

ROBERT BURNS
—
COMMON PLACE BOOK
1783-85
—
THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT



KERR & RICHARDSON.

Telegraph Address—"ELLISLAND, GLASGOW."

89 QUEEN STREET,

Glasgow, 15 June 1891

TELEPHONE No. 896.

Wm Law Esq:

Dear Sir

Your telegram and letter of 12th came duly to hand on Saturday

Being from home I only got them today

The MS is all right, being the commonplace book printed entire re.

Scott Douglas's Remarks, pub^d by Peetersen, Vol IV p.p. 51-98

The owner is from home and no access can be had to the MS

title the 22^d or 23^d when it will be sent carefully packed

As you desire, it will be sent by parcel post, and insured to the limit allowed by the authorities

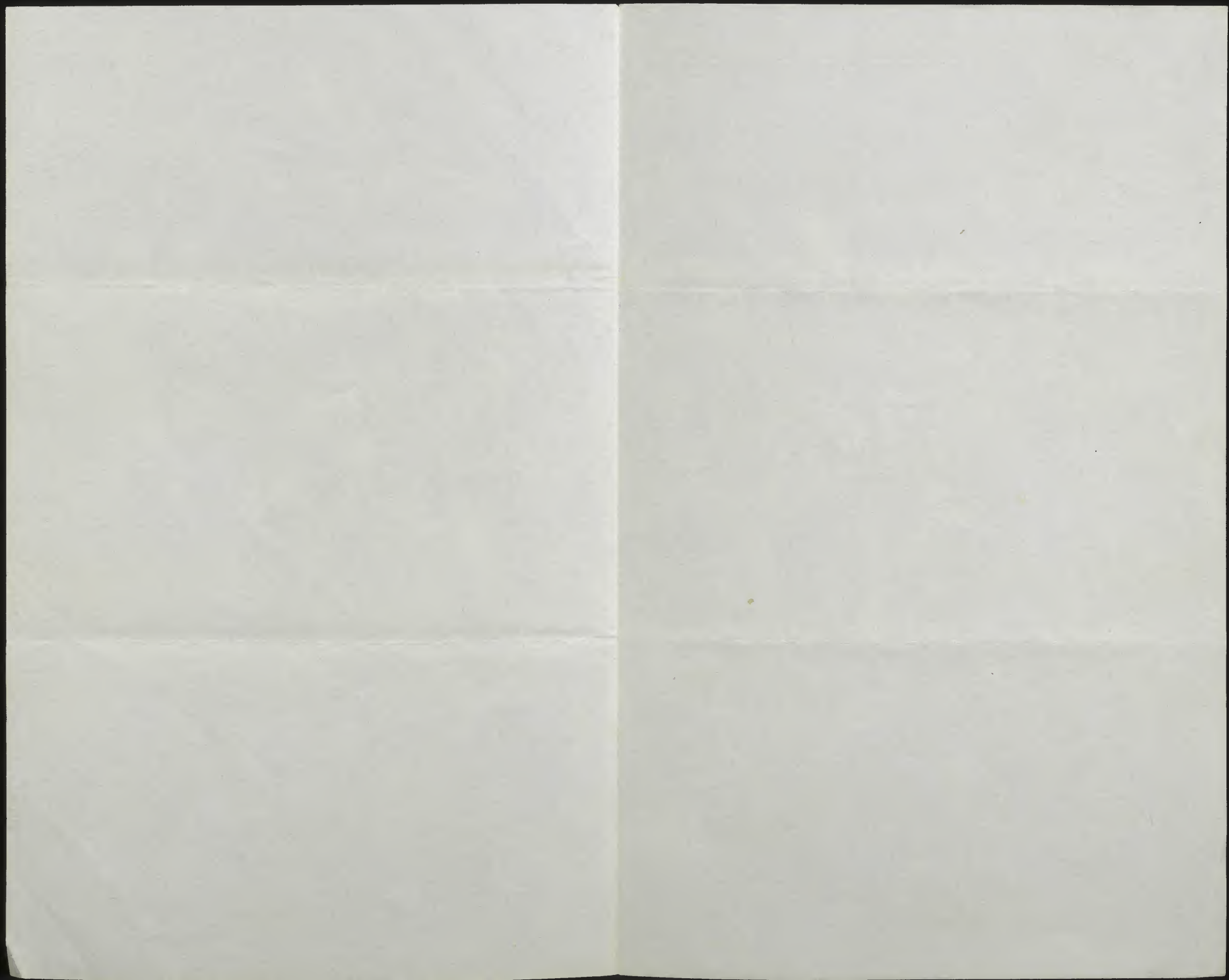
Beyond that my firm cannot take any risk

As the Scot. Mus: Museum is in the country, a MS cannot be sent for two or three days - We would rather send the whole for inspection as the numerous notes by Farquhar and Graham are of great value & have never been printed

The commonplace Bk: I consider a prize, which I did not expect to get

Yours faithfully

James Richardson



Robert Burns's first Common-place Book.

" On rummaging over some old papers I lighted on a MS of my early years, in which I had determined to write myself out; as I was placed by fortune among a class of men to whom my ideas would have been nonsense.

I had meant that the book should have lain by me in the fond hope, that some time or other, even after I was no more, my thoughts would fall into the hands of somebody capable of appreciating their value. It sets off thus:

Observations, Hints, Songs, Scraps of Poetry &c. by
R. B. 40.

The above is ^{written in} ~~the~~ an always copy
of the Common-place Book presented by the poet to Mr. Riddel
~~now~~ now preserved in the Athenaeum Library, Liverpool.

