
 Now all is desert, wild, and rude,
 No trace of grandeur now remains,
 Where once the far fam'd City stood.

Let Britain never stain her page,
Nor tread the path that fools have trod,
Nor impious, spend her manly rage,
In shedding kindred guiltless blood.

But let her arm be kindly reach'd,
To succour innocence distress'd,—
Her shafts unerring ready stretch'd,
To pierce the lawless tyrant's breast.

O let each virtue amply shine,
In ev'ry station, high and low ;
Then let her foes in clouds combine,
They'll vainly strive her overthrow.

ADDRESS TO BRITAIN,

1801.

ATTEND, Britannia! boastful of thy might,
Proud of thy freedom, jealous of thy right,
Give heed to warnings—judgment is at hand,
Oh that my voice could rouse a guilty land!

Once were thine arms with conq'ring laurels crown'd,
Thy flag triumphant wav'd the world around,
Thy potent thunder shook each hostile shore,
And states and empires felt thy reigning power,
Oppressed nations look'd to thee for aid,
And wasteful tyrants trembling stood dismay'd.
But now thick dark'ning clouds o'erspread thy sky,
And roaring tempests speak the danger nigh;
Is God himself become thy greatest foe?
Forbid it Heaven! and forbear the blow:

If left alone, thy conq'ring power is small,
 If God's thy foe, thy splendour sure must fall.
 Perhaps some latent vice pollutes thy clime,
 Some guilt unwash'd, some God-offending crime;
 Like ancient Salem, once Jehovah's care,
 Her land was fruitful, and her temple fair;
 In war, bright angels watch'd, and led the van,
 And God above had deign'd to dwell with man.
 But vice deep rooted, spread both far and near,
 And rose, and swell'd, and ripen'd year by year,
 Till vengeance threat'ned long, and long confin'd,
 Swept Salem's seat, nor left a trace behind.

Ye Watchmen, highly plac'd on Sion Hill,
 Sound the alarming trumpet, loud and shrill;
 Like rending thunder, lift your voice on high,
 Make mountains shake, and pierce the concave sky;
 And as ye blow alternate, speak, and tell
 Britannia's Sons, how ancient Salem fell.

And ye who pour contempt on things divine,*
 And close in league with pow'rs of darkness join,
 Whose touch unhallow'd stains whatever's fair,
 Whose breath impure corrupts the ambient air,
 Who joy in slaughter, riot, woe, and death,
 And brave th' Eternal God that gave you breath;
 Ye daring rebels, black with impious crimes,
 See flaming vengeance marking out the times.
 What means the sword thus drench'd in human gore,
 Those scenes of blood and war's tumultuous roar?
 The mangled limbs which strew th' unhallow'd vale,
 The groans of death that mingle in the gale?
 The voice that speaks in tempests from on high,
 The raging floods, the deep convulsed sky?
 The navies toss'd, and sunk to rise no more,
 Or dash'd to shatter'd atoms on the shore?
 The cry for bread increas'd by ev'ry breath,
 The burning fever big with certain death?

* Witness the Age of Reason.

Has mole-blind chance assum'd the high command,
Or fly the shafts from some unerring hand ?

Ye righteous few, whom angels guard and screen,
From dang'rous snares, and num'rous ills unseen ;
To you belong the earth, the sea, the skies,
Whatever moves, or creeps, or walks, or flies ;
For you kind nature decks the cheerful spring,
For you the vallies smile, and woodlands sing,
For you the Sun sends forth his cheering beams,
For you the fountains issue forth in streams ;
No wonder peace and joy frequent your bowers,
For death, and life, and God himself are yours.
Lift up your voice, your humble hearts and hands,
O pray to save these guilty, sinking LANDS.

TO ROBERT COLQUHOUN, Esq.

OF CAMSTRADDAN,

On his entering the Navy,

Sept. 1793.

LET not the youth, with ardour for a name,
Mistake the path which leads to lasting fame;
Nor deem that just, or worthy of applause,
Which stands oppos'd to virtue's sacred cause.
But when Britannia's freedom or her laws,
Call forth her sons to combat in her cause,
Let emulation rouse the strong desire,
And swell the soul with keen and martial fire;
If thousand Deaths around thy temples fly,
Th' undaunted hero live—the hero die.
Soon may that joyful, happy period come,
When wars shall cease abroad, and griefs at home,

When peace shall spread her olive branches round,
 And jarring strife in amity be drown'd;
 Then ev'ry dome with gladd'ning shouts shall ring,
 And ev'ry vale break forth with joy, and sing;
 And thou, exempt from danger, and from toil,
 Shalt cross the flood, and tread thy native soil,
 Free from each daring vice, that crouds the stage,
 And strongly marks a rank degen'rate age—
 Unmans the youth, and stains the lovely hue,
 Corrodes the breast, and pains the past review,—
 Fraught with each virtue, and each grace combin'd,
 That life adorns, or elevates the mind,
 That fits for action, and of course prepares
 To live on earth, or launch beyond the spheres.

Perhaps the Bard who pens th' unletter'd song,
 Must to the Fates resign his breath ere long;
 But hopes of virtue's reign and vice suppress'd,
 Shall! make the turf lie easy on his breast.

THE PATRIOT.

YE sons of freedom, happiest swains,
 Look round and view your fertile plains,
 Your native hills, and flow'ry dales,
 Embow'ring groves, and fragrant vales,
 And ev'ry stream, and rock, and grot,
 And ev'ry dome, and lowly cot,
 Where ancient faith, and truth divine,
 And unity, and love combine;
 The works of genius, art, and taste,—
 Th' accum'late stores of ages past,—
 Religion, awful, clear, and sound,
 And shedding heav'nly influence round,—
 And liberty that sooths our toil,
 And makes our rocks and deserts smile,
 Inviting us at ev'ning's close,
 To peaceful slumbers and repose,—

'Th' endearing ties of child and wife,
And all the springs of social life.

Britannia, must thou quit the waves,
And shall thy sons be ever slaves?
Must Liberty desert our Isle,
And foreign foes possess our soil?
Shall Gallia reap our fruitful plains,
And drag their owners in her chains?

What sounds are these that load the gale,
And rise spontaneous from each vale?
'Tis Albion's sons collecting far,
Now rous'd to join the roar of war.
Lo! freedom darts from ev'ry eye,—
Resolv'd to conquer or to die.

ANTICIPATION OF THE FULFILMENT OF
PROPHECY.

WE long to see the happy times,
When Peace shall join the varied climes,
When jarring nations shall unite,
And lay their weapons at her feet.
No more the forge with hamm'ring sound,
Shall rend the air, and shake the ground;
Nor spend her hateful sulph'rous breath,
To form th' infernal tools of death.
But tube and lance shall henceforth rust,
Or in the shining share be lost;
The brawny hind his sythe shall wield,
Where murd'ring engines tore the field,
Where groans of death convuls'd the gale,
And blood and carnage choked the vale.
The arts of Peace shall rise combin'd,
And fill with joy th' enlarged mind;

While Science walks in deeps profound,
 Adorning highly all around;
 Industry, source of solid stores,
 Shall fill and gladden all our shores.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO AN OLD LADY,
Leaving the Author's House.

FAREWELL dear Anne, for so's the lot,
 Now lake and land lye us between,
 No more thou'lt wander round my cot,
 Or slowly pace the bleaching green.

No more at eve, when dusky night
 Her curtain spreads o'er earth and sky,
 Shalt thou consult, with taper light,
 The sages of antiquity.

No more traverse the well known road,
That leads to church and village scenes;
No more to hear the Man of God,
And listen to his hallowed strains.

O may that Power who first gave birth
To man, to beast, to bird, and fly,
Who fix'd the bound'ries of the earth,
And spread and decorates the sky;

May that Great Power thy wand'rings guide,
Whilst thou on earth art left to roam;
And may at last bright Angels glide,
To waft thee to thy Father's home.

NATURE INVERTED.

THE Bard of Jed,* fantastic fool,
 Who dipt so deep in Nature's pool,
 Nature's freaks he sung, the world gaz'd,
 But what's a world, a world so craz'd?
 What joy can rise from shrubs and trees,
 From bleat of lambs, or hum of bees?
 From mountains tow'ring to the sky,
 Or vales submissive low that lye?
 From restless streamlets wand'ring slow,
 Or tumbling down the mountains brow?
 The leaf-clad grove where warblers sing,
 To me's a most obnoxious thing;
 Of flowers, I hate the sight and smell;
 Th' enammeled lawn, the closs-cop'd dell,
 The daisied mead's a hateful thing,
 And all the verdure of the Spring;

* Thomson.

