

Duniwhistle's
TESTAMENT,
OR,
A Diverting Tale
OF
Three Bonnets.

IN FOUR CANTOS.



FALKIRK:
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THE PERSONE.

DUNIWHISTLE, { *Father to Joukum,
Bristle, and Bawfy.*

JOUKUM, *in love with Rosie.*

BRISTLE, *A Man of Resolution.*

BAWSY, *a weak Brother.*

BARD, *a Narrator.*

BEEF, *Porter to Rosie.*

GHOST, *the Ghost of Daniwhistle.*

ROSIE, *an Heiress.*

T A L E

OF

Three Bonnets.

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 ead and nally sluices,
Whilk eith slipt down, for baith these uses;
Then Duniwhittle, worn with years,
And gawn the gate of his forbears,
Commanded his three sons to come,
And wait upon him in his room.
Bade Brille steek the door and syne,
He thus began

Duniwhittle.— Dear bairns of mine,
I quickl, maun submit to fate,
And leave you three a good estate,

Which has been honourably won,
 And handed down frae sire to son,
 But clag or claim for ages past:
 Now that ye mayna prove the last,
 Here's three permission Bonnets for ye,
 Which our Gra'd 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 sair 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 lawl that's dastard,
 To gar fouk tak me for a ballard:
 If e'er by me ye're disobey'd,
 May witches nightly on me ride.

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

Bawfy. Ma' I be j' b'd by great and sma',
 And k'ch'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 born awa'.
 But scarcely he in moels was rotten,
 B'fore his test ment was forgotten,
 As ye shall hear frae future tonnet,
 How J. ukum sinder'd wi' his Bonnet,
 And b'ught frae senseless Billy Ban-sy,
 His, to propine a giglet tassy,
 While worth Bristle not ta' doner'd,
 P'erves 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 cou'd 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,
 H'd bred up queys, and kids, and fillies,
 And foughten many a bloody battle,
 With thieves that came to lift their cuttle;
 There liv'd a lass kept rary-shows
 And sialers ay about her houles.

Who at her table sed and ranted,
 With the stout ale she never ranted.
 She was a winsome wench and waly,
 And could put on her claihs fu brawly;
 Ramble to ilka mark; -town
 And drink and fight like a dragoon:
 Just sic like her she ha far off vander'd,
 To get herself weel Alexander'd.
 Rose had a word of meikle filler,
 Which brought a hantle o' wooers till her:
 Among the rest young master Jauk,
 She conquer'd ae day wi' a look:
 Frae that time for h he ne'er could stay
 At home to mind his corn and hay,
 But grew a beau and did adorn
 Himself with fifty bows of corn,
 For by what he took on, to rigg
 Him out with linen, shoon and wig,
 Snuff-boxes, sword knots, eases and walthes,
 And sweeties to bellow on lasses;
 Cou'd ne'er sit aiths genteely swear,
 And had a course of flaws perquire:
 He drank and danc'd, and sigh'd to move
 Fair Rose to accept his love.
 After dumb signs se thus began,
 And spake his mind to'er like a man.

Youkum. O take me, Rose to your arms,
 And let me revel o'er your charms;
 If ye say na, I needna care,
 For rapes or lethers 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 good to finger,
 And sit to hear your — Singer;
 While on this sun side o' the brace,
 Belongs to you, my limbs I'll lay.

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

Jouk. What a distinction s this your 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 claihts, your lands, and lying pelf,
 Are every ane your very self.
 And add fresh lustre to those graces,
 With which adorn'd your fault and face is.

Rosie. You 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 sickle.

Jouk. In troth my rugg'd billy Brille,
 About his gentry makes sic fittle,
 That if a body contradict him,
 He's ready with a dusk 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,
 Snarking reply'd the pauky gipsy.

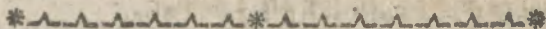
Rosie I wad be very wae to see
 M^y over tak the pet and die :
 Wherefore I am inclin'd to ease ye,
 And do what in me lies to please ye :
 But first ere we conclude the paction,
 You must perform some gallant action,
 To prove the truth of what you've said,
 Else I, for you, shall die a maid.

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 deuk the deepest sea,
 And coral pu for beads to thee?
 Penny the Pope upon the nose,
 Or, p— upon a hundred beaux?

