

T A L E

*A Satire on the Union
of the ^{O F} Kingdoms,
said to be by*

THREE BONNETS.

Dr Arbuthnot

IN FOUR CANTOS.

Sir William Bennet.



GLASGOW,
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THE PERSONS.

DUNIWHISTLE, (*Father to Joukum,
Whistle, and Bawfy*

JOUKUM, *in love with Rosie.*

BRISTLE, *a Man of Resolution.*

BAWSY, *a weaker Brother.*

BARD, *a Narrator.*

BEEF, *Porter to Rosie.*

GHAIST, *the Ghost of Duniwhistle*

ROSIE, *an Heiress.*

A T A L E



A

T A L E

O F

T H R E E B O N N E T S .

 C A N T O . I .

B A R D .

WHEN men of mettle thought it nonsense
 To heed that cleping thing ca'd conscience,
 And by free-thinking had the knack,
 Of jeering ilka word it spake ;
 And, as a learned author speaks,
 Employ'd it like a pair of breeks,
 To hide their lewd and nasty sluices,
 Whilk eith slipt down, for baith these uses,
 Then *Duniwhistle*, worn with years,
 And gawn the gate of his forbears,
 Commanded his three sons to come,
 And wait upon him in his room :
 Bade *Bristle* steek the door : and syne,
 He thus began-----

Duniwhistle.-----Dear bairns of mine,
 I quickly maun submit to fate,
 And leave you three a good estate,

Which

Which has been honourably won,
 And handed down frae fire to son,
 But clagg or claim for ages past :
 Now that ye mayna prove the last,
 Here's three permission Bonnets for ye,
 Which our Grand Gutchers wore before ye,
 And if ye'd hae nae man betray ye,
 Let naething ever wile them frae ye ;
 But keep the Bonnets on your heads,
 And hands frae signing foolish deeds,
 And ye shall never want sic things,
 Shall gar ye be made of by kings :
 But, if ye ever with them part,
 Fou fair ye'll for your folly smart :
 Bare-headed then ye'll look like snools,
 And dwindle down to silly tools,
 Haud up your hands now swear and say,
 As ye shall answer on a day,-----
 Ye'll faithfully observe my will,
 And a' its premisses fulfil.

Bristle. My worthy father, I shall strive,
 To keep your name and fame alive,
 And never shaw a faul that's dastard,
 To gar fouk tak me for a bastard :
 If e'er by me ye're disobey'd,
 May witches nightly on me ride.

Joukum. Whae'er shall dare, by force or guile,
 This Bonnet aff my head to wile,
 For sic a bauld attempt shall rue,
 And ken I was begot by you,
 Else, may I like a gypsie wander,
 Or for my daily bread turn pander.

Bawfy.

Bawfy. May I be jy'b'd by great and sma',
And kytch'd like ony tennis ba',
Be the disgrace of a' my kin,
If e'er I with my bonnet twin.

Bard. Now soon as each had gi'n his aith,
The auld man yielded up his breath,
Was row'd in linen, white as snaw,
And to his fathers borne awa'.
But scarcely he in mools was rotten,
Before his test'ment was forgotten,
As ye shall hear frae future sonnet,
How Joukum finder'd wi' his Bonnet,
And bought frae senseless Billy Bawfy,
His, to propine a giglet lassy,
While worthy Bristle, not sae doner'd,
Preserves his Bonnet, and is honour'd.
Thus Caractacus did behave,
Tho' by the fate of war a slave ;
His body only,-----for his mind,
No Roman power could break or bind.
With Bonnet on he bauldly spake,
His greatness gart his fetters crack.
The victor did his friendship claim,
And sent him with new glories hame.

But leave we Birfs and simile,
And to our tale with ardour flee.