And even the Sun so much ador'd,
 And rank'd on earth next sovereign Lord,
 The low bred herd destin'd to toil,
 May hail his rays, and court his smile ;
 But minds that soar 'bove Nature's whims,
 Despise his pert intrusive beams.
 Devotion here might find a fane,
 And lead some thousands in her train
 Of dull phlegmatic crazed fools,
 Hedg'd in by low illib'ral rules,
 And poring deep on things unseen,
 The world wond'ring what they mean ;
 But souls, by custom, and by taste refin'd,
 Can spurn such rev'ries of the mind.
 The town for me,—where crouds repair,
 And dust and smoke contend with air ;
 Where bust'ling scenes for ever new
 Relieve the mind, and cheer the view ;—

Where Beaux and Belles in clouds combine,
And Lords and Knights and Madams shine;
Where routs are held, and midnight balls,
And waxen tapers light the halls;
Where ratt'ling wheels increase the noise,
And tumult reigns—substantial joys!

O blest enjoyment! void of care,
When lib'ral minds as free as air
Can smoothly glide along life's stream,
And bask in pleasure's glowing beam.

'Tis luxury that cheers the soul,
The passions loose without control,
The mind unsettled, unconfi'd,
As Ocean fluctuates by the wind.

O luxury, fairest Queen on earth!
From affluence sprung, of royal birth,
Allow me in the train to join,
And all my powers for life are thine.

CHOICE OF SUBJECTS.

LET wanton Bards employ their time,
 In guilty verse, and vicious rhyme,
 Let calumny be still their aim,
 To scandalize their neighbour's name;
 For me, the grove shall be my theme,
 The lonely vale, and purling stream,
 My native Lake, its isles and woods,
 Its rough cascades, and rolling floods;—
 The frugal house-wife, neat and clean,
 Not apt to growl, and free from spleen,
 Her tender offspring by her side,
 Her love, her care, her hope and pride.
 The Spring, sweet scented, mild and young,
 Shall wake my powers, and raise the song;—
 The Sea, the air, the lawn and grove,
 All teeming full of life and love :

The Summer's blaze, the varied bloom,
 The Autumn's stores, the Winter's gloom
 Shall teach my mind t'adore and fear,
 The Power that rules the rolling year.

LOCH LOMOND,

Written at the request of a Young Lady.

LOCH LOMOND, chief of inland floods,
 Kind Nature pour'd her gifts on thee;
 Thy tufted isles, thy shores and woods,
 In dawn of life, were dear to me.

In early life I trode thy groves,
 Of guilt unconscious, void of care,
 And tuned my notes to rural loves,
 'Twas Nature's voice that call'd me there.

Dear were to me thy varied scenes,
That sweeten'd hours of rest and toil,
And dear the aspect of thy plains,
For plenty caused thy banks to smile.

I lov'd thy rocks abrupt and wild,
Thy foaming torrents and thy floods,
And ev'ry echo harsh and wild
That rose from them, and hail'd the clouds;

Thy many streamlets wand'ring slow
Amidst thy close embow'ring shades,
Or hurrying on with wilder flow
O'er shelving rocks, in hoarse cascades.

The balmy zephyrs fann'd thy coast,
And cool'd the sultry, glowing beams,
Of many a flow'ret thou couldst boast,
That lavish fringed thy limpid streams.

When lark and linnet join'd their notes,
 To waken joy, and hail the Spring,
 Ten thousand varied tuneful throats
 Made all thy groves and vallies ring.

The deer and roe, the sheep and goat,
 The lowing herd that brows'd along;
 The dear congenial shieling cot,
 The artless milk-maid's soothing song—

These are the pictures of the scene,
 Enliv'ning still my native vale,
 Which touch'd my boyish feelings, keen,
 To hail them in my simple tale.

Perhaps at eve a love-^{led} pair,
 Retire to shun the gazing croud;
 Let no unhallow'd foot come there,
 No sland'ring tongue to speak aloud.

What though the rake invert the grace,
 For grace and gifts may be abus'd,
 Shall gen'rous Patie's chaste embrace,
 By virtuous Peggy be refused?

No! Heaven has framed the ties of sex,
 As loadstone draws the temper'd steel,
 And heart, and mind, and soul commix,
 'That only death can burst the seal.

Nor less adorn thy chequer'd brow
 Thy hardy sons to temp'rance bred,
 If destin'd to the toilsome plough,
 Or call'd in glory's path to tread. ^a

Thy pale green ash, and broad oak tree,
 By Nature's hand promiscuous placed;
 The blossom'd willow, where the bee
 In early spring finds her repast.

Thy solemn yew trees fam'd of yore,
 When rose and thistle sternly vied;
 All hail! ye times,—*that* strife now o'er,
 For Albion's emblems are allied.

No more Britannia's fearless race
 Shall meet to drench with blood the plain,
 But cordial as the fond embrace
 Of long try'd friendship free from stain.

Benlomond, pride of Grampian hills,
 Majestic rising from thy flood,
 Exhaustless source of countless rills,
 That sparkle through the op'ning wood.

Its rugged top invades the sky,
 Sublime 'midst elemental war,
 And as it strikes the traveller's eye,
 He hails it as his guiding star.

'Twas here our bold unconquer'd sires
 Repell'd th' insulting pow'r of Rome,
 And check'd the lawless wild desires,
 That hasten'd on her final doom.

Lo! here, perhaps, great Fingal stood,
 Amidst his daring sons of steel,
 Or fearless strode o'er seas of blood,
 Whilst Car'cul's wond'ring legions reel. *

Mark yon fantastic castle grey,
 Now mouldering into ruins vast,
 The screech owl's haunt that shuns the day,
 The nightly mourner of the past.

The clasping ivy slow has crept,
 And half concealed the tottering wall;
 The trembling harp has long since slept,
 That waked to mirth the echoing hall.

* Ossian.

Remov'd aloof the steel spring'd blade,
 The bow and lance, the mail and shield,
 And ev'ry emblem far has fled,
 And trophy of the chase and field.

Perhaps a godlike patriot here,
 The friend of man, th' oppressor's foe:
 Or was't the tyrant in his sphere,
 That spread around him death and woe?

But no response to solve the doubt—
 The Bard's in dust that sung their reign;
 Oblivion's raven wings spread out
 In dubious gloom involve the scene.

Yes, time ev'n wastes the mountains down,
 And hills and stubborn rocks decay,
 And splendid trophies of renown
 Fly hence beyond the reach of day.

Once stood in pride the huge Coloss',
 At which the wond'ring nations gazed;—
 Th' Ephesian fane of fame no less,
 By blinded superstition raised.

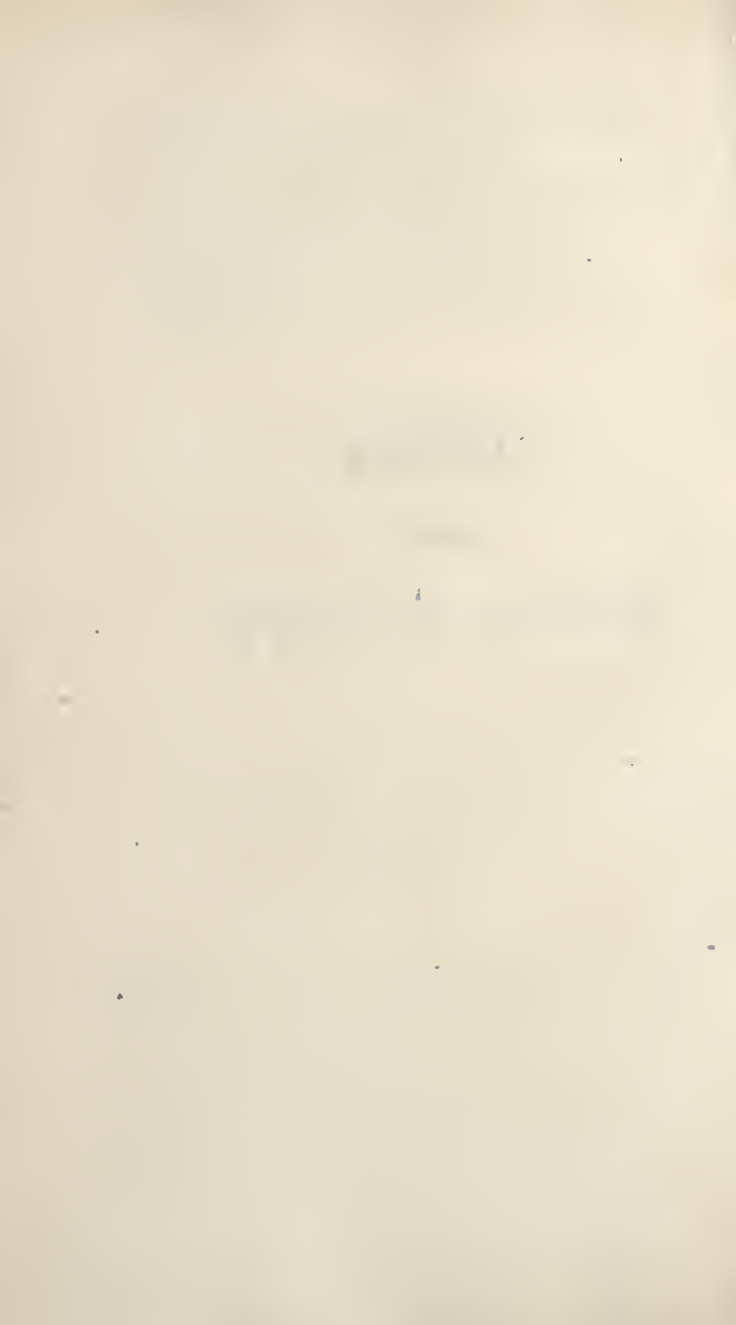
Like baseless visions of the night,
 Or meteors flaming o'er the sky,
 They but appear'd to bribe the sight,
 No more to meet the gazer's eye.

