

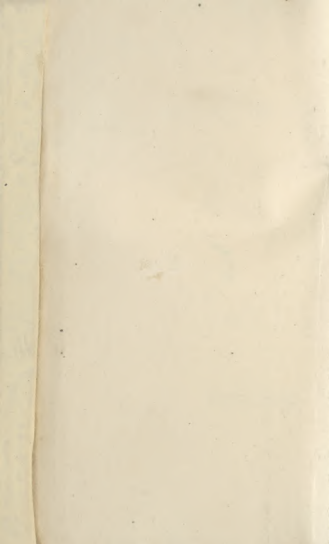
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15th April 1922



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ROBERT BURNS AND HIS HIGHLAND MARY.

THE
POETICAL WORKS

ROBERT BURNS;

WITH

A COPIOUS GLOSSARY:

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

"He seiz'd his country's lyre
With ardent grasp and strong,
And made his soul of fire,
Dissolve itself in Song."

GLASGOW:—FRANCIS ORR & SONS.

MDCCCXLVIII.



TO THE
NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN
OF THE
CALEDONIAN HUNT.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

A SCOTTISH BARD, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his Country's service—where shall he so properly look for patronage, as to the illustrious names of his native land; those who bear the honours and inherit the virtues of their Ancestors? The Poetic genius of my Country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the *Plough*; and threw her inspiring *mantle* over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my native soil, in my native tongue: I tuned my wild, artless notes, as she inspired.—She whispered me to come to this ancient Metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my Songs under your honoured protection: I now obey her dictates.

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual style of dedication, to thank you for past favours: that path is so hackneyed by prostituted Learning, that honest Rusticity is ashamed of it. Nor do I present this Address with the venal soul of a servile Author, looking for a continuation of those favours: I was bred to the *Plough*, and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottish name with you, my illustrious Countrymen; and to tell the world that I glory in the title. I come to congratulate my Country, that the blood of her ancient Heroes still runs uncontaminated; and that from your courage, knowledge and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth, and liberty. In the last place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the Great Fountain of Honour, the Monarch of the Universe, for your welfare and happiness.

When you go forth to waken the Echoes, in the ancient and favourite amusement of your Forefathers, may Pleasure ever be of your party; and may Social Joy await your return: When harassed in courts or camps with the justlings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured Worth attend your return to your native seats; and may Domestic Happiness, with a smiling welcome, meet you at your gates: May corruption shrink at your kindling, indignant glance; and may tyranny in the Ruler, and licentiousness in the People, equally find you an inexorable foe:

I have the honour to be,

With the sincerest gratitude, and highest respect,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your most devoted, humble servant,

ROBERT BURNS.

EDINBURGH, }
April 4th, 1787. }

LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS.

ROBERT BURNS, the subject of these memoirs, was born on the 25th January, 1733, on the banks of Doon, about two miles from Ayr, near to which stand the ruins of Alloway Kirk, now celebrated by his admirable tale of *Tam o' Shanter*.

His father, William Burns, originally from Kincardineshire, after serving in a variety of situations, at last settled in Ayrshire as a gardener; but soon afterwards turned farmer. He maintained a very respectable character. In 1737, he married Agnes Brown. Robert was the first-born of this marriage. He was sent to school when about six years old, where he was taught to read English, and write a little; and at the age of eleven he had arrived at great proficiency. He was taught the rudiments of arithmetic by his father, in the winter evenings. He thus writes of his early days, in his letter to Dr Moore, "At those years I was by no means a favourite with any body.—I was a good deal noted for a retentive memory, a stubborn sturdy something in my disposition, and an enthusiastic idiot piety; I say idiot piety, because I was then but a child.—Though it cost the schoolmaster some thrashings, I made an excellent English scholar; and by the time I was ten or eleven years of age, I was a critic in substantives, verbs, and participles.—In my infant and boyish days too, I owed much to an old woman who resided in the family, remarkable for her ignorance, credulity and superstition. She had I suppose, the largest collection in the country, of tales and songs, concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantrips, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of poetry; but had so strong an effect on my imagination, that to this hour, in my nocturnal rambles, I sometimes keep a sharp lookout in suspicious places; and though nobody can be more sceptical than I am in such matters, yet it often takes an effort of philosophy to shake off these idiot terrors."

Young Burns had now acquired a great propensity for reading, and eagerly perused whatever book fell in his way; but still he had not discovered any signs of that striking ready wit, nor betrayed the smallest inclination to poetry, both of which have since conferred upon him a lasting fame. Mr. Murdoch, who instructed him in English and writing, remarks, that Gilbert (his brother) always appeared to possess a more lively imagination, and to be more of the wit than Robert. "Robert's face was generally grave, and expressive of a serious, contemplative, and thoughtful mind.--Gilbert's face said, *Mirth, with thee I mean to live!*—and certainly, if any person, who knew the two boys, had been asked which of them was the most likely to court the Muses, he would surely never have supposed that Robert had a propensity of that kind."

The first circumstance which induced our youthful poet to warble his "wild artless notes," is very interesting, on account of the elegant simplicity which distinguishes the following description of his harvest partner. "She was a bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass. In short, she altogether, unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion, which, in spite of acid disappointment, gin-house prudence, and luke-warm philosophy, I hold to be *the first of human joys, our dearest blessing* here below. Indeed, I did not know myself why I liked so much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from our labours; why the tones of her voice made my heart-strings thrill, like an *Æolian harp*; and particularly, why my pulse beat such a furious ratan, when I looked and fingered over her little hand, to pick out the cruel nettle stings and thistles.

"Thus," says he, "with me began love and poetry; which at times have been my only, and till within the last twelve months, my highest enjoyment.

"It is during the time that we lived on this farm that my little story is most eventful. I was, at the beginning of this period, perhaps the most ungainly awkward boy in the parish—no *solitaire* was less acquainted with the ways of the world."

"In my seventeenth year, to give my manners a brush, I went to a country dancing-school.—My father had an unaccountable antipathy against these meetings, and my going was, what to this moment I repent, in opposition to his wishes. My father was subject to strong

passions; from that instance of disobedience in me, he took a dislike to me, which, I believe, was one cause of the dissipation which marked my succeeding years. I say dissipation, comparatively with the strictness, and sobriety, and regularity of presbyterian country life; for though the will-o-wisp meteors of thoughtless whim were almost the sole lights of my path, yet early engrained piety and virtue kept me several years afterwards within the line of innocence. The great misfortune of my life was to want an aim. I had felt early some stirrings of ambition, but they were the blind gropings of Homer's Cyclops round the walls of his cave. I saw my father's situation entailed on me perpetual labour. The only two openings, by which I could enter the temple of fortune, was the gate of niggardly economy, or the path of little chicaning bargain-making: The first is so contracted an aperture. I never could squeeze myself into it; the last I always hated—there was contamination in the very entrance. Thus abandoned of aim, or view in life, with a strong appetite for sociability, as well from native hilarity, as from a pride of observation and remark; a constitutional melancholy, or hypochondriasm, that made me fly solitude; add to these incentives to social life, my reputation for bookish knowledge, a certain wild logical talent, and strength of thought, something like the rudiments of good sense, and it will not seem surprising that I was generally a welcome guest where I visited, or any great wonder that always where two or three met together, there was I among them. But far beyond all other impulses of my heart, was *un penchant à l'adorable mollesse du genre humain*. My heart was completely tinder, and was eternally lighted up by some goddess or other; and as, in every other warfare in this world, my fortune was various, sometimes I was received with favour, and sometimes I was mortified with a repulse. At the plough, scythe, or reaping-hook, I feared no competitor, and thus I set absolute want at defiance; and as I never cared farther for my labours than while I was in actual exercise, I spent the evenings in a way after my own heart."

About a twelvemonth previous to the death of his father, Burns, who had then attained his twenty-fourth year, became anxious to be fixed in a situation to enable him to marry. His brother Gilbert and he had for several years held a small portion of land from

their father, on which they chiefly raised flax. In disposing of the produce of their labour, our Author took it into his head to commence flaxdresser.—He accordingly continued at that business for about six months; but it proved an unlucky concern, for the shop some time after taking fire, was utterly destroyed, and he was left not worth a sixpence.

Immediately before the death of their father, Burns and his brother took the farm of Mossiel, consisting of 118 acres, at £90 *per annum*. It was stocked by the property and individual savings of the whole family, and was a joint concern. The allowance to the two brothers was £7 *per annum* each; and for four years at this time, as well as during the period of seven years' residence with his father at Lochlea, his expenditure never in any year exceeded his income. His temperance and frugality were every thing that could be wished.

"I entered on this farm," says our Author in his letter to Dr Moore, "with a full resolution, *come, go to, I will be wise!* I read farming books; I calculated crops; I attended markets; and, in short, in spite of *the devil, and the world, and the flesh*, I believe I should have been a wise man; but the first year, from unfortunately buying bad seed, the second from a late harvest, we lost half our crops. This upset all my wisdom, and I returned, *like the dog to his vomit, and the sow that was washed, to her wallowing in the mire.*"

While Burns resided at Mossiel, he became acquainted with Miss Jean Armour, afterwards Mrs. Burns, whom he thus celebrates, in one of his earliest productions, along with the other beauties of Mauchline.

"Miss Miller is fine; Miss Markland's divine;

Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Beattie's brow;

There's beauty and fortune to get w^t Miss Morton,

But Armour's the jewel for me, o' them a'."

To add to his misfortunes, her parents refused their consent to his marriage; and being thus every way unsuccessful, in the greatest distress of mind, he resolved to leave his country.

He had been offered the situation of an overseer in Jamaica; but previous to his setting off, he was advised to publish a volume of his poems by subscription. With the first fruits of his poetical labours, he had paid his passage, and purchased a few articles of clothing, &c. His chest was already on the way to Greenock,

when a letter from Dr. Blacklock, signifying his approbation of the Poems, and an assurance that Burns would meet with encouragement in Edinburgh for a second edition, completely changed his intentions.

Soon after his arrival in Edinburgh, his Poems procured him the admiration of all conditions. Persons of rank and power were not above taking notice of him, and, in a short time, the name of Burns was celebrated over all the kingdom. It ought here to be mentioned to his honour, that he had been in Edinburgh only a few months, and was still in the midst of poverty, when he erected a monument in the Canongate Churchyard to the memory of the celebrated, but unfortunate poet, Ferguson.

In Edinburgh, Burns beheld mankind in a new light. Surrounded on all sides by admirers, his days were passed in the company of the great, his evenings in dissipation. This kind of life he led nearly a twelve-month, when his friends suggested to him the necessity of seeking a permanent establishment.

Having settled with his publisher, Mr. Creech, in February 1788, Burns found himself master of nearly five hundred pounds, after discharging all his expenses. Two hundred pounds he immediately advanced to his brother Gilbert, who had taken upon himself the support of his aged mother, and was struggling with many difficulties in the farm of Mossiel. With the remainder of this sum, and some farther eventual profits from his Poems, he determined on settling himself for life in the occupation of agriculture, and took from Mr. Miller of Dalswinton, the farm of Ellisland, on the banks of the river Nith, six miles above Dumfries, to which he entered on Whitsunday, 1788. Having been previously recommended to the Board of Excise, his name had been put on the list of candidates for the humble office of a gauger or exciseman; and he immediately applied to acquiring the information necessary for filling that office, when the honourable Board might judge it proper to employ him. He expected to be called into service in the district in which his farm was situated, and vainly hoped to unite with success, the labours of the farmer with the duties of the exciseman.

When Burns had in this manner arranged his plans for futurity, his generous heart turned to the object of his most ardent attachment, and listening to no considerations, but those of honour and affection, he joined

with her in a public declaration of marriage; thus legalizing their union, and rendering it permanent for life.

It was not convenient for Mrs. Burns to remove immediately from Ayrshire, and our poet therefore took up his residence alone at Ellisland, to prepare for the reception of his wife and children, who joined him towards the end of the year.

It is to be lamented, that, at this critical period of his life, our poet was without the society of his wife and children. A great change had taken place in his situation; his old habits were broken; and the new circumstances in which he was placed, were calculated to give a new direction to his thoughts and conduct. But his application to the cares and labours of his farm was interrupted, by several visits to his family in Ayrshire; and as the distance was too great for a single day's journey, he generally spent a night at an inn on the road. On such occasions, he sometimes fell into company, and forgot the resolutions he had formed. In a little while temptation assailed him nearer home.

His fame naturally drew upon him the attention of his neighbours, and he soon formed a general acquaintance in the district in which he lived. The public voice had now pronounced on the subject of his talents; the reception he had met with in Edinburgh, had given him the currency which fashion bestows; he had surmounted the prejudices arising from his humble birth; and he was received at the tables of the gentlemen of Nithsdale, with welcome, with kindness, and even with respect. Their social parties too often seduced him from his rustic labours, and his rustic fare, overthrew the unsteady fabric of his resolutions, and inflamed those propensities which temperance might have weakened, and prudence ultimately suppressed. It was not long, therefore, before Burns began to view his farm with dislike and despondence, if not with disgust.

Unfortunately, he had for several years looked to an office in the excise, as a certain means of livelihood, should his other expectations fail. As has already been mentioned, he had been recommended to the Board of Excise, and had received the instructions necessary for such a situation. He now applied to be employed; and, by the interest of Mr. Graham of Fintry, was appointed exciseman, or, as it is vulgarly called, gauger, of the district in which he lived. His

farm was after this, in a great measure, abandoned to servants, while he betook himself to the duties of his new appointments. He at last sold his stock and farming utensils, and removed to Dumfries.

In Autumn 1795, he lost his only daughter, when he was at such a distance as prevented him from paying the last melancholy duties to her. He had scarcely begun to recover from this shock, when he again became the victim of a severe rheumatic fever. As soon as he was able to venture abroad, he was advised to try the effect of sea-bathing. For this purpose, about the end of June, 1796, he went to Brow, on the shore of Solway Frith, where he continued about three weeks without reaping any advantage. On his return to Dumfries, he was seized with a new attack of the fever, which terminated the life and sufferings of this great, but ill-requited genius, on Thursday, the 21st of July, 1796, in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

Though Burns died in very indigent circumstances, yet his integrity and honest pride, with the frugality, industry, and prudence of Mrs. Burns, prevented him from running into debt. Soon after his death a subscription was opened for his widow and children, in most of the principal cities of the United Kingdom, by which a considerable fund was raised. The profits arising from Dr. Currie's valuable edition of his Works, in four large volumes, were also devoted to the same charitable purpose. An annuity has thus been procured for the widow, which will enable her to bring up her children in a way suitable to the condition of their worthy father.

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SCOTTISH POEMS.

THE TWA DOGS,

a Tale.

T WAS in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' *Auld King Coil*,
Upon a bonny day in June,
When wearing through the afternoon,
Twa dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him *Cæsar*,
Was keepit for his Honour's pleasure :
His hair, his size, his mouth, his legs,
Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs,
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for cod.

His locked, letter'd, braw brass collar,
Shew'd him the gentleman and scholar ;
But though he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride na pride had he ;
But wad hae spent an hour caressin
Ev'n wi' a tinkler gypsey's messin.
At kirk or market, mill or snuddie,
Nae tawted tyke, though e'er sae duddie,
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
And stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collic,
A rhyming, ranting, raving billic,

Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
 And in his freaks had *Luath* ca'd him,
 After some dog in Highland sang,*
 Was made lang syne,—Lord knows how lang.

He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke,
 As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.
 His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
 Ay gat him friends in ilka place.
 His breast was white, his towzie back
 Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
 His gawcie tail, wi' upward curl,
 Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
 An' unco pack an' thick thegither;
 Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and snowkit;
 Whyles mice and moudieworts they howkit;
 Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion,
 An' worry'd ither in diversion;
 Until wi' daffin weary grown,
 Upon a knowe they sat them down,
 And there began a lang digression,
 About the *lords o' the creation*.

CÆSAR.

I've aften wonder'd, honest *Luath*,
 What sort o' life poor dogs like you have;
 An' when the gentry's life I saw,
 What way poor bodies liv'd awa.

Our Laird gets in his racked rents,
 His coals, his kain, and a' his stents:
 He rises when he likes himsel;
 His flunkies answer at the bell:
 He ca's his coach; he ca's his horse;
 He draws a bonny silken purse,

* Cuchullin's dog in Ossian's *Fingal*.

As lang's my tail whare, through the steeks,
The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.

Frae mo'n to e'en it's nought but toiling,
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling ;
An' though the gentry first are stechin,
Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their pechan
Wi' sauce, ragouts, and siclike trashtrie,
That's little short o' downright wastrie.
Our whipper-in, wee blastit wonner,
P'oor worthless elf, it eats a dinner
Better than ony tenant man
His Honour has in a' the lan' :
An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
I own it's past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they're fash't enough ;
A cottar howkin in a sheugh,
Wi' dirty stanes biggin a dyke,
Baring a quarry, and siclike,
Himself, a wife, he thus sustains,
A smytrie o' wee duddie weans,
An' nought but his han' darg, to keep
Them right and tight in thack and rape.

An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,
Like loss o' health or want o' masters,
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger.
But, how it comes, I never kend yet,
They're maistly wonderfu' contented :
And buirdly chiefs, and clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But then, to see how ye're negleckit,
How buff'd, and cuff'd, and disrespekkit !

L—d man, our gentry care as little
 For delvers, ditchers, and sic cattle ;
 They gang as saucy by poor folk,
 As I wad by a stinking brock.

I've notic'd, on our Laird's court-day
 An' mony a time my heart's been wae,
 Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
 How they maun thole a factor's snash :
 He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear,
 He'll apprehend them, poind their gear ;
 While they maun stan' wi' aspect humble,
 And hear it a', and fear and tremble !

I see how folk live that hae riches ;
 But surely poor folk maun be wretches.

LUATH.

They're nae sae wretched's ane wad think ;
 Tho' constantly on poortith's brink :
 They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
 The view o't gies them little fright.

Then chance and fortune are sae guidel,
 They're aye in less or mair provided ;
 And tho' fatigued wi' close employment,
 A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
 Their grushie weans, and faithfu' wives ;
 The prattling things are just their pride,
 'That sweetens a' their fire-side.

And whyles twalpenny worth o' nappy
 Can mak' the bodies unco happy ;
 'They lay aside their private cares,
 To mind the Kirk and State affairs :
 'They'll talk o' patronage and priests,
 Wi' kindling fury in their breasts ;
 Or tell what new taxation's comin,
 And ferlic at the folk in Lon'on.

As bleak-fac'd Hallowmas returns,
 They get the jovial, rantin kirms,
 When rural life, o' ev'ry station,
 Unite in common recreation ;
 Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth,
 Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
 They bar the door on frosty winds ;
 The nappy reeks wi' mantling reans,
 An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam ;
 The luntin pipe, and sneershin mill,
 Are handed round wi' right guid will ;
 The cantie auld folks cracking crouse,
 The young anes rantin thro' the house.—
 My heart has been sae fain to see them,
 That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
 Sic game is now owre aften play'd.
 There's monie a creditable stock
 O' decent, honest, sawsont folk,
 Are riven out baith root and branch,
 Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
 Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
 In favour wi' some gentle Master,
 Wha, aiblins, thrang a-parliamentin,
 For Britain's guid his saul indentin—

CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it ;
For Britain's guid ! guid faith, I doubt it !
 Say rather, gaun as *Premiers* lead him,
 And saying *ay* or *no* 's they bid him :
 At operas an' plays parading,
 Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading ;
 Or may be, in a frolic daft,
 To *Hague* or *Calais* tak's a waft,

To mak a tour, an' tak a whirl,
To learn *bon ton*, an' see the worl'.

There, at *Vienna* or *Versailles*,
He rives his father's auld entails ;
Or by *Madrid* he takes the rout,
To thrum guitars, and fecht wi' nowt :
Or down Italian vista startles,
Wh-re-hunting amang groves o' myrtles ;
Then bouses drumly German water,
To mak himsel look fair and fatter,
And clear the consequential sorrows,
Love-gifts of Carnival signoras.
For Britain's guid ! for her destruction !
Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction.

LUATH.

Hech man ! dear sirs ! is that the gate
They waste sae monie a braw estate ?
Are we sae foughten an' harass'd
For gear to gang that gate at last ?
O wad they stay aback frae courts,
And please themsels wi' countra sports,
It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cotter !
For thae frank, rantin, ramblin billies,
Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows ;
Except for breakin o' their timmer,
Or speakin lightly o' their limmer,
Or shootin o' a hare or moor-cock ;
The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, Master Caesar,
Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure !
Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them,
The very thought o't need na fear them.

CÆSAR.

I—d, man, were ye but whyles whare I am,
The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.

It's true, they need na starve or sweat,
Thro' winter's cauld, or simmer's heat ;
They've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
And fill auld age wi' grips an' granes :
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themselves to vex them ;
An' aye the less they hae to sturt them,
In like proportion less will hurt them :
A country fellow at the pleugh,
His acre's till'd, he's right enough :
A country lassie at her wheel,
Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel :
But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst,
Wi' ev'ndown want o' wark are curst.
They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy ;
'Tho' deil haet ails them, yet uneasy ;
Their days insipid, dull, an' tasteless ;
Their nights unquiet, lang, and restless ;
And ev'n their sports, their balls an' races,
Their galloping through public places.
There's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.
The men cast out in party matches,
Then souther a' in deep debauches :
Ae night they're mad wi' drink an' wh-ring,
Neist day their life is past enduring.
The Ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great an' gracious a' as sisters ;
But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
Ther're a' run deils an' jads thegither.

Whyles, owre the wee bit cup an' platie,
 They sip the scandal potion pretty ;
 Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks,
 Pore owre the deevil's pictur'd beuks ;
 Stake on a chance a farmer's stack-yard,
 And cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard.

There's some exception, man an' woman,
 But this is Gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out o' sight,
 An' darker gloamin brought the night :
 The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone,
 The kye stood rowtin i' the loan ;
 When up they gat, and shook their lugs,
 Rejoic'd they were na men but dogs ;
 And each took aff his several way,
 Resolv'd to meet someither day.

SCOTCH DRINK.

Gie him strong drink, until he wink,
 That's sinking in despair ;
 And liquor gude, to fire his blude,
 That's prest wi' grief and care :
 There let him bouse, and deep carouse,
 Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
 Till he forgets his losses or debts,
 An' mends his griefs no more.

Solomon's Proverbs, xxxi. 6, 7.

LET other Poets raise a fracas,
 'Bout vines, an' wines, an' drunken Bacchus,
 Wi' crabbit names an' stories wrack us,
 An' grate our lug ;
 I sing the juice Scots bear can mak us,
 In glass or jug.

O thou, my Muse ! gude auld *Scotch Drink* !
Whether thro' wimpling worms thou jink,
Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink,
In glorious faem,
Inspire me, till I lisp and wink,
To sing thy name !

Let husky Wheat the haughs adorn,
An' Aits set up their awnie horn,
An' Pease and Beans, at e'en an' morn,
Perfume the plain,
Leeze me on thee, *John Barleycorn*,
Thou king o' grain !

On thee aft Scotland chows her food,
In souple scones, the wale o' food !
Or tumblin in the boiling flood
Wi' kail an' beef ;
But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
There thou shines chief.

Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin ;
Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin,
When heavy dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin ;
But, oil'd by thee,
The wheels o' life gae down hill, scrievin,
Wi' rattlin glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear ;
Thou cheers the heart o' droopin Care ;
Thou strings the nerves o' Labour sair,
At's weary toil ;
Thou even brightens dark Despair
Wi' gloomy smile.

When skirlin weanies see the light,
Thou maks the gossips clatter bright,
How fumblin cuifs their dearies slight ;
 Wae worth the name !
Nae howdie gets a social night,
 Or plack frac them.

When neebors anger at a plea,
An' just as wud as wud can be,
How easy can the *barley-bree*
 Cement the quarrel !
It's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee,
 To taste the barrel.

Alake ! that e'er my Muse has reason
To wyte her countrymen wi' treason !
But monie daily weet their weason
 Wi' liquors nice,
An' hardly, in a winter's season,
 E'er spier her price.

Wae worth that *brandy*, burning trash !
Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash !
Twins monie a poor, doylt, drunken hash
 O' half his days ;
An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
 To her warst faes.

Ye Scots, wha wish auld Scotland well !
Ye chief, to you my tale I tell,
Poor plackless deevils, like mysel !
 It sets you ill,
Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,
 Or foreign gill.

May gravels round his blather wrench,
 And gouts torment him inch by inch,
 Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
 O' sour disdain,
 Out owre a glass o' *whisky punch*
 Wi' honest men.

O *Whisky* ! saul o' plays an' pranks !
 Accept a Bardie's humble thanks !
 When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks
 Are my poor verses !
 Thou comes——they rattle i' their ranks
 At ither's a—s !

Thee, *Ferintosh* ! O sadly lost !
 Scotland, lament frae coast to coast !
 Now colic grips, an' barking hoast,
 May kill us a' ;
 For loyal Forbes' charter'd boast
 Is ta'en awa !

Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise,
 Wha mak the *whisky stells* their prize !
 Haud up thy han', Deil ! ance, twice, thrice !
 There, seize the blinkers !
 And bake them up in brunstane pies,
 For poor d—n'd drinkers.

Fortune ! if thou'll but gie me still,
 Hale breeks, a scone, an' *whisky gill*,
 An' routh o' rhyme to rave at will,
 Tak a' the rest,
 An' deal't about as thy blind skill
 Directs thee best.

THE AUTHOR'S
EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER*

*To the Scottish Representatives in the House of
Commons.*

Dearest of Distillation ! last and best !
———How art thou lost !———

Parody on Milton.

Ye Irish Lords, ye Knights an' Squires,
Wha represent our brughs an' shires,
And doucely manage our affairs
In Parliament,
To you a simple Poet's prayers
Are humbly sent.

Alas ! my roupet Muse is hearse !
Your Honours' hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,
To see her sitting on her a—
Low i' the dust,
An' screechin out prosaic verse,
An' like to burst !

Tell them wha hae the chief direction,
Scotland an' me's in great affliction,
E'er since they laid that curst restriction
On *Aquavita* ;
An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
An' move their pity.

* This was written before the Act anent the Scottish Distilleries, of session 1786 ; for which Scotland and the Author return their most grateful thanks.

Stand forth, an' tell yon *Premier Youth*
The honest, open, naked truth :
Tell him o' mine and Scotland's drouth,
His servants humble :
The muckle deevil blaw ye south,
If ye dissemble !

Does ony great man glunch an' gloom ;
 Speak out, an' never fash your thumb !
 Let posts an' pensions sink or soom
 Wi' them wha grant 'em ;
 If honestly they canna come,
 Far better want 'em.

In gath'rin votes you were na slack ;
Now stand as tightly by your tack ;
Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back,
An' burn an' law ;
But raise your arm, an' tell your crack,
Before them a'.

Paint Scotland greetin' owre her thrissle,
Her mutchkin stoup as toom's a whistle ;
An' d—n'd Excisemen in a bussle,
 Seizin a *stelt*,
Triumphant, crushin' t' like a mussel
 Or lampit shell.

Then on the tither hand present her,
A blackguard Smuggler right behind her,
An' check-for-chow, a chuffie Vintner,
 Colleaguuing join,
Picking her pouch as bare as winter,
 Of a' kind coin.

Is there, that bears the name o' Scot,
 But feels his heart's-bluid rising hot,
 To see his poor auld Mither's pot
 Thus dung in staves,
 And plunder'd o' her hindmost groat
 By gallows knaves ?

Alas ! I'm but a nameless wight,
 Trod i' the mire clean out o' sight !
 But cou'd I like *Montgom'ries* fight,
 Or gab like *Bonwell*,
 'There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight,
 An' tie some hose well.

God bless your Honours ! can ye see't,
 The kind, auld, cantie Carlin greet,
 An' no get warmly to your feet,
 An' gar them hear it,
 An' tell them wi' a patriot heat,
 Ye winna bear it ?

Some o' you nicely ken the laws,
 To round the period an' pause,
 An' wi' rhetoric clause on clause
 To mak harangues ;
 Then echo thro' St Stephen's wa's
 Auld Scotland's wrangs.

Dempster, a true blue Scot I'se warran ;
 'Thee, aith-detesting, chaste *Kilkerran* ; *
 An' that glib-gabbet Highland baron,
 The Laird o' *Graham* ; †
 An' ane, a chap that's d—n'd auld-farran,
 Dundas his name.

* Sir Adam Ferguson.

† The Present Duke of Montrose. (1800.)

You ill-tongu'd tinkler, *Charlie Fox*,
 May taunt you wi' his jeers an' mocks;
 But gie him't het, my hearty cocks!
 E'en cove the caddie;
 An' send him to his dicing-box
 An' sportin lady.

Tell yon guid bluid o' auld *Boconnock's*,
 I'll be his debt twa mashlum bannocks,
 An' drink his health in auld *Nause Tinnock's**
 Nine times a-week,
 If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks,
 Wad kindly seek.

Could he some *commutation* broach,
 I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch,
 He need na fear their foul reproach,
 Nor erudition,
 Yea mixtie-maxtie, queer hotch-potch,
 The *Coalition*.

Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue;
 She's just a deevil wi' a rung;
 An' if she promise auld or young,
 To tak their part,
 Tho' by the neck she should be strung,
 She'll no desert.

An' now, ye chosen *Five-and-Forty*,
 May still your Mither's heart support ye;
 Then, though a Minister grow dorty,
 An' kick your place,

* A worthy old Hostess of the Author's in Mauchline, where he sometimes studied Politics over a glass of guld auld Scotch Drink.

Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty
Before his face.

God bless your Honours a' your days,
Wi' soups o' kail an' brats o' chaise,
In spite o' a' the theivish kaes
That haunt *St Jamie's* ;
Your humble Poet sings an' prays,
While *Rab* his name is

POSTSCRIPT.

LET half-starv'd slaves, in warmer skies
See future wines, rich clust'ring, rise ;
Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
But blythe an' frisky,
She eyes her freeborn, martial boys,*
Tak aff their Whisky.

What tho' their Phoebus kinder warms,
While fragrance blooms, an' beauty charms !
When wretches range, in famish'd swarms,
The scented groves,
Or bounded forth, dishonour arms
In hungry droves.

Their gun's a burden on their shoulder ;
They downa bide the stink o' powther ;
Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither
To stan' or rin,
Till skelp—a shot—they're aff a' throwther,
To save their skin.

But bring a *Scotsman* frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,

Say, such is royal *George's* will,
An' there's the foe ;
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow.

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him,
Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him ;
Wi' bluidy hand a welcome gies him :
An' when he fa's,
His latest draught o' breathin' lea'es him
In faint huzzas.

Sages their solemn cen may steek,
An' raise a philosophic reek,
An' physically causes seek,
In clime an' season ;
But tell me *Whisky's* name in Greek,
I'll tell the reason.

Scotland, my auld, respected Mither !
Tho' whiles ye moistify your leather,
Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather,
Ye tane your dam ;
Freedom an' *Whisky* gang thegither,
Tak aff your dram !

THE HOLY FAIR*

A robe of seeming truth and trust
 Hid crafty Observation,
 And secret hung, with poison'd crust,
 'The dirk of Defamation :
 A mask that like the gorget show'd,
 Dye-varying on the pigeon ;
 And for a mantle large and broad,
 He wrapt him in Religion.
Hypocrisy a-la-mode.

Upon a slimmer Sunday morn,
 When Nature's face is fair,
 I walked forth to view the corn,
 An' snuff the caller air :
 The rising sun owre Glaston muirs,
 Wi' glorious light was glintin ;
 The hares were hirpling down the futs,
 The lav'rocks they were chantin,
 Fu' sweet that day.

As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad,
 To see a scene sae gay,
 Three Hizzies, early at the road,
 Cam skelpin up the way ;
 Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,
 But ane wi' lyart lining ;
 The third, that gaed a wee a-back,
 Was in the fashion shining,
 Fu' gay that day.

* *Holy Fair* is a common phrase in the West of Scotland for a sacramental occasion.

The *two* appear'd like sisters twin,
 In feature, form, an' claes !
 Their visage, wither'd, lang, an' thin,
 An' sour as ony slaes :
 The *third* cam up, hap-stap-an'-lowp,
 As light as ony lambie,
 An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,
 As soon as e'er she saw me,
 Fu' kind that day.

Wi' bannet aff, quoth I, ' Sweet lass,
 ' I think ye seem to ken me ;
 ' I'm sure I've seen that bonny face,
 ' But yet I canna name ye.'
 Quo' she, an' laughin as she spak,
 An' taks me by the hands,
 ' Ye, for my sake, hae gi'en the feck
 ' Of a' the ten commands
 ' A screed some day.

' My name is *Fun*—your cronie dear,
 ' The nearest friend ye hae ;
 ' An' this is *Superstition* here,
 ' An' that's *Hypocrisy*.
 ' I'm gaun to ***** *Holy Fair*,
 ' To spend an hour in daffin :
 Gin ye'll gae there, yon runkl'd pair,
 ' We will get famous laughin
 At them this day.'

Quoth I, ' With a' my heart, I'll do't ;
 ' I'll get my Sunday's sark on,
 ' An' meet you on the holy spot ;
 ' Faith we'se hae fine remarkin !'
 Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,
 An' soon I made me ready ;

For roads were clad, frae side to side,
 Wi' monie a wearie body,
 In droves that day.

Here farmers gash, in ridin graith,
 Gaed hoddin by their cotters ;
 There, swankies young, in braw braid-claith,
 Are springin o'er the gutters.
 The lasses, skelpin barefoot, thrang,
 In silks an' scarlets glitter ;
 Wi' *sweet-milk cheese*, in monie a whang,
 An' *furls* bak'd wi' butter,
 Fu' crump that day.

When by the *plate* we set our nose,
 Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,
 A greedy glowr Black Bonnet throws,
 An' we maun draw our tippence.
 Then in we go to see the show,
 On ev'ry side they're gath'rin,
 Some carrying dales, some chairs an' stools,
 An' some are busy bleth'rin
 Right loud that day.

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
 An' screen our countra Gentry,
 There, racer *Jess*, an' twa-three wh-res,
 Are blinkin at the entry.
 Here sits a raw of titlin jads,
 Wi' heaving breast an' bare neck,
 An' there a batch of wabster lads,
 Blackguarding frae K————ck
 For fun this day.

Here some are thinkin on their sins,
 An' some upo' their claes ;

Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins,
 Anither sighs an' prays :
 On this hand sits a chosen swatch,
 Wi' screw'd up grace-proud faces ;
 On that, a set o' chaps at watch,
 Thrang winkin on the lasses
 To chairs that day.

O happy is that man an' blest !
 Nae wonder that it pride him !
 Wha's ain dear lass, that he likes best,
 Comes clinkin down beside him !
 Wi' arm repos'd on the chair back,
 He sweetly does compose him !
 Which, by degrees, slips round her neck,
 An's loof upon her bosom,
 Unken'd that day.

Now a' the congregation o'er
 Is silent expectation ;
 For * * * * * speels the holy door,
 Wi' tidings o' d-mn-t—a.
 Should *Hornie*, as in ancient days,
 'Mang sons o' G— present him,
 The vera sight o' * * * * *'s face,
 To's ain bet hame had sent him
 Wi' fright that day.

Hear how he clears the points o' faith
 Wi' rattlin an' wi' thumpin !
 Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
 He's stampin an' he's jumpin !
 His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd up snout,
 His eldritch squeel and gestures,

Oh how they fire the heart devout,
 Like cantharidian plasters,
 On sic a day !

But, hark ! the *tent* has chang'd its voice ;
 There's peace an' rest nae langer :
 For a' the *real judges* rise,
 They canna sit for anger.
 * * * * * opens out his cauld harangues,
 On practice and on morals ;
 An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,
 To gie the jars an' barrels
 A lift that day.

What signifies his barren shine
 Of moral pow'rs and reason ?
 His English style, an' gesture fine,
 Are a' clean out o' season.
 Like *Socrates* or *Antonine*,
 Or some auld pagan Heathen,
 The moral man he does define,
 But ne'er a word o' faith in
 That's right that day.

In guid time comes an antidote
 Against sic poison'd nostrum ;
 For * * * * *, frae the water-fit,
 Ascends the holy rostrum :
 See, up he's got the word o' G—,
 An' meek an' mim has view'd it,
 While *Common-Sense* has ta'en the road,
 An' aff, an' up the Cowgate,*
 Fast, fast, that day.

* A street so called, which faces the *tent* in —

Wee * * * * *, niest, the Guard relieves,
An' Orthodoxy raibles.

Tho' in his heart he weel believes,
An' thinks it auld wives' fables :
But, faith ! the birkie wants a Manse,

So, cannily he hums them ;
Altho' his carnal wit an' sense
Like bafflins-ways o'erecomes him
At times that day.

Now, butt an' ben, the Change-house fills,
Wi' yill-caup Commentators :

Here's crying out for bakes and gills,
An' there the pint stowp clatters ;
While thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,

Wi' Logie, an' wi' Scripture,
They raise a din, that in the end,
Is like to breed a rupture
O' wrath that day.

Leeze me on Drink ! it gies us mais

Than either School or College :
It kindles wit, it waukens lair,
It pangs us fou o' knowledge.

Be't whisky gill, or penny wheep,
Or ony stronger potion,

It never fails, on drinking deep,
To kittle up our notion
By night or day.

The lads an' lasses, blythely bent

To mind baith saul an' body,
Sit round the table, weel content,
An' steer about the toddy.

On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leuk,
They're making observations ;

While some are cozie i' the neuk,
 An' formin assignations,
 To meet some day.

But now the L—d's ain trumpet touts,
 Till a' the hills are rairin,
 An' echoes back return the shouts:
 Black * * * * * is nae spairin:
 His piercing words, like Highland swords,
 Divide the joints an' marrow;
 His talk o' H—ll, whare devils dwell,
 Our vera ' sauls does harrow *'
 Wi' fright that day.

A vast, unbottom'd, boundless pit,
 Ful'd fou o' lowin brunstane,
 Wha's ragin flame, an' scorchin heat,
 Wad melt the hardest whun-stane:
 The half asleep start up wi' fear,
 An' think they hear it roarin,
 When presently it does appear,
 'Twas but some neebor snorin
 Asleep that day.

'Twad be owre lang a tale, to tell
 How monie stories past,
 An' how they crowded to the yill,
 When they were a' dismiss:
 How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups,
 Among the furms an' benches;
 An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,
 Was dealt about in lunches,
 An' dawds that day.

* Shakespeare's Hamlet.

In comes a gaucie, gash Guidwife,
An' sits down by the fire,
Synce draws her kebbuck an' her knife,
The lasses they are shyer.
The auld Guidmen, about the grace,
Frae side to side they bother,
Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
An' gi'es them't like a tether,
Fu' lang that day.

Waesucks ! for him that gets nae lass,
Or lasses that hae naething !
Sma' need has be to say a grace,
Or melvie his braw claithing !
O wives ! be mindfu', ance yoursel,
How bonie lads ye wanted,
An' dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,
Let lasses be affronted
On sic a day !

Now *Clinkumbell*, wi' rattlin tow,
Begins to jow an' croon ;
Some swagger hame, the best they dow,
Some wait the afternoon.
At slaps the billies halt a blink,
Till lasses strip their shoon :
Wi' faith an' hope, an' love an' drink,
They're a' in famous tune,
For crack that day.

How monie hearts this day converts
O' sinners and o' lasses !
Their hearts o' stane, gin night are gane,
As saft as ony flesh is.
There's some are fou o' love divine ;
There's some are fou o' brandy ;

An' monie jobs that day begin,
 May end in Houghmagandie
 Some ither day.

DEATH AND DR. HORNBOOK.

A TRUE STORY.

SOME books are lies frae end to end,
 And some great lies were never penn'd;
 Ev'n Ministers, they hae been kenn'd,
 In holy rapture,
 A rousing whid, at times, to vend.
 And nail't wi' Scripture.

But this that I am gaun to tell,
 Which lately on a night befel,
 Is just as true's the Deil's in h-hill
 Or Dublin city;
 That e'er he nearer comes oursel
 'S a muckle pity.

The Clachan yill had made me canty,
 I was na fou, but just had plenty;
 I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay
 To free the ditches;
 An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushes, kenn'd ay
 Frae ghaists an' witches.

The rising moon began to glow'r
 The distant Camnock hills out-owre:

To count her horns, wi' a' my pow'r,
 I set mysel ;
 But whether she had three or four,
 I cou'd na tell.

I was come round about the hill,
 And todlin down on *Willie's mill*,
 Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
 To keep me sicker ;
 Tho' leeward whyles, against my will,
 I took a bicker.

I there wi' *Something* did forgather,
 That put me in an eerie swither ;
 An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouter,
 Clear-dangling, hang ;
 A three-tae'd leister on the ither
 Lay, large an' lang.

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
 The queerest shape that e'er I saw,
 For fient a wame it had ava !
 And then, its shanks,
 They were as thin, as sharp an' sma'
 As cheeks o' branks.

' Guid-een,' quo' I ; ' Friend ! hae ye been mawin,
 ' When ither folk are busy sawin ? ' *
 It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan',
 But naething spak ;
 At length, says I, ' Friend, whare ye gaun,
 ' Will ye go back ? '

It spak right hove,—' My name is *Death*,
 ' But be na fley'd.'—Quoth I, ' Guid faith,

* This rencounter happened in seed-time, 1785.

- ' Ye're may be come to stap my breath ;
 ' But tent me, billie !
 ' I red ye weel, tak care o' skaith,
 ' See, here's a gully !'

 ' Gudeman,* quo' he, ' put up your whittle,
 ' I'm no design'd to try it's mettle ;
 ' But if I did, I wad be kittle
 ' To be mislear'd,
 ' I wad na mind it, no, that spittle
 ' Out-owre my beard.'

 ' Weel, weel !' says I, ' a bargain be't ;
 ' Come, gies your hand, an' sae we're gree't ;
 We'll ease our shanks an' tak a seat,
 ' Come, gies your news ;
 ' This while* ye hae been mony a gate
 ' At mony a house.

 ' Av, ay !' quo' he, an' shook his head,
 ' It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed
 ' Sin' I began to nick the thread,
 ' An' choke the breath ;
 ' Folk maun do something for their bread,
 ' An' sae maun *Death*.

 ' Sax thousand years are near-hand fled
 ' Sin' I was to the butchering bred,
 ' An' mony a scheme in vain's been laid,
 ' To stap or scar me ;
 ' Till ane *Hornbook's*† ta'en up the trade,
 ' An' falth, he'll waur me.

* An epidemical fever was then raging in that country.

† This gentleman, Dr. *Hornbook*, is, professionally, a brother of the Sovereign Order of the Ferula ; but, by intuition and inspiration, is at once an Apothecary, Surgeon, and Physician.

- Ye ken *Jock Hornbook* i' the Clachan,
' Deil mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan !
' He's grown sae well acquaint wi' *Buchan**
 ' An' ither chaps,
' The weans haud out their fingers laughin
 ' And pouk my hips.
- ' See, here's a scythe, and there's a dart,
' They hae pierc'd mony a gallant heart ;
' But *Doctor Hornbook*, wi' his art
 ' And cursed skill,
' Has made them baith no worth a f—t,
 ' Damn'd haet they'll kill.
- ' 'Twas but yestreen, nae farther gane,
' I threw a noble throw at ane ;
' Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain ;
 ' But deil-ma-care,
' It just play'd dirl on the bane,
 ' But did nae mair.
- ' *Hornbook* was by, wi' ready art,
' And had sae fortify'd the part,
' That when I looked to my dart,
 ' It was sae blunt,
' Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart
 ' Of a kail runt.
- ' I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
' I nearhand cowpit wi' my hurry,
' But yet the bauld *Apothecary*
 ' Withstood the shock ;
I might as weel hae try'd a quarry
 ' O' hard whin rock.

* *Buchan's Domestic Medicine.*

* Ev'n them he canna get attended,
 * Altho' their face he ne'er had kend it,
 * Just —— in a kail-blade, and send it,
 * As soon's he smells't,
 * Baith their disease, and what will mend it,
 * At once he tells't.

* And then a' doctors' saws and whittles,
 * Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles,
 * A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles,
 * He's sure to hae;
 * Their Latin names as fast he rattles
 * As A B C.

* Calces o' fossils, earth, and trees;
 * True Sal-marinum o' the seas;
 * The Farina of beans and pease,
 * He has't in plenty;
 * Wi' Aqua-fontis, what you please,
 * He can content ye.

* Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,
 * Urinus Spiritus of capons;
 * Or Mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
 * Distill'd *per se*;
 * Sal-alkali o' Midge-tail-clippings,
 * And mony mae.*

* Waes me for *Johnny Ged's Hole** now,
 Quo' I, * if that the news be true!
 * His braw call-ward whare gowans grew,
 * Sae white and bonie,
 * Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plow;
 * They'll ruin *Johnie*!

* The grave digger.

The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh,
 And says, ' Ye need na yoke the pleugh,
 ' Kirkyards will soon be till'd enugh,
 ' Tak ye nae fear :
 ' They'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a sheugh
 ' In twa-three year.

' Whare I kill'd ane a fair strae-death,
 ' By loss o' blood or want o' breath,
 ' This night I'm free to tak my aith,
 ' That *Hornbook's* skill
 ' Has clad a score i' their last claith,
 ' By drap an' pill.

' An honest Wabster to his trade,
 ' Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel bred,
 ' Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
 ' When it was sair ;
 ' The wife slade cannie to her bed,
 ' But ne'er spak mair.

' A countra Laird had ta'en the batta,
 ' Or some curmurring in his guts,
 ' His only son for *Hornbook* sets,
 ' An' pays him well.
 ' The lad, for twa guid gimmer pets,
 ' Was laird himsel.

' A bonie lass, ye kend her name,
 ' Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame :
 ' She trusts hersel, to hide the shame,
 ' In *Hornbook's* care ;
 ' *Horn* sent her aff to her lang hame,
 ' To hide it there.

- ' That's just a swatch o' *Horubook's* way ;
 ' Thus gaes he on from day to day,
 ' Thus does he poison, kill, an' slay,
 ' An's weel paid for't ;
 ' Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey,
 ' Wi' his d-mn'd dirt :

- ' But, hark ! I'll tell you of a plot,
 ' Tho' dinna ye be speaking o't,
 ' I'll nail the self-conceited Scot,
 ' As dead's a herrin ;
 ' Niest time we meet, I'll wad a great,
 ' He gets his fairin !'

But just as he began to tell,
 The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
 Some wee short hour ayont the *twal*,
 Which rais'd us baith :
 I took the way that pleas'd mysel,
 And sae did *Death*.

THE BRIGS OF AYR.

A POEM.

*Inscribed to J. B*****, Esq. Ayr.*

THE simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
 Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough ;
 The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
 Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn
 bush ;
 The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
 Or deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild-whistling o'er
 the hill ;

Shall he, surst in the Peasant's lowly shed,
 To hardy Independence bravely bred,
 By early Poverty to hardship steel'd,
 And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's field,
 Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
 The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes?
 Or labour hard the panegyric close,
 With all the venal soul of dedicating Prose?
 No! though his artless strains he rudely sings,
 And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,
 He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,
 Fame, honest fame, his great, his dear reward.
 Still, if some Patron's gen'rous care he trace,
 Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace;
 When B***** befriends his humble name,
 And hands the rustic stranger up to fame,
 With heart-felt throes his grateful bosom swells,
 The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter-hap,
 And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap;
 Potatoe-bings are snugged up fra skaith
 Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath;
 The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils,
 Unnumber'd buds an' flow'rs' delicious spoils,
 Seal'd up with frugal care in massive waxen piles,
 Are doom'd by man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
 The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone reek:
 The thundering guns are heard on ev'ry side,
 The wounded coveys, recling, scatter wide;
 The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,
 Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie:
 (What warm, poetic heart, but inly bleeds,
 And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)
 Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs;
 Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,

Except perhaps the Robin's whistling glee,
 Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree :
 The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
 Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noon-tide
 blaze,

While thick the gossamour waves wanton in the
 rays.

'Twas in that season, when a simple bard,
 Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,
 Ae night, within the ancient brough of *Ayr*,
 By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care ;
 He left his bed, and took his wayward route,
 And down by *Simpson's** wheel'd the left about :
 (Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,
 To witness what I after shall narrate ;
 Or whether, rapt in meditation high,
 He wander'd out he knew not where nor why :)
 The drowsy *Dungeon-clock*† had number'd two,
 And *Wallace Tow'r*† had sworn the fact was true :
 The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen sounding roar,
 Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the
 shore :

All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e ;
 The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree :
 The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
 Crept, gently crusting, o'er the glittering stream.—

When, lo ! on either hand the list'ning Bard,
 The clanging sugh of whistling wings is heard ;
 Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,
 Swift as the *Gos** drives on the wheeling hare ;
 Ane on th' *Auld Brig* his airy shape uprears,
 The ither flutters o'er the rising piers :
 Our warlock Rhymer instantly descry'd
 The Sprites that owre the *Brigs of Ayr* preside.

* A noted tavern at the Auld Brig end.

† The two steeples. ‡ The Gos-hawk, or Falcon.

(That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
 And ken the lingo of the sp'ritual fo'k ;
 Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,
 And ev'n the vera deils they brawly ken them,)
Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
 The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face :
 He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang,
 Yet toughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
New Brig was buskit in a braw new coat,
 That he, at *Lon'on*, frae ane *Adams*, got ;
 In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead,
 Wi' virls and whirlygigums at the head.
 The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,
 Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch ;
 It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e,
 And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he !
 Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
 He, down the water, gies him this guiden :—

AULD BRIG.

I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep-
 shank,
 Ance ye were streekit o'er frae bank to bank !
 But gin ye be a brig as auld as me,
 Tho' faith that day, I doubt, ye'll never see ;
 There'll be, if that date come, I'll wad a boddle,
 Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle.

NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense,
 Just much about it wi' your scanty sense ;
 Will your poor, narrow foot-path of a street,
 Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet,
 Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane an' lime,
 Compare wi' bonie *Brigs* o' modern time ?

There's men o' taste would tak the *Ducat-stream*,*
 Tho' they should cast the very sark and swim,
 Ere they would grate their feelings wi' the view
 Of sic an ugly, Gothic hulk as you.

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk ! puff'd up wi' windy pride !
 This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide ;
 And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn,
 I'll be a *Brig*, when ye're a shapeless cairn !
 As yet ye little ken about the matter,
 But twa-three winters will inform ye better.
 When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains,
 Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains ;
 When from the hills where springs the brawling *Coil*,
 Or stately *Lugar's* mossy fountains boil,
 Or where the *Greenock* winds his moorland course,
 Or haunted *Garpal*† draws his feeble source,
 Arous'd by blust'ring winds an' spotting thowes,
 In mony a torrent down his sna-brue rowes ;
 While crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat,
 Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate ;
 And from *Glenbuck*,‡ down to the *Rotton-key*,§
 Auld *Ayr* is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea ;
 Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise !
 And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies.
 A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
 That Architecture's noble art is lost !

NEW BRIG.

Fine *Architecture*, trowth, I needs must say't o't !
 The *L*—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't !

* A noted ford, just above the Auld Brig.

† The banks of *Garpal Water* is one of the few places in the West of Scotland, where those fancy-scaring beings, known by the name of *Ghaisirs*, still continue pertinaciously to inhabit.

‡ The source of the river *Ayr*.

§ A small landing place above the large key.

Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
 Hanging with threat'ning jut, like precipices ;
 O'er arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
 Supporting roofs fantastic, stony groves :
 Windows and doors, in nameless sculpture drest,
 With order, symmetry, or taste unblest ;
 Forms like some bedlam statuary's dream,
 The craz'd creations of misguided whim ;
 Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
 And still the *second dread command* be free.
 Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea.
 Mansions that would disgrace the building taste
 Of any mason reptile, bird or beast ;
 Fit only for a doited Monkish race,
 Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace,
 Or Cuffs of latter times, wha held the notion
 That sullen gloom was sterling true devotion ;
 Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection,
 And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrec-
 tion !

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealings,
 Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings !
 Ye worthy *Proveres*, an' mony a *Baillie*,
 Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay ;
 Ye dainty *Deacons*, and ye douce *Conveeners*,
 To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners ;
 Ye godly *Councils* wha hae blest this town ;
 Ye godly *Brethren* of the sacred gown,
 Wha meekly gie your *hurdies* to the *smiters* ;
 And (what would now be strange) ye godly *Writers* !
 A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the brue,
 Were ye but here, what would ye say or do ?
 How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
 To see each melancholy alteration ;

And agonizing, curse the time and place
 When ye begat the base, degen'rate race!
 Nae langer Rev'rend Men, their country's glory,
 In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid story!
 Nae langer thrifty Citizens, an' douce,
 Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house;
 But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless Gentry,
 The herryment and ruin of the country;
 Men, three-parts made by Tailors and by Barbers,
 Wha waste your well-bain'd gear on d—d new
Brigs and Harbours!

NEW BRIG.

Now haud you there! for faith ye've said enough,
 And muckle mair than ye can mak to through;
 As for your priesthood, I shall say but little,
Corbies and Clergy are a shot right kittle;
 But, under favour o' your langer beard,
 Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd;
 To liken them to your auk-waird squad,
 I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
 In *Ayr*, Wag-wits nae mair can hae a handle
 To mouth 'a Citizen,' a term o' scandal:
 Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,
 In all the pomp of ignorant conceit;
 Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' raisins,
 Or gather'd lib'ral views in Bonds and Seisins,
 If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
 Had shor'd them with a glimmer of his lamp,
 And would to Common-sense, for once betray'd
 them,
 Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.

.....

What farther clishmaclaver might been said,
 What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,

No man can tell ; but all before their sight,
A fairy train appear'd in order bright :
Adown the glittering stream they featly danc'd :
Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd ;
'They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
'The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet :
While arts of Minstrelsy among them rung,
And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties sung.
O had *McLauchlan*,* thairm-inspiring Sage,
Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
When thro' his dear *Strathspeys* they bore with
Highland rage,

Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
'The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares ;
How woult his Highland lug been nobler fir'd,
And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch in-
spir'd !

No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,
But all the soul of Music's self was heard ;
Harmonious concert rung in every part,
While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.

The Genius of the Stream in front appears,
A venerable Chief advanc'd in years ;
His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
His manly leg with garter tangle bound.
Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring ;
Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy,
And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye :
All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,
Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn ;
Then winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,
By Hospitality with cloudless brow.

* A well known performer of Scottish music on the violin.

Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride,
 From where the *Fear* wild-woody coverts hide;
 Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
 A female form, came from the tow'rs of *Stair* :
 Learning and Worth in equal measures trode
 From simple *Calrine*, their long-lov'd abode :
 Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a haze
 wreath,
 To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
 The broken iron instruments of death ;
 At sight of whom our Sprites forgot their kind-
 ling wrath.

THE ORDINATION.

For sense they little owe to Frogal Heav'n.—
 To please the Mob they hide the little giv'n.

KILMARNOCK Wabsters fidge an' claw,
 An' pour your creeshie nations ;
 An' ye wha leather rax an' draw,
 Of a' denominations,
 Swith to the *Laigh Kirk*, ane an' a',
 An' there tak up your stations ;
 Then aff to *B-gb*—'s in a raw,
 An' pour divine libations
 For joy this day.

Curst Common-sense, that imp o' h-ll,
 Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder ;*
 But O***** aft made her yell,
 An' R***** sair misca'd her ;

* Alluding to a scoffing ballad which was made on the admission of the late Reverend and worthy Mr. L. to the *Laigh Kirk*.

This day M***** takes the flail,
 And he's the boy will blauid her !
 He'll clap a *shangan* on her tail,
 An' set the bairns to daub her
 Wi' dirt this day.

Mak haste an' turn king David owre,
 An' lit wi' holy clangor ;
 O' double verse come gie us four,
 An' skirl up the Bangor :
 This day the kirk kicks up a stoure,
 Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,
 For Heresy is in her pow'r,
 An' gloriously shall whang her
 Wi' pith this day.

Come, let a proper text be read,
 An' touch it aff wi' vigour,
 How graceless *Ham** leugh at his Dad,
 Which made *Canaan* a niger ;
 Or *Phineas*† drove the murdering blade,
 Wi' wh-re-abhorring rigour ;
 Or *Zipporah*,‡ the scauldin jade,
 Was like a bluidy tiger
 I' th' inn that day.

There, try his mettle on the creed,
 And bind him down wi' caution,
 That *Stipend* is a carnal weed
 He taks but for the fashion ;
 And gie him o'er the flock, to feed,
 And punish each transgression ;

* Genesis, ch. ix. ver. 22.

† Numbers, ch. xxv. ver. 8.

‡ Exodus, ch. iv. ver. 25.

Especial, *rains* that cross the breed,
 Gie them sufficient threshin,
 Spare them nae day.

Now auld *Kilmarnock* cock thy tail,
 And toss thy horns fu' canty ;
 Nae mair thou'lt rowte out-owre the dale,
 Because thy pasture's scanty ;
 For lapfu's large o' *gospel kail*
 Shall fill thy crib in plenty,
 An' *runts* o' *grace* the pick and wale,
 No gi'en by way o' dainty,
 But ilka day.

Nae mair by *Ebel's streams* we'll weep,
 To think upon our *Zion* ;
 And hing our fiddles up to sleep,
 Like baby-clouts a-dryin :
 Come, screw the pegs wi' tuncfu' cheep,
 And o'er the thairms be tryin ;
 Oh, rare ! to see our elbucks wheep,
 An' a' like lamb-tails flyin
 Fu' fast this day !

Lang *Patronage*, wi' rod o' airn,
 Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin,
 As lately *F-nw-ck*, sair forfairn,
 Has proven to its ruin :
 Our Patron, honest man ! *Glencarn*,
 He saw mischief was brewin ;
 And like a godly elect bairn,
 He's wal'd us out a true ane,
 And sound this day.

Now R* * * * * harangue nae mair,
 But steek your gub for ever :

Or try the wicked town of A* *,
 For there they'll think you clever ;
 Or, nae reflection on your lear,
 Ye may commence a Shaver ;
 Or to the *N-th-r-t-n* repair,
 And turn a Carpet-weaver
 Aff-hand this day.

M* * * * * and you were just a match.
 We never had sic twa drones :
 Auld *Hornie* did the *Laigh Kirk* watch,
 Just like a winkin baudrons :
 And aye he catch'd the tither wretch,
 To fry them in his caudrons :
 But now his honour maun detach,
 Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons,
 Fast, fast this day.

See, see auld Orthodoxy's face
 She's swingein thro' the city :
 Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays !
 I vow its unco pretty :
 There, Learning, with his Greekish face,
 Grunts out some Latin ditty ;
 And Common Sense is gaun, she says,
 To mak to *Jamie Beattie*
 Her plaint this day.

But there's Morality himsel,
 Embracing all opinions ;
 Hear, how he gies the tither yell,
 Between his twa companions ;
 See, how she peels the skin an' fell,
 As ane were peelin onions !
 Now there—they're packed aff to hell,
 And banish'd our dominions,
 Henceforth this day.

O happy day ! rejoice, rejoice !
 Come bouse about the porter !
 Morality's demure decoys,
 Shall here nae mair find quarter :
 M*****, R*****, are the boys,
 That Heresy can torture ;
 They'll gie her on a rape a hoyse,
 And cow her measure shorter
 By th' head some day,

Come, bring the tither matchkin in,
 And here's, for a conclusion,
 To every *New Light** mother's son,
 From this time forth, Confusion :
 If mair they deave us with their din,
 Or Patronage intrusion,
 We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin,
 We'll rin them aff in fusion
 Like oil, some day.

THE CALF.

TO THE REV. MR. ———

On his 'Text, Malachi, ch. iv. ver. 2. " And they
 " shall go forth, and grow up, like calves of the stall."

