

Four Funny Tales.



ALLOWAY KIRK,
OR
TAM O' SHANTER.



WATTY AND MEG,
OR THE
WIFE REFORMED.



THE
LOSS O' THE PACK.

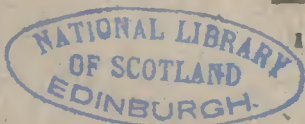


AND, THE
MONK AND THE MILLER'S
WIFE.

A I R :

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1802.



TAM O' SHANTER.

A T A L E.

Of Brownys and of Bogillis full is this Buke.

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate ;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky fullen dame,
Gath'ring her brows like gath'ring storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm

This truth fand honest *Tam o' Shanter*,
As he frae Air ae night did canter,
(Auld Air wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonny lassies.)

O *Tam* ! hadst thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife *Kate's* advice !
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum ;
That frae November till October,

Ae market-day thou was nae sober ;
 That ilka melder, wi' the miller
 Thou sat as lang as thou had filler :
 That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on :
 That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
 She prophesy'd, that, late or soon,
 Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon ;
 Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
 By *Alloway's* auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames ! it gars me greet,
 To think how mony counsels sweet,
 How mony lengthen'd sage advices,
 The husband frae the wife despises !

But to our tale : Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right ;
 Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
 Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely ;
 And at his elbow, Souter *Johnny*,
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony ;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither ;
 They had been fou for weeks thegither.
 The night drave on wi' sangs an clatter ;
 And ay the ale was growing better :
 The landlady and *Tam* grew gracious,
 Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious :
 The Souter tauld his queereft stories ;
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus :
 The storm without might fair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
 E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy ;
 As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
 The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure :
 Kings may be blest, but *Tam* was glorious,
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious !

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed ;
 Or like the snow falls in the river,
 A moment white — then melts for ever ;
 Or like the Borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place ;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form
 Evanishing amid the storm.—
 Nae man can tether time or tide ;
 The hour approaches *Tam* maun ride ;
 That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
 That dreary hour he mounts his beast in ;
 And sic a night he tacks the road in,
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

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

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

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

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

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

A garter, which a babe had strangled,
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
 The grey hairs yet slack to the heft :
 Wi' mair o' horrible and awefu',
 Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu',

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

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

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

But *Tam* kend what was what fu' brawlie,
 There was ae winsome wench and wawlie,
 That night enlisted in the core,
 (Lang after kend on *Carrick* shore ;
 For mony a beast to dead she shot,
 And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
 And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
 And kept the country side in fear) ;
 Her cutty fark, o' Paisley harn,
 That while a lassie she had worn,
 In longitude tho' sorely scanty,

It was her best, and she was vauntie.—
 Ah! little kend thy réverend grannie,
 That sark she toft for her wee Nannie,
 Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches),
 Wad ever grac'd a dance of Witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cour;
 Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
 To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
 (A souple jade she was and strang),
 And how *Tam* stood, like ane bewitch'd,
 And thought his very een enrich'd;
 Even Satan glowr'd, and sidg'd fu fain,
 And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:
 Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
 And roars out, "Weel done, cutty-fark!"
 And in an instant all was dark;
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
 When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
 When plundering herds assail their byke;
 As open pussie's mortal foes,
 When, pop! she starts before their nose;
 As eager runs the market crowd,
 When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
 So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
 Wi' mony an eldritch skreetch an' hollow.

Ah, *Tam*! Ah, *Tam*! thou'll get thy fairin!
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
 In vain thy *Kate* awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a waefu' woman!
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
 And win the key-stane * of the brig;

* It is a well known fact that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream. It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with bogles, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.

There at them thou thy tail may toss,
 A running stream they dare na cross.
 But ere the key-stane she could make,
 The sient a tail she had to shake!
 For Nannie, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
 And flew at *Tam* wi' furious ettle;
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
 Ae spring brought aff her maister hale,
 But left behind her ain grey tail;
 The carlin claught her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

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

WATTY AND MEG.

A T A L E.

