THE Simple Bard, unbroke by rules of Art,
He pours the wild effusions of the heart:
And if inspir'd, 'tis Nature's pow'rs inspire;
Her's all the melting thrill, and her's the kindling fire.

ANONYMOUS.
The following trifles are not the production of the Poet, who, with all the advantages of learned art, and perhaps amid the elegancies and idlenesses of upper life, looks down for a rural theme, with an eye to Theocritus or Virgil. To the Author of this, these and other celebrated names their countrymen are, in their original languages, "A fountain shut up, and a book sealed." Unacquainted with the necessary requisites for commencing Poet by rule, he sings the sentiments and manners, he felt and saw in himself and his rustic companions around him, in his and their native language. Though a Rhymer from his earliest years, at least from the earliest impulses of the softer passions, it was not till very lately, that the applause, perhaps the partiality, of Friendship, wakened his vanity so far as to
make him think any thing of his was worth showing; and none of the following works were ever composed with a view to the press. To amuse himself with the little creations of his own fancy, amid the toil and fatigues of a laborious life; to transcribe the various feelings, the loves, the griefs, the hopes, the fears, in his own breast; to find some kind of counterpoise to the struggles of a world, always an alien scene, a task uncouth to the poetical mind; these were his motives for courting the Muses, and in these he found Poetry to be its own reward.

Now that he appears in the public character of an Author, he does it with fear and trembling. So dear is fame to the rhyming tribe, that even he, an obscure, nameless Bard, shrinks aghast, at the thought of being branded as 'An impertinent blockhead, obtruding his nonsense on the world; and because he can make a shift to jingle a few doggerel, Scotch rhymes together, looks upon himself as a Poet of no small consequence forsooth.'

It is an observation of that celebrated Poet, * whose divine Elegies do honor to our language,

* Shenstone.
our nation, and our species, that 'Humility has depressed many a genius to a hermit, but never raised one to fame.' If any Critic catches at the word genius, the Author tells him, once for all, that he certainly looks upon himself as possess'd of some poetic abilities, otherwise his publishing in the manner he has done, would be a manoeuvre below the worst character, which, he hopes, his worst enemy will ever give him: but to the genius of a Ramfay, or the glorious dawning of the poor, unfortunate Ferguson, he, with equal unaffected sincerity, declares, that, even in his highest pulse of vanity, he has not the most distant pretensions. These two justly admired Scotch Poets he has often had in his eye in the following pieces; but rather with a view to kindle at their flame, than for servile imitation.

To his Subscribers, the Author returns his most sincere thanks. Not the mercenary bow over a counter, but the heart-throbbing gratitude of the Bard, conscious how much he is indebted to Benevolence and Friendship, for gratifying him, if he deserves it, in that dearest wish of every poetic bosom——to be distinguished. He begs his read-
ers, particularly the Learned and the Polite, who may honor him with a perusal, that they will make every allowance for Education and Circumstances of Life: but, if after a fair, candid, and impartial criticism, he shall stand convicted of Dulness and Nonsense, let him be done by, as he would in that case do by others—let him be condemned, without mercy, to contempt and oblivion.
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'TWAS in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' auld king COIL,
Upon a bonie day in June,
When wearing thro' 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 Caesar,
Was keepet for His Honor's pleasure;
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs,
But whalpet some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for Cod.

His locked, letter'd, braw brass-collar
Shew'd him the gentleman an' scholar;
But tho' he was o' high degree,
The sient a pride na pride had he,
But wad hae spent an hour carefull,
Ev'n wi' a Tinkler-gipsy's messan:
At Kirk or Market, Mill or Smiddie,
Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er fae duddie,
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
An' stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him.
After some dog in *Highland fang,
Was made lang fyne, lord knows how lang.

He was a galsh an' faithfu' tyke,
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.
His honest, fondie, bawl'nt face,
Ay gat him friends in ilka place;
His breast was white, his towzie back,
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
His gawfie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung owre 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 an' snovket;
Whyles mice and modewurks they howket;
Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion,
An' worry'd ither in diversion;
Till tir'd at laist wi' mony a farce,
They set them down upon their arse,
An' there began a lang digression
About the lords o' the creation.

* Cuchullin's dog in Ossian's Fingal.
I've aften wonder'd, honest Luath,
What fort o' life poor dogs like you have;
An' when the gentry's life I saw,
What way poor bodies liv'd ava.

Our Laird gets in his racked rents,
His coals, his kane, an' a' his stents:
He rises when he likes himself;
His flunkies answer at the bell;
He ca's his coach; he ca's his horse;
He draws a bonie, silken purse
As lang's my tail, whare thro' the Reeks,
The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.

Frae morn to een it's nought but toiling,
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;
An' tho' the gentry first are steghan,
Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their peghan
Wi' sauce, ragouts, an' sic like trafhtrie,
That's little short o' downright waftrie.
Our Whipper-in, wee, blastet wonner,
Poor, worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
Better than ony Tenant-man
His Honor 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 their faith't e-nough;
A Cotter howkan in a sheugh,
Wi' dirty stanes biggan a dyke,
Bairan a quarry, an' sic like,
Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains,
A fmytrie o' wee, duddie weans,
An' nought but his han'-daurk, to keep
Them right an' tight in thack an' raep.

An' when they meet wi' fair 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 kent yet,
They're maistly wonderful' contented.
An' buirdly chiels, and clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But then, to see how ye're negleket,
How huff'd, an' cuff'd, an' disrespeket!
L—d man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle;
They gang as saucy by poor folk,
As I wad by a flinkan 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,
An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble!

I see how folk live that hae riches;
But surely poor-folk maun be wretches!
They’re no fae wretched ’s ane wad think;  
Tho’ constantly on poortith’s brink,  
They’re fae accustom’d wi’ the sight,  
The view o’t gies them little fright.

Then chance and fortune are fae guided,  
They’re ay in-lets or mair provided;  
An’ tho’ fatigu’d wi’ close employment,  
A blink o’ rest ’s a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o’ their lives,  
Their gruishie weans an’ faithfu’ wives;  
The prattling things are just their pride,  
That sweetens a’ their fire side.

An’ whyles twalpennie-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 an’ priests,  
Wi’ kindling fury i’ their breasts,
Or tell what new taxation's comin,
An' ferlie at the folk in L O N' O N.