So fleeting all sublunar things,
 That ev'ry object here below
 Seems on the watch, with out-spread wings,
 To mock the owners as they go.

Where now my school-mates, fair and bright,
 The fairy-footed, light, and gay?
 They're gone to dwell in shades of night,
 And mingle with their kindred clay.

And hoary hairs wave round my head,
And trembling limbs support my frame;—
In silence soon shall sink my reed,
And soon forgotten be my name.

POEMS
IN THE
SCOTCH DIALECT.



POEMS
IN THE
SCOTCH DIALECT.

ANSWER TO WILL AN' JEAN.

“ O' a' the ills puir Caledonia,
“ Ever pri'ed, or e'er shall taste ;
“ Brew'd in Heil's dark Pandæmonia,
“ Whiskey's ills do scaith her maist.

OUR Frien's mista'en, I wat fu' weel,
T' ascribe our whiskey to the De'il.
His story sure is vera lang,
An' far exceeds my Highlan' sang ;
(For I'm nae Bard like POPE or STEEL,
But e'en a simple kintra cheil,

An' nae way taught to read or speak,
 In English verse, or French, or Greek ;
 But just a harl o' Earse an' Scots,
 Mix'd by chance, like pease an' groats :
 Nor dare I cheep where rhymers meet,
 For fear they tramp me wi' their feet.)
 But I can tell him to his face,
 There's nae sic drink in a' that place !
 But aiblins he had drank some trash,
 Made up wi' brunstane an' molash ;
 An' by the fumes that fill'd his powe,
 Might think his wig had ta'en a lowe.
 But I wad lay a pun' o' snuff,
 Had he but pree'd our Highlan' stuff,
 He wadna say, nor wad he think,
 That e'er a De'il had brew'd sic drink !
 'Tis true, indeed, were ane a sot,
 To toom't in cogfu's down his throat,

Wha's to blame if he shou'd fever,
 An' scad his lungs, an' scawm his liver?
 Sae rum, an' gin, an' even wine,
 In this respect turn men to swine;
 An' milk itsel', (as mild a liquor
 As e'er was drunk frae cog or bicker,)
 Yet glamshach * fouk, at different times,
 Hae sipt the kirn, an' rave their waims.
 There's no a gift, however fair,
 But we may blast an' turn to air;
 Our health an' strength, our meat an' claes,
 Our hose an' shoon that hide our taes,
 The vera siller in our purse
 May turn our bane, an' prove a curse;
 Syne complain when we've mispent them,
 An' pretend the De'il had sent them!
 What tho' a JEANIE, here an' there,
 Shou'd rug a wee at WILLIE's hair?

* Greedy or Gluttonous.

Coup owre the stools an' spill his brose,
 An' scart his face, an' blude his nose?
 An' what if Will, o' hardie mettle,
 Shou'd cuff her lugs to gar her settle?
 'Tis no the whiskey that's to blame,
 But fouk that's lost to sense an' shame.
 An' what if corn, an' horse, an' cows,
 Shou'd gang to pay the Laird his dues?
 An' Will himsel' shou'd tak the road,
 An' cross the sea—an' gang abroad,
 An' ser' his king—an' face the storm?
 'Tis but reformin' o' reform.—
 I've kent men o' our kirk session,
 O' blameless walk, an' fair profession,
 Wad sit an' tell their bonnie tale,
 When owre a gill, or pint o' ale,
 Gang hame at e'en without offence;
 But they were men o' common sense:

An' left, when dead, o' goud and gear,
 What wad hae ser'd them mony a year.—
 There's ae bit tale o' kintra life,
 An' aft I tald it to my wife;
 An' whyles to Pate—ye'll aiblins ken him,
 A gay stout drudge, I dinna hain him:
 I'd like t' insert it in my sang;
 Ye'll hark a wee, its no that lang.
 There is that spat they ca' the howm,
 A dainty mailin rich wi' loam;
 Weel shelter'd frae the norlan' blast,
 It greets the sun frae east to wast:
 A gude moss-hag no far frae han',
 An' beds o' marl t' enrich the lan';
 A wimplan burnie trottan by,
 Which Summer drouth could never dry.—
 'Twas here Tam Straughtrigs an' Meg Gray
 Liv'd blythe an' hearty mony a day;

An' happ'ly rais'd wi' tender care
 A num'rous offspring, stout an' fair.—
 In virtue's path they trac'd their guide,
 The wail o' youths, the kintra's pride!
 And Tam was said to hae gude skill;
 An' mony a sack he brought to mill;
 An' mony a bowe o' yellow bear
 He pit to market, ilka year,
 An' mony a peck o' halsome pease;
 An' Meg made thumps o' sappy cheese.—
 The Laird begrudg'd how Tommie thrave,
 An' turn'd him aff like ony knave.—
 By cam' a giddy fleein' spark,
 An' hecht the Laird a hunder merk!
 He rade, he drank, he troked at fairs;
 He chas'd at wild ducks, pouts, an' hares;
 Neglect'd his farm, his house an' hame;
 An' Willie Goosewit,—was his name.

Will's mis-thrift was easy seen,
 As black, whan plac'd whar white has been:
 His lan' grew wild for want o' care,
 An' ne'er a peck had he to spare;
 His barn unrigg'd, his house a stye,
 His byre fell in an' smoor'd his kye!
 His horses scarce cou'd gang the gate,
 They whyles war starv'd, an' whyles had meat;
 An' stranger folk, as they pass by,
 They curse the farm, an' sae wad I.
 The Laird himsel', he stamps an' frets,
 An' spurns Will Goosewit, an' his gaits.—
 I ken ye grudge to spen' your time,
 In hearin' blauds o' kintra rhyme;
 But wait a wee, an' tye your shoon;
 Ae ither tale, an' syne I'm done.—
 I ken'd a curious chiel mysel',
 His name an' surname I cou'd tell;

Auld fashion'd, sonsy, bra' an' rough,
 His limbs weel brac'd, an' hard, an' teugh.
 His rank, for breeding gied nae chance,
 But he'd a harl o' common sense:
 His mind ne'er led him to excess,
 But whyles he took a hearty glass;
 An' weel it set him, wha wou'd grudge
 A mouthfu' to a canny drudge?—
 He took a mailin frae our Laird,
 It did look ill,—ilk ane declar'd:
 Thrisles, briers, and tanglie thorn
 Grew faster up than grass or corn;
 Ten thousan' lade o' rugged stanes,
 That folk war fear'd they'd break their banes!
 Wi' miry bogs an' swamps an' gaws,
 In Summer drouth 'twad drown the craws.—
 The former tenants an' their wives
 In next to begg'ry spent their lives.—

But bit, an' bit, he 'clear'd the soil :
 His face was tawn'd wi' mid-day toil;
 He rais'd a fence about ilk field,
 An' drain'd his bogs, an' made them yield.
 His Laird, God bless him ! 's just a saunt,
 He didna squeeze him for his rent;
 He likes fu' weel the folk that's tight,
 An' len's a han' to haud them right.
 His stooks sae thick for stacks an' barns,—
 Ye'd near as weel gang tell the starns;
 His kye as sleek as ony silk;
 His boyns are fill'd wi' ream an' milk;
 His pantry stor'd wi' beef, an' cheese,
 An' meal, an' cakes, an' scones o' pease:
 An' mony a lunshach Bess gies by
 O' seeds, an' groats, an' milk, an' whey;
 Her heart expands as fast's she thrives,
 Nor steeks her han' to needfu' wives:

His horses, lively, strong and fat ;
 Ye'd e'en admire his vera cat.—
 Rab gies his gill baith frank an' free ;
 He tells his tale wi' routh an' glee,
 Relates how close he'd plou'd the soil,
 An' brags a wee how Bess cou'd toil.
 The man's made gear, an' gin he's spar'd,
 He'll be as rich as mony a Laird ;
 The kintra side admires the charm,
 The spat's now ca'd a bonny farm.
 By this wee smack o' muirlan' sense,
 Ye'll ken th' offender an' th' offence ;
 An' mair than that, ye can define
 Wha stan' for men, an' wha for swine !