K EEN the frosty winds war blawin',
 deep the sna' had wreath'd the ploughs,
 Watty, weary't a' day sawin.

daunert down to Mungo Blue's.

Dyster Jock was sitting cracky,
 wi' Pate Tamson o' the Hill;

'Come awa', quo Johnny, 'Watty!

'haith we'fe hae anither gill.'

Watty glad to see Jock Jabos,
 and sae mony neighbours roun',
 Kicket frae his shoon the sna'ba's,
 syne ayont the fire sat down.

Owre a broad, wi' bannocks heapet,
 cheefe and stoups, and glasses stood;

Some war roarin, ithers sleepit,
 ithers quietly chew't their cude.

Jock was fellin' Pate some tallow,
 a' the rest a racket hel',
 A' but Watty, wha poor fallow
 fat and smoket by himsel'.

Mungo fill't him up a toothfu'
 drank his health and Meg's in age:
 Watty puffin' out a mouthfu',
 pledg'd him wi' a dreary grane.

- ' What's the matter, Watty, wi' you!
 ' trowth your chafts are a' fa'n in!
- ' Something's wrang——I'm wae to see you——
 ' Gudefake! but ye're desp'rate thin.'
- ' Ay,' quo Watty, 'things are alter't,
 ' but it's past redemption now;
- ' L——d! I wish I had been halter'd
 ' whan I married Maggy How
- ' I've been poor, and vex'd, and raggy,
 ' try'd wi' troubles no that sma';
- ' Them I bore—— but marrying Maggy
 ' laid the cap-stane o' them a'.
- ' Night and day she's ever yelpin,
 ' wi' the weans she ne'er can gree;
- ' When she's tyr'd wi' perfect skelpin,
 ' then she flies like fire on me.
- ' See ye, Mungo! when she'll clash on
 ' wi' her everlasting clack,
- ' Whiles I've had my nieve, in passion,
 ' lifted up to break her back!
- ' O, for Gudefake keep frae cuffets!'
 Mungo shook his head and said,
- ' Weel I ken what sort o' life it's;
 ' ken ye Watty, how I did?
- ' After Bess and I war kippl't,
 ' soon she grew like ony bear;
- ' Brake my shins, and when I tippl't,
 ' harlt out my very hair.

- ‘ For a WEB I quietly knuckl’t,
‘ but whan naething wou’d prevail,
- ‘ Up my claes and cash I buckl’t,
‘ BESS! FOR EVER FAIR YE WELL.
- ‘ Then her din grew less and less aye,
‘ haith I gart her change her tune :
- ‘ Now a better wife than BESSY
‘ never stept in leather shoon.
- ‘ Try this, Watty——Whan ye see her
‘ raging like a roarin flood,
- ‘ Swear THAT MOMENT that you’ll lea’ her ;
‘ that’s the way to keep her gude.’”

Laughing, sangs, and lasses’ skirls,
echo’d now out thro’ the roof,
DONE : quo Pate, and syne his arles
nail’t the Dyster’s wauket loof.]

I’ the thrang o’ stories telling,
shaking hauns and ither cheer ;
Swith! a chap comes on the hallan,
‘ Mungo! is our Watty here?’

Maggie’s weel kend tongue and hurry,
darted thro’ him like a knife ;
Up the door flew —— like a fury
in came Watty’s scawlin wife.

- ‘ Nasty, gude for-naething being !
‘ O ye snuffy, drunken sow !
- ‘ Bringan wife and weans to ruin,
‘ drinkin here wi’ sic a crew !
- ‘ De’il nor your twa legs were broken !
‘ sic a life nae flesh endures. ——
- ‘ Toilen like a slave to sloken
‘ you, you dyvour and your ’hores !
- ‘ Rise! ye drunken beast o’ Bethel !
‘ drink’s your night and day’s desire :
- ‘ Rise! this precious hour! or faith I’ll
‘ sling your whisky in the fire !’

Watty heard her tongue unhallowt,
 paid his groat wi' little din!
 Left the house, while Maggy followt,
 flyting a' the road behin'.

Fowk from every door came lampin',
 Maggy curst them ane and a',
 Clappit wi' her hauns, and stampin',
 lost her bauchles i' the sna'.