RIGHT, Sir ! your text I'll prove it true,
 Though Heretics may laugh ;
 For instance ; there's yoursel just now,
 God knows, an unco *Calf* !

* *New Light* is a cant phrase, in the West of Scotland,
 for those religious opinions which Dr. Taylor of Nor-
 wich has defended so strenuously.

And should some Patron be so kind,
 As bless you wi' a kirk,
 I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find,
 Ye're still as great a *Stirk*.

But, if the Lover's raptur'd hour
 Shall ever be your lot,
 Forbid it, ev'ry heavenly Power,
 You e'er should be a *Stot* !

Tho', when some kind, connubial Dear,
 Your but-and-ben adorns,
 The like has been that you may wear
 A noble head of *horns*.

And in your lug, most reverend *James*,
 To hear you roar and rowte,
 Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
 To rank among the *nowte*.

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead,
 Below a grassy hillock,
 Wi' justice they may mark your head—
 ' Here lies a famous *Bullock* !'

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL.

O Prince ! O Chief of many throned Pow'rs,
 That led th' embattled Seraphim to war.

Milton.

O THOU ! whatever title suit thee,
 Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
 Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,
 Closed under hatches,
 Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
 To scaud poor wretches :

Hear me, auld *Hangie*, for a wee,
An' let poor damned bodies be ;
I'in sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
 E'en to a *deil*,
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
 An' hear us squeel !

Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame ;
Far kend and noted is thy name ;
An' tho' yon lowin heugh's thy hame,
 Thou travels far ;
An' faith ! thou's neither lag nor lame,
 Nor blate nor scaur.

Whyles, ranging like a roarin lion,
For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin ;
Whyles on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin,
 Tirling the kirks ;
Whyles, in the human bosom pryin,
 Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my reverend *Grannie* say,
In lawely glens ye like to stray ;
Or where auld-ruin'd castles, gray,
 Nod to the moon,
Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way,
 Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my *Grannie* summon,
To say her prayers, douce, honest woman !
Aft yont the dyke she's heard you bummin,
 Wi' eerie drone ;
Or, rustlin, thro' the boorties comin,
 Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
 The stars shot down wi' sklentim light,
 Wi' you, mysel, I get a fright,
 Ayont the lough ;
 Ye, like a rash-bush, stood in sight,
 Wi' waving sugh.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
 Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,
 When wi' an eldritch stour, quaick—quaick—
 Amang the springs,
 Awa ye squatter'd, like a drake,
 On whistling wings.

Let warlocks grim, an' wither'd hags,
 Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags,
 They skim the muirs, an' dizzy crags,
 Wi' wicked speed ;
 And in kirk-yards renew their leagues,
 Owre howkit dead.

Thence countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
 May plunge an' plunge the kirk in vain ;
 For, oh ! the yellow treasure's taen
 By witching skill ;
 An' dawtit, twal-pint *Hawkie's* gaen
 As yell's the Bill.

Thence mystic knots mak great abuse,
 On young Guidman, fond, keen, an' crouse ;
 When the best wark-lume i' the house,
 By cantrip wit,
 Is instant made no worth a louse,
 Just at the bit.

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
 Wi' reekit duds, an' reestit gizz,
 Ye did present your smoutie phiz,
 'Mang better fo'k,
 An' sklent on the *man of Uzz*
 Your spitefu' joke?

An' bow ye gat him i' your thrall,
 An' brak him out o' house an' hall,
 While scabs an' blotches did him gall,
 Wi' bitter claw,
 An' lows'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked Scawl,
 Was warst ava?

But a' your doings to rehearse
 Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce,
 Sin' that day *Michael** did you pierce,
 Down to this time,
 Wad ding a' Lallan tongue, or Erse,
 In prose or rhyme.

An' now, auld *Cloots*, I ken ye're thinkin,
 A certain *Bardie*'s rantin, drinkin,
 Some luckless hour will send him linkin,
 To your black pit;
 But, faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin,
 An' cheat you yet.

But, fare you weel, auld *Nickie-ben*!
 O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
 Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
 Still hae a *stake*—
 I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
 Ev'n for your sake!

* Vide Milton, Book VI.

THE DEATH AND DYING WORDS OF POOR MAILIE,

The Author's only Pet Yowe.

AN UNCO MOURNFU' TALE.

As *Mailie*, an' her lambs thegither,
Were ae day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,
An' owre she warsl'd in the ditch :
'There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
When *Hughoc** he cam doytin by.

Wi' glowrin een, an' lifted han's,
Poor *Hughoc* like a statue stan's ;
He saw her days were near-hand endel,
But, waes my heart ! he could na mend it !
He gaped wide, but naething spak !
At length poor *Mailie* silence brak.

' O thou, whase lamentable face
Appears to mourn my wofu' case !
My *dying words* attentive hear,
An' bear them to my Master dear.

' Tell him, if e'er again he keep
As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
O, bid him never tie them mair
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair !
But ca' them out to park or hill,
An' let them wander at their will ;

* A noocher herd-callen.

So may his flock increase, an' grow
To scores o' lambs, an' packs o' woo' !

' Tell him, he was a Master kin',
An' ay was guid to me and mine ;
An' now my dying charge I gie him,
My helpless lambs I trust them wi' him.

' O, bid him save their harmless lives,
Frae dogs, an' tods, an' butchers' knives !
But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
Till they be fit to fend themsel :
An' tent them duly, e'en an' morn,
Wi' teats o' hay an' rips o' corn.

' An' may they never learn the gacts
Of ither vile wanrestfu' pets !
To slink thro' slaps, an' reave an' steal,
At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail.
So may they, like their great Forbearers,
For monie a year come thro' the sheers :
So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
An' bairns greet for them when they're dead.

' My poor *toop-lamb*, my son an' heir,
O, bid him breed him up wi' care !
An', if he live to be a beast,
To pit some havins in his breast !
An' warn him, what I winna name,
To stay content wi' yowes at hame ;
An' no to rin an' wear his cloots,
Like ither menseless, graceless, brutes.

' An' niest my *yowie*, silly thing,
Gude keep thee frae a tether string !
O, may thou ne'er forgather up
Wi' ony blastit, moorland toop ;
But ay keep mind to moop an' mell,
Wi' sheep o' credit like thyself !

' An' now, my bairns, wi' my last breath,
I lea'e my blessin wi' you baith :

An' when you think upo' your Mither
Mind to be kin' to ane anither.

' Now, honest *Hughoe*, dinna fail,
To tell my Master a' my tale;
An' bid him burn this curs'd tether,
An', for thy pains, thou' se get my blether.'

This said, poor *Mailie* turn'd her head,
An' clos'd her een amang the dead.

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,
Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose;
Our bardie's fate is at a close,
Past a' remead;
The last sad cape-stane of his woes;
Poor Mailie's dead!

It's no the loss o' warl's gear,
That could sae bitter draw the tear,
Or mak our bardie, dowie, wear
The mourning weed:
He's lost a friend and neechor dear,
In *Mailie* dead.

Thro' a' the toun she trotted by him;
A lang half-mile she could descry him;
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed:
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him,
Than *Mailie* dead.

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
 An' could behave hersel wi' mense :
 I'll say't, she never brak a fence,
 Thro' thievish greed.
 Our bardie, lanely, keeps the spence
 Sin' *Mailie's* dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,
 Her living image in her yowe,
 Comes bleating to him, owre the knowe,
 For bits o' bread ;
 An' down the briny pearls rowe
 For *Mailie* dead.

She was nae get o' moorland tips,
 Wi' tawted ket, an' hairy hips ;
 For her forbears were brought in ships
 Frac yont the *Tweed* :
 A bonier *fleesh* ne'er cross'd the clips
 Than *Mailie* dead.

Wae worth the man wha first did shape
 That vile, wanchancie thing—a *rape* !
 It maks guid fellows girn an' gape,
 Wi' chokin dread ;
 An' *Robin's* bonnet wave wi' crape,
 For *Mailie* dead.

O, a' ye bards on bonie *Doon* !
 An' wha on *Ayr* your chanter's tune !
 Come, join the melancholious croon
 O' *Robin's* reed !
 His heart will never get aboon !
 His *Mailie* dead.

Some thyme, a neebor's name to lash ;
Some rhyme (vain thought !) for needfu' cash ;
Some rhyme to court the countra clash,
 An' raise a din ;
For me, an aim I never fash ;
 I rhyme for fun.

The star that rules my luckless lot,
Has fated me the russet coat,
An' damn'd my fortune to the groat ;
 But in requit,
Has bless'd me wi' a random shot
 O' countra wit.

This while my notion's taen a sklent,
'To try my fate in guid black prent ;
But still the mair I'm that way bent,
 Something cries, 'Hoolie !
' I red you, honest man, tak tent !
 ' Ye'll shaw your folly.

' There's iither poets, much your betters,
' Far seen in *Greek*, deep men o' letters,
' Hae thought they had ensur'd their debtors,
 ' A' future ages ;
' Now moths deform in shapeless tetter,
 ' Their unknown pages.'

Then fareweel hopes o' laurel-boughs,
To garland my poetic brows !
Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs
 Are whistling thrang,
An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
 My rustie sang.

I'll wander on, with tentless heed
 How never-halting moments speed,
 Till fate shall snap the brittle thread ;
 Then, all unknown,
 I'll lay me with the inglorious dead,
 Forgot and gone !

But why o' death begin a tale ?
 Just now we're living sound and hale,
 Then top and maintop crowd the sail,
 Heave *care* o'er side !
 And large, before enjoyment's gale,
 Let's tak the tide.

This life, sae far's I understand,
 Is a' enchanted fairy land,
 Where pleasure is the magic wand,
 That, wielded right,
 Maks hours like minutes, hand in hand,
 Dance by fu' light.

The magic-wand then let us wield ;
 For, ance that five-an'-forty's speel'd,
 See crazy, weary, joyless cild,
 Wi' wrink'd face,
 Comes hostin, hirplin owre the field,
 Wi' creepin pace.

When *ance life's day* draws near the gloamin,
 Then fareweel vacant careless roamin ;
 An' fareweel cbeartfu' tankards foamin,
 An' social noise ;
 An' fareweel, dear deluding woman,
 The joy of joys !

O Life ! how pleasant in thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning !
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
 We frisk away,
Like school-boys, at th' expected warning,
 To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the rose upon the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near,
 Among the leaves ;
And though the puny wound appear,
 Short while it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,
For which they never toil'd nor swat ;
They drink the sweet, and eat the fat,
 But care or pain ;
And, haply, eye the barren hut
 With high disdain.

With steady aim, some fortune chase ;
Keen Hope does every sinew brace ;
Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race,
 And seize the prey :
Then canie, in some cozie place,
 They close the day.

And others, like your humble servan',
Poor wights ! nae rules nor roads observin ;
To right or left, eternal swervin,
 They zig-zag on ;
Till curst with age, obscure an' starvin,
 They aften groan.

Alas ! what bitter toil an' straining—
 But truce with peevish, poor complaining !
 Is fortune's fickle *Luna* waning ?

E'en let her gang !
 Beneath what light she has remaining,
 Let's sing our sang.

My pen I here fling to the door,
 And kneel, 'Ye Pow'rs !' and warm implore,
 ' Tho' I should wander *terra* o'er,
 ' In all her climes,
 ' Grant me but this, I ask no more,
 ' Aye rowth o' rhymes.

' Gie dreeping roasts to countra lairds,
 ' Till icicles hang frae their beards ;
 ' Gie fine braw claes to fine life-guards,
 ' And maids of honour ;
 ' And yill an' whiskey gie to cairds,
 ' Until they sconner.

' A title, *Dempster* merits it ;
 ' A garter gie to *Willie Pitt* ;
 ' Gie wealth to some be-ledger'd cit,
 ' In cent. per cent.
 ' But give me real, sterling wit,
 ' And I'm content.

' While ye are pleas'd to keep me hale,
 ' I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal,
 ' Be't water-broze, or muslin-kail,
 ' Wi' cheerfu' face,
 As lang's the Muses dinna fail
 ' To say the grace.

An anxious e'e I never throws
 Behint my lug, or by my nose ;
 I jouk beneath misfortune's blows
 As weel's I may ;
 Sworn foe to sorrow, care, and prose,
 I rhyme away.

O ye douce folk, that live by rule,
 Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool,
 Compar'd wi' you—O fool ! fool ! fool !
 How much unlike !
 Your hearts are just a standing pool,
 Your lives, a dyke !

Nae hair-brain'd, sentimental traces
 In your unletter'd, nameless faces !
 In *arioso* trills and graces
 Ye never stray,
 But, *gravissimo*, solemn basses
 Ye hum away.

Ye are *sae* grave, nae doubt ye're *wise* ;
 Nae ferly tho' ye do despise
 'The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys,
 The rattlin squad :
 I see you upward cast your eyes—
 —Ye ken the road.—

Whilst I—but I shall haud me there—
 Wi' you I'll scarce gang *ony where*—
 Then, *Jamie*, I shall say nae mair,
 But quat my sang,
 Content wi' *you* to mak a pair,
 Whare'er I gang.

A DREAM.

Thoughts, words, and deeds, the statute blames with
reason ;
But surely *dreams* were ne'er indicted treason.

[On reading, in the public papers, the *Laurist's Ode*, with the other parade of June 4, 1786, the author was no sooner dropt asleep, than he imagined himself transported to the birth-day levee ; and in his dreaming fancy made the following *Address*.]

GUID-MORNIN to your *Majesty* !
May heav'n augment your blisses,
On every new *birth-day* ye see,
A humble poet wishes !
My bardship here, at your levee,
On sic a day as this is,
Is sure an uncouth sight to see,
Among the birth-day dresses
Sae fine this day.

I see ye're complimented thrang,
By mony a lord and lady ;
' God save the king ! ' 's a cuckoo sang
That's unco easy said aye ;
The poets, too, a venal gang,
Wi' rhymes weel-turn'd and ready,
Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang,
But ay unerring steady,
On sic a day.

For me ! before a monarch's face,
Ev'n *there* I winna flatter ;
For neither pension, post, nor place,
Am I your humble debtor :

So, nae reflection on *your grace*,
Your kingship to bespatter ;
There's monie waur been o' the race,
And aiblins ane been better
Than you this day.

'Tis very true, my sov'reign king,
My skill may weel be doubted :
But facts are chiels that winna ding,
An' downa be disputed :
Your royal nest, beneath your wing,
Is e'en right reft an' clouted,
And now the third part of the string,
An' less, will gang about it
Than did ae day.

Far be't frae me that I aspire
To blame your legislation,
Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,
To rule this mighty nation !
But faith ! I muckle doubt, my *Sire*,
Ye've trusted ministration
To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,
Wad better fill'd their station
Than courts you day.

And now ye've gien auld *Britain* peace,
Her broken shins to plaster ;
Your sair taxation does her fleece,
Till she has scarce a tester ;
For me, thank God, my life's a *lease*,
Nae bargain wearing faster,
Or, faith ! I fear, that wi' the geese,
I shortly boost to pasture
I' the craft some day.

I'm no mistrusting *Willie Pitt*,
 When taxes he enlarges,
 (An *Will's* a true guid fallow's get,
 A name not envy spairges,)
 That he intends to pay your debt,
 An' lessen a' your charges ;
 But, G-d's-sake ! let nae *saving-fit*
 Abridge your bonnie barges
 An' boats this day.

Adieu, my *Liege* ! may freedom geck
 Beneath your high protection ;
 An' may ye rax corruption's neck,
 And gie her for dissection !
 But since I'm here, I'll no neglect,
 In loyal, true affection,
 To pay your *Queen*, with due respect,
 My fealty an' subjection
 This great birth-day,

Hail, *Majesty most Excellent* !
 While nobles strive to please ye,
 Will ye accept a compliment
 A simple poet gies ye ?
 Thae bonnie bairntime, Heav'n has lent,
 Still higher may they heeze ye
 In bliss, till fate some day is sent,
 For ever to release ye
 Frae care that day.

For you, young potentate o' W——,
 I tell your *Highness* fairly,
 Down pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
 I'm tauld ye're driving rarely ;
 But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
 An' curse your folly sairly,

That e'er ye brak *Diana's* pales,
Or rattl'd dice wi' *Charlie*,
By night or day.

Yet aft a ragged cowte's been known
To mak a noble aicer ;
So, ye may doucely fill a throne,
For a' their clish-ma-claver ;
There, him* at *Agincourt* wha shone,
Few better were or braver ;
And yet, wi' funny, queer *Sir John*,†
He was an unco shaver
For monie a day.

For you, right rev'rend *Osnaburg*,
Nane sets the *lawn-sleeve* sweeter,
Although a ribbon at your lug
Wad been a dress completer :
As ye disown yon paughty dog
That bears the keys of *Peter*,
Then, swith ! an' get a wife to hug,
Or, troath ! ye'll stain the mitre
Some luckless day.

Young, royal *Tarry Brooks*, I learn,
Ye've lately come athwart her ;
A glorious galley‡, stem an' stern,
Weel rigg'd for *Venus'* barter ;
But first hang out, that she'll discern
Your hymeneal charter,
Then heave aboard your grapple arm,
An', large upo' her quarter,
Come full that day.

* King Henry V.

† Sir John Falstaff: *vide* Shakespeare.

‡ Alluding to the newspaper account of a certain royal sailor's amour.

Ye, lastly, bonnie blossoms a',
 Ye royal lasses dainty,
 Heav'n mak you guid as weel as braw,
 An' gie you lads a-plenty:
 But sneer na *British Boys* awa',
 For kings are unco scant aye;
 An' German gentles are but sma',
 They're better just than want aye
 On onie day.

God bless you a'! consider now
 Ye're unco muckle dautet;
 But, ere the *course* o' life be thro',
 It may be bitter sautet:
 An' I hae seen their *coggie* fou,
 That yet hae tarrow't at it;
 But or the day was done, I trow,
 The laggen they hae clautet
 Fu' clean that day.

THE VISION.

DUAN FIRST.*

THE sun had clos'd the winter day,
 The curlers quat their roaring play,
 An' hunger'd maukin ta'en her way
 To kail-yards green,
 While faithless snaws ilk step betray
 Where she has been.

* *Duan*, a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digressive poem. See his *Cath-Loda*, vol. ii. of M'Pherson's translation.

The thresher's weary *flingin-tree*
The lee-lang day had tired me ;
And whan the day had clos'd his e'e,

Far i' the west,
Ben i' the *spence*, right pensivelie,
I gae'd to rest.

There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,
I sat and ey'd the spewing reck,
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeck,
The auld clay biggin ;
An' heard the restless rattons squeak
About the riggin.

All in this mottie, misty clime,
I backward mus'd on wasted time,
How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
An' done nae-thing.
But stringin blethers up in rhyme,
For fools to sing.

Had I to guid advice but harkit,
I might, by this, hae led a market,
Or strutted in a bank, an' clarkit
My cash account :
While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarkit,
Is a' th' amount.

I started, mutt'ring, blockhead ! coof !
And heav'd on high my waukit loof,
'To swear by a' yon starry roof,
Or some rash aith,
'That I, henceforth, would be *rhyme-proof*
Till my last breath—

When click ! the string the snick did draw ;
And jee ! the door gaed to the wa' ;
An' by my ingle-lowe I saw,
 Now bleeczin bright,
A tight, outlandish *Hizzie*, braw,
 Come full in sight.

Ye need na doubt, I held my wisht ;
The infant aith, half-form'd, was crusht ;
I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht
 In some wild glen ;
When sweet, like modest worth, she blusht,
 And stepped ben.

Green, slender, leaf-clad *holly-boughs*
Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows ;
I took her for some *Scottish Muse*,
 By that same token ;
An' come to stop those reckless vows,
 Wou'd soon been broken.

A ' hair-brain'd, sentimental trace,'
Was strongly marked in her face ;
A wildly-witty, rustic grace
 Shone full upon her ;
Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,
 Beam'd keen with honour.

Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen ;
Till half a leg was scrimply seen ;
And such a leg ! my bonnie *Jean*
 Could only peer it ;
Sae straught, sae taper, tight, and clean,
 Nane else came near it.

Her mantle large, of greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew ;
Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, threw,
A lustre grand ;
And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,
A well known land.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost ;
There, mountains to the skies were tost :
Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,
With surging foam ;
There, distant shone Art's lofty boast,
The lordly dome.

Here, Doon pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods
There, well-fed Irwine stately thuds :
Auld hermit Ayr staw thro' his woods,
On to the shore ;
And many a lesser torrent scuds,
With seeming roar.

Low, in a sandy valley spread,
An ancient borough rear'd her head ;
Still, as in Scottish story read,
She boasts a race,
To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
And polish'd grace.

By stately tow'r or palace fair,
Or ruins pendent in the air,
Bold stems of heroes, here and there,
I could discern ;
Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare,
With feature stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,
 To see a race* heroic wheel,
 And brandish round the deep-dy'd steel
 In sturdy blows ;
 While back-recoiling seem'd to reel
 Their sathron foes.

His Country's Saviour†, mark him well !
 Bold *Richardton's* ‡ heroic swell ;
 The chief on *Sark* § who glorious fell,
 In high command ;
 And *he* whom ruthless fates expel
 His native land.

There, where a scepter'd *Pictish* shade¶
 Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid,
 I mark'd a martial race, pourtray'd
 In colours strong ;
 Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd
 They strode along.

Thro' many a wild, romantic grove,**
 Near many a hermit-fancy'd cove,

* The Wallaces.

† William Wallace.

‡ Adam Wallace, of Richardton, cousin to the immortal preserver of Scottish independence.

§ Wallace, Laird of Craigie, who was second in command, under Douglas Earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought *anno* 1448. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct and intrepid valour of the gallant Laird of Craigie, who died of his wounds after the action.

¶ Collus, king of the Picts, from whom the district of Kyle is said to take its name, lies buried, as tradition says, near the family-seat of the Montgomeries of Coil's-field, where his burial-place is still shown.

** Barskimming, the seat of the Lord Justice Clerk (Miller).

(Fit haunts for friendship or for love)
 In musing mood,
 An aged judge, I saw him rove,
 Dispensing good.

With deep-struck reverential awe*
 The learned *sire* and son I saw,
 To Nature's God and Nature's law
 They gave their lore,
 This, all its source and end to draw,
 That, to adore.

Brydone's brave ward† I well could spy
 Beneath old *Scotia's* smiling eye;
 Who call'd on fame, low standing by,
 To hand him on,
 Where many a patriot name on high,
 And hero shone.

DUAN SECOND.

With musing-deep, astonish'd stare,
 I view'd the heav'nly-seeming *fair*;
 A whisp'ring throb did witness bear,
 Of kindred sweet,
 When with an elder sister's air
 She did me greet.

' All hail ! my own inspired bard !
 ' In me thy native muse regard !
 ' Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
 ' Thus poorly low !
 ' I come to give thee such reward
 ' As we bestow.

* *Catrine*, the seat of the late Doctor, and present Professor Stewart.

† Colonel Fullarton.

' Know, the great genius of this land
 Has many a light, ærial band,
 ' Who, all beneath his high command,
 ' Harmoniously,
 ' As arts or arms they understand,
 ' Their labours ply.

' They *Scotia's* race among them share ;
 ' Some fire the soldier on to dare ;
 ' Some rouse the patriot up to bare
 ' Corruption's heart ;
 Some teach the bard, a darling care,
 ' The tuneful art.

' Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
 They, ardent, kindling spirits pour ;
 Or, 'mid the venal senate's roar,
 ' They, sightless, stand
 To mend the honest patriot-lore,
 ' And grace the hand.

And when the bard, or hoary sage,
 Charm or instruct the future age,
 They bind the wild poetic rage
 ' In energy,
 Or point the inconclusive page
 ' Full on the eye.

' Hence *Fullarton*, the brave and young ;
 ' Hence *Dempster's* zeal-inspired tongue -
 ' Hence sweet harmonious *Beattie* sung
 ' His " Minstrel lays ;"
 Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
 ' The sceptic's bays.

- ' To lower orders are assign'd
' The humbler ranks of human kind,
' The rustic Bard, the lab'ring Hind,
 ' The Artisan ;
' All chuse, as various they're inclin'd,
 ' The various man.
- ' When yellow waves the heavy grain,
' The threat'ning storm some strongly rein ;
' Some teach to meliorate the plain
 ' With tillage-skill ;
' And some instruct the shepherd-train,
 ' Blythe o'er the hill.
- ' Some hint the lover's harmless wile ;
' Some grace the maiden's artless smile ;
' Some soothe the lab'rer's weary toil,
 ' For humble gains,
' And make his cottage-scenes beguile
 ' His cares and pains.
- ' Some, bounded to a district-space,
' Explore at large man's infant race,
' To mark the embryotic trace
 ' Of *rustic Bard* ;
' And careful note each op'ning grace,
 ' A guide and guard.
- ' *Of these am I—Coila* my name ;
And this district as mine I claim,
Where once the *Campbells*, chiefs of fame,
 ' Held ruling pow'r :
I mark'd thy embryo tuneful flame,
 ' Thy natal hour.

' With future hope, I oft would gaze
 ' Fond, on thy little early ways.
 ' Thy rudely caroll'd chiming phrase,
 ' In uncouth rhymes,
 ' Fir'd at the simple, artless lays
 ' Of other times,

' I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
 ' Delighted with the dashing roar;
 ' Or when the north his fleecy store
 ' Drove thro' the sky,
 ' I saw grim nature's visage hoar,
 ' Struck thy young eye.

' Or when the deep green-mantl'd earth
 ' Warm-cherish'd ev'ry flow'ret's birth,
 ' And joy and music pouring forth
 ' In ev'ry grove,
 ' I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth
 ' With boundless love.

' When ripen'd fields, and azure skies,
 ' Call'd forth the reaper's rustling noise,
 ' I saw thee leave their ev'ning joys,
 ' And lonely stalk.
 ' To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
 ' In pensive walk.

' When youthful love, warm-blushing, strong,
 ' Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
 ' Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
 ' Th' adored *Næme*,
 I taught thee how to pour in song,
 ' To soothe thy flame.

' I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
' Wild send thee pleasure's devious way,
' Misled by fancy's meteor ray,
 ' By passion driven ;
' But yet the *light* that led astray
 ' Was *light* from heaven.

' I taught thy manners-painting strains,
' The loves, the ways of simple swains,
' Till now, o'er all my wide domains
 ' Thy fame extends :
' And some, the pride of *Coila's* plains,
 ' Become thy friends.

' Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
' To paint with *Thomson's* landscape-glow ;
' Or wake, the bosom-melting throe,
 ' With *Stenstone's* art ;
' Or pour, with *Gray*, the moving flow
 ' Warm on the heart.

' Yet all beneath th' unrivall'd rose,
' The lowly daisy sweetly blows ;
' Tho' large the forest's monarch throws
 ' His army shade,
' Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,
 ' Adown the glade.

' Then never murmur nor repine ;
' Strive in thy humble sphere to shine ;
' And trust me, not *Potosi's* mine,
 ' Nor kings regard,
' Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
 ' A *rustic Bard*.

' To give my counsels all in one,
 ' Thy tuneful flame still careful fan ;
 ' Preserve *the Dignity of Man*,
 ' With soul erect ;
 ' And trust, the *Universal Plan*
 ' Will all protect.

' *And wear thou this*'—she solemn said,
 And bound the *Holly* round my head :
 The polish'd leaves, and berries red,
 Did rustling play ;
 And, like a passing thought, she fled
 In light away.

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID,

OR,

THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

My son, these maxims make a rule,
 And lump them aye thegither ;
 The *Rigid Righteous* is a fool,
 The *Rigid Wise* anither ;
 The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
 May hae some pyles o' caif in ;
 So ne'er a fellow-creature slight
 For random fits o' daifin.

Solomon.—Eccles. ch. vii. ver. 16.

O vix wha are sae guid yoursel,
 Sae pious and sae holy,
 Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
 Your neebur's faults and folly !
 Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
 Supply'd wi' store o' water,
 The heaped happer's ebbing still,
 And still the clap plays clatter.

Hear me, ye venerable core,
As counsel for poor mortals,
That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door
For glaikit Folly's portals,
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
Would here propone defences,
Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
Their failings and mischances,

Ye see your state wi' theirs compar'd,
And shudder at the niffer,
But cast a moment's fair regard,
What makes the mighty differ;
Discount what scant occasion gave,
That purity ye pride in,
And (what's a'ft mair than a' the lave)
Your better art o' hiding.

Think, when your castigated pulse
Gies now and then a wallop,
What raging must his veins convulse,
That still eternal gallop:
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye scud your sea-way;
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It maks an unco leeway.

See social life and glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transmugrify'd, they're grown
Debauchery and drinking:
O, would they stay to calculate
Th' eternal consequences;
Or your more dreaded hell to state,
Damnation of expences!

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
Ty'd up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor *frailty* names,
Suppose a change o' cases ;
A dear lov'd lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination—
But, let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman ;
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang ;
To step aside is human :
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *why* they do it :
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis *He* alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring, its various bias :
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it ;
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's *resisted*.

TAM SAMSON'S ELEGY.*

An honest man's the noblest work of God.

Pope.

HAS auld K***** seen the Deil?
 Or great M***** † thrawn his heel!
 Or R***** ‡ again grown weel,
 To preach an' read?
 Na, waur than a' !' cries ilka chiel,
 ' Tam Samson's dead !

K***** lang may grunt an' grane,
 An' sigh, an' sab, an' greet her lane,
 An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, an' wean,
 In mourning weed ;
 To death, she's dearly paid the kane,
 Tam Samson's dead !

The brethren of the mystic level
 May hing their head in woefu' bevel,
 While by their nose the tears will revel,
 Like ony bead ;
 Death's gien the lodge an unco deil :
 Tam Samson's dead !

* When this worthy old sportsman went out last muirfowl season, he supposed it was to be, in Ossian's phrase, ' the last of his fields ;' and expressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the muirs. On this hint the author composed his elegy and epitaph.

† A certain preacher, a great favourite with the million. *Vide* the Ordination, stanza II.

‡ Another preacher, an equal favourite with the few, who was at that time ailing. For him, see also the Ordination, stanza IX.

When winter muffles up his cloak,
 And binds the mire like a rock ;
 When to the loughs the curlers flock
 Wi' gleesome speed,
 Wha will they station at the cock ?
 Tam Samson's dead !

He was the king o' a' the core,
 To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,
 Or up the rink like *Jekka* roar
 In time of need ;
 But now he lags on death's *hog-score*,
 Tam Samson's dead !

Now safe the stately sawmont sail,
 And trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,
 And eels weel ken'd for souple tail
 And geds for greed,
 Since dark in death's *fish-creel* we wail
 Tam Samson dead !

Rejoice, ye birring paitricks a' ;
 Ye cootie moorcocks, crouzely craw ;
 Ye maukins, cock your fud fu' braw,
 Withouten dread ;
 Your mortal fae is now awa',
 Tam Samson's dead !

That wæfu' morn be ever mourn'd,
 Saw him in shootin graith adorn'd,
 While pointers round impatient burn'd,
 Frac couples freed ;
 But, och ! he gaed and ne'er return'd !
 Tam Samson's dead !

In vain auld age his body batters ;
 In vain the gout his ancles fetters ;
 In vain the burns came down like waters,
 An aere braid !

Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin, clatters,
 Tam Samson's dead !

Owre mony a weary hag he limpit,
 An' aye the lither shot he thumpit,
 Till coward death behind him jumpit
 Wi' deadly feide ;
 Now he proclaims, wi' tout o' trumpet,
 Tam Samson's dead !

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
 He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger,
 But yet he drew the mortal trigger
 Wi' weel-aim'd heed ;
 ' I—d, five ! ' he cry'd, an' owre did stagger,
 Tam Samson's dead !

Ilk hoary hunter mourn'd a brither ;
 Ilk sportsman youth bemoan'd a father ;
 Yon auld gray stane, amang the heather,
 Marks out his head,
 Where *Burns* has wrote, in rhyming blether,
 Tam Samson's dead !

There low he lies, in lasting rest ;
 Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast
 Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest,
 To hatch an' breed ;
 Alas ! nae mair he'll them molest !
 Tam Samson's dead !

When August winds the heather wave, *
 And sportsmen wander by yon grave,
 Three volleys let his mem'ry crave
 O' pouter an' lead,
 Till Echo answer frae her cave,
 Tam Samson's dead !

Heav'n rest his saul, whare'er he be !
 Is th' wish o' mony mae than me ;
 He had twa faults, or may be three,
 Yet what remead ?
 Ae social, honest man want we :
 Tam Samson's dead !

.....

THE EPITAPH.

TAM SAMSON'S weel-worn clay here lies,
 Ye canting zealots, spare him !
 If honest worth in heaven rise,
 Ye'll mend or ye win near him.

PER CONTRA.

Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly
 Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' *Killie*,*
 Tell ev'ry social, honest billie
 To cease his grievin,
 For yet, unskaithe'd by death's gleg gullie,
 Tam Samson's livin.

* *Killie* is a phrase the country-folks sometimes use for Kilmarnock.

HALLOWEEN *

[The following Poem will, by many readers, be well enough understood; but for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, notes are added, to give some account of the principal charms and spells of that night, so big with prophecy to the peasantry in the west of Scotland. The passion of prying into futurity makes a striking part of the history of human nature in its rude state, in all ages and nations; and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind, (if any such should honour the author with a perusal,) to see the remains of it, among the more unenlightened in our own.]

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
 The simple pleasures of the lowly train;
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art.

Goldsmith.

Uron that night, when fairies light,
 On *Cassilis Downans* † dance,
 Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
 On sprightly coursers prance;

* Is thought to be a night when witches, devils, and other mischief-making beings, are all abroad on their baneful, midnight errands; particularly those aerial people, the Fairies, are said on that night, to hold a grand anniversary.

† Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis.

Or for *Colean* the route is ta'en,
 Beneath the moon's pale beams ;
 There, up the cove,* to stray an' rove
 Among the rocks and streams
 To sport that night.

Among the bonnie winding banks,
 Where *Doon* rins, wimplin, clear,
 Where Bruce † ance rul'd the martial ranks,
 An' shock his *Carrick* spear,
 Some merry, friendly, countra folks,
 Together did convene,
 To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks,
 An' haud their *Halloween*
 Fu' blythe that night.

The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat,
 Mair braw than when they're fine ;
 Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,
 Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin' :
 The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-bobs,
 Weel knotted on their garten,
 Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs,
 Gar lasses' hearts gang startin'
 Whiles fast at night.

Then first and foremost, thro' the kail,
 Their stocks ‡ maun a' be sought ance ;

* A noted cavern near *Colean*-house, called *The Cove of Colean* ; which, as *Cassilis Downans*, is famed in country story for being a favourite haunt of fairies.

† The famous family of that name, the ancestors of Robert, the great deliverer of his country, were Earls of *Carrick*.

‡ The first ceremony of *Halloween* is, pulling each a stock, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with :

They steek their een, an' graip an' wale,
 For muckle anes an' straught anes.
 Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
 An' wander'd thro' the *bois-kail*,
 An' pow't, for want o' better shift,
 A runt was like a sow-tail,
 Sac bow't that night.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,
 They roar an' cry a' throu'ther;
 The vera wee things, todlin, rin
 Wi' stocks out-owre their shouther;
 An' gif the *custoc*'s sweet or sour,
 Wi' joctelegs they taste them;
 Syne coziely, aboon the door,
 Wi' cannie care, they place them
 To lie that night.

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a'
 To pou their *stalks* o' corn;*
 But Rab slips out, an' jinks about,
 Behint the muckle thorn:

Its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any *yird*, or earth stick to the root, that is *lacher*, or fortune; and the taste of the *custoc*, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the *runts*, are placed somewhere above the head of the door; and the christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house, are, according to the priority of placing the *runts*, the names in question.

* They go to the barn-yard and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of oats. If the third stalk wants the *top-pickle*, that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will come to the marriage-bed any thing but a maid.

He grippet Nelly hard an' fast ;
 Loud skirl'd a' the lasses ;
 But her *tap-pickle* maist was lost,
 When kiuttlin in the fause-house *
 Wi' him that night.

The auld guidwife's weel hoordet *nits* †
 Are round an' round divided,
 An' monie lads' and lasses' fates,
 Are there that night decided :
 Some kindle, couthie, side by side,
 An' burn thegither trimly ;
 Some start awa wi' saucy pride,
 And jump out-owre the chimlie
 Fu' high that night.

Jean slips in twa, wi' tentie e'e ;
 Wha 'twas, she wadna tell ;
 But this is *Jock*, an' this is *me*,
 She says in to hersel :
 He bleez'd owre her, an' she owre him,
 As they would never mair part ;
 Till fuff' he started up the lum,
 An' Jean had e'en a sair heart
 To see't that night.

* When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green, or wet, the stack-builder, by means of old timber, &c., makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is fairst exposed to the wind : this he calls a *fause-house*.

† Burning the nuts is a famous charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire, and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be.

Poor Willie, wi' his *bow-kail* runt,
 Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie ;
 An' Mallie, nae doubt, took the drunt,
 To be compar'd to Willie :
 Mall's nit lap out wi' pridesfu' fling,
 An' her ain fit it brunt it ;
 While Willie lap, and swoor by *jing*,
 'Twas just the way he wanted
 To be that night.

Nell had the fause-house in her min',
 She pits hersel an' Rob in ;
 In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
 Till white in ase they're sobbin :
 Nell's heart was dancin at the view,
 She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't :
 Rob, stownlin, prie'd her bonnie mou,
 Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
 Unseen that night.

But Merran sat behint their backs,
 Her thoughts on Andrew Bell ;
 She lea'es them gashin at their cracks,
 And slips out by hersel :
 She thro' the yard the nearest taks,
 An' to the kiln she goes then,
 An' darklin's grapit for the bauks,
 And in the *blue-clue* * throws then,
 Right fear't that night.

* Whoever would, with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions : Steal out, all alone, to the *kiln*, and, darkling, throw into the *pot* a clue of blue yarn ; wind it in a new clue off the old one ; and, towards the latter end, something will hold the thread ; demand, *wha hauds ?* i. e. who holds ? an answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the christian and surname of your future spouse.

An' ay she win't, an' ay she swat,
 I wat she made nae jaukin;
 Till something held within the pat,
 Guid L—d ! but she was quakin
 But whether 'twas the Deil himsel,
 Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',
 Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
 She did na wait on talkin
 To spier that night.

Wee Jenny to her Grannie says,
 ' Will ye go wi' me, grannie ?
 ' I'll eat the apple * at the glass,
 ' I gat frae uncle Johnie :'
 She full't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
 In wrath she was sae vap'rin,
 She notie't na, an aize brunt
 Her braw new worset apron
 Out thro' that night.

' Ye little skelpie-limmer's face !
 ' How daur you try sic sportin,
 ' As seek the foul Thief ony place,
 ' For him to spae your fortune ;
 ' Nae doubt but ye may get a sight !
 ' Great cause ye hae to fear it ;
 ' For monie a ane has gotten a fright,
 ' An' liv'd an' di'd dekeret
 ' On sic a night.

' Ae hairst afore the Sherra-moor,
 ' I mind't as weel's yestreen,

* Take a candle, and go alone to a looking glass; eat an apple before it, and some traditions say, you should comb your hair all the time; the face of your conjugal companion, *to be*, will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder.

I was a gilpey then, I'm sure
 ' I was na past fyfteen ;
 ' The simmer had been cauld an' wat,
 ' An' stuff was unco green ;
 ' An' aye a rantin kirn we gat,
 ' An' just on *Halloween*
 ' It fell that night.

' Our stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen,
 ' A clever, sturdy fallow ;
 ' His sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,
 ' That liv'd in Achmacalla :
 ' He gat *hemp-seed* *, I mind it weel,
 ' An' he made unco light o't ;
 ' But monie a day was *by himself*,
 ' He was sae sairly frighted
 ' That vera night.'

Then up gat fechtin Jamie Fleck,
 An' he swoor by his conscience,
 That he coukl *saw hemp-seed* a peck ;
 For it was a' but nonsense ;
 The auld guidman raught down the peck,
 An' out a handfu' gied him ;
 Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk,
 Sometime when nae ane see'd him,
 An' try't that night.

* Steal out unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp-seed ; harrowing it with any thing you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat now and then, ' Hemp-seed I saw thee, hemp-seed I saw thee ; and him (or her) that is to be my true love, come after me and pou thee.' Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, ' come after me, and shaw thee,' that is, show thyself : in which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, ' come after me, and harrow thee.'

He marches thro' among the stacks,
 Tho' he was something sturtin ;
 The *graiip* he for a *harrow* tak's,
 An' haurls at his curpin :
 An' ev'ry now an' then, he says,
 ' Hemp-seed I saw thee,
 ' An' her that is to be my lass,
 ' Come after me, and draw thee,
 ' As fast this night.

He whistl'd up Lord Lenox' march,
 To keep his courage cheery ;
 Altho' his hair began to arch,
 He was sae fley'd an' cerie :
 Till presently he hears a squeak,
 An' then a grane an' gruntle ;
 He by his shouther gae a keek,
 An' tumbl'd wi' a winkle
 Out-owre that night.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
 In dreadfu' desperation !
 An' young an' auld came rinnin out,
 To hear the sad narration :
 He swoor 'twas hilchin Jean M'Craw,
 Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
 Till stop ! she trotted thro' them a' ;
 An' wha was it but *Grumphie*
 Asteer that night !

Meg fain wad to the barn gae
 To win three wechts o' naething * ;

* This charm must likewise be performed unperceived, and alone. You go to the barn, and open both doors, taking them off the hinges, if possible; for there

But for to meet the deil her lane,
She pat but little faith in :
She gies the herd a pickle nits,
An' twa red cheekit apples,
'To watch, while for the barn she sets,
In hopes to see Tam Kipples
That vera night.

She turns the key wi' cannie thraw,
An' owre the threshold ventures ;
But first on Sawnie gies a ca'
Sync bauldly in she enters ;
A rattan rattled up the wa',
An' she cried, L—d preserve her
An' ran thro' midden-hole an' a',
An' pray'd wi' zeal an' fervour,
Fu' fast that night.

They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice ;
They hecht him some fine braw ane ;
It chanc'd the *stack* he *joddom'd thrice* *,
Was timmer-propt for thrawin :

is danger that the *bring*, about to appear, may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which, in our country dialect, we call a *torch* ; and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times ; and the third time an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door, and out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance or return, marking the employment or station in life.

* Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a *Brer-stack*, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time, you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.

He tak a swirlie, auld moss-oak,
 For some black, grousome carlin ;
 An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke,
 Till skin in blypes came haurlin
 Ail's nieves that night.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
 As canty as a kittlen ;
 But Och ! that night, amang the shaws,
 She got a fearfu' settlin !
 She thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,
 An' owre the hill gaed scrievin,
 Where *three lairds' lands met at a burn,**
 To dip her left sark-sleeve in,
 Was bent that night.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
 As thro' the glen it wimpl't ;
 Whyles round a rocky scar it strays ;
 Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't ;
 Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
 Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle ;
 Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
 Below the spreading hazel,
 Unseen that night.

Amang the brachens, on the brae,
 Between her an' the moon,
 The deil, or else an outler quey,
 Gat up an' gae a croon :

* You go out, one or more, (for this is a social spell,) to a south running spring or rivulet, where 'three lairds' lands meet,' and dip your left shirt sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake ; and some time near midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it.

Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool ;
Near lav'rock height she jumpit,
But mist a fit, an' in the pool
Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,
Wi' a plunge that night.

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
The *luggies* three* are ranged,
And ev'ry time great care is ta'en.
To see them duly changed :
Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
Sin *Mar's*-year did desire,
Because he gat the toom dish thrice,
He heav'd them on the fire
In wrath that night.

Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks,
I wat they did na weary ;
An' unco tales, an' funnie jokes,
Their sports were cheap an' cheery ;
Till *butter'd so's*,† wi' fragrant lunt,
Set a' their gabs a-steerin ;
Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
They parted aff careerin
Fu' blythe that night.

* Take three dishes ; put clean water in one, foul water in another, leave the third empty : blindfold a person, and lead him to the hearth where the dishes are ranged ; he (or she) dips the left hand : if by chance in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the bar of matrimony a maid : if in the foul, a widow : if in the empty dish, it foretels, with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated three times, and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered.

† Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the *Halloween Supper*.

THE AULD FARMER'S
 NEW-YEAR MORNING SALUTATION
 TO
 HIS AULD MARE MAGGIE,
*On giving her the accustomed Ripp of Corn to
 hansel in the New Year.*

A *Guid New-year* I wish thee, Maggie !
 Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie :
 Tho' thou's howe-backit, now, an' knaggie,
 I've seen the day,
 Thou could hae gaen like onie staggie
 Out-owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff, an' crazy,
 An' thy auld hide's as white's a daisy,
 I've seen thee dappl't, sleek, and glaizie,
 A bonny gray :
 He should been tight that daur't to raise thee,
 Ance in a day.

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
 A *filly* buirdly, steeve, an' swank,
 An' set weel down a shapely shank,
 As e'er tread yird ;
 An' could hae flown out-owre a stank,
 Like onie bird.

It's now some nine-an'-twenty year,
Sin' thou was my guid-father's meere ;
He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
An' fifty mark ;
Tho' it was sma', 'twas weel-won gear,
An' thou was stark.

When first I gaed to woo my *Jenny*,
Ye then was trottin wi' your minnie :
Tho' ye was trickie, slee, an' funnie,
Ye ne'er was donsie ;
But hamely, tawie, quiet, an' cannie,
An' unco sonsie.

That day, ye prane'd wi' muckle pride,
When ye bure hame my bonnie *bride* ;
An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride,
Wi' maiden air !
Kyle Stewart I could bragged wide,
For sic a pair.

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and holdle,
An' wintle like a saumont-coble,
That day ye was a jinker noble,
For heels an' win' !
An' ran them till they a' did wauble,
Far, far behin'.

When thou an' I were young an' skeigh,
An' stable-meals at fairs were dreigh,
How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' skreigh,
An' tak the road !
Town's bodies ran, and stood abeigh,
An' ca't thee mad.

In eart or ear thou never reestit ;
 The steyest brae thou wad hae fac't it :
 Thou never lap, and sten't, and breastit,
 Then stood to blaw ;
 But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
 Thou snoov't awa.

My *pleugh* is now thy bairn-time a' :
 Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw :
 Forbye sax mae, I've sell't awa,
 That thou hast nurst :
 They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,
 The vera warst.

Monie a sair daurk we twa hac wrought,
 An' wi' the weary warl' fought !
 An' monie an anxious day, I thought
 We wad be beat !
 Yet here to crazy age we're brought,
 Wi' something yet.

And think na, my auld, trusty servan',
 That now perhaps thou's less deservin,
 An' thy auld days may end in starvin,
 For my last *fou*,
 A heapit *stimpart*, I'll reserve ane
 Laid by for you.

We've worn to crazy years thegither ;
 We'll toyte about wi' ane anither ;
 Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether,
 To some hain'd rig,
 Where ye may nobly rax your leather,
 Wi' sma' fatigue.

TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE
FLOUGH, NOVEMBER 1785.

WEE, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie !
'Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle !
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murdering *pattle* !

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' *fellow-mortal* !

I doubt na, whyles, but thou mayst thieve ;
What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !
A daimen icker in a *thrave*
'S a sma' request :
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
And never miss't !

Thy wee bit *housie*, too, in ruin !
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin !
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green !
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
Baith snell an' keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash ! the cruel *coulter* past.
 Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble !
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
 An' cranreuch cauld !

But, Mouse, thou art no thy lanc,
In proving *foresight* may be vain :
'The best laid schemes o' mice an' men,
 Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
 For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me !
The *present* only toucheth thee :
But, Och ! I backward cast my e'e,
 On prospects drear !
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
 I guess an' fear.

A WINTER NIGHT.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm !
 How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
 From seasons such as these?—

Shakespeare.

WHEN biting *Boreas*, fell and dour,
 Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r ;
 When *Phœbus* gies a short-liv'd glow'r
 Far south the lift,
 Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r,
 Or whirling drift :

Ae night the storm the steeples rock'd,
 Poor labour sweet in sleep was lock'd,
 While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-chok'd,
 Wild eddying swirl,
 Or thro' the mining outlet lock'd,
 Down headlong hurl

List'ning, the doors an' winnocks rattle,
 I thought me on the ourie cattle,
 Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
 O' winter war,
 And thro' the drift, deep-lairing sprattle,
 Beneath a scar.

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing,
 That, in the merry months o' spring,
 Delighted me to hear thee sing,
 What comes o' thee ?
 Where wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
 An' close thy e'e ?

Ev'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd,
 Lone from your savage homes exil'd,
 The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote spoil'd,
 My heart forgets,
 While pityless the tempest wild
 Sore on you beats.

Now *Phæbe*, in her midnight reign,
 Dark muff'd, view'd the dreary plain ;
 Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
 Rose in my soul,
 When on my ear this plaintive strain,
 Slow, solemn, stole—

' Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust !
 ' And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost !
 ' Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows !
 ' Not all your rage, as now united, shows
 ' More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
 ' Vengeful malice unrepenting, [' stows !
 ' Than heav'n-illum'd man on brother man le-
 ' See stern oppression's iron grip,
 ' Or mad ambition's gory hand,
 ' Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
 ' Woe, want, and murder o'er a land !
 ' Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,
 ' Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
 ' How pamper'd luxury, flatt'ry by her side,
 ' The parasite empoisoning her ear,
 ' With all the servile wretches in the rear,
 ' Looks o'er proud property, extended wide ;
 ' And eyes the simple rustic hind,
 ' Whose toil upholds the glitt'ring show,
 ' A creature of another kind,
 ' Some coarser substance, unrefin'd,
 Plac'd for her lordly use thus far, thus vile below ;

' Where, where is love's fond, tender throe,
 ' With lordly honour's lofty brow,
 ' The pow'rs you proudly own ?
 ' Is there, beneath love's noble name,
 ' Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
 ' To bless himself alone !
 ' Mark maiden-innocence a prey
 ' To love-pretending snares,
 ' This boasted honour turns away,
 ' Shunning soft pity's rising sway,
 ' Regardless of the tears, and unavailing pray'rs !
 ' Perhaps, this hour, in mis'ry's squalid nest,
 ' She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
 ' And with a mother's fears shrinks at the rocking
 ' blast !
 ' Oh ye ! who, sunk in beds of down,
 ' Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
 ' Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
 ' Whom friends and fortune quite disown !
 Ill-satisfy'd keen nature's clam'rous call,
 ' Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
 ' While thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall,
 ' Chill o'er his slumbers piles the drift' heap !
 ' Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
 ' Where guilt and poor misfortune pine !
 ' Guilt, erring man, relenting view !
 ' But shall thy legal rage pursue
 ' The wretch, already crushed low
 ' By cruel fortune's undeserved blow ?
 Affliction's sons are brothers in distress,
 A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss !

I heard nae mair, for *Chanticleer*

Shook off the pouthery snaw,

And hail'd the morning with a cheer,

A cottage-rousing crew.

But deep this truth impress'd my mind—
Thro' all his works abroad,
The heart, benevolent and kind,
The most resembles God.

EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

A BROTHER POET.*

January —

WHILE winds frae aff *Ben-Lomond* blaw,
And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
And hing us owre the ingle,
I set me down to pass the time,
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
In hamely, westlin jingle.
While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
Ben to the chimla lug,
I grudge a wee the great folks' gift,
That live sae bien an' snug :
I tent less, and want less
Their roomy fire-side ;
But hanker and canker,
To see their cursed pride.

It's hardly in a body's pow'r,
To keep, at times, frae being sour,
To see how things are shar'd ;
How best o' chiefs are whiles in want,
While coofs on countless thousands rant,
And ken na how to wair't :

* *David Sillar*, one of the club at *Tarbolton*, and author of a volume of poems in the Scottish dialect.

But, *Davie*, lad, ne'er fash your head,
Tho' we hae little gear,
We're fit to win our daily bread,
As lang's we're hale and fier :
 ' Mair spier na, nor fear na, '*
 Auld age ne'er mind a feg,
 The last o't, the warst o't,
 Is only but to beg.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
When banes are craz'd, and bluid is thin,
Is, doubtless, great distress !
Yet then content could make us blest ;
Ev'n then, sometimes we'd snatch a taste
Of truest happiness.
The honest heart that's free frae a'
 Intended fraud or guile,
However fortune kick the ba',
Has aye some cause to smile :
 And mind still, you'll find still,
 A comfort this nae sma' ;
 Nae mair then, we'll care then,
 Nae farther can we fa'.

What tho', like commoners of air,
We wander out, we know not where,
 But either house or hal' ?
Yet nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.
In days when daisies deck the ground,
And blackbirds whistle clear,
With honest joy our hearts will bound,
To see the coming year :

On braes when we please, then,
We'll sit an' sowth a tune ;
Syne rhyme till't, we'll time till't,
And sing't when we hae done.

It's no in titles nor in rank ;
It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
To purchase peace and rest ;
It's no in makin muckle *mair* :
It's no in books ; it's no in lear,
To make us truly blest :
If happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest :
Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
Could make us happy lang ;
The *heart* aye's the part aye,
That makes us right or wrang.

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry,
Wi' never-ceasing toil ;
Think ye, are we less blest than they,
Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
As hardly worth their while ?
Alas ! how aft in haughty mood,
God's creatures they oppress !
Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,
They riot in excess !
Baith careless, and fearless
Of either heav'n or hell !
Esteeming, and deeming
It's a' an idle tale !

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce ;
 Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
 By pining at our state ;
 And, even should misfortunes come,
 I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,
 An's thankfu' for them yet.
 They gie the wit of age to youth ;
 They let us ken oursel ;
 They make us see the naked truth,
 The *real* guid and ill.
 Tho' losses, and crosses,
 Be lessons right severe,
 There's wit there, ye'll get there,
 Ye'll find nae other where.

But tent me, *Davie*, ace o' hearts !
 (To say aught less wad wrang the cartes,
 And flatt'ry I detest) -
 This life has joys for you and I ;
 And joys that riches ne'er could buy ;
 And joys the very best.
 There's a' the *pleasures o' the heart*,
 The lover an' the frien' ;
 Ye hae your *Meg*, your dearest part,
 And I my darling *Jean* !
 It warms me, it charms me,
 To mention but her *name* :
 It heats me, it beets me,
 And sets me a' on flame !

O all ye pow'rs who rule above !
 O *Thou*, whose very self art *love* !
 Thou know'st my words sincere !
 The life-blood streaming thro' my heart,
 Or my more dear immortal part,
 Is not more fondly dear !

When heart-corroding care and grief
Deprive my soul of rest,
Her dear idea brings relief
And solace to my breast.

Thou *Being*, All-seeing,
O hear my fervent pray'r ;
Still take her, and make her
Thy most peculiar care !

All hail, ye tender feelings dear !
The smile of love, the friendly tear,
The sympathetic glow ;
Long since, this world's thorny ways
Had number'd out my weary days,
Had it not been for you !
Fate still has blest me with a friend,
In every care and ill ;
And oft a more endearing band,
A tie more tender still,
It lightens, it brightens
The tenebrific scene,
To meet with, and greet with
My *Davie* or my *Jean*.

O, how that name inspires my style !
The words come skelpin rank and file,
Amangst before I ken !
The ready measure rins as fine,
As *Phœbus* and the famous *Nine*
Were glowrin owre my pen.
My spaviet *Pegasus* will limp,
Till ance he's fairly het ;
And then he'll hiech, and stilt, and jimp,
An' rin an unco fit :
But lest then, the beast then,
Should rue this hasty ride,
I'll light now, and dight now
His sweaty, wizen'd hide.

THE LAMENT

OCCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE ISSUE OF A
FRIEND'S AMOUR.

Alas ! how oft does Goodness wound itself,
And sweet *Affection* prove the spring of woe !
Home.

O thou pale orb, that silent shines,
While care-untroubled mortals sleep !
Thou seest a wretch that inly pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep !
With woe I nightly vigils keep,
Beneath thy wan unwarming beam ;
And mourn, in lamentation deep,
How *life* and *love* are all a dream.

I joyless view thy rays adorn
The faintly-marked distant hill :
I joyless view thy trembling horn,
Reflected in the gurgling rill :
My fondly-fluttering heart, be still !
Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease !
Ah ! must the agonizing thrill
For ever bar returning peace !

No idly-feign'd poetic pains,
My sad, love-lorn lamentings claim ;
No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains ;
No fabled tortures, quaint and tame :
The plighted faith ; the mutual flame ;
The oft attested pow'rs above ;
The promis'd *Father's tender name* ;
These were the pledges of my love !

Encircled in her clasping arms,
How have the raptur'd moments flown !
How have I wish'd for fortune's charms,
For her dear sake, and her's alone !
And must I think it ! is she gone,
My secret heart's exulting boast ?
And does she heedless hear my groan ?
And is she ever, ever lost ?

Oh ! can she bear so base a heart,
So lost to honour, lost to truth,
As from the fondest lover part,
The plighted husband of her youth !
Alas ! life's path may be unsmooth !
Her way may lie thro' rough distress !
Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe,
Her sorrows share, and make them less ?

Ye winged hours that o'er us past,
Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd,
Your dear remembrance in my breast,
My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd.
That breast, how dreary now, and void,
For her too scanty once of room !
Ev'n ev'ry ray of hope destroy'd,
And not a wish to gild the gloom !

The morn that warns th' approaching day,
Awakes me up to toil and woe :
I see the hours in long array,
That I must suffer, lingering, slow.
Full many a pang, and many a throe,
Keen recollection's direful train,
Must wring my soul, ere Phœbus, low,
Shall kiss the distant, western main.

And when my nightly couch I try,
 Sore-harass'd out with care and grief,
 My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
 Keep watchings with the nightly thief;
 Or if I slumber, fancy, chief,
 Reigns haggard-wild, in sore affright:
 Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief,
 From such a horror-breathing night.

O! thou bright queen, who o'er th' expanse,
 Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway!
 Oft has thy silent-marking glance
 Observ'd us, fondly-wand'ring, stray!
 The time, unheeded, sped away,
 While love's luxurious pulse beat high,
 Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,
 To mark the mutual-kindling eye.

Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set!
 Scenes, never, never to return!
 Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
 Again I feel, again I burn!
 From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn,
 Life's weary vale I'll wander thro':
 And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
 A faithless woman's broken vow.

DESPONDENCY,

AN ODE.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,
 A burden more than I can bear,
 I sit me down and sigh:
 O life! thou art a galling load,

Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I !
Dini backward as I cast my view,
What sick'ning scenes appear !
What sorrows yet may pierce me thro',
Too justly I may fear !
Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom ;
My woes here shall close ne'er,
But with the closing tomb !

Happy, ye sons of busy life,
Who, equal to the bustling strife,
No other view regard !
Ev'n when the wished end's deny'd,
Yet while the busy means are ply'd,
They bring their own reward :
Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an aim,
Meet ev'ry sad returning night,
And joyless morn the same,
You, bustling, and justling,
Forget each grief and pain ;
I, listless, yet restless,
Find every prospect vain.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
Within his humble cell,
The cavern wild with tangling roots,
Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
Beside his crystal well !
Or, haply, to his ev'ning thought,
By unfrequented stream,
The ways of men are distant brought,
A faint-collected dream :

While praising, and raising
His thoughts to heav'n on high,
As wand'ring, meand'ring,
He views the solemn sky.

Than I, no lonely hermit plac'd
Where never human footstep trac'd,
Less fit to play the part ;
The lucky moment to improve,
And *just* to stop, and *just* to move,
With self-respecting art :
But ah ! those pleasures, loves, and joys,
Which I too keenly taste,
The *Solitary* can despise,
Can want, and yet be blest !
He needs not, he heeds not,
Or human love or hate,
Whilst I here must cry here,
At perfidy ingrate !