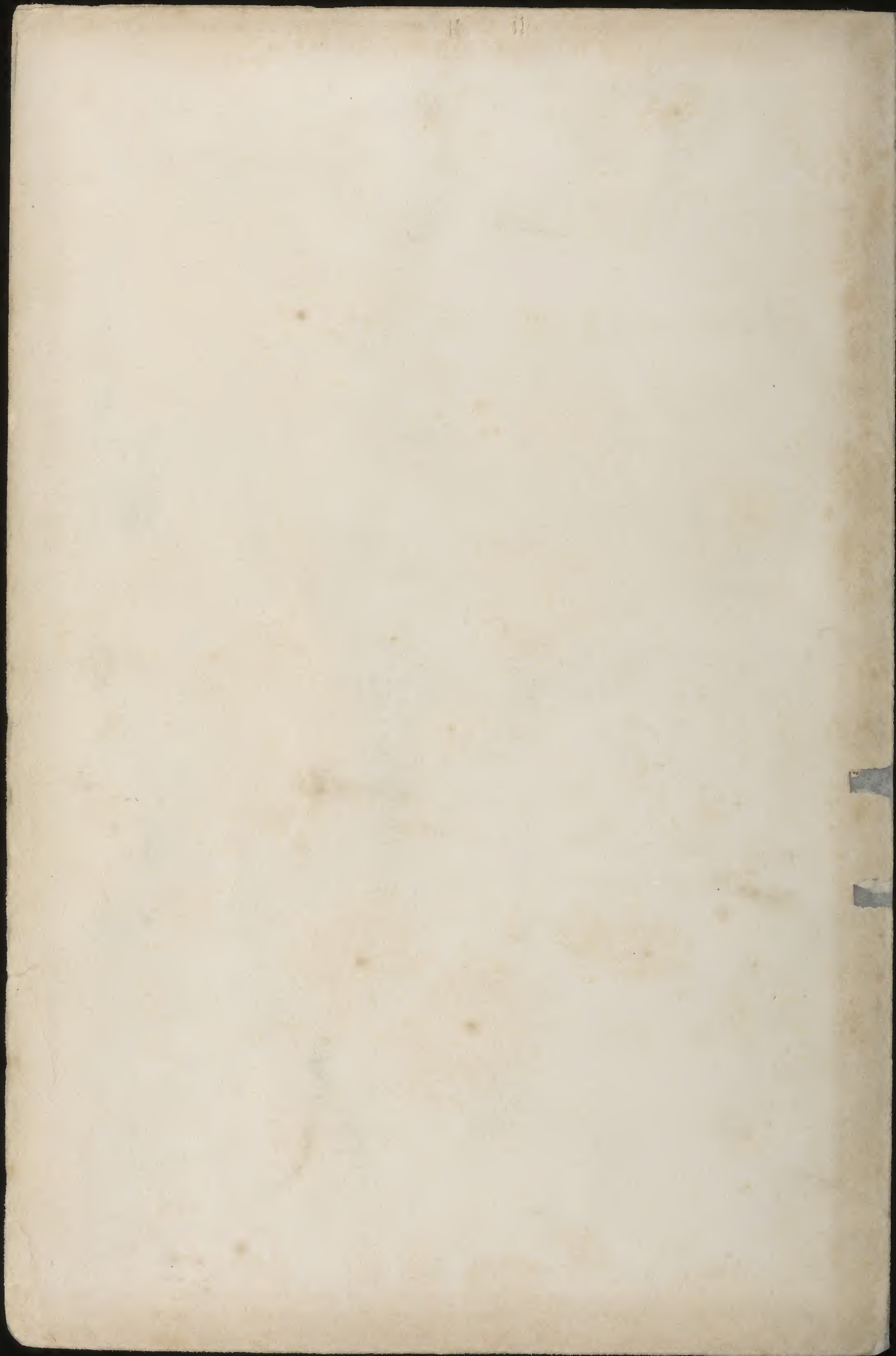
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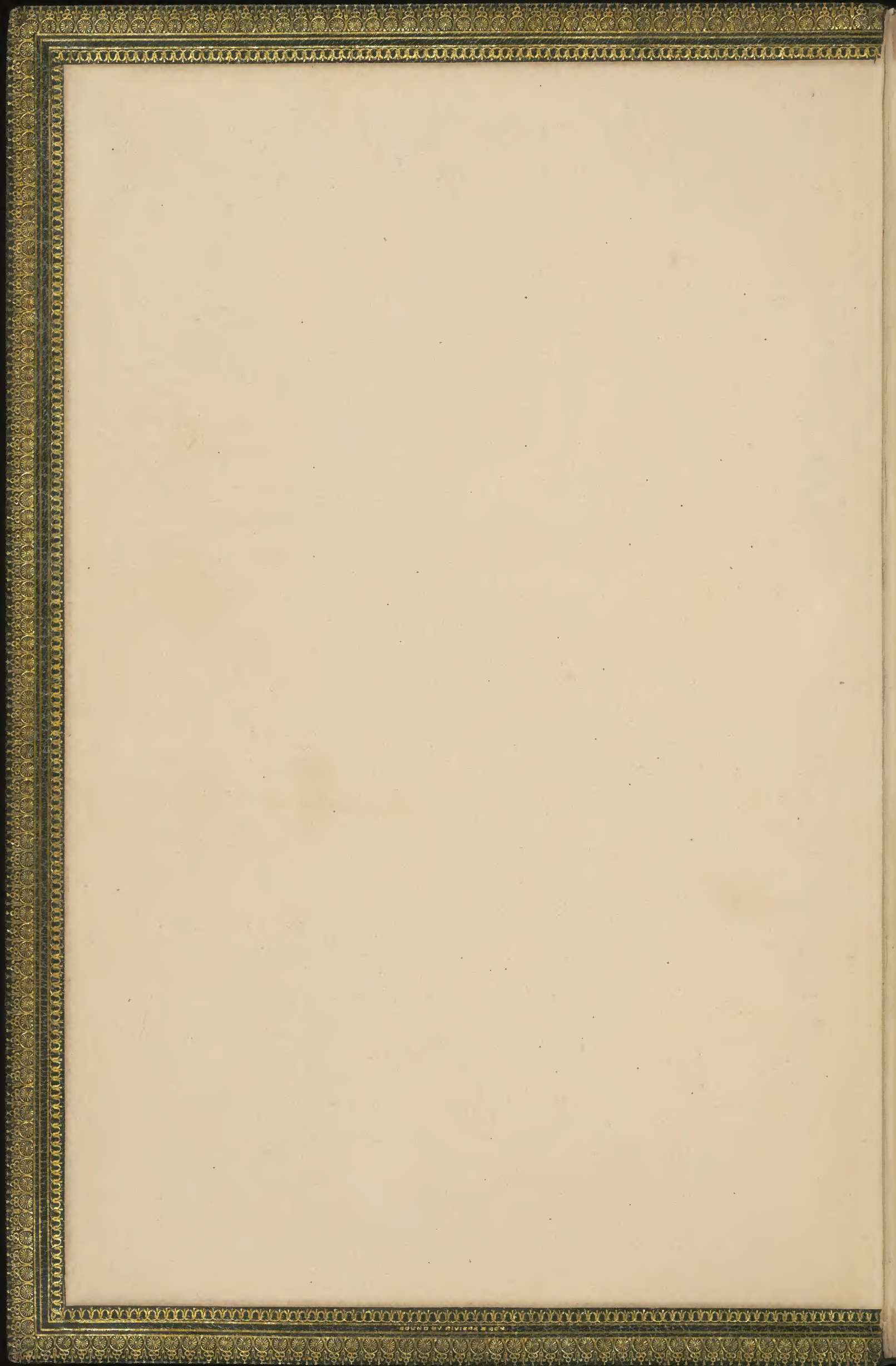
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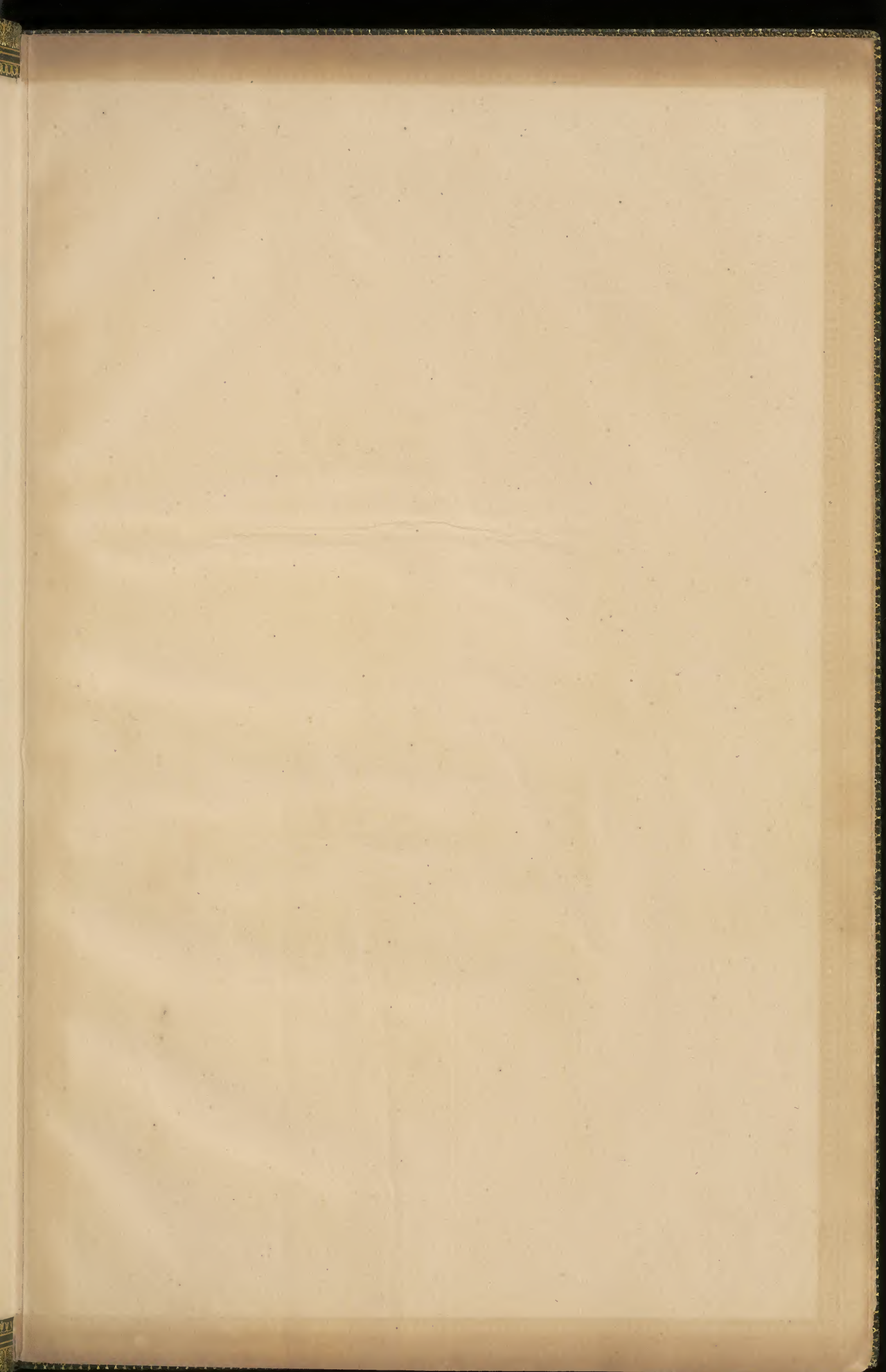
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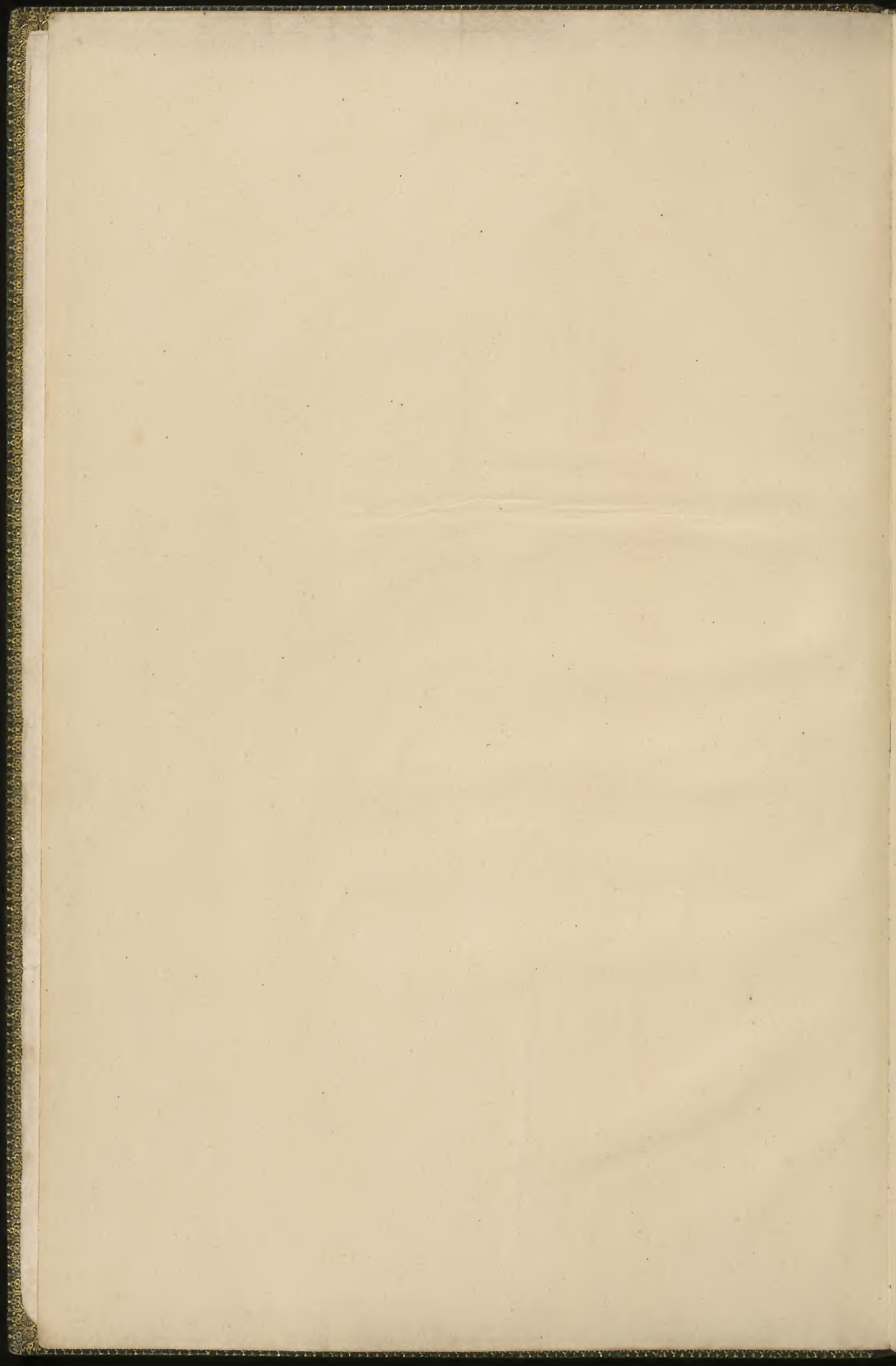
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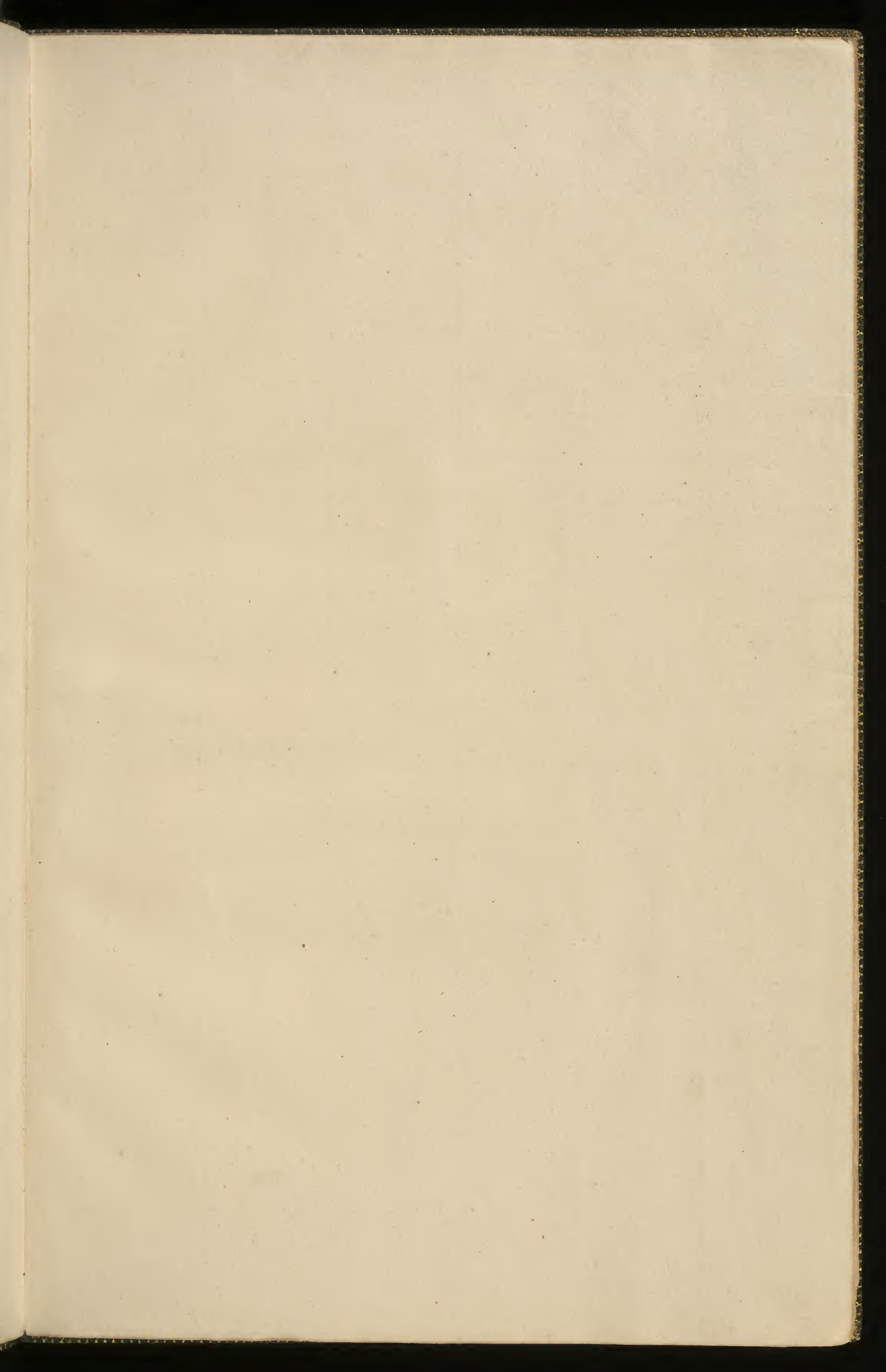
Bum