Hame, at length, she turn'd the gavel,
 wi' a face as white's a clout,
 Ragin' like a very devil,
 kicken stools and chairs about.

- Ye'll fit wi' your limmers round ye!
- hang you, Sir, I'll be your death!
- Little hauds my hauns, confound you!
- but I cleave you to the teeth.'

Watty, wha midst this ORATION,
 ey'd her whyles, but durstna speak,
 Sat like patient RESIGNATION,
 trem'ling by the ingle cheek.

Sad his wee drap brose he sippet,
 Maggy's tongue gaed like a bell,
 Quietly to his bed he slippet,
 sighin' aften to himsel.

- Nane are free frae some vexation,
- Ilk ane has his ills to dree;
- But thro' a' the hale creation
- is a mortal vext like me!

A' night lang he rowt and gauntet,
 sleep nor rest he cou'dna tak;
 Maggy, aft wi' horror haunted,
 mum'lan, started at his back.

Soon as e'er the morning peepet,
 up raise Watty, waefu' chiel,
 Kist his weanes while they sleepit,
 waukens Meg, and sought farewel.

Farewel, Meg! — And, O! may Heav'n
 ' keep you aye within his care;
 Watty's heart ye've lang been grievin',
 ' now he'll never fash you mair.
 Happy cou'd I been beside you,
 ' happy baith at morn and e'en:
 A' the ill did e'er betide you,
 ' Watty aye turn'd out your frien'.

But ye ever like to see me
 ' vext an sighan, late an air;
 Farewel, Meg! I've sworn to lea' thee,
 ' so thou'll never see me mair.'

Meg a' sabban, fae to lose him,
 sic a change had never wist;
 Teld his haun close to her bosom,
 while her heart was like to burst.

O my Watty! will ye lea' me,
 ' frien'less, helpless, to despair!
 O! for this ae time forgi'e me:
 ' never will I vex you mair.'

Aye! ye've aft said THAT, and broken
 ' a' your vows ten times a-week,
 No, no, Meg! See! — there's a token,
 ' glittering on my bonnet cheek.

Owr the seas I march this morning,
 ' lister, testit, sworn and a',
 Forc'd by your confounded girning;
 ' farewell, Meg! for I'm awa'.

hen poor Maggy's tears and clamour
 gusht afresh, and louder grew,
 'hile the weans, wi' mournfu' yammer,
 round their sabban mither flew.

Thro' the yirth I'll wander wi' you —
 ' stay, O Watty! stay at hame,
 here, upon my knees I'll gi'e you
 ony vow ye like to name,

- See your poor young lammies pleadin,
‘ Will ye gang and break our heart ?
- No a HOUSE to put our head in !
‘ no a FRIEND to tak our part.’

Ilka word came like a bullet,
Watty’s heart begoud to shake ;
On a kist he laid his wa’ket,
dighted baith his een and spake.

- If ance mair I cou’d by writing,
‘ lea’ the fogers and slay still,
- Wad you swear to drap your flyting ?
‘ Yes, O Watty ! yes, I will.’
- Then,’ quo Watty, ‘ mind, be honest,
‘ aye to keep your temper strive ;
- Gin ye break this dreadfu’ promise,
‘ never mair expect to thrive.
- MARGRET How ! this hour you solemn
‘ swear by ev’ry thing that’s good,
- Ne’er again your spouse to scald him,
‘ while life warms thy heart and blood.
- That ye’ll ne’er in Mungo’s seek me ———
‘ ne’er put drunken to my name ———
- Never out at e’ening steek me ———
‘ never gloom when I come hame.
- That ye’ll ne’er, like Bessy Miller,
‘ kick my shins, or rug my hair ———
- Lastly, I’M TO KEEP THE SILLER,
‘ this upon your soul you swear !’
- O — h ?’ quo Meg, ‘ A weel,’ quo Watty,
‘ farewel ! Faith I’ll try the seas,’
- O stan still,’ quo Meg, ‘ and grant aye ;
‘ Ony, ony way you please,

Maggy syne, because he prest her,
swore to a’ things owr again :
Watty lap, and danc’t, and kist her,
wow ! but he was won’rous fain.