As bleak-fac'd Hallowmafs returns,
They get the jovial, rantan Kirns,
When rural life, of ev'ry station,
Unite in common recreation;
Love blinks, Wit flaps, an' social Mirth
Forgets there's care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
They bar the door on frosty win's;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
The luntan pipe, an' sneeshin mill,
Are handed round wi' right guid will;
The cantie, auld folks, crackan crouse,
The young anes rantan thro' the house—
My heart has been fae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barket wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
Sic game is now owre aften play'd;
There's monie a creditable flock
O' decent, honest, fawsont folk,
Are riven out baith root an' branch,
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench;
Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
In favor wi' some gentle Master,
Wha aiblins thrang a parliamentin,
For Britain's guid his Faul 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;
An' sayin' *aye* or *no's* they bid him:
At Operas an' Plays parading,
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading:
Or maybe, in a frolic daft,
To HAGUE or CALAIS takes a waft,
To make 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 an' fecht wi' nowt;
Or down Italian Vifla startles,
Wh—he-re-hunting amang groves o' myrtles:
Then bowfes drumlie German-water,
To mak himsel look fair and fatter,
An' purge the bitter ga's an' cankers,
O' curst Venetian b—res an' ch—ness.

For Britain's guid! for her destruction!
Wi' dissipation, feud an' faction!

LUATH.

Hech man! dear firs! is that the gate,
They wafte fae mony a braw estate!
Are we fae foughten and harafs'd
For gear to gang that gate at laft!

O would they stay aback frae courts,
An' please themsels wi' countra sports,
It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cotter!
For thae frank, rantan, ramblan billies,
Fient haet o' them 's ill hearted fellows;
Except for breakin o' their timmer,
Or speakin lightly o' their Limmer,
Or shootin of a hare or moorcock,
The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, master Cæsar,
Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure?
Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them,
The vera thought o't need na fear them.

CÆSAR.

L—d man, were ye but whyles where I am,
The gentles ye wad neer envy them!

It's true, they need na starve or sweat,
Thro' Winter's cauld, or Summer's heat;
They've nae fair-wark to craze their banes,
An' fill auld-age wi' grips an' granes;
But human-bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colledges an' schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themsels to vex them;

B 2
An' ay the less they hae to flurt them,
In like proportion, less will hurt them.

A country fellow at the plough,
His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh;
A country girl at her wheel,
Her dizen's done, she's unco weel;
But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warft,
Wi' ev'n down 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 an' restless.

An' ev'n their sports, their balls an' races,
Their galloping thro' public places,
There's sic parade, sic pomp an' art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.

The Men caft out in party-matches,
Then sowther a' in deep debauches.
Aenight, they're mad wi' drink an' wh—ring,
Nieft 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,
They'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' crabbet leuks,
Pore owre the devil's *pictur'd beuks*;
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
An' cheat like ony *unhang'd blackguard*.

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

By this, the fun was out o' sight,
An' darker gloamin brought the night:
The *bum-clock* humm'd wi' lazy drone,
The kye flood rowtan i' the loan;
When up they gat an' shook their lugs,
Rejoic'd they were na men but *dogs*;
An' each took off his several way,
Resolv'd to meet some ither day.
**SCOTCH DRINK.**

Gie him strong Drink until he wink,
That's sinking in despair;
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
That's prest wi' grief an' care:
There let him bowse an' deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his loves or debts,
An' minds his griefs no more.

*Solomon's Proverbs, xxxi. 6, 7.*

LET other Poets raise a fracas
'Bout vines, an' wines, an' drunken
Bacbus,
An' crabbed names an' stories wrack us,
An' grate our lug,
I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us,
In glafs or jug.
O thou, my MUSE! guid, auld SCOTCH DRINK!

Whether thro' wimpin worms thou jink,
Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink,
In glorious faem,
Inspire me, till I lisp an' wink,
To sing thy name!

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

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
In souple scones, the wale o' food!
Or tumbling 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, grievin,

Wi' rattlin glee,

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear;
Thou chears the heart o' drooping Care;
Thou strings the nerves o' Labor-fair,

At's weary toil;
Thou ev'n brightens dark Despair,

Wi' gloomy smile.

Aft, clad in massy, fller weed;
Wi' Gentles thou ericts thy head;
Yet humbly kind, in time o' need,

The poor man's wine;
His wee drap pirkatch, or his bread,

Thou kitches fine.

Thou art the life o' public haunts;
But thee, what were our fairs and rants?
Ev'n godly meetings o' the faunts,

By thee inspir'd,
When gaping they besiege the tents,
Are doubly fir'd.

That merry night we get the corn in,
O sweetly, then, thou reams the horn in!
Or reekan on a New-year-mornin

In cog or bicker,
An' just a wee drap spiritual burn in,
An' gusty sucker!

When Vulcan gies his bellys breath,
An' Ploughmen gather wi' their graith;
O rare! to see thee fizz an' freath

I' the lugget caup!
Then Burnewin comes on like Death

At ev'ry chap.

Nae mercy, then, for airm or steel;
The brawnie, banie, ploughman-chiele
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,

The strong forehammer,
Till block an' studdie ring an' reel

Wi' disome clamour.
When skirlin weanies see the light,
Thou mak'st the gossips clatter bright,
How fumbling coofs their dearies flight,
Wae worth them for't!
While healths gae round to him wha, *tight*,
Gies famous spport.

When neebors anger at a plea,
An' just as wud as wud can be,
How easy can the *barley-brie*
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 wea'son
*Wi' liquors nice,*
An' hardly, in a winter season,
*E'er* spier her price.

Wae worth that *Brandy*, burnan trash!
Fell source o' monie a pain an' bra'sh!
Twins monie a poor, doylt, drunken hash
O' half his days;
An' fends, besides, auld Scotland's cash
To her wofit facs.

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

May Gravels round his blather wrench,
An' Gout torment him, inch by inch,
Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
O' four disdain,
Out owre a glass o' Whisky-punch
Wi' honest men!

O Whisky! foul o' play's an' pranks!
Accept a Bardie's grateful thanks!
When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks
Are my poor Verfs!
Thou comes——they rattle i’ their ranks.
At ither’s arses!

Thee Ferintosh! O sadly lost!
Scotland lament frae coast to coast!
Now colic-grips, an’ barkin 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! ane, twice, thrice!
There, fiece the blinkers!
An’ bake them up in brunstane pies
For poor d—n’d Drinkers.

