

Wm. Lamb
A

SHOT

ROUND A CORNER.

OR

A KICK

AT THE

“The unco guid and Rigidly Rightous.”

BY

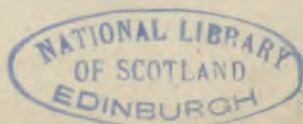
CRITICUS.

John Mitchell

PAISLEY.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS,

1840.



1850

THE

LIBRARY

POEM.

A SHOT ROUND A CORNER, &c.

What ails ye noo ye graceless set ?
Yere maken sic palavers ;
Sagacious Presbytery met
To listen tae yere havers.
What though yere filthy souls aye get
The choicest Heavenly favours ;
This is the way ye pay your debt,
For a our best endeavours
For you ilk day.

Weel might we thole yere dreary crew,
Sic endless ways assertin',
Like us the worthies o' the Law
Hae thought ye aft devertin';
But noo ye plague us waur then a'
Vile opposition startin',
In yonder hell hound's ceaseless jaw
Our principles aye thwartin,
What ere we dae.

Lord save us frae the hair-brain'd folk,
Sour milk and butter gentry,
Wha wad thy servants, Lord, provoke,
Tae drive them frae the kintra ;
They want our siller and thy flock,
Be thou our guide and sentry ;
Gin ere at Heaven's door they knock,
Debar, oh Lord, their entry
Tae realms o' day.

For Lord thou kens how faithfu' we
 Rave night and day about thee;
 To insubordinate wretches wha
 Hae lang, lang been without thee:
 Slaves whether Black or White they be,
 Should labour and ne'er doubt thee,
 Open thou their een that they may see
 This is their bounden duty
 To us and thee.

And Lord bind down, wi' the strong hand,
 A preachers o' delusion
 Wha do advise a worthless band
 To murder and confusion;
 Lord bless the Rulers o' this land,
 Wi' plenty and profusion,
 That they as monuments may stand
 Unstained wae sic pollution
 To their last day.

Ay, bliss thou Lord our Bailies brow,
 Next to our Heavenly mission,
 Wha rigidly dispense the Law,
 Send glorious self possession,
 That they may tell the mad-caps a'
 Their duty is submission,
 And if thy will tae starve or fa'
 Defending Kirk an' Session
 A' times o' day.

Fell Superstition what art thou,
 Is this thy toleration,
 Tae lead frail markind by the pow,
 An' jam the hale creation;
 Aft hae we sworn to disallow
 Thy curs'd peregrinations,

Nae mair the council waddles doon the street,
 In a' the pomp o' ignorant conceit.— BURNS.

And yet as aft hae brak our vow,
 In sorrow and vexation,
 Oh! lack-a-day.

Thy very breath, the fell semoom,
 Which thro' the desert rages,
 The cloud that leaves a land in gloom,
 As dark as gothic ages
 See, every canting wretch presume,
 While creed on creed engages,
 A' cryin' out, the pit's our doom,
 What holy warfare wages,
 Eventfu' day.

Hail, bloated pests of beef and wine,
 Morality observin';
 Wha preach humility to swine,
 Yere vera humble servan',
 The half o' ye deserve a *line*;
 Ne'er frae the right road swervin',
 Preserve your purity and dine,
 Wi' hundreds roun' ye starvin',
 Ilk ither day,

Condemn'd to hear presumption speak
 Some *naughty* John's ^xoration;
 What is't that ye are gaun to seek.
 The Devil or Salvation;
 Detestin' a' wha winna cleek
 Wi' his denomination:
 The gates o' grace he means to steek,
 Nae parlance or sessation
 A single day.

Certain worthies o' the guid toon SEESTU, once hit
 on a very laudible scheme not to be bothered. They
 refused assistance to individuals who were really dy-
 ing for want; and immediately after, appeared a flam-
 ing proclamation against Begging.

x Rev. John Macnaughtan.

Far seein' D——— wha's silly creed
 Is like himsel' a schism,
 Affecting to despise the breed
 O' Rantin Methodism.
 Kirk holy powers wha wad us lead
 Thro' fires o' criticism ;
 Tell us the differance we plead—
 Say what's Revivalism
 This unco day ?

Wha e'er to common sense incline,
 An' seek regeneration,
 Attend to this—I speak in time,
 Reform's abomination.
 When auld Kilpatrick's saunts combine,
 And hurl truth frae station—
 Eat na the bread, without the wine,
 Half Christ is nac salvation,
 At ony day.

An' ye wi' sins a heavy load,
 Tae beaten paths restore ye,
 As Mither Kirk has still the rod
 Your faithers felt afore ye.
 She'll murder for the love of God,
 Wae fangs ance red and gory,
 Or aiblins gie your souls a prod,
 And bar ye out frae' glory,
 Then fast and pray.

Mr. M——y a much respected Elder of the Church at Old K——k has recently been expelled for refusing to taste wine of an intoxicating quality; and having asked permission to take the bread on'y, meaning to supply himself with other wine. Some half wited would-be-Christain is reported to have exclaimed "impossible, what good can a half saviour do?" so much for our boasted age of Christianity and enlightenment.

Wow ! Seestu, thou's a precious batch
 O' modern divinity,
 Auld Horn himsel' they only match
 In darkness, and affinity,
 What vile unhallowed things they hatch,
 And stab wi' sic serenity,
 May heaven preserve me frae' a swatch
 O' this, their Godly lenity,
 Hech, hech, this day.

Detested bablers ! did you dare
 Expose your ane vulgarity ?
 And prat, 'mid persecution's war,
 O' Christian love and charity ;
 The tyrant Nero ! Russian Czar !
 Sae famed for their severity ,
 Mehemet Ali's scymetar,
 Had struck wi' less barbarity
 Then you ae day.

Plain sence is what ye daurna claim ;
 That ilka Caput Crack'd is
 Quite easy Proved ; since common fame
 Shaw's realy what yere tact is.
 Void ! fairly void ! o' ought like shame,
 And this the glarin' fact is ;
 Lord, but religion's holy name
 Is far aboon your practice
 And pith this day.

God help the sons o' Poverty,
 Its they maun stan' the charge aye,
 Defrauded by the powers that be
 A rotten state and clergy ;
 You'r damn'd on earth wi' misery,
 Nane carin' tae enlarge ye.

And when at last by death set free,
 In hell they maun emerge ye,
 Fast fast that day.

Oh what's Religion, what is man,
 Say are his prayers availin',
 Gin genius gang nae hand in hand,
 Wi' worth and honest dealin'.
 The saintly leaders o' a land
 'Gainst vice forever railin',
 Are themsel's the very spawn,
 Sets truth and virtue wailin',
 At what, the day.

Hark! yonder wretch, with want condole,
 In words of sheer insanity,
 O'er dieing misery extol
 The power of Christianity.
 Oh when will mercy truth control,
 The hireling slave of vanity.
 Hence, hypocrite with venal soul,
 A blot upon humanity,
 And face o' day.

Mair dear to truth's eternal law,
 The virtuous and the lowly,
 Than a' that peers and priests can shaw,
 In flights o' fear or folly.
 When stern Corruption's self shall fa'
 By Fate's unerring volly,
 Time o'er their graves shall crouselly craw,
 And curse such deeds unholy,
 A future day.

THE END.

J, Urie, & Co., Printers, Cross, Paisley.