Down he threw his staff victorious ;
 aff gaed bonnet, claes, and shoon ;
 Syne below the blankets, glorious ;
 held anither HINNY-MOON.

THE
 LOSS O' THE PACK:

A TRUE TALE.

BOUTGATES I hate, quo' girning Maggy Pringle,
 Syne harl'd Watty, greeting, thro' the ingle.
 Since this fell question seems sae lang to hing on,
 In twa three words I'll gie ye my opinion.

I wha stand here, in this bare scoury coat,
 Was ance a *Packman*, wordy mony a groat :
 I've carried packs as big's your meikle table ;
 I've scarted pats, and sleepit in a stable ;
 Sax pounds I wadna for my pack ance ta'en,
 And I could bauldly brag 'twas a' mine ain.

Aye ! thae war days indeed, that gart me hope,
 Aèblins, thro' time, to' warfle up a shop :
 And as a wife ay in my noddle ran,
 I kènd my *Kate* wad grapple at mè than.
 O Kate was past compare ! sic cheeks ! sic een !
 Sic smiling look ! were never, never seen.
 Dear, dear I lo'ed her, and whane'er we met,
 Pleaded to have the bridal day but set ;
 Stapped her pouches fu' o' preens and laces,
 And thought mysel' weel paid wi' twa-three kisses :

Yet still she put it aff frae day to day,
 And aften kindly in my lug wad say,
 ' Ae half-year langer's no nae unco stop,
 ' We'll marry than, and syne set up a shop.'

O Sir, but lassies words are fast and fair!
 They soothe cur griefs, and banish ilka care:
 Wha wadna toil to please the lass he lo'es?
 A lover true, minds *this* in a' he does.
 Finding her mind was thus sae firmly bent,
 And that I cou'dna get her to relent,
 There was nought left, but quietly to resign,
To heeze my pack for ae lang hard campaign:
 And, as the Highlands was the place for meat,
 I ventur'd there in spite of wind and weat.

Cauld now the winter blew, and deep the snaw
 For three hale days, incessantly did fa';
 Far in a muir, amang the whirling drift,
 Whar nought was seen but mountains and the list,
 I lost my road, and wander'd mony a mile,
 Maist dead wi' *hunger, cauld, and fright, and toil.*
 Thus wand'ring, east or west, I kend na' where,
 My mind o'ercome wi' gloom and black despair,
 Wi' a fell ringe, I plung'd at ance, forsooth,
 Down thro' a wreath o' snaw, up to my mouth.
Clean o'er my head my precious wallet strew,
But whar it gaed, Lord kens, I never knew!

What great misfortunes are pour'd down on some!
 I thought my fearfu' hinderen' was come!
 Wi' grief and sorrow was my faul o'ercaft,
 Ilk breath I drew was like to be my last;
 For ay the mair I waril'd roun' and roun'
 I fand mysel' ay stick the deeper down;
 Till ance, at length, wi' a prodigious pull
 I drew my poor cauld carcase frae the hole.

Lang, lang I sought and graped for my pack,
 Till night, and hunger forc'd me to come back.
 For three lang hours I wander'd up and down,

Till chance, at last, convey'd me to a town :
 There, wi' a trembling hand, I wrote my Kate
 A sad account of a' my luckless fate ;
 But bade her ay be kind, and no despair,
 Since life was left, I soon wad gather mair ;
 Wi' whilk, I hop'd, within a towmond's date
 'To be at hame, and share it a' wi' Kate.

Fool that I was ! hōw little did I think
 That love wad soon be lost for fa't o' *clink !*
 The loss of fair won wealth, tho' hard to bear,
 Afore this - ne'er had pow'r to force a tear.
 I trusted time wad bring things round again,
 And Kate, dear Kate ! wad then be a mine ain :
 Consol'd my mind in hopes o' better luck,
 But, O ! *what sad reverse ! how thunderstruck !*
 Whan ae black day brought word frae Rab my brither,
 That *Kate was cried, and married on anither.*

Tho' a' my friends, and ilka comrade sweet,
 At ance, had drapp'd cauld dead at my feet ;
 Or, tho' I'd heard the last day's dreadfu' ca',
 Nae deeper horror o'er my heart cou'd fa' :
 I curs'd mysel', I curs'd my luckless fate,
And grat—and sabbing cries !—O Kate ! O Kate !