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 Birse and Bawly,
 And I shall in my bosom hawse ye,
 Soon as the fatal Bonnets three,
 Are ta'en frae them and gi'en to me.

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

Bard. The famous jilt of Palestine,
 Thus draw 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 R. sic, 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 bannoeks,
 Stood cooling on the soles of winnoeks,
 And, cracking at the westin gavel,
 The wives sat beeking of their navels,
 When Jook his brither, Bristle found,
 Fetching his evning wauk around
 A score of ploughmen of his ain,
 Who blythly whistled on the plain.
 Jook three times congeed, Bristle anes,
 Then shook his hand, and th's begins.

Bristle. Wow, brither Jook, v here hae ye been?
 I cannae see can trow my looking een,
 Ye're grown sae brae: now wairds defend me,
 Gin that I had nae mair nickerd ye.
 And v here gat ye that brae blue stringing,
 That's at your houghs and shoulders hinging?

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

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

Bris. 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 mett'd lad.

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

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

Jouk. Then she desires, as a propize,
Twaie B'nnets, Bawly's, your's and mine;
And well I wat that's nae great matter,
If I sae easily can get her.

Bris. Ha ha! ye Judas, are ye there?
The O— then nor the ne'er get, mair:
Is that the triff. that ye spoke of?
Wha think ye, fir, ye mak a mock of?
Ye illy mantworn scant of grace,
Swath, let me never see your face!

Seek my auld Bonnet aff my head!
 Faith that's a bonny ane indeed!
 Require the 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 band, 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 saint,
 And quod ed texts to prove we'd better
 Part with a sma' thing for a greater.

Jouk Ah! brither, may the furies rack me,
 If I meant ill, but ye willak me;
 But gin your Bonnet's sic a jewel,
 Pray gie't or keep it, sic, as you will,
 Since your auld fashion'd fancy rather
 Inclines till t' than d hat and feathers;
 But I'll go try my brither Bawfy,
 Poor man, he's nae sic daft and saucy,
 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 needlé
 Will hardly baith be worth a boole.

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

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 Jock.

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 Rolyercrucians,
 Dost thou design at last to catch
 Us in a girn, with this bale 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 proposals in my hearing,
 Ye need na trust to my forearing;
 For soon my beard will tak a low,
 And I thall crack your crazy pow.

Bard. This said, brave Bristle said nse 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 coolers' backs,
 To gar them tak th' Olympian brae,
 Wi' a cart-lade of blazing day;
 The country hind ceases to inore,
 Bangs frae his bed, unlocks the door,
 His bladder tooms, and gies a rift,
 When tentily surveys the lift,
 And weary of his wife and flaes,
 To their embrace prefers his claes.
 Scarce had the laik forsook her nest,
 Whan Jouk, wha had got little rest,
 For thinking on his plot and lassie,
 Got up to gang and deal wi' Baw-fy:
 Away fast o'er the bent he gade,
 And fand him-dozing on his bed,
 His blankets creishy, foul his tark,
 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 sily,
 And wadna mak so great a bultle
 About his Bennet as did Brittle.

Jouk three times rugg'd at his shoulder,
 Cry'd three times laigh and three times louder;
 At langrun, Bawfy rak'd his een,
 And cries, What's tha? 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 seldom rise before my dinner.
 Well, what's ye'r news, and how gaes a'?
 Ye've been an unco time awa'.

Jouk. Bawfy I'm blyth to see you well,
 For me, thank God, I keep me heal:
 Get up, get up, ye laay 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 yourky mind impresses:
 Now rigg'd, and morning drink brought in,
 Thus did flee-gabbet Jouk begin.

Jouk. My worthy brither, well I wate,
 O'er teckleis is your wee estate,
 For sic a meikle faul as yours,
 That to things greater, higher towers;
 But ye ly loitering here at hame,
 M' glectfu' 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 *lies*,
 But now to get them, there it lies.

Jouk. I'll tell ye Bawfy,—I've laid a plot,
 That only wants your calling-vote;

And if ye'll gie't, your bread is baked;
 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 afterwards 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,
 O' after never oa me billy;
 If I refuse, wae light upon me!
 This gowd, O vow! 'tis wonder bonny.

Jouk. 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 lassie fair and pretty:
 Without it, ladies nice, wad dwindle
 Down to a wife that shooves a spindle.
 But to the point, and wae 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 eighty can
 Make me fou blest, and you a man:
 Give me your Bonnet, to present
 My millre's with—and your consent
 To give the dast and fashion'd Deed,
 That ha' bies you wear it on your head.