THE WINTER NIGHT.

WHAN Winter night, cuts short day-light,
 And caul' attacks our members,
 Our luckie spins—I beek my shins,
 Or right the fa'en embers :
 Our lads tak' breath, or men' horse graith,
 Or some slight occupation ;
 An' wha wad grudge to see a drudge
 Enjoy some relaxation.

Right aft at e'n a beggar's seen,
 An' whyles a walie pair,
 Wi' mony a grane an' waefu' mane,
 An' cryin' dool an' care.—
 They vex my saul—I'm forc'd to brawl,
 Whan young an' aul' come hither ;

That hale an' lame, shou'd ken my name,
 An' count me for a brither.

Our wife she'll speak—"Dear John, be meek,
 An' quat your camshach* banter;
 It's unco daft, to see fouk aft
 In tuilyies an' misshanters— †
 O! let them be:—if ye'd agree,
 I'd gie them a warm blanket;
 We hae a pair that we can spare"—
 An' then says—"Guid be thanket."

She kens my trim, and how to whim
 An' flecth me out o' passion;
 (An' that's her gait,) an sae does Patc,
 For he has learn'd her fashion.

* Cross-grained.

† Misfortunes through imprudence.

A sidelin' smile, when free o' guile,

A tip, a glance, a hoast, or noddie,—

Ye scarce can think, how e'en a wink

Owrcomes an' soothes a body.

“ Weel, weel, quo' I—let this gae by ;”

An' syne I own submission :

They ease their back,—lay aff their crack,

An' quietly tak' possession.

Sometimes a chiel, that's blythe an' leal,

At gloamin' late may ca' in ;

My heart at aince is like to dance,

Whan e'er I hear him blawin'.

We sit an' crack as far aback,

As e'en the days o' Moses ;

We tauk o' wars, an' bloody scaurs,

Or just as chance disposes.

Out frae a neuk, I pu' a beuk,
While a's attentive waitin ;
An' read some verse, in Scots or Earse,—
Waes me I hae nae Latin.

Till ten o'clock is fairly struck,
An' then we quat our station ;
For ilka ane begins to grane
Out owre the night's vocation.
The sowans by, sae down we lye,
An' tak our peacefu' nappy ;
Syne, wi' the lark, get up to wark,
Refresh'd, an' unco happy.

THE POPE

CONSULTING WI' HIS CARDINALS;

Wi' his Proposals for Rouping his Effects.

 IN TWA PARTS.

“ He had a fouth o’ auld nick-nackets,
 “ Rusty airn caps, an’ jinglin jackets,
 “ Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
 “ A towmont gude ;
 “ An’ parritch-pats, an’ auld sa’t buckets,
 “ Afore the Flood.—

Burns.

PART I.

“ It’s lang since we hae kept the keys,
 An’ row’d in wealth, an’ liv’d at ease ;
 An’ mony a day, our lambs an’ ewes
 Hae graz’d an’ play’d about yon knowes ;
 An’ lang our kirk’s been ca’d the Mither,
 When a’ her bairns stuck fast the gither :

Till Calvin, Luther, an' sic trash,
 Dang a' our rules an' rites to smash,
 Despis'd our canons, bulls an' creeds,
 An' leugh profanely at our beads.
 An' ay since syne we felt a sting ;
 They shot us quite out thro' the wing,—
 It heal'd again, that we could flee,
 But no sae far, sae heigh nor free.
 Auld John Wickliff, pert an' fashous,
 Wha's banes we rais'd an' brunt to ashes ;
 An' for his base unruly clatter,
 Flang them hale sale down the water :
 Forbye, that boul-horn'd Carle Knox,
 Wi' baith his nieves gied us a box ;
 We felt it lang, ye needna wonder,
 His Horn was louder than our Thunder.
 That Horn's our dread, whare'er it blows,
 Gangs thro' our head, an' shakes our wa's ;

Aft it has made our brains to jumble,
 Our sauls to quake, an' hearts to tumble.
 It's no the Horn, whate'er the form,
 Nor he that blaws't can raise the storm ;
 But some interior secret cause,
 That blasts our hopes, an' mocks our laws.
 Thae kind o' fouks, (it's vera odd,)
 They spaed our downfa' wi' a thudd ;
 An' lang'd an' glowr'd wi' perfect spite,
 An' rag'd, an' flang, an' kick'd, an' flate,
 An' ca'd us Monster, Beast an' Whore :
 An' wha sic treatment cou'd endure ?
 It's truc, indeed, to prop our cause,
 We plied the whup, an' us'd the tause ;
 For love o' gude—an' gude o' sauls,
 We sneck'd some craigs, an' rave some spauls,
 Or drown't them aft in aul' peat bogs,
 Or hang't them up like colly dogs,

Or whang't them down like new made cheesc,
 Or scowder'd them like scones o' pease,
 Or birz'd them to contrition,
 By the haly Inquisition.
 The gude King Lud * o' glorious fame,
 A solid prop that bare our name,
 He cow'd their lugs, an gied sic blows,
 That hereticks durstna blaw their nose.
 An' pious Moll † ayont the water,
 'Gainst whom they rais'd sic noise an' clatter,
 For keepin' back malignant fevers
 Fryth'd an' brander'd twa three livers :
 What need they scaul' at our wee Sister ?
 What was't a' but like a blister?
 To name our Frien's we hae-na time,
 Nor put their virtuous deeds in rhyme;
 But rest their sauls in ilka age !
 Their pious actions grac'd our page.

* Lewis XIV.

† Mary Queen of England.

But, lads, I fear the scale is turn'd,
 For now they say they'll hae us burn'd,
 Or, hurl us headlang owre the brink,
 Or gie us lapper'd blude to drink.
 Cou'd we but haud them in the dark,
 They ne'er sae weel cou'd hit the mark ;
 But light is spreadin owre the Globe,
 An' we'll be soon as puir as Job :—
 But hark ! what noise is that I hear,
 It's mair distinct as it comes near ;
 Step out your wa's as far's the corse,
 An' see wha rides yon furious horse ;
 He surely brings some unco news,
 He drives like fouk that rin the bruse."

Cardinal returns.

" Avignon's ta'en an' a' it's store !
 The kintra side's in ae uproar ;

There's no a relic, saunt, nor shrine,
 That's no sent aff ayont the Seine;
 The troops in march as thick as craws,
 Swearin they'll batter down our wa's."
 " Last year we lost Sebastian's * thoom,
 An' great the grief, an' deep the gloom;
 But what avails a thoom or nose?
 It's hale cart lades that crown our woes.—
 Bring me a horse as fleet's a deer,
 An' cram that wallet fu' o' gear—
 Enengh ahin for thieves to rifle,
 What I tak wi' me's but a trifle;
 An' I shall ride afore they get me,
 As far a bounds o' lan' will let me."—
 " Your Holiness has quite forgot,
 Are ye infallible or not?

* In a battle between the Spainards and the French, Sebastian, the Tutelary Saint of Spain, was brought to the field to animate his Countrymen; in the conflict, he lost a finger to the great grief of the Spainards.

If sae, your Charter can't be riven,
 For wha can doubt a right frae Heaven?"
 "In days o' yore we held it sae,
 Whan fouk searce read the A, B, C;
 But bless my saul! what's a' this elatter?
 Toots! bring a horse, that ends the matter."

PART II.

Now, my lads, ye had better stan',
 As we've outreach'd that savage ban';
 And tho' we've tint our best effects,
 That's nae excuse for base neglects.
 I think whan things are like to coup,
 Ye'd better ca' a publick roup;
 I've kent some fouk, whan searce o' cash,
 Mak twa three notes o' useless trash.
 We hae o' gear now on our han',
 An' here an' there athort the lan';

O' beads an' relicks, 'cows an' 'sarks,
 What 'weel may raise a hun'er marks.
 Mark down utensils o' contrition,
 The rack 'an' wheel o' Inquisition,
 The 'wedges, boots, an' 'ticklin' pins,
 Wharby we claw'd delinquents' shins.
 Ye'll please to lift that strong port-cullies,
 An' there ye'll fin' a heap o' gullies;
 They're red wi' bluid o' the Waldenses,
 Lollards, Jews, an' Albigenses;
 Whan Godfrey led his warlike ban's
 To drive the Turks frae Sion's lan's,
 Ae mornin' soon—what need for words?
 They play'd that game to try their swords;
 (Wi' creesh an' bluid o' mony a carle,
 That lan' needs naither lime nor marl:)
 Ye'll dight them up, an' scour them clear,
 I hope they'll aye bring puns the pair:

Cinders, faggots, an' fire bran's,
That lie unspent in diff'rent lan's;
On Alva's fields, and on the Seine;
Thro' Austria, Portugal, an' Spain;
Peru an' Mex', thae late foun' lan's,
Whar' goud comes loupin' to your han's.
Nor less our gratefu' notice claims
The glorious deeds done near the Thames,
At Beckles, Smithfield, an' Le-bow,
Whar' carles war scowther'd in the lowe,
Hebernia's sons can happ'ly boast
O' their addition to the roast.
In Scotlan' search ilk creek an' bay,
I think ye'll fin' them near the Tay.
Ye'll please collect them in a heap;
I'm sure we needna sell them cheap,
For peats misgie'd this backward year,
An' sticks an' coals are unco dear.