Fortune, if thou’ll but gie me still
Hale breeks, a fcone, an’ whisky gill,
An’ rowth 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 RIGHT
HONORABLE AND HONORABLE,
THE SCOTCH 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,
An' dously manage our affairs
In Parliament,
To you a simple Bardie's pray'rs
Are humbly sent.
Alas! my roupet Muse is haerfe!
Your Honor's hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,
To see her fittan on her arse

Low i' the dust,
An' scriechnan out prosaic verse,
An' like to brust!

Tell them wha hae the chief direction,
Scotland an' me's in great affliction,
E'er fin' they laid that curst restriction

On AQUAVITÆ;
An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
An' move their pity.

Stand forth and tell yon PREMIER YOUTH,
The honest, open, naked truth:
Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,
His servants humble:
The muckle devil blow you south,
If ye dissemble!

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

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' hum an' haw,
But raise your arm, an' tell your crack
'Before them a'.'

Paint Scotland greet an' ower her thrissle;
Her muchkin bowp as toom's a whissle;
An' d—mn'd Excise-men in a busle,
Seizan a Stell,
Triumphant crusshan't like a muscle
Or laimpet shell.

Then on the tither hand present her,
A blackguard Smuggler, right behind her,
An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie Vintner,
Colleaguing 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 slaves,
An' plunder'd o' her hindmof, groat,
By gallows knaves?

Alas! I'm but a nameless wight,
Trode i' the mire out o' fight!
But could I like MONTGOMERIES fight,
Or gab like BOSWELL,
There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight,
An' tye some bafe well.

God bless your Honors, 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' with rhetoric clause on clause
    To mak harangües;
Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's
        Auld Scotland's wrang's.

_Dempster_, a true-blue Scot I'se warran;
Thee; aith-detesting, chaste Kilkerran;
An' that glib-gabbet Highland Baron,
    The Laird o' Graham;
And ane, a chap that's d—mn'd auldfarran,
        Dundas his name.

_Erskine_, a spunkie norland billie;
True Campbells, Frederick an' Ilay;
An' Livistone, the bauld Sir Willie;
    An' monie ither's,
Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully
    Might own for brithers.

Arouse my boys! exert your mettle,
To get auld Scotland back her _kettle_!

D
Or faith! I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle,  
Ye'll see't or lang,  
She'll teach you, wi' a reekan whittle,  
Anither fang.

This while she's been in crankous mood,  
Her *lo* *l* *Militia* fir'd her bluid;  
(Deil na they never mair do guid,  
Play'd her that pliskie!)  
An' now she's like to rin red-wud  
About her *Whisky*.

An' L—d! if ance they pit her till't,  
Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt,  
An' durk an' pistol at her belt,  
She'll tak the streets,  
An' rin her whittle to the hilt,  
I' th' firft she meets!

For G—d-fake, Sirs! then speak her fair,  
An' straik her cannie wi' the hair,  
An' to the *muckle houfe* repair,  
Wi' insttant speed;
An' thrive, wi' a' your Wit an' Lear,
To get remead.

Yon ill-tongu'd tinkler, Charlie Fox,
May taunt you wi' his jeers an' mocks;
But gie him't het, my hearty cocks!
E'en cowe the cadie!
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 bonnocks,
An' drink his health in auld *Nan's 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,

* A worthy old Hoitefs of the Author's in Mauchline, where he sometimes studies Politics over a glais of guid, auld Scotch Drink.
Yon mixtie-maxtie, queer hotch-potch,

The Coalition.

Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue;
She's just a devil 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.

And now, ye chosen FIVE AND FORTY,
May still your Mither's heart support ye;
Then, tho' a Minister grow derty,
An' kick your place,
Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty,
Before his face.

God bless your Honors, a' your days,
Wi' fowps o' kail and brats o' claise,
In spite o' a' the thievish kaes
That haunt St. Jamie's!
Your humble Bardie 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 fwarms,
    The scented groves,
Or hounded forth, dis'honor arms
    In hungry droves.

Their gun's a burden on their shouther;
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’ throw-ther,
To save their skin.

But bring a SCOTCHMAN 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 teafe him;
Death comes, wi’ fearless eye he sees him;
Wi’ bluidy han’ a welcome gies him;
An’ when he fa’s,
His latest draught o’ breathin lea’es him
In faint huzzas.

Sages their solemn een may fleek,
An’ raife a philosophic reek,
An’ physically causes feck,
In clime an’ season,
But tell me Whisky's name in Greek,
    I'll tell the reason.

SCOTLAND, my auld, respected Mither!
Tho' whyles ye moistify your leather,
Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather,
    Ye tine your dam;
FREEDOM and WHISKY gang the-
gither,
    Tak aff your dram!
A robe of seeming truth and trust
Hid crafty observation;
And secret bung, with poison'd crust,
The dirk of Defamation:
A mask that like the gorget shew'd,
Dye-varying, on the pigeon;
And for a mantle large and broad,
He wrapt him in Religion.

H Y P O C R I S Y A - L A - M O D E

I.

U P O N a simmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair,
I walked forth to view the corn,
An' snuff the callor air.
The rising sun, our GALSTON Muirs,
Wi' glorious light was glintan;
The hares were hirplan down the furrs,
The lav'rocks they were chantan
Fu' sweet that day.

II.
As lightsomely I glower'd abroad,
To see a scene fae gay,
Three hizzies, early at the road,
Cam skelp pan 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.

III.
The twa appear'd like sisters twin;
In feature, form an' claes;
Their visage wither'd, lang an' thin;
An' four as ony slaes;
The third cam up, hap-steep-an'-loup,
As light as any lambie,
An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,
As soon as e'er she saw me,
Fu' kind that day.

IV.

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, "Sweet lads,
" I think ye seem to ken me;
" I'm sure I've seen that bonie face,
" But yet I canna name ye."
Quo' she, an' laughan as she spak,
An' taks me by the han's,
" Ye, for my sake, hae gien the feck
" Of a' the ten command's
A screech some day."

V.

" 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 go there, yon runkl'd pair,
We will get famous laughin
At them this day."

VI.

Quoth I, "With a' my heart, I'll do't;"
I'll get my funday's fark on,
An' meet you on the holy spot;
Faith, we'fe 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.