Bawfy. O goth! O goth! then Jouk have a' her;
 That be a', tis nae great matter.

Jouk. 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 harness:
 When they forgather 'mang the kairns;
 But freely may drive up and down,
 And sell in iika market toon
 Belongs to her,—which soon you'll see,
 If ye'll be wise, belang to me:
 And, when that bonny day shall come,
 My honest Bawfy, there's my thumb,
 What while I breathe I'll ne'er beguile ye,
 Ye'll baith get gowd, and be a bailey.

Bawfy. Faith Jouk, I see but little skaith,
 In breaking of a senseless aith,
 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'll mak nae din,
 Tho' Rosie should apply't behin:
 But say, does Billy Brullie ken,
 This your design to make us men?

Jouk. 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:
 Baws like a blockhead, that he'll ne'er
 Twin with his Bonnet for a'er gear;

But you and I conjur'd cauding him,
 And by a vote to reason bang him:
 If the stand close his underneath
 To rive the testament spittin's teeth,
 And gar him ply for a his clavers,
 To f his Bonnet to our Beavers.

Bawfy Then let the doof delight in drudging,
 Wha ewle have we to tent in grudging,
 Tho' Rosie's flocks fed on the fells
 If you and I be well our ells.

Bird Thus Juk and Bawfy were agreed,
 And Brass maun vield, it was decreed.

Thus far I've sung in Highland strains,
 O Juk's amour and pa'ky pains,
 To gain his end, with ilka bither,
 She opposit e to ane-anither;
 Of brittle's hardy resolutions,
 And hatred to the R'sycrucians;
 O Bawfy, pu' in slavery neck fast,
 Selling his Bonnet for a break ast:
 Wha follows on't, of gain or skaith,
 Die tell when we hae ta'en our breath.

— o —

C A N T O IV.

Bard. **N**OW soon as e'er the Will was torn,
 L Juk, with twa Bonnets, on the morn,
 Frae Fairvland fast bang'd away,
 The priz' at Rosie's feet to lay;
 Wha fleely, when he did appear,
 Ab ut his success gan to speer.

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

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

Bard: We smild to see the lad outwitted,
And Bonnets to the flames committed.
Immediately an awful sound,
As an' wad thought raise frae the ground,
And sine appear'd a stalwart Ghast,
Whale stern and angry looks amais't
Uthoof'd their faults, — shaking they saw
Him frae the fire the Bonnets draw;
Then came to Jock and with twa drugs,
Encreas'd the length of baith his lugs,
And said, —

Ghast. — Be a' thy days an ass,
And hackney to this cunning ass:
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 Jock wi' breeks not clean.
He shakes while Rosie rants and capers,
And ca's the vision nought but vapours:
Rubs o'er his cheeks an' gab wi' ream,
Till he believes't to be a dream:
Svne to the closet leads the way,
To sup him up with utquebae.

Rosie Now, bonny lad, ye may be free,
To trundle ought pertains to me,
And ere the sun though he be dry,
Was driven down the wellin sky,

To drink his wa'nefu' of the sea,
 Th' re's be, but ane of you and me.
 In marriage ye shall hae my hand,
 But I naun hae the sole command,
 In Fairvland to lae and plant,
 And to send there for ought I want.

Bard. Ay, ay, cries Juk all in a fire,
 And stiff ning into stroig desire.

Jouk Come halle thee let us sign and seal,
 And let my billics gae to the Deil.

Bard. Here it would 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 it) to gie't a name.

But true it is, they soon were backld,
 And soon she made poor Juk a cuckold,
 And play'd her bawdy sports bef're him,
 With chiels that car'd not tippence for him;
 Besides a Rosycrucian trick;
 She had a dealing with Auld Nick;
 And whenever Jouk began to grumble,
 Auld Nick in the neist room wad rumble.
 She drank, and foight, and spent her gear,
 With dice and teiling o' the mare.
 Thus living like a R. zis get,
 She ran herself sae deep in debt,
 Borrowing money at a' hands,
 That yearly income of her lands
 Scarce paid the increas of her bands.