Oh ! enviable, early days.
When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
To care, to guilt unknown !
How ill exchang'd for riper times,
To feel the follies, or the crimes,
Of others, or my own !
Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wish !
The losses, the crosses,
That *active* man engage
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim-declining age !

WINTER:

A DIRGE.

The wintry west extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blaw ;
Or, the stormy north sends driving forth
The blinding sleet and snaw :
While, tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
And roars frae bank to brae ;
And bird and beast in covert rest,
And pass the heartless day.

"The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast*,"
The joyless winter-day,
Let others fear, to me more dear
Than all the pride of May :
The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,
My griefs it seems to join ;
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine !

Thou *Pow'r Supreme*, whose mighty scheme
These woes of mine fulfil,
Here, firm, I rest, they must be best,
Because they are *Thy Will* !
Then all I want (Oh ! do thou grant
This one request of mine !)
Since to *enjoy* thou dost deny,
Assist me to *resign*.

* Dr Young.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

*Inscribed to R. A * * * *, Esq.*

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short but simple annals of the poor.
Gray.

My lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend!
 No mercenary bard his homage pays;
 With honest pride I scorn each selfish end;
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:
 To you I sing, in simple *Scottish* lays,
 The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
 What A * * * * in a cottage would have been;
 Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there,
 I ween.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sigh;
 The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the plough;
 The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose:
 The toil-worn *Cotter* frae his labour goes,
 This night his weekly toil is at an end,
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hame-
 ward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
 Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher thro'
 To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise an' glee.

His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,

His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie *wifie's* smile,
'The lispin infant prattling on his knee,

Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' mak's him quite forget his labour an' his toil

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,

At service out, amang the farmers roun' ;
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town :

Their eldest hope, their *Jenny*, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,

An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers :
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotie'd fleet ;
Each tells the uncoss that he sees or hears ;

The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;
Anticipation forward points the view.

'The *mother*, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new ;
'The *father* mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,

The youngers a' are warn'd to obey ;
' An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
' An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play :
' An' Oh ! be sure to fear the Lord alway !
' An' mind your *duty*, duly, morn an' night !
' Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
' Implore his counsel and assisting might :
' They never sought in vain that sought the Lord
' aright !'

But hark ! a rap comes gently to the door ;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
 Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame
 Sparkle in *Jenny's* e'e, and flush her cheek ;
 With heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
 While *Jenny* hafflins is afraid to speak ;
 Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild,
 worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome *Jenny* brings him ben ;
 A strappan youth ; he tak's the mother's cye ;
 Blythe *Jenny* sees the visit's no ill ta'en ;
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave ;
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What mak's the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave ;
 Weel pleas'd to think her *bairn's* respected like
 the lave.

O happy love ! where love like this is found !
 O heart-felt raptures ! bliss beyond compare !
 I've paced much this weary *mortal* round,
 And sage *experience* bids me this declare—
 ' If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
 ' One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 ' 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
 ' In others arms breathe out the tender tale,
 ' Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the
 ' ev'ning gale.'

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
 A wretch ! a villain ! lost to love and truth !
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet *Jenny's* unsuspecting youth ?

Curse on his perjur'd arts ! dissembling smooth !
 Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exil'd ?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child ?
 Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction
 wild ?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
 The halesome *parritch*, chief o' *Scotia's* food :
 The soupe their only *Haukie* does afford,
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood :
 The dame brings forth in complimentary mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebuck, fell,
 An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ea's it guid ;
 The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
 How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide ;
 The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big *ha'-Bible*, ance his father's pride :
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare ;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care ;
 And ' *Let us worship God !* ' he says, with solemn
 air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim :
 Perhaps *Dundee's* wild warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name :
 Or noble *Elgin* beats the heav'nward flame,
 The sweetest far of *Scotia's* holy lays :
 Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame ;
 The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise ;
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
 How *Abram* was the friend of God on high ;
 Or, *Moses* had eternal warfare wage
 With *Amalek's* ungracious progeny ;
 Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;
 Or *Job's* pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
 Or rapt *Isaiah's* wild, seraphic fire ;
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the *Christian volume* is the theme,
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
 How *He*, who bore in Heaven the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay his head :
 How his first followers and servants sped ;
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land :
 How *he*, who lone in *Patmos* banished,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand :
 And heard great *Bab'lon's* doom pronounc'd by
 Heav'n's command.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays :
 Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'*
 That thus they all shall meet in future days :
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear ;
 While circling time moves round in an eternal
 sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of method, and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide,
 Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart !

* Pope's Windsor Forest.

The *Pow'r*, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
 But haply, in some *cottage* far apart,
 May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul ;
 And in his *book of life* the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way ;
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest :
 The parent-pair their *secret homage* pay,
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request—
 That *He* who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
 Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide ;
 But chiefly, in their hearts with *grace divine* pre-
 side.

From scenes like these old *Scotia's* grandeur
 springs,
 That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad :
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
 ' An honest man's the noblest work of God : '
 And *certainly*, in fair virtue's heav'nly road,
 The *cottage* leaves the *palace* far behind ;
 What is a lordling's pomp ! a cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd !

O *Scotia* ! my dear, my native soil !
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent !
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet con-
 tent !
 And, Oh ! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,

A *virtuous populace* may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd
Isle.

O *Thou* ! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' *Wallace's* undaunted heart ;
Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's *God*, peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !)
O never, never, *Scotia's* realm desert :
But still the *patriot*, and the *patriot-bard*,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and
guard !

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN:

A DIRGE.

WHEN chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One ev'ning, as I wander'd forth
Along the banks of *Ayr*,
I spy'd a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care ;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou ?
Began the rev'rend sage ;
Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage ;
Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast begun
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man !

The sun that overhangs you moors,
Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride ;
I've seen you weary winter-sun
Twice forty times return ;
And ev'ry time has added proofs,
That man was made to mourn.

O man ! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time !
Mispending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime !
Alternate follies take the sway ;
Licentious passions burn ;
Which tenfold force give nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might ;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right :
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, Oh ! ill-match'd pair !
Show man was made to mourn.

A few seem favourites of fate,
In pleasure's lap carest ;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.
But, Oh ! what crowds in ev'ry land,
Are wretched and forlorn ;
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame !
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame !
And man, whose heav'n-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn !

See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil ;
And see his lordly *fellow-worm*
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,—
By nature's law design'd,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind ?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn ?
Or why has man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn ?

Yet, let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast :
This partial view of human-kind
Is surely not the *last* !
The poor, oppressed, honest man,
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompence
To comfort those that mourn !

O death ! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best !
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest !
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn ;
But, Oh ! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn !

A PRAYER,

In the Prospect of Death.

O Thou unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear !
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear !
If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun ;
As *something*, loudly, in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done ;
Thou know'st that thou hast formed me
With passions wild and strong ;
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.
Where human *weakness* has come short,
Or *frailty* stept aside,
Do thou, *All-Good* ! for such thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.
Where with *intention* I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But, *Thou art good* ; and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

STANZAS ON THE SAME OCCASION.

Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene?
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between :
Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms:
Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms;
I tremble to approach an angry God,
And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

Fain would I say, ' Forgive my foul offence !'
Fain promise never more to disobey ;
But, should my Author health again dispense,
Again I might desert fair virtue's way ;
Again in folly's path might go astray ;
Again exalt the brute and sink the man ;
Then how should I for heav'nly mercy pray,
Who act so counter heav'nly mercy's plan ?
Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation
ran ?

O Thou, great Governor of all below !
If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
Or still the tumult of the raging sea :
With that controlling pow'r assist ev'n me,
Those headlong furious passions to confine ;
For all unfit I feel my powers to be,
' To rule their torrent in th' allowed line ;
O, aid me with thy help, *Omnipotence divine !*

*Lying at a Reverend Friend's House one
Night, the Author left the following*

VERSES

In the Room where he slept.

O Thou dread Pow'r, who reign'st above !

I know thou wilt me hear :

When for this scene of peace and love,

I make my pray'r sincere.

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke,

Long, long, be pleas'd to spare !

To bliss his little filial flock,

And show what good men are.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes

With tender hopes and fears,

O, bless her with a mother's joys,

But spare a mother's tears !

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,

In manhood's dawning blush ;

Bless him, thou God of love and truth,

Up to a parent's wish !

The beauteous, seraph sister-band,

With earnest tears I pray,

Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand,

Guide thou their steps alway !

When soon or late they reach that coast,

O'er life's rough ocean driv'n,

May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,

A family in Heav'n !

THE FIRST PSALM.

The man, in life wherever plac'd,
Hath happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns their guilty lore !

Nor from the seat of scornful pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his God.

That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlets grow ;
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.

But he whose blossom buds in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast,
And, like the rootless stubble, tost
Before the sweeping blast.

For why ? that God the good adore
Hath giv'n them peace and rest,
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest.

A PRAYER,

Under the pressure of violent Anguish.

O Thou Great Being ! what thou art
Surpasses me to know :
Yet sure I am, that known to thee
Are all thy works below.

Thy creature here before thee stands,
All wretched and distress;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey thy high behest.

Sure thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath!
O, free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death!

But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design;
Then man my soul with firm resolves
To bear and not repine!

THE FIRST SIX VERSES
OF THE
NINETIETH PSALM.

O THOU, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race!
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling place!

Before the mountains heav'd their heads
Beneath thy forming hand,
Before this pond'rous globe itself,
Arose at thy command;

That pow'r which rais'd and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time,
Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st the word : Thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought :
Again thou say'st, ' Ye sons of men,
' Return ye into nought !'

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
In everlasting sleep ;
As with a flood thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flow'r,
In beauty's pride array'd ;
But long ere night cut down it lies
All wither'd and decay'd.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

*On turning one down with the plough, in
April 1786.*

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour ;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem ;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas ! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie *Lark*, companion meet !

Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet !
 Wi' speckled breast,
 When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
 The purpling east.

Could blew the bitter-biting north
 Upon thy early, humble birth ;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
 High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,
 But thou beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stone,
 Adorns the histie *stibble-field*,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawy bosom sun-ward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise ;
 But now the *share* uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
 Sweet *flow'ret* of the rural shade !
 By love's simplicity betray'd,
 And guileless trust,
 Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
 On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd !

Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And overwhelm him o'er !

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
 Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
 By human pride or cunning driv'n,
 To mis'ry's brink,
 Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but *Heav'n*,
 He, ruin'd, sink !

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date ;
 Stern Ruin's plough-share drives, elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
 Shall be thy doom !

TO RUIN.

ALL hail ! inexorable lord !
 At whose destruction-breathing word,
 The mightiest empires fall !
 Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
 The ministers of grief and pain,
 A sullen welcome, all !
 With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
 I see each aimed dart ;
 For one has cut my *dearest tie*,
 And quivers in my heart
 Then low'ring, and pouring,
 The storm no more I dread ;
 Tho' thick'ning and black'ning,
 Round my devoted head.

And, thou grim pow'r, by life abhorr'd,
While life a *pleasure* can afford,

Oh! hear a wretch's pray'r!
No more I shrink appall'd, afraid;
I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
To close this scene of care!
When shall my soul, in silent peace,
Resign life's *joyless* day;
My weary heart its throbbings cease,
Cold mould'ring in the clay?
No fear more, no tear more,
To stain my lifeless face;
Enclasped, and grasped
Within thy cold embrace!

TO MISS L——,

*With Beattie's Poems, as a New Year's Gift,
January, 1st, 1787.*

AGAIN the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driv'n,
And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer Heav'n.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The infant year to hail;
I send you more than India boasts,
In *Edwin's* simple tale.

Our sex with guile and faithless love
Is charg'd, perhaps, too true;
But may, dear maid, each lover prove
An *Edwin* still to you!

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

MAY ——— 1786.

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A something to have sent you,
Tho' it should serve nae ither end
Than just a kind *memento* ;
But how the subject-theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine ;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,
And, *Andrew* dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye :
For care and trouble set your thought,
Ev'n when your end's attained ;
And a' your views may come to nought
Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

I'll no say, men are villains a' ;
The real, harden'd wicked,
Wha hae nae check but human law,
Are to a few restrick'd :
But och ! mankind are unco weak,
An' little to be trusted ;
If *self* the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted !

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
Their fate we should na censure,
For still th' *important end* of life,
They equally may answer ;

A man may hae an honest heart,
Tho' poortith hourly stare him ;
A man may tak a neebor's part,
Yet hae nae cash to spare him.

Aye free, aff han' your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony ;
But still keep something to yoursel
Ye scarcely tell to ony.
Conceal yoursel as weel's you can
Frae critical dissection ;
But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
Wi' sharpen'd, slee inspection.

The sacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love,
Luxuriantly indulge it ;
But never tempt th' *illicit rove*,
Tho' naething should divulge it :
I wave the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing ;
But och ! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling !

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her ;
And gather gear by ev'ry wile
That's justified by honour ;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant ;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being *independent*.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order ;
But where ye feel your *honour* grip,
Let that aye be your border ;

Its slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' side pretences ;
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

The great *Creator* to revere,
Must sure become the *creature* ;
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And ev'n the rigid feature :
Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
Be complaisance extended ;
An Atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended !

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded ;
Or if she gie a *random sting*,
It may be little minded ;
But when on life we're tempest-driv'n,
A conscience but a canker—
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,
Is sure a noble *anchor* !

Adieu, dear amiable youth !
Your heart can ne'er be wanting :
May prudence, fortitude, and truth,
Erect your brow undaunting !
In ploughman phrase, ' God send you speed,'
Still daily to grow wiser :
And may you better reckon the *rede*,
Than ever did th' adviser !

ON A SCOTCH BARD,

Gone to the West Indies.

A' ye wha live by soups o' drink,
A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,
A' ye wha live and never think,
Come mourn wi' me!

Our *billie's* gien us a' a jink,
An' owre the sea.

Lament him a' ye rantin core,
Wha dearly like a random-splore,
Nae mair he'll join the merry roar,
In social key ;
For now he's taen anither shore,
An' owre the sea.

The bonnie lasses weel may wiss him,
And in their dear *petitions* place him :
The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him,
Wi' tearfu' e'e ;
For weel I wat they'll sairly miss him
That's owre the sea.

O Fortune, they hae room to grumble !
Hadst thou taen aff some drowsy bumme,
Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble,
'Twad been nae plea ;
But he was gleg as ony wumble,
That's owre the sea.

Auld, cantie *Kyle* may weepers wear,
An' stain them wi' the saut, saut tear ;
'Twill mak her poor auld heart, I fear,
In flinders flee ;

He was her *laureat* monie a year,
That's owre the sea.

He saw misfortune's cauld *nor-west*
Lang mustering up a bitter blast ;
A jillet brak his heart at last,
 Ill may she be !
So, took a birth afore the mast,
 An' owre the sea.

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,
On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,
Wi' his proud, independent stomach,
 Could ill agree ;
So, row't his hurdies in a *hammock*,
 An' owre the sea.

He ne'er was gien to great misguiding,
Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in ;
Wi' him it ne'er was *under hiding* ;
 He dealt it free :
The muse was a' that he took pride in,
 That's owre the sea.

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
An' hap him in a cozie biel ;
Ye'll find him aye a dainty chiel,
 And fou o' glee ;
He wad na wrang'd the vera deil,
 That's owre the sea.

Fareweel, my *rhyme-composing billie* !
Your native soil was right ill-willie ;
But may ye flourish like a lily,
 Now bonnillie !
I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie,
 Tho' owre the sea.

TO A HAGGIS.

FAIR fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the puddin-race !
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm :
Weel are ye wordy of a *grace*
As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your *pin* wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic labour dight,
An' cut you up with ready slight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright
Like onie ditch ;
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm-reekin, rich !

Then horn for horn they stretch an' strive,
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,
Till a' their weel-swallow'd kytes belyve,
Are bent like drums ;
Then auld guidman, maist like to ryve,
Bethankit hums.

Is there that o'er his French *ragout*,
Or *olio* that wad staw a sow,
Or *fricassee* wad mak her spew
Wi' perfect sconner,
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
On sic a dinner ?

This may do—maun do, Sir, wi' them wha
 Maun please the great folk for a wamefou ;
 For me ! sae laigh I needna bow,
 For, Lord be thankit, *I can plough* ;
 And when I downa yoke a naig,
 Then, Lord be thankit, *I can beg* ;
 Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatt'rin,
 It's just *sic poet*, an' *sic patron*.

The Poet, some guid angel help him,
 Or else, I fear some ill ane skelp him,
 He may do weel for a' he's done yet,
 But only he's no just begun yet.

The Patron, (Sir, ye maun forgie me,
 I winna lie, come what will o' me)
 On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be,
 He's just—nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely grant,
 He downa see a poor man want ;
 What's no his ain he winna tak it,
 What ance he says he winna break it ;
 Ought he can lend he'll no refus't,
 Till aft his guidness is abus'd :
 And rascals whyles that do him wrang,
 Ev'n *that*, he does na mind it lang :
 As master, landlord, husband, father,
 He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that ;
 Nae *godly symptom* ye can ca' that ;
 It's naething but a milder feature,
 Of our poor, sinfu' corrupt nature :
 Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
 'Mang black Gentoos and pagan 'Turks,
 Or hunters wild on *Ponotari*,
 Wha never heard of orthodoxy

That he's the poor man's friend in need
 The *gentleman* in word and deed,
 It's no thro' terror of d-mn-tion ;
 It's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
 Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain !
 Vain is his hope, whose stay and trust is
 In *moral* mercy, truth, and justice !

No—stretch a point to catch a plack ;
 Abuse a brother to his back ;
 Steal thro' a *winnock* frae a wh-re,
 But point the rake that taks the *door* :
 Be to the poor like onie whunstane,
 And haul their noses to the grunstane,
 Ply ev'ry art o' *legal* thieving ;
 No matter, stick to *sound* believing.

Learn three-mile pray'rs, and half-mile graces,
 Wi' weel-spread looves, an' lang wry faces ;
 Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan,
 And damn a' parties but your own ;
 I'll warrant then, ye're nae deceiver,
 A steady, sturdy, staunch believer.

O ye wha leave the springs of *C-lv-n*,
 For *gumlie dubs* of your ain delvin !
 Ye sons of heresy and error,
 Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror !
 When vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
 And in the fire throws the sheath ;
 When Ruin, with his sweeping *besom*,
 Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him :
 While o'er the *harp* pale mis'ry moans,
 And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones,
 Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans !

Your pardon, Sir, for this digression,
 I maist forgat my *dedication* ;

But when divinity comes cross me,
My readers still are sure to lose me.

So, Sir, ye see 'twas nae daft vapour,
But I maturely thought it proper,
When a' my works I did review,
To dedicate them, Sir, to You :
Because (ye need na tak it ill)
I thought them something like yoursel.

Then patronise them wi' your favour,
And your petitioner shall ever—
I had amaist said, *ever pray*,
But that's a word I need na say :
For prayin I hac little skill o't ;
I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't ;
But I'se repeat each poor man's *pray'r*,
That kens or hears about you, Sir—

' May ne'er misfortune's gowling bark,
' Howl thro' the dwelling o' the *Clerk* !
' May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart,
' For that same gen'rous spirit smart !
' May K * * * * * 's far honour'd name
' Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
' Till H * * * * * 's, at least a dizen,
' Are frae their nuptial labours risen :
' Five bonnie-lasses round their table,
' And seven braw fellows, stout an' able
' To serve their king and country weel,
' By word, or pen, or pointed steel !
' May health and peace, with mutual rays,
' Shine on the evening o' his days ;
' Till his wee curlie *John's* ier-oe,
' When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
' The last, sad, mournful rites bestow !'

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
Wi' complimentary effusion :

But whilst your wishes and endeavours
 Are blest with Fortune's smiles and favours
 I am, dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,
 Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which Pow'rs above prevent !)
 That iron-hearted earl, *Want*,
 Attended, in his grim advances,
 By sad mistakes, and black mischances,
 While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
 Make you as poor a dog as I am,
 Your *humble servant* then no more ;
 For who would humbly serve the poor !
 But by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n !
 While recollection's pow'r is given,
 If, in the vale of humble life,
 The victim sad of fortune's strife,
 I, thro' the tender gushing tear,
 Should recognize my *master dear*,
 If friendless, low, we meet together,
 Then, Sir, your hand—my *friend and brother* !

TO A LOUSE :

On seeing one on a Lady's Bonnet, at Church.

HA ! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie !
 Your impudence protects you sairly :
 I canna say but ye strut rarely,
 Owre gauze and lace ;
 Tho' faith, I fear ye dine but sparely
 On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin, blastit wonner,
 Detested, shunn'd by saunt an' sinner,

How dare ye set your fit upon her,
Sae fine a lady !
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner
On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle ;
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle
Wi' ither kindred, jumpin cattle,
In shoals and nations ;
Whare *horn* or *bang* ne'er dare unsettle
Your thick plantations.

Now haud ye there, ye're out o' sight,
Below the fatt'rils, snug an' tight ;
Na, faith ye yet ! ye'll no be right
Till ye've got on it,
The vera tapmost, tow'ring height
O' *Miss's bonnet*.

My sooth ! right bauld ye set your nose out,
As plump and gray as onie grozet ;
O for some rank, mercurial rozet,
Or fell, red smeddum,
I'd gie you sic a hearty doze o't,
Wad dress your droddum !

I wad na been surpris'd to spy
You on an auld wife's flainen toy ;
Or sibblins some bit duddie boy,
On 's wyliecoat ;
But *Miss's fine Lunardi* ! fie,
How dare ye do't !

O *Jenny*, dinna toss your head,
An' set your beauties a' abroad !

Ye little ken what cursed speed
 The blastie's makin !
 Thae *winks* and *finger-ends*, I dread,
 Are notice takin !

O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
 To see *oursels as others see us* !
 It wad frae monie a blunder free us
 And foolish notion :
 What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
 And ev'n Devotion !

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

EDINA ! *Scotia's* darling seat !
 All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
 Where once beneath a monarch's feet
 Sat legislation's sov'reign pow'rs !
 From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
 As on the banks of *Ayr* I stray'd,
 And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
 I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

Here wealth still swells the golden tide,
 As busy trade his labours plies ;
 There architecture's noble pride
 Bids elegance and splendour rise ;
 Here justice, from her native skies,
 High wields her balance and her rod ;
 There learning, with his eagle eyes,
 Seeks science in her coy abode.

Thy Sons, *Edina*, social, kind,
 With open arms the stranger hail ;

Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind,
Above the narrow, rural vale;
Attentive still to sorrow's wail,
Or modest merit's silent claim;
And never may their sources fail!
And never envy blot their name!

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn!
Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy!
Fair Burnet strikes th' adoring eye,
Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine;
I see the *sire of love on high*,
And own his work indeed divine!

There, watching high the least alarms,
Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar;
Like some bold vet'ran, gray in arms,
And mark'd with many a scamy scar:
The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock;
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repell'd th' invader's shock.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
I view that noble, stately dome,
Where *Scotia's* kings of other years,
Fam'd heroes! had their royal home:
Alas! how chang'd the times to come!
Their royal name low in the dust!
Their hapless race wild-wand'ring roam!
Tho' rigid law cries out, 'tis just!

Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
Old *Scotia's* bloody lion bore:

Ev'n *I* who sing in rustic lore,
 Haply *my sires* have left their shed,
 And fac'd grim danger's loudest roar,
 Bold-following where *your fathers* led

Edina! *Scotia's* darling seat!
 All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
 Where once, beneath a monarch's feet,
 Sat legislation's sov'reign pow'rs!
 From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
 As on the banks of *Ayr* I stray'd,
 And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
 I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

EPISTLE TO J. LAPRAIK,

An Old Scottish Bard.

April, 1st, 1785.

WHILE briers and woodbines budding green,
 An' paitricks sraichin loud at e'en,
 An' morning poussie whiddin seen,
 Inspire my muse,
 This freedom in an *unknown* frien'
 I pray excuse.

On fasten-een we had a rockin,
 To ca' the crack and weave our stockin;
 And there was muckle fun an' jokin,
 Ye need na doubt;
 At length we had a hearty yokin
 At sang about.

There was ae sang, amang the rest,
 Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,

That some kind husband had addrest
 To some sweet wife :
It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
 A' to the life.

I've scarce heard ought describ'd sae weel,
What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel ;
Thought I, ' Can this be Pope, or Steele,
 ' Or Beattie's wark !'
They tald me 'twas an odd kind chiel
 About *Muirkirk*.

It pat me fidgin-fain to hear't,
And sae about him there I spier't,
Then a' that ken't him round declar'd
 He had *ingine*,
That nane excell'd it, few cam near't,
 It was sae fine.

That set him to a pint of ale,
An' either douce or merry tale,
Or rhymes an' sangs he'd made himsel,
 Or witty catches,
'Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,
 He had few matches.

'Then up I gat, an' swoor an aith,
Tho' I should pawn my pleugh and graith,
Or die a cadger pownie's death,
 At some dyke-back,
A pint an' gill I'd gie them haith
 To hear your crack.

But, first an' foremost, I should tell,
Amaist as soon as I could spell,

I to the *crambo-jingle* fell,
 Tho' rude an' rough,
 Yet crooning to a body's sel,
 Does weel enough.

I am nae poet, in a sense,
 But just a *rhymier*, like, by chance,
 An' hae to learning nae pretence,
 Yet, what the matter ?
 Whene'er my muse does on me glance,
 I jingle at her.

Your critter-folk may cock their nose,
 And say, ' How can you e'er propose,
 ' You wha ken hardly *verse* frae *prose*,
 ' To mak a *sang* ?'
 But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
 Ye're maybe wrang.

What's a' your jargon o' your schools,
 Your Latin names for horns an' stools ;
 If honest nature made you *fools*,
 What sairs your grammars ?
 Ye'd better taen up spades and shools,
 Or knappin-hammers.

A set o' dull, conceited bashes,
 Confuse their brains in college classes !
 They gang in stirks, and come out asses,
 Plain truth to speak ;
 An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
 By dint o' Greek !

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
 That's a' the learning I desire ;

Then tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire
At pleugh or cart,
My Muse, tho' hamely in attire,
May touch the heart.

O for a spunk o' *Allan's* glee,
Or *Fergusson's*, the bauld and slee,
Or bright *Lapraik's* my friend to be,
If I can hit it !
That would be lear enough for me,
If I could get it.

Now, Sir, if ye hae friends enow,
Tho' real friends, I b'lieve, are few,
Yet, if your catalogue be fou,
I'se no insist,
But gif ye want ae friend that's true,
I'm on your list.

I winna blaw about mysel ;
As ill I like my fauts to tell ;
But friends, and folk that wish me well,
They sometimes rouse me ;
Tho' I maun own, as monie still
As sair abuse me.

There's ae *wee faut* they whyles lay to me,
I like the lasses—Gude forgie me !
For monie a plack they wheedle frae me,
At dance or fair ;
Maybe some *ither thing* they gie me
They weel can spare.

But *Mauchline* race, or *Mauchline* fair,
I should be proud to meet you there ;

We'se gie ae night's discharge to care,
If we forgather,
An' hae a swap o' *rhymin-ware*
Wi' ane anither.

The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,
An' kirsen him wi' reekin water ;
Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,
To cheer our heart ;
An' faith, we'se be acquainted better
Before we part.

Awa, ye selfish, warly race,
Wha think that havins, sense, an' grace,
Ev'n love an' friendship, should give place
To *catch-the-plack* !
I dionn like to see your face,
Nor hear your crack.

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
Who hold your *being* on the terms,
' Each aid the others,'
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
My friends, my brothers !

But, to conclude my lang epistle,
As my auld pen's worn to the grissle ;
'Twa lines frae you wad gar me fiske,
Who am, most fervent,
While I can either sing, or whissle,
Your friend and servant.

TO THE SAME.

April 21st, 1785.

WHILE new-ca'd kye rowt at the stake,
An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik,
'This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
To own I'm debtor
To honest-hearted, auld *Lapraik*,
For his kind letter.

Forjesket sair, with weary legs,
Rattlin the corn out-owre the rigs,
Or dealing thro' amang the naigs
Their ten-hours bite,
My awkart muse sair pleads and begs:
I would na write.

The tapetless, ramfeezi'd hizzie,
She's saft at best, and something lazy,
Quo' she, 'Ye ken, we've been sae busy,
' This month an' mair,
' That trouth, my head is grown right dizzie,
' An' something sair.'

Her dowff excuses pat me mad ;
' Conscience,' says I, ' ye thowless jad !
' I'll write, an' that a hearty blaud,
' This very night ;
' So dinna ye affront your trade,
' But rhyme it right.

' Shall bauld *Lapraik*, the king o' hearts,
' Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes,

'Roose you sae weel for your deserts,
 'In terms sae friendly,
 'Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts,
 'An' thank him kindly !"

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
 An' down gaed *stumpie* in the ink :
 Quoth I, 'Before I sleep a wink,
 'I vow I'll close it ;
 'An' if ye winna mak it elink,
 'By Jove I'll prose it !"

Sae I've begun to scrawl, but whether
 In rhyme, or prose, or baith thegither,
 Or some hotch-potch that's righty neither,
 Let time mak proof ;
 But I shall scribble down some blether
 Just clean aff-loof.

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carph
 Tho' fortune use you hard an' sharp ;
 Come, kittle up your *moorland harp*
 Wi' gleesome touch !
 Ne'er mind how fortune waft an' *warph* :
 She's but a b-tch.

She's gien me monie a jirt an' fleg,
 Sin' I could striddle owre a rig ;
 Eut, by the L—d, tho' I should beg
 Wi' lyart pow,
 I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,
 As lang's I dow !

Now comes the sax an' twentieth simmer
 I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,

Still persecuted by the limmer
 Frae year to year ;
But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,
 I, Rob, am here.

Do ye envy the city *Gent*,
Behint a kist to lie and sklent,
Or purse-proud, big wi' cent, per cent.
 And muckle wame,
In some bit brugh to represent
 A Bailie's name?

Or is't the paughty, feudal Thane,
Wi' ruff'd sark an' glancin cane,
Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bare,
 But lordly stalks,
While caps and bonnets aff are taen,
 As by he walks?

' O *Thou* wha gies us each guid gift !
' Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift,
' Then turn me, if *Thou* please, adrift,
 ' Thro' Scotland wide ;
' Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
 ' In a' their pride !'

Were this the *charter* of our state,
' On pain o' hell be rich an' great,'
Damnation then would be our fate,
 Beyond remead ;
But, thanks to Heav'n ! that's no the gate
 We learn our creed.

For thus the royal mandate ran,
When first the human race began,

' The social, friendly, honest man,
 ' Whate'er he be,
 ' 'Tis he fulfils *great Nature's plan*,
 ' And none but *he !* '

O mandate glorious and divine !
 The ragged followers of the Nine,
 Poor, thoughtless devils ! yet may shine
 In glorious light,
 While sordid sons of Mammon's line
 Are dark as night.

Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' growl,
 Their worthless nievesfu' of a soul
 May in some future carcase howl,
 The forest's fright ;
 Or in some day-detesting owl
 May shun the light.

Then may *Lapraik* and *Burns* arise,
 To reach their native, kindred skies,
 And sing their pleasures, hopes, an' joys,
 In some mild sphere,
 Still closer knit in friendship's ties
 Each passing year.

TO W. S*****N,

Ochiltree.

May, 1785.

I gat your letter, winsome *Willie* ;
 Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie ;
 Tho' I maun say't, I wad be silly,
 An' unco vain,
 Should I believe, my coaxin' billie,
 Your flatterin' strain.

But I'se believe ye kindly meant it,
I sud be laith to think ye hinted
Ironie satire, sidelins sklented
On my poor Musie ;
Tho' in sic phraisin terms ye've penn'd it,
I scarce excuse ye.

My senses wad be in a creel,
Should I but dare a *hope* to speel,
Wi' *Allan*, or wi' *Gilbertfield*,
The braes o' fame ;
Or *Fergusson*, the writer-chiel,
A deathless name.

(O *Fergusson* ! thy glorious parts
Ill suited law's dry, musty arts !
My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
Ye Enbrugh Gentry !
The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes,
Wad stow'd his pantry !)

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
Or lasses gie my heart a screed,
As whyles they're like to be my dead,
(O sad disease !)
I kittle up my *rustic reed* ;
It gies me ease.

Auld *Coila* now may fidge fu' fain,
She's gotten Poets o' her ain,
Chiels wha their chanter's winna hain,
But tune their lays,
Till echoes a' resound again
Her weel-sung praise.

Nae poet thought her worth his while,
To set her name in measur'd style ;

She lay like some unkenn'd-of isle
 Beside *New-Holland*,
 Or where wild-meeting oceans boil
 Besouth *Magellan*.

Ramsay an' famous *Fergusson*
 Gied *Forth* an' *Tay* a lift aboon ;
Yarrow an' *Tweed*, to monie a tune,
 Owre Scotland rings,
 While *Irwin*, *Lugar*, *Ayr*, an' *Doon*,
 Nae body sings.

Th' *Illissus*, *Tiber*, *Thames*, an' *Seine*,
 Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line !
 But, *Willie*, set your fit to mine,
 An' cock your crest,
 We'll gar our streams an' burnies shine
 Up wi' the best.

We'll sing auld *Coila's* plains an' fells,
 Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
 Her banks an' braes, her dens and dells,
 Where glorious *Wallace*
 Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
 Frac southron billies.

At *Wallace's* name what Scottish blood
 But boils up in a spring-tide flood !
 Oft have our fearless fathers strode
 By *Wallace's* side,
 Still pressing onward, red-wat-shod,
 Or glorious dy'd.

O, sweet are *Coila's* haughs an' woods,
 When lintwhites chant among the buds

And jnkin hares, in amorous whids,
 Their loves enjoy,
While thro' the braes the cushat croods
 With wailfu' cry !

Ev'n winter bleak has charms for me
When winds rave thro' the naked tree ;
Or frosts on hills of *Ochiltree*
 Are hoary gray ;
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
 Dark'ning the day !

O *Nature* ! a' thy shews an' forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms !
Whether the simmer kindly warms,
 Wi' lfe an' light,
Or winter howls, in gusty storms,
 The lang, dark night !

The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
 An' no think lang ;
O sweet ! to stray an' pensive ponder
 A heart-felt sang !

The warly race may drudge an' drive,
Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch, an' strive,
Let me fair *Nature's* face describe,
 And I, wi' pleasure,
Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
 Bum owre their treasure.

Fareweel, ' my rhyme-composing breither !
We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither :

Now let us lay our heads thegither,
 In love fraternal :
 May *Envy* wallop in a tether,
 Black fiend, infernal !

While highlandmen hate tolls and taxes ;
 While moorlan' herds like guid fat braxies ;
 While terra firma, on her axis
 Diurnal turns,
 Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
 In *Robert Burns*.

POSTSCRIPT.

My memory's no worth a preen ;
 I had amaist forgotten clean,
 Ye bade me write you what they mean
 By this *New-Light*,*
 'Bout which our *herds* sae aft hae been
 Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans
 At *grammar, logic, an' sic talents*,
 They took nae pains their speech to balance,
 Or rules to gie,
 But spak their thoughts in plain, braid lallans,
 Like you or me.

In thae auld times, they thought the *moon*,
 Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon,
 Wore by degrees, till her last roon,
 Gaed past their viewing.
 An' shortly after she was done,
 They gat a new one.

* See note, p. 66.

This past for certain, undisputed ;
 It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,
 Till chiefs gat up an' wad confute it,
 An' ca'd it wrang ;
 An' muckle din there was about it,
 Baith loud and lang.

Some *herds*, weel learn'd upo' the beuk,
 Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk ;
 For 'twas the *auld moon* turn'd a neuk,
 An' out o' sight,
 An' backlins-comin, to the leuk,
 She grew mair bright.

This was deny'd, it was affirm'd ;
 The *herds* an' *hissels* were alarm'd ;
 The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd an' storm'd,
 That beardless laddies
 Should think they better were inform'd
 Than their auld daddies.

Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks ;
 Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks ;
 An' monie a fallow gat his licks,
 Wi' hearty crunt ;
 An' some, to learn them for their tricks,
 Were hang'd an' brunt.

This game was play'd in monie lands,
 An' *auld-light* caddies bare sic hands,
 That faith, the youngsters took the sands
 Wi' nimble shanks,
 The lairds forbade, by strict commands,
 Sic bluidy pranks.

But *new-light herds* gat sic a cove,
 Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an'-stowe,

Till now amaisht on ev'ry knowe,
Ye'll find ane plac'd ;
An' some, their *new-light* fair avow,
Just quite barefac'd.

Nae doubt the *guld-light flocks* are bleatin ;
 Their zealous *herds* are vex'd an' sweatin ;
 Mysel, I've even seen them greetin
 Wi' girnin spite,
 To hear the *moon* sae sadly lie'd on
 By word an' write.

But shortly they will cove the louns !
Some *aid-light* herds in neebor towns
Are mind't, in things they ca' balloons,
To tak a flight,
An' stay a month among the moons
An' see them right.

Guid observation they will gie them ;
An' when the *auld* moon's gaun to lea'e them,
The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them,
Just i' their pouch,
An' when the *new-light* billies see them,
I think they'll crouch !

Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter
Is naething but a ' moonshine matter ;'
But tho' dull prose-folk Latin splatter
In logic tulzie,
I hope, we bardies ken some better
Than mind sic brulzie.

EPISTLE TO J. R*****,

ENCLOSING SOME POEMS.

O ROUGH, rude, ready-witted R*****,
 The wale o' cocks for fun and drinkin!
 There's mony godly folks are thinkin,
 Your *dreams** an' tricks
 Will send you, Korah-like, a-sinkin,
 Straught to auld Nick's.

Ye hae sae monie cracks an' cants,
 And in your wicked, drocken rants,
 Ye mak a devil o' the saunts,
 An' fill them fou;
 And then their failings, flaws, an' wants,
 Are a' seen thro'.

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it!
 That holy robe, O dinna tear it!
 Spare't for their sakes wha aften wear it,
 The lads in *black*!
 But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
 Rives't aff their back.

Think, wicked sinner, wha ye're skaithing,
 Its just the *blue-gown* badge an' claithing
 O' saunts; tak that, ye lea'e them naething
 To ken them by,
 Frae ony unregenerate beathen
 Like you or I.

* A certain humorous dream of his was then making a noise in the country-side.

I've sent you here some rhyming ware,
 A' that I bargain'd for an' mair ;
 Sae, when ye hae an hour to spare,
 I will expect
 You sang,* ye'll sen't wi' cannie care,
 And no neglect.

Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing !
 My muse dow scarcely spread her wing !
 I've play'd mysel a bonnie spring,
 An' dane'd my fill !
 I'd better gaen an' sair'd the king,
 At *Bunker's Hill*.

'Twas ae night lately in my fun,
 I gaed a roving wi' the gun,
 An' brought a *paitrick* to the grun,
 A bonnie hen.
 And, as the twilight was begun,
 Thought nane wad ken.

The poor wee thing was little hurt ;
 I straikit it a wee for sport,
 Ne'er thinkin they wad fash me for't ;
 But, deil-ma-care !
 Somebody tells the *póacher-court*
 The hale affair.

Some auld-us'd hands had ta'en a note,
 That sic a hen had got a shot ;
 I was suspected for the plot ;
 I scorn'd to lie ;
 So gat the whistle o' my groat,
 An' pay't the fee.

* A song he had promised the Author.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,
 An' by my pouter an' my hail,
 An' by my hen, an' by her tail,
 I vow an' swear !
 The game shall pay o'er moor an' dale,
 For this, niest year.

As soon's the clockin-time is by,
 An' the wee pouts begin to cry,
 L—d, I'se hae sportin by an' by,
 For my gowd guinea :
 Tho' I should herd the *duckskin* kye
 For't, in Virginia.

Trowth, they had muckle for to blame !
 'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,
 But twa-three draps about the wame
 Searce thro' the feathers ;
 An' baith a yellow George to claim,
 An' thole their blethers !

It pits me aye as mad's a hare ;
 So I can rhyme nor write nae mair ;
 But *pennyworths* again is fair,
 When time's expedient :
 Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,
 Your most obedient.

WRITTEN IN

FRIARS-CARSE HERMITAGE,
On Nith-side.

Thou whom chance may hither lead,
 Be thou clad in russet weed,
 Be thou deckt in silken stole,
 Grave these counsels on thy soul.

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost ;
Hope not sunshine ev'ry hour,
Fear not clouds will always lour.

As youth and love with sprightly dance,
Beneath thy morning star advance,
Pleasure with her siren air
May delude the thoughtless pair ;
Let prudence bless enjoyment's cup,
Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale ?
Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale ?
Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait :
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold,
While cheerful peace, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dells among.

As the shades of ev'ning close,
Beck'ning thee to long repose ;
As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-neuk of ease.
There ruminate with sober thought,
On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought ;
And teach the sportive youngsters round,
Saws of experience, sage and sound.
Say, man's true, genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not, Art thou high or low ?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow ?
Did many talents gild thy span ?
Or frugal nature grudge thee one ?
Tell them, and press it on their mind,
As thou thyself must shortly find,

The smile or frown of awful Heav'n,
 To virtue or to vice is giv'n.
 Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
 There solid self-enjoyment lies ;
 That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
 Lead to the wretched, vile, and base.

Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
 To the bed of lasting sleep ;
 Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
 Night, where dawn shall never break,
 Till future life, future no more,
 To light and joy the good restore,
 To light and joy unknown before.

Stranger, go ! Heav'n be thy guide !
 Quod the beadsman of Nith-side.

ODE,

Sacred to the Memory of Mrs — of —

DWELLER in yon dungeon dark,
 Hangman of creation ! mark
 Who in widow-weeds appears,
 Laden with unhonoured years,
 Noosing with care a bursting purse,
 Baited with many a deadly curse !

STROPHE.

View the wither'd beldam's face—
 Can thy keen inspection trace
 Aught of humanity's sweet, melting grace ?
 Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows,
 Pity's flood there never rose.
 See those hands, ne'er stretch'd to save,
 Hands that took—but never gave.

Keeper of Mammon's iron chest,
Lo, there she goes, unpitied and unblest :
She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest !

ANTISTROPHE.

Plunderer of armies, lift thine eyes,
(A while forbear, ye tort'ring fiends.)
Seest thou whose step unwilling hither bends ?
No fallen angel, hurl'd from upper skies ;
'Tis thy trusty *quondam* mate,
Doom'd to share thy fiery fate,
She, tardy, hell-ward plies.

EPODE.

And are they of no more avail,
Ten thousand glitt'ring pounds a year ?
In other worlds can Mammon fail,
Omnipotent as he is here ?
O, bitter mock'ry of the *pompous* *bier*,
While down the wretched *vital part* is driv'n !
The cave-lodg'd beggar, with a conscience clear,
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to Heav'n.

ELEGY ON CAPT. M. HENDERSON,

*A Gentleman who held the Patent for his
Honours immediately from Almighty God !*

But now his radiant course is run,
For Matthew's course was bright ;
His soul was like the glorious sun,
A matchless, Heav'nly Light !

O DEATH ! thou tyrant fell and bloody !
The meikle devil wi' a woogle

Haur! thee hame to his black smiddie,
O'er hurcheon hiles,
And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie
Wi' thy auld sides!

He's gane, he's gane! he's frae us torn,
'The ae best fellow e'er was born!
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn
By wood and wild,
Where, haply, pity strays forlorn,
Frae man exil'd.

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,
That proudly cock your cresting cairns!
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing years,
Where echo slumbers!
Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,
My wailing numbers!

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens!
Ye haz'lly shaws and briery dens!
Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens,
Wi' toddlin din,
Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,
Frae lin to lin.

Mourn little harebells o'er the lee;
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see;
Ye woodbines hanging bonnilie,
In scented bow'rs;
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
'The first o' flow'rs.

At dawn, when ev'ry grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at his head,

At ev'n, when beans their fragrance shed,
I' th' rustling gale,
Ye maukins whiddin thro' the glade,
Come join my wail.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood ;
Ye grouse that crap the heather bud ;
Ye curlews calling thro' a clud ;
Ye whistling plover ;
And mourn, ye whirring paitrick brood ;
He's gane for ever !

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teal,
Ye fisher herons, watching cels ;
Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
Circling the lake ;
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
Rair for his sake.

Mourn, clam'ring crails at close o' day,
'Mang fields o' flow'ring clover gay ;
And when ye wing your annual way
Frae our cauld shore,
Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay,
Wham we deplore.

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bow'r,
In some auld tree, or eldritch tow'r.
What time the moon, wi' silent glow'r,
Sets up her horn,
Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour
Till waukrife morn !

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains !
Oft have ye heard my canty strains :

But now, what else for me remains
But tales of woe ;
And frae my een the drapping rains
Maun ever flow.

Mourn, spring, thou darling of the year ?
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear :
Thou, simmer, while each corny spear
Shoots up its head,
Thy gay, green, flow'ry tresses shear,
For him that's dead !

Thou, autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy fallow mantle tear !
Thou, winter, hurling thro' the air
The roaring blast,
Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we've lost !

Mourn him, thou sun, great source of light !
Mourn, empress of the silent night !
And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,
My Matthew mourn !
For through your orbs he's ta'en his flight,
Ne'er to return.

O *Henderson* ! the man ! the brother !
And art thou gone, and gone for ever !
And hast thou crost that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound !
Like thee, where shall I find another,
The world around !

Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state !

But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
Thou man of worth !
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth.

THE EPITAPH.

Stop, passenger ! my story's brief ;
And truth I shall relate, man ;
I tell nae common tale o' grief,
For Matthew was a great man.

If thou uncommon merit hast,
Yet spurn'd at fortune's door, man ;
A look of pity hither cast,
For Matthew was a poor man.

If thou a noble sodger art,
That passest by this grave, man,
There moulders here a gallant heart ;
For Matthew was a brave man.

If thou on men, their works and ways,
Canst throw uncommon light, man ;
Here lies wha weel had won thy praise,
For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou at friendship's sacred ca'
Wad life itself resign, man ;
Thy sympathetic tear maun fa',
For Matthew was a kind man !

If thou art staunch without a stain,
Like the unchanging blue, man ;
This was a kinsman o' thy ain,
For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
And ne'er guid wine did fear, man ;
This was thy billie, dam, and sire,
For Matthew was a queer man.

If ony whiggish whingin sot,
To blame poor Matthew dare, man ;
May dool and sorrow be his lot,
For Matthew was a rare man.

LAMENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS,

On the Approach of Spring.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea :
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies ;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing ;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring ;
The mavis mild wi' many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest :
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall oppress.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae ;

The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae :
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang ;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I hae been ;
Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en :
And I'm the sov'reign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there ;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,
My sister and my fae,
Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword
That thro' thy soul shall gae :
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee ;
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son ! my son ! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine ;
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine !
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee ;
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me !

Oh ! soon, to me, may summer-suns
Nae mair light up the morn !

Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
 Wave o'er the yellow corn !
 And in the narrow house o' death
 Let winter round me rave ;
 And the next flow'rs that deck the spring,
 Bloom on my peaceful grave !

To ROBERT GRAHAM, *Esq. of Fintra.*

LAME crippi'd of an arm, and now a leg,
 About to beg a *pass* for leave to beg ;
 Dull, listless, teas'd, dejected, and deprest,
 (Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest :)
 Will generous *Graham* list to his Poet's wail ?
 (It soothes poor misery, hearkening to her tale,)
 And hear him curse the light he first survey'd,
 And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade ?
 Thou, Nature, partial Nature, I arraign ;
 Of thy caprice maternal I complain.
 'The lion and the bull thy care have found,
 One shakes the forests, and one spurns the ground ;
 'Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
 'Th' envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell.—
 'Thy minions, kings defend, control, devour,
 In all th' omnipotence of rule and power.—
 'Foxes and statesmen, subtile wiles ensure ;
 'The cit and polecat stink, and are secur.
 'Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug.
 'The priest and hedgehog in their robes, are snug.
 'Ev'n silly woman has her warlike arts,
 Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts.
 But Oh ! thou bitter step-mother and hard,
 To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard !
 A thing unteachable in world's skill,
 And half an idiot too, more helpless still.

No heels to bear him from the op'ning dun ;
 No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun ;
 No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
 And those, alas ! not Amalthea's horn :
 No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur,
 Clad in rich dulness' comfortable fur,
 In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
 He bears th' unbroken blast from ev'ry side :
 Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart,
 And scorpion critics cureless venom dart.

Critics—appall'd I venture on the name,
 Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame :
 Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes ;
 He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose.

His heart by causeless, wanton malice wrung,
 By blockheads' daring into madness stung ;
 His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
 By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear ;
 Foil'd, bleeding, tortur'd in the unequal strife,
 The hapless poet flounders on thro' life.
 Till fled each hope that once his bosom fir'd,
 And fled each muse that glorious once inspir'd,
 Low sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
 Dead, even resentment, for his injur'd page,
 He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's
 rage !

So, by some hedge, the generous steed decays'd,
 For half-starv'd snarling curs a dainty feast ;
 By toil and famine wore to skin and bone,
 Lies senseless of each tugging bitch's son.

O dulness ! portion of the truly blest !
 Calm, shelter'd haven of eternal rest !
 Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
 Of fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.
 If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
 With sober selfish ease they sip it up :

Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
 'They only wonder 'some folks' do not starve.
 The grave, sage heron thus easy picks his frog,
 And thinks the mallard a sad, worthless dog.
 When disappointment snaps the clue of hope,
 And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope,
 With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
 And just conclude that 'fools are fortune's care.'
 So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
 Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

Not so the idle muses' mad-cap train,
 Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain;
 In equanimity they never dwell,
 By turns in soaring heav'n, or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, fate, relentless and severe,
 With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear !
 Already one strong hold of hope is lost,
Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust ;
 (Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
 And left us darkling in a world of tears :)
 Oh ! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish pray'r !
Fintra, my other stay, long bless and spare !
 Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown ;
 And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down !
 May *bliss domestic* smooth his private path ;
 Give energy to life ; and sooth his latest breath,
 With many a filial tear circling the bed of death !

LAMENT

For James, Earl of Glencairn.

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,
 By fits the sun's departing beam
 Look'd on the fading yellow woods
 That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream :

Beneath a craigy steep, a bard,
Laden with years and meikle pain,
In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
Whom death had all untimely ta'en.

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years;
His locks were bleached white wi' time !
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears !
And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
And as he tun'd his doleful sang,
The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,
To echo bore the notes along.

" Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing,
" The reliques of the vernal quire !
" Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
" The honours of the aged year !
" A few short months, and glad and gay,
" Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e ;
" But nocht in all revolving time
" Can gladness bring again to me.

" I am a bending aged tree,
" That long has stood the wind and rain ;
" But now has come a cruel blast,
" And my last hald of earth is gane :
" Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
" Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom ;
" But I maun lie before the storm,
" And ithers plant them in my room.

" I've seen sae mony changefu' years,
" On earth I am a stranger grown ;
" I wander in the ways of men,
" Alike unknowing and unknown :

- " Unheard, unpitied, unreliev'd,
" I bear alane my lade o' care,
" For silent, low, on beds of dust,
" Lie a' that would my sorrows share.
- " And last (the sun of a' my griefs !)
" My noble master lies in clay ;
" The flow'r amang our barons bold,
" His country's pride, his country's stay :
" In weary being now I pine,
" For a' the life of life is dead,
" And hope has left my aged ken,
" On forward wing for ever fled.
- " Awake thy last sad voice, my harp !
" The voice of woe and wild despair !
" Awake, resound thy latest lay,
" Then sleep in silence evermair !
" And thou, my last, best, only friend,
" That fillest an untimely tomb,
" Accept this tribute from the bard
" Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom.
- " In poverty's low barren vale,
" Thick mists, obscure, involv'd me round ;
" Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
" No ray of fame was to be found :
" Thou found'st me, like the morning sun
" That melts the fogs in limpid air ;
" The friendless bard and rustic song,
" Became alike thy fostering care.
- " Oh ! why has worth so short a date ?
" While villains ripen grey with time !
" Must thou, the noble, gen'rous, great,
" Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime !
" Why did I live to see that day ?
" A day to me so full of woe !

- " Oh ! had I met the mortal shaft
 " Which laid my benefactor low !
 " The bridegroom may forget the bride
 " Was made his wedded wife yestreen ;
 " The monarch may forget the crown
 " That on his head an hour has been ;
 " The mother may forget the child
 " That smiles sae sweetly on her knee ;
 " But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
 " And a' that thou hast done for me ! "
-

LINES, *sent to* SIR JOHN WHITEFORD *of Whiteford, Bart. with the foregoing Poem.*

Thou, who thy honour as thy God rever'st,
 Who, save thy *mind's reproach*, nought earthly
 fear'st,
 To thee this votive offering I impart,
 The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
 'The *friend* thou valued'st, I the *patron* lov'd ;
 His worth, his honour, all the world approv'd.
 We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone,
 And tread the dreary path to that dark world un-
 known.

TAM O' SHANTER,

A Tale.

Of Brownie's and of Bogie's full is this Buke,
 Gavin 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' gettin 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,
 Where sits our sulky sullen dame,
 Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

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

O *Tam* ! had'st 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 na sober,
 That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller ;
 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' Kirton Jean till Monday.
 She prophesy'd, that late or soon,
 Thou would be found deep drown'd in *Dam* ;
 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 aye the ale was growing better :
 The landlady and *Tam* grew gracious ;
 Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious :
 The souter tauld his queerest stories ;
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus :
 The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sne happy,
 E'en drown'd himself 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 ;
 The hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
 That dreary hour he mounts his beast in ;
 And sic a night he tak's 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 holding fast his guid blue bonnet ;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet ;
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest 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 resounding mirth and dancing.—

Inspiring bold *John Barleycorn* !
What dangers thou canst make us scorn !
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil ;
Wi' usquebae we'll face the devil !—
The swats sae ream'd in *Tammie's* noddle,
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddie.
But *Maggie* stood right sair 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 cotillion 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 screw'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 slight,
 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' bluid red-rusted ;
 Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted ;
 A garter, which a babe had strangled ;
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
 The gray hairs yet stack to the heft ;
 Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
 Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammiè 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 cleckit,
 Till ilka carlin swat and reckit,

And coost her duddies to the wark;
And linket at it in her sark !

Now *Tam*, O *Tam* ! had they been queans
A' plump and strapping, in their teens ;
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen !
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them aff 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* kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,
There was ae winsome wench and walle,
'That night inlisted in the core,
(Lang after kenn'd on *Carrick* shore !
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd monie a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear),
Her cutty sark, 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 kenn'd thy rev'rend grannie,
That sark she coft 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 sople jade she was and strang)
And how *Tam* stood, like a bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd ;

Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'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-sark !"
 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 skreech and 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 woefu' woman !
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, *Meg*,
 And win the key-stane * of the brig ;
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,
 A running stream they dare na cross.
 But ere the key-stane she could make,
 The fient 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—

* 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 *bagles*, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.

Ae spring brought off her master hale,
 But left behind her ain grey tail :
 The carlin clautht 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-sarks run in your mind,
 Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
 Remember *Tum o' Shanter's* mare.

ON SEEING

A WOUNDED HARE

LIMP BY ME,

Which a Fellow had just shot at.

INHUMAN man ! curse on thy barb'rous art,
 And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye :
 May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
 Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart !

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
 The bitter little that of life remains :
 No more the thickening brakes and verdant
 plains,
 To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest
 No more of rest, but now thy dying bed !
 The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
 The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Oft as by winding Nith, I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hap-
less fate.

ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON,

*On crowning his Bust at Ednam, Roxburghshire,
with Bays.*

While virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Eolian strains between :

While Summer with a matron grace
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade :

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his aged head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed :

While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows :

So long, sweet Poet of the year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won ;
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that Thomson was her son.

ON THE LATE
CAPTAIN GROSE'S PEREGRINATIONS
THROUGH SCOTLAND,

Collecting the Antiquities of that Kingdom.

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirke to Johnny Groat's;
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it:
A chield's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it.

If in your bounds ye chance to light
Upon a fine, fat, fodgeg wight,
O' stature short, but genius bright,
That's he, mark weel—
And wow! he has an unco slight
O' cauk and keel.

By some auld, houlet-haunted biggin,*
Or kirk deserted by its riggin,
It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in
Some eldritch part,
Wi' deils, they say, L—d save's! colleaguin
At some black art.—

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chamers,
Ye gipsey-gang that deal in glamor,
And you deep read in hell's black grammar,
Warlocks and witches;
Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
Ye midnight b——es.

* Vide his Antiquities of Scotland.

It's tauld he was a sodger bred,
 And ane wad rather fa'u than fled ;
 But now he's quat the spurtle blade,
 And dog-skin wallet,
 And ta'en the— *Antiquarian trade*,
 I think they call it.

He has a fouth o' auld nick-uackets :
 Rusty airm caps and jinglin jackets,*
 Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
 A towmont guid ;
 And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
 Before the Flood.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder ;
 Auld Tubalcain's fire-shool and fender ;
 That which distinguished the gender
 O' Balaam's ass ;
 A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor,
 Weel shod wi' brass.

Forbye, he'll shape you aff, fu' gleg,
 The cut of Adam's phillibeg ;
 The knife that nicket Abel's craig
 He'll prove you fully,
 It was a faulding jocteleg,
 Or lang-kail gullie.—

But wad ye see him in his glee,
 For meikle glee and fun has he,
 Then set him down, and twa or three
 Guid fellows wi' him ;
 And *port*, *O port* ! shine thou a wee,
 And then ye'll see him !

* Vide his Treatise on Ancient Armour and Weapons.

Now, by the pow'rs o' verse and prose !

'Thou art a dainty chield, O Grose !—

Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,

They sair misca' thee ;

I'd take the rascal by the nose,

Wad say, Shame fa' thee !

TO MISS CRUIKSHANKS,

A very Young Lady.

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A BOOK, PRE-
SENTED TO HER BY THE AUTHOR.

BEAUTEOUS rose-bud, young and gay,

Blooming in thy early May,

Never may'st thou, lovely flow'r,

Chilly shrink in sleety show'r !

Never Boreas' hoary path,

Never Eurus' pois'nous breath,

Never baleful stellar lights,

Taint thee with untimely blights !

Never, never reptile thief

Riot on thy virgin leaf !

Nor even Sol too fiercely view

Thy bosom blushing still with dew !

May'st thou long, sweet crimson gem,

Richly deck thy native stem ;

Till some ev'ning, sober, calm,

Dropping dews, and breathing balm,

While all around the woodland rings,

And ev'ry bird thy requiem sings ;

'Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,

Shed thy dying honours round,

And resign to parent earth

The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.

ON READING, IN A NEWSPAPER,

THE DEATH OF JOHN M'LEOD, ESQ.

*Brother to a young Lady, a particular Friend
of the Author's.*

SAD thy tale, thou idle page,
And rueful thy alarms :
Death tears the brother of her love
From Isabella's arms.

: weetly deckt with pearly dew
The morning rose may blow ;
But cold successive noontide blasts
May lay its beauties low.

Fair on Isabella's morn
The sun propitious smil'd ;
But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
Succeeding hopes beguil'd.

Fate oft tears the bosom chords
That nature finest strung :
So Isabella's heart was form'd,
And so that heart was wrung.

Dread Omnipotence, alone,
Can heal the wound he gave ;
Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
To scenes beyond the grave.

Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
And fear no withering blast ;
There Isabella's spotless worth
Shall happy be at last

THE
HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR
WATER *

To the Noble Duke of Athole.

My Lord, I know, your noble ear
Woe ne'er assails in vain ;
Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll hear
Your humble Slave complain,
How saucy Phœbus' scorching beams,
In flaming summer-pride,
Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
And drink my crystal tide.