VII.

Here, farmers-gash, in ridin graith,
Gaed hoddan by their coters;
There, swankies young, in braw braid-claith,
Are springan owre the gutters.
The laffes, skelpan barefit, thrang,
In silks an’ scarlets glitter;
Wi’ sweet-milk cheese, in monie a whang,
An’ farls, bak’d wi’ butter,
Fu’ crump that day.

VIII.

When by the plate we set our nose,
Weel heaped up wi’ ha’pence,
A greedy glower black-bonnet throws,
An’ we maun draw our tippence.
Then in we go to see the show,
On ev’ry side they’re gath’ran;
Some carryan dails, some chairs an’ stools,
An’ some are bus’ bleth’ran
Right loud that day.

IX.

Here stands a shed to fend the show’rs,
An’ screen our countra Gentry;
There, racer Jests, an’ twathree wh—res,
Are blinkan at the entry.
Here fits a raw o' tittlan jads,
Wi' heaving breasts an' bare neck;
An' there, a batch o' Wabster lads,
Blackguarding frae K********ck
For fun this day.

X,

Here, some are thinkan on their fins,
An' some upo' their claes;
Ane curses feet that fyl'd his fhins,
Anither fighs an' prays:
On this hand fits an Eleet swatch,
Wi' fcrew'd-up, grace-proud faces;
On that, a fet o' chaps, at watch,
Thrang winkan on the laffes
To chairs that day.

XI.

Ó happy is that man, an' blest!
Nae wonder that it pride him!
Whafe ain dear lafs, that he likes best,
Comes clinkan down beside him!
Wi’ arm repof’d on the chair-back,
He sweetly does compose him;
Which, by degrees, flips round her neck,
An’s loof upon her bosom
Unkend that day.

XII.

Now a’ the congregation o’er
Is silent expectation;
For ***** speels the holy door,
Wi’ tidings o’ f—lv—t—n.
Should Hornie, as in ancient days,
‘Mang fons o’ G— present him,
The vera sight o’ *****’s face,
To’s ain bet bame had sent him
Wi’ fright that day,

XIII.

Hear how he clears the points o’ Faith
Wi’ rattlin an’ thumpin!
Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
He’s flampan, an’ he’s jumpan!
His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd up snout,
His eldritch squeel an' gestures,
O how they fire the heart devout,
Like cantbaridian plaisters
On sic a day!

XIV.
But hark! the tent has chang'd it's voice;
There's peace an' rest nae langer;
For a' the real judges rise,
They canna fit 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.

XV.
What signifies his barren shine,
Of moral pow'rs an' 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:

XVI.
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 taen the road,
An' aff, an' up the Cowgate
Faft, faft that day.

XVII.
Wee ******* nieft, 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, cannilie he hums them;
Altho' his carnal Wit an' Sense
Like haffins-wife o'ercomes him
At times that day.

XVIII.

Now, butt an' ben, the Change-house fills;
Wi' jill-caup Commentators:
Here's crying out for bakes an' gills,
An' there the pint-flowp clatters;
While thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,
Wi' Logic, an' wi' Scripture;
They raise a din, that, in the end,
Is like to breed a rupture
O' wrath that day.

XIX.

Leeze me on Drink! it gies us mair
Than either School or Colledge:
It kindles Wit, it waukens Lear,
It pangs us fou o' Knowledge.
Be't whisky-gill or penny-wheep,
Or ony stronger potion,
It never fails, on drinkin deep,
To kittle up our notion,
    By night or day.

The lads an' lasses, blythely bent
To mind baith faul 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 makin observations;
While some are cozie i' the neuk,
    An' forming assignations
    To meet some day.

But now the L——'s ain trumpet touts,
    Till a' the hills are rairan,
An' echos back return the shouts;
Black ***** is na spairan:
His piercin words, like Highlan swords,
Divide the joints an' marrow;
His talk o' H—ll, whare devils dwell,
Our vera "Sauls does harrow"
Wi' fright that day!

XXII.

A vast, unbottom'd, boundlefs Pit,
Fill'd fou o' lowan brunslane,
Whafe raging flame, an' scorching heat,
Wad melt the hardefl whun-flane!
The half asleep start up wi' fear,
An' think they hear it roaran,
When presently it does appear,
'Twas but some neebor snoran
Asleep that day.

XXIII.

'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell,
How monie stories past,
An' how they crouded to the yill,
When they were a' dismift:

* Shakespeare's Hamlet.
How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups,
Amang the furms an' benches;
An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,
Was dealt about in lunches,
An' dawds that day.

XXIV.

In comes a gawfie, gash Guidwife,
An' fits down by the fire,
Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife;
The lasses they are flyer.
The auld Guidmen, about the grace,
Frac fide to fide they bother,
Till some one by his bonnet lays,
An' gies them't, like a tether,
Fu' lang that day.

XXV.

Wae sucks! for him that gets nae lads,
Or lasses that hae naething!
Sma' need has he to say a grace,
Or melvie his braw claiting!
O Wives be mindfu', ances yoursel',
How bonie lads ye wanted,
An' dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,
Let lasses be affronted
On sic a day!

XXVI.
Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattlan tow,
Begins to jow an' croon;
Some swagger hame, the best they dow,
Some wait the afternoon.
At flaps 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.

XXVII.
How monie hearts this day converts,
O' finners 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' monic jobs that day begin,
May end in Houghmögandie
Some ither day,
ADRESS

TO

THE DEIL.

O Prince, O chief of many throned pow'rs,
That led th'embattl'd Seraphim to war—

MILTON

O Thou, whatever title suit thee!
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha in yon cavern grim an' footie,
Clof'd under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
To fcaud poor wretches!
Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee;
An' let poor, damned bodies bee;
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
   Ev'n to a deil,
To skelp an' fcaud poor dogs like me,
   An' hear us fqueel!

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

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

I've heard my rev'rend Graunie say,
In lanely glens ye like to stray;
Or where auld, ruin'd castles, gray,
Nod to the moon,
Ye fright the nightly wand'r'er's way,
Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my Grannie summon,
To say her pray'rs, doufe, honest woman!
Aft 'yont the dyke she's heard you bumm-
man,
Wi' eerie drone;
Or, rustling, thro' the boortries coman,
Wi' heavy groan.