Beyond the hills where lang the billies,
Had bred up queys, and kids, and fillies,
And foughten many a bloody battle,
With thieves that came to lift their cattle ;
There liv'd a las kept rary-snows,
And fidders ay about her house,

Wha

Wha at her table fed and ranted,
 With the stout ale she never wanted.
 She was a winsome wench and waly,
 And could put on her çlaiths fu' brawly,
 Ramble to ilka market-town,
 And drink and fight like a dragoon:
 Just sic like her wha far aff wander'd,
 To get hersel weel Alexander'd.
 Rose had a word of meikle filler,
 Whilk brought a hantle o' wooers till her.
 Amang the rest young master Jouk,
 She conquer'd ae day wi' a look:
 Frae that time forth he ne'er could stay
 At hame to mind his corn or hay,
 But grew a beau, and did adorn,
 Himself with fifty bows of corn,
 Forby what he took on, to rigg
 Him out with linen, shoon and wig,
 Snuff-boxes, sword-knots, canes and washes,
 And sweeties to bestow on lasses,
 Cou'd newest aiths genteelly swear,
 And had a course of flaws perquire:
 He drank and danc'd, and sigh'd to move,
 Fair Rosie to accept his love.
 After dumb signs he thus began,
 And spake his mind to'er like a man.

Joukum. O take me, Rosie, to your arms,
 And let me revel o'er your charms;
 If ye say na, I needa care,
 For rapes or tethers made of hair,
 Pen-knives or pools I winna need,
 That minute ye say na, I'm dead,

O let me lie within your breast :
 And at your dainty table feast ;
 Well do I like your gowd to finger,
 And sit to hear your ----- Singer ;
 While on this sun side o' the brae,
 Belongs to you, my limbs I'll lay.

Rosie. I own, sweet fir, ye woo me frankly,
 But a' your courtship sars sae rankly
 Of selfish interest, that I'm fleed,
 My person least employs your head.

Joukum. What a distinction's this you're making
 When your poor lover's heart is breaking ;
 With little logic I can shew,
 That every thing you have is you :
 Besides the beauties of your person,
 These beds of flowers you set your a----- on,
 Your claihs, your lands, and lying pelf,
 Are every ane your very self,
 And add fresh lustre to those graces,
 With which adorn'd your saul and face is.

Rosie. Ye seem to have a loving flame
 For me, and hate your native hame ;
 That gars me ergh to trust you meikle,
 For fear ye shou'd prove fause and fickle.

Joukum. In troth my rugged billy Bristle,
 About his gentry makes sic fistle,
 That, if a body contradict him,
 He's ready with a durk to stick him ;
 That wearies me of hame, I vow,
 And fain would live and die with you.

Bard. Observing Jouk a wee tate tipsy,
 Smirking reply'd the pauky gipsy.

Rosie.

Rosie. I wad be very wae to see,
 My lover tak the pet and die;
 Wherefore I am inclin'd to ease ye,
 And do what in me lies to please ye:
 But first, ere we conclude the passion,
 You must perform some gallant action,
 To prove the truth of what you've said,
 Else I, for you, shall die a maid.

Joukum. My dearest jewel, gie't a name,
 That I may win both you and fame:
 Shall I gae fight with forest bulls,
 Or cleave down troops with thicker skulls?
 Or shall I douk the deepest sea,
 And coral pou for beads to thee?
 Penty the Pope upon the nose,
 Or p--- upon a hundred beaus?

Rosie. In troth, dear lad, I wad be laith,
 To risk your life, or do you skaith;
 Only employ your canny skill,
 To gain and rive your Father's will,
 With the consent of Birs and Bawfy,
 And I shall in my bosom hawse ye,
 Soon as the fatal Bonnets three,
 Are ta'en frae them and gi'en to me.

Joukum. Which to preserve I gied my aith!
 But now the cause is life and death,
 I must, or with the Bonnet part,
 Or twin with you and break my heart:
 Sae, tho' the aith we took was awfu',
 To keep it now appears unlawfu'.
 Then, love, I'll answer your demands,
 And fly to fetch them to your hands.

Bard.

Bard. The famous jilt of Palestine,
 Thus drew the hooks o'er Samson's een,
 And gart him tell where lay his strength,
 Of which she twin'd him at the length,
 Then gied him up in chains to rave,
 And labour like a galley slave:
 But Rosie, mind, when growing hair,
 His loss of pith 'gan to repair,
 He made of thousands an example,
 By crushing them beneath their temple.