The lightly-jumping glowrin trouts,
That thro' my waters play,
If, in their random, wanton spouts,
They near the margin stray ;
If, hapless chance ! they linger lang,
I'm scorching up to shallow,
They're left the whitening stanes amang,
In gasping death to wallow.

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
As Poet B * * * * came by,
That, to a bard I should be seen
Wi' half my channel dry :
A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
Even as I was he shor'd me ;
But had I in my glory been,
He, kneeling, wad ador'd me.

* Bruar Falls, in Athole, are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful ; but their effect is much impaired by the want of trees and shrubs.

Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
In twisting strength I rin ;
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
Wild-roaring o'er a lian :
Enjoying large each spring and well
As nature gave them me,
I am, altho' I say't mysel,
Worth gaun a mile to see.

Would then my noble master please
To grant my highest wishes,
He'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring trees,
And bonnie spreading bushes :
Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
You'll wander on my banks,
And listen mony a grateful bird
Return you tuneful thanks.

The sober laverock, warbling wил,
Shall to the skies aspire ;
The gowdspink, music's gayest child,
Shall sweetly join the choir :
The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
The mavis mild and mellow ;
The robin pensive autumn cheer,
In all her locks of yellow :

This too, a covert shall ensure,
To shield them from the storm ;
And coward maukin sleep secure,
Low in her grassy form :
Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
To weave his crown of flow'rs ;
Or find a sheltering safe retreat,
From prone descending show'rs.

And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
Shall meet the loving pair,
Despising worlds with all their wealth
As empty, idle care :
The flow'rs shall vie in all their charms
The hour of heav'n to grace,
And birks extend their fragrant arms,
To screen the dear embrace.

Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
Some musing bard may stray,
And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
And misty mountain, grey ;
Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
Mild-chequering thro' the trees,
Rave to my darkly-dashing stream,
Hoarse-swelling on the breeze.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-pending in the pool,
Their shadows' wat'ry bed !
Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest
My craggy cliffs adorn ;
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close embow'ring thorn.

So may old Scotia's darling hope,
Your little angel band,
Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
Their honour'd native land !
So may thro' Albion's farthest ken,
To social-flowing glasses,
The grace be—" Athole's honest men,
" And Athole's bonnie lasses !"

ON SCARING SOME WATER FOWL

IN LOCH-TURIT.

A wild scene among the Hills of Oughtertyre.

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your wat'ry haunt forsake ?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly ?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties ?—
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free :
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave ;
Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace,
Man, your proud, usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below :
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
Marking you his prey below,
In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong necessity compels.
But man, to whom alone is giv'n
A ray direct from pitying Heav'n,
Glories in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasure slain.

In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wand'ring swains.

Where the mossy riv'let strays,
Far from human haunts and ways ;
All on Nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might,
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his pow'rs you scorn ;
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs ;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL

*Over the Chimney-Piece, in the Parlour of the
Inn at Kenmore, Taymouth.*

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace ;
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
'Th' abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,
My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
Till fam'd Breadalbane opens to my view.—
The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
The woods, wild scatter'd, clothe their ample sides ;
'Th' outstretching lake, embosomed 'mong the hills,
The eye with wonder and amazement fills ;
The Tay meand'ring sweet in infant pride,
The palace rising on his verdant side ;
The lawns wood-fring'd in Nature's native taste ;
The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste ;
The arches striding o'er the new-born stream ;
The village, glittering in the noon-tide beam—

* * * * *

Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,
 Lone wand'ring by the hermit's mossy cell;
 The sweeping theatre of hanging woods;
 Th' incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods—

* * * * *

Here poesy might wake her heav'n-taught lyre,
 And look through nature with creative fire;
 Here, to the wrongs of fate half reconcil'd,
 Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild;
 And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
 Find balm to soothe her bitter, rankling wounds:
 Here heart-struck Grief might heav'nward stretch
 her scan,
 And injur'd Worth forget and pardon man.

* * * * *

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL,

Standing by the Fall of Fyers, near Loch-Ness.

Among the heathy hills and ragged woods
 The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods;
 Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
 Where, through a shapeless breach, his stream re-
 sounds.
 As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
 As deep recoiling surges foam below,
 Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
 And viewless echo's ear, astonish'd, rends.
 Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless
 show'rs,
 The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, low'rs.
 Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
 And still below the horrid cauldron boils—

* * * * *

ON THE
BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD

*Born in peculiar circumstances of
Family Distress.*

SWEET Flow'ret, pledge o' meikle love,
And ward o' mony a pray'r,
What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
Sae helpless, sweet, and fair !

November hirples o'er the lea,
Chill, on thy lovely form ;
And gane, alas ! the shelt'ring tree,
Should shield thee frae the storm.

May He who gives the rain to pour,
And wings the blast to blaw,
Protect thee frae the driving show'r,
The bitter frost and snaw !

May He, the friend of woe and want,
Who heals life's various stounds,
Protect and guard the mother plant,
And heal her cruel wounds !

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
Fair on the summer morn :
Now feebly bends she in the blast,
Unshelter'd and forlorn.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
Unscath'd by ruffian hand !
And from thee many a parent stem
Arise to deck our land !

SECOND EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

*A Brother Poet.**

AULD NEEBOR,

I'm three times doubly o'er your debtor,
For your auld-farrent, frien'ly letter ;
'Tho' I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter,
Ye speak sae fair ;
For my pair, silly, rhyming clatter,
Some less maun sair.

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle ;
Lang may your elbuck jink an' diddle,
To cheer you thro' the weary widdle
O' war'ly cares,
'Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
Your auld, gray hairs.

But, Davie, lad, I'm red ye're glaikit ;
I'm tauld the Muse ye hae negleckit ;
An' gif it's sae, ye sud be licket
Until ye fyke ;
Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faikit,
Be hain't wha like.

For me, I'm on Parnassus' brink,
Rivin the words to gar them clink ;
Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi' drink,
Wi' jads or masons ;
An' whyles, but aye owre late, I think
Braw sober lessons.

* This is prefixed to the poems of David Sillar, published at Kilmarnock, 1789.

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
 Commen' me to the Bardie clan ;
 Except it be some idle plan
 O' rhymin clink,
 'The devil-haet, that I sud ban,
 They ever think.

Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin,
 Nae cares to gie us joy or grievin ;
 But just the pouchie put the nieve in,
 An' while ought's there,
 'Then, hiltie, skiltie, we gae serievie,
 An' fash nae mair.

Leeze me on rhyme ! it's aye a treasure,
 My chief, amaiist my only pleasure,
 At hame, a-fiel', at wark or leisure,
 The Muse, poor bizzie !
 'Tho' rough an' raploch be her measure,
 She's seldom lazy.

Haud to the Muse, my dainty Davie :
 'The warl' may play you mony a shavie ;
 But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye,
 'Tho' e'er sae puir,
 Na, even tho' limpin wi' the spavie
 Frae door to door.

THE INVENTORY.

*In Answer to a Mandate by a Surveyor of the
 Taxes.*

Sir, as your mandate did request,
 I send you here a faithfu' list,

My horses, servants, carts, and graith,
To which I'm free to tak my aith.

Inprimis, then, for carriage cattle,
I hae four brutes o' gallant mettle,
As ever drew before a pettle ;
My *hand-a-fore* *, a guid auld has-been,
And wight and wilfu' a' his days seen ;
My *hand-a-hin* †, a guid brown filly,
Wha aft has borne me safe frae Killie ‡,
And your auld borough mony a time,
In days when riding was nae crime :
But ance when in my wooing pride
I like a blockhead boost to ride,
The wilfu' creature sae I pat to,
(L—d pardon a' my sins an' that too !)
I play'd my fillie sic a shavie,
She's a' bedevil'd wi' the spavie,
My *fur-a-hin* §, a guid grey beast,
As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd :
The fourth, a Highland Donald hasty,
A d-mn'd red-wud, Kilburnie blastie,
For-by a cowte, of cowtes the walc,
As ever ran before a tail ;
An' he be spar'd to be a beast,
He'll draw me fifteen pund at least.

Wheel carriages I hae but few,
Three carts, and twa are feckly new ;
An auld wheel-barrow, mair for token,
Ae leg and baith the trams are broken ;
I made a poker o' the spindle,
And my auld mither brunt the trundle.

* The fore-horse on the left-hand in the plough.

† The hindmost on the left-hand in the plough.

‡ Kilmarnock.

§ The hindmost horse on the right-hand in the plough.

For men, I've three mischievous boys,
Run-deils for rantin and for noise ;
A gadsman ane, a thresher t'other,
Wee Davoc hauds the nowte in fother.
I rule them, as I ought, discreetly,
And often labour them completely,
And aye on Sundays duly nightly,
I on the questions tairge them tightly,
Till faith wee Davoc's grown sae gleg,
(Tho' scarcely langer than my leg.)
He'll screed you off *effectual calling*,
As fast as ony in the dwelling.

I've nane in female servant station,
Lord keep me aye frae a' temptation!
I hae nae wife, and that my bliss is,
And ye hae laid nae tax on misses ;
For weans I'm mair than well contented,
Heaven sent me ane mair than I wanted ;
My sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess,
She stares the daddie in her face,
Enough of ought ye like but grace.
But her, my bonny, sweet, wee lady,
I've said enough for her already,
And if ye tax her or her mither,
By the L—d ye'se get them a' thegither :

And now, remember, Mr Aiken,
Nae kind of license out I'm taking ;
Frae this time forth, I do declare,
I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair ;
Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle,
Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle ;
I've sturdy stumps, the Lord be thankit !
And a' my gates on foot I'll shank it.
The Kirk an' you may tak' you that,
It puts but little in your pat ;

Sae dinna scribe me in your buke,
Nor for my ten white shillings luke.

This list wi' my ain hand I've wrote it,
The day and date as under noted ;
Then know all ye whom it concerns,
Subscripsi huic

ROBERT BURNS.

Mossiel, February 22d, 1789.

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTH-ACH.

*Written by the Author at a time when he was
grievously tormented by that Disorder.*

My curse upon thy venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortur'd gums along ;
And thro' my lugs gies mony a twang,
 Wi' gnawing vengeance ;
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
 Like racking engines !

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squeezes ;
Our neighbour's sympathy may ease us,
 Wi' pitying moan ;
But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases,
 Aye mocks our groan !

Adown my beard the slavers trickle !
I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle,
As round the fire the giglets keckle,
 To see me loup ;
While raving mad, I wish a heckle
 Were in their doup.

O' a' the num'rous human dools,
Ill hur'sts, daft bargains, *cutty-stools*,
Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools,

Sad sight to see !

The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools,
Thou bear'st the gree.

Where'er that place be, priests ca' hell,
Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell,
And ranked plagues their numbers tell,

In dreadfu' raw,

Thou, Tooth-ach, surely bear'st the bell
Amang them a' !

O thou grim, mischief-making chiel,
That gars the notes of *discord* squeel,
'Till daft mankind aft dance a reel

In gore a shoe-thick ;—

Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal

A towmond's Tooth-ach :

THE WHISTLE,

A BALLAD.

As the authentic *prose* history of the Whistle is curious, I shall here give it.—In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our James the Sixth, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony Whistle, which at the commencement of the orgies he laid on the table, and whoever was last able to blow it, every body else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the Whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany; and challenged the Scots Bacchanalsians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority.—After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwellton, ancestor of the present worthy baronet of that name; who, after three days and three nights hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table,

And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.

Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert before mentioned, afterwards lost the Whistle to Walter Riddel of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir Walter's.—On Friday, the 16th of October, 1790, at Friars-Carse, the Whistle was once more contended for, as related in the ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwellton; Robert Riddel, Esq. of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the Whistle, and in whose family it had continued; and Alexander Ferguson, Esq. of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert; which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field.

THE WHISTLE.

I sing of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth,
I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North,
Was brought to the court of our good Scottish
king,
And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring.

Old Loda,* still rueing the arm of Fingal,
The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—
“ This Whistle ’s your challenge, in Scotland get
o’er,
“ And drink them to hell, Sir ! or ne’er see me
more ! ”

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
What champions ventur’d, what champions fell ;
The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur
Unmatch’d at the bottle, unconquer’d in war,
He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea,
No tide of the Baltic e’er drunker than he.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gain’d ;
Which now in his house has for ages remain’d ;
Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,
The jovial contest again have renew’d.

* See Ossian’s Caric-thura.

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of
flaw ;

Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law ;
And trusty Glenriddel, so skill'd in old coins ;
And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines.

Craigdarroch began, with a tongue smooth as oil,
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil ;
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,
And once more, in claret, try which was the man

' By the gods of the ancients !' Glenriddel replies,
' Before I surrender so glorious a prize,
' I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More,*
' And bumper his horn with him twenty times
' o'er.'

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,
But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe—or his
friend,

Said, toss down the Whistle, the prize of the field,
And knee-deep in claret, he'd die, or he'd yield.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care ;
But for wine and for welcome not more known to
fame,
Than the sense, wit, and taste, of a sweet lovely
dame.

A bard was selected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day ;
A bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been.

* See Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides.

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
And ev'ry new cork is a new spring of joy ;
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they
were wet.

Gay pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er ;
Bright Phœbus ne'er witness'd so joyous a core,
And vow'd that to leave them he was quite for-
lorn,
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn.

Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the night,
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestors did.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,
No longer the warfare, ungodly, would wage ;
A high-ruling Elder to wallow in wine !
He left the foul business to folks less divine.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end ;
But who can with fate and quart bumpers contend ?
Though fate said—a hero should perish in light ;
So uprose bright Phœbus—and down fell the
knight.

Next uprose our bard, like a prophet in drink ;—
“ Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall
“ sink !
“ But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,
“ Come—one bottle more—and have at the sub-
“ lime !

' Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with
' Bruce,
' Shall heroes and patriots ever produce ;
' So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay ;
' The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of
' day !'

FRAGMENT,

Inscribed to the Right Hon. C. J. Fox.

How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite ;
How virtue and vice blend their black and their
white ;
How genius, th' illustrious father of fiction,
Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradic-
tion—
I sing : If these mortals, the critics, should bustle,
I care not, not I, let the critics go whistle.

But now for a Patron, whose name and whose
glory
At once may illustrate and honour my story.

Thou first of our orators, first of our wits ;
Yet whose parts and acquirements seem mere
lucky hits ;
With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so
strong,
No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong ;
With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
No man with the half of 'em e'er went quite right ;
A sorry, poor misbegot son of the Muses,
For using thy name offers fifty excuses.

Good L—d, what is man! for as simple he looks,
Do but try to develop his hooks, and his crooks;
With his depths and his shallows, his good and
his evil,
All in all he's a problem must puzzle the devil.

On his one ruling passion sir Pope hugely labours,
That, like th' old Hebrew walking-switch, eats up
its neighbours:

Mankind are his show-box—a friend, would you
know him?

Pull the string, ruling passion the picture will
show him.

What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,
One trifling particular, truth, should have miss'd
him;

For, spite of his fine theoretic positions,
Mankind is a science defies definitions.

Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,
And think human nature they truly describe;
Have you found this, or t' other? there's more
in the wind,

As by one drunken fellow his comrades you'll find,
But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan,
In the make of the wonderful creature, call'd Man,
No two virtues, whatever relation they claim,
Nor even two different shades of the same,
Though like as was ever twin brother to brother,
Possessing the one shall imply you've the other.

TO DR. BLACKLOCK.

Ellisland, 21st Oct. 1789.

Wow, but your letter made me vauntie !
 And are ye bale, and weel, and cantie ?
 I kenn'd it still your wee bit jauntie
 Wad bring ye to :
 Lord send you ay as weel's I want ye,
 And then ye'll do.

The ill-thief blaw the Heron south !
 And never drink be near his drouth !
 He tald mysel by word o' mouth,
 He'd tak my letter ;
 I lippen'd to the chiel in trouth,
 And bade nae better.

But aiblins honest Master Heron
 Had at the time some dainty fair one,
 To ware his theologic care on,
 And holy study ;
 And tir'd o' sauls to waste his lear on,
 E'en tried the body.*

But what d'ye think, my trusty fier,
 I'm turn'd a gauger—Peace be here !
 Parnassian queens, I fear, I fear
 Ye'll now disdain me,
 And then my fifty pounds a year
 Will little gain me.

* Mr. Heron, author of the History of Scotland, and of various other works.

Ye glaiket, gleesome, dainty damies,
Wha by Castalia's wimplin streamies,
Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies,
Ye ken, ye ken,
That strang necessity supreme is
'Mang sons o' men.

I hae a wife and twa wee laddies,
They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies ;
Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is,
I need na vaunt,
But I'll sned besoms—thraw saugh woodies,
Before they want.

Lord help me thro' this warld o' care !
I'm weary sick o't late and air !
Not but I hae a richer share
Than mony ithers ;
But why should ae man better fare,
And a' men brithers ?

Come, Firm Resolve, take thou the van,
Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man !
And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
A lady fair ;
Wha docs the utmost that he can,
Will whyles do mair.

But to conclude my silly rhyme,
(I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time,)
To make a happy fire-side clime
To weans and wife,
'That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

To you the dotard has a deal to say,
In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way !
He bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,
That the first blow is ever half the battle ;
That tho' some by the skirt may try to snatch
him ;

Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him ;
That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,
You may do miracles by persevering.

Last, tho' not least in love, ye youthful fair,
Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care !
To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled brow
And humbly begs you'll mind the important—
now !

To crown your happiness he asks your leave,
And offers, bliss to give and to receive.

For our sincere, tho' hsply weak endeavours,
With grateful pride we own your many favours ;
And howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it,
Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it.

ELEGY

ON THE LATE

MISS BURNET, OF MONBODDO.

LIFE ne'er exulted in so rich a prize,
As Burnet, lovely from her native skies ;
Nor envious death so triumph'd in a blow,
As that which laid the accomplished Burnet low.

Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget ?
In richest ore the brightest jewel set !
In thee, high Heaven above was truest shown,
As by his noblest work the Godhead best is known.

In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves ;
 Thou crystal streamlet with thy flowery shore,
 Ye woodland choir that chant your idle loves,
 Ye cease to charm—Eliza is no more !

Ye heathy wastes, immix'd with reedy fens ;
 Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes
 stor'd ;
 Ye rugged cliffs, o'erhanging dreary glens,
 To you I fly, ye with my soul accord.

Princes, whose cumb'rous pride was all their worth,
 Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail ?
 And thou, sweet excellence ! forsake our earth,
 And not a muse in honest grief bewail ?

We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,
 And virtue's light, that beams beyond the
 spheres ;
 But like the sun eclips'd at morning tide,
 Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears.

The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,
 That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care ;
 So deckt the woodbine sweet yon aged tree,
 So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare.

THE following Poem was written to a Gentleman who had sent him a Newspaper, and offered to continue it free of Expence.

KIND Sir, I've read your paper through,
 And faith, to me, 'twas really new !
 How guessed ye, Sir, what maist I wanted ?
 This mony a day I've grain'd and gaunted,

To ken what French mischief was brewin ;
Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin ;
That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,
If Venus yet had got his nose off ;
Or how the collieshangie works
Atween the Russians and the Turks ;
Or if the Swede, before he halt,
Would play anither Charles the twalt :
If Denmark, any body spak o't ;
Or Poland, wha had now the tack o't ;
How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin,
How libbet Italy was singin ;
If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss,
Were sayin or takin aught amiss :
Or how our merry lads at hame,
In Britain's court kept up the game :
How royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him !
Was managing St. Stephen's quorum ;
If sleekit Chatham Will was livin,
Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in ;
How daddie Burke the plea was cookin,
If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin ;
How cesses, stents, and fees were rax'd,
Or if bare a—s yet were tax'd ;
The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,
Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera-girls ;
If that daft buckie, Geordie W***s,
Was threshin still at hizzies' tails,
Or if he was grown oughtlins douser,
And no a perfect kintra cooser.
A' this and mair I never heard of ;
And but for you I might despair'd of.
So gratefu', back your news I send you,
And pray, a' guid things may attend you !

Ellisland, Monday Morning, 1790.

EPITAPHS, &c.

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

HERE souter Will in death does sleep ;
 To h-ll, if he's gane thither,
 Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
 He'll haud it weel thegither.

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

BELOW thir stanes lie Jamie's banes :
 O death, it's my opinion,
 Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin b-tch
 Into thy dark dominion !

ON WEE JOHNNY.

Hic jacet wee Johnny.
 WHOE'ER thou art, O reader, know,
 That death has murder'd Johnny !
 An' here his *body* lies fu' low——
 For *saul* he ne'er had ony.

FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O YE, whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
 Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend !
 Hear lie the loving husband's dear remains,
 The tender father, and the gen'rous friend.

The pitying heart that felt for human woe ;
 'The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride ;
 The friend of man, to vice alone a foe ;
 " For ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side." *

FOR R. A. ESQ.

Know thou, O stranger to the fame
 Of this much lov'd, much honour'd name !
 (For none that knew him need be told)
 A warmer heart death ne'er made cold.

FOR G. H. ESQ.

The poor man weeps—here *G*——n sleeps,
 Whom canting wretches blam'd :
 But with *such as he*, where'er he be,
 May I be sav'd or damn'd !

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

Is there a whim-inspired fool,
 Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
 Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
 Let him draw near ;
 And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
 And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,
 Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
 That weekly this area throng,
 O, pass not by !
 But, with a frater-feeling strong,
 Here, heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
Wild as the wave ;
Here pause—and, thro' the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame,
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name !

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit ;
Know, prudent, cautious, *self-control*,
Is wisdom's root.

GLOSSARY.

THE *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong *oo*, is commonly spelled *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scottish language, is marked *oo*, or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scottish words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scottish diphthong *ae*, always, and *eo*, very often, sound like the French *e* masculine. The Scottish diphthong *ey*, sounds like the Latin *ei*.

A.

A, All.

Aback, away, aloof.

Abeigh, at a shy distance.

Aboon, above, up.

Abroad, abroad, in sight.

Abruid, in breadth.

Ac, one.

Aff, off; *Aff loof*, unpremeditated.

Afore, before.

Aft, oft.

Aften, often.

Aley, off the right line, wrong.

Aiblins, perhaps.

Ain, own.

Airl-penny, earnest-money.

Airn, iron.

Aith, an oath.

Aits, oats.

Aiverr, an old horse.

Aizel, a hot cinder.

Alake, alas!

Alane, alone.

Awkward, awkward.

Amait, almost.

Amang, among.

An', and, if.

Ance, once.

Ane, one, and.

Anent, over against.

Anither, another.

Ase, ashes.

Aslant, askint, nslant.

Asteer, abroad, stirring.

Athart, athwart.

Aught, possession; as, *in a' my aught*, in all my possession.

Auld lang syne, older time, days of other years.

Auld, old.

Auldfarran, or *auld far rant*, sagacious, cunning, prudent.

Awa, at all.

Awa', away.

Awfu', awful.

Awon, the beard of barley, oats, &c.

Awnie, hearded.

Ayant, beyond.

GLOSSARY.

B.

- B A',* Ball.
Backets, ash boards.
Backies, comin', coming back, returning.
Bad, did bid.
Baids, endured, did stay.
Baggie, the belly.
Bainie, having large bones, stout.
Bairn, a child.
Bairntime, a family of children, a brood.
Baith, both.
Ban, to swear.
Bane, bone.
Bang, to beat, to strive.
Bardie, diminutive of bard.
Baregit, barefooted.
Barmie, of, or like barm.
Batch, a crew, a gang.
Batts, botts.
Baudrons, a cat.
Bauld, bold.
Bawb, bank.
Bawer'at, having a white stripe down the face.
B-, to let be, to give over, to cease.
Bear, barley.
Beastie, dimin. of beast.
Best, to add fuel to fire.
Beld, bald.
Belyve, by and by.
Bem, into the spence or parlour.
Benslmond, a noted mountain in Dumbartonshire.
Bethankit, grace after meat.
Beuk, a book.
Bicker, a kind of wooden dish, a short race.
Bie, or *Bield,* shelter.
Bien, wealthy, plentiful.
Big, to build.
Riggin, building, a house.
Riggit, built.
Bill, a bull.
- Billie,* a brother, a young fellow.
Bing, a heap of grain, potatoes, &c.
Birk, birch.
Birken-shaw, *Birchen-wood-shaw,* a small wood.
Birkie, a clever fellow.
Birring, the noise of partridges, &c. when they spring.
Bit, crisis, nick of time.
Bizz, a bustle, to buzz.
Blastic, a shrivelled dwarf, a term of contempt.
Blastit, blasted.
Blate, bashful, sheepish.
Blather, bladder.
Blaud, a flat piece of any thing; to slap.
Blaze, to blow, to boast.
Bleerit, bleared, sore with rheum.
Blert and blin, bleared and blind.
Bleezing, blazing.
Blissum, idle talking fellow.
Blither, to talk idly, nonsense.
Blith'rin, talking idly.
Blink, a little while, a smiling look, to look kindly, to shine by fits.
Blinker, a term of contempt.
Blinkin, smirkin.
Blur-gown, one of those beggars who get annually, on the king's birthday, a blue cloak or gown, with a badge.
Bluid, blood.
Bluntie, snivelling.
Bope, a shred, a large piece.
Bock, to vomit, to gush intermittently.

GLOSSARY

- Backed*, gushed, vomited.
Bodle, a small gold coin.
Bogles, spirits, hobgoblins.
Bonnie, or *bonny*, handsome, beautiful.
Bonnock, a kind of thick cake of bread, a small jannack, or loaf made of oatmeal.
Board, a board.
Boortree, the shrub elder; planted much of old in hedges of barn-yards, &c.
Bowt, behaved, must needs.
Bore, a hole in the wall.
Batch, an angry tumour.
Bouk, vomiting, gushing out.
Bouring, drinking.
Row-tail, cabbage.
Bowt, bended, crooked.
Brachens, fern.
Brac, a declivity, a precipice, the slope of a hill.
Braid, broad.
Bragin't, reel'd forward.
Brak, a kind of harrow.
Brainge, to run rashly forward.
Brat, broke, made insolvent.
Branks, a kind of wooden curb for horses.
Brash, a sudden illness.
Brats, coarse clothes, rags, &c.
Brattle, a short race, hurry, fury.
Brave, fine, handsome.
Brawlyt, or *brawlie*, very well, finely, heartily.
Braxis, a morbid sheep.
Breastie, diminutive of breast.
Br-antit, did spring up or forward.
Breckan, fern.
- Breef*, an invulnerable or irresistible spell.
Brecks, breeches.
Brent, smooth.
Brewin, brewing.
Brie, juice, liquid.
Brig, a bridge.
Brunstane, brimstone.
Brisket, the breast, the bosom.
Brither, a brother.
Brack, a badger.
Brague, a hum, a trick.
Broo, broth, liquid, water.
Broose, broth; a race at country weddings, who shall first reach the bridegroom's house on returning from church.
Burgh, a burgh.
Bruidzie, a broil, a combustion.
Brunt, did burn, burnt.
Burst, to burst, burst.
Buchan-bullers, the boiling of the sea among the rocks on the coast of Buchan.
Buckskin, an inhabitant of Virginia.
Bughi, a pen.
Bughtin-time, the time of collecting the sheep in the pens to be milked.
Buirldy, stout-made, broad-made.
Bum-clock, a humming beetle that flies in the summer evenings.
Bumming, humming as bees.
Bummie, to blunder.
Bummler, a blunderer.
Bunker, a window-seat.
Burdies, diminutive of birds.
Bure, did bear.
Burn, water, a rivulet.
Burnetwin, i. e. burn the

GLOSSARY.

- rebind*, a blacksmith.
Burnie, dimin. of burn.
Bushie, bushy.
Buskit, dressed.
Buski, dresses.
Bustle, a bustle, to bustle.
Buss, shelter.
But, bot, with.
But on' ben, the country kitchen and parlour.
By himself, lunatic, distracted.
Byke, a bee-hive.
Byre, a cow-stable, a ship-pen.
- C.
- Ca'*, To call, to name, to drive.
Ca't, or *Ca'd*, called, driven, calved.
Cadger, a carrier.
Cadie, or *caddie*, a person, a young fellow.
Chaff, chaff.
Caird, a tinker.
Cairn, a loose heap of stones.
Calf-ward, a small enclosure for calves.
Callan, a boy.
Callie, fresh, sound, refreshing.
Cannie, or *cannie*, gentle, mild, dexterous.
Cannilie, dexterously, gently.
Cantie, or *canty*, cheerful, merry.
Cantraip, a charm, a spell.
Cap-stane, cope-stone, key-stone.
Carcerin, cheerfully.
Carl, an old man.
Carlin, a stout old woman.
Cartes, cards.
Caudron, a caldron.
Cauk and keel, chalk and red clay.
- Cauld*, cold.
Caup, a wooden drinking-vessel.
Cesses, taxes.
Chanter, a part of a bag-pipe.
Chap, a person, a fellow, a blow.
Chaup, a stroke, a blow.
Checkit, checked.
Cherp, a chirp, to chirp.
Chiel, or *cheel*, a young fellow.
Chimla, or *chimlie*, a fire-grate, a fire-place.
Chimla-lug, the fire-side.
Chittering, shivering, trembling.
Chockin, choking.
Choto, to chew; *chek fur choto*, side by side.
Chuffie, fat-faced.
Clackan, a small village about a church, a hamlet.
Claire, or *class*, clothes.
Claith, cloth.
Claithing, clothing.
Claivers, nonsense, not speaking sense.
Clap, clapper of a mill.
Clarkit, wrote.
Clash, an idle tale, the story of the day.
Clatter, to tell little idle stories; an idle story.
Clauht, snatched at, laid hold of.
Claut, to clean, to scrape.
Clauted, scraped.
Clawers, idle stories.
Claw, to scratch.
Clead, to clothe.
Cleeds, clothes.
Cleekit, having caught.
Clinkin, jerking, clinking.
Clinkumbell, who rings the church-bell.
Clips, sheers.

GLOSSARY.

Cishmaclaver, idle conversation.

Clock, to hatch, a beetle.

Clockin, hatching.

Cloot, the hoof of a cow, sheep, &c.

Clootie, an old name for the Devil.

Cloot, a bump or swelling after a blow.

Cloods, clouds.

Coaxin, wheedling.

Coble, a fishing boat.

Cockernony, a lock of hair tied upon a girl's head; a cap.

Coff, bought.

Cog, a wooden dish.

Coggie, dimin. of cog.

Coila, from *Kyle*, a district of Ayrshire; so called, saith tradition, from Coil, or Coilus, a Pictish monarch.

Collie, a general, and sometimes a particular, name for country cures.

Collieshangle, quarrelling.

Commaun, command.

Cood, the cud.

Cooft, a blockhead, a ninny.

Cookit, appeared, and disappeared by fits.

Coost, did cast.

Coot, the ankle or foot.

Cootie, a wooden kitchen dish:—also those *ferrets* whose legs are clad with feathers are said to be cootie.

Curbies, a species of the crow.

Cora, corps, party, clan.

Corn't, fed with oats.

Cotter, the inhabitant of a cot-house, or cottage.

Couthie, kind, loving.

Cove, a cove.

Cower, to terrify, to keep

under, to lop; a fright; a branch of furze, broom, &c.

Cowep, to barter, to tumble over, a gang.

Cowpit, tumbled.

Cowrin, cowering.

Cowts, a colt.

Cozie, snug.

Cozily, snugly.

Crabbit, crabbed, fretful.

Crack, conversation, to converse.

Crackin, conversing.

Craft, or *croft*, a field near a house (*in old husbandry*).

Crakis, cries or calls incessantly, a bird.

Crambo-clink, or *crambo jingle*, rhymes, doggrel verses.

Crant, the noise of an ungreased wheel.

Crankens, fretful, captious.

Cranreuch, the hoar frost.

Crap, a crop, to crop.

Crave, a crow of a cock, a rook.

Creel, a basket; *to have one's wits in a creel*, to be craz'd, to be fascinated.

Creeshie, greasy.

Crood, or *croud*, to coo as a dove.

Croon, a hollow and continued moan; to make a noise like the continued roar of a bull; to hum a tune.

Crooning, humming.

Crouchie, crook-backed.

Crouse, cheerful, courageous.

Crouseley, cheerfully, courageously.

Crowdie, a composition of oat-meal and boiled wa-

GLOSSARY.

- ter, sometimes from the
broth of beef, mutton,
&c.
- Crowdie-time*, breakfast-
time.
- Crowlin*, crawling.
- Crummock*, a cow with
crooked horns.
- Crump*, hard and brittle;
spoken of bread.
- Crunt*, a blow on the head
with a cudgel.
- Cuif*, a blockhead, a ninny.
- Cummock*, a short staff with
a crooked head.
- Curchie*, a curtesy.
- Curier*, a player at a game
on the ice, practised in
Scotland, called *curling*.
- Curlic*, curled, whose hair
falls naturally in ringlets.
- Curling*, a well known game
on the ice.
- Curmurring*, murmuring, a
slight rumbling noise.
- Curpin*, the crusher.
- Cushat*, the dove, or wood-
pigeon.
- Cutty*, short, a spoon broken
in the middle.
- D.
- DADDIE*, a father.
- Daffia*, merriment, foolish-
ness.
- Daft*, merry, giddy, foolish.
- Daimen*, rare, now and
then; *daimen-icker*, an
ear of corn now and then.
- Dainty*, pleasant, good-
humoured, agreeable.
- Dales*, plains, valleys.
- Darklin*, darklin.
- Daud*, to thrash, to aouse.
- Daur*, to dare.
- Dawrt*, dared.
- Dawrg*, or *dawrk*, a day's
labour.
- Devoc*, David.
- Daxod*, a large piece.
- Daxotit*, or *daxotet*, fon-
dled, caressed.
- Dearies*, dimin. of dears.
- Dearthfu'*, dear.
- Deawt*, to deafen.
- Deil-ma-care!* no matter!
for all that!
- Deleerit*, delirious.
- Describe*, to describe.
- Dight*, to wipe, to clean
corn from chaff.
- Dight*, cleaned from chaff.
- Dight*, cleans.
- Ding*, to worst, to push.
- Dinna*, do not.
- Dirl*, a slight tremulous
stroke or pain.
- Dizzen*, or *dix'n*, a dozen.
- Doited*, stupified, hebe-
tated.
- Dolt*, stupified, crazied.
- Domie*, unlucky.
- Dool*, sorrow; *to sing dool*,
to lament, to mourn.
- Doss*, doves.
- Darty*, saucy, nice.
- Doicer*, or *deuic*, sober, wise,
prudent.
- Doucely*, soberly, prudent-
ly.
- Dought*, was or were able.
- Doup*, backside.
- Doup-skelp*, one that
strikes the tail.
- Dourand din*, sullen, sallow.
- Doure*, stout, durable, sul-
len, stubborn.
- Douiser*, more prudent.
- Dow*, am or are able, can.
- Dowaff*, plithless, wanting
force.
- Dowie*, worn with grief,
fatigue, &c. half asleep.
- Dowena*, am or are not
able, cannot.
- D-yll*, stupid.
- Drop*, a drop, to drop.
- Dropping*, dropping.

GLOSSARY.

Dreep, to coze, to droop.
Dreich, tedious, long about it.
Dribble, drizzling, slaver.
Drift, a drove.
Draddum, the breech.
Drane, part of a bag-pipe.
Droop, rump't, that droops at the crupper.
Droukit, wet.
Drowning, crawling.
Drouth, thirst, drought.
Drucken, drunken.
Drumly, muddy.
Drummock, meal and water mixed; raw.
Drust, pet, sour humour.
Dub, a small pond.
Duds, rags, clothes.
Duddie, ragged.
Dung, worsted; pushed, driven.
Dunted, beaten, boxed.
Dush, to push as a ram, &c.
Dusht, pushed by a ram, ox, &c.

E.

E'E, the eye.
E'en, the eyes.
E'enin, evening.
Eerie, frightened, dreading spirits.
Euid, old age.
Elbuck, the elbow.
Eldritch, ghastly, frightful.
En', end.
Enbrugh, Edinburgh.
Enough, enough.
Especial, especially.
Esle, to try, attempt.
Eydent, diligent.

F.

F'P, fall, lot, to fall.
Fa'r, does fall, water-falls.
Faddom't, fathomed.
Far, a fog.
Faem, foam.
Faiket, unknown.
Fairin, a fairin, a present.

Fallow, fellow.
Fand, did find.
Farl, a cake of bread.
Fash, trouble, care, to trouble, to care for.
Fasht, troubled.
Fasteren-een, Fasten's Even.
Fauld, a fold, to fold.
Faulding, folding.
Faut, fault.
Favourant, decent, seemly.
Fiel, a field, smooth.
Fearfu', frightful.
Fear't, frightened.
Feat, feat, spruce.
Fecht, to fight.
Fechin, fighting.
Fek, many, plenty.
Fekket, waistcoat.
Fekfu', large, brawny, stout.
Fekless, puny, weak, silly.
Fekly, weakly.
Feg, a fig.
Fende, feud, enmity.
Fell, keen, biting; the flesh immediately under the skin; a field pretty level, on the side or top of a hill.
Fen, successful struggle, fight.
Fend, to live comfortably.
Ferlie, or *ferly*, to wonder; a wonder; a term of contempt.
Fetch, to pull by fits.
Fek't, pulled intermittently.
Fidge, to fidget.
Fiel, soft, smooth.
Fient, fiend, a petty oath.
Fier, sound, healthy; a brother, a friend.
Fide, to m'e a rustling noise, to fidget, a bustle.
Fit, a foot.
Fittie lan, the nearer horse of the hindmost pair in the plough.
Fizz, to make a hissing noise, like fermentation.
Flanen, flannel.

GLOSSARY.

Fleech, to supplicate in a flattering manner.
Fleech'd, supplicated.
Fleechin, supplicating.
Fleesh, a fleece.
Fleg, a kick, a random blow.
Flether, to decoy by fair words.
Fletherin, flattering.
Fley, to scare, to frighten.
Flicker, to flutter, as young nestlings, when their dam approaches.
Flickering, to meet, to encounter with.
Kinders, sherds, broken pieces.
Flingin-tree, a piece of timber hung by way of partition between two horses in a stable; a stall.
Flist, to fret at the yoke.
Flistit, fretted.
Fliiter, to vibrate like the wings of small birds.
Fliitering, fluttering, vibrating.
Flunkie, a servant in livery.
Foord, a ford.
Forebears, forefathers.
Forbye, besides.
Forfairn, distressed, worn out, jaded.
Forfoughten, fatigued.
Forgather, to meet, to encounter with.
Forgie, to forgive.
For-jaket, jaded with fatigue.
Fodder, fodder.
Fow', full, drunk.
Foughten, troubled, harassed.
Fouth, plenty, enough, or, more than enough.
Fow, a bushel, &c.; also a pitch fork.
Frae, from.
Froath, froth.
Frien', friend.
Fu', full.
Fud, the scut, or tail of the hare, coney, &c.

Fuff, to blow intermittently.
Fuff't, did blow.
Funnie, full of merriment.
Fur, a furrow.
Furm, a form, bench.
Fyke, trifling cares; to piddle to be in a fuss about trifles.
Frie, to soil, to dirty.
Fy'd, soiled, dirtied.

G.

GAB, the mouth; to speak boldly, or pertly.
Gaber-lunzie, an old pedlar.
Gadiman, ploughboy, the boy that rides the horses in the plough.
Gae, to go; *gaid*, went; *gaen*, or *gaen*, gone; *gaun*, going.
Gait, or *gate*, way, manner, road.
Gang, to go, to walk.
Gar, to make, to force to.
Gar't, forced to.
Garlen, a garter.
Gash, wise, sagacious, talkative, to converse.
Gashin, conversing.
Gaucy, jolly, large.
Gear, riches, goods of any kind.
Geck, to toss the head in wantonness or scorn.
Ged, a pike.
Gentles, great folks.
Geordie, a guinea.
Get, a child, a young one.
Ghaist, a ghost.
Gie, to give; *gied*, gave, *gien*, given.
Giftie, dimin. of gift.
Giglets, playful girls.
Gillie, dimin. of gill.
Gilper, a half grown, half informed boy or girl, a romping lad, a hoyden.
Gimmer, an ewe from one to two years old.

GLOSSARY.

Gin, if, against.
Gipsy, a young girl.
Girn, to grin, to twist the features in rage, agony.
Girning, grinning.
Gizz, a periwig.
Glabbit, inattentive, foolish.
Glaiwe, a sword.
Garoly, half-witted, foolish, romping.
Glaizie, glittering, smooth like a glass.
Glaund, aimed, snatched.
Gleck, sharp, ready.
Gleg, sharp, ready.
Gleib, glebe.
Glen, dale, deep valley.
Gley, a squint, to squint; a gley, off at a side, wrong.
Glib gabbet, that speaks smoothly and readily.
Glint, to peep.
Glinted, peeped.
Glintin, peeping.
Gloamin, the twilight.
Glover, to stare, to look, a stare, a look.
Gloved, looked, stared.
Gowan, the flower of the daisy, dandelion, hawk-weed, &c.
Gowany, gowany glens, daisied dales.
Groed, gold.
Groff, the game of Golf; to strike as the bat does the ball at golf.
Groff'd, struck.
Groek, a cuckoo, a term of contempt.
Groel, to howl.
Grane, or grain, a groan, to groan.
Grain'd and gaunted, groaned and grunted.
Graining, groaning.
Graip, a pronged instrument for cleaning stables.
Graith, accoutrements, furniture, dress, gear.

Grannie, grandmother.
Grape, to grope.
Grapis, groped.
Groat, wept, shed tears.
Great, intimate, familiar.
Gree, to agree; to bear the gree to be decidedly victor.
Gree't, agreed.
Greet, to shed tears, to weep.
Greetin, crying, weeping.
Grippest, catched, seized.
Groat, to get the robbles of one's groat, to play a losing game.
Gronsome, loathsome, grim.
Grozet, a gooseberry.
Gronph, a grunt, to grunt.
Gronphie, a sow.
Grun', ground.
Grun-stane, a grindstone.
Gruntle, the phiz, a grunting noise.
Gruntie, mouth.
Grubie, thick, of thriving growth.
Gu'de, the Supreme Being; good.
Guid, good.
Guid-morning, good morrow.
Guid-e'en, good evening.
Guidman and guidwife, the master and mistress of the house; young guidman, a man newly married.
Gully, or guidie, a large knife.
Guidfather, guidmother, father-in-law, and mother-in-law.
Gumlie, muddy.
Gusty, tasteful.

H.

HA', hall.
Ha' bible, the great bible that lies in the hall.
Have, to have.
Have, had, the participle.

GLOSSARY.

- Hast, fiend hast*, a petty oath of negation; nothing.
- Haffet*, the temple, the side of the head.
- Haffins*, nearly half, partly.
- Hag*, a scar, or gulf in mosses, and moors.
- Haggis*, a kind of pudding boiled in the stomach of a cow or sheep.
- Hain*, to spare, to save.
- Hain'd*, spared.
- Hairst*, harvest.
- Haith*, a petty oath.
- Haiwers*, nonsense, speaking without thought.
- Hal', or hald*, an abiding place.
- Hale*, whole, tight, healthy.
- Haly*, holy.
- Hame*, home.
- Hallan*, a particular partition-wall in a cottage, or more properly a seat of turf at the outside.
- Hallowmar*, Hallow-eve, the 31st of October.
- Hamely*, homely, affable.
- Han'*, or *hawn'*, hand.
- Hap*, an outer garment, mantle, plaid, &c. to wrap, to cover, to hap.
- Happer*, a hopper.
- Hopping*, hopping.
- Hap step an' leup*, hop skip and leap.
- Harkit*, hearkened.
- Rara*, very coarse linen.
- Hark*, a fellow that neither knows how to dress nor act with propriety.
- Hastit*, hastened.
- Hawd*, to hold.
- Haugh*, low lying, rich lands; valleys.
- Hawl*, to drag, to peel.
- Haurlin*, peeling.
- Hawerel*, a half witted person, half witted.
- Hawins*, good manners, decorum, good sense.
- Hawkie*, a cow, properly one with a white face.
- Heapit*, heaped.
- Healsome*, healthful, wholesome.
- Hearse*, hoarse.
- Hear't*, hear it.
- Heather*, heath.
- Hecht* oh! strange.
- Hecht*, promised to foretel something that is to be got or given; foretold; the thing foretold; offered.
- Heckle*, a board, in which are fixed a number of sharp pins, used in dressing hemp, flax, &c.
- Heeze*, to elevate, to raise.
- Helms*, the rudder or helm.
- Herd*, to tend flocks, one who tends flocks.
- Herrin*, a herring.
- Herry*, to plunder; most properly to plunder birds' nests.
- Herryment*, plundering, devastation.
- Heriel*, herself; also a herd of cattle, of any sort.
- Het*, hot.
- Hough*, a crag, a coal-pit.
- Hilch*, a holdside, to halt.
- Hilchin*, halting.
- Himuel*, himself.
- Hiney*, honey.
- Hing*, to hang.
- Hirp'e*, to walk crazily, to creep.
- Hissel*, so many cattle as one person can attend.
- Hitie*, dry, chapt, barren.
- Hitcht*, a loop, a knot.
- Hizzie*, hussy, a young girl.
- Hoddie*, the motion of a sage countryman riding on a cart-horse; humble.
- Hog-score*, a kind of distance line, in curling, drawn across the rink.
- Hog-shouter*, a kind of horse

GLOSSARY.

play, by jostling with the shoulder; to jostle.
Hool, outer skin or case, a nut-shell, pease-swade.
Hoolie, slowly, leisurely.
Hoolie! take leisure, stop.
Hoord, a hoard; to hoard.
Hoordit, hoarded.
Horn, a spoon made of horn.
Hornie, one of the many names of the devil.
Hest, or *hoast*, to cough.
Hestie, coughing.
Hests, coughs.
Hatch'd, turn'd topsy-turvy, blended, mixed.
Houghmagandie, fornication.
Houlet, an owl.
Howie, dimin. of house.
Howe, to heave, to swell.
How'd, heaved, swelled.
Howdie, a midwife.
Howe, hollow, a hollow or dell.
Howebackit, sunk in the back, spoken of a horse, &c.
Howeff, a landlady, a house of resort.
Howek, to dig.
Howekit, digged.
Howekin, digging.
Howlet, an owl.
Hoy, to urge.
Hoy't, urged.
Hoyte, a pull upwards.
Hoyte, to amble crazily.
Hughe, dimin. of Hugh.
Hurchion, a hedgehog.
Hurdies, the loins, the crupper.
Hushion, cushion.

I.

I', in.
Icker, an ear of corn.
Ier-se, a great-grand-child.
Iik, or *ilka*, each, every.
ill-willie, ill-natured, malicious, niggardly.

Ingine, genius, ingenuity.
Ingie, fire, fire-place.
Iir, I shall or will.
Ither, other, one another.

J.

JAD, jade; also a familiar term among country folks for a giddy young girl.
Jauk, to dally, to trifle.
Jaukin, trifling, dallying.
Joup, a jerk of water; to jerk as agitated water.
Jow, coarse raillery, to pour out, to shut, to jerk as water.
Jillet, a jilt, a giddy girl.
Jimp, to jump, slender in the waist, handsome.
Jink, to dodge, to turn a corner, a sudden turning, a corner.
Jinker, that turns quickly, a gay sprightly girl, a wag.
Jinkin, dodging.
Jirk, a jerk.
Jockiey, a kind of knife.
Jouk, to stoop, to bow the head.
Jow, to *jow*, a verb which includes both the swinging motion and pealing sound of a large bell.
Jundie, to jostle.

K.

KAE, a daw.
Kail, colewort, a kind of broth.
Kail-runt, the stem of colewort.
Kain, fowls, &c. paid as rent by a farmer.
Kabbuck, a cheese.
Kerk, a peep, to peep.
Kelpies, a sort of mischievous spirits, said to haunt fords and ferries at night, especially in storms.

GLOSSARY.

Ken, to know; *head* or *ken't*, knew.

Kennin, a small matter.

Kruspeckle, well known.

Ket, matted, hairy, a fleece of wool.

Klaugh, carking, anxiety.

Kilt, to truss up the clothes.

Kimmer, a young girl, a gossip.

Kin', kindred.

Kin', kind.

Kintin Cooser, country stallion.

King's-head, a certain part of the entrails of an ox, &c.

Kintin, country.

Kirn, the harvest supper, a churn.

Kirren, to christen, or baptize.

Kist, chest, a shop counter.

Kitchen, any thing that eats with bread, to serve for soup, gravy, &c.

Kith, kindred.

Kittle, to tickle, ticklish, difficult.

Kittin, a young cat.

Kuddle, to cuddle.

Kuatin, cuddling.

Kuaggie, like *kuagi*, or points of rocks.

Knappin, a hammer, a hammer for breaking stones.

Knove, a small round hillock.

Kuurl, dwarf.

Kye, cows.

Kyle, a district in Ayrshire.

Kyte, the belly.

Kythe, to discover, to shew one's self.

L.

LADDIE, dimin. of lad.

Lagen, the angle between the side and bottom of a wooden dish.

Laigh, low.

Lairing, wading, and sinking in snow, mud, &c.

Laith, loath.

Laithfu', bashful, sheepish.

Lallans, Scottish dialect.

Lambie, dimin. of lamb.

Lampit, a kind of shell fish.

Lan', land, estate.

Lane, lone; *my lane*, *thy lane*, &c. myself alone.

Lanely, lonely. &c.

Lang, long; *to think lang*, to long, to weary.

Lap, did leap.

Laws, the rest, the remainder, the others.

Laverock, the lark.

Lavin, shot, reckoning, bill.

Lowlan, lowland.

Lea'e, to leave.

Leal, loyal, true, faithful.

Lea-rig, grassy ridge.

Lear, (pronoun,) *lare*, learning.

Lee-lang, live-long.

Leesome, pleasant.

Leete-me, a phrase of congratulatory endearment; I am happy in thee, or proud of thee.

Leister, a three-pronged dart for striking fish.

Leugh, did laugh.

Leuk, a look, to look.

Libbet, gelded.

Lift, sky.

Lightly, sneeringly, to sneer at.

Lilt, a ballad, a tune, to sing.

Limmer, a kept mistress, a strumpet.

Limp't, limped, hobbled.

Link, to trip along.

Linkin, tripping.

Linn, a waterfall, precipice.

Lint, flax; *lint i' the bell*, flax in flower.

Lintrobite, a linnet.

Loan, or *loanin*, the place of milking.

Loof, the palm of the hand.

GLOSSARY.

Loat, did let.
Loaves, plural of loaf.
Loun, a fellow, a ragamuffin, a woman of easy virtue.
Loup, jump, leap.
Lover, a flame.
Lowin, flaming.
Loterie, abbreviation of *Lawrence*.
Loose, to loose.
Loos'd, loosed.
Lug, the ear, a handle.
Lugget, having a handle.
Luggie, a small wooden dish with a handle.
Lum, the chimney.
Lunch, a large piece of cheese, flesh, &c.
Lunt, a column of smoke; to smoke.
Luntin, smoking.
Lyart, of a mixed colour, grey.

M.

MAE, more.
Mair, mope.
Mais, most, almost.
Mainly, mostly.
Mak, to make.
Makin, making.
Mallen, farm.
Mallis, Molly.
Mang, among.
Manie, the parsonage house, where the minister lives.
Mantle, a mantle.
Mark, marks. (*This and several other nouns which in English require an s, to form the plural, are in Scotch, like the words sheep, deer, the same in both numbers.*)
Mar's year, the year 1715.
Mashlum, mashin, mixed corn.
Mash, to mash, as malt, &c.
Mashin-pot, a tea-pot.
Mousin, a hare.
Moun, must.

Marvis, the thrush.
Maw, to mow.
Maxin, mowing.
Meere, a mare.
Meickle, much.
Melancholious, mournful.
Melder, corn, or grain of any kind, sent to the mill to be ground.
Mell, to muddle. Also a mallet for pounding barley in a stone trough.
Meisie, to soil with meal.
Men', to mend.
Menie, good manners, decorum.
Menseless, ill-bred, rude, impudent.
Mesin, a small dog.
Midden, a dunghill.
Midden-hole, a gutter at the bottom of a dunghill.
Min, prim, affectedly meek.
Min', mind, resemblance.
Mind', mind it, resolved intending.
Minnie, mother, dam.
Mirk, mirkest, dark, darkest.
Misca', to abuse, to call names.
Misca'd, abused.
Misdear'd, mischievous, unmannerly.
Mistak, mistook.
Mither, a mother.
Mixtie-maxtie, confusedly mixed.
Moistify, to moisten.
Many, or *monie*, many.
Moop, to nibble as a sheep.
Moerlan', of or belonging to moors.
Morn, the next day, to-morrow.
Mou, the mouth.
Mouditvoort, a mole.
Mousie, dimin. of mouse.
Muckle, or *mickle*, great, big much.
Musie, dimin. of musc.

GLOSSARY.

Mudin-kail, broth, composed simply of water, shelled barley, and greens.
Mutchkin, an English pint.
Myself, myself.

N.

NA', no, not, nor.
Nar, no, not any.
Naithing, or *naithing*, nothing.
Naig, a horse.
Nane, none.
Nappy, ale, to be tipsy.
Negleckit, neglected.
Neibor, neighbour.
Nent, nook.
Niest, next.
Niewer, the fist.
Niewefu', handful.
Niffer, an exchange; to exchange, to barter.
Niger, a negro.
Nine tailed-cat, a hang-man's whip.
Nit, a nut.
Norland, of or belonging to the north.
Notic't, noticed.
Novets, black cattle.

O.

O', of.
Ochels, name of mountains.
O kaith, O faith! an oath.
Oy, or *oir*, any.
Or, is often used for *ere*, before.
O't, of it.
Ourie, shivering, drooping.
Ouriel, or *auriel*, ourselves.
Ouliers, cattle not housed.
Ower, over, too.
Ower-hip, a way of fetching a blow with the hammer over the arm.

P.

PACK, intimate, familiar; twelve stone of wool.

Painch, pauncin.
Pairrick, a partridge.
Pang, to cram.
Parle, speech.
Parritch, oatmeal pudding, a well-known Scotch dish.
Pat, did put, a pot.
Pattle, or *pettle*, a plough-staff.
Paughty, proud, haughty.
Pauky, or *parokie*, cunning, sly.
Pay't, paid, beat.
Peck, to fetch the breath short, as in an asthma.
Pechan, the crop, the stomach.
Peelin, peeling.
Pet, a domesticated sheep, &c.
Pettle, to cherish; a plough-staff.
Philibegs, short petticoats worn by the Highlandmen.
Phraise, fair speeches, flattery, to flatter.
Phraisin, flattery.
Pibroch, a Highland war song adapted to the bagpipe.
Pickle, a small quantity.
Pine, pain, uneasiness.
Pit, to put.
Placad, a public proclamation.
Plack, an old Scotch coin, the third part of a Scotch penny, twelve of which make an English penny.
Plackless, penniless, without money.
Platie, dimin. of plate.
Plaw, or *plough*, a plough.
Pliskie, a trick.
Poind, to seize on cattle, or take the goods, as the laws of Scotland allow for rent.
Poorlish, poverty.
Pow, to pull.

GLOSSARY.

Pout, to pluck.
Pouvie, a hare, or cat.
Pout, a poult, a chick.
Pou't, did pull.
Powthery, like powder.
Pow, the head, the skull.
Petonic, a little horse.
Powther, or *powther*, powder.
Preen, a pin.
Prent, print.
Prie, to taste.
Prie'd, tasted.
Prief, proof.
Prig, to cheapen, to dispute.
Priggin, cheapening.
Primie, demure, precise.
Propose, to lay down, to propose.
Provosts, provosts.
Pund, pound, pounds.
Pyle, a *pyle o' coff*, a single grain of chaff.

Q

QUAT, to quit.
Quak, to quake.
Quay, a cow from one to two years old.

R.

RAGWEED, herb ragwort.
Raible, to rattle nonsense.
Rair, to roar.
Raize, to madden, to inflame.
Ran-fenz'd, fatigued, over-spread.
Ran-stam, thoughtless, forward.
Raploch, properly a coarse cloth, but used as an ad-noun, for coarse.
Rarely, excellently, very well.
Rash, a rush; *rash-buss*, a bush of rushes.
Ratton, a rat.
Raucle, rash, stout, fearless.

(15)

Raught, reached.
Raw, a row.
Rax, to stretch.
Ream, cream; to cream.
Reamin, brimful, frothing.
Reave, rove.
Reck, to heed.
Rede, counsel, to counsel.
Red-wat-shod, walking in blood, over the shoe-tops.
Red-wad, stark mad.
Ree, half drunk, fuddled.
Reek, smoke.
Reekin, smoking.
Reckit, smoked, smoky.
Remead, remedy.
Requite, requited.
Rest, to stand restive.
Restit, stood restive, stunted, withered.
Restricket, restricted.
Retw, repent.
Rief, reef, plenty.
Rief randiers, sturdy beggars.
Rig, a ridge.
Rin, to run, to melt; *rin-nin*, running.
Rink, the course of the stones, a term in curling on ice.
Rip, a handful of unthresh-ed corn.
Riskit, made a noise like the tearing of roots.
Rockin, spinning on the rock, or distaff.
Road, stands likewise for the plural *roads*.
Roan, a shed.
Rouse, to praise, to commend.
Round', round, in the circle of neighbourhood.
Roupet, hoarse, as with a cold.
Routhie, plentiful.
Row, to roll, to wrap.
Row't, rolled, wrapped.

GLOSSARY.

Rotate, to low, to bellow.
Routth, or *routh*, plenty.
Routin, lowing.
Rozet, rosin.
Rung, a cudgel.
Runkled, wrinkled.
Runt, the stem of colewort
 or cabbage.
Ruth, a woman's name,
 the book so called; sor-
 row

S.

S A E, so.
Saft, soft.
Sair, to serve, a sore.
Sairly, or *sairlie*, sorely.
Sair's, served.
Sark, a shirt.
Sarkit, provided in shirts.
Saugh, the willow.
Saul, soul.
Saumont, salmon.
Saunt, a saint.
Saut, salt.
Sate, to sow.
Satwin, sowing.
Sax, six.
Scath, to damage, to in-
 jure, injury.
Scar, to scar, a scar.
Scald, to scald.
Scauld, to scold.
Scaur, apt to be scared.
Scawd, a scold.
Scam, a kind of bread.
Scanner, a loathing, to
 loathe.
Scraich, to scream as a hen,
 partridge, &c.
Screed, to tear, a rent.
Scrieve, to glide swiftly
 along.
Scrievin, gleesomely,
 swiftly.
Scrimp, to scant.
Scrimpt, did scant, scanty.
See'd, did see.
Seizin, seizing.

(16)

Sel, self; a body's *sel*, one's
 self alone.
Sell's, did sell.
Sen's, to send.
Sen't, I, he, or she sent, or
 did send, send it.
Servan's, servant.
Settlin, settling; to get a
settlin, to be frighted into
 quietness.
Sets, sets off, goes away.
Shaird, a shred, shard.
Shangan, a stick cleft at
 one end for putting the
 tail of a dog, &c. into,
 by way of mischief, or
 to frighten him away.
Shaver, a humorous wag, a
 barber.
Shaw, to shew; a small
 wood in a hollow place.
Sheen, bright, shining.
Sheep-shank; to think one's
self nae sheep-shank, to be
 conceited.
Sherra-moor, Sherriff-moor
 the famous battle fought
 in the Rebellion, A. D.
 1715.
Shrugh, a ditch, a trench,
 a sluice.
Shiel, a shed.
Shill, shrill.
Shog, a shock, a push off at
 one side.
Shood, a shovel.
Shoon, shoes.
Shore, to offer, to threaten.
Shor'd, offered.
Shouter, the shoulder.
Sic, such.
Sicker, sure, steady.
Sidelins, sidelong, slanting.
Siller, silver, money.
Simmer, summer.
Sin, a ven.
Sin's, since.
Skanch, see *scath*.
Skellum, a worthless fel-
 low.

