

T H E

*Ancient History*

O F

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

I N F O U R C A N T O S .



E D I N B U R G H :

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## THE PERSONS.

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

## T A L E

OF

## THREE BONNETS.

## C A N T O I.

*B A R D.*

W<sup>H</sup>EN men of mettle thought it nonsense,  
 To heed that cleping thing, ca'd conscience  
 And by free-thinking had the knack,  
 Of jeering ilka work-it spake:  
 And as a learned author speaks,  
 Display'd it like a pair of breaks,  
 To hide their lewd and nast, sluices,  
 Whilk eith slypt 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,  
 quickly maun submit to fate,  
 and leave you three a good estate,

4                    A T A L E O F  
Which has been honourably won,  
And handed down frae fire to son,  
But clag or claim for ages past:  
Now that mayne prove the last,  
Here's thre permission Bonnets for ye,  
Which our Great Gntchers wore before ye,  
And if ye'd hae na man betray ye,  
Let naething ever wile them frae ye;  
But keep the Bonnets on your heads,  
And hands frae signing foolish deed,  
And ye shall never want such things,  
Shall gar ye be made of by kings:  
But, if ye ever with them part,  
Fou fair ye'll for your toly smart:  
Bare-headed then ye'll look like inools,  
And dwindle down to silly tools.  
Haud up your hands now swear and say,  
As ye sha'l answer on a day —  
Ye'll faithfully observe my will,  
And a' its promises fulfil.

*Bristle.* My worthy father, I shall strive,  
To keep your name and fame alive,  
And never shaw a taul that's dastard,  
To gar touk take 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 band attempt shall sue,  
And ken I was begot by you.  
Else, may I like a gypsie wander,  
Or my daily bread turn pauder.

THREE BONNETS. 5

*Brawsy.* May I be jyb'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 h. gi'n his aith,  
The au'd man yielded up his breath,  
Was row'd in linen white as snaw,  
And to his fathers borne awa'.  
But scarcely he in moss was rotten,  
Before his test'ment was forgotten,  
As ye shall hear frae future sonnet,  
How Jukum sunder'd wi' his Bonnet,  
And bought frae senseless Billy Bawfy,  
His to propine a giglet lassie,  
While worthy B. not sae doner'd,  
Preserves his Bonnet, and is honour'd,  
Thus Caractus 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 wuldly spake,  
His greatness gart his fetters crack.  
The victor did his friendship claim,  
And sent him with new glories hame.

But leave we Britis and fenile,  
And to our tale with ardour flee.

Beyond the hills where lang the billies,  
H'd bred up queys and kids and filies,  
And foughten many a bloody battle,  
With thieves that came to hit their cattle:  
There liv'd a lass kept rary-shows,  
And sidlers ay about her noule,

Wha at her table fed and rant'd,  
 With the stout ale she never want'd.  
 She was a winsome wench and waly,  
 And could put on her claiths fu' brawly,  
 Rumble to iika market-town,  
 And drink and fight like a dragoon:  
 Just sic like her wha far aff wander'd,  
 To get herself weel Alexander'd.  
 Rosie had a word of meikle filler,  
 Whilk brought a hantle o' wooers till her.  
 Among the rest young master Jouk,  
 She conquer'd ae day wi' a look:  
 Frae that time forth he ne'er could stae,  
 At hame to mind his corn er hay,  
 But grew a beau, and did adron  
 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 genteely 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.

*Joukn.* O take me Rosie to your arms,  
 And let me revel o'er your charms;  
 If ye say na, I needna care,  
 For apes or tethers made of hair,  
 Pen knives or pools I miina need,  
 That minute ye say na, I'm dead,

O let me lie within your breast :  
 And at your dainty tazle feast :  
 Well do I like your pou'd to finger,  
 And fit to her your st—'s Singer.  
 While on thus fur side o' the brae,  
 Belongs to you. my l mbs I'll lay.

*Rosie.* I own, sweet Sic, ye woo me frankly,  
 But a' your courtship forsae rankly,  
 O' selfish interest, that I'm flead,  
 My person least employs your head.