C A N T O II.

Bard. **T**He supper sowin-cogs and bannocks,
 Stood cooling on the soles of winnocks,
 And, cracking at the westlin gavels,
 The wives sat beeking of their navels,
 When Jouk his brither Bristle found,
 Fetching his ev'ning wauk around
 A score of ploughmen of his ain,
 Who blythly whistled on the plain.
 Jouk three times congee'd, Bristle anes,
 Then shook his hand, and thus begins.

Bristle. Wow, brither Jouk, where hae ye
 I scarce can trow my looking een, (been?
 Ye're grown sae braw: now weirds defend me,
 Gin that I had nae maist miskend ye,
 And where gat ye that braw blue stringing,
 That's at your houghs and shoulders hinging?
 Ye

Ye look as sprush as one that's wooing,
I ferly lad, what ye've been doing.

Foukum. My very much respected brither,
Should we hide ought frae ane anither,
And not, when warm'd with the same blood,
Consult ilk ane anither's good ;
And be it kend t'ye, my design,
Will profit prove to me and mine.

Bristle. And brither, troth it much commends
Your virtue, thus to love your friends,
It makes me blyth, for aft I said,
Ye were a clever mettl'd lad.

Foukum. And sae, I hope, will ever prove,
If ye befriend me in my love :
For Rosie, bonny, rich and gay,
And sweet as flowers in June or May,
Her gear I'll get, her sweets I'll risle,
If ye'll but yield me up a trifle.
Promise to do't, and ye'se be free,
With ony thing pertains to me.

Bristle. I lang to answer your demand,
And never shall for trifles stand.

Foukum. Then she desires, as a propine,
These Bonnets, Bawfy's, yours and mine ;
And well I wat that's nae great matter,
If I sae easily can get her.

Bristle. Ha, ha ! ye Judas, are ye there ?
The D--- then nor she ne'er get mair.
Is that the trifle that ye spoke of ?
Wha think ye, sir, ye mak a mock of ?
Ye silly mansworn scant of grace,
Swith let me never see your face.

Seek my auld Bonnet aff my head!
 Faith that's a bonny ane indeed!
 Require a thing I'll part with never;
 She's get as soon a lap o' my liver,
 Vile whore and jade, the woody hang her.

Bard. Thus said, he said nae mair for anger,
 But curs'd and ban'd, and was nae far
 Frae treading Jouk amang the glar.
 While Jouk, with language glib as oolie,
 Right pawkily kept aff a toolie,
 Well masked with a wedder's skin,
 Although he was a tod within.
 He hum'd and ha'd, and with a cant,
 Held forth, as he had been a faint,
 And quoted texts to prove we'd better,
 Part with a sma' thing for a greater.

Joukum. Ah! brither, may the furies rack me,
 If I mean'd ill, but ye mistak me;
 But gin your Bonnet's sic a jewel,
 Pray gie't or keep it, sir, as you will,
 Since your auld fashion'd fancy rather,
 Inclines till't than a hat and feather;
 But I'll go try my brither Bawfy,
 Poor man, he's nae sae daft and faucy.
 With empty pride to crook his mou,
 And hinder his ain good like you;
 If he and I agree, ne'er doubt ye,
 We'll mak the bargain up without ye;
 Syne your braw Bonnet and your noddle
 Will hardly baith be worth a bodle.

Bard. At this bauld Bristle's colour chang'd,
 He swore on Rose to be reveng'd,

For

For he began now to be fled,
 She'd wile the honours frae his head,
 Syne with a stern and canker'd look,
 He thus reprov'd his brother Jouk.