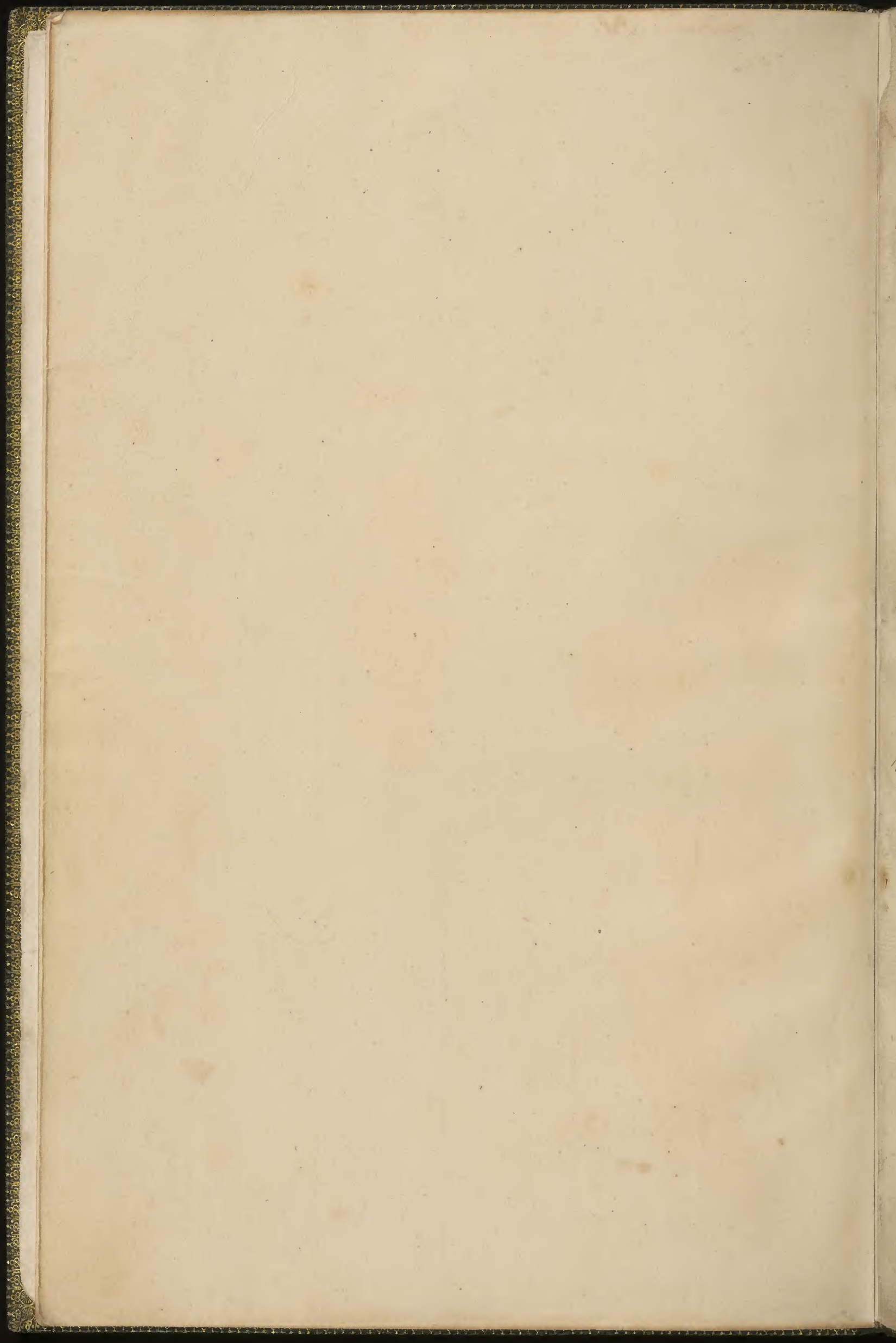












Examined N. 30^r Aug = 1797

Observations, Hints, Songs, Seraps of Poetry &c. by Robt Burns;
a man who had little art in making money, and still less in keeping
it; but was, however, a man of some sense, a great deal of honest-
ty, and unbounded good-will to every creature rational or irrational.
As he was but little indebted to scholastic education and bred at a plough-
-tail, his performances must be strongly tinged with his unpolished,
rustic way of life; but as I believe, they are really his own, it may be
some entertainment to a curious observer of human nature to see
how a plough-man thinks, and feels, under the pressure of Love, Ambi-
-tion, Anxiety, Grief with the like cares and passions, which, however
diversified by the Modes, and Manners of life, operate pretty much alike
I believe, in all the species