GLOSSARY.

Slap, to strike, to slap; to walk with a smart tripping step, a smart stroke.
Sk-lp-limmer, a technical term in female scolding.
Skelpin, *stapping*, walking.
Skiegh, or *Skreigh*, proud, nice, high-mettled.
Skinnlin, a small portion.
Skirl, to shriek, to cry shrilly.
Skirling, shrieking, crying.
Skirpt, shrieked.
Skient, slant, to run a-lant, to deviate from truth.
Skiented, ran, or hit, in an oblique direction.
Skreigh, a scream, to scream.
Slee, shoe.
Slide, did slide.
Slap, a gate, a breach in a fence.
Slaw, slow.
Slee, sly; *skent*, slyest.
Slackit, slack, sly.
Slidderly, slippery.
Slype, to fall over, as a wet furrow from the plough.
Slypet, fell.
Smal', small.
Smaddum, dust, powder, mettle, sense.
Smiddy, a smithy.
Smoor, to smother.
Smoor'd, smothered.
Smoutie, smutty, obscene, ugly.
Smylie, a numerous collection of small individuals.
Snapper, stumble.
Snash, abuse, Billingsgate.
Snaw, snow, to snow.
Snaw-bras, melted snow.
Snawie, snowy.
Snack, latch of a door.
Snead, to lop, to cut off.
Sneeshin, snuff.
Sneeshin-mill, a snuff box.

Snell, bitter, biting.
Snick-draweing, trick, contriving.
Snick, the latchet of a door.
Snool, one whose spirit is broken with oppressive slavery; to submit tamely, to sneak.
Snooze, to go smoothly and constantly, to sneak.
Snout, to scent or snuff, as a dog, horse, &c.
Snoutit, scented, snuffed.
Sonnie, having sweet engaging looks, lucky, jolly.
Soom, to swim.
Sooth, truth, a petty oath.
Sough, a sigh, a sound dying on the ear.
Souple, flexible, swift.
Sowter, a shoemaker.
Sotras, a dish made of oatmeal, the seeds of the oatmeal soured, &c. boiled up till they make an agreeable pudding.
Soup, a spoonful, a small quantity of any thing liquid.
Sotath, to try over a tune with a low whistle.
Sotisher, solder, to solder, to cement.
Spar, to prophesy, to divine.
Spaul, a limb.
Spairge, to dash, to soil, as with mire.
Spaviet, having the spavin.
Spent, or *spate*, a sweeping torrent, after rain or thaw.
Speed, to climb.
Spence, the country parLOUR.
Spier, to ask, to inquire.
Spiert, inquired.
Splatter, asplutter, to splutter.

GLOSSARY.

- Sprugban*, a tobacco-pouch.
- Sprore*, a frolic, a noise, riot.
- Sprattle*, to scramble.
- Speckled*, spotted, speckled.
- Spring*, a quick air in music, a Scottish reel.
- Sprit*, a tough-rooted plant, something like rushes.
- Sprittie*, full of sprits.
- Spunk*, fire, mettle, wit.
- Spunkie*, mettlesome, fiery; *will-o'-wisp*, or *ignis fatuus*.
- Spurtle*, a stick used in making oatmeal pudding or porridge, a notable Scotch dish.
- Squad*, a crew, a party.
- Squalter*, to flutter in water, as a wild duck, &c.
- Squallie*, to sprawl.
- Squel*, a scream, a screech, to scream.
- Stacher*, to stagger.
- Stack*, a rick of corn, hay, &c.
- Staggie*, the diminutive of stag.
- Stairwart*, strong, stout.
- Stand*, to stand; *stan'y*, did stand.
- Stane*, a stone.
- Stank*, did stink; a pool of standing water.
- Stap*, stop.
- Stark*, stout.
- Startle*, to run as cattle stung by the gad-fly.
- Stammer*, a blockhead, half-witted.
- Staw*, did steal, to surfelt.
- Stech*, to cram the belly.
- Stechin*, cramming.
- Stek*, to shut, a stitch.
- Steer*, to molest, to stir
- Steeze*, firm, compacted.
- Stell*, a still.
- Sten*, to rear as a horse.
- Sten't*, reared.
- Stenjs*, tribute, dues of any kind.
- Stej*, steep; *steyest*, steepest.
- Stibble*, stubble; *stibble-rig*, the reaper in harvest who takes the load.
- Stick an stow*, totally, altogether.
- Stile*, a crutch; to halt, to limp.
- Stimpart*, the eighth part of a Winchester bushel.
- Stirk*, a cow or buttock a year old.
- Stock*, a plant or root of colewort, cabbage, &c.
- Stockin*, stocking; *throwing the stockin'*, when the bride and bridegroom are put into bed, and the candle out, the former throws a stocking at random among the company, and the person whom it strikes is the next that will be married.
- Stoked*, made up in shocks as corn.
- Stoor*, sounding hollow, strong, and hoarse.
- Stol*, an ox.
- Stoup*, or *stoup*, a kind of jug or dish with a handle.
- Stoure*, dust, more particularly dust in motion.
- Stowen*, stolen.
- Stowlin*, by stealth.
- Stoyte*, stumble.
- Strack*, did strike.
- Strae*, straw; *to die a fair strae death*, to die in bed.
- Straik*, did strike.
- Straikit*, stroked.
- Strappen*, tall and handsome.
- Straught*, straight.

GLOSSARY.

Stretch, stretched, to stretch.

Striddle, to straddle.

Strout, to spout, to piss.

Studdie, an anvil.

Stumpie, dimin. of stump.

Strout, spirituous liquor of any kind; to walk sturdily.

Stuff, corn or pulse of any kind.

Sturt, trouble; to molest.

Sturtin, frightened.

Sucker, sugar.

Sud, should.

Sugh, the continued rushing noise of wind or water.

Suthron, southern, an old name for the English nation.

Sward, sword.

Swall'd, swelled.

Swand, stately, jolly.

Swandie, or *swanker*, a slight strapping young fellow or girl.

Swap, an exchange, to barter.

Swarf, swoon.

Sweat, did sweat.

Swatch, a sample.

Sweats, drink, good ale.

Sweaten, sweating.

Swear, lazy, averse: *dead-swever*, extremely averse.

Swoor, swore, did swear.

Swinge, to beat, to whip.

Swirl, a curve, an eddying blast, or pool, a knot in wood.

Swirlie, knaggy, full of knots.

Swish, get away.

Swither, to hesitate in choice, an irresolute wavering in choice.

Syne, since, ago, then.

T.

TACKETS, a kind of nails
(19)

for driving into the heels of shoes.

Tar, a toe; *three-tar'd*, having three prongs.

Targe, target.

Tak, to take; *takin*, taking.

Tamillian, the name of a castle.

Tangle, a sea-wood.

Tap, the top.

Tapetless, heedless, foolish.

Tarrote, to murmur at one's allowance.

Tarrote't, murmured.

Tarry-bricks, a sailor.

Tauld, or *tald*, told.

Taupie, a foolish thoughtless young girl.

Tauted, or *tautie*, matted together; spoken of hair or wool.

Tuvis, that allows itself peaceably to be handled; spoken of a horse, cow, &c.

Teat, a small quantity.

Tedding, spreading after the mower.

Ten-hours-bite, a slight ferd to the horses while in the yoke, in the forenoon.

Tent, a field pulpit; heed, caution, take heed.

Tentie, heedful, cautious.

Tentless, heedless.

Tough, tough.

Thack, thatch; *thack on rape*, clothing necessities.

Thae, these.

Thairms, small guts, fiddle-strings.

Thankt, thanked.

Thackit, thatched.

Thegither, together.

Themsel, themselves.

Thick, intimate, familiar.

Thi-veless, cold, dry, spit-
ed; spoken of a person's
demeanour.

GLOSSARY.

Thir, these.
Thirl, to thrill.
Thirled, thrilled, vibrated.
Thole, to suffer, to endure.
Thore, a thaw, to thaw.
Thowless, slack, lazy.
Thrang, throng, a crowd.
Thrapple, throat, windpipe.
Thraws, to sprain, to twist, to contradict.
Throatin, twisting, &c.
Throten, sprained, twisted, contradicted, contradiction.
Thrap, to maintain by dint of assertion.
Threshin, thrashing.
Thirteen, thirteen.
Thistle, thistle.
Through, to go on with, to make out.
Throather, pell-mell, confusedly.
Thud, to make a loud intermittent noise.
Thumpit, thumped.
Thysel, thyself.
Tilt, to it.
Timber, timber.
Time, to lose; *lost*, lost.
Tinkler, a tinker.
Tint the gate, lost the way.
Tip, a ram.
Tippence, two-pence.
Tirl, to make a slight noise, to uncover.
Tirlin, uncovering.
Tither, the other.
Tittle, to whisper.
Titlin, whispering.
Ticher, marriage portion.
Tod, a fox.
Toddle, to totter, like the walk of a child.
Toddlin, tottering.
Toom, empty.
Toop, a ram.
Tun, a hamlet, a farmhouse.
Toot, the blast of a horn

or trumpet, to blow a horn, &c.
Tow, a rope.
Towmond, a twelvemonth.
Totozie, rough, shaggy.
Toy, a very old fashion of female head-dress.
Tytle, to totter like old age.
Transmugrify'd, transmigrated, metamorphosed.
Trashie, trash.
Trows, trousers.
Trickie, full of tricks.
Trig, spruce, neat.
Trimly, excellently.
Trow, to believe.
Trowth, truth, a petty oath.
Tryled, appointed; to *tryte*, to make an appointment.
Try'd, tried.
Tug, raw hide, of which in old times plough-traces were frequently made.
Tulzie, a quarrel; to quarrel, to fight.
Twa, two.
Twa-three, a few.
'Tread, it would.
Tual, twelve; *tual-pennie worth*, a small quantity, a penny-worth.
N. B. One penny English, is 12d. Scotch.
Twin, to part.
Tyke, a dog.

U.

UNCO, strange, uncouth, very, very great, prodigious.
Uncos, news.
Unken'd, unknown.
Unicker, unsure, unsteady.
Unkath'd, undamaged, unhurt.
Unwotting, unwitting, unknowingly.
Up', upon.

GLOSSARY.

Urchin, a hedge-hog.

V.

VAPRIN, vapouring.

Vera, very.

Viril, a ring round a column,
&c.

W.

W^A, wall; *w^A's*, walls.

Wabiter, a weaver.

Wad, would, to bet, a bet,
a pledge.

Wadna, would not.

Wae, woe, sorrowful.

Wacucks! or *wae* me!
alas! O the pity.

Wast, the cross thread that
goes from the shuttle
through the web; woof.

Waifu', wailing.

Wair, to lay out, to expend.

Wale, choice, to choose.

Wal'd, chose, chosen.

Walie, ample, large, jolly;
also an interjection of
distress.

Wame, the belly.

Wamefu', a belly-full.

Wanchanrie, unlucky.

Wanrestfu', restless.

Wark, work.

Wark-lume, a tool to work
with.

Warl, or *warld*, world.

Warlock, a wizard.

Warily, worldly, eager on
amassing wealth.

Warran, a warrant, to war-
rant.

Warrt, worst.

Warist'd, or *warrist'd*, wrest-
led.

Waurie, prodigality.

Wat, wet; *I wat*, I *wat*, I
know.

Water-brae, brose made of
meal and water simply,
without the additions of
milk, butter, &c.

Wattle, a twig, a wand.

Wauble, to swing, to reel.

Wauht, draught.

Waukt, thickened as ful-
lers do cloth.

Waukrife, not apt to sleep

Waur, worse, to worst.

Waur't, worsted.

Wean, or *wearie*, a child.

Wearie, or *wearie*; *many a*
wearie body, many a dif-
ferent person.

Weason, weasand.

Weaving the stocking. See
Stockin.

Wee, little; *wee things*,
little ones; *wee bit*, a
small matter.

Well, well; *weelfare*, wel-
fare.

Wet, rain, wetness.

Wird, fate.

W'r'e, we shall.

W'ha, who.

Whaizle, to wherze.

Whalpit, whelped.

Whang, a leathern string,
a piece of cheese, bread,
&c. to give the strappado.

Whare, where; *Whare'er*,
wherever.

Wherp, to fly nimbly, to
jerk; *penny-wherp*,
small-beer.

Whase, whose.

Whatrick, nevertheless.

Whid, the motion of a hare,
running but not fright-
ed, a lie.

Whidden, running as a hare
or coney.

Whigmaleeries, whims, fan-
cies, crotchets.

Whingin, crying, complain-
ing, fretting.

Whirligigums, useless orna-
ments, trifling appen-
dages.

Whistle, a whistle, to
whistle.

GLOSSARY.

Whisht, silence; *to hold one's whisht*, to be silent.
Whisk, to sweep, to lash.
Whisker, lashed.
Whitter, a hearty draught of liquor.
Whinn-stone, a whinstone.
Whyles, whiles, sometimes.
With, with.
Wick, to strike a stone in an oblique direction, a term in curling.
Wicker, willow (the smaller sort.)
Wiel, a small whirlpool.
Wife, a diminutive or endearing term for wife.
Wimble, to meander.
Wimple'd, meandered.
Wimplin, waving, meandering.
Win, to win, to winnow.
Win't, winded, as a bottom of yarn.
Win's, wind; *win's*, winds.
Wians, will not.
Winnock, a window.
Winnome, hearty, vaunted gay.
Wintle, a staggering motion; to stagger, to reel.
Wintze, an oath.
Wish, to wish.
Withonten, without.
Wizen'd, hide-bound, dried, shrunken.
Wunner, a wonder, a contemptuous appellation.
Wons, dwells.
Woo's, wool.
Woo, to court, to make love to.
Woodie, a rope, more properly one made of withs or willows.
Woser-bab, the garter knot-

ted below the knee with a couple of loops.
Wardy, worthy.
Worset, worsted.
Wow, an exclamation of pleasure or wonder.
Wrack, to tease, to vex.
Wraith, a spirit, a ghost; an apparition exactly like a living person whose appearance is said to forebode the person's approaching death.
Wrang, wrong, to wrong.
Wreath, a drifted heap of snow.
Wud-mad, distracted.
Wumble, a wimble.
Wyle, beguile.
Wyliecoat, a flannel vest.
Wyle, blame, to blame.

Y.

YE; this pronoun is frequently used for thou.
Yearn, longs much.
Yearlings, born in the same year, coevals.
Year, is used both for singular and plural years.
Yell, barren, that gives no milk.
Yerk, to lash, to jerk.
Yerk't, jerked, lashed.
Yestern, yesternight.
Yett, a gate, such as is usually at the entrance into a farm-yard or field.
Yill, ale.
Yird, earth.
Yokin, yoking, a bout.
Yont, beyond.
Yoursel, yourself.
Yowe, a ewe.
Yowie, dimin. of yowe.
Yule, Christmas.

SONGS.

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SONGS.

THE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.

Air.—Miss Forbes's Farewell to Banff.

'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,
On every blade the pearls hang ;
The Zephyr wantoned round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets along :
In every glen the mavis sang,
All nature listening seemed the while,
Except where green-wood echoes rang,
Amang the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward strayed,
My heart rejoiced in nature's joy,
When musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanced to spy ;
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like nature's vernal smile,
Perfection whispered passing by,
Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle :

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
 And sweet is night in Autumn mild ;
 When roving thro' the garden gay,
 Or wandering in a lonely wild ;
 But woman, nature's darling child !
 There all her charms she does compile ,
 Even there her other works are foil'd
 By the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

O, had she been a country maid,
 And I the happy country swain,
 Tho' sheltered in the lowest shed
 That ever rose in Scotland's plain !
 Thro' weary winter's wind and rain
 With joy, with rapture, I would toil ;
 And nightly to my bosom strain
 The bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
 Where fame and honours lofty shine ;
 And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
 Or downward seek the Indian mine ;
 Give me the cot below the pine,
 To tend the flocks or till the soil,
 And every day have joys divine,
 With the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

NAE-BODY.

Air.—I hae a wife o' my ain.

I HAE a wife o' my ain,
 I'll partake wi' nae-body ;
 U'll tak cuckold frae nane,
 I'll gie cuckold to nae-body.

I hae a penny to spend,
There—thanks to nae-body ;
I hae naething to lend,
I'll borrow frae nae-body.

I am nae-body's lord,
I'll be slave to nae-body ;
I hae a guid braid sword,
I'll tak dunts frae nae-body.

I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for nae-body ;
If nae-body care for me,
I'll care for nae-body.

SONG OF DEATH.

*Scene—a field of battle ; time of the day—even-
ing ; the wounded and dying of the victorious
army are supposed to join in the following
Song.*

A Gaelic Air.

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and
ye skies,
Now gay with the bright setting sun ;
Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear, tender
ties,
Our race of existence is run !

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go, frighten the coward and slave ;
Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant ! but know,
No terrors hast thou to the brave !

Thou strik'st the dull peasant—he sinks in the
dark,

Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name :

Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark !
He falls in the blaze of his fame !

In the field of proud honour—our swords in our
hands,

Our King and our country to save—

While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
O ! who would not rest with the brave !

MY AIN KIND DEARIE O.

Air.—The lea rig.

WAXN o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo ;
And owsen frae the furrow'd field,
Return sae dowf and weary O ;
Down by the burn, where scented birks
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie O,
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie O.
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae wearie O,
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo ;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Along the burn to steer, my jo ;
Gie me the hour o' gloamin grey,
It maks my heart sac cheery O
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

Air.—My wife 's a wanton wee thing.

SHE is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
I never loe'd a dearer,
And niest my heart I'll wear her
For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The world's wrack we share o't,
The warstle and the care o't ;
Wi' her I'll blithely bear it,
And think my lot divine.

Air.—AULD ROB MORRIS.

THERE's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
He's the king o' guid fellows and wale of auld
men ;

He has gowd in his coffers, he has owten and kine,
And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May ;
She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay ;
As blithe and as artless as the lamb on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But Oh ! she's an helress, auld Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and
yard ;

A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed,
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my deal.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane ;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane :
I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O, had she but been of lower degree,
I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me !
O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express !

Air.—DUNCAN GRAY.

DUNCAN GRAY came here to woo.

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

On blythe yule night when we were fu',

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Maggie coost her head fu' high,

Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,

Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh ;

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd ;

Ha, ha, &c.

Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,

Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,

Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',

Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn ;

Ha, ha, &c.

Time and chance are but a tide,

Ha, ha, &c.

Slighted love is sair to bide,

Ha, ha, &c.

Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,

For a haughty hizzie die ?

She may gae to—France for me :

Ha, ha, &c.

How it comes let doctors tell,

Ha, ha, &c.

Meg grew sick—as he grew heal,

Ha, ha, &c.

Something in her bosom wrings,

For relief a sigh she brings ;

And O, her een, they spak sic things !

Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan was a 'lad o' grace,

Ha, ha, &c.

Maggie's was a piteous case,

Ha ha, &c.

Duncan could na be her death,

Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath ;

Now they're crouse and canty baith.

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

O POORTITH, &c.

Air.—I had a horse.

O poortith cauld, and restless love,

Ye wreck my peace between ye ;

Yet poortith a' I could forgive,

An' 'twere na for my Jeanie.

O why should fate sic pleasure have,

Life's dearest bands untwining ?

Or why sac sweet a flower as love,

Depend on Fortune's shining ?

This world's wealth when I think on,

Its pride, and a' the lave o't ;

Fie, fie on silly coward man,

That he should be the slave o't.

O why, &c.

Her een sac bonnie blue betray,

How she repays my passion ;

But prudence is her o'erword ay,

She talks of rank and fashion.

O why, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him ?
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am ?
O why, &c.

How blest the humble cotter's fate !
He woos his simple dearie ;
The sillie bogles, wealth and state,
Can never make them eerie.
O why should fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining ?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
Depend on Fortune's shining ?

GALLA WATER.

Air.—Braw lads on Galla-water.

THERE's braw braw lads on Yarrow braes,
That wander thro' the blooming heather ;
But Yarrow braes nor Ettrick shaws,
Can match the lads o' Galla water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better ;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Galla water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
And tho' I hae nae meikle tocher ;
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That cost contentment, peace, or pleasure ;
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O that's the chiefest warld's treasure !

LORD GREGORY.

Air.—See Thomson's Collection.

O mirk, mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar ;
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tow'r,
Lord Gregory, ope thy door.

An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee ;
At least some *pity* on me shaw,
If *love* it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
By bonnie Irwine side,
Where first I own'd that virgin-love,
I lang, lang had denied ?

How often didst thou pledge and vow,
Thou wad for ay be mine !
And my fond heart, itsel sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast :
Thou dart of heaven that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest !

Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see !
But spare, and pardon my fause love,
His wrangs to heaven and me !

WANDERING WILLIE.

Air.—Here awa, there awa, here awa hame.

Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame ;
Come to my bosom my ain only dearie,
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e ;
Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,
The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
How your dread howling a lover alarms !
Wauken ye breezes, row gently ye billows,
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But oh, if he's faithless, and mind na his Nannic,
Flow still between us thou wide-roaring main
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH !

WITH ALTERATIONS.

Air.—See Thomson's Collection.

Oh, open the door, some pity to shew,
Oh, open the door to me, Oh !
Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
Oh, open the door to me, Oh !

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But cauldier thy love for me, Oh !
The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
Is nought to my pains frae thee, Oh !

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
And time is setting with me, Oh !
False friends, false love, farewell ! for mair
I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, Oh !

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide ;
She sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh !
My true love, she cried, and sank down by his side,
Never to rise again, Oh !

JESSIE.

Air.—Bonnie Dundee.

TRUE hearted was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,
And fair are the maids on the banks o' the Ayr,
But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river,
Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair :
To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all over ;
To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain ;
Grace, beauty, and elegance fetter her lover,
And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

O, fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning,
And sweet is the lily at evening close ;
But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.

Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring ;
Enthron'd in her een he delivers his law :
And still to her charms she alone is a stranger !
Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'.

MEG O' THE MILL.

Air.— O bonnie lass, will you lie in a Barrack ?

O KEN ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten,
An' ken what Meg o' the Mill has gotten ?
She has gotten a coof wi' a claute o' siller,
And broken the heart o' the barley Miller.

The Miller was strappin, the Miller was ruddy ;
A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady :
The laird was a widdiefu', bleerit knurl ;
She's left the guid fellow and ta'en the churl.

The Miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving ;
The Laird did address her wi' matter mair moving,
A fine pacing horse wi' a clear chained bridle,
A whip by her side, and a bonnie side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing ;
And wae on the love that is fixed on a mailen !
A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle,
But, gie me my love, and a fig for the warl !

LOGAN BRAES.

Air.—Logan Water.

O LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide,
That day I was my Willie's bride ;
And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun.
But now thy flow'ry banks appear
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his faes.
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month o' May,
Has made our hills and valleys gay ;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers ;
Blithe morning lifts his rosy eye,
And evening's tears are tears of joy :
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush ;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile :
But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
While Willie 's far frae Logan braes.

O wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate !
As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return !

How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry ?
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie, hame to Logan braes !

THERE WAS A LASS, &c.

TUNE,—*' Bonnie Jean.'*

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen,
When a' the fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.

And ay she wrought ber mammie's wark,
And ay she sang sae merrilie :
The blithest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest ;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
The flower and pride of a' the glen ;
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down ;
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream,
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en ;
So trembling, pure, was tender love,
Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
 And ay she sighs wi' care and pain ;
 Yet wist na what her ail might be,
 Or what wad mak her weel again.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
 And did na joy blink in her e'e,
 As Robie tauld a tale o' love,
 Ae e'enin on the lily lea ?

The sun was sinking in the west,
 The birds sang sweet in ilka grove ;
 His cheek to her's he fondly prest,
 And whisper'd thus his tale o' love :

O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear ;
 O canst thou think to fancy me !
 Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
 And learn to tent the farms wi' me ?

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
 Or naething else to trouble thee ;
 But stray amang the heather-bells,
 And tent the waving corn wi' me.

Now what could artless Jeanie do ?
 She had nae will to say him na :
 At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
 And love was ay between them twa.

PHILLIS THE FAIR.

TUNE,—*'Robin Adair.'*

WHILE larks with little wing,
 Fann'd the pure air,
 Tasting the breathing spring,
 Forth I did fare :

Gay the sun's golden eye
Peep'd o'er the mountains high ;
Such thy morn ! did I cry,
 Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song,
 Glad did I share ;
While yon wild flowers among,
 Chance led me there :
Sweet to the opening day,
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray ;
Such thy bloom ! did I say,
 Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk,
 Doves cooing were,
I mark'd the cruel hawk
 Caught in a snare :
So kind may Fortune be,
Such make his destiny,
He who would injure thee,
 Phillis the fair.

HAD I A CAVE, &c.

To the same Tune.

HAD I a cave on some wild, distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my lost repose,
Till grief my eyes should close,
 Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of womankind, canst thou declare,
All thy fond plighted vows—fleeting as air !
To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury,
'Then in thy bosom try,
 What peace is there !

BY ALLAN STREAM, &c.

TUNE,—*'Allan Water.'*

By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove,
 While Phœbus sank beyond Benleddi ;
 The winds were whispering thro' the grove,
 The yellow corn was waving ready :
 I listened to a lover's sang,
 And thought on youthfu' pleasures mony ;
 And ay the wild-wood echoes rang—
 O, dearly do I love thee, Annie !

O, happy be the woodbine bower,
 Nae nightly bogle make it eerie ;
 Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
 The place and time I met my dearie !
 Her head upon my throbbing breast,
 She, sinking, said, " I'm thine for ever !"
 While mony a kiss the seal imprest,
 The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever.

The haunt o' spring's the primrose brae,
 The simmer joys the flocks to follow ;
 How cheery thro' her shortening day,
 Is autumn, in her weeds o' yellow !
 But can they melt the glowing heart,
 Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure,
 Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart,
 Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure ?

WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU
 MY LAD.

O WHISTLE, and I'll come to you, my lad ;
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad :
 Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
 And come na unless the back-yett be a-jees ;
 Syne up the back-stile, and let naebody see,
 And come as ye were na comin to me,
 And come, &c.

O whistle, &c.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
 Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd na a flie :
 But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
 Yet look as ye were na lookin at me.
 Yet look, &c.

O whistle, &c.

Ay vow and protest that ye care na for me,
 And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wec ;
 But court na anither, tho' jokin ye be.
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.
 For fear, &c.

O whistle, &c.

DELUDED SWAIN, &c.

TUNE,--' *The Collier's dochter.*'

DELUDED swain, the pleasure
 The fickle Fair can give thee,
 Is but a fairy treasure,
 Thy hopes will soon deceive thee.

The billows on the ocean,
 The breezes idly roaring,
 The clouds' uncertain motion,
 They are but types of woman.

O ! art thou not ashamed,
 To doat upon a feature ?
 If man thou would'st be named,
 Despise the silly creature.

Go, find an honest fellow ;
 Good claret set before thee :
 Hold on till thou art mellow,
 And then to bed in glory.

THINE AM I, &c.

TUNE,—*'The Quaker's wife.'*

THINE am I, my faithful fair,
 Thine, my lovely Nancy ;
 Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
 Ev'ry roving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,
 There to throb and languish :
 Tho' despair had wrung its core,
 That would heal its anguish.

Take away these rosy lips,
 Rich with balmy treasure :
 Turn away thine eyes of love,
 Lest I die with pleasure.

What is life when wanting love ?
 Night without a morning :
 Love's the cloudless summer sun,
 Nature gay adorning.

HUSBAND, HUSBAND, &c.

TUNE,—*'Jo Janet.'*

HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
 Nor longer idly rave, sir ;
 Tho' I am your wedded wife,
 Yet I am not your slave, sir.

" One of two must still obey,
" Nancy, Nancy ;
" Is it man or woman, say,
" My spouse, Nancy ?"

If 'tis still the lordly word,
Service and obedience ;
I'll desert my sov'reign lord,
And so, good bye allegiance !

" Sad will I be, so bereft,
" Nancy, Nancy ;
" Yet I'll try to make a shift,
" My spouse, Nancy."

My poor heart then break it must,
My last hour I'm near it :
When you lay me in the dust,
Think, think how you will bear it.

" I will hope and trust in Heaven,
" Nancy, Nancy ;
" Strength to bear it will be given,
" My spouse, Nancy."

Well, sir, from the silent dead,
Still I'll try to daunt you ;
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you.

" I'll wed another, like my dear
" Nancy, Nancy ;
" Then all hell will fly for fear,
" My spouse, Nancy."

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

TUNE,—*'The Sutor's Dochter.'*

WILT thou be my dearie ?
 When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
 Wilt thou let me cheer thee ?
 By the treasure of my soul,
 That's the love I bear thee !
 I swear and vow that only thou
 Shall ever be my dearie.
 Only thou, I swear and vow,
 Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me ;
 Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
 Say na thou'lt refuse me :
 If it winna, canna be,
 Thou, for thine may choose me,
 Let me, lassie, quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.
 Lassie, let me quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.

BANKS OF CREE.

TUNE,—*'The Flowers of Edinburgh.'*

HERE is the glen, and here the bower,
 All underneath the birchen shade ;
 The village-bell has told the hour,
 O what can stay my lovely maid ?
 'Tis not Maria's whispering call ;
 'Tis but the balmy-breathing gale ;
 Mixt with some warbler's dying fall,
 The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear !

So calls the woodlark in the grove,

His little faithful mate to cheer,

At once 'tis music—and 'tis love.

And art thou come ! and art thou true !

O welcome dear to love and me !

And let us all our vows renew,

Along the flowery banks of Cree.

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

TUNE,—*' O'er the Hills, and far awa.'*

How can my poor heart be glad,

When absent from my sailor lad ?

How can I the thought forego,

He's on the seas to meet the foe ?

Let me wander, let me rove,

Still my heart is with my love ;

Nightly dreams and thoughts by day

Are with him that's far away.

CHORUS.

On the seas and far away,

On stormy seas and far away ;

Nightly dreams and thoughts by day

Are ay with him that's far away.

When in summer's noon I faint,

As weary flocks around me pant,

Haply in this scorching sun

My sailor's thund'ring at his gun :

Bullets, spare my only joy !

Bullets, spare my darling boy !

Fate do with me what you may,

Spare but him that's far away !

On the seas, &c.

At the starless midnight hour,
 When winter rules with boundless power ;
 As the storms the forest tear,
 And thunders rend the howling air,
 Listening to the doubling roar,
 Surging on the rocky shore,
 All I can—I weep and pray,
 For his weal that's far away.

On the seas, &c.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
 And bid wild war his ravage end,
 Man with brother man to meet,
 And as a brother kindly greet :
 Then may heaven with prosp'rous gales,
 Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
 To my arms their charge convey,
 My dear lad that's far away.

On the seas, &c.

HARK! THE MAVIS, &c.

TUNE,—*'Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes.'*

CHORUS.

*Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
 Ca' them whare the heather grows,
 Ca' them whare the burnie rows,
 My bonnie dearie.*

HARK! the mavis' evening sang
 Sounding Clouden's woods amang ;
 Then a faulding let us gang,
 My bonnie dearie.

Ca' the, &c.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,
Thro' the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves, that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.

Ca' the, &c.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.

Ca' the, &c.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.

Ca' the, &c.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
'Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die—but cauna part,
My bonnie dearie.

Ca' the, &c.

SHE SAYS SHE LO'ES ME BEST OF A'.

TUNE,—*'Onagh's Water-fall.'*

SAE flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er-arching
Twa laughing een o' bonnie blue.
Her smiling sae wyling,
Wad make a wretch forget his woe;
What pleasure, what treasure,
Unto these rosy lips to grow:
Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,
When first her bonnie face I saw,

And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion ;
Her pretty ancle is a spy
Betraying fair proportion,
Wad make a saint forget the sky.
Sae warming, sae charming,
Her faultless form and gracefu' air ;
Ilk feature—auld Nature
Declar'd that she could do nae mair :
Her's are the willing chains o' love,
By conquering beauty's sovereign law ;
And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
And gaudy shew at sunny noon ;
Gie me the lonely valley,
The dewy eve, and rising moon
Fair beaming, and streaming,
Her silver light the boughs amang ;
While falling, recalling,
The amorous thrush concludes her sang :
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
And hear my vows o' truth and love,
And say thou lo'es me best of a' ?

HOW LONG, &c.

TUNE,—*' Could Kail in Aberdeen.*

How long and dreary is the night,
When I am frae my dearie ;
I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
Tho' I were ne'er sae weary.

CHORUS.

*For oh, her lanely nights are lang ;
 And oh, her dreams are eerie ;
 And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,
 That's absent frae her dearie.*

When I think on the lightsome days
 I spent wi' thee, my dearie ;
 And now what seas between us roar,
 How can I be but eerie ?
For oh, &c.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours ;
 The joyless day how dreary !
 It was nae sae ye glinted by,
 When I was wi' my dearie,
For oh, &c.

THE LOVER'S MORNING SALUTE TO HIS MISTRESS.

TUNE,—*' Deil tak the Wars.'*

SLEEP'ST thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature ?
 Rosy morn now lifts his eye,
 Numbering ilka bud which Nature
 Waters wi' the tears o' joy :
 Now thro' the leafy woods,
 And by the reeking floods ;
 Wild Nature's tenants, freely, gladly stray ;
 The lintwhite in his bower
 Chants o'er the breathing flower ;
 The lav'rock to the sky
 Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
 While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

Phœbus gilding the brow o' morning,
 Banishes ilk darksome shade,
 Nature gladdening and adorning ;
 Such to me my lovely maid,
 When absent frae my fair,
 The murky shades o' care
 With starless gloom o'er cast my sullen sky ;
 But when, in beauty's light,
 She meets my ravish'd sight,
 When through my very heart
 Her beaming glories dart ;
 'Tis then I wake to life, to light, and joy.

BUT LATELY SEEN, &c.

TUNE.—' *The death of the Linnet* '

But lately seen in gladsome green
 The woods rejoice the day,
 Thro' gentle showers the laughing flowers
 In double pride were gay ;
 But now our joys are fled,
 On winter blasts awa !
 Yet maiden May, in rich array,
 Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow, nae kindly thowe
 Shall melt the snaws of age ;
 My trunk of eild, but buss or bield,
 Sinks in time's wintry rage.
 Oh, age has weary days,
 And nights o' sleepless pain !
 Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,
 Why com'st thou not again !

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

TUNE,—*'Rothemurche's Rant.'*

CHORUS.

*Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie O?*

Now nature cleeds the flowery lea,
And a' is young and sweet like thee;
O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
And say thou'lt be my dearie O?
Lassie wi', &c.

And when the welcome simmer-shower
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower
At sultry noon, my dearie O.
Lassie wi', &c.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way;
'Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
And talk o' love, my dearie O.
Lassie wi', &c.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest;
Enclasped to my faithfu' breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie O.

*Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie O?*

FAREWELL, THOU STREAM, &c.

TUNE,—*'Nancy's to the Greenwood,' &c.*

FAREWELL thou stream that winding flows
Around Eliza's dwelling !

O mem'ry ! spare the cruel throes

Within my bosom swelling :

Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,

And yet in secret languish,

To feel a fire in ev'ry vein,

Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,

I fain my griefs would cover :

The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,

Betray the hapless lover.

I know thou doom'st me to despair,

Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me ;

But oh, Eliza, hear one prayer,

For pity's sake forgive me.

The music of thy voice I heard,

Nor wist while it enslav'd me ;

I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,

Till fears no more had sav'd me :

Th' unwary sailor thus aghast,

The wheeling torrent viewing ;

'Mid circling horrors sinks at last

In overwhelming ruin.

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE, &c.

TUNE,—*'Lumps o' Pudding.'*

CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,

Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,

I gie them a skelp, as they're creepin' along,

Wi' a cog o' guid swats, and an auld Scottish
sang.

I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought ;
 But man is a soger, and life is a faught :
 My mirth and guid humour are coin in my pouch,
 And my Freedom 's my lairdship nae monarch
 dare touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
 A night o' guid fellowship sowthers it a' :
 When at the blithe end o' our journey at last,
 Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past ?
 Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her
 way,
 Be 't to me, be 't frae me, e'en let the jade gae :
 Come ease, or come travail ; come pleasure, or
 pain ;
 My warst word is—" Welcome, and welcome
 again !"

MY NANNIE 'S AWA.

TUNE,—*' There 'll never be peace,' &c.*

Now in her green mantle blithe nature arrays,
 And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
 While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw ;
 But to me it 's delightless—my Nannie 's awa.

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
 And violets bathe in the weat o' the morn ;
 They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
 They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie 's awa.

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dews of the
 lawn,
 The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,
 And thou mellow mavis that hails the night-ia',
 Give over for pity—my Nannie 's awa.

Come, autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
 And sooth me wi' tidings o' nature's decay:
 The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
 Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa.

SWEET FA'S THE EVE, &c.

TUNE,—*'Craigie-burn-wood'.*

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigie-burn,
 And blithe awakes the morrow,
 But a' the pride o' spring's return
 Can yield me nocht but sorrow.

I see the flowers and spreading trees,
 I hear the wild birds singing;
 But what a weary wight can please,
 And care his bosom wringing?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
 Yet dare na for your anger;
 But secret love will break my heart,
 If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me,
 If thou shalt love anither,
 When yon green leaves fa' frae the tree
 Around my grave they'll wither.

O LASSIE, &c.

TUNE,—*'Let me in this ae Night.'*

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet?
 Or art thou wakin, I would wit?
 For love has bound me, hand and foot,
 And I would fain be in, jo.

CHORUS.

*O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night ;
For pity's sake this ae night,
O rise and let me in, jo.*

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet ;
Tak pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's ;
The cauldness o' thy heart 's the cause
Of a' my grief and pain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

HER ANSWER.

To the same Tune.

O TELL na me o' wind and rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain !
Gae back the gait ye cam again,
I winna let you in, jo.

CHORUS.

*I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night ;
And ance for a' this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo.*

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
Is nocht to what poor she endures,
That 's trusted faithless man, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
 Now trodden like the vilest weed ;
 Let simple maid the lesson read,
 The weird may be her ain, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd his summer-day,
 Is now the cruel fowler's prey ;
 Let witless, trusting, woman say
 How aft her fate's the same, jo.
I tell yow now, &c.

ADDRESS TO THE WOOD-LARK.

TUNE,—*'Where'll bonnie Ann lie.'* Or, *'Lock-
 Eroch Side.'*

O STAY, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay,
 Nor quit for me the trembling spray,
 A hapless lover courts thy lay,
 Thy soothing fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
 That I may catch thy melting art ;
 For surely that wad touch her heart,
 Wha' kills me wi' disdaining.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
 And heard thee as the careless wind ?
 Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd,
 Sic notes o' woe could wauken.

Thou tells o' never-ending care ;
 O' speechless grief, and dark despair ;
 For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair !
 Or my poor heart is broken !

THEIR GROVES, &c.

TUNE,—*'Humours of Glen.'*

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands
reckon,

Where bright-beaming summers exalt the per-
fume ;

Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow
broom.

Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly
unseen :

For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,,
A listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
And cauld, Caledonia's blast on the wave ;
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud
palace,

What are they ? The haunt of the tyrant and
slave !

The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling foun-
tains,

The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain ;

He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.

'T WAS NA HER BONNIE BLUE E'E, &c.

TUNE,—*'Laddie, lie near me.'*

'Twas na her bonnie blue e'e was my ruin ;
 Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoing ;
 'Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind us,
 'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
 Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me ;
 But tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever,
 Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
 And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest !
 And thou'rt the angel that never can alter,
 Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.

MARK YONDER POMP, &c.

TUNE,—*'Deil tak the Wars.'*

MARK yonder pomp of costly fashion,
 Round the wealthy, titled bride :
 But when compar'd with real passion,
 Poor is all that princely pride.
 What are the showy treasures ?
 What are the noisy pleasures ?
 The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art ;
 The polish'd jewel's blaze
 May draw the wond'ring gaze
 And courtly grandeur bright
 The fancy may delight,
 But never, never can come near the heart.

But did you see my dearest Chloris,
In simplicity's array ;

Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
Shrinking from the gaze of day.

O then, the heart alarming,
And all resistless charming,

In Love's delightful fetters she chains the willing
soul !

Ambition would disown

The world's imperial crown ;

Even Avarice would deny

His worshipp'd deity,

And feel thro' every vein Love's raptures roll.

I SEE A FORM, &c.

TUNE,— *This is no my ain House.*

CHORUS.

O this is no my ain lassie,

Fair tho' the lassie be ;

O weel ken I my ain lassie,

Kind love is in her e'e.

I SEE a form, I see a face,

Ye weel may wi' the fairest place :

It wants, to me, the witching grace,

The kind love that 's in her e'e.

O this is no, &c.

She 's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall

And lang has had my heart in thrall ;

And ay it charms my very saul,

The kind love that 's in her e'e.

O this is no, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
 To steal a blink, by a' unseen ;
 But gleg as light are lovers' een,
 When kind love is in the e'e.
O this is no, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
 It may escape the learned clerks ;
 But weel the watching lover marks
 The kind love that 's in her e'e.
O this is no, &c.

O BONNIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER,

TUNE— ' *The wee wee man.* '

O BONNIE was yon rosy brier,
 That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man ;
 And bonnie she, and ah, how dear !
 It shaded frae the e'enin sun.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,
 How pure amang the leaves sae green ;
 But purer was the lover's vow
 They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
 That crimson rose, how sweet and fair !
 But love is far a sweeter flower
 Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
 Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine ;
 And I, the world, nor wish, nor scorn,
 Its joys and griefs alike resign.

FORLORN, MY LOVE, &c.

TUNE,—*Let me in this ae night.*

FORLORN, my love, no comfort near
Far, far from thee, I wander here ;
Far, far from thee, the fate severe
At which I most repine, love.

CHORUS.

*O wert thou, love, but near me,
But near, near, near me ;
How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
And mingle sighs with mine, love.*

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
That blasts each bud of hope and joy ;
And shelter, shade, nor home have I,
Save in those arms of thine, love.
O wert, &c.

Cold, alter'd friendship's cruel part,
To poison fortune's ruthless dart—
Let me not break thy faithful heart,
And say that fate is mine, love.
O wert, &c.

But dreary tho' the moments fleet,
O let me think we yet shall meet !
That only ray of solace sweet
Can on thy Chloris shine, love.
O wert, &c.

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOPER, &c.

TUNE,—*'The Lothian Lassie.'*

LAST May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me :

I said there was naething I hated like men,
The deuce gae wi' m, to believe me, believe me,
The deuce gae wi' m, to believe me.

He spak o' the darts in my bonnie black e'en,
And vow'd for my love he was dying ;

I said he might die when he liked, for Jean,
The Lord forgie me for lying, for lying,
The Lord forgie me for lying !

A weel-stocked mailen, himsel for the laird,
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers :

I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd,
But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,
But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think ? a fortnight or less,
The deil tak his taste to gae near her !

He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,
Guess ye how, the jad ! I could bear her, could
bear her,

Guess ye how, the jad ! I could bear her.

But a' the niest week as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,

And wha but my fine fickle lover was there,
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
Lest neebors might say I was saucy ;

My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
 Gin she had recover'd her hearin',
 And how her new shoon fit her auld shackl't feet,
 But, heavens ! how he fell a swearin', a swearin',
 But, heavens ! how he fell a swearin'.
 He begged, for Gudesake ! I wad be his wife,
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow :
 So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

TUNE,—*Balinamona ora.*

AWA wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
 The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms :
 O, gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,
 O, gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farma.

CHORUS.

*Then hey, for a lass wi' a tocher, then hey, for
 a lass wi' a tocher,*

*Then hey, for a lass wi' a tocher ; the nice
 yellow guineas for me.*

Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows,
 And withers the faster, the faster it grows ;
 But the rapturous charm o' the bonnie green
 knowes,
 Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonnie white
 yowes.

Then hey, &c.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
 The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possess'd ;
 But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,
 The langer ye hae them—the mair they're carest.
Then hey, &c.

ALTHO' THOU MAUN, &c.

TUNE,—*'Here's a health to them that's awa, hincey.'*

CHORUS.

*Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
 Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
 Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
 And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!*

ALTHO' thou maun never be mine,
 Altho' even hope is denied;
 'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
 Than aught in the world beside—Jessy!
Here's a health, &c.

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,
 As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms;
 But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
 For then I am lockt in thy arms—Jessy!
Here's a health, &c.

I guess by the dear angel smile,
 I guess by the love-rolling e'e;
 But why urge the tender confession
 'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree—Jessy!
Here's a health, &c.

FULL WELL THOU KNOW'ST, &c.

TUNE,—*'Rothiemurchas.'*

CHORUS.

*Fairest maid on Devon banks,
 Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
 Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
 And smile as thou were wont to do?*

FULL well thou know'st I love thee dear,
Couldst thou to malice lend an ear !
O, did not love exclaim, " Forbear,"
" Nor use a faithful lover so ?"

Fairest maid, &c.

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,
Those wonted smiles, O, let me share ;
And by thy beauteous self I swear,
No love but thine my heart shall know.

Fairest maid, &c.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

CHORUS.

*Bonnie lassie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,
Bonnie lassie, will ye go to the birks of Aberfeldy ?*

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
The little birdies blithly sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'er-hung wi' fragrant spreading shawa,
The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
 White o'er the linn the burnie pours,
 And rising weets wi' misty showers
 The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
 Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
 In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

STAY, MY CHARMER, CAN YOU LEAVE ME?

TUNE,—*'An Gille dubh ciar dhubh.'*

STAY, my charmer, can you leave me?

Cruel, cruel to deceive me!

Well you know how much you grieve me;

Cruel charmer, can you go?

Cruel charmer, can you go?

By my love so ill requited;

By the faith you fondly plighted;

By the pangs of lovers slighted;

Do not, do not leave me so!

Do not, do not leave me so!

THICKEST NIGHT, &c.

TUNE,—*'Strathallan's Lament.'*

THICKEST night o'erhang my dwelling!

Howling tempests o'er me rave!

Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,

Still surround my lonely cave!

Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
Busy haunts of base mankind,
Western breezes softly blowing,
Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,
Wrongs injurious to redress,
Honour's war we strongly waged,
But the heavens deny'd success.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
Not a hope that dare attend ;
The wide world is all before us—
But a world without a friend !

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

TUNE,—*' Morag.'*

Loud blaw the frosty breezes,
The snaws the mountains cover ;
Like winter on me seizes,
Since my young Highland Rover
Far wanders nations over.

Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
May Heaven be his warden :
Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
And bonnie Castle-Gordon !

The trees now naked groaning,
Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,
The birdies dowie moaning,
Shall a' be blithly singing,
And every flower be springing.
Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
When by his mighty warden
My youth 's return'd to fair Strathspey
And bonnie Castle-Gordon.

RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

TUNE,—*'M'Grigor of Rero's Lament.'*

RAVING winds around her blowing,
 Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing,
 By a river hoarsely roaring,
 Isabella stray'd deploring.
 "Farewell, hours that late did measure
 "Sunshine days of joy and pleasure ;
 "Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow,
 "Cheerless night that knows no morrow ;
 "O'er the past too fondly wandering,
 "On the hopeless future pondering ;
 "Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
 "Fell despair my fancy seizes.
 "Life, thou soul of every blessing,
 "Load to misery most distressing,
 "O how gladly I'd resign thee,
 "And to dark oblivion join thee !"

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

TUNE,—*'Druimion dubh.'*

MUSING on the roaring ocean,
 Which divides my love and me ;
 Wearying Heaven in warm devotion,
 For his weal where'er he be.
 Hope and fear's alternate billow
 Yielding late to nature's law ;
 Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow
 Talk of him that's far awa.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
 Ye who never shed a tear,
 Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
 Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me ;
 Downy sleep, the curtain draw ;
 Spirits kind, again attend me,
 Talk of him that 's far awa !

BLITHE WAS SHE.

TUNE,—*' Andrew and his cuttie gun.'*

CHORUS.

*Blithe, blithe and merry was she,
 Blithe was she but and ben :
 Blithe by the banks of Ern,
 But blither in Glenturit glen.*

By Ouchtertyre grows the aik,
 On Yarrow banks, the birken shaw ;
 But Phemie was a bonnier lass
 Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.
Blithe, &c.

Her looks were like a flower in May,
 Her smile was like a simmer morn ;
 She tripped by the banks of Ern,
 As light 's a bird upon a thorn.
Blithe, &c.

Her bonnie face it was as meek
 As ony lamb's upon a lee ;
 The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
 As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.
Blithe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
 And o'er the Lowlands I hae been ;
 But Phemie was the blithest lass
 That ever trod the dewy green.
Blithe, &c.

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

TUNE,—*'The shepherd's wife.'*

A rose-bud by my early walk,
 Adown a corn-enclosed bawk,
 Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
 All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
 In a' its crimson glory spread,
 And drooping rich the dewy head,
 It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest
 A little linnet fondly prest,
 The dew sat chilly on her breast
 Sae early in the morning.

She soon shall see her tender brood,
 The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
 Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
 Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,
 On trembling string or vocal air,
 Shall sweetly pay the tender care
 That tents thy early morning.

So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay
 Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
 And bless the parent's evening ray
 That watch'd thy early morning.

WHERE BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS.

TUNE.—' *N. Gow's lamentation for Abercromby.*'

WHERE braving angry winter's storms,

The lofty Ochels rise,

Far in their shade my Peggy's charms

First blest my wondering eyes.

As one who by some savage stream,

A lonely gem surveys,

Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam,

With art's most polish'd blaze.

Blest be the wild, sequester'd shade,

And blest the day and hour,

Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,

When first I felt their pow'r !

The tyrant death with grim control

May seize my fleeting breath ;

But tearing Peggy from my soul

Must be a stronger death.

TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

TUNE.—' *Invercald's Reel.*'

CHORUS.

O Tibbie, I hae seen the day,

Ye would nae been sae shy ;

For laik o' gear ye lightly me,

But, trowth, I care na by.

YESTREEN I met you on the moor,

Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure :

Ye geck at me because I'm poor,

But fient a hair care I.

O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye hae the name o' clink,
'That ye can please me at a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But sorrow tak him that 's sae mean,
Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony saucy quean
That looks sae proud and high.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,
If that he want the yellow dirt,
Ye 'll cast your head anither airt,
And answer him fu' dry.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But if he hae the name o' gear,
Ye 'll fasten to him like a brier,
Tho' hardly he for sense or lear,
Be better than the kye.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice,
Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice ;
The deil a ane wad spier your price,
Were ye as poor as I.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
I would na gie her in her sark,
For thee wi' a' thy thousand mark ;
Ye need na look sae high.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

THE DAY RETURNS, MY BOSOM
BURNS.TUNE,—*'Seventh of November.'*

THE day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet,
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er summer-sun was half sae sweet.
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line ;
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
Heaven gave me more, it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,
Or nature aught of pleasure give ;
While joys above, my mind can move,
For thee, and thee alone, I live !
When that grim foe of life below
Comes in between to make us part ;
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.

THE LAZY MIST.

Irish Air,—*'Coolua.'*

THE lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
Concealing the course of the dark winding rill ;
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
As autumn to winter resigns the pale year !
'The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
And all the gay foppery of summer is flown :
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
How quick time is flying, how keen fate pursues ;
How long I have liv'd, but how much liv'd in vain :
How little of life's scanty span may remain :

What aspects, old Time, in his progress, has worn ;
 What ties, cruel fate in my bosom has torn.
 How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd !
 And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how
 pain'd !

This life 's not worth having with all it can give,
 For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

O, WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL!

TUNE,—*'My love is lost to me.'*

O, WERE I on Parnassus' hill !
 Or had of Helicon my fill ;
 That I might catch poetic skill,
 To sing how dear I love thee.
 But Nith maun be my muse's well,
 My muse maun be thy bonnie sel ;
 On Corsineon I'll glowr and spell,
 And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet muse, inspire my lay !
 For a' the lee-lang simmer's day,
 I coudna sing, I coudna say,
 How much, how dear I love thee.
 I see thee dancing o'er the green,
 Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
 Thy tempting lips, thy roguish e'en—
 By heaven and earth I love thee !

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
 The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame ;
 And ay I muse and sing thy name,
 I only live to love thee.
 Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,
 Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
 Till my last weary sand was run ;
 Till then—and then I love thee.

I LOVE MY JEAN.

TUNE,—*Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey.*

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best :
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between ;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair :
I hear her in the vanefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air :
There 's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There 's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

TUNE,—*Miss Forbes's Farewell to Banff.*

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
The flowers decay'd on Catrine lee,
Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
But nature sicken'd on the e'e.
Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
Hersel in beauty's bloom the while,
And ay the wild-wood echoes rang,
Farewell the braes o' Ballochmyle.

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
 Again ye 'll flourish fresh and fair ;
 Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
 Again ye 'll charm the vocal air.
 But here, alas ! for me nae mair
 Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile ;
 Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,
 Fareweel, fareweel ! sweet Ballochmyle.

WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT

O, WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,
 And Rob and Allan cam to see ;
 Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night,
 Ye wad na find in Christendie.

CHORUS.

*We are na fou, we're na that fou,
 But just a drappie in our e'e ;
 The cock may craw, the day may daw,
 And ay we'll taste the barley bree.*

Here are we met, three merry boys,
 Three merry boys I trow are we ;
 And mony a night we've merry been,
 And mony nae we hope to be !
We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
 That 's blinkin in the lift sae hie ;
 She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
 But by my sooth she 'll wait a wee !
We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
 A cuckold, coward loun is he !
 Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
 He is the king amang us three !
We are na fou, &c.

THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE.

TUNE,—*'The Blathrie o't.'*

I GAED a waefu' gate, yestreen,
 A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue ;
 I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
 Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.
 'Twas not her golden ringlets bright ;
 Her lips like roses, wat wi' dew,
 Her heaving bosom, lily-white ;—
 It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd,
 She charm'd my soul I wist na how ;
 And ay the stound, the deadly wound,
 Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.
 But spare to speak, and spare to speed ;
 She'll aiblins listen to my vow :
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
 To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

THE BANKS OF NITH.

TUNE,—*'Robie Donna Gorach.'*

THE Thames flows proudly to the sea,
 Where royal cities stately stand ;
 But sweeter flows the Nith to me,
 Where Cummins ance had high command :

When shall I see that honour'd land,
That winding stream I love so dear !
Must wayward fortune's adverse hand
For ever, ever keep me here ?

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom ;
How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,
Where lambkins wanton thro' the broom !
Tho' wandering, now, must be my doom,
Far from thy bonnie banks and braes,
May there my latest hours consume,
Amang the friends of early days !

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

JOHN Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent ;
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent ;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw ;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither ;
And mony a canty day, John,
We 've had wi' ane anither :
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we 'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

TAM GLEN.

TUNE,—*'The muckin' o' Geordie's Byre.'*

My heart is a breaking, dear Tittie,
Some counsel unto me come len',
To anger them a' is a pity ;
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen ?

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fallow,
In poortith I might mak a fen' ;
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I mauna marry Tam Glen ?

There 's Lowrie the laird o' Drumeller,
" Guid day to you, brute," he comes ben ;
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen ?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men ;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me ;
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen ?

My daddie says, gin I 'll forsake him,
He 'll gie me guid hunder marks ten :
But, if it 's ordained I maun take him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen ?

Yestreen at the Valentine's dealing,
My heart to my mou gied a sten ;
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken ;
His likeness cam up the house staukin,
And the very grey brecks o' Tam Glen :

Come counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry ;
 I 'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
 Gif ye will advise me to marry
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

O MEIKLE, &c.

TUNE,—*' My Tocher's the jewel.'*

O MEIKLE thinks my luv o' my beauty,
 And meikle thinks my luv o' my kin ;
 But little thinks my luv I ken brawlie,
 My Tocher 's the jewel has charm for him.
 It 's a' for the apple he 'll nourish the tree ;
 It 's a' for the hincey he 'll cherish the bee ;
 My laddie 's sae meikle in luv wi' the siller,
 He can na hae luv to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luv 's an airt-penny,
 My Tocher 's the bargain ye wad buy ;
 But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin,
 Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
 Ye 're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
 Ye 're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,
 Ye 'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
 And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

GANE IS THE DAY, &c.

TUNE,—*' Guidwife count the Lawin.'*

GANE is the day, and mirk 's the night,
 But we 'll ne'er stray for faute o' light,
 For ale and brandy 's stars and moon,
 And bluid-red wine 's the rysin sun.

CHORUS.

*Then guidwife count the lawin, the lawin, the lawin,
Then guidwife count the lawin, and bring a coggie
mair.*

There 's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
And semple-folk maun fecht and fen' ;
But here we 're a' in ae accord,
For ilka man that 's drunk 's a lord.
Then guidwife count, &c.

My coggie is a haly pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and dool ;
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
An' ye drink it a' ye 'll find him out.
Then guidwife count, &c.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO WI' AN AULD MAN ?

TUNE,—*'What can a Lassie do.'*

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man ?
Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie
To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan' !
Bad luck on the pennie, &c.

He 's always compleenin frae mornin to e'enin,
He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang ;
He 's doyl't and he 's dozln, his bluid it is frozen,
O, dreary 's the night wi' a crazy auld man !
He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
I never can please him, do a' that I can ;
He 's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows :
O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man !

My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity,
 I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan ;
 I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break
 him,
 And then his auld brass will buy me a new pau.

THE BONNIE WEE THING.

TUNE,—*'The Lads of Saltcoats.'*

BONNIE wee thing, cannie wee thing,
 Lovely wee thing, wast thou mine,
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,
 Lest my jewel I should tine.

Wishfully I look and languish
 In that bonnie face o' thine ;
 And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
 Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
 In ae constellation shine ;
 'To adore thee is my duty,
 Goddess o' this soul o' mine !
Bonnie wee, &c.

O, FOR ANE AND TWENTY, TAM!

TUNE,—*'The Moudiewort.'*

CHORUS.

*An O, for ane and twenty, Tam !
 An hey, sweet ane and twenty, Tam !
 I'll learn my kin a rattlin sang,
 An I saw ane and twenty, Tam.*

THEY snool me sair, and haud me down,
 And gar me look like bluntie, Tam !
 But throe short years will soon wheel roun',
 And then comes ane and twenty, Tam.
An O, for ane, &c.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
 Was left me by my auntie, Tam ;
 At kith or kin I need na spier,
 An I saw ane and twenty, Tam.
An O, for ane, &c.

They 'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
 'Tho' I mysel' hae plenty, Tam ;
 But hear'st thou, laddie, there 's my loof,
 I 'm thine at ane and twenty, Tam !
An O, for ane, &c.

BESS AND HER SPINNING WHEEL.

TUNE.—' *Bottom of the Punch bowl.*'

O LEEZE me on my spinning wheel,
 O leeze me on my rock and reel ;
 Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
 And haps me fiel and warm at e'en !
 I 'll set me down and sing and spin,
 While laigh descends the simmer sun,
 Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—
 O leeze me on my spinning wheel.

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
 And meet below my theekit cot ;
 The scented birk and hawthorn white
 Across the pool their arms unite,

Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
 And little fishes caller rest :
 The sun blinks kindly in the biel',
 Where blithe I turn my spinning wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
 And echo cons the doolfu' tale ;
 The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
 Delighted, rival ither's lays :
 The craik amang the claver hay,
 The paitrick whirrin o'er the ley,
 The swallow jinkin round my shiel,
 Amuse me at my spinning wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
 Aboon distress, below envy,
 O wha wad leave this humble state,
 For a' the pride of a' the great ?
 Amid their flaring, idle toys,
 Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
 Can they the peace and pleasure feel
 Of Bessy at her spinning wheel ?