Bristle. Thou vile disgrace of our forbears,
 Wha lang with valiant dint of weirs,
 Maintain'd their rights 'gainst a' intrusions
 Of our auld faes the Rosycrucians,
 Dost thou design at last to catch
 Us in a girn, with this base match,
 And, for the hauding up thy pride,
 Upon thy brithers' riggins ride :
 I'll see you hang'd, and her the gither,
 As high as Haman in a tether,
 Ere I with my ain Bonnet quat,
 For any borrow'd beaver hat,
 Whilk I, as Rosie takes the fikes,
 Maun wear or no just as she likes :
 Then let me hear nae mair about her,
 For if ye dare again to mutter,
 Sic vile propofals, in my hearing,
 Ye need na trust to my forbearing ;
 For soon my beard will tak a low,
 And I shall crack your crazy pow.

Bard. This said, brave Bristle said nae mair,
 But cock'd his Bonnet with an air,
 Wheel'd round with gloomy brows and muddy,
 And left his brither in a study.



C A N T O III.

Bard. **N**OW Sol wi' his lang whip gae cracks,
 Upon his nighering coosers' backs,
 To gar them tak th' Olympian Brae,
 Wi' a cart lade of bleezing day;
 The country hind ceases to snore,
 Bangs frae his bed, unlocks the door,
 His bladder tooms, and gies a rift,
 Then tentily surveys the list,
 And, weary of his wife and flaes,
 To their embrace prefers his claes.
 Scarce had the lark forfook her nest,
 Whan Jouk, wha had got little rest,
 For thinking on his plot and lassie,
 Got up to gang and deal wi' Bawfy:
 Away fast o'er the bent he gade,
 And fand him dozing on his bed,
 His blankets crieshy, foul his fark,
 His curtains trim'd with spider's wark;
 Soot draps hang frae his roof and kipples,
 His floor was a' tobacco spittles:
 Yet on the antlets of a deer,
 Hang mony an auld claymore and spear,
 With coat of iron and target trusty,
 Inch thick of dirt and unco rusty:
 Enough appear'd to shew his Billy,
 That he was lazy, poor and silly,
 And wadna mak so great a bustle,
 About his Bonnet as did Bristle.

Jouk

Jouk three times rugged at his shoulder,
 Cry'd three times laigh, and three times louder ;
 At langrun, Bawfy rak'd his een,
 And cries, What's that? What do you mean?
 Then looking up he sees his brither.

Bawfy. Good-morrow Jouk, what brings you
 You're early up,----as I'm a sinner (hither,
 I seenly rise before my dinner :
 Well, what's ye'r news, and how gaes a' !
 Ye've been an unco time awa'.

Joukum. Bawfy, I'm blyth to see you well,
 For me, thank God, I keep me heal :
 Get up, get up, ye lazy mart,
 I have a secret to impart,
 Of which, when I give you an inkling,
 It will set baith your lugs a tinkling.

Bard. Straight Bawfy rises, quickly dresses,
 While haste his youky mind impresses :
 Now rigg'd, and morning drink brought in,
 Thus did slee-gabbet Jouk begin.

Joukum. My worthy brither, well I wate,
 O'er feckless is your wee estate,
 For sik a meikle faul as yours,
 That to things greater higher towers ;
 But ye ly loitering here at hame,
 Neglectfu' baith of wealth and fame,
 Tho', as I said, ye have a mind,
 That is for higher things design'd.

Bawfy. That's very true, thanks to the skies,
 But how to get them there it lies.

Joukum. I'll tell ye Baws,---I've laid a plot,
 That only wants your casting vote,

And

And if ye'll gie't, your bread is baken;
 But first accept of this love-taken;
 Here tak this gowd and never want
 Enough to gar you drink and rant;
 And this is but an arle-penny,
 To what I afterward design ye;
 And in return I'm sure that I
 Shall naething seek that ye'll deny.

Bawfy. And troth now Jouk, and neither will I,
 Or after never ca' me Billy;
 If I refuse, wae light upon me,
 This gowd, O vow! 'tis wonder bonny.

Joukum. Ay, that it is-----'tis e'en the a'
 That gars the plough of living draw,
 'Tis Gowd gars fogers feight the fiercer,
 Without it preaching wad be scarcer;
 'Tis Gowd that makes the great men witty,
 And puggy lasses fair and pretty;
 Without it ladies nice wad dwindle,
 Down to a wife that snooves a spindle.