'This circumstance is really nice,
 They'll sell amaist at ony price.—
 Halters I had 'maist forgotten,
 For hangin', but they're feckly rotten;
 But try them in wi' ither trash,
 They'll add a trifle to the cash:—
 Purgat'ry that ha'f way place
 'Twixt hell an' heav'n, 'twixt sin an' grace;
 (A better spaik, whan manag'd weel,
 Was never fix'd in Grannie's wheel.)
 What's your advice? if their's deman',
 It's worth an Earldom o' lan'.
 But waes my heart, if markets fail,
 It mayna bring a pint o' ale.
 Ye'll wait a wee till I consider,
 Your frien's are there, an' sae's my brither;—
 Ye may do, lads, what ye think best,
 But I wad in wi't wi' the rest.

I'm hyte to think that we're sae baffle't,
 Sae ye may either roup or raffle't.

ADDRESS TO PITT.

O DEARSAKE WILL, wad ye allow
 A man like me to caution you ;
 Afore I speak, to scrape an' bow
 Ill no neglect,
 An' gie you a' the honours due,
 Wi' great respect.

I hope ye'll never be sae tame
 As stoop to Buonaparte's name,
 Or grant his proud imperious claim:
 Haud up your face,
 An' never barter Britain's fame
 To purchase peace.

Ye'll want some pence o' current coin;
 An' as we think, ye'll no purloin,
 The nei'bours roun' consent to join,
 An' set afloat
 A scheme to fill a washin' boyn,—
 I'll gie a groat.

Forbye, there's mony a hardy chiel
 As ye wad wish to han'le steel,
 An' warm at heart, an' true an' leal,
 An' firm's a dyke,
 An' ready for to tak' the fiel'
 Whan e'er ye like.

Sae letna George regard the loun,
 Nor be in fear to lose the Crown;
 Our jolly tars they'll haud him down
 An' stap his ravage,
 It's thought some day they'll aiblins drown
 The blustrin' Savage.

ADDRESS TO THE COMET

Which was seen during the Autumnal Months of 1811.

HAIL ! stranger o' the boundless space,
 I hope ye're come in terms o' peace;
 Tho' some forbode, they scarce ken what,
 An' some say this, and some say that.
 Some dread a pest'lence in thy breath,
 An ca' thee Agent o' grim Death;
 Some think ye're come to breed a dearth,
 Or aiblans, Save us ! burn the earth.
 As for mysel', I'm no sae frightened,
 Nor led by whim, nor second sighted;
 For omens never break my rest,
 Nor am I fleyt for witch or ghaist;

Nor spell nor cantrip, brief nor charm,
 Disturb my mind, nor breed alarm.
 An' Bards an' Comets, kindred race,
 Shou'd ne'er cast out in ony case;
 An' ye may tell, in warl's dispers'd,
 How kin'ly you an' I convers'd.
 Can ye inform us, by the bye,
 'Bout states an' nations thro' the sky?
 Hae ye examin'd, clause by clause,
 Their manners, government an' laws?
 Do they, like us, defraud and cheat,
 An' pick fouks pouches on the street?
 An' do they quarrel, fight an' kill,
 As we do here on this ant-hill?
 Or are they civil honest fouk,
 'That wadna wrang their nei'bour's cock?
 There's ae thing I had maist forgot,
 Are ye contented wi' your lot? .

As ye hae neither hame nor wife,
 But daunrin' this way a' your life,
 I wadna grieve you for my sark ;
 But please t' allow me ae remark :—
 See our Gudeman, the King o' day,
 See a' his children roun' him play ;
 His royal spouse, the Queen o' night,
 An' he dispense baith heat an' light ;
 He smiles on her, an' she's content ;
 Thus mony a happy day they've spent :—
 Sae this may ser' to you for sample,
 An' man an' wife may tak' th' example.

ADMIRAL DUNCAN'S VICTORY.

YES, Batavians, allied frien's,
 Ye cam' in time to pay your tien's !
 Ye'd better far to've kept your means,
 An' drain'd your bogs ;
 To've men't your dykes, an' thresh'd your bearn,
 An' fed your hogs.

Your Scheldt cost us ae twenty pun',
 An' as gude trewse as e'er was spun,
 Wi' mony a slice o' pork an' bun,
 An' whaug o' cheese ;
 Ye wink'd an' leugh, an' thought it fun
 To cod our pease.

Syne turn'd sides, an' chang'd your coat;

Nor did you value us a groat,

But join'd the French in their dark plot,

An' shaw'd your sting;

An' rigged out ilk bark an' boat,

To vex our King.

But DUNCAN, somewhar owre near Fife,

Wha learn'd, in youth, to rule in strife,

Forgat his years, an' left his wife,

Braw trusty callan:—

I trew he touch'd you to the life!

Ye Selchs o' Hollan'.

Had I a pow'r wharof to boast,

Like our WILL PITT wha rules the roast,

I'd tie you firmly to a post,

An' haud you sair in;

Nor durst a Dutchman fash our coast,

To grip our herrin'.

Ye're welcome to ilk goose an' hen,
 An' ilka sheep on brae an' glen,
 An' ilka cow and stot's your ain;—

What then's to fear ye?

An' ye're belov'd by a' our men;

They'll never steer ye.

As soon's ye touch our kindly lan',

Ye'll hae a' things at your comman';

The king himsel' will gie his wan',

His cap an' seat;

He's pleas'd to get them aff his han',—

He'll no debate.

We're weel aware how vera much

Ye've aggrandiz'd the honest Dutch,

The Hanoverian chaps, an' such

As ca'd you frien's;

The Swiss Cantons are now made rich,

By your fair means.

There's twa three guns, an' pikes, an' spears,
 Wi' twa three dozen Volunteers;
 But what are thae as cause o' fears?

For ye may trust,
 They'll gang to smash about their cars—
 They're clad wi' rust.

We speak o' boats an' bits o' sloops,
 An please to ca' them leggin hoops,
 Or kail-yard dykes, or awmry-stoops,
 Or what we think them ;
 Ye'll soon cut up thro' a' the loops,
 An' eas'ly sink them.

Our sky, indeed, may aiblins lower,
 An' ye may meet an' airn shower ;
 Ye'll need it, Sirs ! to lay the stour
 Ye've rais'd this while ;
 But ye'll be snug, an' as secure
 As at the Nile.

ADDRESS TO NELSON,

MAY 1805,

*When the French Squadron escaped from Toulon, and
was long unheard of.*

WAES me, dear NELSON, are you dead?
 Or some delirium ta'en your head?
 Or are ye moor'd in some quiet creek?
 But no ae sentence will ye speak.
 The French resolve, (for sae they tell us,
 To cross the sea, an' come an' fell us,
 Tak' our guid's an' gear for naething,
 An' toss our Isle up for a play-thing.
 Ye aince war ruler owre the deep,
 But now it seems ye've fa'en asleep:
 Start, an' spread aroun' your thun'er,
 An' gar the warl' stare an' won'er.
 Len' ae Hairst-day to Britain's Isle,
 An' dearsake, sen's anither Nile.

LORD CHATHAM'S EXPEDITION

TO WALCHEREN.

Puir Calder aince, ye'll mind the case,

It maks ane's face to sweat, man ;

How he was huddl'd to disgrace,

As he but wing'd a fleet, man.

What could he do ? the fae was strang,

An' deep eclips'd in fog, man ;

An' some fouk thought that it was wrang

To stop puir Robin's grog, man.

The great LORD CHATHAM, he was sent

To tame the stubborn Dutchman ;

An' sure eneugh we see he went,

But hasna made us rich, man.

He ate, he drank, he slept an' snor'd,
 Upon the Flushing coast, man ;
 An' ere he rous'd himsel' an glowr'd,
 Baith time an' chance were lost, man.

An' now he's hame for term an' life,
 Nae mair to face the war, man ;
 An' lucky for his loving wife,
 He's hale without a scar, man.
 We'd hardly think, nor do we say
 He personates a Byng, man ;
 For that puir saul, upon a day,
 Was halter'd in a string, man.