" There are numbers in the world, who do not want sense, to make a
" figure; so much as an opinion of their own abilities, to put them upon
" recording their observations, and allowing them the same importance which
" they do to those which appear in print." — Thomson

" Sleeping when youth is long exper'd to trace,
The forms our pencil, or our pen design'd!

" Such was our youthful air and shape and face!

" Such the soft image of our youthful mind.

Goldern

The following pieces marked thus X appear to *JS*
to be agreeable & interesting - not only from their own
merit but from the circumstances and time in which
they must have been written - The observations de
made by Burns give them additional value

The Maxims & remarks also seem to me worthy
of being published for the same reason.

W. Burns note

These happy days

1783

April - 83

23 years of age

3

X Notwithstanding all that has been said against Love respecting the folly & weakness it leads a young unexperienced mind into; still I think it in a great measure, deserves the highest encomiums that have been passed upon it. If any thing on earth deserves the name of rapture or transport it is the feelings of ^{a youth of} ~~an~~ eighteen in the company of the mistress of his heart when she repays him with an equal return of affection.

Aug. There is certainly some connection ^{between} Love, and Music & Poetry; and therefore, I have always thought it a fine touch of Nature, that passage in a modern love composition
 "As towards her cot he jogg'd along"
 "Her name was frequent in his song"

For my own part I never had the least thought or inclination of turning Poet till I got once heartily in Love, and then Rhyme & Song were, in a manner, the spontaneous language of my heart. The following composition was the first of my performances, and done at an early period of life, when my heart glow'd with honest warm simplicity; unacquainted, and uncorrupted with the ways of a wicked world. The performance is, indeed, very puerile and silly; but I am always pleas'd with it, as it recalls to my mind those happy days when my heart was yet honest and my tongue was sincere. The subject of it was a young girl who really deserved all the praises I have bestowed on her. I not only had this opinion of her then - but I actually think so still, now that the spell is long since broken, and the enchantment at an end.

Song - (Tune, I am a man unmarried)

X Once I lov'd a bonny lass
 Ay and I love her still
 And whilst that ^{honour} virtue warms my breast
 I'll love my handsome Kett
 & let her be d'Ve.

As bonny lassies I hae seen,
And mony full as braw;
But for a modest gracefu' mien,
The like I never saw.

A bonny 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 blythe and sweet,
Stand what is best of a,
Her reputation is compleat
And fair without a flaw.

The dresses ay fae clean and neat,
Both decent and genteel;
And then there's something in her gate
Gars ony drefs look weel.

A gaudy drefs 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 controul.

Jonis

X Criticism on the foregoing song.

Lest my works should be thought below criticism; or met
with a critic who, perhaps, will not look on them with so
candid and favorable an eye; I am determined to criticize
them myself.

The first distic of the first stanza is quite too much in
the

the flimsy strain of our ordinary street ballads; and on the other hand, the second stic is too much in the other extreme. The expression is a little awkward, and the sentiment too serious. Stanza the second I am well pleased with; and I think it conveys a fine idea of that amiable part of the sex—the agreeables; or what in our Scotch dialect we call a sweet sony lass. The third Stanza has a little of the flimsy turn in it; and the third line has rather too serious a cast. The fourth Stanza is a very indifferent one; the first line is indeed all in the strain of the second Stanza, but the rest is mostly an expletive. ~~The fifth Stanza~~ The thoughts in the fifth Stanza come finely up to my favorite idea of a sweet sony lass: the last line however, halts a little. The same sentiments are kept up with equal spirit and tenderness in the sixth Stanza but the second and fourth lines ending with short syllables hurts the whole. The seventh Stanza has several minute faults; but I remember I composed it in a wild enthusiasm of passion, and to this hour I never recollect it, but my heart melts, and my blood falls at the remembrance.

Sept. I intirely agree with that judicious Philosopher McMillan in his excellent Theory of Moral Sentiments, that Remorse is the most painful sentiment that can embetter the human bosom! Any ordinary fitch of fortune may bear up tolerably well under those calamities, in the procurement of which, we ourselves have had no hand; but when our own follies or crimes, have made us miserable & wretched, to bear it up with manly firmness, and at the same time have a proper penitential sense of our misconduct, — is a glorious effort of self-command.

Of all the numerous ills that hurt our peace;
That press the soul, or wring the mind with anguish;
Beyond comparison the worst are those
By our own folly, or our guilt brought on.
In every other circumstance the mind

6
Has this to say, it was no deed of mine:
But when to all the evil of misfortune
This sting is added, blame the foolish self;
Or worse far, the pangs of keen remorse:
The tort'ring, gnawing consciousness of guilt
Of guilt, perhaps, where we've involved others;
The young, the innocent, who fondly lov'd us:
Nay more, that very love, their cause of ruin—
O! burning Hell, in all thy store of torments
There's not a keener Blasphemy
Gives there a man so firm who, while his heart
Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime,
Can reason down it's agonizing throbs,
And, after proper purpose of atonement,
Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace.
O happy, happy, enviable man!
O glorious magnanimity of soul!

March 8th A penitential thought, in the hours of Remorse
All devil as I am, a ^{Intended for a tragedy} damned wretch,
A hardened, stubborn, unrepenting villain:
Still my heart melts at human wretchedness;
And with sincere, though unavailing sighs
I view the helpless children of distress.
With tears indignant I behold the Oppressor
Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction
Whose unsubmitting heart was all his crime.
Even you, ye hapless crew, I pity you,
Ye, whom the seeming good think fit to pity:
Ye poor, despoil'd, abandon'd Vagabonds
Whom vice, as usual, has turn'd o'er to ruin.
If but for kind, though ill requited friends
I had been driven forth like you forlorn

The most detested, worthless wretch among ye!

O! injur'd God! thy goodness has endow'd me

With talents passing most of my compeers,

Which I in just proportion have abus'd,

As far surpassing other common Villains

As Thou in natural parts hast given me more

I have often observed in the course of my experience of human life that every man even the worst, have something good about them, though very often nothing else than a happy temperment

of constitution inclining them to this or that Virtue; on this likewise, depends a great many, no man can say how many

of our Vices; for this reason no man can say in what degree any other person besides himself can be, with strict justice

called Wicked. — Let any of the strictest character for regularity of conduct among us, examine impartially how many

of his virtues are owing to constitution & education; how many Vices he has ^{never been guilty of} escaped, not from any care or vigilance, but from

want of opportunity, or some accidental circumstance inter-
-vening; how many of the weakness's of mankind he has

^{fallen into} ~~fallen into~~ ^{fallen into} because he was out of the line of such temptation; and, what often, if not always, weighs more than all the rest; how much

he is indebted to the World's good opinion, because the World does not know all; I say any man who can thus think, will scan the failings,

may the faults & crimes of mankind around him, with a brother's eye.
March 24 } This remark is copied du by the Bard in some other book

I have often coveted the acquaintance of that part of mankind commonly known by the ordinary phrase of Blackguards, sometimes farther than was consistent with the safety of my character.

those who by thoughtless Prodigality, or headstrong Passions have been driven to ruin: — though disgraced by follies, may sometimes ^{be} stain'd with guilt, and crimson'd o'er with crimes; ^{yet} I have found among them, in not

a few instances, some of the noblest Virtues, Magnanimity
Generosity

Generosity, disinterested friendship and even modesty, in the highest perfection.

March 8th } There was a certain period of my life that my spirit was broke by repeated losses & disasters, which threatened, & indeed effected the utter ruin of my fortune. My body ^{too} was attacked by that most dreadful distemper, a Hypochondria, or confirmed Melancholy: in this wretched state, the recollection of which makes me yet shudder, I having my harp on the Willow trees, except in some lucid intervals, in one of which I composed the following

X O Thou great Being! what Thou art
I surpass thee to know:
Yet sure I am that known to thee
Are all affairs below.
Thy creature here before thee stands,
All wretched & distressed.
Yet sure those ills that fire my soul
Obey thy high behest.
Sure Thou All Perfect 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;
O! man my soul with firm resolves
To bear, and not repine.