*Joukum.* What a distinction's this yourmak-  
 When your poor lover's heart is breaking, (ing  
 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-e on;  
 Your claihs, your lands, and lying pelf,  
 Are every ane your very self,  
 And add fresh lusture to these 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 gais me ergh to trust you meikle,  
 For tearyou shou'd prove talse and fickle.

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

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

*Rosie.* I wad be vey 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 paction,  
 You must perform some gallant action,  
 To prove the truth of what you've said,  
 Else, 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 Briss and Bawfy,  
 And I shall in my bosom hawse ye,  
 Soon as the fatal Bonnets three,  
 Are ta'en frae them and gien 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 twip with yon and break my heart:  
 Sae, tho' the aith we took waa awfu',  
 To keep it now appears unlawfu',  
 Tien, love, I'll answer thy demands,  
 And fly to fetch them to your hands.



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*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 ga'ey 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 fowin-cozs and bannocks  
 Stood cooling on the sole o' winnocks  
 And, cracking at the westlin gävels,  
 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 shock 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 weird's defend me  
 Gin that I had nae maist miskend ye,  
 And where gat ye that braw blue stringing,  
 That's at your boughs and shon'ders hinging?

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

*Joukum.* My very much respect 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 ty'e, my design,  
Will profit prove to me and mine.

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

*Joukum.* And sae, I hope will ever prove,  
If ye-berrind 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 rifle,  
If ye'll but yield me up a trifle,  
Promise to do't, and ye'll be free,  
With ony thing pertains to me.

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

*Joukum.* 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?  
Tae D -- then nor she neet get mair.  
Is that the trifle that ye spoke of?  
Wha think ye, sir, ye mak a mock of?  
Ye silly mantworn icant of grace,  
Swith let me never see your face.

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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 trading 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' 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, fir, 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 dast 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 make a 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 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 Jauk.

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

*Bard.* This said, brave Bristle laid nae mair,  
 But cock'd his Bennet with an air,  
 Wheel'd round with gloomy brows & muddy,  
 And left his brither in a studdy.



## CANTO III.

*Bard.* **N**OW Sol wi' his lang whip gae cracks  
 Upon his neighering coosers backs,  
 To gar them tak th' Olympian Brae,  
 Wi' a cart late of bleezing day;  
 The country hind ceases to snore,  
 Bangs fred his bed, unlocks the door,  
 His bladder tooms, and gies a rift,  
 Then tentily surveys the list,  
 And, weary of his wife and flats,  
 To their imbrace prefers his elaes.  
 Scarce had the lark forsook her nest,  
 Whan Jouk, wha had got little rest,  
 For thiaki g on his plot and lassie,  
 Got up to gang and deal wi' Bawfie:  
 Away fast o'er the bent he gade,  
 And fand him doz'ng on his bed,  
 Hi' blankets creethy, foul his fark,  
 His curtains trim'd with spider's wark;  
 Soot draps hang frae his roof and kipples,  
 His floor was o' tobacco spirules:  
 Yet on the antlers of a deer,  
 Hang mony an auld claymore and spear,  
 With coat of iron and target crusty,  
 Inch thick of dirt and unco rully:  
 Enough appear'd to show his B'ly,  
 That he was lazy, poor and silly,  
 And wad a mak so great buttle,  
 About his Bonnet as did Briffle.

Jouk three times rugged at his shoulder,  
 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  
 Your'e early up, ... as I'm a sinner (you hither  
 I see'ly rise before my dinner:

Well, what's ye'r news, and how gaes a' ?  
 Ye've been an ucno 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 bait your lugs a tinkling.

*Bard* Straight Bawfy rises, quickly dresses  
 White haste his youky mind impresses :  
 Now rigg'd, and morning drink brought in,  
 Taus did fle-e-gabbet Jouk begin.

*Joukum.* My worthy brither, well I wate,  
 O'er fecklets is your wee estate,

For sic a meikle saul as yours,

That to things greater higher towers ;

But ye ly loitering here at hame,

Neglestfu' baith of wealth and aame,

Tho', as I said, ye have a mind,

That is for higher things design'd.

*Bawfy.* That 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 want your casting vote,

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

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

*Jookum.* Ay, that it is——'tis e'n toe 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 lassies fair and pretty ;  
 Without it ladies nice wad dwindle,  
 Down to a wife that snoves 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 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 Dast and fashion'd deed,  
 That bids ye wear it on you head.