COUNTRY LASSIE.

TUNE,—*' John come kizz me now.'*

IN SUMMER when the hay was mawn,
 And corn wav'd green in ilka field,
 While claver blooms white o'er the lea,
 And roses blaw in ilka bield ;
 Blithe Bessie in the milking shiel,
 Says, I'll be wed, come o't what will ;
 Out spak a dame in wrinkled eild,
 O' guid advisement comes nae ill.

It's ye hae woovers mony ane,
And lassie, ye're but young ye ken ;
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale
A routhie butt, a routhie ben :
There 's Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre ;
Tak this frae me, my bonnie hen,
It's plenty beets the laver's fire.

For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
I dinna care a single flie ;
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
He has nae love to spare for me :
But blithe 's the blink o' Robie's e'e,
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear :
Ae blink o' him I wad nae gie
For Buskie-glen and a' his gear.

O thoughtless lassie, life 's a faught ,
The canniest gate, the strife is sair ;
But ay fu' han't is fechtin best,
A hungry care 's an unco care :
But some will spend, and some will spare,
An' wilfu' folk maun hae their will ;
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.

O, gear will buy me rigs o' land,
And gear will buy me sheep and kye ;
But the tender heart o' leesome love,
The gowd and siller canna buy :
We may be poor—Robie and I,
Light is the burden love lays on ;
Content and love brings peace and joy.
What mair hae queens upon a throne ?

FAIR ELIZA.

TUNE,—*'The bonnie brucklet lassie.'*

TURN again, thou fair Eliza,
Ae kind blink before we part,
Rue on thy despairing lover !
Canst thou broak his faithfu' heart ?
Turn again, thou fair Eliza ;
If to love thy heart denies,
For pity hide the cruel sentence
Under friendship's kind disguise !

Thee, dear maid, hae I offended ?
The offence is loving thee :
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
Wha for thine wad gladly die ?
While the life beats in my bosom,
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe :
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
In the pride o' sunny noon ;
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the simmer moon ;
Not the poet in the moment
Fancy lightens in his e'e,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
That thy presence gies to me.

O LUVE WILL VENTURE IN, &c.

TUNE,—*'The Posie.'*

O LUVE will venture in, where it daur na weel be
seen,

O love will venture in, where wisdom ance has been ;
But I will down yon river rove, among the wood
sae green,

And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms with-
out a peer ;

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I 'll pu' the budding rose, when Phoebus peeps in
view,

For it 's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou ;
'The hyacinth 's for constancy wi' its unchanging
blue,

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I 'll place the lily there ;
The daisy 's for simplicity and unaffected air,

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day,
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak
away ;

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ning star is
near,
And the diamond-drops o' dew shall be her e'en sac
clear :
The violet 's for modesty which weel she fa's to
wear,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I 'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luvè,
And I 'll place it in her breast, and I 'll swear by a'
above,
That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er
remuove,
And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

TUNE.—*The Caledonian Hunt's delight.*

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair ;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care !
Thou 'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn :
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine ;
And ilka bird sang o' its luvè,
And fondly sac did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree ;
And my fause luvè stole my rose,
But ah ! he left the thorn wi' me.

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

'TUNE,—*'Tibbie Fowler in the glen.'*

WILLIE Wastle dwalt on Tweed,

The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie,

Willie was a wabster guid,

Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony bodie ;

He had a wife was dour and din,

O Tinkler Madgie was her mither ;

Sic a wife as Willie had,

I wad na gie a button for her.

She has an e'e, she has but ane,

The cat has twa the very colour ;

Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,

A clapper tongue wad deave a miller ;

A whiskin beard about her mou,

Her nose and chin they threaten ither ;

Sic a wife, &c.

She 's bow-hough'd, she 's hein shinn'd,

Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter ;

She 's twisted right, she 's twisted left,

To balance fair in ilka quarter ;

She has a hump upon her breast,

The twin o' that upon her shoulder ;

Sic a wife, &c.

Auld baudrans by the ingle sits,

An' wi' her loof her face a-washin ;

But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,

She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion ;

Her walie nieves like midden-creels,

Her face wad fyle the Logan-water ;

Sic a wife as Willie had,

I wad na gie a button for her.

GLOOMY DECEMBER.

ANCE mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
 Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care ;
 Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
 Parting wi' Nancy, Oh ! ne'er to meet mair.
 Fond lovers' parting is sweet painful pleasure,
 Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour ;
 But the dire feeling, *O farewell for ever,*
 Is anguish unmingl'd and agony pure.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
 Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown,
 Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
 Since my last hope and last comfort is gone ;
 Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
 Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care ;
 For sad was the parting thou makes me remember
 Parting wi' Nancy, Oh ! ne'er to meet mair.

 BEHOLD THE HOUR, &c.

TUNE,—*'Oran-gaoil.'*

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive ;
 Thou goest, thou darling of my heart !
 Sever'd from thee can I survive ?
 But fate has will'd, and we must part.
 I'll often greet this surging swell,
 Yon distant isle will often hail :
 " E'en here I took the last farewell ;
 " There latest mark'd her vanish'd sail."

Along the solitary shore,
While flitting sea-fowl round me cry,
Across the rolling, dashing roar
I'll westward turn my wistful eye :
Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,
Where now my Nancy's path may be !
While thro' thy sweets she loves to stray,
O tell me, does she muse on me !

SHE 'S FAIR AND FAUSE, &c.

Sure 's fair and fause that causes my smart,
I lo'ed her meikle and lang :
She 's broken her vow, she 's broken my heart,
And I may e'en gae hang.
A coof cam in wi' rowth o' gear,
And I hae tint my dearest dear,
But woman is but world's gear,
Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
To this be never blind,
Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,
A woman has 't by kind :
O woman lovely, woman fair !
An angel formi 's faun to thy share,
'Twad been o'er meikle to gien thee mair,
I mean an angel mind.

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON, &c.

TUNE,—*'Afton water.'*

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise ;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream.
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the
glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow ;
There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides ;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear
wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays ;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

BONNIE BELL.

THE smiling spring comes in rejoicing,
 And surly winter grimly flies :
 Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
 And bonnie blue are the sunny skies ;
 Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morn-
 ing,

The ev'ning gilds the ocean's swell ;
 All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
 And I rejoice in my bonnie Bell.

The flowery spring leads sunny summer,
 And yellow autumn presses near,
 Then in his turn comes gloomy winter,
 Till smiling spring again appear.
 Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
 Old Time and Nature their changes tell,
 But never ranging, still unchanging
 I adore my bonnie Bell.

LOUIS WHAT RECK I BY THEE ?

TUNZ,—*'My mother 's ay glowering o'er me.'*

LOUIS what reck I by thee,
 Or Geordie on his ocean ?
 Dyvor, beggat louns to me,
 I reign in Jeanie's bosom.

Let her crown my love her law,
 And in her breast enthrone me ;
 Kings and nations, swith awa !
 Reif randies I disown ye !

FOR THE SAKE OF SOMEBODY.

TUNE,—*The Highland Watch's farewell.*

My heart is sair, I dare na tell,
My heart is sair for somebody ;
I could wake a winter night
For the sake o' somebody.
Oh-hon ! for somebody !
Oh-hey ! for somebody !
I could range the world around,
For the sake o' somebody.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
O, sweetly smile on somebody !
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody.
Oh-hon ! for somebody !
Oh-hey ! for somebody !
I wad do—what wad I not ?
For the sake o' somebody !

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see ;
For e'en and morn she cries, alas !
And ay the saut tear blins her e'e :
Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,
A waefu' day it was to me ;
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.

Their winding sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see ;
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's e'e !
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be ;
For mony a heart thou hast made sair,
That ne'er did wrong to thine or thee.

O MAY, THY MORN, &c.

O MAY, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet,
As the mirk night o' December ;
For sparkling was the rosy wine.
And private was the chamber :
And dear was she I dare na name,
But I will ay remember.

And dear, &c.

And here 's to them, that, like oursel,
Can push about the jorum ;
And here 's to them that wish us weel,
May a' that 's guid watch o'er them ;
And here 's to them, we dare na tell,
The dearest o' the quorum.

And here 's to, &c.

O, WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN?

TUNE,—*'The bonnie lass in yon town.'*

O, WAT ye wha 's in yon town,
Ye see the e'enin sun upon?
The fairest dame 's in yon town,
That e'enin sun is shining on.

Now haply down yon gay green shaw,
She wanders by yon spreading tree:
How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw,
Ye catch the glances o' her e'e!

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
And welcome in the blooming year,
And doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Lucy dear!

The sun blinks blithe on yon town,
And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr;
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.

Without my love, not a' the charms
O' Paradise could yield me joy;
But gie me Lucy in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Tho' raging winter rent the air;
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there.

O, sweet is she in yon town,
Yon sinkin sun 's gane down upon ;
A fairer than 's in yon town,
His setting-beam ne'er shone upon.

If angry fate is sworn my foe,
And suffering I am doom'd to bear ;
I careless quit aught else below,
But spare me, spare me Lucy dear.

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart,
And she—as fairest is her form !
She has the truest, kindest heart.

A RED, RED ROSE.

TUNE,—*Wishaw's favourite.*

O, my love 's like a red, red rose,
That 's newly sprung in June :
O, my love 's like the melodie
That 's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I :
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun :
I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only love !
And fare thee weel a while !
And I will come again, my love,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

A VISION.

TUNE,—*'Cumnock psalmus'*

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care.

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot along the sky ;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant-echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa',
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whase distant roarings swell and fa'.

The cauld blue north was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din ;
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like fortune's favours, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,
And by the moon-beam, shook, to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attir'd as minstrels went to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
 His darin look had daunted me ;
 And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,
 'The sacred posy—Libertie !

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
 Might rous'd the slumbering dead to hear ;
 But oh, it was a tale of woe,
 As ever met a Briton's ear !

He sang wi' joy his former day,
 He weeping wail'd his latter times ;
 But what he said it was nae play,
 I winna venture 't in my rhymes.

NAE GENTLE DAMES, &c.

TUNE,—*'The deuk's dang o'er my daddy.'*

NAE gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,
 Shall ever be my muse's care ;
 Their titles a' are empty show ;
 Gie me my highland lassie, O.

CHORUS.

*Within the glen sae bushy, O,
 Aboon the plain sae rushy, O,
 I set me down wi' right good will,
 To sing my highland lassie, O.*

Oh, were yon hills and valleys mine,
 Yon palace and yon gardens fine !
 The world then the love should know
 I bear my highland lassie, O.

Within the glen, &c.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
And I maun cross the raging sea ;
But while my crimson currents flow
I 'll love my highland lassie, O.

Within the glen, &c.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,
For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
My faithful highland lassie, O.

Within the glen, &c.

For her I 'll dare the billow's roar,
For her I 'll dare the distant shore,
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my highland lassie, O.

Within the glen, &c.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By sacred truth and honour's band !
Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I 'm thine, my highland lassie, O.

*Farewell the glen sae bushy, O !
Farewell the plain sae rushy, O !
To other lands I now must go,
To sing my highland lassie, O !*

OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

TUNE,—*'The lass of Livingston.'*

OH, wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea ;
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I 'd shelter thee, I 'd shelter thee :

Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.
Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign ;
The brightest jewel in my crown,
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

JOCKEY'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS.

Jockey 's ta'en the parting kiss,
O'er the mountains he is gane ;
And with him is a' my bliss,
Nought but griefs with me remain.

Spare my luv, ye winds that blaw,
Plashy sleets and beating rain !
Spare my luv, thou feathery snaw,
Drifting o'er the frozen plain !

When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,
Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blithe his waukening be !

He will think on her he loves,
Fondly he'll repeat her name ;
For where'er he distant roves,
Jockey's heart is still at hame.

MY PEGGY'S FACE, &c.

My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,
 The frost of hermit age might warm ;
 My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,
 Might charm the first of human kind.
 I love my Peggy's angel air,
 Her face so truly heavenly fair,
 Her native grace so void of art,
 But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
 The kindling lustre of an eye ;
 Who but owns their magic sway,
 Who but knows they all decay !
 The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
 The generous purpose, nobly dear,
 The gentle look, that rage disarms,
 These are all immortal charms.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.*

*Up in the morning 's no for me,
 Up in the morning early ;
 When a' the hills are covered wi' snaw,
 I'm sure it 's winter fairly.*

CAULD blaws the wind frae east to west,
 The drift is driving sairly ;
 Sae loud and shrill 's I hear the blast,
 I'm sure it 's winter fairly.

* The chorus is old.

The birds sit chattering in the thorn,
A' day they fare but sparely ;
And lang 's the night frae e'en to morn,
I 'm sure it 's winter fairly.
Up in the morning, &c.

I DREAM'D I LAY WHERE FLOWERS WERE SPRINGING.*

I DREAM'D I lay where flowers were springing,
Gaily in the sunny beam ;
List'ning to the wild birds singing,
By a falling, crystal stream :
Straight the sky grew black and daring ;
Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave ;
Trees with aged arms were warring,
O'er the swelling, drumlie wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
Such the pleasures I enjoy'd ;
But lang or noon, loud tempests storming
A' my flowery bliss destroy'd.
Tho' fickle fortune has deceived me,
She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill ;
Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me,
I bear a heart shall support me still.

* These two stanzas I composed when I was seven
teen, and are among the oldest of my printed pieces.
Burns' Reliques, p. 242.

BEWARE O' BONNIE ANN.*

Ye gallants bright I red you right,
Beware o' bonnie Ann;
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
Your heart she will trepan.
Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
Her skin is like the swan;
Sae jimply lac'd her genty waist,
That sweetly ye might span.

Youth, grace, and love, attendant move,
And pleasure leads the van:
In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
They wait on bonnie Ann.
The captive bands may chain the hands,
But love enslaves the man;
Ye gallants braw, I red you a',
Beware o' bonnie Ann.

* I composed this song out of compliment to Miss Ann Masterton, the daughter of my friend Allan Masterton, the author of the *air of Strathallan's Lament*, and two or three others in this work.

Burns' Reliques, p. 266.

MY BONNIE MARY.*

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
An' fill it in a silver tassie ;
That I may drink before I go,
A service to my bonnie lassie.
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith ;
Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry ;
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are ranked ready ;
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody ;
But it 's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad make me langer wish to tarry ;
Nor shout o' war that 's heard afar,
It 's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

* This air is Oswald's ; the first half-stanza of the song is old.

THERE 'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.*

TUNE,—*' Neil Gow's Lament.'*

THERE 's a youth in this city, it were a great pity
 That he from our lasses should wander awa ;
 For he 's bonnie and braw, weel-favoured with a',
 And his hair has a natural buckle and a'.
 His coat is the hue of his bonnet sae blue ;
 His socket † is white as the new-driven snaw ;
 His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae,
 And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'.
 His coat is the hue, &c.

For beauty and fortune the laddie 's been courtin ;
 Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel-mounted and
 braw ;
 But chiefly the siller, *that* gars him gang till her,
 The pennie 's the jewel that beautifies a'.
 'There's Meg wi' the mailen, that fain wad a haen him,
 And Susy whase daddy was Laird o' the ha' ;
 'There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy,
 —But the laddie's dear sel he lo'es dearest of a'.

* This air is claim'd by Neil Gow, who calls it his lament for his brother. The first half-stanza of the song is old.

† *Socket*—an under-waistcoat with sleeves.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.*

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
 My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
 Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
 The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
 Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
 Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
 My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
 My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

THE RANTIN DOG THE DADDIE O'T.†

O WHA my babie-clouts will buy?
 Wha will tent me when I cry?
 Wha will kiss me whare I lie?
 The rantin dog the daddie o't.—

* The first half-stanza is old.

† I composed this song pretty early in life, and sent it to a young girl, a very particular acquaintance of mine, who was at that time under a cloud.

Burns' Reliques, p. 278.

Wha will own he did the faut ?
 Wha will buy my groanin-maut ?
 Wha will tell me how to ca't ?
 The rantin dog the daddie o't.—

When I mount the creepie-chair,
 Wha will sit beside me there ?
 Gie me Rob, I seek nae mair,
 The rantin dog the daddie o't.—

Wha will crack to me my lane ?
 Wha will mak me fidgin fain ?
 Wha will kiss me o'er again ?
 The rantin dog the daddie o't.—

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.*

I no confess thou art sae fair,
 I wad been o'er the lugs in luv ;
 Had I na found the slightest prayer
 That lips could speak, thy heart could move.

I do confess thee sweet, but find
 Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets,
 Thy favors are the silly wind
 That kisses ilka thing it meets.

* This song is altered from a poem by Sir Robert Ayton, private secretary to Mary and Anne, queens of Scotland. The poem is to be found in James Watson's *Collection of Scots Poems*, the earliest collection printed in Scotland.—I think that I have improved the simplicity of the sentiments, by giving them a Scots dress.

Burns' Reliques, p. 292.

See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
Amang its native briers sae coy,
How sune it tines its scent and hue
When pu'd and worn a common toy !

Sic fate ere lang shall thee betide,
Tho' thou may gaily bloom a while ;
Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside,
Like ony common weed and vile.

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

Yon wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,
Where the grouse lead their coveys thro' the
heather to feed,
And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on
his reed :

Where the grouse, &c.

Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores,
To me hae the charms o' yon wild, mossy moors ;
For there, by a lanely, sequester'd clear stream,
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath ;
For there, wi' my lassie, the day lang I rove,
While o'er us unheeded, flie the swift hours o' love.

She is not the fairest, altho' she is fair ;
O' nice education but sma' is her share ;
Her parentage humble as humble can be ;
But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.

To beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
 In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs?
 And when wit and refinement hae polished her darts,
 They dazzle our een, as they flie to our hearts.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond sparkling
 e'e,

Has lustre outshining the diamond to me;
 And the heart-beating love, as I 'm clasp'd in her
 arms,

O; these are my lassie's all-conquering charms!

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER DOOR?

WHA is that at my bower door?

O wha is it but Findlay;

Then gae your gate, ye 'se nae be here!

Indeed maun I, quo' Findlay.

What mak ye sae like a thief?

O come and see, quo' Findlay;

Before the morn ye 'll work mischief;

Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Gif I rise and let you in;

Let me in, quo' Findlay;

Ye 'll keep me waukin wi' your din;

Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

In my bower if ye should stay;

Let me stay, quo' Findlay;

I fear ye 'll bide till break o' day;

Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Here this night if ye remain ;
I'll remain, quo' Findlay ;
I dread ye'll learn the gate again ;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay ;
What may pass within this bower,
Let it pass, quo' Findlay ;
Ye maun conceal till your last hour ;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay !

THO' CRUEL FATE, &c.

Tho' cruel fate should bid us part,
As far 's the pole and line ;
Her dear idea round my heart
Should tenderly entwine.

Tho' mountains frown and deserts howl,
And oceans roar between ;
Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,
I still would love my Jean.

.

FARE THEE WHEEL.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever !
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever !
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Who shall say that fortune grieves him
While the star of hope she leaves him ?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me ;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy :
But to see her, was to love her ;
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest !
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest !
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure,
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever ;
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever !
Deep in heart-wrung tears I pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

THE BONNIE BLINK O' MARY'S E'E

Now bank an' brae are claith'd in green,
An' scatter'd cowslips sweetly spring,
By Girvan's fairy haunted stream
The birdies flit on wanton wing.

To Cassillis' banks when e'enin' fa's,
There wi' my Mary let me flee,
There catch her ilka glance of love,
The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e !

The chield wha boasts o' world's walth,
Is aften laird o' meikle care ;
But Mary she is a' my ain,
Ah, fortune canna gie me mair !
Then let me range by Cassillis' banks
Wi' her the lassie dear to me,
And catch her ilka glance o' love,
The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e !

THE BONNIE LAD THAT'S FAR AWA.

O how can I be blithe and glad,
Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
Is o'er the hills and far awa ?

It's no the frosty winter wind,
It's no the driving drift and snaw ;
But ay the tear comes in my e'e,
To think on him that 's far awa.

My father pat me frae his door,
My friends they hae disown'd me a'
But I hae ane will tak my part,
The bonnie lad that 's far awa.

A pair o' gloves he gave to me,
 And silken snoods* he gave me twa;
 And I will wear them for his sake,
 The bonnie lad that 's far awa.

The weary winter soon will pass,
 And spring will eke the birken-shaw;
 And my sweet babie will be born,
 And he'll come hame that 's far awa.

OUT OVER THE FORTH, &c.

Out over the Forth I look to the north,
 But what is the north and its Highlands to me;
 The south nor the east gie ease to my breast,
 The far foreign land, or the wild rolling sea.

But I look to the west, when I gae to rest,
 That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be
 For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,
 The lad that is dear to my babie and me.

THE GOWDEN LOCKS OF ANNA.

TUNE,—*'Banks of Banna.'*

YESTREEN I had a pint o' wine,
 A place where body saw na';
 Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
 The gowden locks of Anna.

* Ribands for binding the hair.

The hungry Jew in wilderness
 Rejoicing o'er his manna,
 Was naething to my hinny bliss
 Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs, tak the east and west,
 Frae Indus to Savannah !
 Gie me within my straining grasp
 The melting form of Anna.
 There I'll despise imperial charms,
 An Empress or Sultana,
 While dying raptures in her arms
 I give and take with Anna !

Awa thou flaunting god o' day !
 Awa thou pale Diana !
 Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray
 When I'm to meet my Anna.
 Come, in thy raven plumage, night,
 Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a ;
 And bring an angel pen to write
 My transports wi' my Anna !

THE DEIL'S AWA WI' THE EXCISEMAN.*

THE Deil cam fiddling thro' the town,
 And danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman ;
 And ilka wife cry'd, " Auld Mahoun,
 " We wish you luck o' your prize, man.

* At a meeting of his brother Excisemen in Dumfries, Burns being called upon for a Song, handed these verses extempore to the President, written on the back of a letter.

CHORUS.

" *We'll mak our maut, and brew our drink,*
 " *We'll dance and sing and rejoice, man ;*
 " *And mony thanks to the muckle black Deil,*
 " *That danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman.*

" *There's threesome reels, and foursome reels,*
 " *There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man ;*
 " *But the ae best dance e'er cam to our lan,'*
 " *Was—the Deil's awa wi' the Exciseman.*
 " *We'll mak our maut, &c."*

HOW PLEASANT THE BANKS. &c.

How pleasant the banks of the clear-winding Devon
 With green-spreading bushes, and flowers bloom-
 ing fair ;
 But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon
 Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayra

Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
 In the gay rosy morn as it bathes in the dew !
 And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
 That steals on the evening each leaf to renew.

O, spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
 With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn !
 And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
 The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn !

Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
 And England triumphant display her proud rose ;
 A fairer than either adorns the green valleys
 Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

STREAMS THAT GLIDE, &c.

Streams that glide in orient plains,
 Never bound by winter's chains ;
 Glowing here on golden sands,
 'There commix'd with foulest stains
 From tyranny's empurpled bands :
 These, their richly-gleaming waves,
 I leave to tyrants and their slaves ;
 Give me the stream that sweetly laves
 The banks by Castle Gordon.

Spicy forests, ever gay,
 Shading from the burning ray
 Hapless wretches sold to toil,
 Or the ruthless native's way,
 Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil :
 Woods that ever verdant wave,
 I leave the tyrant and the slave,
 Give me the groves that lofty brave
 The storms, by Castle Gordon.

Wildly here without control,
 Nature reigns and rules the whole ;
 In that sober pensive mood,
 Dearest to the feeling soul,
 She plants the forest, pours the flood ;
 Life's poor day I 'll musing rave,
 And find at night a sheltering cave,
 Where waters flow and wild woods wave,
 By bonnie Castle Gordon.*

* These verses our Poet composed to be sung to *Morag*,
 a Highland air, of which he was extremely fond.

BLITHE HAE I BEEN ON YON HILL.

TUNE,—*Liggeram Cosh.*

BLITHE hae I been on yon hill,
 As the lambs before me ;
 Careless ilka thought and free,
 As the breeze flew o'er me :
 Now nae langer sport and play,
 Mirth or sang can please me ;
 Lesley is sae fair and coy,
 Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy is the task,
 Hopeless love declaring :
 Trembling, I dow nocht but glow'r,
 Sighing, dumb, despairing !
 If she winna ease the thraws,
 In my bosom swelling ;
 Underneath the grass-green sod,
 Soon maun be my dwelling.

 FRAGMENT, IN WITHERSPOON'S
 COLLECTION OF SCOTS SONGS.
TUNE,—*Hughie Graham.*

“ O gin my love were yon red rose,
 “ That grows upon the castle wa’,
 “ And I mysel’ a drap o’ dew,
 “ Into her bonnie breast to fa’ !
 “ Oh, there beyond expression blest.
 “ I ’d feast on beauty a’ the night ;
 “ Seal’d on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
 “ Till fley’d awa by Phoebus’ light.”

* O were my love yon lilac fair,
 Wi' purple blossoms to the spring ;
 And I, a bird to shelter there,
 When wearied on my little wing :

How I wad mourn, when it was torn
 By autumn wild, and winter rude !
 But I wad sing on wanton wing,
 When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.*

ADOWN WINDING NITH, &c.

TUNE.—*The muckin' o' Geordie's byre.*

Adown winding Nith I did wander,
 To mark the sweet flowers as they spring ;
 Adown winding Nith I did wander,
 Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

CHORUS.

*Awa wi' your belles and your beauties,
 They never wi' her can compare :
 Whae'er has met wi' my Phillis,
 Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.*

The daisy amus'd my fond fancy,
 So artless, so simple, so wild ;
 Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis,
 For she is simplicity's child.
Awa, &c.

* These stanzas were added by Burns.

The rose-bud's the blush o' my charmer,
 Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest :
 How fair and how pure is the lily,
 But fairer and purer her breast.
Awa, &c.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
 They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie :
 Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine,
 Its dew-drop o' diamond, her eye.
Awa, &c.

Her voice is the song of the morning
 That wakes thro' the green-spreading grove
 When Phœbus peeps over the mountains,
 On music, and pleasure, and love.
Awa, &c.

But beauty how frail and how fleeting,
 The bloom of a fine summer's day !
 While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
 Will flourish without a decay.
Awa, &c.

COME, LET ME TAKE THEE, &c.

TUNE,—*'Cauld Kail.'*

Come, let me take thee to my breast,
 And pledge we ne'er shall sunder ;
 And I shall spurn as vilest dust
 The world's wealth and grandeur :

And do I hear my Jeanie own,
That equal transports move her?
I ask for dearest life alone
That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' all thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure;
I'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure:
And by thy een, sae bonnie blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever!
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never.

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER, JAMIE.

TUNE,—*'Fee him Father.'*

Thou hast left me ever, Jamie, Thou hast left me
ever.

Thou hast left me ever, Jamie, Thou hast left me
ever.

Aften hast thou vow'd that death, Only should us
sever.

Now thou 'st left thy lass for ay—I maun see thee
never, Jamie,

I'll see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie, Thou hast me for-
saken.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie, Thou hast me for-
saken.



Thou canst love anither jo, While my heart is
breaking.

Soon my weary een I'll close—Never mair to
waken, Jamie,
Ne'er mair to waken.

WHERE ARE THE JOYS, &c.

TUNE,—*'Saw ye my father?'*

WHERE are the joys I have met in the morning,
That danc'd to the lark's early song?
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
At evening the wild woods among?

No more a winding the course of yon river,
And marking sweet flow'rets so fair:
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,
And grim, surly winter is near?
No, no, the bees humming round the gay roses,
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Pain would I hide what I fear to discover,
Yet long, long too well have I known:
All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Nor hope dare a comfort bestow:
Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

O SAW YE MY DEAR, &c.

TUNE,—*'When she cam ben she bobbil.'*

O saw ye my dear, my Phely?
O saw ye my dear, my Phely?
She 's down i' the grove, she 's wi' a new love,
She winna come hame to her Willy.

What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
She lets thee to wit that she has thee forgot,
And for ever disowns thee her Willy.

O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
As light as the air, and fause as thou 's fair,
Thou 'st broken the heart o' thy Willy.

LET NOT WOMAN, &c.

TUNE,—*'Duncan Gray.'*

LET not woman e'er complain,
Of inconstancy in love;
Let not woman e'er complain,
Fickle man is apt to rove:

Look abroad through Nature's range,
Nature's mighty law is change;
Ladies, would it not be strange,
Man should then a monster prove?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies ;
 Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow :
 Sun and moon but set to rise,
 Round and round the seasons go.

Why then ask of silly man,
 To oppose great Nature's plan ?
 We 'll be constant while we can—
 You can be no more, you know.

MY CHLORIS.

TUNE.—*My Lodging is on the cold ground.*

My Chloris, mark how green the groves,
 The primrose banks how fair :
 The balmy gales awake the flowers,
 And wave thy flaxen hair.

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
 And o'er the cottage sings :
 For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
 To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
 In lordly lighted ha' :
 The shepherd stops his simple reed,
 Blithe, in the birken shaw.

The princely revel may survey
 Our rustic dance wi' scorn ;
 But are their hearts as light as ours
 Beneath the milk-white thorn ?

The shepherd, in the flowery glen,
In shepherd's phrase will woo :
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true ?

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck
That spotless breast o' thine :
The courtiers' gems may witness love—
But 'tis na love like mine.

IT WAS THE CHARMING MONTH OF MAY.*

It was the charming month of May,
When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay,
One morning, by the break of day,
The youthful, charming Chloe ;

From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes,
The youthful charming Chloe.

CHORUS.

*Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.*

The feather'd people you might see
Perch'd all around on every tree,
In notes of sweetest melody.
They hail the charming Chloe ;

* Altered from an old English Song.

Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise,
Out-rivall'd by the radiant eyes
Of youthful, charming Chloe.
Lovely was she, &c.

O PHILLY, &c.

TUNE,—*'The Sow's Tail.'*

HE.

O PHILLY, happy be that day
When roving through the gather'd hay,
My youthfu' heart was stown away,
And by thy charms, my Philly.

SHE.

O Willy, ay I bless the grove
Where first I own'd my maiden love,
Whilst thou didst pledge the Powers above
To be my ain dear Willy.

HE.

As songsters of the early year
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
So ilka day to me mair dear
And charming is my Philly.

SHE.

As on the brier the budding rose
Still richer breathes and fairer blows,
So in my tender bosom grows
The love I bear my Willie.

HE.

The milder sun and bluer sky,
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye
As is a sight o' Philly.

SHE.

The little swallow's wanton wing,
Tho' wafting o'er the flowery spring,
Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring,
As meeting o' my Willy.

HE.

The bee that thro' the sunny hour
Sips nectar in the opening flower,
Compar'd wi' my delight is poor,
Upon the lips o' Philly.

SHE.

The woodbine in the dewy weat
When evening shades in silence meet,
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet
As is a kiss o' Willy.

HE.

Let fortune's wheel at random rin,
And fools may tyne, and knaves may win;
My thoughts are a' bound up in ane,
And that 's my ain dear Philly.

SHE.

What 's a' the joys that gowd can gie !
 I care nae wealth a single flie ;
 The lad I love 's the lad for me,
 And that 's my ain dear Willy.

CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS,
 MY KATY?

TUNE,—' *Roy's wife.*'

CHORUS.

*Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy ?
 Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy ?
 Well thou know'st my aching heart,
 And canst thou leave me thus for pity ?*

Is this thy plighted, fond regard,
 Thus cruelly to part, my Katy ?
 Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
 And aching, broken heart, my Katy ?
Canst thou, &c.

Farewell ! and ne'er such sorrows tear
 That fickle heart of thine, my Katy !
 Thou may'st find those will love thee dear—
 But not a love like mine, my Katy.
Canst thou, &c.

CAN I CEASE TO CARE ?

TUNE,—*'Ay wakin O.'*

CHORUS.

*Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.*

CAN I cease to care ?
Can I cease to languish,
While my darling fair
Is on the couch of anguish ?
Long, &c.

Every hope is fled,
Every fear is terror ;
Slumber even I dread,
Every dream is horror.
Long, &c.

Hear me, Pow'rs divine !
Oh, in pity hear me !
Take aught else of mine,
But my Chloris spare me :
Long, &c.

EXTEMPORE IN THE COURT OF
SESSION.

TUNE,—*'Gillicrankie.'*

LORD A—TE.

HE clenched his pamphlets in his fist,
He quoted and he hinted,
Till in a declamation-mist,
His argument he tint it :
He gaped for 't, he graped for 't,
He fand it was awa, man ;
But what his common sense came short,
He eked out wi' law, man.

MR. ER—NE.

Collected Harry stood awae,
Then open'd out his arm, man ;
His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e,
And ey'd the gathering storm, man :
Like wind-driv'n hail it did assail,
Or torrents owre a lin, man ;
The *Bench* sae wise lift up their eyes,
Half-wauken'd wi' the din, man.

JOHN BARLEYCORN,*

A Ballad.

THERE was three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high,
An' they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

THEY took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

BUT the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surpris'd them all.

THE sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

THE sober autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

* This is partly composed on the plan of an old song known by the same name.

His colour ~~seen~~'d more and more,
He faded into age ;
And then his enemies began
To shew their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee ;
Then ty'd him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore ;
They hung him up before the stoun,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe,
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones ;
But a miller us'd him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two stones.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round ;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise,
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his woe ;
'Twill heighten all his joy :
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand ;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland !

A FRAGMENT.

TUNE.—' *Gillicrankie*.

WHEN *Gulford* good our pilot stood,
And did our helm thraw, man,
Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
Within *America*, man :
Then up they gat the maskin-pat,
And in the sea did jaw, man ;
An' did nae less, in full congress,
Than quite refuse our law, man.

Then thro' the lakes *Montgomery* takes,
I wat he was na slaw, man ;
Down *Lourie's burn* he took a turn,
And *Carleton* did ca', man :
But yet, what-reck, he, at *Quebec*,
Montgomery-like did fa', man,
Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
Amang his en'mies a', man.

Poor *Tammy Gage*, within a cage
Was kept at *Boston* ha', man ;
Till *Willie Howe* took o'er the knowe
For *Philadelphia*, man :
Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin
Guld christian blood to draw, man ;
But at *New-York*, wi' knife an' fork,
Sir-loin he hacked sma', man.

Burgoyne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
Till *Fraser* brave did fa', man ;
Then lost his way, ae misty day,
In *Saratoga* shaw, man.
Cornwallis fought as lang's he dought,
An' did the buckskins claw, man ;
But *Clinton's* glaive frae rust to save,
He hung it to the wa', man.

Then *Montague*, an' *Guilford* too,
Began to fear a fa', man ;
And *Sackville* dour, wha stood the stoure,
The German chief to thraw, man ;
For *Paddy Burke*, like ony Turk,
Nae mercy had at a', man ;
An' *Charlie Fox* threw by the box,
An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

Then *Rockingham* took up the game ;
Till death did on him ca', man ;
When *Shelburne* meek held up his cheek
Conform to gospel law, man ;
Saint *Stephen's* boys, wi' jarring noise,
They did his measures thraw, man ;
For *North* an' *For* united stocks,
An' bore him to the wa', man.

Then clubs an' hearts were *Charlie's* cartes,
 He swept the stakes awa', man;
 Till the diamond's ace, of *Indian* race,
 Led him a sair *faux pas*, man :
 The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
 On *Chatham's* boy did ca', man ;
 An' Scotland drew her pipe, an' blew,
 ' Up, Willie, waur them a', man !'

Behind the throne then *Grenville's* gone,
 A secret word or twa, man ;
 While sleet *Dundas* arousd the class
 Be-north the Roman wa', man :
 An' *Chatham's* wraith, in heavenly graith,
 (Inspired bardies saw, man)
 Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, ' *Willie*, rise !
 ' Would I hae fear'd them a', man ?'

But, word an' blow, *North, Fox, and Co.*
 Gowff'd *Willie* like a ba', man,
 Till *Sutherland* raise, and coast their claise
 Behind him in a raw, man ;
 An' *Caledon* threw by the drone,
 An' did her whittle draw, man ;
 An' swear fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood
 To make it guid in law, man.

* * * * *

SONG.

TUNE,—*' Corn rigs are bonnie.'*

It was upon a Lammas night,
 When corn rigs are bonnie,
 Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
 I held awa to Annie :

The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
Till 'tween the late and early ;
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,
To see me thro' the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly ;
I set her down, wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley :
I ken't her heart was a' my ain ;
I lov'd her most sincerely ;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace ;
Her heart was beating rarely :
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley !
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly !
She aye shall bliss that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear ;
I hae been merry drinkin ;
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear ;
I hae been happy thinkin :
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

CHORUS.

*O corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
An' corn rigs are bonnie :
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.*

SONG,

COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

TUNE,—*'I had a horse, I had nae mair.'*

Now westlin winds, and slaught'ring guns
Bring autumn's pleasant weather ;
The moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
Amang the blooming heather :
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary farmer ;
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,
To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells ;
The plover loves the mountains ;
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells ;
The soaring hern the fountains :
Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves,
The path of man to shun it ;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender ;
Some social join, and leagues combine ;
Some solitary wander :
Avaunt, away ! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion ;
The sportsman's joy, the murthering cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion !

But *Peggy* dear, the ev'ning's clear,
 Thick flies the skimming swallow ;
 The sky is blue, the fields in view,
 All fading-green and yellow :
 Come let us stray our gladsome way,
 And view the charms of nature ;
 The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
 And every happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
 Till the silent moon shine clearly ;
 I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
 Swear how I love thee dearly :
 Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
 Not autumn to the farmer,
 So dear can be as thou to me,
 My fair, my lovely charmer !

SONG.

TUNE,—*'My Nannie O.'*

BEHIND yon hills where Lugar * flows,
 'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
 The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
 And I'll awa to Nannie, O.

The westlin wind blows loud an' shill ;
 The night's baith mirk and rainy, O ;
 But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,
 An' owre the hill to Nannie, O.

* Originally, Stinchar.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, an' young :

Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O :

May ill befa' the flattering tongue

That wad beguile my Nannie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,

As spotless as she's bonnie, O :

The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,

Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,

An' few there be that ken me, O :

But what care I how few they be,

I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.

My riches a's my penny-fee,

An' I maun guide it cannie, O ;

But war's gear ne'er troubles me,

My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld Guidman delights to view

His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O ;

But I'm as blythe that hauds his plough,

An' has nae care but Nannie, O.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by,

I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O ;

Nae ither care in life have I,

But live, an' love my Nannie, O.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES

A FRAGMENT.

CHORUS.

*Green grow the rashes, O !
Green grow the rashes, O !
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Are spent among the lasses, O !*

There's naught but ease on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes, O ;
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

The warly race may riches chase
An' riches still may fly them, O ;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O ;
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalticree, O !
Green grow, &c.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
Ye're naught but senseless asses, O :
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O :
 Her 'prentice han' she try'd on man,
 An' then she made the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

* * * * *

SONG.

TUNE,—*'Jockey's grey Brecks.'*

AGAIN rejoicing nature sees
 Her robe assume its vernal hues,
 Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
 All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

CHORUS.*

*And maun I still on Menie† doubt,
 And bear the scorn that's in her e'e ?
 For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
 An' it winna let a body be !*

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
 In vain to me the vi'lets spring ;
 In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
 The mavis and the lintwhite sing.
And maun I still, &c.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
 Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks,
 But life to me's a weary dream,
 A dream of ane that never wauks.
And maun I still, &c.

* This chorus is part of a song composed by a gentleman in Edinburgh, a particular friend of the author's.

† *Menie* is the common abbreviation of *Mariam*.

The wanton coot the water skims,
 Among the reeds the ducklings cry,
 The stately swan majestic swims,
 And every thing is blest but I.
And manna I still, &c.

The sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,
 And owre the moorland whistles shill,
 Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step
 I meet him on the dewy hill.
And manna I still, &c.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
 Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
 And mounts and sings on flitting wings,
 A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.
And manna I still, &c.

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
 And raging bend the naked tree ;
 Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
 When nature all is sad like me !

CHORUS.

*And manna I still on Menie doat,
 And bear the scorn that's in her e'e !
 For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
 An' it winna let a body be.**

* We cannot presume to alter any of the poems of our bard, and more especially those printed under his own direction; yet it is to be regretted that this chorus, which is not of his own composition, should be attached to these fine stanzas, as it perpetually interrupts the train of sentiment which they excite. *Currie.*

SONG.

TUNE,—*'Roslin Castle.'*

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast,
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain ;
'The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure,
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of *Ayr*.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
By early Winter's ravage torn ;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly :
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of *Ayr*.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore ;
'Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear :
But round my heart the ties are bound,
'That heart transpiere'd with many a wound ;
'These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
'To leave the bonnie banks of *Ayr*.

Farewell, old *Coila*'s hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales ;
'The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves !

Farewell, my friends ! Farewell, my foes !
 My peace with these, my love with those—
 The bursting tears my heart declare,
 Farewell the bonnie banks of *Ayr*.

SONG.

TUNE,—*'Gilderoy.'*

From thee, *Eliza*, I must go,
 And from my native shore ;
 The cruel fates between us throw
 A boundless ocean's roar :
 But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
 Between my love and me,
 They never, never can divide
 My heart and soul from thee ;

Farewell, farewell, *Eliza* dear,
 The maid that I adore !
 A boding voice is in mine ear,
 We part to meet no more !
 But the last throb that heaves my heart,
 While death stands victor by,
 That throb, *Eliza*, is thy part,
 And thine that latest sigh !

THE FAREWELL

TO THE BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES'S LODGE,
 TARBOLTON.

TUNE,—*'Good Night, and Joy be wi' you a' !'*

Adieu ! a heart-warm, fond adieu !
 Dear brothers of the mystic tie !
 Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd few,
 Companions of my social joy !

Tho' I to foreign lands must lie,
Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba',
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'.

Oft have I met your social band,
And spent the cheerful, festive night ;
Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the *sons of light* :
And by that *hieroglyphic* bright,
Which none but *craftsmen* ever saw :
Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa'.

May freedom, harmony, and love,
Unite you in the *grand design*,
Beneath th' omniscient eye above,
The glorious *architect* divine !
That you may keep th' *unerring line*,
Still rising by the *plummet's law*,
Till *order* bright completely shine,
Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

And you, farewell ! whose merits claim,
Justly, that *highest badge* to wear !
Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble name,
To *Masonry* and *Scotia* dear !
A last request permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a',
One round, I ask it with a tear,
To him, the *Bard that's far awa'*.

SONG.

TUNE,—*'Prepare, my dear brethren, to the
'Tavern let's fly.'*

No churchman am I for to rail and to write,
No statesman nor soldier to plot or to fight,
No sly man of business contriving a snare,
For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care.

The peer I don't envy, I give him his bow;
I scorn not the peasant, tho' ever so low;
But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse;
There centum per centum, the cit with his purse;
But see you the *Crown* how it waves in the air,
There a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care.

The wife of my bosom, alas! she dld die;
For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That the big-belly'd bottle's a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make;
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;—
But the pursy old landlord just waddled up stairs,
With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

'Life's cares they are comforts,'*—a maxim laid
down
By the bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the
black gown;

* Young's Night Thoughts.

And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair ;
 For a big-belly'd bottle's a heav'n of care.

A Stanza added in a Mason Lodge.

Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,
 And honours masonic prepare for to throw ;
 May every true brother of the compass and square
 Have a big-belly'd bottle when harass'd with care.

HIGHLAND MARY.

TUNE.—*Katharine Ogilvie.*

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around,
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie !
 There simmer first unfold her robes,
 And there the longest tarry ;
 For there I took the last fareweel
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom ;
 As underneath their fragrant shade,
 I clasp'd her to my bosom !
 The golden hours, on angel wings,
 Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
 For dear to me, as light and life,
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
 Our parting was fu' tender ;
 And, pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore oursels asunder ;

But Oh ! fell death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flower sae early !
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
 That wraps my Highland Mary !

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !
 And closed for aye, the sparkling glance,
 That dwelt on me sae kindly !
 And mould'ring now in silent dust,
 That heart that loe'd me dearly !
 But still, within my bosom's core,
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to min' ?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days o' lang syne ?

CHORUS.

*For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.*

We twa hae run about the bras,
 And pu't the gowans fine ;
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
 Sin auld lang syne.

For auld, &c.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn.
 From mornin sun till dine:
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
 Sin auld lang syne.

For auld, &c.

And here's a hand my trusty frien',
 And gie's a hand o' thine;
 And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught,
 For auld lang syne.

For auld, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
 And surely I'll be mine;
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

For auld, &c.

BANNOCK-BURN.

Robert Bruce's Address to his Army.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to glorious victorie.

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
 See the front o' battle lower;
 See approach proud Edward's power—
 Edward! chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Traitor! coward! turn and flee?

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or free-man fa',
Caledonian ! on wi' me !

By oppression's woes and pains !
By your sons in servile chains !
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be—shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !
Tyrants fall in every foe !
Liberty's in every blow !
Forward ! let us do, or die !

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that ;
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, and a' that ;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that ;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that ;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His ribband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

DAINTY DAVIE.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay, green spreading bowers;
And now comes in my happy hours,
To wander wi' my Davie.

CHORUS.

*Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie,
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.*

The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blaw,
A wandering wi' my Davie.

Meet me, &c.

When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
'Then thro' the dews I will repair,
To meet my faithfu' Davie.

Meet me, &c.

When day, expiring in the west,
'The curtain draws o' nature's rest,
I flee to his arms I lo'e best,
And that's my ain dear Davie.

Meet me, &c.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS.

A Cantata.

RECITATIVO.

WHEN lyart leaves bestrew the yird,
Or, wavering like the hauckie * bird,
Bedim could Boreas' blast :

* The old Scottish name for the Bat.

When hailstones drive wi' bitter skyte,
 And infant frosts begin to bite,
 In hoary cranreugh drest ;
 Ae night, at e'en, a merry core
 O' randie gangrel bodies,
 In Poosie-Nansie's held the splore,
 To drink their orra duddies :
 Wi' quaffing and laughing,
 They ranted and they sang ;
 Wi' jumping and thumping
 The vera girdle rang.

First, niest the fire, in auld red rags,
 Ane sat, weel brac'd wi' mealy bags,
 And knapsack a' in order ;
 His doxy lay within his arm,
 Wi' usquebae and blankets warm,
 She blinket on her sodger ;
 And aye he gies the tousie drab
 The tither skelpin kiss,
 While she held up her greedy gab,
 Just like an a'mous dish ;
 Ilk smack still, did crack still,
 Just like a cadger's whup,
 Then staggering, and swaggering,
 He roar'd this ditty up—

AIR.

TUNE,—*' Soldier's Joy.'*

I AM a son of Mars, who have been in many wars,
 And show my cuts and scars wherever I come ;
 This here was for a wench, and that other in a
 trench,
 When welcoming the French at the sound of the
 drum. *Lal de daulic, &c.*

My 'prentiship I past where my leader breath'd
 his last,
 When the bloody die was cast on the heights of
 Abram;
 I serv'd out my trade when the gallant game was
 play'd,
 And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the
 drum. *Lal de daudle, &c.*

I lastly was with Curtis, among the floating bat-
 t'ries,
 And there I left for witnesses an arm and a limb:
 Yet let my country need me, with Elliot to head
 me,
 I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of the drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

And now, tho' I must beg, with a wooden arm
 and leg,
 And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,
 I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle, and my
 callet,
 As when I us'd in scarlet to follow the drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

What tho' with hoary locks, I must stand the
 windy shocks,
 Beneath the woods and rocks, oftentimes for a
 home; [tell,
 When the tother bag I sell, and the tother bottle
 I could meet a troop of hell at the sound of the
 drum.

RECITATIVO.

He ended; and the kebabs sheuk
 Aboon the chorus roar;
 While frighted rattans backward leuk,
 And seek the benmost bore:

A fairy fiddler frae the neuk,
 He skirl'd out encore !
 But up arose the martial's chuck,
 And laid the loud uproar.

AIR.

TUNE,—*'Soldier Laddie.'*

! once was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,
 And still my delight is in proper young men ;
 Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie,
 No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,
 To rattle the thundering drum was his trade ;
 His leg was so tight, and his cheek was so ruddy,
 Transported I was with my sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

But the goodly old chaplain left him in the lurch,
 So the sword I forsook for the sake of the church,
 He ventur'd the soul, I risked the body,
 'Twas then I prov'd false to my sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

Full soon I grew sick of the sanctified sot,
 The regiment at large for a husband I got ;
 From the gilded spontoon to the life I was ready,
 I asked no more but a sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

But the peace it reduc'd me to beg in despair,
 Till I met my old boy at a Cunningham fair,
 His rags regimental they flutter'd sae gaudy,
 My heart it rejoic'd at my sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

And now I have liv'd—I know not how long,
 And still I can join in a cup or a song ;
 But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass
 steady,
 Here's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie.
 Sing, Lal de la!, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Poor Merry Andrew, in the neuk,
 Sat guzzling wi' a tinkler hizzie ;
 They mind't na wha the chorus took,
 Between themselves they were sae bizzzy ;
 At length, wi' drink and courting dizzy,
 He stoiter'd up and made a face ;
 Then turn'd and laid a smack on Grizzly,
 Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace.

AIR.

TUNE.—' *Auld Sir Symon.*'

Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou,
 Sir Knave is a fool in a session ;
 He's there but a 'prentice I trow,
 But I am a fool by profession.

My grannie she bought me a beuk,
 And I held awa to the school ;
 I fear I my talent misteuk ;
 But what will ye hae of a fool ?

For drink I would venture my neek ;
 A hizzie's the half o' my craft ;
 But what could ye other expect
 Of ane that's avowedly daft.

I ance was ty'd up like a stirk,
 For civilly swearing and quaffing ;
 I ance was abus'd i' the kirk,
 For towzling a lass i' my daffin.

Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport,
 Let naebody name wi' a jeer ;
 There's ev'n I'm tauld i' the court,
 A tumbler ca'd the Premier.

Observ'd ye, yon reverend lad
 Maks faces to tickle the mob ;
 He rails at our mountebank squad,
 It's rivalry just i' the job.

And now my conclusion I'll tell,
 For faith I'm confoundedly dry,
 The chiel that's a fool for himsel',
 Gude L—d, is far daster than I.

RECITATIVO.

Then niest outspak a raucle carlin,
 Wha kent fu' weel to cleek the sterling,
 For monie a pursie she had hooked,
 And had in monie a well been ducket ;
 Her dove had been a Highland laddie,
 But weary fa' the wae fu' woodie !
 Wi' sighs and sabs, she thus began
 To wail her braw John Highlandman :

AIR.

TUNE,—*'O' an' ye were dead gudeman.'*

A Highland lad my love was born,
 The Lawlan' laws he held in scorn ;
 But he still was faithfu' to his clan,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.

CHORUS.

*Sing, hey, my braw John Highlandman !
 Sing, ho, my braw John Highlandman !
 There's not a lad in all the lan'
 Was match for my John Highlandman.*

Wi' hand on haunch, and upward ee,
 He croon'd his gamut, ane, twa, three,
 Then, in an *Arioso* key,

The wee Apollo
 Set aff, wi' *Allegretto* glee,
 His *giga solo*.

AIR.

TUNE.—*Whistle o'er the lave o't.*

Let me ryke up to dight that tear,
 And go wi' me and be my dear,
 And then your every care and fear
 May whistle owre the lave o't.

CHORUS

*I am a fiddler to my trade,
 And a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,
 The sweetest still to wife or maid,
 Was whistle owre the lave o't.*

At kirns and weddings we'll be there,
 And Oh! sae nicely's we will fare;
 We'll bouse about, till Daddie Care
 Sings whistle owre the lave o't.

I am, &c.

Sae merrily's the banes we'll pyke,
 And sun ourselfs about the dyke,
 And at our leisure, when ye like,
 We'll whistle owre the lave o't.

I am, &c.

But bless me wi' your heav'n o' charms,
 And while I kittle hair on thairms,
 Hunger, cauld, and a' sic harms,
 May whistle owre the lave o't.

I am, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird,
 As weel as poor Gut-scraper;
 He tak the fiddler by the beard,
 And draws a roosty rapier—
 He swoor, by a' was swearing worth,
 To spit him like a pliver,
 Unless he wad from that time forth
 Relinquish her for ever.

Wi' ghastly e'e, poor tweedle-dee
 Upon his hunkers bended,
 And pray'd for grace, wi' ruefu' face,
 And sae the quarrel ended.
 But tho' his little heart did grieve
 When round the tinker prest her,
 He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve,
 When thus the Caird address'd her :

AIR.

TUNE,—*'Clout the Cauldron.'*

My bonny lass, I work in brass,
 A tinkler is my station;
 I've travell'd round all Christian ground
 In this my occupation;
 I've taen the gold, I've been enroll'd
 In many a noble squadron;
 But vain they search'd, when off I march'd
 To go and clout the cauldron.
I've taen the gold, &c.

Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,
 Wi' a' his noise and caprin,
 And tak a share wi' those that bear
 The budget and the apron;

And by that stowp, my faith and houp,
 And by that dear * Kilbagie,
 If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,
 May I ne'er wat my craigie.
And by that stowp, &c.

RECITATIVO.

The Caird prevail'd—th' unblushing fair
 In his embraces sunk,
 Partly wi' love o'ercome sae sair,
 And partly she was drunk.
 Sir Violino, with an air
 That show'd a man o' spunk,
 Wish'd unison between the pair,
 And made the bottle clunk
To their health that night.

But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft,
 That play'd a dame a shavie,
 The fiddler rak'd her fore and aft,
 Behint the chicken cavie.
 Her lord, a wight o' † Homer's craft,
 Tho' limping wi' the spavie,
 He hirpl'd up, and lap like daft,
 And shor'd them Dainty Davie
O boot that night.

He was a care-defying blade
 As ever Bacchus listed,
 Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,
 His heart she ever miss'd it.

* A peculiar sort of Whisky, so called; a great favourite with Poesie-Nansie's clubs.

† Homer is allowed to be the oldest ballad-singer on record.

He had nae wish, but—to be glad,
 Nor want—but when he thirsted ;
 He hated nought but—to be sad,
 And thus the Muse suggested
 His sang that night.

AIR.

TUNE,—*' For a' that, and a' that.'*

I AM a bard of no regard,
 Wi' gentlefolks, and a' that ;
 But Homer-like, the glowran byke,
 Frae town to town I draw that.

CHORUS.

*For a' that, and a' that,
 And twice as meikle's a' that ;
 I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
 I've wife enough for a' that.*

I never drank the Muses' stank,
 Castalia's burn, and a' that ;
 But there it streams, and richly reams,
 My Helicon I ca' that.

For a' that, &c.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
 Their humble slave, and a' that ;
 But lordly will, I hold it still
 A mortal sin to draw that.

For a' that, &c.

In raptures sweet, this hour we meet,
 Wi' mutual love, and a' that ;
 But for how lang the flie may stang,
 Let inclination law that.

For a' that, &c.

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,
 They've ta'en me in, and a' that ;
 But clear your decks, and " Here's the sex !"
 I like the jads for a' that.

*For a' that, and a' that,
 And twice as meikle's a' that,
 My dearest blude, to do them gude,
 They're welcome till't, for a' that.*

RECITATIVO.

So sung the bard—and Nansie's wa's
 Shook with a thunder of applause,
 Re-echo'd from each mouth ;
 They toom'd their pocks, and pawn'd their duds,
 They scarcely left to co'er their fuds,
 To quench their lowan drouth.

Then owre again, the jovial thrang,
 The poet did request,
 To lowse his pack, and wale a sang,
 A ballad o' the best ;
 He, rising, rejoicing,
 Between his twa Deborahs,
 Looks round him, and found them
 Impatient for the chorus.

AIR.

TUNE,—*' Jolly Mortals, fill your Glasses.'*

SEE the smoaking bowl before us,
 Mark our jovial ragged ring ;
 Round and round take up the chorus,
 And in raptures let us sing :

CHORUS.

*A fig for those by law protected !
 Liberty's a glorious feast !
 Courts for cowards were erected,
 Churches built to please the priest.*

What is title ? What is treasure ?
 What is reputation's care ?
 If we lead a life of pleasure,
 'Tis no matter, how or where !

A fig, &c.

With the ready trick and fable,
 Round we wander all the day ;
 And at night, in barn or stable,
 Hug our doxies on the hay.

A fig, &c.

Does the train-attended carriage
 Thro' the country lighter rove ?
 Does the sober bed of marriage
 Witness brighter scenes of love ?

A fig, &c.

Life is all a variorum,
 We regard not how it goes ;
 Let them cant about decorum
 Who have characters to lose.

A fig, &c.

Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets !
 Here's to all the wandering train !
 Here's our ragged brats and callets !
 One and all cry out, Amen !

A fig, &c.

HOW CRUEL, &c.*

TUNE,—*'John Anderson my jo.'*

How cruel are the parents
Who riches only prize,
And to the wealthy booby
Poor woman sacrifice.
Meanwhile the hapless daughter
Has but a choice of strife;
To shun a tyrant father's hate,
Become a wretched wife.

The ravening hawk pursuing,
The trembling dove thus flies,
To shun impelling ruin
Awhile her pinions tries;
Till of escape despairing,
No shelter or retreat,
She trusts the ruthless falconer,
And drops beneath his feet.

TO MR. CUNNINGHAM.

TUNE,—*'The hopeless Lover.'*

Now spring has clad the groves in green,
And strew'd the lea wi' flowers;
The furrow'd, waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers;
While ilka thing in nature join
Their sorrows to forego,
O why thus all alone are mine
The weary steps of woe!

* Altered from an old English Song.

The trout within yon wimpling burn
Glides swift, a silver dart,
And safe beneath the shady thorn
Defies the angler's art :
My life was ance that careless stream,
That wanton trout was I ;
But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
Has scorch'd my fountain dry.

The little flow'ret's peaceful lot,
In yonder cliff that grows,
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
Nae ruder visit knows,
Was mine ; till love has o'er me past,
And blighted a' my bloom,
And now beneath the withering blast
My youth and joy consume.

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs,
And climbs the early sky,
Winnowing blithe her dewy wings
In morning's rosy eye ;
As little reckt I sorrow's power,
Until the flowery snare
O' witching love, in luckless hour,
Made me the thrall o' care.

O had my fate been Greenland snows,
Or Afric's burning zone,
Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes,
So Peggy ne'er I'd known !
The wretch whase doom is, " hope nae mair,"
What tongue his woes can tell !
Within whase bosom, save despair,
Nae kinder spirits dwell.

WHY, WHY TELL THY LOVER.

Tune,—*The Caledonian Hunt's delight.*

WHY, why tell thy lover,
Bliss he never must enjoy ?
Why, why undeceive him,
And give all his hopes the lie ?

O why, while fancy, raptur'd, slumbers,
Chloris, Chloris all the theme ;
Why, why wouldst thou cruel,
Wake thy lover from his dream ?

CLARINDA.

CLARINDA, mistress of my soul,
The measur'd time is run !
The wretch beneath the dreary pole,
So marks his latest sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night
Shall poor Sylvander hie ;
Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,
The sun of all his joy.

We part—but by these precious drops
That fill thy lovely eyes !
No other light shall guide my steps
Till thy bright beams arise.

She, the fair sun of all her sex,
Has blest my glorious day ;
And shall a glimmering planet fix
My worship to its ray ?

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

TUNE,—*'The auld wife ayont the fire.'*

WHERE Cart rins rowin to the sea,
 By mony a flow'r and spreading tree,
 There lives a lad, the lad for me,
 He is a gallant weaver.

Oh I had wooers aught or nine,
 They gied me rings and ribbons fine ;
 And I was fear'd my heart would tine,
 And I gied it to the weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band,
 To gie the lad that has the land,
 But to my heart I 'll add my hand,
 And gie it to the weaver.