Tinis.

X April - As I am, what the men of the world, if they knew of such a man, would call a whimsical Mortal; I have various sources of pleasure & enjoyment which are, in a manner, peculiar to myself; or found here & there such other out-of-the-way person. Such is the peculiar pleasure I take in the season of Winter, more than the rest of the year. This, I believe, may be partly owing to my misfortunes giving my mind

many a night I have been in my chamber - my mind is wandering in the most whimsical manner -

a melancholy cast; but there is something even in the

"Mighty tempest & the heavy wale
Abrupt & deep stretch'd o'er the barren earth" which
raises the mind to a ferocious sublimity, favorable to every
thing great & noble. There is scarcely any earthly de-

ject gives ^{me} more I don't know if I should call it pleasure,
but something which exalts me, something which
enraptures me — than to walk in the sheltered side of
a wood or high plantation, in a cloudy winter day, and
hear a stormy wind howling among the trees & raising
o'er the plain — It is my best season for devotion;
my mind is rapt up in a kind of enthusiasm to Him
who, in the promissory language of Scripture, walks
on the wings of the wind. In one of these seasons,

just after a tract of misfortunes I composed the following
Song — (Tune Mr. Heron's Farewell)

The wintry West extends his blast
And hail & rain does blow;
Or the stormy North sends downing forth
The blinding sleet & snow.
And tumbling brown the burn comes down,
And roars frae bank to brae;
And bird & beast in covert rest,
And pass the weary 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 foeths my soul,
My griefs it seems to join;
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine.

Thou

I have heard the Bard frequently enforce the same
remark - viz that winter, w'd raising lamentations
weather - charmed him most -

Thou Power Supreme whose mighty scheme,
 These woes of mine fulfil;
 Here firm, I rest, they must be,
 Because they are thy will:
 Then all I want— (As thou grant
 This one request of mine;
 Since to enjoy, thou dost deny,
 Assist me to resign.

trial—

(Harris)

~~Let his Afflictions on the
 others just as his own~~

The following Song is a witty & happy, & perfectly sufficient
 in justification, but as the sentiments are the genuine feelings of
 my heart, for that ^{reason} I have a particular pleasure in coming it over.

X I like the following Song. (Come The weaver to his shuttle O)

My father was a farmer upon the carrick border O
 And carefully he bred me, in decency & 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

(Chorus Row de dow &c.

Then out into the world my course I did determine 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
 Repose was, at least to try, to mend my situation O

In many a way, & vain essay, I courted fortune's favor; O
 Some cause unseen, still kept between, & frustrate each endeavor; O
 Some times by foes I was dispower'd; sometimes by friends forsaken; O
 And when my hope was at the top, I still was worst mistaken O

Then fore harass'd, & 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 wast bad, & the future hid: its good or ill untryed,
But the present hour was in my pow'r; & so I would enjoy it.

To help, nor hope, nor view had I: nor person to befriend me;
So I must toil, & sweat & moil, & labor to sustain me.

To plough & sow, to reap & mow, my father bred me early,
For one, he said, to labor bred, was a match for fortune fairly.

Thus all obscure, unknown, & poor, thro' life I'm doom'd to wander,
Till down my weary bones I lay in everlasting slumber.

No view nor care, but from what'er might breed me pain or sorrow;
I live today as well's I may, regardless of tomorrow.

But chearful still, I am as well as a Monarch in a palace;

Tho' fortune's frown still hunts me down with all her wonted malice.

I make indeed, my daily bread, but ne'er can make it farther;

But as daily bread is all I need, I do not much regard her.

Then sometimes by my labor I earn a little money,

Some unforeseen misfortune comes generally upon me;

Mischance, mistake, or by neglect, or my good natur'd folly;

But come what will I've sworn it still, I'll ne'er be melancholy.

All you who follow wealth & power with unremitting ardor,

The more in this you look for bliss, you leave your view the farther;

Had you the wealth to buy boats, or nations to adore you,

A chearful honest-hearted clown, I will prefer before you.

~~I don't think the above will do. It might get a round hammering~~

Then stone observes finely that love-verses writ without any real passion
are the most nauseous of all conceits; and I have often thought that no man
can be a proper critic of loose composition, except he himself, in one, or
more instances, have been a warm votary of this passion. As I
have

have been all along, a miserable dupe to Love, and have been led
into a thousand weaknesses & follies by it; for that reason I put
the more confidence in my critical skill in distinguishing feppery
& conceit, from real passion & ~~reality~~. Whether the
following Song will stand the test, I will not pretend to say,
because it is my own; only I can say it was, at the time,
real. ~ Song. (June 25. I came in by London)

printed

Behind yon hills where Stitches flows
Among meadows & meadows many,
The weedy fun the day has clop'd
And I'll awa' to Nannie. O

Chorus

And O my bonny Nannie O,
My young, my handsome Nannie O
Tho' I had the world all at my will,
I would give it all for Nannie. O
The western win' blows loud & full,
The night's bath dark & rainy O;
But I'll get my p'aid & out I'll steal
And o'er the hill to Nannie O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, & young;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye O.
Nay ill be' the flattering tongue
That would beguile my Nannie O

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonny O;
The op'ning gowan wet wi' dew
Nae purer is than Nannie O.

A country lad is my degree
 And few there be that ken me;
 But what care I how few they be,
 I'm welcome ay to Nanie O.

My riches a's my pennie fee
 And I'm ^{an} guide it canny O
 But warl's gear ne'er trouble's me
 My thoughts are a' about Nanie O.

Our Guidman delights to view
 His sheep & his by thirre bonny;
 But I'm as blythe that ha's his plew
 And haes nae care but Nanie O.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by
 O I'll tak' what Heaven will sen' me;
 Nae other care in life have I

But live and love my Nanie O.

And O my bonny Nanie O,

My young, my handsome Nanie O
 Tho' I had the world all at my will
 I would gie it all to Nanie O.

~~Nanie is an excellent song Indeed Capetat but
 the last stanza is shamefull & must be published~~
 W R
 W.R. is an ignorant critic

17
April - 3 Epitaph on W^m Hood Esq^r in Tarbolton
printed Here Souter Hood in death does sleep;
To Hell if he's gone thither,
Satan, give him thy gear to keep;
He'll haud it weel the gither.

80
On Jas^s Grieve, Laird of Boghead, Tarbolton
Here lies Boghead among the dead,
In hopes to get salvation;
But if such as he, in Heav'n may be,
Then welcome, hail! damnation

April - 3 Epitaph on my own friend & my father's friend,
W^m Muir in Tarbolton Milt^r
Here lies a chearful, honest breast,
As e'er God with his image best.
The friend of Man, the friend of Truth,
The friend of age, & guide of youth.
Two hearts like his with Virtue warm'd
Two 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.

April - 3 Epitaph on my ever honored Father
& Oyle; who sympathize with Virtue's pains;
Draw near with pious reverence & attend;
Here by the loving Husband's dear remains,
The tender Father, and the generous Friend -
The

15

The pitying heart, that fell for human woe;
The dauntless heart, that fear'd no human pride;
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe;
For And even his failings lean'd to virtues side.

Verse first. — *Finis*
One whose hearts deceased merit pains
your fathers & Mr Muir is worth Publishing of the foregoing Epitaphs
but I think you had better suppress the Best W. R.

April This is the labour of an inexperienced raw moralist
I think the whole species of young men may be naturally enough
divided in two grand classes, which I shall call the Grave, and
the Merry; tho' by the bye these terms do not with propriety
enough express my ideas. — There are indeed, some exceptions,
some part of the species who, according to my ideas of these divisions,
come under neither of them; such are those individuals whom
Nature turns off her hand, oftentimes, very like blockheads, but
generally, on a nearer inspection, have somethings surprisingly
clever about them. — They are more properly men of conceit
than men of Geniuss, men whose heads are filled, and whose
faculties are engrossed by some whimsical notions in some
art or science; so that they cannot think, nor speak
with pleasure, on any other subject. — Besides this
pedantic species, Nature has always produced some meer,
insipid blockheads, who may be said to live a vegetable
life, in this world. —

The Grave, I shall cast into the usual division of those
who are goaded on, by the love of money, and those whose
darling wish, is, to make a figure in the world. — The
Merry, are the men of Pleasure, of all denominations;
the jovial lads who have too much fire & spirit to have

any

any settled rule of action; but without much deliberation, follow the strong impulses of nature: the thoughtless; the careless; the inconstant; and in particular He, who, with a happy freedom of natural temper, and a cheerful vacancy of thought, steals through life, generally indeed, in poverty & obscurity; but poverty & obscurity are only evils to him, who can sit gravely down, and make a refining comparison between his own situation and that of others; and lastly to great the quorum, such are, generally, the men whose heads are capable of all the toweringings of genius, and whose hearts are warmed with the delicacy of feeling.

Aug. The foregoing was to have been an elaborate dissertation on the various species of men; but as I cannot please myself in the arrangement of my ideas on the subject, I must wait till farther experience, & nicer observation throw more light on the subject. — In the mean time I shall set down the following fragment which, as it is the genuine language of my heart, will enable any body to determine which of the classes I belong to.

Green grow the rashes — O
 Green grow the rashes — O
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
 Are spent among the rashes — O

There's nought but care on ev'ry hand
 In ev'ry hour that passes — O
 What signifies the life o' man
 An'twere na for the rashes — O
 Green grow &c.