Frae that day forth—I never mair did weel,
 But drank, and ran headforemost to the-deel !
 My filler vanish'd, far frae hame I pin'd ;
 But Kate for ever ran acrofs my mind :
 In her were a' my hopes — *these hopes were vain,*
 And now, — I'll never see her like again.

' I was this, Sir, President, that gart me start,
 Wi' meikle grief and sorrow at my heart,
 To gie my vote, frae *sad experience*, here,
 That *disappointed love is war to bear,*
Ten thousand times, than loss of world's gear.

THE
MONK AND THE MILLER'S WIFE.

A TALE.

*Now lend your lugs, ye benders fine,
Wha ken the benefit of wine;
And you wha laughing, scud brown ale,
Leave jinks a wee, and hear a tale.*

AN honest miller winn'd in Fife,
That had a young and wanton-wife,
Wha sometimes thol'd the parish-priest
To mak' her man a twa horn'd beast:
He paid right mony visits till her,
And to keep in with Hab the miller,
He endeavour'd aft to mak' him happy,
Where'er he kend the ale was nappy.
Sic condescension in a pastor,
Knit Halbert's love to him the faster;
And by his converse, troth 'tis true,
Hab learn'd to preach when he was fou.
Thus all the three were wonder pleas'd,
The wife well serv'd, the man well eas'd.
This ground his corns, and that did cherish
Himself with dining round the parish.
Bess, the good-wife, thought it nae skaith,
Since she was fit, to serve them baith.

When equal is the night and day,
And Ceres gives the schools the play,
A youth sprung frae a gentler pater,
Bred at Saint Andrew's *alma mater*,
Ae day gawn hameward, it fell late,
And him benighted by the gate:
To lye without, pit-mark did shoure him,

He coudna see his thumb before him :
 But, clack—clack—clack, he heard a mill,
 Whilk led him by the lugs theretil.
 To tak the thread of tale along,
 This mill to Halbert did belang ;
 Not less this note your notice claims,
 This scholar's name was Master James.

Now, smiling muse, the prelude past,
 Smoothly relate a tale shall last
 As lang as Alps and Grampian hills,
 As lang as wind or water-mills.

In enter'd James, Hab saw and kend him,
 And offer'd kindly to befriend him
 With sic good cheer as he cou'd make
 Baith for his ain and father's sake.
 The scholar thought himself right sped,
 And gave him thanks in terms wiel bred.
 Quoth Hab, I canna leave my mill
 As yet ;——but step ye west the kill
 A bow-shot, and ye'll find my hame :
 Gae warm ye, and crack with our dame,
 'Till I set aff the mill. syne we
 Shall tak' what Bessy has to gi'e.
 James, in return, what's handsome said,
 O'er lang to tell ; and aff he gadè
 Out of the house some light did shine,
 Which led him till't as with a line :
 Arriv'd, he knock'd, for doors were steekit ;
 Straight thro' a window Bessy keekit,
 And cries, " Wha's that gi'es fowk a fright
 At sic untimeous time of night ?"
 James with good humour, maist discreetly,
 Tald her his circumstance completely.
 " I dinna ken ye," quoth the wife,
 " And up and down the thfeves are rise ;"
 Within my lane, I'm but a woman,
 Sae I'll unbar my door to nae man,
 But since 'tis very like my dow,