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

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,
When wi' an eldritch, floor 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 howcket dead.

Thence, countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain;
For Oh! the yellow treasure's taen
    By witching skill;
An' dawtet, twal-pint Hawkie's game
    As yell's the Bill.

Thence, mystic knots mak great abuse,
On Young-Guidmen, fond, keen an' croose;
When the best wark-lume i' the house,
    By cantraip wit,
Is instant made no worth a loufe,
    Just at the bit.
When thowes dissolve the shiny hoord,
An' float the jinglan icy boord,
Then, Water-kelpies haunt the foord,
   By your direction,
An' nighted Trav'llers are allur'd
   To their destruction.

An' aft your moss-traversing Spunkies
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is:
The bleezan, curst, mischievous monkies
   Delude his eyes,
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
   Ne'er mair to rise.

When MASONS' mystic word an' grip,
In storms an' tempests raise you up,
Some cock or cat, your rage maun flop,
   Or, strange to tell!
The youngest Brother ye wad whip
   Aff straight to H—ll.

Lang sync in EDEN'S bonie yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
An' all the Soul of Love they sha'rd,
    The raptur'd hour,
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swa'rd,
    In shad'y bow'r.

Then you, ye auld, snick-drawing dog!
Ye cam to Paradife incog,
An' play'd on man a curs'd brogue,
    (Black be your fa'!)
An' gied the infant warld a shog,
    'Mai't ruin'd a'.

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
Wi' reeket duds, an' reeket gizz,
Ye did present your smoutie phiz,
    'Mang better folk,
An' sklented on the man of Uzz,
    Your spitefu' joke?

An how ye gat him i' your thrall,
An' brak him out'o' house an' hal',
While scabs an' botches did him gall,
    Wi' bitter claw,
An' lowf'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked Scawle
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 flake—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your flake!

* Vide Milton, Book 6th.
THE DEATH AND DYING WORDS

OF

POOR MAILIE,

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE,

AN UNCO MOURNFU' TALE,

AS MAILIE, an' her lambs thegither,
Was ae day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,
An' owre she warfl'd in the ditch:
There, groaning, dying, she did ly,
When * Hughoc he cam doytan by,

* A neibor herd-callan.
Wi' glowrin een, an' lifted han's,  
Poor Hughoc like a statue stan's;  
He saw her days were near hand ended,  
But, wae's 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 woeful 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 tye them mair,  
'Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair!  
But ca them out to park or hill,  
An' let them wander at their will:  
So, may his flock increase an' grow  
'To scores o' lambs, an' packs of woo'!

'Tell him, he was a Master kin',  
An' ay was guid to me an' 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 duely, e’en an’ morn,
Wi’ taets o’ bay an’ ripps o’ corn.

An’ may they never learn the gaets,
Of ither vile, wanrestfu’ Pets!
To flink thro’ flaps, an’ reave an’ steal,
At stacks o’ pease, or stocks o’ kail.
So may they, like their great forbears,
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 toot-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 ay at ridin time,
'To stay content wi' yowes at hame;
An' no to rin an' wear his cloots,
Like ither menseless, graceless brutes.

An' nieft my yowie, silly thing,
Gude keep thee frae a tether string!
O, may thou ne'er forgather up,
Wi' onie blastet, moorlan tooop;
But ay keep mind to moop an' mell,
Wi' sheep o' credit like thy sel!

And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath,
I lea'e my blessin wi' you baith:
An' when ye think upo' your Mither,
Mind to be kind to ane anither.

Now, honest Hughoc, dinna fail,
To tell my Master a' my tale;
An' bid him burn this cursed tether,
An' for thy pains thou'fe get my blather.

This said, poor Mailie turn'd her head,
An' clof'ed 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 cauld of his woes;
Poor Mailie's dead!

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

Thro' a' the town she trotted by him;
A lang half-mile she could descrie him;
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed:
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er came nigh him,
Than Mailie dead.
I wit 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 *fence*
Sin' *Mailie's* dead.

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

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

Wae worth that man wha first did shape,
That vile, wanchancie thing—*a raep*!

H 2
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 AIRE your chanters tune!
Come, join the melancholious croon
O' Robin's reed!
His heart will never get aboon!
His Mailie's dead!
TO J. S****.

Friendship, mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of Life, and soilder of Society!
I owe thee much——

BLAIR.

DEAR S****, the fleest, pawkie thief,
That e'er attempted stealth or rief,
Ye' surely hae some warlock-breef
Owre human hearts;
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
Against your arts.

For me, I swear by sun an' moon,
And ev'ry star that blinks aboon,
Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon
Just gaun to see you;
And ev'ry ither pair that's done,
Mair taen I'm wi' you.

That auld, capricious carlin, *Nature*,
To mak amends for scrimpet stature,
She's turn'd you off, a human-creature
On her first plan,
And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature,
She's wrote, *the Man*.

Just now I've taen the fit o' rhyme,
My barmie noodle's working prime,
My fancy yerket up sublime
*Wi' hafty summon,*
Hae ye a leisure-moment's time
To hear what's comin?

Some rhyme 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 rufflet coat,
An' damn'd my fortune to the groat;
But, in requit,
Has blest me with a random-fbot
O' countra wit.

This while my notion's tae'n a fklent,
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 ither 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 tatters,
"Their unknown pages."

Then farewell hopes of Laurel-boughs,
To garland my poetic brows!
Henceforth, I'll rove where busy ploughs
Are whistling thrang,
An' teach the lonely heights an' howes
My rustic fang.

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 th' inglorious dead,
Forgot and gone!

But why, o' Death, begin a tale?
Just now we're living sound an' hale;
Then top and maintop crowd the fail,
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, joyles Eild,  
Wi’ wrinkl’d face,  
Comes hoftan, hirplan owre the field,  
Wi’ creeping pace.

When ance life’s day draws near the  
gloamin,  
Then fareweel vacant, careless roamin;  
An’ fareweel chearfu’ tankards foamin,  
An’ focial noife;  
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 leffon scorning;  
We frulk 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 tho' the puny wound appear,
Short while it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,
For which they never toil'd norwat;
They drink the sweet and eat the fat,
But care or pain;
And hap'ly, eye the barren hut,
With high disdain.