But to the point, and wave Digression,
 I make a free and plain confession,
 That I'm in love, and as I said,
 Demand from you a little aid,
 To gain a bride that eithly can
 Make me fou blest, and you a man:
 Give me your Bonnet to present
 My mistress with,---and your consent,
 To rive the daft auld fashion'd Deed
 That bids ye wear it on your head.

Bawfy. O gosh! O gosh! then Jouk have ather,
 If that be a' 'tis nae great matter.

Joukum.

Joukum. These granted, she demands nae mair
 To let us in her riches skair ;
 Nor shall our herds, as heretofore,
 Rin aff with ane anither's store,
 Nor ding out ane anither's harns,
 When they forgather 'mang the kairns ;
 But freely may drive up and down,
 And sell in ilka market town
 Belongs to her,---which soon you'll see,
 If ye'll be wise, belang to me :
 And, when that happy day shall come,
 My honest Bawfy, there's my thumb,
 That while I breathe I'll ne'er beguile ye,
 Ye'se baith get gowd, and be a bailey.

Bawfy. Faith Jouk, I see but little skaith,
 In breaking of a senseless aith,
 That is impos'd by doited dads,
 (To please their whims) on thoughtless lads,
 My Bonnet ! welcome to my Bonnet !
 And meikle good may ye mak on it.
 Our Father's Will I'se mak nae din,
 Tho' Rosie should apply't behin :
 But say, does Billy Bristle ken,
 This your design to make us men ?

Joukum. Ay, that he does, but the stiff ass
 Bears a heart-hatred to the lass,
 And rattles out a hantla stories,
 Of blood and dirt and ancient glories,
 Meaning foul feuds that us'd to be,
 Between ours and her family ;
 Bans like a blockhead, that he'll ne'er
 Twin with his Bonnet for a'er Gear ;

But

But you and I conjoin'd can ding him,
 And, by a vote, to reason bring him;
 If she stand close, 'tis unco eith,
 To rive the test'ment spite o's teeth,
 And gar him ply, for a' his clavers,
 To lift his Bonnet to our Beavers.

Bawfy. Then let the doof delight in drudging,
 What cause have we to tent his grudging;
 Tho' Rosy's flocks fed on the fells,
 If you and I be well ourfells.

Bard. Thus Jouk and Bawfy were agreed,
 And Briss maun yield, it was decreed.

Thus far I've sung in Highland strains,
 Of Jouk's amours and pawky pains,
 To gain his ends with ilka brither,
 Sae opposite to ane anither;
 Of Bristle's hardy resolutions,
 And hatred to the Rosycrucians;
 Of Bawfy, put in slavery neck-fast,
 Selling his Bonnet for a breakfast.
 What follows on't, of gain or skaith,
 I'll tell when we hae ta'en our breath.

C A N T O I V .

Bard. **N**OW soon as e'er the WILL was torn,
 Jouk with twa Bonnets, on the morn,
 Frae Fairyland fast bang'd away,
 The prize at Rosy's feet to lay;
 Wha sleely, when he did appear,
 About his success 'gan to speer.

Joukum. Here, bonny lass, your humble slave
 Presents you with the things you crave,

The

The riven Will and Bonnets twa,
Which makes the third worth nought ava.
Our power gi'en up, now I demand
Your promis'd love, and eke your hand.

Bard. Rose smil'd to see the lad outwitted,
And Bonnets to the flames committed,
Immediately an awfu' sound,
As ane wad thought, raise frae the ground :
And syne appear'd a stalwart Ghaißt,
Whase stern and angry looks amaißt
Unhool'd their fauls,-----shaking they saw
Him frae the fire the Bonnets draw ;
Then came to Jouk, and with twa drugs,
Encreas'd the length of baith his lugs,
And said,-----

Ghaißt.-----Be a' thy days an aß,
And hackney to this cunning Laß :
But for these Bonnets I'll preserve them,
For bairns unborn that will deserve them.