That a' y'ere telling may be true,
 Hae, there's a key, gang in your way
 At the neist door there's braw ait frae ;
 Streek down upon't, my lad: and learn
 They're no ill lodg'd that get a barn."
 Thus, after meikle clitter clatter,
 James fand he coudna mend the matter ;
 And since it might nae better be,
 With resignation took the key,
 Unlockt the barn—clam up the mou,
 Where was an opening near the hou,
 Through whilk he saw a glent of light,
 That gave diversion to his sight :
 By this he quickly cou'd discern
 A thin wa' sep'rate house and barn,
 And thro' this rive was in the wa',
 All done within the house he saw :
 He saw (what ought not to be seen,
 And scarce gave credit to his een)
 The parish priest of reverend fame
 In active courtship with the dame—
 To lengthen out description here,
 Would but offend the modest ear,
 And beet the lewder youthfu' flame
 That we by satire strive to tame.
 Suppose the wicked action o'er,
 And James continuing still to glowr ;
 Wha saw the wife as fast as able,
 Spread a clean servite on the table,
 And synes frae the ha' ingle bring ben
 A pyping het young roasted hen,
 And twa good bottles stout and clear,
 Ane of strong ale, and ane of beer.

But wicked luck, just as the priest
 Shot in his fork in chucky's breast,
 Th' unwelcome miller ga'e a roar,
 Cry'd, ' Bessy, haste ye ope the door.'—
 With that the haly letcher fled,
 And darn'd himself behind a bed ;

While Bessy huddl'd a' things by,
 That nought the cuckold might espy ;
 Syne loot him in, —but out of tune,
 Speer'd why he left the mill sae soon :
 ' I come,' said he, ' as manners claims,
 To crack and wait on Master James,
 Whilk I shou'd do, tho' ne'er sae bizzy ;
 I sent him here, good-wife, where is he ?'
 ' Ye sent him here (quoth Bessy, grumbling),
 Kend I this James ? A chiel came rumbling,
 But how was I assur'd, when dark,
 That he had been nae thievish spark,
 Or some rude wencher gotten a dose,
 That a weak wife cou'd ill oppose ?'
 ' And what came of him ? speak nae langer,'
 Cries Halbert, in a Highland anger.
 ' I sent him to the barn,' quoth she :
 ' Gae quickly bring him in,' quoth he.

James was brought in—the wife was bawked—
 The priest stood close—the miller cracked—
 Then ask'd his sunkan gloomy spouse,
 What supper had she in the house,
 That might be suitable to gie
 Ane of their lodger's qualitie ?
 Quoth she, ' Ye may wiel ken, good-man,
 Your feast comes frae the pottage-pan :
 The stov'd and roasted we afford,
 Are aft great strangers on our board.'
 ' Pottage,' quoth Hab. ' ye senseless tawpie !
 Think ye this youth's a gilly-gawpy ?
 And that his gentle stamock's master
 To worry up a pint of plaister ?
 Like our mill-knaves that list the laiding,
 Whafe kytés can streek out like raw plaiding.
 Swith roast a hen, or fry some chickens,
 And send for ale frae Maggy Picken's '
 ' Hout aye,' quoth she, ' ye may wiel ken,
 'Tis ill brought butt that's no there ben ;
 When but last owk, nae farder gane,
 The laird got a' to pay his kain.'

Then James, wha had as good a gués
 Of what was in the house, as Bess,
 With pawky smile, this plea to end,
 To please himsel and ease his friend,
 First open'd, with a sfee oration,
 His won'rous skill in conjuration,
 Said he, " By this fell art I'm able
 To whop aff any great man's table
 Whate'er I like to make a mail of,
 Either in part, or yet the hail of,—
 And if ye please I'll shaw my art,—
 Cries Halbert, " Faith with all my heart!"
 Bess fain'd herself,—cry'd, " Lord be here!"
 And near hand fell a swoor for fear.
 James leugh, and bade her naithing dread,
 Syne to his conjuring went with speed:
 And first he draws a circle round,
 Then utters mony a magic sound
 Of words, part Latin, Greek and Dutch,
 Enow to fright a very witch:
 That done, he says, " Now, now 'tis come,
 And in the boal beside the lum;
 Now set the board; good-wife gae ben,
 Bring frae yon boal a roasted hen"
 She wadna gang büt Haby ventur'd;
 And soon as he the ambrie enter'd,
 It smell'd sae wiel he short time sought it,
 And won'ring, 'tween his hands he brought it.
 He view'd it round and thrice he smell'd it,
 Syne with a gentle touch he felt it.
 Thus ilka sence he did convene,
 Lest glamour had beguil'd his e'en;
 They all in an united body,
 Declar'd it a fine fat how towdy.
 " Nae mair about it," quoth the miller,
 " The fowl looks wjel, and we'll fa' till her."
 Sae be't says James; and in a doup,
 They snapt her up baith stoup and roup.