Juk, av ca'd wife behind the hand,
 The daffing o' his dings fand;
 O'er late he now began to see
 The ruin o' his family:
 But past relief, lair'd in a midden,
 He's now oblig'd to do her bidsin'.
 A way with strict command he's sent,
 To Fairvland to lift the rent.
 And with him many a catterpillar,
 To rug frae Birls and Ba's filler;
 For he braid table maun be serv'd,
 Tho' Fairy folk shu'd a' be starv'd.
 Juk, thus surrounded with his guards,
 Now plunders hay-stacks, barns, and yards:
 They drive the nou-frae Brittle's fauld,
 While he can nought but ban and feald.

Brittle. Vile slave to a hissev, ill-begotten,
 B' many dads, with claps ha'f rotten,
 We're na for honour o' my mither,
 I th'u'd na think ye were my brither.

Juk. Dear brither, why this rude reflection?
 Learn to be gratefu' for protection;
 The Petereneans, bloody beasts,
 That gar folk lick the dowps o' priests,
 Else on a brander, like a haddock,
 B' broolied sprawling like a paddock;
 These monst'ers lang or now had come,
 With faggots, taz and tuck o' drum.
 And twin'd you o' your wealth and lives,
 Syne without speering. — your wives,
 Had not the Rosycrucians stood
 The bulwark o' your right and blood;

And yet forsooth we grin and grumble,
 And with a gab unthankfu' mumble
 Our mony a black unorth' curle,
 When R. sic bids you draw your purse;
 When she's sae gen'roully content,
 With not aboon thirty per cent.

Bristle. Damn ye 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.

Jouk. Peace jouk, we use 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*,
 Elsie Rosie issae 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 sick braw language iher treat.
 Juit fury glows in Bristle's veins;
 And tho' his bonnet he retains,
 Yet on his crest he may not cock it,
 But in a cuffer close maun lock it.
 Bare-headed thus he e'en knocks under,
 And lets them drive a' ay the plunder:
 Sae hae I seen, beside a tower,
 The king of brutes obag'd to cour,
 And on his royal paunches thole
 A dwarf to prob him with a pole!

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

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

Soon as the horse had heard his brithers,
Juk and Rose were prick'd thegither:
Away he le ups, o'er height and how,
Fou' fidgeting fain, whate'er he dow,
Counting what things he now did mister,
That wad be gien him by his sister:
Like shallow bards, wha think they see,
Because they live sax stories high;
To some poor lifeless lucubration,
Prefix a fleeching dedication,
And blythly dream they'll be restor'd
To a' house credit, by my lord.
Thus Bawfy's mind in plenty row'd,
While he thought on his promis'd gowd,
And baileyship which he with fines,
Wad mak like the West-Indian mines,
Arrives, with future greatness dizzy,
Caws, Where's Mest Juk?

Bee. Mest Juk is bisy.

Bawfy. My Lady Rose, is she at leasure?

Bee. No, Sir, my Lady's at her pleasure.

Bawfy. I wait for her, or him, to shew—

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

Bawfy. Upo' my saul this porter's sausy:
Sirrah, go tell my name is Bawfy,

Their brither who made up the marriage.

Beet. And s' I th ight it by your carriage,
 Between your houghs gae clap your g lang,
 S with hame and feat upon a spelding;
 For there's nae room beneath this roof,
 To entertain a sinnie crew,
 The like of you, that nane can trust,
 Wha to your ain have been unjust.

Bard. This said, he daddet to the yate,
 And left poor Bawfy in a fret,
 Wha loudly go'd and made a din,
 That was o'erheard by a' within
 Quoth Rose to Juk, come let's a way,
 And see what's yon makes a' this fray.
 A way they went, and saw the creature,
 Sair runkling ilka silly feature,
 Of his dull phiz, with gins 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 perter,
 Sae will a sucking weanie yell,
 But share a rattle or a bell,
 I hauds its tongue-- Let that alane,
 It to us yamering fa's again:
 Lilt up a sang, and straight it's seen
 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 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 Jukum and his mate;
 While Briff'e lave his manly look,
 Regardless baith of Rose and Jouk;
 Main ains right quietly 'yond the cairns,
 His honour, conscience, wife and bairns.
 Juk and his rumlegary wife,
 Drive on a drunken gaming life,
 'Cause sober they can get nae rest,
 For Nick and Dunwhittle's ghaist,
 Wha in the garrets often tooly,
 And shore them with a bloody gully.

Thus I have sung, in hailet 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, mind 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 mairna want the prailes due
 To generosity. Adieu.

F I N I S.