Bard. With that he vanish'd frae their een,
And left poor Jouk wi' breeks not clean.
He shakes, while Rosie rants and capers,
And ca's the vision nought but vapours :
Rubs o'er his cheeks and gab wi' ream,
Till he believes't to be a dream :
Syne to the closet leads the way,
To soup him up with usquebae.

Rosie. Now, bonny lad, ye may be free,
To handle ought pertains to me ;
And ere the sun, though he be dry,
Has driven down the westlin sky,

To drink his wamefu' of the sea,
 There's be but ane of you and me.
 In marriage ye shall hae my hand;
 But I maun hae the sole command,
 In Fairyland to saw and plant,
 And to send there for ought I want.

Bard. Ay, ay, cries Jouk, all in a fire,
 And stiff'ning into strong desire.

Joukum. Come haste thee, let us sign and seal:
 And let my billies gae to the ----

Bard. Here it wad make o'er lang a tale,
 To tell how meikle cakes and ale,
 And beef and broe, and gryce and geese,
 And pies, a' running o'er wi' creesh,
 Was serv'd upon the wedding-table,
 To mak the lads and lasses able,
 To do, ye ken, what we think shame,
 (Tho' ilk ane does't) to gie't a name,

But true it is, they soon were buckled,
 And soon she made poor Jouk a cuckold,
 And play'd her bawdy sports before him,
 With chiels that car'd not tippence for him,
 Besides a Rosycrucian trick,
 She had a dealing with Auld Nick;
 And, whene'er Jouk began to grumble,
 Auld Nick in the neist room wad rumble,
 She drank, and fought, and spent her gear,
 With dice; and selling o' the mare.
 Thus living like a Belzi's get,
 She ran her fell fae deep in debt,
 By borrowing money at a' hands,
 That yearly income of her lands,
 Scarce paid the int'rest of her bands.

Jouk, ay ca'd wise behind the hand,
 'The daffing of his doings fand :

O'er late he now began to see,
 The ruin of his family :

But past relief, lair'd in a midden,
 He is now oblig'd to do her biddin'.

For way with strict command he's sent,
 To Fairyland to lift the rent,

And with him many a catterpillar,

To rug frae Birfs and Bawfy siller ;

For her braid table maun be serv'd,

Tho' Fairy-fowk shou'd a' be starv'd.

Jouk, thus surrounded with his guards,

Now plunders hay-stacks, barns, and yards,

They drive the now't frae Bristle's fauld,

While he can nought but ban and scald.

Bristle. Vile slave to a hissey, ill begotten,

By many dads, with claps haf rotten,

We'rt na for honour of my mither,

I shou'd na think ye were my brither.

Jouk. Dear brither, why this rude reflection ?

Learn to be gratefu' for protection ;

The Petereneans, bloody beasts,

That gar fouk lick the dowps of priests,

Else on a brander, like a haddock,

Be broolied, sprawling like a paddock,

These monsters, lang or now had come,

With faggots, taz, and tuck o' drum,

And twin'd you of your wealth and lives,

Syne, without speering, ----- your wives

Had not the Rosycrucians stood,

The bulwark of your rights and blood ;

And

And yet forsooth, ye grin and grumble,
 And with a gab unthankfu' mumble
 Out mony a black unworthy curse,
 When Rosie bids you draw your purse;
 When she's sae gen'rously content,
 With not aboon thirty per cent.

Bristle. Damn you and her! tho' now I'm blae,
 I'm hopefu' yet to see the day,
 I'll gar ye baith repent that e'er
 Ye reav'd by force away my gear,
 Without, or thanks, or making price,
 Or ever speering my advice.

Joukum. Peace Gouk, we nae thing do at a',
 But by the letter of the law:
 Then nae mair with your din torment us,
 Growling like ane *non compos mentis*,
 Else Rosie issue may a writ,
 To tye ye up baith hand and fit,
 And dungeon ye, but meat or drink,
 Till ye be starv'd and die in stink.