' Neist, O ! ' cries Halbert, ' cou'd your skill
 But help us to a waught of ale,
 I'd be oblig'd t' ye a' my life,
 And offer to the deel my wife.
 To see if he'll discreeter mak' her,
 But that I'm ffeed he winna tak' her.'
 Said James ; ' Ye offer very fair,
 The bargain's hadden, say nae mair.'

Then thrice he shook a willow wand,
 With kittle words thrice gave command ;
 That done, with look baith learn'd and grave,
 Said, ' Now ye'll get what ye wad have ;
 Twa bottles of as nappy liquer
 As ever ream'd in horn or bicker,
 Behind the ark that hads your meal,
 Ye'll find twa standing corkit wiel.'
 He said, and fast the miller flew,
 And frae their nest the bottles drew ;
 Then first the scholar's health he toasted,
 Whase art had gart him feed on roasted ;
 His father's niest, — and a' the rest
 Of his good friends that wish'd him best,
 Which were o'er langsome at the time,
 In a short tale, to put in rhyme.

Thus, while the miller and the youth
 Were blythly flock'ning of their drowth,
 Bess, fretting, scarcely held frae greeting,
 The priest inclos'd, stood vex'd and sweating.

' O wow ! ' said Hab, ' if ane might spear,
 Dear Master James, wha brought our cheer ?
 Sic laits appear to us fae awfu',
 We hardly think your learning lawfu'.'

' To bring your doubts to a conclusion,'
 Says James, ' ken I'm a Rosicrucian ;
 Ane of the set that never carries
 On traffic with black deels or fairies ;
 There's mony a sp'rit that's no a dee',
 That constantly around us wheel.

There was a sage call'd Albumazor,
 Whase wit was gleg as ony razor :
 Frae this great man we learn'd the skill
 To bring these gentry to our will ;
 And they appear, when we've a mind,
 In ony shape of human kind :
 Now, if you'll drap your foolish fear,
 I'll gar my Pacolet appear.'

Hab sidg'd and leugh, his elbuck clew,
 Baith fear'd and fond a sp'rit to view :
 At last his courage wan the day,
 He to the scholar's will give way.

Bessy by this began to smell
 A rat, but kept her mind to'r sell :
 She pray'd like howdy in her drink,
 But mean time tipt young James a wink.
 James frae his e'e an answer sent,
 Which made the wife right weel content :
 Then turn'd to Hab, and thus advis'd :
 ' Whate'er you see be noight surpris'd,
 But for your faul move not your tongue ;
 And ready stand with a great rung :
 Syne as the sp'rit gangs marching out,
 Be sure to lend him a found rout :
 I bidna this by way of mocking,
 For nought delytes him mair than knocking.'

Hab got a kent -- stood by the hallan,
 And straicht the wild mischievous callan
 Cries, " Radamanthus Husky Mingo,
 Monk, Horner, Hippock, Jinko Jingo,
 Appear in likeness of a priest ;
 No like a deel, in shape of beast,
 With gaping chafts to fleg us a' :
 Wauk forth, the door stands to the wa'.'

Then frae the hole where he was pent,
 The priest approach'd right weel content ;
 With silent pace strade o'er the floor,

'Till he was drawing near the door,
Then to escape the cudgel ran,
But was not miss'd by the good man,
Wha lent him on his neck a lounder,
That gart him o'er the threshold founder.
Darkness soon hid him frae their sight ;
Ben flew the miller in a fright :
' I trow,' quoth he, ' I laid well on ;
But wow he's like our own Mefs John !'

FINIS.

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