THE COTTAGE WINDOW TAX.

YE charge a tax on our glass winnocks:
 We dinna grudge you twa three bannocks,
 Or leg o' beef, as far's we're able,
 To get you clear o' this odd squabble:
 But light's a gift, 'twas God that sent it;
 It's nae lux'ry, we canna want it.
 My Father, whan I was a bairn,
 Employ'd that Artist Thomas Nairn,*
 Wha fram'd the wood, an' put the glass in:
 We'll admit they war in fashion;
 But time it works sic alterations
 On States an' Empires, an' on Nations;
 Rives an' hags down vast dominions,
 An' gars them flee like skins o' onions;

* An ingenious Mechanic at Leven; still alive, but very old.

Prevails owre sceptres, crowns an' titles,
 An' rates them as tobacco spittles:
 Yes, time has seen his Holiness
 As heigh's the lift, a god nae less;
 (The earth was blythe to fill his penches,
 An' Heaven's keys hung at his hench^ues;)

But mark him now in sad derision,
 An' vanish'd like the midnight vision.
 Nae ferlie then my peens are beaten,
 The cases shevel'd an' moth-eaten,
 Since teugher gear's unfit to stand it;—
 See whar puir Sardinia's landed !
 Believe me, Sirs, it's no a jest;
 Whan storms come rattlin' frae the east,
 An' wife an' wee things apt to dozen,
 We're aft oblig'd to stap a lozen;
 An' carefully collect some rullions,
 Like hose, or breeks, or auld carpillions;

Without regard to mode or form,
 But just to screen us frae the storm.
 Wad ye be pleas'd to come an' view them?
 The dogs loup in, an' aft out through them;
 A wee time mair is like to end them:
 Will ye gie ha'f a crown to mend them?

FRENCH INVASION BY BALLOONS.

It's nae lang time sin' I stood here,
 The lift was redd, an' braw, an' clear;
 But now a cloud owrcomes the light,
 The Sun's quite docket out o' sight:
 My heart it dunts, I'm like to swoon,
 It's just that wae fu' French balloon.

My cen are rough, ye'll reckon sure,
 It's like aboon Killearn muir ;
 I see it movin', there it comes,
 I hear the sough o' fifes an' drums ;
 It nearly crosses Drymen town,
 Now, now, at Luss it's lighted down :
 It hotches yet, 't will rise again,
 I wish it may, an' ease our pain.
 Na, trowth it sits ; it's like a bag,
 An' twice as big as Tomnaglagg.*
 It opens now, ay worse an' worse,
 It's just anither Trojan Horse ;
 Out frae its wyme it vomits bullies,
 Wi' guns, an' pikes, an' lang sharp gullies.
 See a' our nei'bours, man an' wean,
 On horse an' fit, sae fast's their flecin' ;
 Wives an' lasses thrang as bees,
 Wi' coats an' sarks up to their knees.

* A hill on an island in Lochlomond.

Guid help you frien's! an' easy mak' you,
 I fear yon crew will soon o'ertak you;
 Bring me my mittens, 'plaid an' staff,
 We'll hae to flee a far way aff.
 Let's glowr a wee, an' mak' a pause—
 There's naething o't—but twa three craws!

TO THE LEGISLATURE,
 ON THE
Threatened Invasion by the French,
 1804.

YE men in pow'r, wha's kittle lot
 's to rowe an' steer our muckle boat;
 What need ye raise a stour an' din,
 'Bout wha is out an' wha is in?

Wha wi' FOX an' TIERNEY sit,
 An' wha adheres to WILLY PITT?
 Wha first aggress'd an' brak' the league,
 If London, Paris, or the Hague?
 It's no the time for you to quarrel
 About an egg-creel, or auld barrel,
 A shankless shool or teethless raik,
 Whan liberty an' life's at stake,
 Stand to as hard's a sheep shank bane,
 An wedg'd as tight's a brig's keystone;
 Cling fast like bees in ae roun' clump,
 An' if ye fa', fa' bi the lump.

ANSWER TO COLONEL C——,

*On his requiring the assistance of the Tenantry, in case of
an Invasion.*

YE want a horse, we hear them say;
 We'll lowse our pleugh an' gie you twae;
 If that's owr wee for Geordie's use,
 We'll gie a sheep, or twa three goose;
 A bowe o' meal if need deman',
 Or any thing we hac on han':
 Nor do we deem't, my honest Billy,
 Ha'f sac hard's a Frenchman's gully.
 We thank Will Pitt for publick zeal,
 He well deserves baith scones an' kail;
 We thank Lord Bridport an' his crew,
 But chief the win's that timely blew,

An' sent Monsieur wi' a' his blusters,
 To fraternise wi' crabs an' oysters:
 Excuse us for the odd expression,
 We'd thank the Lord were it in fashion.*

THE GUDE HAIRST.

I'm now arriv'd at odds o' fifty;
 An' some fowk say I was na thrifty;
 Or if I had, an' no been queer,
 I might hae made a harl o' gear.
 It's true indeed I spent some pennies,
 Wi' Kates, an' Megs, and Betts, an' Jennies;
 Thro' life I lo'ed a wee drap spirit,
 I kent it's virtue an' it's merit;

* If the two last lines are thought improper, consult COWPER.

In time o' damp, an' deep disaster,
 It gars the pulses gang the faster :
 Forbye some loss in hairst an' winter,
 The warl' an' I had ay a banter.
 E'en fernyear 'sel' I lost o' corn,
 Afore an' after it was shorn ;
 Whan time's sae hard—an' meal sae dear,
 What wad hae ser'd the weans a' year.
 But sirs, this hairst's done vera fair,
 It met our wishes to a hair ;
 Gudewife ! ye hae as meikle corn,
 As ony year sin' ye war born,
 An' e'en as dry as drouth can mak it ;
 Your loss is nae mair felt's a tacket.
 An' first o' a', next to your creed,
 Ye'll min' the fowk that's scant o' bread ;
 An' mak' the blin', the lame an' poor,
 To loup an' sing gaun frae your door.

Put on the pat, an' let it sottle;
 Ca' in the lads, an' bring the bottle;
 Invite some cronies that can clatter,
 The wale o' chieles about the water;
 Sen' owre to Luss, I'll grudge nae Sil'er,
 An' bring some ale frae Robin Miller; *
 As stark an' brown as e'er was tapet,—
 Mi' thoom to you we'll tak' a drap o't;
 We'll drown ilk care an bygane cross,
 An' never think on fernyear's loss:
 Nae face shall wear a cheerless gloom,—
 We'll celebrate the Harvest Home.

Let Burke an' Paine, e'en blaw the coal,
 An' sen' some millions to a hole;
 But, sirs, it's serious past a joke,
 It's nae gude trade to gully fowk.

* One who keeps a small, but neat Public House in Luss.

But wiser men, wha pore an' dive,
 Can tell us, war will gar us thrive :
 Be that's it may, it breeds a steer,
 An' nae gude frien' wad wish for't here.
 Let Pitt an' Fox, wi' spite an' spleen,
 Rive ane anither's face an' een,
 Gar a' the warl their powers admirc,
 For pith o' cloquencce an' fire ;
 Till tir'd thro' many a loop an' wimple,
 They quat the plea, or cut its rumple.
 What need we heed the fate o' Poland ?
 Wha rules in France, or wha in Holland ?
 It's glaiket like in kintra callans,
 To fash their heads about the balance ;
 An' just as daft is he that speers,
 What Power mantains't in ninty years,
 Whan a' the men that now can muster
 Arc aff the warl', in ae great cluster.

It's no our part oursel's to trouble
 About a phantom, or a bubble:
 We thank our stars for best respects,
 That kept sic lades clear aff our necks.
 It's ours to toil wi' canny care,
 An' try to mak a penny mair;
 In case auld age, or some disaster
 Come on, an' we may need a plaister.
 If law an' justice keep their feet,
 Industry seldom wants her meat;
 Nor can there be a morsel sweeter,
 Or mair substantial to the eater.

FORTUNE IS A SLIDD'RY THING.

WEEL, Fortune is a slidd'ry thing,
 She's scarce at rest, but on the wing;

Our sight sae dim, our grip sae frail,
 We canna haud her by the tail.—
 Our wife, as maist o' neibours ken,
 She calculates on loss an' gain,
 An' speculates on hens an' cheese,
 On eggs and butter, groats an' pease,
 On carding woo', an' spinning yarn ;
 But never fashes wi' the barn.