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers ;
 While bees rejoice in opening flowers ;
 While corn grows green in simmer showers,
 I 'll love my gallant weaver.

CALEDONIA.

TUNE,—*'Caledonian Hunt's delight.'*

THERE was once a day, but old Time then was
 young,

That brave Caledonia, the chief of her line,
 From some of your northern deities sprung,
 (Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine ?)
 From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,
 To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would :
 Her heavenly relations there fixed her reign,
 And pledg'd her their godheads to warrant it good.

A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,

The pride of her kindred the heroine grew :

Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore,—

“ Whoe'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter
shall rue !”

With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,

To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn,

But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort,

Her darling amusement, the hounds and the horn.

Long quiet she reign'd ; Till thitherward steers

A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand :

Repeated, successive, for many long years,

They darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the
land :

Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,

They'd conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside ;

She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly,

The daring invaders they fled or they died.

The fell Harpy-raven took wing from the north,

The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the
shore ;

The wild Scandinavian boar issu'd forth

To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore ;

O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd,

No arts could appease them, no arms could repel ;

But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,

As Largs well can witness, and Luncartie tell.

The Cameleon-savage disturbed her repose,

With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife ;

Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose,

And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life :

The Anglian lion, the terror of France,
 Oft prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver
 flood ;
 But, taught by the bright Caledonian lance,
 He learned to fear in his own native wood.

Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free,
 Her bright course of glory for ever shall run :
 For brave Caledonia immortal must be ;
 I 'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun :
 Rectangle-triangle, the figure we 'll choose,
 The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base ;
 But brave Caledonia 's the hypothenuse ;
 Then ergo, she 'll match them, and match them
 always.

ON THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR,

Between the Duke of Argyle and the Earl of Mar.

TUNE,—*' The Cameronian rant.'*

" O CAM ye here the fight to shun,
 " Or herd the sheep wi' me, man ?
 " Or were ye at the Sherra-muir,
 " And did the battle see, man ?"
 I saw the battle, sair and tough,
 And reekin-red ran mony a sheugh,
 My heart, for fear, gae sough for sough,
 To hear the thuds, and see the cluds,
 O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
 Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

The red-coat lads wi' black cockades
To meet them were na slaw, man ;
They rush'd and push'd, and blude outgush'd,
And mony a bouk did fa', man :
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanced twenty miles :
'They hack'd and hash'd, while broad swords clash'd,
And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,
Till fey men died awa, man.

But had you seen the philibegs,
And skyrin tartan trews, man,
When in the teeth they dar'd our whigs,
And covenant true blues, man ;
In lines extended lang and large,
When bayonets oppos'd the targe,
And thousands hasten'd to the charge,
Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath
Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
They fled like frightened doos, man.

" O how deil, Tam, can that be true ?
" The chase gaed frae the north, man :
" I saw myself, they did pursue
" The horsemen back to Forth, man ;
" And at Dumblane, in my ain sight,
" They took the brig wi' a' their might,
" And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight ;
" But, cursed lot ! the gates were shut,
" And mony a huntit, poor red-coat,
" For fear amaist did swarf, man."

My sister Kate cam up the gate
Wi' crowdie unto me, man ;
She swore she saw some rebels run
Frac Perth unto Dundee, man :

Their left-hand general had nae skill,
 The Angus lads had nae good will
 That day their neebors' blood to spill;
 For fear, by foes, that they should lose
 Their cogs o' brose; all crying woes,
 And so it goes you see, man.

They 've lost some gallant gentlemen,
 Among the Highland clans, man;
 I fear my lord Panmure is slain,
 Or fallen in whiggish hands, man:
 Now wad ye sing this double fight,
 Some fell for wrang, and some for right;
 But mony badc the world guid-night;
 Then ye may tell, how pell and mell,
 By red claymores, and muskets' knell,
 Wi' dying yell, the tories fell,
 And whigs to hell did flee, man.

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

TUNE,—*'Push about the Jorum.'*

April, 1795.

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
 Then let the loons beware, Sir,
 There's wooden walls upon our seas,
 And volunteers on shore, Sir.
 The Nith shall run to Corsincon,
 And Criffel sink in Solway,
 Ere we permit a foreign foe
 On British ground to rally!
Fall de rall, &c

O let us not like snarling tykes
In wrangling be divided ;
Till slap come in an unco loon
And wi' a rung decide it.
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang oursels united ;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted.
Fall de rall, &c.

The kettle o' the kirk and state,
Perhaps a claut may fail in 't ;
But deil a foreign tinkler loun
Shall ever ca' a nail in 't.
Our fathers' bluid the kettile bought,
And wha wad dare to spoil it ;
By heaven the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it.
Fall de rall, &c.

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
And the wretch his true-born brother,
Who would set the mob aboon the throne,
May they be damned together !
Who will not sing, " God save the King,"
Shall hang as high 's the steeple ;
But while we sing, " God save the King,"
We 'll ne'er forget the People.

O WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME.

TUNE,—*Morag.*

O WHA is she that lo'es me,
 And has my heart a keeping ?
 O sweet is she that lo'es me,
 As dews o' simmer weeping,
 In tears the rose-buds steeping.

CHORUS.

*O that 's the lassie o' my heart,
 My lassie ever dearer ;
 O that 's the queen o' womankind,
 And ne'er a one to peer her.*

If thou shalt meet a lassie,
 In grace and beauty charming,
 That e'en thy chosen lassie,
 Ere while thy breast sae warming,
 Had ne'er sic powers alarming ;
O that 's, &c.

If thou hadst heard her talking,
 And thy attentions plighted,
 That ilka body talking,
 But her by thee is slighted ;
 And thou art all delighted ;
O that 's, &c.

If thou hast met this fair one ;
 When frae her thou hast parted,
 If every other fair one,
 But her thou hast deserted,
 And thou art broken-hearted ;—
O that 's, &c.

*WRITTEN in a Wrapper enclosing a Letter
to Capt. Grose, to be left with Mr. Cardonnel,
Antiquarian.*

TUNE,—*'Sir John Malcolm.'*

KEN ye ought o' Captain Grose ?

Igo, & ago,

If he's amang his friends or foes ?

Iram, coram, dago.

Is he South, or is he North ?

Igo, & ago,

Or drowned in the river Forth ?

Iram, coram, dago.

Is he slain by Highland bodies ?

Igo, & ago.

And eaten like a weather-haggis ?

Iram, coram, dago.

Is he to Abram's bosom gane ?

Igo, & ago,

Or haudin Sarah by the wame ?

Iram, coram, dago.

Where'er he be, the Lord be near him ?

Igo, & ago,

As for the deil, he daur na steer him.

Iram, coram, dago.

But please transmit th' enclosed letter,

Igo, & ago,

Which will oblige your humble debtor.

Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye hae auld stanes in store,
Igo, & ago,
 The very stanes that Adam bore.
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye get in glad possession,
Igo, & ago,
 The coins o' Satan's coronation !
Iram, coram, dago.

THE DEAN OF FACULTY.

A NEW BALLAD.

TUNE,—*'The Dragon of Wantley.'*

DIRE was the hate at old Harlaw,
 That Scot to Scot did carry ;
 And dire the discord Langside saw,
 For beauteous, hapless Mary :
 But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot,
 Or were more in fury seen, Sir,
 Than 'twixt *Hal* and *Bob* for the famous job—
 Who should be *Faculty's Dean*, Sir.—

This *Hal* for genius, wit, and lore,
 Among the first was number'd ;
 But pious *Bob*, 'mid learning's store,
 Commandment tenth remember'd.—
 Yet simple *Bob* the victory got,
 And wan his heart's desire ;
 Which shews that heaven can boil the pot,
 Though the devil p—s in the fire.—

Squire *Hal* besides had, in this case,
 Pretensions rather brassy,
 For talents to deserve a place
 Are qualifications saucy ;
 So their worships of the Faculty,
 Quite sick of merit's rudeness,
 Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye sec,
 To their gratis grace and goodness.—

As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight
 Of a son of Circumcision,
 So may be, on this Pisgah height,
Bob's purblind, mental vision :
 Nay, *Bobby's* mouth may be open'd yet,
 Till for eloquence you hail him,
 And swear he has the Angel met
 That met the Ass of Balaam.—

* * * *

O, ONCE I LOV'D A BONNIE LASS*.

TUNE,—*'I am a man unmarried.'*

O, ONCE I lov'd a bonnie lass,
 Ay, and I love her still,
 And whilst that virtue warms my breast
 I 'll love my handsome Nell.
Fal la! de ral, &c.

* This was our Poet's first attempt.

As bonnie lassies I hae seen,
And mony full as braw,
But for a' modest gracefu' mien
The like I never saw.

A bonnie lass I will confess,
Is pleasant to the e'e,
But without some better qualities
She 's no a lass for me.

But Nelly's looks are blithe and sweet,
And what is best of a',
Her reputation is complete,
And fair without a flaw.

She dresses ay sae clean and neat,
Both decent and genteel :
And then there 's something in her gait
Gars ony dress look weel.

A gaudy dress and gentle air
May slightly touch the heart,
But it 's innocence and modesty
That polishes the dart.

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,
'Tis this enchants my soul ;
For absolutely in my breast
She reigns without control.

Fal la! de ral, &c.

I 'LL AY CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

I 'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green again ;
I 'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonnie Jean again.

There 's nane sall ken, there 's nane sall guess,
What brings me back the gate again,
But she, my fairest faithfu' lass,
And stownlins we sall meet again.

She 'll wander by the aiken tree,
When trystin-time draws near again ;
And when her lovely form I see,
O haith, she 's doubly dear again !

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

FIRST when Maggy was my care,
Heaven, I thought, was in her air ;
Now we 're married—spier nae mair—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.—
Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
Bonnie Meg was nature's child—
—Wiser men than me 's beguiled :
Whistle o'er the lave o't.—

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love and how we 'gree,
I care na by how few may see ;
Whistle o'er the lave o't.—

Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
Dish'd up in her winding sheet,
I could write—but Meg maun see't—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.—

YOUNG JOCKEY.

Young Jockey was the blithest lad
In a' our town or here awa ;
Fu' blithe he whistled at the gaud,*
Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha' !
He roos'd my e'en sae bonnie blue,
He roos'd my waist sae genty sma' ;
An' ay my heart came to my mou,
When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw ;
And o'er the lee I leuk fu' fain
When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'.
An' ay the night comes round again,
When in his arms he taks me a' ;
An' ay he vows he 'll be my ain
As lang's he has a breath to draw.

* *The Gaud*—at the Plough.

M'PHERSON'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie !
M'Pherson's time will not be long,
On yonder gallows tree.

CHORUS.

*Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he ;
He play'd a spring and danc'd it round,
Below the gallows tree.*

Oh, what is death but parting breath ?—
On mony a bloody plain
I 've dar'd his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again !
Sae rantingly, &c.

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword ;
And there 's no a man in all Scotland,
But I 'll brave him at a word.
Sae rantingly, &c.

I 've liv'd a life of sturt and strife ;
I die by treacherie :
It burns my heart I must depart
And not avenged be.
Sae rantingly, &c.

L

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,
 And all beneath the sky !
 May coward shame distain his name,
 The wretch that dares not die !
Sae rantingly, &c.

HERE 'S A BOTTLE, &c.

HERE 's a bottle and an honest friend !
 What wad ye wish for mair, man ?
 Wha kens, before his life may end,
 What his share may be of care, man ?
 Then catch the moments as they fly,
 And use them as ye ought, man :—
 Believe me, happiness is shy,
 And comes not ay when sought, man.

I 'LL KISS THEE YET, YET.

TUNE,—*' The braes o' Balgahidder.'*

CHORUS.

*I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
 An' I'll kiss thee o'er again,
 An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
 My bonnie Peggy Alison !*

ILK care and fear, when thou art near,
 I ever mair defy them, O ;
 Young kings upon their hansom throne
 Are no sae blest as I am, O !
I'll kiss thee, &c.

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure, O ;
I seek nae mair o' Heaven to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure, O !
I'll kiss thee, &c.

And by thy e'en, sae bonnie blue,
I swear I 'm thine for ever, O ;—
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never, O !
I'll kiss thee, &c.

ON CESSNOCK BANKS, &c.

TUNE.—*'If he be a Butcher neat and trim.'*

ON Cessnock banks there lives a lass,
Could I describe her shape and mien ;
The graces of her weelfar'd face,
And the glancin' of her sparklin' e'en.

She 's fresher than the morning dawn
When rising Phoebus first is seen,
When dewdrops twinkle o'er the lawn ;
An' she 's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en.

She 's stately like yon youthful ash,
That grows the cowslip braes between,
And shoots its head above each bush ;
An' she 's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en.

She 's spotless as the flow'ring thorn
With flow'rs so white and leaves so green,
When purest in the dewy morn ;
An' she 's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en.

Her looks are like the sportive lamb,
When flow'ry May adorns the scene,
That wantons round its bleating dam ;
An' she 's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en.

Her hair is like the curling mist
That shades the mountain-side at e'en,
When flow'r-reviving rains are past ;
An' she 's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en.

Her forehead 's like the show'ry bow,
When shining sunbeams intervene
And gild the distant mountain's brow ;
An' she 's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en.

Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush
That sings in Cessnock banks unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the bush ;
An' she 's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en.

Her lips are like the cherries ripe,
That sunny walls from Boreas screen,
They tempt the taste and charm the sight ;
An' she 's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en.

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,
With fleeces newly washen clean,
That slowly mount the rising steep ;
An' she 's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean,
When Phoebus sinks behind the seas ;
An' she 's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en.

But it's not her air, her form, her face,
Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen,
But the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,
An' chiefly in her sparklin' e'en.

WAE IS MY HEART.

WAE is my heart, and the tear 's in my e'e ;
Lang, lang joy 's been a stranger to me :
Forsaken and friendless my burden I bear,
And the sweet voice o' pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

Love, thou hast pleasures ; and deep hae I loved ;
Love, thou hast sorrows ; and sair hae I proved :
But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
I can feel its throbblings will soon be at rest.

O if I were, where happy I hae been ;
Down by yon stream and yon bonnie castle green :
For there he is wand'ring and musing on me,
Wha wad soon dry the tear frae Phillis's e'e.

POWERS CELESTIAL, &c.

POWERS celestial, whose protection
Ever guards the virtuous fair,
While in distant climes I wander,
Let my Mary be your care :
Let her form sae fair and faultless,
Fair and faultless as your own ;
Let my Mary's kindred spirit,
Draw your choicest influence down.

Make the gales you waft around her,
Soft and peaceful as her breast ;
Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
Sooth her bosom into rest :
Guardian angels, O protect her,
When in distant lands I roam ;
To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
Make her bosom still my home.*

THE HEATHER WAS BLOOMING, &c.

THE heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn,
Our lads gaed a hunting, ae day at the dawn,
O'er moors and o'er mosses and mony a glen,
At length they discovered a bonnie moor-hen.

*I red you beware at the hunting, young men ;
I red you beware at the hunting, young men ;
Tak some on the wing, and some as they spring,
But cannily steal on a bonnie moor-hen.*

Sweet brushing the dew from the brown heather bells,
Her colours betray'd her on yon mossy fells ;
Her plumage outlusted the pride o' the spring,
And O ! as she wantoned gay on the wing.

I red, &c.

* Probably written on Highland Mary, on the eve of the Poet's departure to the West Indies.

Auld Phoebus himsel, as he peep'd o'er the hill ;
 In spite at her plumage he tried his skill ;
 He levell'd his rays where she bask'd on the brae—
 His rays were outshone, and but mark'd where she
 lay.

I red, &c.

They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill :
 The best of our lads wi' the best o' their skill ;
 But still as the fairest she sat in their sight,
 Then, whirr ! she was over, a mile at a flight.—

I red, &c.

* * * *

YOUNG PEGGY.

TUNE,—*' Last time I cam o'er the muir.'*

Young Peggy blooms our bonniest lass,
 Her blush is like the morning,
 The rosy dawn, the springing grass,
 With early gems adorning :
 Her eyes outline the radiant beams
 That gild the passing shower,
 And glitter o'er the crystal streams,
 And cheer each fresh'ning flower.

Her lips more than the cherries bright,
 A richer die has grac'd them,
 They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,
 And sweetly tempt to taste them :
 Her smile is as the ev'ning mild,
 When feather'd pairs are courting,
 And little lambkins wanton wild,
 In playful bands disporting.

Were Fortune lovely Peggy's fee,
 Such sweetness would relent her,
 As blooming Spring unbends the brow
 Of surly, savage Winter.
 Detraction's eye no aim can gain
 Her winning powers to lessen ;
 And fretful envy grins in vain,
 The poison'd tooth to fasten.

Ye Pow'rs of Honour, Love, and Truth,
 From ev'ry ill defend her ;
 Inspire the highly favour'd youth
 The destinies intend her ;
 Still fan the sweet connubial flame
 Responsive in each bosom ;
 And bless the dear parental name
 With many a filial blossom.*

THERE WAS A LAD, &c.

TUNE,—*'Dainty Davie.'*

THERE was a lad was born at Kyle,†
 But what na day o' what na style
 I doubt its hardly worth the while
 To be sae nice wi' Robin.

*Robin was a rovin' Boy,
 Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin' ;
 Robin was a rovin' Boy,
 Rantin' rovin' Robin.*

* This was one of the Poet's earliest compositions. It is copied from a MS. book, which he had before his first publication.

† Kyle—a district of Ayrshire.

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar Win'
Blew hansel in on *Robin*.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo' scho wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof,
I think we 'll ca' him *Robin*.

He 'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But ay a heart aboon them a';
He 'll be a credit to us a',
We 'll a' be proud o' *Robin*.

But sure as three times three mak nine,
I see by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin',
So leeze me on thee, *Robin*.

Guid faith, quo' scho, I doubt you, Sir,
Ye gar the lasses * * * *
But twenty fauts ye may hae waur,
So blessin's on thee, *Robin*!

*Robin was a rovin' Boy,
Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin':
Robin was a rovin' Boy,
Rantin' rovin' Robin.*

IMITATION OF AN OLD JACOBITE
SONG.

By yon castle wa' at the close of the day,
I heard a man sing, tho' his head it was grey ;
And as he was singing, the tears fast down came
There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars ;
We dare na' weel say 't, we ken wha 's to blame—
There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yerd.
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame—
There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown ;
But till my last moment my words are the same—
There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

TO MARY.

TUNE,—*'Ewe bughts, Marion.'*

Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore ?
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across th' Atlantic's roar ?

O sweet grows the lime and the orange,
And the apple on the pine ;
But a' the charms o' the Indies,
Can never equal thine.

I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,
I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true ;
And sae may the Heavens forget me,
When I forget my vow !

O plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your lily-white hand ;
O plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,
In mutual affection to join,
And curst be the cause that shall part us !
The hour, and the moment o' time !*

MARY MORISON.

TUNE,—*'Bide ye yet.'*

O MARY, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour !
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor :
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun ;
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

* This song Mr Thomson has not adopted in his collection. It deserves, however, to be preserved.

Yestreen when to the trembling string,
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard or saw :
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
" Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die ?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only faut is loving thee ?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown !
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

WHEN WILD WAR'S DEADLY BLAST WAS BLAWN.

TUNE,—*The Mill Mill O'.*

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning.
I left the lincs and tented field,
Where lang I 'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor and honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder ;
And for fair Scotia hame again,
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reached the bonnie glen,
Where early life I sported ;
I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted :
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling !
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O ! happy, happy may he be,
That 's dearest to thy bosom !
My purse is light, I 've far to gang,
And fain wad be thy lodger ;
I 've serv'd my king and country lang
Take pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier was than ever :
Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never :

Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it,
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye 're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
Synce pale like ony lily ;
She sank within my arms, and cried,
Art thou my ain dear Willie ?
By him who made yon sun and sky,
By whom true love 's regarded,
I am the man ; and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded.

The wars are o'er, and I 'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted ;
Tho' poor in gear, we 're rich in love,
And mair we 'se ne'er be parted.
Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,
A mailen plenish'd fairly ;
And come, my faithful sodger lad,
Thou 'rt welcome to it dearly !

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor ;
But glory is the sodger's prize ;
The sodger's wealth is honour ;
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger,
Remember he 's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger.

MY FATHER WAS A FARMER, &c.*

TUNE,—‘The Weaver and his Shuttle, O.’

My Father was a Farmer upon the Carrick border, O
And carefully he bred me in decency and order, O
He bade me act a manly part, though I had ne’er
a farthing, O
For without an honest manly heart, no man was
worth regarding, O.

Then out into the world my course I did deter-
mine, O
‘Tho’ to be rich was not my wish, yet to be great
was charming, O
My talents they were not the worst; nor yet my
education: O
Resolv’d was I, at least to try, to mend my situ-
ation, O.

In many a way, and vain essay, I courted fortune’s
favour; O
Some cause unseen, still stept between, to frustrate
each endeavour; O
Sometimes by foes I was o’erpower’d; sometimes
by friends forsaken; O
And when my hope was at the top, I still was worst
mistaken, O.

* This song is a wild rhapsody, miserably deficient in
versification, but as the sentiments are the genuine feel-
ings of my heart, for that reason I have a particular plea-
sure in coming it over. *Burns’ Reliques*, p. 329.

Then sore harass'd, and tir'd at last, with fortune's
vain delusion ; O
I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams, and came to
this conclusion ; O
The past was bad, and the future hid ; its good or
ill untried ; O
But the present hour was in my pow'r, and so I
would enjoy it, O.

No help, nor hope, nor view had I ; nor person to
befriend me ; O
So I must toil, and sweat and broil, and labour to
sustain me, O
To plough and sow, to reap and mow, my father
bred me early ; O
For one, he said, to labour bred, was a match for
fortune fairly, O.

Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor, thro' life I'm
doom'd to wander, O
Till down my weary bones I lay in everlasting
slumber ; O
No view nor care, but shun whate'er might breed me
pain or sorrow : O
I live to-day, as well 's I may, regardless of to-
morrow, O.

But cheerful still, I am as well, as a monarch in a
palace, O
Tho' fortune's frown still hunts me down, with all
her wonted malice ; O
I make indeed, my daily bread, but ne'er can make
it farther ; O
But as daily bread is all I need, I do not much
regard her, O.

When sometimes by my labour I earn a little
money, O
Some unforeseen misfortune comes generally upon
me ; O
Mischance, mistake, or by neglect, or my good-
natur'd folly ; O
But come what will, I 've sworn it still, I 'll ne'er
be melancholy, O.

All you who follow wealth and power with unremit-
ting ardour, O
The more in this you look for bliss, you leave your
view the farther ; O
Had you the wealth Potosi boasts, or nations to
adore you, O
A cheerful honest-hearted clown I will prefer before
you, O.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON.

TUNE,—*' Finlayston House.'*

FATE gave the word, the arrow sped,
And pierc'd my darling's heart :
And with him all the joys are fled
Life can to me impart.
By cruel hands the sapling drops,
In dust dishonour'd laid :
So fell the pride of all my hopes,
My age's future shade.

M

The mother-linnet in the brake
 Bewails her ravish'd young ;
 So I, for my lost darling's sake,
 Lament the live-day long.
 Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,
 Now, fond I bare my breast,
 O, do thou kindly lay me low
 With him I love, at rest !

AMANG THE TREES, &c.

TUNE,—*'The King of France, he rode a Race.'*

AMANG the trees where humming bees
 At buds and flowers were hinging, O
 Auld Caledon drew out her drone,
 And to her pipe was singing ; O
 'Twas pibroch, sang, strathspey, or reels,
 She dirl'd them aff, fu' clearly, O
 When there cam a yell o' foreign squeels,
 That dang her tapsalteerie, O—

Their capon craws and queer ha ha's,
 They made our lugs grow eerie ; O .
 The hungry bike did scrape and pike
 Till we were wae and weary ; O—
 But a royal ghaist wha ance was cas'd
 A prisoner aughteen year awa,
 He fir'd a fiddler in the North
 That dang them tapsalteerie, O.

ANNA.

ANNA, thy charms my bosom fire,
And waste my soul with care ;
But, ah ! how bootless to admire,
When fated to despair !

Yet in thy presence, lovely fair !
To hope may be forgiven ;
For sure, 'twere impious to despair
So much in sight of heaven.

TIBBIE DUNBAR.

TUNE—' *Johnny M'Gill.*'

O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar ?
O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar ?
Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car,
Or walk by my side, O sweet Tibbie Dunbar ?

I carena thy daddie, his lands and his money,
I carena thy kin, sae high and sae lordly :
But say thou wilt hae me for better for waur,
And come in thy coatie, sweet Tibbie Dunbar.

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

TUNE,—*'Humours of Glen.'*

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves return-
ing,

The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the
vale ;

The hawthorn trees blow in the dews of the morn-
ing,

And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green
dale :

But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
While the lingering moments are number'd by care?

No flowers gaily springing, nor birds sweetly
singing,

Can sooth the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dar'd could it merit their malice,
A king and a father to place on his throne ?

His right are these hills and his right are these
valleys,

Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find
none.

But 'tis not my sufferings thus wretched, forlorn,
My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn :

Your deeds prov'd so loyal in hot bloody trial,

Alas ! can I make you no sweeter return !

BONNIE LESLEY.

TUNE,—*'The collier's bonnie lassie.'*

O SAW ye bonnie Lesley
As she gaed o'er the border ?
She 's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever ;
For Nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic anither !

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we, before thee :
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The Deil he could na scath thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee ;
He 'd look into thy bonnie face,
And say, " I canna wrang thee."

The Powers aboon will tent thee ;
Misfortune sha'na steer thee ;
Thou 'rt like themselves sae lovely,
That ill they 'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie !
That we may brag, we hae a lass
There 's nane again sae bonnie.

*To my dear and much honoured Friend,
Mrs. Dunlop, of Dunlop.*

ON SENSIBILITY.

AIR,—‘*Sensibility.*’

SENSIBILITY, how charming,
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell ;
But distress with horrors arming,
Thou hast also known too well !

Fairest flower, behold the lily,
Blooming in the sunny ray :
Let the blast sweep o’er the valley,
See it prostrate on the clay.

Hear the wood-lark charm the forest,
Telling o’er his little joys ;
Hapless bird ! a prey the surest,
To each pirate of the skies.

Dearly bought the hidden treasure,
Finer feelings can bestow ;
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

FAREWELL TO AYRSHIRE.

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew,
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu !

Bonny Doon, sae sweet and gloamin,
Fare thee weel before I gang !
Bonny Doon, whare, early roaming,
First I wear'd the *rustic sang* !

Bowers, adieu, whare Love, decoying,
First inthrall'd this heart o' mine,
There the safest sweets enjoying,—
Sweets that Mem'ry ne'er shall tync !

Friends, so near my bosom ever,
Ye hae rendered moments dear ;
But, alas ! when forc'd to sever,
Then the stroke, O, how severe !

Friends ! that parting tear reserve it,
Tho' 'tis doubly dear to me !
Could I think I did deserve it,
How much happier would I be !

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew,
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu !

ADDRESS TO GENERAL
DUMOURIER.

(A PARODY ON ROBIN ADAIR.)

You 're welcome to Despots, Dumourier ;
You 're welcome to Despots, Dumourier.—
How does Dampiere do ?
Aye, and Bournonville too ?
Why did they not come along with you, Dumourier ?

I will fight France with you, Dumourier,—
I will fight France with you, Dumourier :—
I will fight France with you,
I will take my chance with you,
By my soul I 'll dance a dance with you, Dumourier.

Then let us fight about, Dumourier ;
Then let us fight about, Dumourier ;
Then let us fight about,
Till freedom's spark is out,
Then we 'll be d-mned no doubt—Dumourier.

FRAGMENT.

TUNE,—*'I had a horse and I had nae mair.'*

WHEN first I came to Stewart Kyle,
 My mind it was nae steady,
 Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade
 A mistress still I had ay :

But when I came roun' by Mauchline town,
 Not dreadin' ony body,
 My heart was caught before I thought,
 And by a Mauchline lady.

.

FRAGMENT.

TUNE,—*'Gallawater.'*

ALTHO' my bed were in yon mair.
 Amang the heather, in my plaidie,
 Yet happy, happy would I be,
 Had I my dear Montgomerie's Peggy.

When o'er the hill beat surly storms,
 And winter nights were dark and rainy ;
 I 'd seek some dell, and in my arms
 I 'd shelter dear Montgomerie's Peggy.

Were I a Baron proud and high,
 And horse and servants waiting ready,
 Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me,
 The sharin't with Montgomerie's Peggy.

.

FRAGMENT.

O RAGING fortune's withering blast
 Has laid my leaf full low ! O
 O raging fortune's withering blast
 Has laid my leaf full low ! O.

My stem was fair, my bud was green.
 My blossom sweet did blow ; O
 The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild,
 And made my branches grow ; O.

But luckless fortune's northern storms
 Laid a' my blossoms low, O
 But luckless fortune's northern storms
 Laid a' my blossoms low, O.

ON A BANK OF FLOWERS, &c.

TUNE,—*'On a bank of flowers.'*

ON a bank of flowers, in a summer day,
 For summer lightly drest,
 The youthful blooming Nelly lay,
 With love and sleep opprest ;

When Willie, wand'ring through the wood,
 Who for her favour oft had sued ;
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blushed,
 And trembled where he stood.

Her closed eyes, like weapons sheath'd,
 Were seal'd in soft repose ;
 Her lips, still as she fragrant breath'd,
 It richer dy'd the rose.

The springing lilies sweetly prest,
Wild, wanton kiss'd her rival breast ;
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes, light waving in the breeze,
Her tender limbs embrace !
Her lovely form, her native ease,
All harmony and grace !

Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
A faltering ardent kiss he stole ;
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
And sigh'd his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake,
On fear-inspired wings ;
So Nelly, starting, half awake,
Away affrighted springs :

But Willie follow'd,—as he should,
He overtook her in the wood :
He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
Forgiving all, and good.

SLOW SPREADS THE GLOOM, &c.

TUNE—' *Savourna Delish.*'

Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires,
The sun from India's shore retires :
To Evan-banks, with temp'rate ray,
Home of my youth, he leads the day.

Oh banks to me for ever dear !
Oh stream, whose murmurs still I hear !
All, all my hopes of bliss reside
Where Evan mingles with the Clyde.

And she in simple beauty drest,
Whose image lives within my breast ;
Who trembling heard my parting sigh,
And long pursued me with her eye :

Does she, with heart unchang'd as mine,
Oft in the vocal bowers recline !
Or, where yon grot o'erhangs the tide,
Muse while the Evan seeks the Clyde ?

Ye lofty banks that Evan bound,
Ye lavish woods that wave around,
And o'er the stream your shadows throw,
Which sweetly winds so far below ;

What secret charm to mem'ry brings,
All that on Evan's border springs !
Sweet banks ! ye bloom by Mary's side ;
Blest stream ! she views thee haste to Clyde.

Can all the wealth of India's coast,
Atone for years in absence lost ?
Return, ye moments of delight,
With richer treasures bless my sight !

Swift from this desert let me part,
And fly to meet a kindred heart !
Nor more may aught my steps divide,
From that dear stream which flows to Clyde.

COULD AUGHT OF SONG.

COULD aught of song declare my pains,
Could artful numbers move thee,
The muse should tell, in labour'd strains,
O Mary, how I love thee !

They who but feign a wounded heart,
May teach the lyre to languish ;
But what avails the pride of art,
When wastes the soul with anguish ?

Then let the sudden bursting sigh
The heart-felt pang discover ;
And in the keen, yet tender eye,
O read th' imploring lover.

For well I know thy gentle mind
Disdains art's gay disguising ;
Beyond what fancy e'er refin'd,
The voice of nature prizing.

O LEAVE NOVELS.

O LEAVE novels, ye Mauchline belles,
Ye 're safer at your spinning-wheel ;
Such witching books, are baited hooks
For rakish rooks, like Rob Mossiel.

Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons,
 They make your youthful fancies reel,
 They heat your brains, and fire your veins,
 And then you 're prey for Rob Mossgiel.

Beware a tongue that 's smoothly hung ;
 A heart that warmly seems to feel ;
 That feeling heart but acts a part,
 'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossgiel.

The frank address, the soft caress,
 Are worse than poison'd darts of steel,
 The frank address, and politesse,
 Are all finesse in Rob Mossgiel.

POLLY STEWART.

TUNE,—*'Ye 're welcome Charlie Stuart.'*

*O lovely Polly Stewart,
 O charming Polly Stewart,
 There 's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,
 That 's half so fair as thou art.*

THE flower it blows, it fades, it fa's,
 And art can ne'er renew it ;
 But worth and truth eternal youth
 Will gie to Polly Stewart.

May he, whase arms shall fauld thy charms,
 Possess a leal and true heart ;
 To him be given to ken the heaven
 He grasps in Polly Stewart !
O lovely, &c.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

TUNE,—*'Miss Forbes' farewell to Banff.'*

THOU lingering star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.

O Mary ! dear departed shade !
Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love !

Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past ;
Thy image at our last embrace ;
Ah ! little thought we 'twas our last !

Ayr gurgling kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wildwoods, thick'ning, green
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes
 And fondly broods with miser care !
 Time but the impression deeper makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, dear departed shade !
 Where is thy blissful place of rest ?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

THO' WOMEN'S MINDS, &c.

TUNE,—*' For a' that.'*

Tho' women's minds like winter winds
 May shift and turn, and a' that,
 The noblest breast adores them maist,
 A consequence I draw that.

*For a' that, and a' that,
 And twice as meikle 's a' that,
 The bonny lass that I loe best
 She 'll be my ain for a' that.*

Great love I bear to all the fair,
 Their humble slave, and a' that ;
 But lordly will, I hold it still,
 A mortal sin to thraw that.
For a' that, &c.

But there is ane aboon the lave,
 Has wit, and sense, and a' that ;
 A bonny lass, I like her best,
 And wha a crime dare ca' that ?
For a' that, &c.

In rapture sweet this hour we meet,
Wi' mutual love and a' that ;
But for how lang the flie may stang,
Let inclination law that.
For a' that, &c.

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,
They 've ta'en me in, and a' that ;
But clear your decks, and here 's the sex !
I like the jades for a' that.
For a' that, &c.

O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

*O lay thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass,
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.*

A slave to love's unbounded sway,
He aft has wrought me meikle wae ;
But now he is my deadly fae,
Unless thou be my ain.
O lay thy loof, &c.

There 's mony a lass has broke my rest,
That for a blink I hae lo'ed best ;
But thou art queen within my breast,
For ever to remain.
O lay thy loof, &c.

SWEETEST MAY, &c.

SWEETEST May, let love inspire thee ;
Take a heart which he designs thee ;
As thy constant slave regard it ;
For its faith and truth reward it.

Proof o' shot to birth or money,
Not the wealthy, but the bonny ;
Not high-born, but noble-minded,
In love's silken band can bind it !

FRAGMENT.

TUNE,—*John Anderson my jo.*

ONE night as I did wander,
When corn begins to shoot,
I sat me down to ponder,
Upon an auld tree root :

Auld Aire ran by before me,
And bicker'd to the seas ;
A cushat crowded o'er me
That echoed thro' the braes.

.

SONG—*Here's to them that's awa.*

HERE'S a health to them that's awa,
An' here's to them that's awa ;
And wha winna wish good luck to our cause,
May never good luck be their fa' !
It's gude to be merry and wise,
It's gude to be honest and true ;
It's gude to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the Buff and the Blue.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
An' here's to them that's awa ;
Here's a health to Charlie * the chief o' the clan,
Although that his band be but sma' !
May Liberty meet wi' success,
May Prudence protect her frae evil ;
May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
And wander the road to the devil.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
An' here's to them that's awa ;
Here's a health to Tammie † the Norlan laddie,
That lives at the lug o' the law !
Here's freedom to him that would read,
And freedom to him that would write ;
'There's nane ever feared that the truth should be
heard,
But they whom the truth would indite.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
An' here's to them that's awa ;
Here's Maitland, and Wycombe, and wha does
na like 'em,
Be built in a hole o' the wa' !

* Mr Fox.

† Lord Erskine.

Here's timmer that's red at the heart,
 Here's fruit that is sound at the core ;
 May he that would turn the Buff and Blue coat,
 Be turned to the back o' the door.

Here's a health to them that's awa !
 An' here's to them that's awa !
 Here's chieftain M'Leod, a chieftain worth gowd,
 Though bred amang mountains o' snaw.
 Here's friends on baith sides o' the Forth,
 And friends on baith sides o' the Tweed ;
 And wha would betray old Albion's rights,
 May they never eat of her bread !

FRAGMENT.

As I was a wand'ring ae morning in spring,
 I heard a young Ploughman sae sweetly to sing,
 And as he was singin' thir words he did say,
 There's nae life like the Ploughman's in the month
 o' sweet May.

The lav'rock in the morning she'll rise frae her
 nest,
 And mount to the air wi' the dew on her breast,
 And wi' the merry Ploughman she'll whistle and
 sing,
 And at night she'll return to her nest back again.

FRAGMENT.

Her flowing locks, the raven's wing,
 Adown her neck and bosom hing ;
 How sweet unto that breast to cling,
 And round that neck entwine her !

Her lips are roses wat wi' dew !
 O, what a feast, her bonnie mou !
 Her cheeks a mair celestial hue !
 A crimson still diviner !

FRAGMENT.

To thee, lov'd Nith, thy gladsome plains,
 Where late wi' careless thought I rang'd,
 'Though prest wi' care and sunk in woe,
 To thee I bring a heart unchang'd.

I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes,
 Tho' mem'ry there my bosom tear ;
 For there he rov'd that brake my heart,
 Yet to that heart, ah, still how dear !

FRAGMENT.

The winter it is past, and the simmer comes at last,
 And the small birds sing on every tree ;
 Now every thing is glad, while I am very sad,
 Since my true love is parted from me.

The rose upon the brier by the waters running clear,
 May have charms for linnet or the bee ;
 Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts
 at rest,
 But my true love is parted from me.

FRAGMENT.

TUNE,—*' Bonnie Dundee.'*

In Mauchline there dwells six proper young Belles,
 The pride of the place and its neighbourhood a',
 Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess,
 In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a' :

*Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland's divine,
Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw :
There's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton,
But Armour's * the jewel for me o' them a'.*

FRAGMENT.

TUNE,—*' The tither morn as I forlorn,'*
Yon wand'ring rill that marks the hill,
And glances o'er the brae, sir,
Slides by a bower, where many a flower
Sheds fragrance on the day, sir ;
There Damon lay, with Sylvia gay,
To love they thought nae crime, sir ;
The wild-birds sang, the echoes rang,
While Damon's heart beat time, sir.
* * * *

FRAGMENT.

As I cam in by our gate-end,
As day was waxin' weary,
O wha cam tripping down the street
But bonnie Peg, my dearie !

Her air sae sweet, and shape complete,
Wi' nae proportion wanting,
The queen of love did never move
Wi' motion mair enchanting.

Wi' linked hands, we took the sands
Adown yon winding river ;
And, oh ! that hour, and broomy bower,
Can I forget it ever !—

Cætera desunt.

* This is one of our Bard's early productions.—Miss Armour is now Mrs Burns.

POEMS.

LINES ON AN INTERVIEW WITH LORD DAER.

'T^{HIS} wot ye all whom it concerns,
I Rhymèr Robin, alias Burns,
October twenty-third,
A ne'er to be forgotten day,
Sae far I spreckled up the brae,
I dinner'd wi' a Lord.

I 've been at drucken *writers'* feasts,
Nay, been bitch-fou 'mang godly priests,
Wi' rev'rence be it spoken ;
I 've even join'd the honour'd jorum,
When mighty Squireships of the quorum,
Their hydra drouth did sloken.

But wi' a Lord—stand out my shin,
A Lord—a Peer—an Earl's son,
Up higher yet my bonnet ;
And sic a Lord—lang Scotch ells twa,
Our Peerage he o'erlooks them a',
As I look o'er my sonnet.

But oh for Hogarth's magic pow'r !
 To shew Sir Bardy's willvart glowr,
 And how he star'd and stammer'd,
 When goavan, as if led wi' branks,
 An' stumpan' on his ploughman shanks,
 He in the parlour hammer'd.

* * * * *

I sidling shelter'd in a nook,
 An' at his lordship steal't a look,
 Like some portentous omen ;
 Except good sense and social glee,
 An' (what surprised me) modesty,
 I marked nought uncommon.

I watch'd the symptoms o' the Great,
 The gentle pride, the lordly state,
 The arrogant assuming ;
 The feint a pride, nae pride had he,
 Nor sauce, nor state that I could see,
 Mair than an honest ploughman.

Then from his Lordship I shall learn,
 Henceforth to meet with unconcern
 One rank as well 's another ;
 Nae *honest worthy* man need care,
 To meet with noble youthful Daer,
 For he but meets a brother.

EPISTLE TO R. GRAHAM, ESQ.

WHEN Nature her great master-piece design'd,
 And fram'd her last, best work, the human mind,
 Her eye intent on all the mazy plan,
 She form'd of various parts the various man.

Then first she calls the useful many forth ;
Plain plodding industry, and sober worth :
'Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,
And merchandise' whole genus take their birth :
Each prudent cit a warm existence finds,
And all mechanics' many apron'd kinds.
Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet,
The lead and buoy are needful to the net :
'The *caput mortuum* of gross desires
Makes a material for mere knights and squires ;
'The martial phosphorus is taught to flow.
She kneads the lumpish philosophic dough,
'Then marks th' unyielding mass with grave designs
Law, physics, politics, and deep divines :
Last, she sublimes th' Aurora of the poles,
The flashing elements of female souls.

The order'd system fair before her stood,
Nature, well-pleas'd, pronounced it very good ;
But ere she gave creating labour o'er,
Half-jest, she try'd one curious labour more.
Some spumy, fiery, *ignis fatuus* matter ;
Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter ;
With arch alacrity and conscious glee
(Nature may have her whim as well as we,
Her Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to show it)
She forms the thing, and christens it—a poet.
Creature, tho' oft the prey of care and sorrow,
When blest to-day unmindful of to-morrow,
A being form'd t' amuse his graver friends,
Admir'd and prais'd—and there the homage ends :
A mortal quite unfit for Fortune's strife,
Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life ;
Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,
Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live ;

Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,
Yet frequent all unheeded in his own.

But honest Nature is not quite a Turk,
She laugh'd at first, then felt for her poor work.
Pitying the propless climber of mankind,
She cast about a *standard tree* to find ;
And, to support his helpless woodbine state,
Attach'd him to the *generous truly great*,
A title, and the only one I claim,
To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.

Pity the tuneful muses' hapless train,
Weak, timid landmen on Life's stormy main !
Their hearts no selfish stern absorbent stuff,
'That never gives—tho' humbly takes enough ;
The little fate allows, they share as soon,
Unlike sage, proverb'd, Wisdom's hard-wrung boon.
The world were blest did bliss on them depend,
Ah, that " the friendly e'er should want a friend !"
Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son,
Who life and wisdom at one race begun,
Who feel by reason, and who give by rule,
(Instinct 's a brute, and sentiment a fool !)
Who make poor *will* do wait upon *I should*—
We own they're prudent, but who feels they're good ?
Ye wise ones, hence ! ye hurt the social eye !
God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy !
But come ye who the godlike pleasure know,
Heaven's attribute distinguished—to bestow !
Whose arms of love would grasp the human race :
Come *thou* who giv'st with all a courtier's grace ;
Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes !
Prop of my dearest hopes for future times.
Why shrinks my soul half blushing, half afraid,
Backward, abash'd to ask thy friendly aid ?

I know my need, I know thy giving hand,
 I crave thy friendship at thy kind command ;
 But there are such who court the tuneful nine—
 Heavens ! should the branded character be mine !
 Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows.
 Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose.
 Mark, how their lofty independent spirit
 Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit !
 Seek not the proofs in private life to find ;
 Pity the best of words should be but wind !
 So, to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,
 But grovelling on the earth the carol ends.
 In all the clam'rous cry of starving want,
 They dun benevolence with shameless front ;
 Oblige them, patronise their tinsel lays,
 They persecute you all your future days !
 Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain,
 My horny fist assume the plough again ;
 The pie-ball'd jacket let me patch once more ;
 On eighteen-pence a week I've liv'd before.
 Though, thanks to Heaven, I dare even that last
 shift ;
 I trust meantime my boon is in thy gift :
 That plac'd by thee upon the wish'd-for height,
 Where, man and nature fairer in her sight,
 My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer
 flight.*

* This is our Poet's first epistle to Graham of Fintry.
 It is not equal to the second ; but it contains too much
 of the characteristic vigour of its author to be suppressed.
 A little more knowledge of natural history, or of chemis-
 try, was wanted to enable him to execute the original
 conception correctly.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN :

*An Occasional Address spoken by Miss Fontenelle
on her Benefit-Night.*

WHILE Europe's eye is fixed on mighty things,
The fate of empires and the fall of kings ;
While quacks of state must each produce his plan,
And even children lisp *the Rights of Man* ;
Amid this mighty fuss, just let me mention,
The Rights of Woman merit some attention.

First, in the sexes' intermix'd connexion,
One sacred Right of Woman is *protection*.—
The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,
Helpless, must fall before the blasts of fate,
Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely form,
Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.—

Our second Right—but needless here is caution,
To keep that right inviolate 's the fashion,
Each man of sense has it so full before him,
He 'd die before he 'd wrong it—'tis *decorum*.—
There was, indeed, in far less polish'd days,
A time, when rough rude man had naughty ways ;
Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,
Nay, even thus invade a lady's quiet—
Now, thank our stars ! these Gothic times are fled ;
Now, well-bred men—and you are all well-bred—
Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)
Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.

For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,
 That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest,
 Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostration
 Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear *admiration* !
 In that blest sphere alone we live and move ;
 There taste that life of life—immortal love.—
 Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,
 'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares—
 When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,
 Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms ?

But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,
 With bloody armaments and revolutions ;
 Let Majesty your first attention summon,
Ah ! ça ira ! the Majesty of Woman !

ADDRESS,

*Spoken by Miss Fontenelle, on her Benefit-Night,
 December 4, 1795, at the Theatre, Dumfries.*

STILL anxious to secure your partial favour,
 And not less anxious, sure, this night, than ever,
 A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,
 'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better ;
 So, sought a Poet, roosted near the skies,
 Told him I came to feast my curious eyes ;
 Said, nothing like his works was ever printed ;
 And last, my Prologue-business slyly hinted.
 " Ma'am, let me tell you," quoth my man of rhymes,
 " I know your bent—these are no laughing times :
 " Can you—but Miss, I own I have my fears,
 " Dissolve in pause—and sentimental tears—
 " With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence,
 " Rouse from his sluggish slumbers, fell Repentance ;

" Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand,
 " Waving on high the desolating brand,
 " Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty
 land?"

I could no more—askance the creature eyeing,
 D'ye think, said I, this face was made for crying?
 I 'll laugh, that 's poz—nay more, the world shall
 know it;
 And so, your servant! gloomy Master Poet!

Firm as my creed, Sirs, 'tis my fixed belief,
 That Misery 's another word for Grief:
 I also think—so may I be a bride!
 That so much laughter, so much life enjoy'd.

Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
 Still under bleak Misfortune's blasting eye;
 Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive—
 To make three guineas do the work of five:
 Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch!
 Say, you 'll be merry, tho' you can't be rich.

Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,
 Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove;
 Who, as the boughs all temptingly project,
 Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck,
 Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,
 Peerest to meditate the healing leap:
 Would'st thou be cur'd, thou silly, moping elf?
 Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself:
 Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,
 And love a kinder—that 's your grand specific.

To sum up all, be merry, I advise;
 And as we 're merry, may we still be wise.

VERSES TO A YOUNG LADY, WITH
A PRESENT OF SONGS.

Hear, where the Scottish muse immortal lives,
In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd,
Accept the gift ; tho' humble he who gives,
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.

So may no ruffian-feeling in thy breast,
Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among ;
But peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
Or love ecstatic wake his seraph song.

Or pity's notes, in luxury of tears,
As modest want the tale of woe reveals ;
While conscious virtue all the strain endears,
And heaven-born piety her sanction seals.

POEM ON PASTORAL POETRY.

HAIL, Poesie ! thou nymph reserv'd !
In chase o' thee, what crowds hae swerv'd
Frae common sense, or sunk enerv'd
 'Mang heaps o' clavers ;
And och ! o'er aft thy joes hae starr'd,
 'Mid a' thy favours !

Say, Lassie, why thy train amang,
 While loud, the trump's heroic clang
 And sock or buskin skelp along
 To death or marriage ;
 Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang
 But wi' miscarriage ?

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives ;
 Eschylus' pen Will Shakespeare drives ;
 Wee Pope, the knurlin, till him rives
 Horatian fame ;
 In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
 Even Sappho's flame.

But thee, Theocritus, wha matches ?
 They 're no herd's ballads, Maro's catches :
 Squire Pope but busks his skinklin patches
 O' heathen tatters :
 I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,
 That ape their betters.

In this braw age o' wit and lear,
 Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair
 Blaw sweetly in its native air
 And rural grace ;
 And wi' the far-fam'd Grecian, share
 A rival place ?

Yes ! there is ane ; a Scottish callan !
 There 's ane ; come forrit, honest Allan !
 Thou need na jouk behind the hallan,
 A chiel sae clever ;
 The teeth o' Time may gnaw Tamtalan,
 But thou 's for ever.

Thou paints auld nature to the nines,
 In thy sweet Caledonian lines ;
 Nae gowden stream thro' myrtles twines,
 Where Philomel,
 While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
 Her griefs will tell !

In gowany glens thy burnie strays.
 Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes ;
 Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes,
 Wi' hawthorns gray,
 Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
 At close o' day.

Thy rural loves are nature's sel ;
 Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell ;
 Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell
 O' witchin love,
 That charm that can the strongest quell,
 The sternest move.

*WRITTEN on the blank leaf of a copy of his
 Poems presented to a Lady, whom he had often
 celebrated under the name of Chloris.*

'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair Friend,
 Nor thou the gift refuse,
 Nor with unwilling ear attend
 The moralizing muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
 Must bid the world adieu,
 (A world 'gainst peace in constant arms)
 To join the friendly few.

Since, thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
Chill came the tempest's lower ;
(And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
Did nip a fairer flower.)

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more,
Still much is left behind ;
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store,
The comforts of the mind !

Thine is the self-approving glow,
On conscious honour's part ;
And, dearest gift of heaven below,
Thine friendship's truest heart.

The joys refin'd of sense and taste,
With every muse to rove :
And doubly were the poet blest
These joys could he improve.

COPY OF A POETICAL ADDRESS TO MR. WILLIAM TYTLER,

WITH THE PRESENT OF THE BARD'S PICTURE.

REVERED defender of beauteous Stuart,
Of Stuart, a name once respected,
A name, which to love was the mark of a true heart,
But now 'tis despised and neglected.

Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my eye,
Let no one misdeem me disloyal ;
A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh,
Still more, if that wand'rer were royal.

My fathers that name have rever'd on a throne ;
 My fathers have fallen to right it ;
 Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
 That name should be scoffingly slight it.

Still in prayers for K— G— I most heartily join
 The Q—, and the rest of the gentry,
 Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine
 Their title 's avow'd by my country.

But why of this epocha make such a fuss,
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

But loyalty truce ! we 're on dangerous ground,
 Who knows how the fashions may alter ?
 The doctrine, to-day, that is loyalty sound,
 To-morrow may bring us a halter !

I send you a trifle, a head of a bard,
 A trifle scarce worthy your care ;
 But accept it, good Sir, as a mark of regard,
 Sincere as a saint's dying prayer.

Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye,
 And ushers the long dreary night ;
 But you, like the star that atwart gilds the sky
 Your course to the latest is bright.

SKETCH.—NEW YEAR'S DAY.

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

THIS day, Time winds th' exhausted chain,
 To run the twelvemonth's length again ;
 I see the old, bald-pated fellow,
 With ardent eyes, complexion fallow,
 Adjust the unimpair'd machine,
 To wheel the equal, dull routine.

The absent lover, minor heir,
 In vain assail him with their prayer.
 Deaf as my friend, he sees them press,
 Nor makes the hour one moment less.
 Will you (the Major's with the hounds,
 The happy tenants share his rounds ;
 Coila's fair Rachel's care to-day,
 And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray)
 From housewife cares a minute borrow—
 —That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow—
 And join with me a moralizing,
 This day's propitious to be wise in.
 First, what did yesternight deliver ?
 " Another year is gone for ever."
 And what is this day's strong suggestion ?
 " The passing moment's all we rest on !"
 Rest on—for what ? what do we here ?
 Or why regard the passing year ?
 Will Time, amus'd with proverb'd lore,
 Add to our date one minute more ?
 A few days may—a few years must—
 Repose us in the silent dust.
 Then is it wise to damp our bliss ?
 Yes—all such reasonings are amiss !

The voice of nature loudly cries,
 And many a message from the skies,
 That something in us never dies :
 That on this frail, uncertain state,
 Hang matters of eternal weight ;
 That future life in worlds unknown
 Must take its hue from this alone ;
 Whether as heavenly glory bright,
 Or dark as misery's woeful night.—
 Since then, my honour'd, first of friends,
 On this poor being all depends ;
 Let us th' important now employ.
 And live as those that never die.
 Tho' you, with days and honours crown'd,
 Witness that filial circle round,
 (A sight—life's sorrows to repulse,
 A sight—pale envy to convulse,)
 Others now claim your chief regard ;
 Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

*EXTEMPORE, on the late Mr. William Smellie,
 Author of the Philosophy of Natural History,
 and Member of the Antiquarian and Royal So-
 cieties of Edinburgh.*

To Crochallan came
 The old cock'd hat, the grey surtout, the same ;
 His bristling beard just rising in its might,
 'Twas four long nights and days to shaving-night ;
 His uncombed grizzly locks, wild staring, thatch'd
 A head, for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd ;
 Yet tho' his caustic wit was biting, rude,
 His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.

*POETICAL INSCRIPTION for an Altar to
Independence, at Kerroughtry, the Seat of Mr.
Heron ; written in Summer, 1795.*

Thou of an independent mind,
With soul resolv'd, with soul resign'd ;
Prepar'd Power's proudest frown to brave,
Who wilt not be, nor have a slave ;
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thy own reproach alone dost fear,
Approach this shrine, and worship here. }

*SONNET, on the death of Robert Riddel, Esq.
of Glen Riddel ; April, 1794.*

No more, ye warblers of the wood, no more,
Nor pour your descant, grating, on my soul :
Thou young-eyed Spring, gay in thy verdant
stole,
More welcome were to me grim Winter's wildest
roar.

How can ye charm, ye flow'rs, with all your dyes ?
Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend :
How can I to the tuneful song attend ?
That strain flows round th' untimely tomb where
Riddel lies.

Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe,
And sooth the *Virtues* weeping on this bier :
The *Man of Worth*, who has not left his peer,
Is in his "narrow house" for ever darkly low.

Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet ;
Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet.

MONODY ON A LADY FAMED FOR HER CAPRICE.

How cold is that bosom which folly once fired,
How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately
glistened !

How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired,
How dull is that ear which to flattery so listened !

If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
From friendship and dearest affection remov'd ;
How doubly severer, Eliza, thy fate,
Thou diedst unwept as thou livedst unlov'd.

Loves, Graces, and Virtues, I call not on you ;
So shy, grave, and distant, ye shed not a tear :
But come, all ye offspring of Folly so true,
And flowers let us cull for Eliza's cold bier.

We'll search thro' the garden for each silly flower,
We'll roam thro' the forest for each idle weed ;
But chiefly the nettle, so typical, shower,
For none e'er approach'd her but ru'd the rash
deed.

We 'll sculpture the marble, we 'll measure the lay ;
 Here Vanity strums on her idiot lyre ;
 There keen Indignation shall dart on her prey,
 Which spurning Contempt shall redeem from his
 ire.

THE EPITAPH.

Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
 What once was a butterfly, gay in life's beam :
 Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
 Want only of goodness denied her esteem.

IMPROMPTU,

ON MRS. ———'S BIRTH-DAY

NOVEMBER 4, 1793.

OLD Winter with his frosty beard,
 Thus once to Jove his prayer preferr'd ;
 What have I done of all the year,
 To bear this hated doom severe ?
 My cheerless suns no pleasure know ;
 Night's horrid car drags, dreary, slow ;
 My dismal months no joys are crowning,
 But spleeny English, hanging, drowning.

Now, Jove, for once be mighty civil,
 To counterbalance all this evil ;
 Give me, and I 've no more to say,
 Give me Maria's natal day !
 That brilliant gift will so enrich me,
 Spring, Summer, Autumn, cannot match me ;
 'Tis done ! says Jove ; so ends my story,
 And Winter once rejoic'd in glory.

TO MISS JESSY L——, DUMFRIES ;

WITH BOOKS WHICH THE BARO PRESENTED HER.

THINE be the volumes, Jessy fair,
And with them take the Poet's prayer ;
That fate may in her fairest page,
With every kindest, best presage
Of future bliss, enrol thy name :
With native worth, and spotless fame,
And wakeful caution still aware
Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare.
All blameless joys on earth we find,
And all the treasures of the mind—
These be thy guardian and reward ;
So prays thy faithful friend, *the Bard*.

*SONNET, written on the 25th of January, 1793,
the Birth-day of the Author, on hearing a
Thrush sing in a morning Walk.*

SING on, sweet Thrush, upon the leafless bough ;
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain :
See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blithe carol clears his furrow'd brow.

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear,
 Sits meek Content with light unanxious heart,
 Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
 Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day !
 Thou whose brightsun now gilds the orient skies !
 Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
 What wealth could never give nor take away !

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care ;
 The mite high Heaven bestow'd, that mite with
 thee I 'll share.

*EXTEMPORE, to Mr. S * * E, on refusing to
 dine with him, after having been promised the
 first of Company, and the first of Cookery ;
 17th December, 1795.*

No more of your guests, be they titled or not,
 And cook'ry the first in the nation ;
 Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
 Is proof to all other temptation.

TO MR. S * * E, WITH A PRESENT OF A DOZEN
 OF PORTER.

O, HAD the malt thy strength of mind,
 Or hops the flavour of thy wit,
 'Twere drink for first of human kind,
 A gift that e'en for S * * e were fit.

Jerusalem Tavern, Dumfries.

POEM,

ADDRESSED TO MR. MITCHELL, COLLECTOR
OF EXCISE, DUMFRIES, 1796.

FRIEND of the Poet, tried and leal,
Wha, wanting thee, might beg or steal ;
Alake, alake, the meikle deil
 Wi' a' his witches
Are at it, skelpin ! jig and reel,
 In my poor pouches.

I modestly fu' fain wad hint it,
That *one pound one*, I sairly want it :
If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it,
 It would be kind ;
And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted,
 I 'd bear 't in my mind.

So may the auld year gang out moaning,
To see the new come laden, groaning,
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin
 To thee and thine ;
Domestic peace and comforts crowning
 The hale design.

POSTSCRIPT.

Ye 've heard this while how I 've been licket,
And by fell death was nearly nicket :
Grim loun ! he gat me by the fecket,
 And sair me sheuk ;
But by guid luck I lap a wicket,
 And turn'd a neuk.

But by that health, I 've got a share o't,
 And by that life, I 'm promis'd mair o't,
 My hale and weel I 'll take a care o't

A tentier way :

'Then farewell folly, hide and hair o't,
 For aince and aye.

Sent to a Gentleman whom he had offended.

THE friend whom wild from wisdom's way,
 The fumes of wine infuriate send ;
 (Not moony madness more astray ;)
 Who but deplores that hapless friend ?

Mine was th' insensate frenzied part,
 Ah why should I such scenes outlive !
 Scenes so abhorrent to my heart !
 'Tis thine to pity and forgive !