The warly race may riches chafe
 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 cammy hour at e'er
 My arms about my dearie — O
 An' warly cares an' warly men
 May a' goe tappaltee — O

Green grow &c.
 For you that's dooie an' sneers at this
 ye're naught but senseless apes — O
 The wisest man the warl' saw
 He dearly lov'd the Ladies — O
 this fragment well deserves a place
 in your Collection — WR Green grow &c.

As the grand end of human life is to cultivate an intercourse
 with that Being, to whom we owe life, with ev'ry enjoyment
 that renders life delightful, and to maintain an integri-
 tive conduct towards our fellow creatures; that so by form-
 ing Piety & Virtue into habit, we may be fit members
 for that Society of the Saints, and the Good which reason
 and revelation teach us to expect beyond the grave —
 I do not see that the turn of mind, and pursuits of such
 a one as the above verses describe — one who spends
 the hours & thoughts with ^{which the occupations of the day may have} Quar, Shakepeare, Thomp-
 Shenstone, Sterne &c. or as the maggot takes him, a
 gun, a fiddle, or a song to make, or mend; and at
 all times some hearts dear bony laps in view —
 I say I do not see that the turn of mind & pursuits

18 of such a one are in the least more inimical to the sacred interests of Piety & Virtue, than the, even lawful, bustling, & straining after the world's riches & honors. And I do not see but he may gain Heaven as well, which by the bye, is no mean consideration, who steals thro' the Vale of Life, amusing himself with every little flower that Fortune throws in his way; as he, who straining straight forward, & perhaps flattering all about him, gains some of Life's little eminences, where, after all, he can only see & be seen a little more conspicuously, than what in the pride of his heart, he is apt to term, the poor, indolent, ~~actionless~~ devil he has left behind him.

Aug. 3 A prayer, when fainting fits, & other alarming symptoms of a Pleurisy or some other dangerous disorder, which indeed still threaten me, first put Nature on the alarm. — *printed in Creech's edition*

O Thou, Unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope & 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 bloody in my breast
Remonstrates I have done.

Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me
With passions wild & strong,
And listening to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

These human weakness has come short,
 Or frailty left 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 & goodness still
 Delighteth to forgive this ^{Paul took not amiss} ~~in my~~ ^{in my} ~~Opinion~~ ^{with}

Aug: 3 Wiftings in the hour of Despondency
 - and prospect of Death

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 midst renewing storms;
 Is it departing fringes my heart alarms,
 Or Death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
 For guilt - for guilt my terrors are in arms,
 I tremble to approach an ^{offended} angry God
 And justly smart beneath his just avenging rod.

Fain would I say forgive my foul offence,
 Forgive where I so oft have gone astray;
 But should my Author health again difference
 Again I would desert fair Virtue's way;
 Again to passions I would fall a prey,
 Again exalt the brute & sink the man;
 Then how can I for heavenly mercy pray
 Who act so counter Heavenly mercy's plan,
 Who sin so oft have mourn'd them to temptation ran.

Is this printed?

For good, considering
all circumstances.

Chorus

Tibby I hae seen the day
ye wadna been fae shy
An' for laik o' gear ye lightly me
But fash' a hair care I.

yeftreen I met you on the mair
Ye spak'na, but gae'd by like floor
Ye lightly me because I'm poor
But fien' a hair care I.

When comin' home on Sunday last
Upon the road as I cam' past
Ye snufft an' gae your head a cast
But truth I carena by.

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.

But forrow tak' him that's fae mean
Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean
That fellows ony faucy Leuean
That looks fae proud & high.

Altho' a lad were e'er fae smart
If that he want the yellow dirt
We'll cast your head anither airt
An' answer him fu' dry.

But if he hae the name o' gear
we'll fasten till him like a bree
Tho' hardly he for sense or leav
Be better than the ky

21

But Tibby lass tak my advice
Your father's gear mak's you fae nice
The de'il a ane wad speir your price
Here ye as poor as I

There lives a lass beside yon park
I'd rather hae her in her park
Than you wi' a your thousand mark
That gars you look fae high

An' Tibby I hae seen the day
ye wadna been fae shy
An' for laik o' gear ye lighty me
But hie'n a hair care I

I will not dispence with this it is so excellent ^{orthographic judge} change the
name of Tibbie to some other if it will not do
Sept: Song — Sure Black Joke — W R

My girl she's airy, she's buxom and gay;
Her breath is as sweet as the blossoms in may;
A touch o' her lips it ravishes quite.
She's always good natur'd, good humor'd & free;
She dances, she glances, she smiles upon me
I never am happy when out o' her sight.
Her slender neck her handsome waist
Her hair well curl'd her stays well lac'd
Her taper white leg with an et and a c.
For her a, b, c, and her s, r, t,
And for the joys o' a long winter night.
This will not do — W R no — you an' right W R

22 John Barley corn. — A Song, to its own Tune
I once heard the old song, that goes by this name, sung; & being
very fond of it, & remembering only two or three verses of
it viz. the 1st, 2^d & 3^d, with some scraps which I have
interwoven here & there in the following piece. —

1785 } There was three kings into the east,
June } Three kings both great & high;
printed in } And they have sworn a solemn oath,
Cruik's edition } That John Barleycorn should die. —

2
They've ta'en a plough & plough'd him down,
Put cloas upon his head,
And they have sworn a solemn oath
That John Barleycorn was dead. —

3
But the spring time it came on,
And showers began to fall,
John Barleycorn got up again
And fore surpris'd them all. —

4
The Summer it came on,
And he grew thick & strong;
His head well arm'd with pointed spears
That not no one should him wrong. —

5
The Autumn it came on,
And he grew wan & pale;
His bending joints & drooping head
Shew'd he began to fail. —

6
His color sickened more & more,
He faded into age,
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage —

They took a hook was long & sharp
And cut him down at knee;
They ty'd him fast upon a cart
Like a rogue for forgery.

23

They laid him down upon his back
And cudgel'd him full free;
They hung him up before the stem
And turn'd him o'er & o'er.

They filled up a dashsome pit
With water to the brim,
They're heaved in John Barley corn
There let him sink or swim.

They're thrown him out upon the floor
To work him farther woe;
And still as signs of life appear'd
They toss'd him to & fro.

They waded o'er a scorching flame
The marrow of his bones;
But the Miller us'd him worst of all
For he ~~ground~~^{crushed} him between two stones.

And they have ta'en his very heart's blood
And drank it round & round;
And still the more & more they drank
Their joy did more abound.

John Barley corn was a Hero bold
Of noble enterprise,
For if you do but taste his blood
It will make ~~his~~ ^{your} courage rise.

24
Twill make a man forget his woe,
And heighten all his joy;
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

Times I dont like the Above but
Perhaps I am wrong

sure }
pet ewe — The death & dyin' words o' poor Mailie — my ain
— an unko mourning' tale.

printed —
Creek —

As Mailie & her lambs the gither
Were ae day nibblin' on the tether,
Upon her cloot she cooft a hitch
And o'er she warpl'd in the ditch.
Therese dyin' groanin', dyin' she did lie
When Hughoc he cam' lootin' bye.
Wi' glawrin' een & lifted hands
Poor Hughoc like a statue stands;
He saw her days were near hand ended,
But wae-wae-ye heart, he could na mend it;
He gaffit wide, but naething spak'
At length poor Mailie silence brak'.

O Thou whas lamentable face
Appears to mourn in my woefu' case,
My dyin' words attentive hear
And 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 tye them mair
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair;
But ca' them out to park or hill
And let them wander at their will.
So may his flock increase & grow
To yeores o' lambs & packs of woo'

25

Tell him he was a master kind
And ay was guide to me & mine;
And now my dyin' charge I gie him
My helpless lambs I trust them wi' him.
I bid him save their harmless lives
Frae dogs & tods & butchers knives;
But gie them guide het milk their fill
Till they be fit to fen' them sel.
And tent them duely e'en & morn
Wi' tates o' hay & repps o' corn.
I may they never learn the gait
O' ither vile unrefusa' piet,
To sink thro' flaps, & reave & steal
At stacks o' heaf, or stacks o' hail.
So may they like their auld forbears
For mony a year come thro' the shears
Do woves'll gie them bits o' bread
And bairns greet for them when they're dead.
My poor toop lamb, my finn & heir,
I bid him breed him up wi' care;
And if he live to be a beast
To put some havins in his breast.
And warn him ay at redin' time
To play content wi' ewes at home,
And no to rin & wear his cloots
Like ither menfeels, graceless brutes,
And neist my ewie, filly thing,
Guide keep the frae a tether string.
I may thou ne'er forgather up
Wi' ony blafit moorlan' tips;
But ay keep mind to moofs & snell
Wi' sheep o' credit like thy sel.

And

26 .. And now my bairns, wi' my last breath
I gie my blesin' wi' you baith:
~~As lang's ye can keep ay the githers~~
And when ye ever mind your mither
Mind to be kind to ane anither.

Now honest Hughie, dinna fail
To tell my mafter a' my tale;
And bid him burn this cursed letter,
And for thy pains thou's get my bletter.

This said, poor mailie turn'd her head
And clost her een among the dead.

Finis Marly must Appear

June 3 A letter sent to John Lapraik near Muirkirk,
a true, genuine, Scotch Bard.
printed April 1st 1785

White breers & woodbines, buding green
And fraitsicks fraichin' loud at e'en
And mornin' proppie whiddin' seen
Inspire my muse

This freedom in an unknown strain
I pray excuse.