'Mang the bouk o' calculation,
 A fav'rite hen took up her station ;
 She had nae patent striking mark,
 Wad gar a gamester pawn his sark,
 But come o' common-midden brood,
 Without ae drap o' foreign blood.
 Her caime was red as ony rose,
 An' stood erect aboon her nose ;
 Her tap was white as driven snaw,
 An' breast an' wings as black's a crow ;

Her tail was comely ilka feather,
 An' when she flew, it ser'd for ruther.
 Tho' disappointments-aften check'd me,
 An' heavy losses near han' reck'd me,
 I ne'er could help whan things look'd bright
 But view them in a hopefu' light.
 I'll no deny but what I doted
 On this same hen that I hae quoted.
 Critic, ye'll think I'm but a gouk,
 But mind ye hae your ain draff poke:
 Though that mine hing somewhat sider,
 'T maksna frien', gif your ane's wider.

Like ither hens, she hadna reason,
 But instinct led her an' the season
 To lay her eggs a hint the barn,
 Whar some auld fo'k had rais'd a cairn,
 In taiken o' a lasting paction,
 When sowth'ring o' a Highlan' faction.



The time expir'd for incubation,
She brought o' chickens out a nation.
Had they been hous'd, an' fed wi' grottes,
They might a brought us ten pun' scots;
But cheepin' things, they couldna weather't
For faut a pick, an no' bein feather'd:
Ae dreepin night—or e'er they spent it,
Coup'd up their heels, afore we kent it.

An' that's the way that Fortune treats
The pomp o' Empires an' o' States,
She said to Bona, shake the Globe;
But ye may min' the Moscow job.
Till then she smil'd—syne rued the deed,
An' dang the body heels o'er head.

SUPERSTITION.

“ ’Tis Fancy’s land on which thou set’st thy feet,

“ Where still ’tis said the fairy people meet:

“ Beneath each birken shade on mead and hill.”

SOME fo’k think that ghaists are whims,
 An’ fairy tales but idle dreams,
 Enchanted ships, an’ bowers, an’ caves,
 An’ whirlin’ win’s, an’ fien’ rais’d waves,
 Entranced Dames, an’ Priests, an’ Squires,
 An’ magic Nymphs an’ Cavaliers,
 An’ Water Knights—fierce as the diel,
 In armour clad, o’ polish’d steel.
 Ye aiblins doubt, but sift your creed;
 What gars you smirk an’ shake your head?

O

Cast on your plaid, an' tak a stroll,
 An' place your fit aneath my sole.
 What figure's yon that now we see,
 An' ha'f conceal'd ayont that tree ?
 Hark how it screechs ! its been a maid
 By some fause lover been betray'd ;
 First he swore she'd be his wife,
 An syne he rued and teuk her life.—
 Ye needna doubt but that's her ghaist,
 The blude's in jaups about her breast.
 Weel, surely that's a' serious sight ;
 I see ye're shaking a' wi' fright ;
 Gies your han' an' we'll gang faster,
 A minute's walk 'll bring us past her.
 Stop now awee, I'm out o' breath,
 They canna charge us wi' her death.
 See now, what countless num'ers pass,
 An' a' their garbs as green as grass !

Their steeds some brown, some white, some grey—
 Look how they march in close array !
 There now they stop an' light to dance !
 Since gloamin' late they've come frae France.
 O ! how they cleek an' reel an' set,
 An' kick an' fling, an' sink an' beat,
 An' ilka movement doon by rule :
 Aye, whar hae thae been at the schule ?
 I see some female diff'rent drest,
 An' som-what clumsier than the rest :
 Its like she's been some shepherd's bride,
 An' taen directly frae his side.—
 The've certain use, at least its said,
 They carry on a constant trade,
 For nurse, an' cook ;—an' be the bye,
 They sometimes fa' on puir fowk's kye.
 I'm truly sorry for the wife,
 But wait a wee, I hae a 'nife,

I'll fling't directly o'er her head;
 She's now secur'd—nae mair to dread.—
 They've vanish'd now, an' out o' sight,
 They'll be at Laplan' or day light.—
 Weel young gudewife ye've got a ride,
 An' really ye're a decent bride!
 Puir Will's at hame (or is it Jock),
 An' stretch'd aside an' arn block,
 Oh how! it granes an' thraws the face o't;
 But ye'll return an' soon displace it.—
 “Hech sirs! gudeman, ten thousand thanks,
 Whar am I? toots I'm on my shanks.”
 Nae thanks ata' my sonsy dame,
 'Gae aff your wa's an' dauner hame.

L I N E S

WRITTEN IN

AUCHENGAVEN HERMITAGE,

At the Request of a Party of Young Ladies, 1815.

BEFORE you see the torrent sweeping
 Down owre rocks frae linn to linn,
 Beside you see the whirlpool gaping,
 But ye're safe ye'll no fa' in.

A time has been whan Slyphs an' Fairies
 Held their revels in this Glen,
 But bcena fley'd my sonsie dearies,
 Ilka pleasure's now your ain.

They're now remov'd to yonder planet,
 Whar they gambol at their ease.—
 Soun' the pipe, an' strike the spinnet,
 Till the echoes move the trees.

THE MEIKLE TIDE.^c

“ Spæmen ! the truth, o' a' their says I doubt;
 “ For greater liars never ran thereout.”

ALLAN RAMSAY

A SIGHT like this, in a' my life
 I never saw ! come out, gudewife,
 See ye the craft frae side to side,
 Sae deep's it's cover'd wi' the Tide.

It's rowan fast out owre the cairn,
 An' join'd the dib afore our barn.
 Leuk owre the strath, an' far an' wide,
 It's thirty feet aboon the Clyde;
 It's up already to a won'er,
 An' spaemen said 'twad rise a hun'er,
 Preserve us sirs! if that is true,
 What comes o' Glasgow an' Renfrew?
 What comes o' Greenock an' that shore?
 Dunbarton it was drown'd afore.
 What heaps o' fine perfumery stuff,
 An' bags an' bladders fu' o' snuff,
 An' mony a doze o' peuks an' salts,
 An' various drugs in shops an' vaults,
 Collected frae the wide creation,
 E'en store eneugh to purge a nation,
 Confus'd an' mixt, an' set afloat,
 'The hale compound no worth a groat!

What comes o' Luss our ain wee town ?
 Whar aft we met our cares to drown,
 An' whar we trac'd at leisure hours,
 The progress o' contending Powers,
 Or laid some fair an' loyal plan !
 Or ended near whar we began.
 It's sair indeed on social chieils,
 To yield their rights to pykes an' eels ;
 The nearer hame it's ay the harder,
 But aiblins it may spread nae farder.
 Keep quiet my dear, an' dinna cry—
 I see't gaun back—there's fish left dry ;
 If toshly sorted they're gude cheer,
 An' wha can claim them whan they're here.
 Is that a skate that shapeless beast ?
 I'm sure it's nae delicious feast.
 Pass by't an' grip that wamlan eel ;
 They say our gentry like them weel.

See there a nice Lochlomon' trout !
 Loup in afore't an' cast it out :
 Ye're fond enugh o' foreign fish,
 An' that I ken's a dainty dish.
 Tak up your apron by the neuks,
 I'm sure there's there a score o' fleuks.
 What shoals o' powans scatter'd wide !
 Haud roun' them closs upo' that side.
 Be suple Wife, and show ye're willin' ;
 Hae, there's a grilse that's worth a shillin' :
 Leuk, there's a pellack, wond'rous big,
 If train'd, 'twad draw Mess John's bit gig.
 Han' me that graep, I'll gie't a prong,
 The hyde an' scales are hard an' strong ;
 Tak up that stick an' pelt it weel ;
 Its e'en as fat's our hauket veal.—
 Our Luckie glowr'd, an' syne spak out,
 “ I see nae pellack, tide, nor trout—

Ye're surely drunk, or something worse,
Ye've nearly stick't your ain grey horse."

BONAPARTE'S RETURN FROM ELBA.

MONY a year's gane owre my head,
An' I've had aye a bit o' bread;
But something drumly in my planet,
Whilk fash'd me whiles to get a bannet.
Sirs! mony a serious tale an' case,
In my ain time has taken place;
Mony a shatter'd pat an' pan:
An' mony a queer eccentric man,
Instead o' stopping in the saddle,
Lap owre his beast an' in the puddle.

An' mony a plea 'twixt man an' wife,
 An' some that sowthert ne'er for life,
 But carried on a constant trade,
 Till death was pleas'd to mak a raed.

An' mony a Spunkie, Ghaist, an' Fairy,
 Travers'd the knowes baith late an' early,
 An' Brownies, Warlocks, an' sic gear,
 That held our noddles aye asteer.

We thought we saw them on the green,
 At least we felt's they had been seen ;
 An' shook like aspen, heart an liver,
 Till lith and limb were made to quiver.

An' mony a broken fork an' flail:
 An' mony a mane an fillie's tail,
 'S been teas'd an' twin'd to mak a tether ;
 An mony a blawn brusted blather,
 An' mony a fav'rite scheme an' clash,
 That ended a' in balderdash.