With steady aim, Some Fortune chase;
Keen hope does ev'ry finew 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 servant,

*Poor wights!* nae rules nor roads observin;
To right or left, eternal swervin,

They zig-zag on;

Till cursed with Age, obscure an’ starvin,

They aften groan.

Alas! what bitter toil an’ strain—

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,

‘ Ay rowth o’ rhymes.

‘ Gie dreeping roads to *countra Lairds*;

‘ Till icicles hing frae their beards;

I 2
' Gie fine braw claes to fine Life-guards,
    ' And Maids of Honor;
' And yill an' whisky gie to Cairds,
    ' Until they fconner.

' A Title, DEMPSTER merits it;
' A Garter gie to WILLIE PIT;
' 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-brose, 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, douse 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 hare-brain’d, sentimental traces,
In your unletter’d, nameless faces!
In *ariafio* trills and graces
Ye never stray,
But *gravissimo*, solemn basses
Ye hum away.

Ye are fae *grave*, nae doubt ye’re *wife*;
Nae ferly tho’ ye do despise
The hairum-fcairum, ram-ftam boys,
The rambling squad:
I see ye upward cast your eyes—
—Ye ken the road—
(78)

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 fang,
Content with YOU to mak a pair,
Whare'er I gang.
A D R E A M.

Thoughts, words and deeds, the Statute blames
with reason;
But surely Dreams were ne'er indicted Treason.

ON READING, IN THE PUBLIC PAPERS, THE
LAUREATE’S ODE, WITH THE OTHER PARADE
OF JUNE 4th, 1786, THE AUTHOR WAS NO SOON-
ER DROPT ASLEEP, THAN HE IMAGINED HIM-
SELF TRANSPORTED TO THE BIRTH-DAY LE-
VEE; AND, IN HIS DREAMING FANCY, MADE
THE FOLLOWING ADDRESS.

I.

GUID-MORNIN to your MAJESTY!
May heaven augment your blisses,
On ev’ry new Birth-day ye see,
A humble Bardie wishes!
My Bardship here, at your Levee,
On sic a day as this is,
Is sure an uncouth fight to see,
Amang thae Birth-day dress'es
Sae fine this day.

II.

I see ye're complimented thrang,
By many a lord an' lady;
"God save the King" 's a cuckoo fang
That's unco eafy said ay:
The Poets too, a venal gang,
Wi' rhymes weel-turn'd an' ready,
Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang,
But ay unerring steady,
On sic a day.

III.

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.

IV.
'Tis very true, my sovereign King,
My skill may weel be doubted;
But *facts* are cheels 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 o' the string;
An' lefs, will gang about it
Than did ae day.

V.
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** yon day.

VI.

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

VII.

I'm no mistrusting **Willie Pit**,  
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-fake! let nae saving-fit
Abridge your bonie Barges
An' Boats this day.

VIII.
Adieu, my LIEGE! may Freedom geck Beneath your high protection;
An' may Ye rax Corruption's neck, And gie her for disflection!
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.

IX.
Hail, Majesty most Excellent!
While Nobles strive to please Ye,
Will Ye accept a Compliment,
A simple Bardie gies Ye?
Thae bonie Bairntime, Heav'n has lent,
Still higher may they heeze Ye
K 2
In bliss, till Fate some day is sent,
For ever to release Ye
Frae Care that day.

X.
For you, young Potentate o' W—,
I tell your Highness fairly,
Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling fails,
I'm tauld ye're driving rarely;
But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
An' curse your folly fairly,
That e'er ye brak Diana's pales,
Or rattl'd dice wi' Charlie
By night or day.

XI.
Yet aft a ragged Cowte's been known,
To mak a noble Aiver;
So, ye may dounely 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.

XII.

For you, right rev’rend O———,
Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter,
Altho’ a ribban at your lug
Wad been a dress compleater:
As ye disown yon paughty dog,
That bears the Keys of Peter,
Then fwith! an’ get a wife to hug,
Or trouth! ye’ll ftain the Mitre
Some lucklefs day.

XIII.

Young, royal TARRY-BREEKS, I learn,
Ye’ve lately come athwart her;
A glorious † Galley, stem and stern,
Weel rigg’d for Venus barter;
But first hang out that she’ll discern
Your hymeneal Charter,

* Sir John Falstaff, Vide Shakespeare.
† Alluding to the Newspaper account of a certain royal Sailor’s Amour.
Then heave aboard your grapple airn,
An', large upon her quarter,
Come full that day,

XIV.
Ye lastly, bonie blossoms a',
Ye royal Lasses dainty,
Heav'n mak you guid as weel as braw,
An' gie you lads'a plenty:
But sreeer na British-boys awa;
For King's are unco scant ay,
An' German-Gentles are but sma',
They're better just than want ay
On onie day.

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

DUAN FIRST. *

The sun had clof’d the winter-day,
The Curlers quat their roaring play,
And hunger’d Maukin taen her way
   To kail-yards green,
While faithless snaws ilk step betray
   Whare she has been.

The Threlher’s weary slingin-tree;
The lee-lang day had tir’d me;

* Duan, a term of Offian’s for the different divisions of a digressive Poem. See his Cath.-Loda, Vol. 2. of McPherfon’s Translation.
And when the Day had clof’d his e’e,
Far i’ the West,
Ben i’ the Spence, right pensivelie,
I gaed to rest.

There, lanely, by the ingle-check,
I fat and ey’d the spewing reek,
That fill’d, wi’ hoast-provoking sneek,
The auld, clay biggin;
And heard the restless rattons squeak
About the riggin.

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

Had I to guid advice but harket,
I might, by this, hae led a market,
Or strutted in a Bank and clarket
My Cash-Account;
While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-farket,
    Is a' th' amount.

I started, muttering blockhead! coof!
And heav'd on high my wauket 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 firing the snick did draw;
And jee! the door gaed to the wa';
And by my ingle-lowe I saw,
    Now bleezan bright,
A tight, outlandish Hizzie, braw,
    Come full in flight.

Ye need na doubt, I held my wisht;
The infant aith, half-form'd, was cruish;
I glower'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 twirled, graceful, round her brows,
I took her for some *Scottish Muse*,
   By that same token;
And come to stop those reckless vows,
   Would soon been broken.

A "hare-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 *Honor*.

Down flow'd her robe, a *tartan sheen*,
Till half a leg was scrimply seen;
And such a *leg!* my *Bess*, I ween,
   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 AIRE stroll 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.