On Fasten-e'en we had a rookin'
To ca' the crack & weave our stockin'
And there was muckle fun & jokin'
At length we had a hearty yokin'
He need na doubt
At jang about.

There was ae jang among the rest
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best
That some kind husband had address
To some sweet wife
It touch'd the feelings o' the breast
A' to the life.

I've scarce heard ought I pleas'd fae weel. 27
The style fae tastie & genteel
Thought I can this be Pope, or Steele,
Or Beattie's warb
They told me twas an odd kind chiel
About Mairkish.

My heart was fidgin' fain to hear it
And fae about him a' I speirt
Then a' that kent him round declar'd it
He was a devil
But had a frank & friendly heart
Discreet & civil.

That set him to a pint of ale
And either douse or merry tale
Or rhymes & songs he'd made himsel
Or witty catches
Tween Inverness & Tiviotdale
He had few matches.

Then up I gat, & foor an aith
Tho' I should fawon my plough & graith
Or die a cadger frownie's death
At some dyke back
A pint & gill I'd gie them baith
To hear your crack.

But first & foremost I should tell
Amast fince ever I could spell
I've dealt in makin' rhymes mysel
Tho' rude & rough
But croonin' at a plough or flail
So weel enough

I am nae poet in a sense
But just a Rhymes like by chance
And hae to learnin' nae pretence
Yet what the matter
Whene'er my muse does on me glance
I jingle at her.

your critic folk may cock their nose
 And say how can you e'er propose
 You wha ken hardly verse by prose
 But by your leaves my learned foes
 Tomak' a sang
 What's a your jargon o' the schools
 Your latin names for horns & stools
 If honest nature made you fools
 We'd better ta'en up spades & shools
 We've maybe wrang.
 What fairs your grammar
 Or knapskin' hammers.

A set of filly fensel's asses
 Confuse their brains in colledge classes
 They gang in stirks & come out asses
 Thus fae to speak
 And then they think to climb Parnassus
 By dint o' Greek.

Give me ae speck o' nature's fire
 That's a' the learnin' I desire
 Then tho' I drudge thro' dub & mire
 My muse tho' hamely in attire
 At pleugh or cart
 May touch the heart.

O for a spunk o' Allan's glee
 Or Ferguson the bauld & free
 Or tight Lapraik my friend to be
 That would be leas enough for me
 If I can hit it
 If I could get it.

Now, Sir, if ye hae frien's enow
 Tho' real frien's, I b'lieve are few
 Yet if your catalogue be fow
 But if ye want ae friend that's true
 I'll no injust
 I'm on your left.

I winna blaw about my jet
As ill I like my faults to tell
But friends & folk that wish me well

Tho I maun own as mony still They some times roose me
As far abuse me.

There's ae wee fault they whiles lay to me
I like the lapses Gude forgie me
For mony a place they wheedle for me
May be some ither thing they gie me
At dance or fair
They weel can spare.

At Mauchline race or Mauchline fair
I should be proud to meet you there
We'll gie ae night's discharge to ease
And hae a swap o' rhyming wase
If we foregather
offi' ane anither.

The four gill chap we'll gar him clatter
And kerpen him wi' reekin' water
Synne we're fit down & take our whitter
And faith we're be acquainted better
To cheer our heart
Awa ye selfish worldly race Before we part.

Wha think that hawins sense & grace
Even Love & Friendship should give place

I dinna like to see your face To catch the plack
Nor hear your crack

But ye whom social pleasure charms
Whose hearts true generous friendship warms
Who hold your beings on the terms
Each aid the others

Come to my bowl - come to my arms
My friends my brothers

30. But to conclude my lang epistle
 As my auld pen's worn to the gristle
 Twa lines frae you wad gar me fistle
 While I can either sing or whistle
 Who am most fervent
 the above is exceeding prettys
 your Friend & Servant.
 W^m The subscriber.

printed
 I'm receiving an answer to the above I wrote the following
 April 21st 1785

While new ca't by rowt at the stake
 And pownie's reik at plough or brake
 This hour on e'enin's sedge I take
 To own I'm debtor

To honest hearted auld Sadrach,
 For his kind letter.

Forjethet fair wi' weary legs
 Rattlin' the corn out ower the rigs
 Or dealin' thro' among the mairigs
 Their ten hours bite
 My doowie muse fair pleads & begs
 I would na write.

The tapetless ramfear'd & hippie
 She's fast at best & something lazy
 Quo' she ye ken I've been fae bippie
 This month & mair
 That truth my head is grown right dippie
 And something fair.

Her dowf excuses pat me ma
 Conscience says I ye thowless jad
 I'll write and that a hearty claud
 This vera night
 Sae dinna ye affront your trade
 But rhyme it right.

Sae I got paper in a blink
 And in went flumpie in the ink
 Says I before I sleep a wink
 I dowd I'll lose it
 And if ye winna make it clink
 By your I'll prop it

But what ~~my~~ theme's to be, or whether
 In rhyme or prose or baith the gither
 Or some hotch potch that's rightly neither
 But I shall scribble down some blesher
 If time mak' proof
 Just clean aff loof.

+ My worthie + + + + +
 Shall bauld Caprain the Ace o' hearts
 Tho mankin were a pack o' cartes
 Boose you sae weel for your desert
 In terms sae friendly
 yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts
 And thank him kindly.

My worthy friend ne'er grudge & carph
 Tho fortune use you hard & sharph
 Come kittle up your moorland tharph
 Ne'er mind how fortune waft & warph
 Offi' glee some touch
 She's but a b

She's gi'en me mony a jirt & fleg
 Sin' I could striddle o'er a rig
 But by the L-d tho I should bog
 I'll laugh, & sing, & shake my leg
 Offi' heart fiow
 As lang's I daw.

Do ye envy the city Gent
 Behint a kist to lie & silent
 Or puce-proud, big wi' cent per cent
 And muckle wame

In some but Borough to represent
 Or is't the lordly feudal theme
 A Baulie's name
 Wi' ruff'd fash & glancin' cane
 Wha thinks himsel nae sheep shank bane
 But lordly stables
 While hats & bonnets aff are ta'en
 As by he walks

1717 4m 12

May He who gives us each good gift
 Give me o' wit & sense a lift
 When tho' he turn me out adrift thro' Scotland wide
 Wi' aits & lairds I wad na shift
 In a' their pride
 Where ^{this} the charters of our state
 "In haun of Hell be rich & great"
 Damnation then would be our fate Beyond remead
 But thanks to Heaven, that's no the gate
 We learn our creed
 For thus the royal mandate ran
 Since first the Human-race began
 "The social, friendly, honest man,
 Tho' he fulfils Great Nature's plan, ^{that's he be,}
 And none but He."
 O mandate, glorious & divine!
 The followers o' the ragged Nine,
 Poor honest devils, yet may shine
 In glorious light,
 While sordid sons o' Mammon's line
 Are dark as night.
 Tho' here they graze, & scrape & growl,
 Their silly wives & fow o' a soul
 May in some future carcase howl
 The forest's fright;
 Or in a day detesting owl
 May shan the light.
 Sasirach, & Burness then may rise
 And reach their native, kindred skies,
 And sing their pleasures hopes & joys
 In some mid-^{sphere}
 Still closer knit in Friendship's tie
 In some mid-^{sphere}
 Each passing year.

I think there is some faults in the Above which
 might be easily amended but the ~~whole~~ last part
 of it flows unpardonably - the first is fraught with
 General Humour W. B.

O Thou great Governor of all below!
If one so black with crimes dare call on Thee;
Thy breath can make the tempest cease to blow,
And still the tumult of the raging sea:
With that controlling Power assist even me
These heaving, furious passions to confine,
For all unfit imitative powers be
To suit their torrent in th' allowed line:
I aid me with thy help, Omnipotence Divine!

August 3

As long. — June 22nd 1791.

When still November's early blast
Made fields & forests bare,
One evening as I wandered forth
Along the banks of the
I met a man whose aged skin
I could scarce learn with care
His face was furrow'd o'er with years
But heavy was his hair.

Printed
Creech

"Young stranger whether wanderest thou,"
Began the red robed Sage;
Dost thirst of wealth thy steps comest thou,
For doubtful pleasure's rage;
Or hither led by care and woe
So soon thou hast begun
To wander forth with me to mourn
The miseries of Man.

Yond den that hangs o'er Carrick Moors
That spread so far and wide;
Where hundreds labor to support
The lordly castle's pride.

I've seen you weary winter sun,
 Twice forty times return,
 And every time has added proofs
 That man was made to mourn.

Man, while in thy early year,
 How prodigal of time;
 Wasting all those precious hours
 Thy glorious youthful prime:
 Alternate follies like the swain,
 Licentious passions' burn,
 Which temp' & force give Nature's law
 That, man was made to mourn.
 A Verse wanting. here - see page 40

A few jam favorites of state
 In Fortune's lap career;
 Yet think not all the Rich & Great
 Are likewise truly blest:
 But what crowds in ev'ry land
 To warts & sores, & burn,
 Thro' weary life this lesson learn
 That man was made to mourn!

Many the ills that Nature's hand
 Has woven with our frame;
 Not pointed still we make ourselves
 Regret, remorse, & shame:
 And Man, whose heaven-rested face
 The smile of love adorn,
 Man's inhumanity to man
 Makes countless thousands mourn.