But o' the tales, an' o' the cases,
 In a' the times, an' a' the places,
 Sin' Nimrod first attack'd a boar,
 The like o' this was ne'er afore;
 An' mony a ane wi' dread's surrounded,
 An' bodes the warst till they're confounded;
 Their senses stunn'd an' set a-drift,
 Its like a stane come frae the lift.
 E'en FANCY's sel', for a' her pow'rs
 In raising cas'les, groves, an' bow'rs,
 An' just as fast can them deface,
 As tho' they never had a place,
 Lo! here she stan's in stupid gaze,
 An' quite o'erwhelm'd as in a maze;
 Nor can she rouse her frae her trance,
 Since Bonaparte's enter'd France.

BONAPARTE'S EXILE TO ST. HELENA.

HECH ! this exploit's as queer's the last,
 An' things hae gat an unco cast,
 For Fate sat stride ride on the blast,
 That murd'rous day at Waterloo.
 Great WELLINGTON, he was the man ;
 But Providence had laid the plan,
 The manner how, an' whar, an' whan,
 Napoleon's schemes to overthrow.

Now they've plac'd him 'mang the rats,
 The mice, the modiwarts, an' bats,
 Its said he'll need a' Warl'o' cats
 To guard his situation.

Nae mair to visit Auld Moscow,
 Or set the Kremlin in a lowe,
 As lang's a hair sticks on his powe :
 They've fix'd him in his station.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN.

WHAT need ye heed that Cobbet's clash,
 Or mind the least his balderdash;
 'Bout rev'nue, finance, trade an' taxes,
 As if the Earth had slipt her axis?

Cheer up my lads, our Isle's as steady
 As when his Grannie rock'd his Daddy.
 We've kye an' horses, mares an' asses,
 An, for their food, we've fiorin grasses—

A fruitfu' source itsel' alane,
 Ae acre yields a thousan' stane—
 An' roasted clay, frae bogs an' ditches,—
 A never failing fund o' riches—
 Whar it had lain un kent to men,
 Since Noah's flood—for ought we ken.

Compounded moss for them can reach it ;
 'Twas Lord MEADOWBANK that preach'd it,
 An' set the kingdom in a boil—
 It pays ten-times for a' the toil !

An' mony a smugglin' stell and pot ;
 (If't warn a them our bear wad rot,
 Its true the Smugglers get some blatters,
 But broken snouts are nae great matters :)—
 An' bonds, an' bills, an' heaps o' notes,
 Frae England's en' to Johnny Groats :
 There's scarce a num'er can surmount them,
 They'd tak a century to count them.

Wi' them we faught, an' bled, an' battl'd,
 An' mony a brawny chiel' was settl'd,
 Wi' pike, an' ball, an' shell, an' rocket,
 'Twas strange the earth kept in its socket.—
 But now we've peace, we thank our stars,
 An' wha wad grudge at twa three scars?
 As lang's we've types, an' ink, and paper,
 We canna pay the taxes cheaper.—

An' steam engines, by lan' an' ocean,
 Immense in pow'r an' quick in motion;
 We've nae mair need o' horse or sail,
 Or spadc, or graep, or fork, or flail,
 Or water-mill, or pleugh, or team,
 For ev'ry thing is done by STEAM.

By steam we'll learn to read an' write,
 To curse an' swear, to fight an' flyte;
 An' some pretend, but that's a bleather,
 By force o' steam we'll rule the weather.

The Great Lavater's wond'rous art
 By power o' steam defines the heart:
 Nae mark's requir'd for vice or grace,
 But certain runkles i' the face,
 An' nought depends on blund'ring chance,
 We'll ken a Scoundrel at a glance.

An' gran' machines to cut our corn,
 A shearer now's a term o' scorn;
 Trowth! soon we'll see our vera drudges,
 No stan' in need to theek their lodges.

An' fine Baloons o' various size
 To mount thro' air an' brave the skies;
 An' some fouk think that vera soon, '
 Our voyagers 'll reach the Moon,
 An' start some trade or manufacture,
 But how or what is but conjecture.

GÆLIC.

DO DHUIN UASAL DO'N CHLEIR,

Air dha Posadh.

FAILTE dhuitse fhir na gruaige,
 Thug thu buaidh s' is maith leam fhaicinn;
 'N òigh mhaiseach a bhi ri'd ghualinn,
 Nuair a ghluaiseas tu gu faiche.

Na bi borb is na bi reasgach,
 Gruamach, teùmach, sradach;
 Gu neo-chothromach a'd bheùsaibh,
 Udluidh, leumnach, spadach.

Bi gu suairce ris an òg-bhean,
 'S maith a coir air na tha agad;

Sliochd an t-Saoir i o Chlann Domhnuill,
A chaill an ordag treis o'n chladach:

'S iomadh fear dhiu sud rinn mòr-bheairt,
'Nuair bha'n còir ga toirt a dh'aindeoin;
'S gar am bheil annamsa ach lòpan,
'S ann do'n t'seorsa ud bha mo shean a'ir.

Bithidh suil mhothaich agam fein ort,
Ciod an ceùm am bi thu gluasad;
Bithidh mi faire's bithidh mi'geisdeachd,
Air eagal gu'm bi thu'n tuasaid.

Ach ma bhitheas tu caoimhneil cairdeil,
Gheibh thu gradh airson do shaoithreach;
'S bheir mi fein duit uainein oisge,
'Nuair a chròdhas mi na caoirich.

ÒRAN.

'S MI'M shuidhe ann am chrùban,
 Ann am bothan udluidh fuar;
 Gu'n duine ann a ni sugradh rium,
 No dh'òlas drù a cuaich.
 Chaidh Iain bàn air farsan uam,
 'S cha'n fhan e'n dail mo sgeith;
 'Sco cairdeach Gille-Padruig dhomh,
 Gu'n dh'fhag e mi leam fein.

Bithidh bruic, is cait, is mairteanan;
 A garraich feadh nan tòmh;
 'S bha uair a chluinntean uruiscean,
 Ri buirich san Eas-chrom.

Gu'n fhasgadh no gun fhardach aca,
 Ach scarnach, no bun craoibh;
 Iad fein sa bhean 's na paistean aca,
 'S iad lom-ruisgte ris a ghaoith.

Gur tuirseach sgith, 's gur camparach,
 Bhi'n ceann na craige ruaidh;
 Gun òl gun cheòl gun channtaireachd,
 Ach srann an uilt am chluais.
 Be caibe is crann a b'annsa leam,
 'Sann annta bha gach buaidh;
 Mo chul ri ceird na dràndanaich,
 Be'n t'aimhleas bhi ri druaid.

Thoir sòruidh sìos gu Mairi uam,
 Bean chairdeil an fhuilt reidh;
 Is innis dhi mar chairich iad mi,
 A'm fardaich bhun na sgeith.

'Si nach faiceadh cas orm,
'Nuair dh'fhagadh each mi'm theinn;
Gheibhinn bruanaig, 's cruachdan càise uaip,
'N am tearnadh leis a bheinn.

NOTES.

NOTE a.

MALCOM, Earl of Lennox, the firm friend of Robert Bruce—Sir Alexander MacAuslane, who in the French service distinguished himself at the battle of Tournay.—The Colquhouns of the parish of Luss by recovering the Castle of Dunbarton from the English—the MacFarlanes of Arrochar by deciding the battle of Langside against Mary, Queen of Scotland—the two last families bear the emblems of these actions in their coats of arms. The great Montrose, the Hero of the Haughs of Cromdel—The warlike MacGregors likewise possessed that part of the Banks of Lochlomond called Craigrostan—and in literature, George Buchanan, the Historian; and in later times, Walter MacFarlane of Arrochar, the Reverend Alexander MacFarlane, Translator of the Psalms, Paraphrases, and Baxter's Call to the Unconverted, into Gælic, and Tobias Smollet, Physician, Historian, and Novelist. Under this Note let it be observed, that there are the ruins of four Castles or places of strength upon the Islands of Lochlomond—Inchmurrin, the former residence of the Earl of Lennox—the Castle of Galbraith, 60 feet over walls in length, and 45 in breadth, and two more Castles formerly the residences of the MacFarlanes.

NOTE b.

It is not to be understood that the battle between Galdus, and the Roman General, was fought immediately at the foot of Benlomond but upon that line not far distant from it.

NOTE c.

About the year 1805, it was rumoured that from the position of the planets, at the time of the Spring Equinox, there was to be a very high tide, which was the occasion of the Poem, entitled, *The Meikle Tide*, but no such Tide ever happened.



ERRATA.

Page 48, line 5, from the bottom, for involve read involves.
 — 70, — 3, from the bottom, for a read as.

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