Bard. Thus Jouk and Bristle, when they met,
 With sic braw language ither treat.
 Just fury glows in Bristle's veins;
 And tho' his Bonnet he retains,
 Yet on his crest he may not cock it,
 But in a coffer close maun lock it.
 Bare-headed, thus he e'en knocks under,
 And let's them drive away the plunder,
 Sae hae I seen, beside a tower,
 The king of brutes oblig'd to cour;
 And, on his royal paunches thole,
 A dwarf to prob him with a pole!

While

While he wad shaw his fangs and rage,
With bootless brangling in his cage.

Now follows that we take a peep,
At Bawfy, looking like a sheep,
By Bristle hated and despis'd,
By Jouk and Rose as little priz'd.

Soon as the horse had heard his brither,
Jouk and Rose were prick'd the gither,
Away he, scours o'er hight and how,
Fou fidging fain, whate'er he dow,
Counting what things he now did mister,
That wad be gi'en him by his sister.
Like shallow bards wha think they flee,
Because they live sax stories high,
To some poor lifeless lucubration,
Prefix a fleeching dedication,
And blythly dream they'll be restor'd,
To ale-house credit, by my lord.
Thus Bawfy's mind in plenty row'd,
While he thought on his promiss'd gowd,
And baileyship, which he with fines,
Wad mak like the West-India mines,
Arrives, with future greatness dizzy,
Ca's Where's Mest Jouk ?

Beef.---Mest Jouk is bisy.

Bawfy. My Lady Rosie, is she at leisure ?

Beef. No, Sir, my lady's at her pleasure.

Bawfy. I wait for her, or, him, go shew.---

Beef. And pray ye, Master, wha are you ?

Bawfy. Upo' my faul this porter's sawfy :
Sirrah, go tell my name is Bawfy,

Their

Their brither who made up the marriage.

Beef. And so I thought it by your carriage,
Between your houghs gae clap your gelding,
Swith hame, and feast upon a spelding;
For there's nae room beneath this roof,
To entertain a simple coof,
The like of you, that nane can trust,
Wha to your ain have been unjust.

Bard. This said, he dadded to the yate,
And left poor Bawfy in a fret,
Wha-loudly gowl'd and made a din,
That was o'erheard by a' within.
Quoth Rose to Jouk, come let's away,
And see what's yon makes a' this fray,
Away they went, and saw the creature,
Sair runkling ilka filly feature,
Of his dull phiz, with girns and glooms,
Stamping and biting at his thumbs.
They tented him a little while,
Then came full on him with a smile,
Which soon gart him forget the torture,
Was rais'd within him by the porter.
Sae will a sucking weanie yell,
But shake a rattle or a bell,
It hauds its tongue---Let that alane,
It to its yamering fa's again:
Lilt up a sang, and straights its feen,
To laugh with tears into its een.
Thus eithly anger'd, eithly pleas'd,
Weak Bawfy lang they tantaliz'd,
With promises right wide extended,
They ne'er perform'd nor ne'er intended:

But

But now and then, when they did need him,
 A supper and a pint they gied him !
 That done, they ha'e nae mair to say,
 And scarcely ken him the neist day.
 Poor fallow, now this mony a year,
 With some faint hope, and routh of fear,
 He has been wrestling with his fate,
 A drudge to Joukum and his mate ;
 While Bristle saves his manly look,
 Regardless baith of Rose and Jouk ;
 Maintains right quietly 'yond the cairns,
 His honour, conscience, wife and bairns,
 Jouk and his rumlegary wife,
 Drive on a drunken gaming life,
 'Cause sober they can get nae rest,
 For Nick and Duniwhistle's ghaist,
 Wha in the garrets often tooly,
 And shore them with a bloody gully.

Thus I have sung, in hamlet rhyme,
 A sang that scorns the teeth of time,
 Yet modestly I hide my name,
 Admiring virtue mair than fame.
 But tent ye wha despise instruction,
 And give my wark a wrong construction,
 Frae 'hind my curtain, nuind I tell ye,
 I'll shoot a satire thro' your belly ;
 But wha with havins jees his Bonnet,
 And says, Thanks t'ye for your Sonnet,
 Ye shanna want the praises due
 To generosity. Adieu. -

F I N I S.