See yonder poor o'er labor'd wight
 In aspect, mean & sick,
 Who begs a brother of the earth
 To give him leave to toil;
 And see his lordly fellow-worm
 The poor petition spurn,

Remindful thro' a weeping wife,
 And helpless children mourn.
 If I am doom'd your Lordling slave,
 By Nature's hand design'd,
 Why was an independent wish
 E'er planted in my mind;
 If not, why am I subject to
 His ^{cruelly} ~~insolence~~ & of scorn,
 Or why has man the will & power
 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, oppress'd, honest heart
 Had surely ne'er been born
 Had there not been some recompence
 To comfort those that mourn

O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
 The kindest & the best!
 Welcome the hour my aged limbs
 Are laid with thee at rest!
 The Great, the Wealthy fear thy blow
 From pomp, & pleasure torn;
 But Oh! a best relief for those
 That weary laden, mourn

The Lady Capulo pmd
 is a line you must Alter I was
 astonished to see any thing so personal
 M H

At the last verse of your last poem Page 24th
 Then let us toast John & Mary corn
 Each man a glass in hand,
 And may his great assistance
 Ne'er fail in old Scotland

36
Aug 2

However I am pleased with the works of our Scotch Poets, particularly the excellent Camfay, and the still more excellent Ferguson, yet I am hurt to see other places of Scotland, their towns, rivers, woods, haugh, &c. immortalized in such celebrated performances, whilst my dear native country, the ancient Bairnies of Carrick, Kyle, & Cunningham, famous both in ancient & modern times for a gallant, and warlike race of inhabitants; a country where civil, & particularly religious Liberty have ever found their first support, & their last asylum; a country, the birth place of many famous Phil'ophers, Soldiers, & Statesmen; and the scene of many important events recorded in Scottish History, particularly a great many of the actions of the glorious Wallace, the Saviour of his country. Yet, we have never had one Scotch Poet of any eminence, to make the fertile banks of Avon, the romantic woodlands & sequestered scenes on Ayr, and the heathy, mountainous source, & winding sweep of Loon emulate Gay, Pope, & Trich, &c. this is a complaint I would gladly remedy, but Alas! I am far unequal to the task, both in native genius & education. — Obscure I am, & obscure I must be, though no young Poet, nor young Soldier's heart ever beat more fondly for fame than mine —

And if there is no other scene of Being
Where my insatiate wish may have its fill;
This something at my heart that heaves for room,
My best, my dearest part was made in vain. —

The above may furnish a remark on the Bard —

u: 3 Fragment. — June. I had a horse & I had nae mair. — 21

Then first I came to Stewart Byke
My mind it was nae steady,
There wad I gae, where wad I gae,
I wadnae find, had ay:
But when I came rear' by Mauchlin town,
Not dreading anybody,
My heart was caught before. I thought
And by a Mauchlin Lady

Has ite. — A. ragnon. June. — Freygoing

Now breezy win's and flourishing guns
Bring Nature's pleasant weather,
And the muir cock prings in whirring wings
Among the blooming weather.
Now waving crops, with yellow tops,
Delight the weary armies,
An' the Moon shines bright when I rove at night
To muse on 134-2 never.

21st
The following remarks may be introduced somewhere when
Thomson's letters are noticed —
There is a certain irregularity in the old Scotch songs, a want of
dancy of ~~the~~ with respect to that exactness of accent & measure
that the English poetry requires, but which glides in, most melodiously
with the respective tunes to which they are set. For instance, the
fine old Song of The Mill Mill, to give it a plain prosaic read
it halts prodigiously out of measure; on the other hand, the Song set
to the same tune in Breunier's collection of Scotch Songs
which begins "So Tammy fair could I impart", it is most
exact measure, and yet, let them be both sung before a real
critic, one above the biases of prejudice, but a thorough judge
of Nature, — how flat & spiritless will the last appear, how true,

hang to your memory! Some of you tell us, with all the charms
of Verse! that you have been unfortunate in the world—unfortunate
in love; he too, has felt all the unpleasures of a Poetic heart for
the struggle of a busy, bad world; he has felt the loss of ^{his} fortune,
the loss of friends, and worse than all, the loss of the woman he
adores! Like you, all his consolation was his Muse—The triumph
him in rustic measures to complain—~~perhaps~~, could he have
done it with your strength of imagination, and flow of Verse!
May the turf rest lightly on your bones, and may you now enjoy
that solace and rest which this world rarely gives to the heart
tuned to all the feelings of Ecstasy and Love!

perhaps the above would take with many readers

This explains
the love
letters
to Peggy.

X The following fragment is done, perhaps, in imitation of the
manner of a noble old Scottish piece called Mr. Millan's Peggy,
and sings to the tune of Gallawater. — My Montgomery's Peggy
was my Duty for six, seven months. She had been bred, like
as the world says, without any just pretence for it, in a style
of life rather elegant. — But as Mr. Arbuthnot says in one of his
comedies, My "damn'd Star" found me out there too for though
I began the affair, merely in a "gaik" de court, or to tell the truth,
what would scarcely be believed, a vanity of showing my parts
in courtship, particularly my abilities at a Billet doux, which
I always pin'd myself upon, made me lay siege to her,
and when, as I always do in my foolish gallantries, I had battered
myself into a very warm affection for her she told me, one day
in a flag of truce, that her fortune had been for some time
before the rightful property of another; but with the greatest
frindscher and politeness, she offered me every alliance,
except actual possession. — I found out afterwards
that what she told me of a pre engagement was really true,
but it cost some heart aches to get rid of the affair.

I have even tried to imitate, in this extempore thing, that irregularity
in the rhyme which, when judiciously done, has such a fine
effect on the ear.

Fragment. — *John — Galla water*

indifferent
 & G. B. says
 it is a parody
 on an old
 Scotch Song

Altho' my bed were in an maor,
 Among the heather, in my plaide,
 Yet happy happy would I be
 Had I my dear Montgomery's Peggy.
 When o'er the hill beat furly storms,
 And winter nights were dark and rainy,
 I'd seek some dell, and in my arms
 I'd shelter dear Montgomery's Peggy.

Here I a Baron proud and high,
 And horse and servants waiting ready,
 Then a' twad gie o' joy to me,
 The sharin' it with Montgomery's Peggy.

Reverse of a Song forgot. — *See Page 35* —

Look not alone on youthful prime,
 In manhood's active might;
 Near then is useful to his kind,
 Supported is his right.
 But see him "on the edge of days"
 With cares and labors worn,
 Then Age and Want — O! match'd pair!
 Show man was made to mourn.

Another fragment in imitation of an old Scotch Song, well known among the country single girls. — I cannot tell the name, neither of the Song nor the Tune, but they are in fine Unison with one another. — By the way, these old Scotch airs are so nobly sentimental, that when one would compose to them; to both the Tune as well as words, is overpowered, is the readiest way to ~~catch~~ ^{catch} an inspiration and raise ~~him~~ ^{the heart} into that glorious enthusiasm so ~~highly~~ ^{highly} characteristic of our old Scotch Strips. — I shall here set down one Verse of the piece mentioned above, both to mark the Song & Tune I mean, and likewise as a debt I owe to the Author, as the repeating of that Verse has lighted an ~~my~~ ^{flame} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~gone~~ ^{gone}.

Attention to
the measures
is particularly
to be noted
before this Verse

When clouds in skies do come
To hide the bright sun,
There will surely be some pleasant weather
When a' thir storms are past and gone —

Tough fickle Fortune has deceiv'd me,
She promis'd fair and perform'd but ill;
Of misery, friends, and wealth bereav'd me,
Yet bear a heart that supports me still.

I'll act with boldness as long as I'm able
But if success must never find,
Then come Misfortune, I bid thee welcome,
I'll meet thee with an undaunted mind.

The above was an extempore under the pressure of a heavy train of misfortunes, which indeed, threatened to undo me altogether. — It was just at the close of that dreadful period mentioned Page 3th; and though the weather has brighten'd up a little since with me, yet there has always been since a tempest brewing round me in the form of "felicity".

42
which I pretty plainly see with some time or other, perhaps ere is,
or when me and some one into some doleful dell to pine in
solitary, squall'd wretchedness. — However as I hope my poor,
country Muse, who, all rustic, awkward, and unpolished as he is
has more charms for me than any other of the pleasures of
life beside — as I hope she will not then desert me, I may, even
then learn to be, if not happily, at least easy, and fourth a
Jang to sooth my misery.

I was at the same time I set about composing an air in
the old Scotch style. — I am not Musical scholar enough
to prick down my tune properly, so it can never see the light,
and perhaps is no great matter, but the following were
the verses I composed to suit it.

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

The tune consisted of three parts so that the above
verses just went through the whole Air.

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If ever any young man, on the vestibule of the world, chance to throw his eye over these pages, let him pay a warm attention to the following observations; as I assure him they are the fruit of a poor Devil's dear bought Experience. — I have, literally like that great Poet, and great Gallant, and by consequence, that great Fool, Solomon, — "turned my eyes to behold Madness and Folly" — May I have, with all the ardor of a lively, fanciful and whimsical imagination, accompanied with a warm, feeling, Poetic heart — shaken hands with their intoxicating friendship.

In the last place, let my Pupil, as he tends his own way, keep up a regular, warm intercourse with the Deity.