*Bawfy.* O gosh! O gosh! then Jook have at her,  
 If that be a' 'tis nae great matter.

*Joukum.* These granted, she demands naemair  
 To let us in her riches shair;  
 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 iika market down,  
 Belongs to her,---which soon you'll see,  
 If ye'll be wise, belong 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'll baith get gowd, and be a Bailey.

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

*Joukum.* Ay, that he does, but the stiff ass,  
 Bears a heart-hatred to the lass,  
 And rattles out a handle stories,  
 O' blood and dirt and ancient glories,  
 Meaning fou' 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 her Gear;



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

*Bawfy* Taen let the doof delight in drudging  
 What cause have we to ten his grudging;  
 Tho Rosy's fed on the fell

It you and I be well ourfells

*Bard* Thus Jack and Bawfy were agreed,  
 And Briss man yield, it was decreed.

Thus far I've sung in Highland strains,  
 Of Jonk's armour and pawky pains,  
 To gain his end with ilka brither,  
 Sae opposite to ane anither;  
 Of Brille's hardy resolution,  
 And hatred to the Rosycrucians;  
 Of Bawfy, put in slavery neck-fast.  
 Selling his Bonnet for a breakfast,  
 What follows on't, of gain er skuth,  
 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,  
 Jonk 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 spear.

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

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

*Bard.* Rosie smil'd to ſee the lad outwitted,  
And Bonnets to the flames committed,  
Immediately an awful ſound,  
As one wad thought, riſe frae the ground;  
And ſyne appear'd a ſtalwart Ghaift,  
Whale ſtern and angry looks amaift  
Unhool'd their ſauls, — ſhaking they ſaw,  
Him frae the fire the Bonnets draw;  
'Then came to Jouk, and with ſwa drugs,  
Ecc eas'd the length of baith his lugs,  
And ſaid —

*Ghaift.* — Be a' thy days an aſs,  
And kackney to this cunning laſs:  
But for theſe Bonnets I'll preſerve them,  
For hairns unborn that will deſerve them.

*Bard.* With that he vaniſh'd frae their ee n  
And lett 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 checks and gab wi' ream,  
Till he believes't to be a dream:  
Synne to the cloſet leads the way,  
To ſoup him up with uſquebae.

*Rosie.* Now, benny 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 wameſo' 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,  
 An' stiffning into strong desire

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

*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 lassies able,  
 To do, ye ken, what we think shame,  
 (Tho' ilka ane does't) to gie't a name.

But true it is, they soon were buckt'd,  
 And soon she made poor Jouk a cuckold,  
 And play'd her bawdy sports before him  
 With cheils 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 fought, and spent her gear,  
 With dice, and selling a' the mare,  
 Thus living like a Palzi's get,  
 She ran her self sae deep in debt,  
 By borrowing money at a' hands,  
 That yearly income of her lands,  
 Scarce paid the int'rest of her bands.

20                    A T A L E O F  
Jouk, av ca'd wile behind the hand,  
The daffing of his doings fand;  
O'er late he now began to see,  
The ruin of his family :

Bu past relief laird in a midden.  
He's now oblig'd to do her bidden.  
Away with strict command he's sent,  
To Fairyland to lift the rent.

And with him many a Catterpillar,  
To rug frae Briss and Bawfy siler ;  
For her braid table maun be serv'd,  
Tho' Fairy-fowk shou'd a' be serv'd.  
Jouk, thus surrounded with his guards,  
Now plunders hay stacks, barns, and yards,  
They drive the nowt frae Bristle's fauld,  
While he can nought but ban and scald.

*Bristle* Vile slave to a hussy ill begotten,  
By many duds, with claps hat rotten,  
We're na for honour of my mither,  
I shou'd na think ye were my brither.