POEM ON LIFE.

ADDRESSED TO COLONEL DE PEYSTER,
 DUMFRIES, 1796.

My honour'd colonel, deep I feel
 Your interest in the Poet's weal ;
 Ah ! now sma' heart hae I to speed
 The steep Parnassus,
 Surrounded thus by bolus pill,
 And potion glasses.

O what a canty warld were it,
Would pain and care, and sickness spare it ;
And fortune favour worth and merit,
As they deserve :
(And aye a rowth, roast beef and claret ;
Syne wha wad starve ?)

Dame Life, tho' fiction out may trick her,
And in paste gems and fripp'ry deck her ;
Oh ! flick'ring, feeble, and unsicker
I 've found her still,
Ay wav'ring like the willow wicker,
'Tween good and ill.

Then that curst carmagnole, auld Satan,
Watches, like baudrans by a rattan,
Our sinfu' saul to get a claut on
Wi' felon ire ;
Syne, whip ! his tail ye 'll ne'er cast saut on,
He 's aff like fire.

Ah Nick ! ah Nick ! it is na fair,
First shewing us the tempting ware,
Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare,
To put us daft ;
Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare
O' hell's damn'd waft.

Poor man the flie, aft bizzes by,
And aft as chance he comes thee nigh,
Thy auld damn'd elbow yeuks wi' joy,
And heilish pleasure ;
Already in thy fancy's eye,
Thy sicker treasure.

Soon heels o'er gowdie ! in he gangs,
 And like a sheep-head on a tangs,
 Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs
 And murd'ring wrestle,
 As dangle in the wind, he hangs
 A gibbet's tassel.

But lest you think I am uncivil,
 To plague you with this draunting drivel,
 Abjuring a' intentions evil,
 I quat my pen :
 The Lord preserve us frae the devil !
 Amen ! amen !

TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ.
 OF FINTRY,

ON RECEIVING A FAVOUR.

I CALL no goddess to inspire my strains,
 A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns ;
 Friend of my life ! my ardent spirit burns,
 And all the tribute of my heart returns,
 For boons accorded, goodness ever new,
 The gift still dearer, as the giver you.

Thou orb of day ! thou other paler light !
 And all ye many sparkling stars of night ;
 If aught that giver from my mind efface ;
 If I that giver's bounty, e'er disgrace ;
 Then roll to me, along your wand'ring spheres,
 Only to number out a villain's years !

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

AN honest man here lies at rest,
As e'er God with his image blest ;
The friend of man, the friend of truth ;
The friend of age, and guide of youth :
Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd :
If there 's another world, he lives in bliss ;
If there is none, he made the best of this.

A GRACE BEFORE DINNER

O Thou, who kindly dost provide
For every creature's want !
We bless thee, God of Nature wide,
For all thy goodness lent :
And, if it please thee, Heavenly Guide,
May never worse be sent ;
But whether granted, or denied,
Lord, bless us with content !

Amen !

A VERSE composed and repeated by Burns, to the Master of the House, on taking leave at a Place in the Highlands, where he had been hospitably entertained.

WHEN death's dark stream I ferry o'er,
A time that surely shall come ;
In Heaven itself, I'll ask no more.
Than just a Highland welcome.

INSCRIPTION TO THE MEMORY OF
FERGUSSON.

HERE LIES ROBERT FERGUSSON, POET.

*Born September 5th, 1751—Died, 15th
October 1774.*

No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay,
"No storied urn nor animated bust,"
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.

VERSES WRITTEN AT SELKIRK.

I.

AULD chuckie *Reekie* 's* sair distrest
Down droops her anee weel burnish't crest,
Nae joy her bonnie buskit nest
Can yield ava,
Her darling bird that she lo'es best,
Willie 's awa !

II.

O Willie was a witty wight,
And had o' things an unco' slight ;
Auld *Reekie* ay he keepit tight,
And trig an' braw :
But now they 'll busk her like a fright,
Willie 's awa !

III.

The stiffest o' them a' he bow'd ;
The bauldest o' them a' he cow'd ;
They durst nae mair than he allow'd,
That was a law :
We 've lost a birkie weel worth gowd,
Willie 's awa !

* Edinburgh.

IV.

Now gawkies, tawpies, gowks and fools,
 Frae colleges and boarding-schools,
 May sprout like simmer puddock-stools
 In glen or shaw ;
 He wha could brush them down to mools,
 Willie 's awa !

V.

'The brethren o' the Commerce-Chaumer*
 May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour ;
 He was a dictionar and grammar
 Amang them a' ;
 I fear they 'll now mak mony a stammer,
 Willie 's awa !

VI.

Nae mair we see his levee door
 Philosophers and Poets pour,†
 And toothy critics by the score,
 In bloody raw !
 The adjutant o' a' the core,
 Willie 's awa !

* The Chamber of Commerce of Edinburgh, of which Mr. C. was Secretary.

† Many literary gentlemen were accustomed to meet at Mr. C—'s house at breakfast.

VII.

Now worthy Gregory's latin face,
Tytler's and Greenfield's modest grace ;
M'Kenzie, Stuart, such a brace
As Rome ne'er saw ;
'They a' maun meet some ither place,
Willie 's awa !

VIII.

Poor Burns--e'en Scotch drink canna quicken,
He cheeps like some bewilder'd chicken
Scar'd frae its minnie and the cleckin,
By hoodie-craw ;
Grief 's gien his heart an unco kickin',
Willie 's awa !

IX.

Now ev'ry sour-mou'd ginnin' blemm,
And Calvin's fock, are fit to fell him ;
And self-conceited critic skellum
His quill may draw ;
He wha could brawlie ward their bellum,
Willie 's awa !

X.

Up wimpling stately Tweed I 've sped,
And Eden scenes on crystal Jed,
And Ettrick banks now roaring red,
While tempests blaw ;
But every joy and pleasure 's fled,
Willie 's awa !

XI.

May I be slander's common speech ;
 A text for infamy to preach ;
 And lastly, streekit out to bleach
 In winter snaw ;
 When I forget thee ! Willie Creech,
 Tho' far awa !

XII.

May never wicked fortune touzle him !
 May never wicked men bamboozle him !
 Until a pow as auld 's Methusiem
 He canty claw !
 Then to the blessed, New Jerusalem,
 Fleet wing awa !

LIBERTY.

A FRAGMENT.

TITZE, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,
 Thee, famed for martial deed and sacred song,
 To thee I turn with swimming eyes ;
 Where is that soul of freedom fled ?
 Immingled with the mighty dead !
 Beneath that hallowed turf where Wallace lies !
 Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death !
 Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep ;
 Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,
 Nor give the coward secret breath.—

Is this the power in freedom's war,
 That wont to bid the battle rage?
 Behold that eye which shot immortal hate,
 Crushing the despot's proudest bearing,
 That arm which, nerved with thundering fate,
 Braved usurpation's boldest daring!
 One quenched in darkness like the sinking star,
 And one the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RUISSAUX.*

Now Robin lies in his last lair,
 He 'll gabble rhyme, nor sing nae mair,
 Cauld poverty, wi' hungry stare,
 Nae mair shall fear him;
 Nor anxious fear, nor cankert care
 E'er mair come near him.

'To tell the truth, they seldom fash't him,
 Except the moment that they crush't him;
 For sune as chance or fate had busht 'em,
 'Tho' e'er sae short,
 Then wi' a rhyme or song he lasht 'em,
 And thought it sport.—

'Tho' he was bred to kintra wark,
 And counted was baith wight and stark,
 Yet that was never Robin's mark
 To mak a man;
 But tell him, he was learn'd and clark,
 Ye roos'd him than!

* *Ruissaux*—a play upon his own name.

*ANSWER to Verses addressed to the Poet by
the Guidwife of Wauchope-house.*

GUIDWIFE,

I MIND it weel, in early date,
When I was beardless, young and blate,
An' first could thresh the barn,
Or haud a yokin at the pleugh,
An' tho' forfoughten sair enough,
Yet unco proud to learn :
When first amang the yellow corn
A man I reckon'd was,
And wi' the lave ilk merry morn
Could rank my rig and lass,
Still shearing, and clearing
The tither stooked raw,
Wi' claivers, an' haivers,
Wearing the day awa.

Ev'n then a wish, (I mind its power,)
A wish that to my latest hour,
Shall strongly heave my breast ;
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some useful plan, or beuk could make,
Or sing a sang at least.
The rough bur-thistle, spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear,
I turn'd my weeding beuk aside,
An' spar'd the symbol dear.
No nation, no station,
My envy e'er could raise ;
A Scot still, but blot still,
I knew nae higher praise.

But still the elements o' sang
In formless jumble, right an' wrang,
Wild floated in my brain ;
Till on that hairst I said before,
My partner in the merr'y core,
She rous'd the forming' strain :
I see her yet, the sonsie quean,
That lighted up her jingle,
Her witching smile, her pauky een
That gart my heart-strings tingle ;
I fired, inspired,
At ev'ry kindling keel;
But bashing, and dashing,
I feared ay to speak.

Hale to the set, ilk guid chiel says,
Wi' merry dance in winter-days,
An' we to share in common :
The gust o' joy, the balm of woe,
The saul o' life, the heav'n below.
Is rapture-giving woman.
Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name,
Be mindfu' o' your mither :
She, honest woman, may think shame
That ye 're connected with her.
Ye 're wae men, ye 're nae men,
That slight the lovely dears ;
To shame ye, disclaim ye,
Ilk honest birkie swears.

For you, na bred to barn and byre,
Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,
Thanks to you for your line :
The marled plaid ye kindly spare,
By me should gratefully be ware ;
'Twad please me to the Nipe.

I 'd be mair vauntie o' my hap,
 Douse hingin' o'er my curple,
 Than ony ermine ever lap,
 Or proud imperial purple.
 Fareweel then, lang hale then,
 An' plenty be your fa' :
 May losses and crosses
 Ne'er at your hallan ca'.

MARCH, 1787.

TO J. LAPRAIK.

Sept. 13th, 1785.

Guid speed an' furdur to you Johny,
 Guid health, hale han's, and weather bonny ;
 Now when ye 're nickan down fu' canny
 The staff o' bread,
 May ye ne'er want a stoup o' branny
 To clear your head.

May Boreas never thresh your rigs,
 Nor kick your rickles aff their legs,
 Sendin' the stuff o'er muirs an' bags
 Like drivin' wrack ;
 But may the tapmast grain that wags
 Come to the sack.

I 'm bizzie too, an' skelpin' at it,
 But bitter, daudin showers hae wat it,
 Sae my auld stumple pen I gat it
 Wi' muckle wark,
 An' took my joeteleg an' whatt it,
 Like ony clerk.

It 's now twa month that I 'm your debtor,
For your braw, nameless, dateless letter,
Abusin' me for barsh ill nature

On holy men,
While deil a hair yoursel ye 're better,
But mair profane.

But let the kirk-folk ring their bells,
Let 's sing about our noble sels ;
We 'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills
To help, or roose us,
But browster wives* and whiskie stills,
They are the muses.

Your friendship, Sir, I winna quat it,
An' if ye mak' objections at it,
Then han' in nieve some day we 'll knot it,
An' witness take,
An' when wi' Usquabae we 've wat it
It winna break.

But if the beast and branks be spar'd
Till kye be gaun without the herd,
An' a' the vittel in the yard,
An' theekit right,
I mean your ingle-side to guard
Ae winter night.

Then muse-inspirin' aqua-vitæ
Shall make us baith sae blithe an' witty,
Till ye forget ye 're auld an' gatty,
An' be as canty
As ye were nine years less than thretty,
Sweet ane an' twenty !

* Alehouse wives.

But stooks are cowpet wi' the blast,
An' now the sinn keeks in the west,
Then I maun rin amang the rest
An' quit my chanter ;
Sae I subscribe mysel in haste,
Your's, Rab the Ranter.

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER.

O Thou, wha in the heavens dost dwell,
Wha, as it pleases best thyself,
Sends aye to heaven and ten to hell,
A' for thy glory,
And nae for ony guid or ill
They've done afore thee !

I bless and praise thy matchless night,
Whan thousands thou hast left in night,
That I am here afore thy sight,
For gifts an' grace,
A burnin an' a shinin light
To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,
That I should get such exaltation,
I, wha deserve sic just damnation,
For broken laws,
Five thousand years 'fore my creation,
Thro' Adam's cause.

When frae my mither's womb I fell,
 Thou might hae plung'd me into hell,
 To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,
 In burnin' lake,
 Whare damned devils roar and yell,
 Chain'd to a stake.

Yet I am here a chosen sample,
 To show thy grace is great an' ample ;
 I 'm here a pillar in thy temple,
 Strong as a rock ;
 A guide, a buckler, an' example
 To a' thy flock.

O L—d, thou kens what zeal I bear,
 When drinkers drink, and swearers swear,
 And singin' there, and dancin' here,
 Wi' great an' sma' ;
 For I am keepit by thy fear,
 Free frae them a'.

But yet, O L—d ! confess I must,
 At times I 'm fash'd wi' fleshy lust,
 An' sometimes too, wi' warkdly trust,
 Vile self gets in ;
 But thou remembers we are dust,
 Defil'd in sin.

* * * * *

Besides, I farther maun allow,
 Wi' Lizzie's lass, three times I trow ;
 But, L—d, that Friday I was fou,
 When I came near her,
 Or else, thou kens, thy servant true
 Wad ne'er ha'e steer'd her.

May be thou lets this *flesky thorn*
 Beset thy servant e'en and morn,
 Lest he owre high and proud shou'd turn,
 'Cause he 's *sae gifted* ;
 If sae, thy han' maun e'en be borne,
 Until thou lift it.

L—d, bless thy chosen in this place,
 For *here* thou hast a *chosen race* ;
 But G—d confound their stubborn face,
 And blast their name,
 Wha bring thy elders to disgrace,
 An' public shame.

L—d, mind G——n H——n's deserts,
 He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at cards,
 Yet has sae mony takin arts,
 Wi' grit an' sma',
 Frae G—d's ain priest the people's hearts
 He steals awa'.

An' whan we chasten'd him therefor,
 Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,
 As set the warld in a roar
 O' laughin at us ;
 Curse thou his basket and his store,
 Kail an' potatoes.

L—d, hear my earnest cry an' pray'r,
 Against that presbyt'ry o' Ayr ;
 Thy strong right hand, L—d, mak it bare,
 Upo' their heads ;
 L—d, weigh it down, and dinna spare,
 For their misdeeds.

O L—d my G—d, that glib-tongu'd A——n,
My very heart an' saul are quakin,
To think how we stood sweatin, shakin
 An' p—d wi' dread,
While he, wi' hingin lips and snakin,
 Held up his head.

L—d, in the day of vengeance try him,
L—d, visit them wha did employ him,
An' pass not in thy mercy by 'em,
 Nor hear their pray'r ;
But, for thy people's sake, destroy 'em,
 And dianna spare.

But, L—d, remember me and mine
Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,
That I for gear and grace may shine,
 Excell'd by nane,
An' a' the glory shall be thine,
 Amen, amen.

EPITAPH ON HOLY WILLIE.

HERE Holy Willie's sair worn clay
Taks up its last abode ;
His saul has ta'en some other way,
I fear the left-hand road.

Stop ! there he is as sure 's a gun,
Poor silly body, see him ;
Nae wonder he 's as black 's the grun,
Observe wha 's standing wi' him.

Your brunstane devilship, I see,
 Has got him there before ye;
 But haud your nine-tail cat a wee,
 Till ance you've heard my story.

Your pity I will not implore,
 For pity ye hae nane;
 Justice, alas! has gi'en him o'er,
 And mercy's day is gane.

But hear me, Sir, de'il as ye are,
 Look something to your credit;
 A coof like him wou'd stain your name,
 If it were kent ye did it.

TO THE REV. JOHN M'MATH,

ENCLOSING A COPY OF HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER,
 WHICH HE HAD REQUESTED.

Sept. 17th, 1785.

WHILE at the stook the shearers cow'r
 To shun the bitter blaudin' show'r,
 Or in gulravage rinnin scow'r
 To pass the time,
 To you I dedicate the hour
 In idle rhyme.

My musie, tir'd wi' mony a sonnet
 On gown, an' ban', an' douse black bonnet,
 Is grown' right eerie now she 's done it,
 Lest they shou'd blame her
 An' rouse their holy thunder on it,
 And anathem her.

I own 'twas rash, an' rather hardy,
 That I, a simple countra bardie,
 Shou'd meddle wi' a pack sac sturdy,
 Wha, if they ken me,
 Can easy, wi' a single wordie,
 Loose h-ll upon me.

But I gae mad at their grimaces,
 Their sighan, cantan, grace-prood faces,
 Their three-mile prayers, an' hauf-mile graces,
 Their raxan conscience,
 Whase greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces
 Waur nor their nonsense.

There 's Gaun,* miska't waur than a beast,
 Wha has mair honour in his breast
 Than mony scores as guid 's the priest
 Wha sae abus't him ;
 An' may a bard no crack his jest
 What way they've use't him ?

See him,† the poor man's friend in need,
 The gentleman in word an' deed,

* Gavin Hamilton, Esq.

† The poet has introduced the two first lines of this stanza into the dedication of his works to Mr. Hamilton.

An' shall his fame an' honour bleed
By worthless skellums,
An' not a muse erect her head
To cowe the blellums ?

O Pope, had I thy satire's darts
To gie the rascals their deserts,
I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts,
An' tell aloud
Their jugglin' hocus-pocus arts
To cheat the crowd.

God knows, I'm no the thing I shou'd be,
Nor am I even the thing I cou'd be,
But twenty times, I rather wou'd be
An atheist clean,
Than under gospel colours hid be,
Just for a screen.

An honest man may like a glass,
An honest man may like a lass,
But mean revenge, an' malice fause,
He 'll still disdain,
An' then cry zeal for gospel laws,
Like some we ken.

They take religion in their mouth ;
They talk o' mercy, grace an' truth,
For what ? to gie their malice skouth
On some puir wight,
An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth,
To ruin straight.

All hail, Religion! maid divine!
 Pardon a muse sae mean as mine,
 Who in her rough imperfect line
 Thus daurs to name thee;
 To stigmatize false friends of thine
 Can ne'er defame thee.

Tho' blotch't an' foul wi' mony a stain,
 An' far unworthy of thy train,
 With trembling voice I tune my strain
 To join with those,
 Who boldly dare thy cause maintain
 In spite of foes:

In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs,
 In spite of undermining jobs,
 In spite o' dark banditti stabs
 At worth an' merit,
 By scoundrels, even wi' holy robes,
 But hellish spirit.

O Ayr! my dear, my native ground!
 Within thy presbytereal bound,
 A candid lib'ral band is found
 Of public teachers,
 As men, as christians too, renown'd,
 An' manly preachers.

Sir, in that circle you are nam'd;
 Sir, in that circle you are fam'd;
 An' some, by whom your doctrine's blam'd
 (Which gies you honour)
 Even, Sir, by them your heart's esteem'd,
 An' winning manner.

Pardon this freedom I have ta'en,
 An' if impertinent I 've been,
 Impute it not, good Sir, in ane
 Whase heart ne'er wrang'd ye,
 But to his utmost would befriend
 Ought that belang'd ye.

TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

MAUCHLINE.

(RECOMMENDING A BOY.)

Mosgaville, May 3. 1786.

I HOLD it, Sir, my bounden duty
 To warn you how that Master Tootie,
 Alias, Laird M'Gaun,*
 Was here to hire the lad away
 'Bout whom ye spak the tither day,
 An' wad hae don't aff han':
 But lest he learn the callan tricks,
 As faith I muckle doubt him,
 Like scrapin' out auld Crummie's nicks,
 An' tellin' lies about them;

* *Master Tootie* then lived in Mauchline; a dealer in Cows. It was his common practice to cut the nicks or markings from the horns of cattle, to disguise their age. He was an artful trick-contriving character; hence he is called a *Snick-drawer*. In the Poet's "*Address to the Deil*," he styles that august personage, an *auld, snick-drawing* dog!

As lieve then I 'd have then,
 Your clerkship he should sair,
 If sae be, ye may be
 Not fitted othewhere.

Altho' I say 't, he 's gleg enough,
 An' 'bout a house that 's rude an' rough,
 The boy might learn to *swear*;
 But then wi' you, he 'll be sae taught,
 An' get sic a fair *example* straught,
 I hae nae ony fear.
 Ye 'll catechize him every quirk,
 An' shore him weel wi' *hell*;
 An' gar him follow to the *kirk*——
 —Ay when ye gang *yoursel*.
 If ye then, maun be then
 Frae hame this comin' Friday
 Then please, Sir, to lea'e, Sir,
 The orders wi' your lady.

My word of honour I hae gi'en,
 In Paisley John's, that night at e'en,
 To meet the *World's worm*
 To try to get the twa to gree,
 An' name the airles an' the fee,
 In legal mode an' form:
 I ken he weel a *Snick* can draw,
 When simple bodies let him;
 An' if a *Devil* be at a',
 In faith he 's sure to get him.
 To phrase you an' praise you,
 Ye ken your Laureat scorns:
 The pray'r still, you share still,
 Of grateful Minstrel

BURNS.

TO MR. M'ADAM, OF CRAIGEN-GILLAN.

*In answer to an obliging Letter he sent in the
commencement of his Poetic Career.*

SIR, o'er a gill I gat your card,
I trow it made me proud ;
" See wha taks notice o' the bard !"
I lap and cry'd fu' loud.

Now deil-ma-care about their jaw,
The senseless, gawky million ;
I 'll cock my nose aboon them a',
I 'm roos'd by Craigen-Gillan !

'Twas noble, Sir ; 'twas like yoursel,
To grant your high protection :
A great man's smile, ye ken fu' well,
Is ay a blest infection.

Tho', by his banes wha in a tub
Match'd Macedonian Sandy !
On my ain legs thro' dirt and dub,
I independent stand ay.—

And when those legs to guid, warm kail,
Wi' welcome canna bear me ;
A lee dyke-side, a sybow-tail,
And harley-scone shall cheer me.

Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath
O' mony flow'ry simmers !
And bless your bonnie lasset baith,
I 'm tald they 're loosome kimmers !

And God bless young Dunaskin's laird,
The blossom of our gentry !
And may he wear an auld man's beard,
A credit to his country.

TO CAPTAIN RIDDEL, GLENRIDDEL.

(Extempore Lines on returning a Newspaper.)

Ellisland, Monday Evening.

Your news and review, Sir, I've read through and
through, Sir,
With little admiring or blaming ;
The papers are barren of home-news or foreign,
No murders or rapes worth the naming.

Our friends the reviewers, those chippers and hewers,
Are judges of mortar and stone, Sir ;
But of meet, or unmeet, in a *fabrick complete*,
I'll boldly pronounce they are none, Sir.

My goose-quill too rude is to tell all your goodness
Bestowed on your servant, the Poet ;
Would to God I had one like a beam of the sun,
And then all the world, Sir, should know it !

Fareweel, auld birkie ! Lord be near ye,
And then the Deil he daur na steer ye :
Your friends ay love, your faes ay fear ye,
For me, shame fa' me,
If niest my heart I dinna wear ye
While Burns they ca' me.

TO A LADY,

With a Present of a Pair of Drinking-Glasses.

FAIR Empress of the Poet's soul,
And Queen of Poetesses ;
Clarinda, take this little boon,
This humble pair of glasses.—

And fill them high with generous juice,
As generous as your mind ;
And pledge me in the generous toast—
“ *The whole of human kind !* ”

“ *To those who love us !* ”—second fill ;
But not to those whom we love ;
Lest we love those who love not us !—
A third—“ *to thee and me, love !* ”

THE VOWELS,—*A Tale*

'Twas where the birch and sounding thong are ply'd,
 The noisy domicile of pedant pride ;
 Where ignorance her darkening vapour throws,
 And cruelty directs the thickening blows ;
 Upon a time, Sir Abece the great,
 In all his pedagogic powers elate,
 His awful chair of state resolves to mount,
 And call the trembling vowels to account.

First enter'd A, a grave, broad, solemn wight,
 But, ah ! deform'd, dishonest to the sight !
 His twisted head look'd backward on his way,
 And flagrant from the scourge, he grunted, *ai* !

Reluctant, E stalk'd in ; with piteous grace
 The justling tears ran down his honest face !
 That name, that well-worn name, and all his own,
 Pale he surrenders at the tyrant's throne !
 The pedant stifles keen the Roman sound,
 Not all his mongrel diphthongs can compound ;
 And next the title following close behind,
 He to the nameless, ghastly wretch assign'd.

The cobweb'd gothic dome resounded, Y !
 In sullen vengeance, I, disdained, reply :
 The pedant swung his felon cudgel round,
 And knock'd the groaning vowel to the ground !

In rueful apprehension enter'd O,
 The wailing minstrel of despairing woe ;
 Th' Inquisitor of Spain the most expert,
 Might there have learnt new mysteries of his art :
 So grim, deform'd, with horrors entering U,
 His dearest friend and brother scarcely knew :

As trembling U stood staring all aghast,
 The pedant in his left hand clutch'd him fast,
 His helpless infants' tears he dipp'd his right,
 Baptiz'd him *en*, and kick'd him from his sight.

SKETCH.*

A LITTLE, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight,
 And still his precious self his dear delight :
 Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets,
 Better than e'er the fairest she he meets.
 A man of fashion too, he made his tour,
 Learn'd *vive la bagatelle, et vive l'amour* ;
 So travell'd monkeys their grimace improve,
 Polish their grin, nay, sigh for ladies' love.
 Much specious lore, but little understood ;
 Veneering oft outshines the solid wood :
 His solid sense—by inches you must tell,
 But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell ;
 His meddling vanity, a busy fiend,
 Still making work his selfish craft must mend.

* This sketch seems to be one of a Series, intended for a projected work, under the title of "*The Poet's Progress*." This character was sent as a specimen, accompanied by a letter to *Professor Dugald Stewart*, in which it is thus noticed. "The fragment beginning, *A little, upright, pert, tart, &c.* I have not shewn to any man living, till I now send it to you. It forms the postulata, the axioms, the definition of a character, which, if it appear at all, shall be placed in a variety of lights. This particular part I send you merely as a sample of my hand at portrait-sketching."

SCOTS PROLOGUE,

For Mr. Sutherland's Benefit-Night, Dumfries.

WHAT needs this din about the town o' Lon'on,
 How this new play an' that new sang is comin' ?
 Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted ?
 Does nonsense mend like whisky, when imported ?
 Is there nae poet, burning keen for fame,
 Will try to gie us sangs and plays at hame ?
 For comedy abroad he need na toil,
 A fool and knave are plants of every soil ;
 Nor need he hunt as far as Rome and Greece
 To gather matter for a serious piece ;
 There 's themes enough in Caledonian story,
 Would shew the tragic muse in a' her glory.—

Is there no daring bard will rise, and tell
 How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless, fell ?
 Where are the muses fled that could produce
 A drama worthy o' the name o' Bruce ;
 How here, even here, he first unsheath'd the sword
 'Gainst mighty England and her guilty lord ;
 And after mony a bloody, deathless doing,
 Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws of ruin ?
 O for a Shakespeare or an Otway scene,
 To draw the lovely, hapless Scottish Queen !
 Vain all th' omnipotence of female charms
 'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms.
 She fell, but fell with spirit truly Roman,
 To glut the vengeance of a rival woman :
 A woman, tho' the phrase may seem uncivil,
 As ald and as cruel as the Devil !

One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page,
But Douglasses were heroes every age :
And tho' your fathers, prodigal of life,
A Douglas followed to the martial strife,
Perhaps, if bowls row right, and Right succeeds,
Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads !

As ye hae generous done, if a' the land
Would take the muses' servants by the hand ;
Not only hear, but patronize, befriend them,
And where ye justly can commend, commend them
And aiblins when they winna stand the test.
Wink hard and say, the folks hae done their best !
Would a' the land do this, then I'll be caution
Ye'll soon hae poets o' the Scottish nation,
Will gar fame blaw until her trumpet crack,
And warsele time an' lay him on his back !

For us and for our stage should ony spier,
" Whose aught thae chiefs maks a' this bustle here ?
My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow,
We have the honour to belong to you !
We're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as ye like,
But like good mithers, shore before ye strike—
And gratefu' still I hope ye'll ever find us,
For a' the patronage and meikle kindness
We've got frae a' professions, sets and ranks :
God help us ! we're but poor—ye'se get but thanks.

*Extemporaneous Effusion on being appointed to
the Excise.*

SEARCHING auld wives' barrels
Och, ho ! the day !
That clarty barm should stain my laurels ;
But—what 'll ye say !
These mavin' things, ca'd wives and weans,
Wad muve the very hearts o' stanes !

On seeing the beautiful Seat of Lord G.

WHAT dost thou in that mansion fair ?
Flit G——, and find
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,
The picture of thy mind !

On the Same.

No Stewart art thou G——,
The Stewarts all were brave ;
Besides, the Stewarts were but *fools*,
Not one of them a *knave*.

On the Same.

BRIGHT ran thy line, O G——,
Thro' many a far-fam'd sire !
So ran the far-fam'd Roman way,
So ended in a *mire* !

*To the same, on the Author being threatened with
his Repentment.*

SPARE me thy vengeance, G——,
In quiet let me live :
I ask no kindness at thy hand,
For thou hast none to give.

VERSES TO J. RANKEN.

The Person to whom his Poem on shooting the Partridge is addressed, while Ranken occupied the Farm of Adam-Hill, in Ayrshire.)

AN day, as Death, that gruesome carl,
Was driving to the tither warl'
A mixtie-maxtie motley squad,
And mony a guilt-bespotted lad ;
Black gowns of each denomination,
And thieves of every rank and station,
From him that wears the star and garter,
To him that wintles in a halter :
Asham'd himsel to see the wretches,
He mutters, glow'rin at the bluches,
" By G-d I 'll not be seen behind them,
" Nor 'mang the spiritual core present them
" Without, at least, ae honest man,
" To grace this d——d infernal clan."
By Adamhill a glance he threw,
" L—d G-d !" quoth he, " I have it now,
" There 's just the man I want, i' faith."
And quickly stoppit Ranken's breath.

*On hearing that there was Falschood in the Rev.
Dr. B——'s very Looks.*

THAT there is falschood in his looks
I must and will deny :
They say their master is a knave—
And sure they do not lie.

On a Schoolmaster in Cleish Parish, Fifeshire.

Here lie Willie M—hie's banes,
O Satan, when ye tak him,
Gie him the schoolin of your weans ;
For clever Deils he 'll mak 'em !

ELEGY ON THE YEAR 1788.

A SKETCH.

FOR Lords or Kings I dianna mourn,
E'en let them die—for that they 're born :
But oh ! prodigious to reflect !
A *Tourmond*, Sirs, is gane to wreck !
O *Eighty-eight*, in thy sma' space
What dire events ha'e taken place !
Of what enjoyments thou hast rest us !
In what a pickle thou hast left us !

The Spanish empire 's tint a head,
 An' my auld toothless Bawtie 's dead ;
 The tulzie 's sair 'tween Pitt an' Fox,
 And 'tween our Maggie's twa wee coeks ;
 The tane is game, a bluidie devil,
 But to the hen-birds unco civil ;
 The tither 's something dour o' treadin',
 But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden—

Ye ministers, come mount the poupit,
 An' cry till ye be haerse an' roupet,
 For *Eighty-eight* he wish'd you weel,
 An' gied you a' baith gear an' meal ;
 E'en mony a plack, and mony a peck,
 Ye ken yoursels, for little fock !—

Ye bonnie lasses, dight your e'en,
 For some o' you ha'e tint a frien' ;
 In *Eighty-eight*, ye ken, was ta'en
 What ye 'll ne'er ha'e to gie again.

Observe the very nowt an' sheep,
 How dowf and daviely they creep ;
 Nay, even the yirth itsel does cry,
 For E'nbrugh wells are grutten dry.

O *Eighty-nine*, thou 's but a bairn
 An' no o'er auld, I hope, to learn !
 Thou beardless boy, I pray tak care,
 Thou now has got thy Daddy's chair,
 Nae hand-cuff'd, mizzl'd, hap-shackl'd *Regent*,
 But, like himsel, a full free agent.
 Be sure ye follow out the plan
 Nae waur than he did, honest man ;
 As muckle better as you can.

}

January 1, 1789

VERSES written under the Portrait of Fergusson the Poet, in a copy of that author's works presented to a young Lady in Edinburgh, March 19th, 1787.

Curse on ungrateful man, that can be pleas'd,
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure.
O thou my elder brother in misfortune,
By far my elder brother in the muses,
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate !
Why is the bard unpitied by the world,
Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures ?

VERSES written at a time when the Poet was about to leave Scotland.

O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone mountain
 straying,
Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave,
What woes wring my heart while intently surveying
 The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave.
Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wail,
Ere ye toss me afar from my lov'd native shore ;
Where the flower which bloom'd sweetest in Coila's
 green vale,
The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more.

No more by the banks of the streamlet we'll wander
And smile at the moon's rimpled face in the wave ;
No more shall my arms cling with fondness around
her,
For the dew drops of morning fall cold on her grave,

No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast,
I haste with the storm to a far distant shore ;
Where unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest,
And joy shall revisit my bosom no more.

DELIA,—*An Ode.*

FAIR the face of orient day,
Fair the tints of op'ning rose ;
But fairer still my Delia dawns,
More lovely far her beauty blows.

Sweet the Lark's wild-warbled lay,
Sweet the tinkling rill to hear ;
But, Delia, more delightful still,
Steal thine accents on mine ear.

The flower-enamour'd busy bee
The rosy banquet loves to sip ;
Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip ;

But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
Let me, no vagrant insect, rove !
O let me steal one liquid kiss !
For Oh ! my soul is parch'd with love !

ON THE DEATH OF
SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR.

Tuz lamp of day, with ill-presaging glare,
Dim, cloudy, sunk beneath the western wave ;
Th' inconstant blast howl'd thro' the dark'ning air,
And hollow whistl'd in the rocky cave.

Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell,
Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train ; *
Or mus'd where limpid streams, once hallow'd, well, †
Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred fane. ‡

Th' increasing blast roar'd round the beetling rocks,
The clouds swift-wing'd flew o'er the starry sky,
The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,
And shooting meteors caught the startled eye.

The paly moon rose in the livid east,
And 'mong the cliffs disclos'd a stately Fern,
In weeds of woe that frantic beat her breast,
And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,
'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd :
Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe,
The lightning of her eye in tears imbued.

* The King's Park, at Holyrood house.
† St. Anthony's Well. ‡ St. Anthony's Chapel.

Revers'd that spear, redoubtable in war,
Reclin'd that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd,
That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar,
And brav'd the mighty monarchs of the world.—

“ My patriot son fills an untimely grave ! ”
With accents wild and lifted arms she cried ;
“ Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save,
“ Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride !

“ A weeping country joins a widow's tear,
“ The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry ;
“ The drooping arts surround their patron's bier,
“ And grateful science heaves the heartfelt sigh.—

“ I saw my sons resume their ancient fire ;
“ I saw fair Freedom's blossoms richly blow ;
“ But, ah ! how hope is born but to expire !
“ Relentless fate has laid this guardian low.—

“ My patriot falls, but shall he lie unsung,
“ While empty greatness saves a worthless name !
“ No ; every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue,
“ And future ages bear his growing fame.

“ And I will join a mother's tender cares,
“ Thro' future times to make his virtues last,
“ That distant years may boast of other Blairs,”—
She said, and vanish'd with the sweeping blast.

WRITTEN on the blank leaf of a copy of the Poems, presented to an old Sweetheart, then married.

Once fondly lov'd, and still remember'd dear,
Sweet early object of my youthful vows,
Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere,
Friendship ! 'tis all cold duty now allows.—

And when you read the simple artless rhymes,
One friendly sigh for him, he asks no more,
Who distant burns in flaming torrid climes,
Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar.

THE KIRK'S ALARM.*

A SATIRE.

ORTHODOX, Orthodox, wha believe in John Knox,
Let me sound an alarm to your conscience :
There 's a heretic blast, has been blawn in the wast,
That what is no sense must be nonsense.

Dr Mac,† Dr Mac, you should stretch on a rack,
To strike evil doers wi' terror ;
To join faith and sense upon ony pretence,
Is heretic, damnable error.

* This Poem was written a short time after the publication of Dr M'Gill's Essay.

† Dr M'Gill.

Town of Ayr, town of Ayr, it was mad I declare,
 'To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing ;
 Provost John is still deaf to the church's relief,
 And orator Bob* is its ruin.

D'rymple mild,† D'rymple mild, tho' your heart 's
 like a child,
 And your life like the new driven snaw,
 Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan must have ye,
 For preaching that three 's ane and twa.

Rumble John,‡ Rumble John, mount the steps wi'
 a groan,
 Cry the book is wi' heresy cramm'd ;
 Then lug out your ladle, deal brimstane like adle,
 And roar every note of the damn'd.

Simper James,§ Simper James, leave the fair Killie
 dames,
 There 's a holier chace in your view ;
 I'll lay on your head, that the pack ye 'll soon lead,
 For puppies like you there 's but few.

Singet Sawney,|| Singet Sawney, are ye herding the
 penny,
 Unconscious what evils await ;
 Wi' a jump, yell, and howl, alarm every soul,
 For the foul thief is just at your gate.

* R——t A—k n. † Mr D—m—le. ‡ Mr R—ss—l—
 § Mr M'K—y. || Mr M——y.

Daddy Auld,* Daddy Auld, there's a tod in the fauld,
 A tod meikle waur than the Clerk ;
 Tho' ye can do little skaith, ye 'll be in at the death,
 And gif ye canna bite, ye may bark.

Davie Bluster,† Davie Bluster, if for a saint ye do
 muster,
 The corps is no nice of recruits :
 Yet to worth let 's be just, royal blood ye might
 boast,
 If the ass was the king of the brutes.

Jamy Goose, ‡ Jamy Goose, ye hae made but toom
 roose,
 In hunting the wicked Lieutenant ;
 But the Doctor 's your mark, for the L—d 's haly
 ark,
 He has cooper'd and caw'd a wrang pin in't.

Poet Willie,§ Poet Willie, gie the Doctor a volley,
 Wi' your liberty's chain and your wit ;
 O'er Pegasus' side ye ne'er laid a stride,
 Ye but smelt, man, the place where he sh-t.

Andro Gouk,|| Andro Gouk, ye may slander the
 book,
 And the book not the waur let me tell ye !
 Ye are rich, and look big, but lay by hat and wig,
 And ye 'll hae a calf's head o' sma' value.

* Mr A—d.

† Mr G——t of O—l—e.

‡ Mr Y—g of C—n—k.

§ Mr P—b—s of A—r.

|| Dr A. M—ll.

Barr Steenie,* Barr Steenie, what mean ye? what
mean ye?

If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,
Ye may hae some pretence to havins and sense,
Wi' people wha ken ye nae better.

Irvine Side,† Irvine Side, wi' your turkeycock pride
Of manhood but sma' is your share;
Ye've the figure, 'tis true, even your fues will allow,
And your friends they dare grant you nae mair.

Muirland Jock,‡ Muirland Jock, when the L—d
makes a rock
To crush common sense for her sins,
If ill manners were wit, there's no mortal so fit
To confound the poor Doctor at ance.

Holy Will,§ Holy Will, there was wit i' your skull,
When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor;
The timmer is scant, when ye're ta'en for a saint,
Wha should swing in a rape for an hour.

Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons, seize your sp'itual
guns,
Ammunition you never can need;
Your hearts are the stuff, will be powther enough,
And your skulls are storehouses o' lead.

Poet Burns, Poet Burns, wi' your priest skelping
turns,
Why desert ye your auld native shire;
Your muse is a gipsie, e'en tho' she were tipsie,
She cou'd ca' us nae waur than we are.

* Mr S———n Y———g of B———. † Mr S———h of G———n.
‡ Mr S———d. § An Elder in M———c.

THE TWA HERDS.*

O A' ye pious godly flocks,
Well fed on pastures orthodox,
Wha now will keep you frae the fox,
Or worrying tykes,
Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks,
About the dykes ?

The twa best herds in a' the wast,
That e'er gae gospel horn a blast,
These five and twenty summers past,
O dool to tell !
Hae had a bitter black out-cast,
Atween themsel.

O, M———y, man, and wordy R———ll,
How could you raise so vile a bustle,
Ye 'll see how new-light herds will whistle,
And think it fine !
The Lord's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle,
Sin' I hae min'.

O, Sirs ! whae'er wad hae expeckit,
Your duty ye wad sae negleckit,
Ye wha were ne'er by lairds respeckit,
To wear the plaid,
But by the brutes themselves eleckit,
To be their guide.

* This piece was among the first of our Author's productions which he submitted to the public ; and was occasioned by a dispute between two Clergymen, near Kilmarnock.

What flock wi' M——y's flock could rank,
Sae hale and hearty every shank,
Nae poison'd soor Arminian stank,
 He let them taste,
Frae Calvin's well, ay clear they drank,
 O' sic a feast !

The thummart wil'-cat, brock and tod,
Weel kend his voice thro' a' the wood,
He smell'd their ilka hole and road,
 Baith out and in,
And weel he lik'd to shed their bluid,
 And sell their skin.

What herd like R——ll tell'd his tale,
His voice was heard thro' muir and dale,
He kend the Lord's sheep, ilka tail,
 O'er a' the height,
And saw gin they were sick or hale,
 At the first sight.

He fine a mangy sheep could scrub,
Or nobly fling the gospel club,
And new-light herds could nicely drub,
 Or pay their skin,
Could shake them o'er the burning dub,
 Or heave them in.

Sic twa— O ! do I live to see't,
Sic famous twa should disagree't,
An' names, like villain, hypocrite,
 Ilk ither gi'en,
While new-light herds wi' laughin' spite,
 Say neither 's liein' !

A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld,
 There 's D——n deep, and P——s shaul,
 But chiefly thou, apostle A——d,
 We trust in thee,
 That thou wilt work them. hot and cauld,
 Till they agree.

Consider, Sirs, how we 're beset,
 There 's scarce a new herd that we get,
 But comes frae 'mang that cursed set,
 I winna name,
 I hope frae heav'n to see them yet
 In fiery flame.

D——e has been lang our fae,
 M'——ll has wrought us meikle wae,
 And that curs'd rascal ca'd M'——e,
 And baith the S——s,
 That aft hae made us black and blue,
 Wi' vengefu' paws.

Auld W——w lang has hatch'd mischief,
 We thought ay death wad bring relief,
 But he has gotten, to our grief,
 Ane to succeed him,
 A chiel wha 'll soundly buff our beef;
 I meikle dread him.

And mony a ane that I could tell,
 Wha fain would openly rebel,
 Forby turn-coats amang oursel.
 There S——h for ane,
 I doubt he 's but a grey nick quill,
 And that ye 'll fin'.

O! a' ye flocks, o'er a' the hills,
 By mosses, meadows, moors and fells.
 Come join your counsel and your skills,
 To cove the lairds,
 And get the brutes the power themsels,
 To choose their herds.

Then Orthodoxy yet may prance,
 And Learning in a woody dance,
 And that fell cur ca'd Common Sense,
 That bites sae sair,
 Be banish'd o'er the sea to France;
 Let him bark there.

Then Shaw's and D'rymple's eloquence,
 M'———ll's close nervous excellence,
 M'Q——'s pathetic manly sense,
 And guid M'———h,
 Wi' S——th, wha thro' the heart can glance,
 May a' pack aff.

THE HENPECK'D HUSBAND.

Curs'd be the man the poorest wretch in life,
 The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife,
 Who has no will but by her high permission;
 Who has not sixpence but in her possession;
 Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell;
 Who dreads a curtain lecture worse than hell.
 Were such the wife had fallen to my part,
 I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart:
 I'd charm her with the magic of a switch,
 I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse b——h.

EPITAPH,

ON A HENPECK'D COUNTRY-SQUIRE.

As father Adam first was fool'd,
A case that 's still too common,
Here lies a man a woman rul'd,
The devil rul'd the woman.

EPIGRAM.

ON SAID OCCASION.

O DEATH, had'st thou but spar'd his life,
Whom we this day lament !
We freely wad exchang'd the wife.
And a' been weel content.

Ev'n as he is, cauld in his graff,
The swap we yet will do't ;
Take thou the Carlin's carcase aff,
Thou 'se get the saul o' boot.

ANOTHER.

ONE Queen Artemisia, as old stories tell,
When depriv'd of her husband she loved so well,
In respect for the love and affection he 'd shewn her
She reduc'd him to dust and she drank up the powder.

But Queen N*****, of a different complexion,
When call'd on to order the fun'ral direction,
Would have eat her dead lord, on a slender pretence,
Not to shew her respect, but—to *save the expence*.

ADDRESS

TO AN ILLEGITIMATE CHILD.

THOU 's welcome wean, mishanter fa' me,
If ought of thee, or of thy mammy,
Shall ever danton me, or awe me,
My sweet wee lady,
Or if I blush when thou shalt ca' me
Tit-ta or daddy.

Wee image of my bonny Betty,
I fatherly will kiss an' daut thee,
As dear an' near my heart I set thee
Wi' as gude will,
As a' the priests had seen me get thee
That 's out o' h-ll.

What tho' they ca' me fornicator,
An' tease my name in kintra clatter :
The mair they tauk I 'm kent the better,
E'en let them clash ;
An auld wife's tongue 's a feckless matter
To gie ane fash.

Sweet fruit o' mony a merry dint,
 My funny toil is now a' tint,
 Sin' thou came to the warl asklent,
 Which fools may scoff at;
 In my last plack thy part 's be in't—
 The better hau'f o't.

An' if thou be what I wad hae thee,
 An' tak the counsel I sall gie thee,
 A lovin' father I 'll be to thee,
 If thou be spar'd;
 Thro' a' thy childish years I 'll e'e thee,
 An' think't weel war'd.

Gude grant that thou may ay inherit
 Thy mither's person, grace, an' merit,
 An' thy poor worthless daddy's spirit,
 Without his failins,
 'Twill please me mair to hear an' see't,
 Than stocket mailins.

*VERSES written on a window of the Inn at
 Carron.*

We came na here to view your warks
 In hopes to be mair wise,
 But only, lest we gang to hell,
 It may be nae surprise:
 But whan we tirl'd at your door,
 Your porter dought na hear us;
 Sae may, shou'd we to hell's yetts come,
 Your billy Satan sair us!

EPIGRAM.

[Burns accompanied by a friend, having gone to Inverary, at a time when some company were there on a visit to his Grace the Duke of Argyll, finding himself and his companion entirely neglected by the Inn-keeper, whose whole attention seemed to be occupied with the visitors of his Grace, expressed his disapprobation of the incivility with which they were treated in the following lines.]

WHOS'ER he be that sojourns here,
 I pity much his case,
 Unless he come to wait upon
 The Lord their God his Grace.

There 's naething here but Highland pride,
 And Highland scab and hunger ;
 If Providence has sent me here,
 'Twas surely in an anger.

LINES written by Burns, while on his death-bed, to John Ranken, Ayrshire, and forwarded to him immediately after the Poet's death.

He who of Ranken sang, lies stiff and dead ;
 And a green grassy hillock hides his head ;
 Alas ! alas ! a devilish change indeed !

VERSES addressed to the above J. Ranken, on his writing to the Poet, that a girl in that part of the country was with child to him.

I am a keeper of the law
 In some sma' points, altho' not a' ;
 Some people tell me gin I fa',
 Ae way or ither.
 The breaking of ae point, tho' sma',
 Breaks a' thegither.

I hae been in for 't ance or twice,
 And winna say o'er far for thrice,
 Yet never met with that surprise
 That broke my rest,
 But now a rumour 's like to rise,
 A whaup 's i' the nest.

At a Meeting of the Dumfries-shire Volunteers, held to commemorate the Anniversary of Rodney's Victory, April 12, 1782, Burns was called upon for a Song, instead of which he delivered the following lines extempore.

INSTEAD of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast,—
 Here 's the memory of those on the twelfth that we
 lost :
 That we lost, did I say ? nay, by heav'n that we
 found,
 For their fame it shall last while the world goes
 round.

The next in succession, I 'll give you the King,
 Whoe'er would betray him, on high may he swing;
 And here 's the grand fabric, our free Constitution,
 As built on the base of the great Revolution;
 And longer with Politics, not to be cramm'd,
 Be Anarchy curs'd, and be Tyranny damn'd;
 And who would to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,
 May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial.

*LINES on being asked, why God had made Miss
 Davis so little and Mrs *** so large.*

WRITTEN ON A PANE OF GLASS IN THE INN AT
 MOFFAT.

Ask why God made the gem so small,
 An' why so huge the granite?
 Because God meant mankind should set
 The higher value on it.

ON MISS J. SCOTT, OF AYR.

Oh! had each Scot of ancient times,
 Been, Jeany Scott, as thou art,
 The bravest heart on English ground,
 Had yielded like a coward.

S

*ANSWER to a Poetical Epistle sent the Author
by a Tailor.*

WHAT ails ye now, ye lousie b——h,
To thresh my back at sic a pitch?
Losh man! hae mercy wi' your natch,
Your bodkin 's bauld,
I did na suffer ha'f sae much
Frae Daddie Auld.

What tho' at times when I grow crouse,
I gie their wames a random pouse,
Is that enough for you to souse
Your servant sae?
Gae mind your seam, ye prick the louse,
An' jag the flae.

King David o' poetic brief,
Wrought 'mang the lasses sic mischief,
As fill'd his after life wi' grief
An' bloody rants,
An' yet he 's rank'd amang the chief
O' lang syne saunts.

And may be, Tam, for a' my cants,
My wicked rhymes, an' drucken rants,
I 'll gie auld cloven Clooty's haunts
An unco slip yet,
An' snugly sit amang the saunts,
At Davie's hip yet.

But fegs, the Session says I maun
Gae fa' upo' anither plan,
Than garren lasses cowp the cran
Clean heels owre body,
And sairly thole their mither's ban,
Afore the howdy.

This leads me on, to tell for sport,
How I did with the Session sort—
Auld Clinkum at the Inner port
Cry'd three times, "Robin!"
"Come hither lad, an' answer for't,
"Ye're blam'd for jobbin."

Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on,
An' snoov'd awa' before the Session—
I made an open fair confession,
I scorn'd to lie;
An' syne Mess John, beyond expression,
Fell foul o' me.

A fornicator-lown he call'd me,
An' said my fau't frae bliss expell'd me;
I own'd the tale was true he tell'd me,
"But what the matter?"
Quo' I, "I fear unless ye geld me,
"I'll ne'er be better."

"Geld you!" quo' he, "and whatfore no?"
"If that your right hand, leg or toe,
"Should ever prove your sp'ritual foe,
"You shou'd remember
"To cut it aff, an' whatfore no
"Your dearest member?"

Na, na, quo' I, "I'm no for that,
Gelding's nae better than 'tis ca't,
"I'd rather suffer for my faut,
"A hearty flewit,
"As sair owre hip as ye can draw 't!
"Tho' I should rue it.

' Or gin ye like to end the bother,
 ' To please us a', I've just ae ither,
 ' When next wi' yon lass I forgather,
 ' Whate'er betide it,
 ' I'll frankly gie her 't a' thegither,
 ' An' let her guide it.'

But, Sir, this pleased them warst ava,
 An' therefore, Tam, when that I saw,
 I said, ' Gude night,' and cam awa,
 And left the Session ;
 I saw they were resolved a'
 On my oppression.

*LETTER to John Goudie, Kilmarnock, on the
 publication of his Essays.*

O Goudie ! terror o' the Whigs,
 Dread o' black coats and rev'rend wigs,
 Soor Bigotry, on her last legs,
 Girnin' looks back,
 Wishin' the ten Egyptian plagues
 Wad seize you quick.

Poor gapin' glowrin' Superstition,
 Waes me ! she 's in a sad condition ;
 Fy, bring Black-Jock her state physician,
 To see her w-ter ;
 Alas ! there 's ground o' great suspicion
 She 'll ne'er get better.

Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple,
 But now she 's got an unco ripple,
 Haste, gie her name up i' the chapel,
 Nigh unto death ;
 See how she fetches at the thrapple,
 An' gasps for breath.

Enthusiasm 's past redemption,
 Gaen in a galloping consumption,
 Not a' the quacks wi' a' their gumption,
 Will ever mend her,
 Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption,
 Death soon will end her.

'Tis you and Taylor* are the chief,
 Wha are to blame for this misch'ief ;
 But gin the Lord's ain focks gat leave,
 A toom tar-barrel
 An' twa red peats wad send relief,
 An' end the quarrel.

LETTER TO J—S T—T GL—NC—R.

AULD com'rade dear and brither sinner,
 How 's a' the folk about Gl—nc—r ;
 How do you this blae eastlin wind,
 That 's like to blaw a body blind ?
 For me my faculties are frozen,
 My dearest member nearly dozen'd ;
 I 've sent you here by Johnie Simson,
 Twa sage philosophers to glimpse on ;
 Smith, wi' his sympathetic feeling,
 An' Reid, to common sense appealing,

* Dr Taylor of Norwich.

Philosophers have fought an' wrangled,
 An' meikle Greek an' Latin mangled,
 Till wi' their logic-jargon tir'd,
 An' in the depth of science mir'd,
 To common sense they now appeal,
 What wivies an' wabsters see an' feel ;
 But, hark ye, friend, I charge you strictly,
 Peruse them an' return them quickly,
 For now I 'm grown sae cursed douse,
 I pray an' ponder *butt* the house,
 My shins, my lane, I there sit roastin',
 Perusing Bunyan, Brown, and Boston ;
 Till by an' by, if I haud on,
 I 'll grunt a real Gospel-groan :
 Already I begin to try it,
 To cast my een up like a pyet,
 When by the gun she tumbles o'er,
 Flutt'ring an' gasping in her gore :
 Sae shortly you shall see me bright,
 A burning an' a shining light.

My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen,
 The ace an' wale of honest men :
 When bending down with auld grey hairs,
 Beneath the load of years and cares,
 May he who made him still support him,
 An' views beyond the grave comfort him.
 His worthy fam'ly far and near,
 God bless them a' wi' grace and gear.

My auld school-fellow, Preacher Willie,
 The manly tar, my mason Billie,
 An' Auchenbay, I wish him joy ;
 If he 's a parent, lass or boy,
 May he be dad, and Meg the mither,
 Just five-and-forty years thegither !

An' no forgetting wabster Charlie,
I'm tauld he offers very fairly.
An' L—d, remember singing Sannock,
Wi' hale-brecks, saxpence, an' a bannock.
An' next, my auld acquaintance, Nancy,
Since she is fitted to her fancy ;
An' her kind stars hae airted till her,
A guld chiel wi' a pickle siller.
My kindest, best respects I sen' it,
To cousin Kate an' sister Janet ;
Tell them frae me, wi' chieles be cautious,
For, faith, they 'll aiblins fin' them fashious ;
To grant a heart is fairly civil,
But to grant a maidenhead 's the devil.—
An' lastly, Jamie, for yoursel,
May guardian angels tak a spell,
An' steer you seven miles south o' hell ;
But first, before you see heav'n's glory,
May ye get mony a merry story,
Mony a laugh, and mony a drink,
An' ay eneugh o' needfu' clink.

Now fare ye weel, an' joy be wi' you,
For my sake this I beg it o' you,
Assist poor Simson a' ye can,
Ye 'll fin' him just an honest man ;
Sae I conclude and quat my chanter,
Your's, saint or sinner,

ROB THE RANTER.

LINES, written extempore in a Lady's Pocket-book.

GRANT me, indulgent Heav'n, that I may live
To see the miscreants feel the pains they give ;
Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
Till slave and despot be but things which were.

EXTEMPORE lines in answer to a Card from an intimate of Burns, wishing him to spend an hour at a Tavern.

THE King's most humble servant, I
Can scarcely spare a minute ;
But I 'll be wi' ye by an' bye ;
Or else the Deil 's be in it.

LINES written and presented to Mrs Kemble, on seeing her in the character of Yarico.

Dumfries Theatre, 1794.

KEMBLE, thou curest my unbelief
Of Moses and his rod ;
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief,
The rock with tears had flow'd.

LINES written on Windows of the Globe-Tavern Dumfries.

THE greybeard, Old Wisdom, may boast of his
treasures,
Give me with gay Folly to live ;
I grant him his calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures,
But Folly has raptures to give.

I MURDER hate by field or flood,
Tho' glory's name may screen us ;
In wars at hame I'll spend my blood,
Life-giving war of Venus.

The deities that I adore,
Are social Peace and Plenty,
I'm better pleased *to make one more*,
Than be the death of twenty.

My bottle is my holy pool,
That heals the wounds o' care an' dool,
And pleasure is a wanton trout.
An' ye drink it, ye 'll find him out.

In politics if thou would'st mix,
And mean thy fortunes be ;
Bear this in mind, be deaf and blind,
Let great folks hear and see.

*LINES written on a Window, at the King's
Arm's Tavern, Dumfries.*

Ye men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering
'Gainst poor Excisemen ? give the cause a
hearing :
What are your landlords' rent-rolls ? taxing ledgers :
What premiers, what ? even Monarchs' mighty
gaugers :
Nay, what are priests ? those seeming godly wise-
men ;
What are they pray ? but spiritual Excisemen.

*LINES written under the picture of the celebrated
Miss Burns.*

CEASE, ye prudes, your envious railing,
Lovely Burns has charms—*confess* ;
True it is, she had one failing,
Had a woman ever less ?

EPIGRAM

ON

CAPTAIN FRANCIS GROSE,

THE CELEBRATED ANTIQUARY.

THE Devil got notice that GROSE was a-dying,
So whip ! at the summons, old Satan came flying ;
But when he approach'd where poor FRANCIS lay
moaning,
And saw each bed-post with its burden a-groaning,
Astonish'd ! confounded ! cry'd Satan, by G-d,
I'll want 'im, ere I take such a d——ble load.*

EPITAPH

ON A WAG IN MAUCHLINE.

LAMENT him Mauchline husbands a',
He often did assist ye ;
For had ye staid whole weeks awa',
Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye.

* Mr Grose was exceedingly corpulent, and used to rally himself, with the greatest good humour, on the singular rotundity of his figure.

Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye pass
To school in bands thegither,
O tread ye lightly on his grass,
Perhaps he was your father.

EPIGRAM

ON ELPHINSTONE'S TRANSLATION OF MARTIAL'S
EPIGRAMS.

O THOU whom Poetry abhors,
Whom Prose has turned out of doors,
Heard'st thou that groan—proceed no further,
Twas laurel'd Martial roaring murder.

EPITAPH

ON J—N B——Y, WRITER IN DUMFRIES.

HERE lies J—n B——y, *honest man* !
Cheat him, Devil, if you can.

EPITAPH ON JOHN DOVE,

INNKEEPER, MAUCHLINE.

HERE lies Johny Pidgeon,
What was his religion,
Whae'er desires to ken,
To some other warl'
Maun follow the carl,
For here Johnny Pidgeon had nane.

Strong ale was ablution,
 Small beer persecution,
 A dram was *memento mori* ;
 But a full flowing bowl
 Was the saving his soul,
 And port was celestial glory.

EPITAPH

ON WALTER S——.

Sic a reptile was Wat,
 Sic a miscreant slave,
 That the worms ev'n d——d him,
 When laid in his grave.
 ' In his flesh there 's a famine,'
 A starv'd reptile cries ;
 ' An' his heart is rank poison,'
 Another replies.

EPITAPH

ON A PERSON NICKNAMED THE MARQUIS, WHO
 DESIRED BURNS TO WRITE ONE ON HIM.

HERE lies a mock Marquis whose titles we
 shamm'd,
 If ever he rise, it will be to be d——d.

FINIS.