DUAN SECOND.

With musing-deep, astonished flame,
I view'd the heavenly-seeming Fair;
A whisp'ring throb did witness bear
Of kindred sweet,
When with an elder Sitter'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.

'Know, the great Genius of this Land,
'Has many a light, aerial band,
'Who, all beneath his high command,
'Harmoniously,
As Arts or Arms they understand,
Their labors ply.

They SCOTIA'S Race among them share;
Some fire the Sodger 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, fightless, stand,
To mend the honest Patriot-lore,
And grace the hand.

Hence, FULLARTON, the brave and young;
Hence, DEMPSTER'S truth-prevailing tongue;
Hence, sweet harmonious BEATTIE fung
His "Minstrel lays;"
Or tore, with noble ardour flung,
\[\text{' The Sceptic's bays.}\]

To lower Orders are assign'd,
\[\text{' The humbler ranks of Human-kind,}\]
\[\text{' The rustic Bard, the lab'ring Hind,}\]
\[\text{' The Artisan;}\]
\[\text{' All chuse, as, various they're inclin'd,}\]
\[\text{' The various man.}\]

When yellow waves the heavy grain,
\[\text{' The threat'ning Storm, some, strongly, rein;}\]
\[\text{' Some teach to meliorate the plain,}\]
\[\text{' With tillage-skill;}\]
\[\text{' And some instruct the Shepherd-train,}\]
\[\text{' Blythe o' er the hill.}\]

Some hint the Lover's harmless wile;
\[\text{' Some grace the Maiden's artless smile;}\]
\[\text{' Some soothe the Lab'rer's weary toil,}\]
\[\text{' For humble gains,}\]
\[\text{' And make his cottage-scenes beguile}\]
\[\text{' His cares and pains.}\]
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 Campbell’s, 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-mantled Earth,
' Warm-cherish'd ev'ry floweret'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,
Thofe accents, grateful to thy tongue,
  'Th' adored Name,
I taught thee how to pour in song,
  To soothe thy flame.
I saw thy pulse's maddening play;
  Wild-fend 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 I can show,
  To paint with Thomson's landscape-glow;
Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
  With Shenstone'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.
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 it’s rude state, in all ages and nations; and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind, if any such should honor the Author with a perusal, to see the remains of it, among the more unenlightened in our own.
HALLOWEEN. *

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 glos of art.

GOLDSMITH.

I.

UPON that night, when Fairies light,
On Caffilis 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 Caffilis.
Or for Colean, the rout is taen,
    Beneath the moon's pale beams;
There, up the Cove, * to stray an' rove,
    Amang the rocks an' f'treams
    To sport that night.

II.

Amang the bonie, winding banks,
    Where Doon rins, wimplin, clear,
Where BRUCE † ance rul'd the martial ranks,
    An' shook 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.

* A noted cavern near Colean-house, called the Cove of Colean; which, as well as Ca$ilis Downans, is famed, in coun-
try story, for being a favourite haunt of Fairies.

† The famous family of that name, the ancestors of RO-
BERT the great Deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick.
III.

The laffes 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 fae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
Weel knotted on their garten,
Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs,
Gar laffes hearts gang flartin
Whyles faft at night.

IV.

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

* 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: 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 jird, or earth, flick to the root, that is tocher, or fortune; and the taste of the custloc, 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 fleek their een, an' grape an' wale,
    For muckle anes, an' straugh't anes.
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
    An' wander'd thro' the Bow-ha'il,
    An' pow't, for want o' better shift,
    A runt was like a sow-tail
    Sae bow't that night.

V.
Then, straugh't or crooked, yird or nane;
    They roar an' cry a' throw'ther;
The vera wee-things, toddlan, rin,
    Wi' stocks out owre their shouther:
An' gif the custock's sweet or four,
    Wi' jocotelegs they taste them;
Syne coziely, aboon the door,
    Wi' cannie care, they've plac'd them
    To lye that night.

VI.
The lasses flaw frae 'mang them a',
    To pou their stalks o' corn; *

* They go to the barn-yard, and pull each, at three several
But Rab slips out, an' jinks about;

Behint the muckle thorn:

He grippet Nelly hard an' fast;

Loud skirld a' the lasses;

But her tap-pickle maist was loift,

When kiatlan in the Fause-house *

Wi' him that night.

VII.

The auld Guidwife's weel-hoordet nits †

Are round an' round divided,

An' monie lads an' lasses fates

Are there that night decided:

\[ N \]

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 want the Maidenhead.

* 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 fairest exposed to the wind: this he calls a *Fause-house*.

† Burning the nuts is a favourite charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire; and according as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the Courtship will be.
Some kindle, couthie, side by side,
An' burn thegither trimly;
Some start awa, wi' saucy pride,
An' jump out owre the chimlie
Fu' high that night.

VIII.

Jean flips 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 wad never mair part,
'Till suff! he started up the lum,
An' Jean had e'en a fair heart
To see't that night.

IX.

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

X.

Nell had the Fause-house in her min',
She pits hersel an' Rob in;
In loving breeze 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, stownlins, pric'd her bonie mou,
Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
Unseen that night.

XI.

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

XII.

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 quaukin!
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.

XIII.

Wee Jenny to her Graunie says,
' Will ye go wi' me Graunie?

* 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 clew of blue yarn: wind it in a new clew off the old one; and towards the latter end, some-
I'll eat the apple * at the glafs,
I gat frae uncle Johnie.'
She suff'rt her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
In wrath she was fae vap'rin,
She notic't na, an aizle brunt
Her braw, new, worset apron
Out thro' that night.

XIV.

Ye little Skelpie-limmer's-face!
I daur you try sic sportin,
As seek the soul Thief onie place,
For him to spae your fortune:
Nae doubt but ye may get a fight!
Great cause ye hae to fear it;
For monie a ane has gotten a fright,
An' liv'd an' di'd deleeret,
On sic a night.

thing will hold the thread: demand, *wha hauds* i.e. who holds? and answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the christian and surname of your future Spoufe.

* Take a candle, and go, alone, to a looking glafs: 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 glafs, as if peeping over your shoulder.
XV.