*Jouk*. Dear brither, why this rudereffection,  
Learn to be greatfu' for protection ;  
The Petereneans, bloody beasts,  
That gar touk lik the dowps of priests,  
Else on a blander, like a haddock,  
Be broolied, sprowing like a paddock,  
These monsters, laug or now had come,  
With faggots, saz, and tuck o' drum,  
And twin'd you of your wealth and lives,  
Synce without speering,----- your wives,  
Had not the Rosycrucian flood,  
The bulwark of your rights and blood ;

T H R E E B O N N E T S. 21

And yet forsooth ye girn and grumole,  
 And with a gab unthansfu mumble  
 Out many a black nnworthy curse,  
 When Rosie bids ye draw your purse;  
 When she's sae gen'rofl content,  
 With not aboon thirty per cent.

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

*Joukum.* Peace gouk, we naething do at a',  
 But by the letter of the law:  
 Then nae m'ir with your din torment us,  
 Growling like ane non *compos mentis*,  
 Else Rosie issue may a wint,  
 To tye ye up both hand and fir,  
 And dun eon ye but me t or drink  
 Til ye be starv'd, and die in stink

*Bara* Taus J'ek and B'it'e when they met  
 With sic braw language ither treat.  
 Jest fury glaws in Bristle's veins;  
 And tho' his Bonnet he retains,  
 Yet on his crest he may not cock it,  
 But in a coff' close maun lock it.  
 Bare headed, thus he een knocks under,  
 And lets them drive away the plunder,  
 Sae have I teen, beside a tower  
 The king of brues oblig'd to c'ur;  
 And, on his royal paunches thole,  
 A dwarf to prod him with a pole!

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

Now follows that we take a peep,  
Of Bawly looking like a sheep,  
By Bristle hated and dispis'd,  
By Jouk and Rosie as little pris'd.

Soon as the horse had heard his brither,  
Joukum and Rose were prick'd the gither,  
Away they scour o'er hight and how,  
For sidging tain what'eer he dow,  
Counting what things he now did mister,  
That wad be gien him by his sister,  
Like shallow bards wha think they see,  
Beçause they live sax stories high,  
To some poor lifelets lucubration,  
Perfixes fleeching dedication,  
And blythly dream they'll be restor'd.  
To ale-house credit by my lord.  
Thus Bawly's mind in plenty row'd,  
While he thought on his promis'd gowd,  
And bailey ship, which he with fines,  
Wad mak like the West-India mines,  
Arr-ves, with future greatness dizzy,  
Ca's. Where's Mest Jouk?

*Beef.* -- Mest Jouk is bisy.

*Bawly.* My Lady Rosie, is she at leisure?

*Beef.* No, Sir, my Lady's at her pleasure.

*Bawly.* I wait for her, or him, go shew---

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

*Bawly.* Upo' my faul this porter's sawly:  
Sirrah, go tell my name is Bawly,

Their brither who made up the marriage.

*Beef* and so I thought it by your carriage,  
Between your houghs gae clap your gelding,  
Swiith hame and feast upon a spelding,  
For there's nae rom beneath this roof,  
To entertain a simple coof,

The like of you, that nain can trust,  
Wha to your aih have been unjust.

*Bard*. this said, he daddet to the yate,  
And left poor Bawfy in a fret,  
Wha loud growl'd, and made a din,  
That was o'erheard by a' within.

Quoth Rote to Jock, Come let's away,  
And see what's yon makes a' this fray,  
A way they went, and saw the creature,  
Sair runcling il'ca 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.

Se will a sucking weanie yell,  
But shake a rattle or a bell,  
It hauris its tongue--- Let that alane,  
It to its yamering fa's again :

Lelt up a fang, and straight its seen,  
To laugh with tears into its een.

Thus eithl, anger'd, eithly pleas'd,  
Weak Bawfy lang they tantaliez'd,  
With promises right wide extended,  
The 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 hie 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 had 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 queitly 'yond the cairns,  
 His honour, conscience, wife and bairns,  
 Jouk and his rumelgary wife,  
 Drive on a drunken gaming life,  
 'Cause sober they can get no rest,  
 For Nick and Duniwhistle's ghaist,  
 Wha in the garrets often tooly,  
 And shore them with a bloody gully.

Thus have I sung in hamiet rhyme,  
 A sang that scorns the teeth of time,  
 Yet modestly I hide my name,  
 Admiribg 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 ty'e for you. Sonnet,  
 Ye shanna want the praises due,  
 To generosity. Adieu.

F I N I S.