Ae Hairft afore the Sherra-moor,
  ' I mind't as weel's yestreen,
I was a gilpey then, I'm sure,
  ' I was na past fiftteen:
The Simmer had been cauld an' wat,
  ' An' Stuff was unco green;
An' ay a rantan Kirn we gat,
  ' An' just on Halloween
  ' It fell that night.

XVI.

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-feed, * I mind it weel,
  ' An' he made unco light o't;

* Steal out, unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp feed; harrowing it with any thing you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat, now and then, 'Hemp feed I saw thee, Hemp feed I saw thee; and him (or her) that is to be my true-love, come after me and saw thee.' Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked, in the
'But monie a day was by himsel;
' He was sae fairly frighted
' That vera night.'

XVII.

Then up gat fechtan Jamie Fleck,
An' he swoor by his conscience,
That he could saw hemp-seed a peck;
For it was a' but nonsense:
The auld guidman raught down the pock,
An' out a handful gied him;
Syne bad him flip frae 'mang the folk,
Sometime when nae ane fee'd him,
An' try't that night.

XVIII.

He marches thro' amang the stacks,
Tho' he was something flurtan;
The graip he for a barrow taks,
An' haurls at his curpan:

attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, 'come after me and thaw thee,' that is, show thyself; in which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, 'come after me and harrow thee.'
And ev'ry now an' then, he says;
Hemp-feed I saw thee,
An' her that is to be my lass,
Come after me an' draw thee
As fast this night.

XIX.

He whistl'd up lord Lenox' march,
To keep his courage cheary;
Altho' his hair began to arch,
He was fae fley'd an' eerie:
Till presently he hears a squeak,
An' then a grane an' gruntle;
He by his showther gae a keek,
An' tumbl'd wi' a wintle
Out owre that night.

XX.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
In dreadfu' desperation!
An' young an' auld come rinnan out,
An' hear the sad narration:
He fwoor 'twas hilchan Jean M'Craw,
Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
Till flop! she trotted thro' them a';
An' wha was it but Grumphie
Afteer that night?

XXI.

Meg fain wad to the Barn gaen,
To winn three wechts o' naething; *
But for to meet the Deil her lane,
She pat but little faith in:
She gies the Herd a pickle nits,
An' twa red cheeket apples,
To watch, while for the Barn she fets;
In hopes to see Tam Kipples
That vera night.

* 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 is danger, that the Being, 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 wecht; and go thro' all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times; and the third time, an apparition will pass thro' the barn, in at the windy door, and out at the other, having both the figure in question and the appearance or re- tinue, marking the employment or station in life.
XXII.

She turns the key, wi' cannie throw,
  An' owre the threshold ventures;
But first on Sawnie gies a ca',
  Syne bauldly in she enters:
A ratton rattl'd up the wa',
  An' she cry'd, L—d preserve her!
An' ran thro' midden-hole an' a',
  An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour,
  Fu' faft that night.

XXIII.

They hoy't out Will, wi' fair advice;
  They hecht him some fine braw ane;
It chanc'd the Stack he faddom't thrice,*
  Was timmer-propt for thrawin:
He takes a swirlie, auld moss-oak,
  For some black, grouse some Carlin;

* Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a Bear-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.
An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke,
Till ickname in blypes cam haurlin
Aff's nieves that night.

XXIV.

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

XXV.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
As thro' the glen it wimpl't;

* 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. Ly awake; and sometime 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.
Whyles round a rocky scar it strays;
Whyles in a wiel it dimple;
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickerin, dancin dazzle;
Whyles cookeet underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazle
Unseen that night.

XXVI.

Amang the brachens, on the brae,
Between her an' the moon,
The Deil, or else an oulter Quey,
Gat up an' gae a croon:
Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool;
Near lav'rock-height she jumpet,
But mift a fit, an' in the pool,
Out owre the lugs she plumpet,
Wi' a plunge that night.

XXVII.

In order, on the clean hearth-flane,
The Luggies * three are ranged;

* Take three dishes; put clean water in one, foul water in
And ev'ry time great care is taen;
To see them duly changed:
Auld, uncle John, wha wedlock's joys,
Sin' Mar's-year did defire,
Because he gat the toom dish thrice,
He heav'd them on the fire,
In wrath that night.

XXVIII.

Wi' merry fangs, an' friendly cracks,
I wat they did na weary;
And unco tales, an' funnie jokes,
Their sports were cheap an' cheary:
Till butter'd So'ns, * wi' fragrant lunt,
Set a' their gabs a steerin;
Syne, wi' a social glas o' strunt,
They parted aff careerin.

Fu' blythe that night.

another, and 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 foretells, 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 you Maggie! Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie: Tho' thou's howe-backet, now, an' knaggie, I've seen the day, Thou could hae gaen like ony flaggie Out owre the lay.

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

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

It's now some nine-an'-twenty-year,
Sin' thou was my Guidfather'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 trottan wi' your Minnie:
Tho' ye was trickie, sleek an' funnie,
   Ye ne'er was donsie;
But hamely, tawie, quiet an' cannie,  
   An' unco fondie.

That day, ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,  
When ye bure hame my bonie Bride:  
An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride  
   Wi' maiden air!

**KYLE-STEWARD** I could bragged wide,  
   For sic a pair.

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hoble,  
An' wintle like a faumont-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' skiegh,  
An' **Stable-meals** at Fairs were driegh,  
How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' scrieagh,  
   An' tak the road!

**Towns-bodies** ran, an' stood abiegh,  
   An' ca't thee mad.
When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow,
We took the road ay like a Swallow:
At Brookes thou had ne'er a fellow,
For pith an' speed;
But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow,
Whare'er thou gaed.

The sma', droot-rumpl't, hunter cattle,
Might aiblins waurn't thee for a brattle;
But sax Scotch mile, thou try't their mettle,
An' gart them whaizzle;
Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
O' laugh or hazle.

Thou was a noble Fittie-lan',
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn!
Aft thee an' I, in aught hours gaun,
   On guid March-weather,
Hae turn'd sax rood beside our han',
   For days thegither.

Thou never braing't, an' fetch't, an' slisket,
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whisket,
An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd b'risket,
Wi' pith an' pow'r,
Till sprittie knowes wad rair't an' risket,
An' flypet owre.

When frofts lay lang, an' fnaws were deep,
An' threaten'd labor back to keep,
I gied thy cog a wee-bit heap
Aboon the timmer;
I ken'd my Maggie wad na sleep
For that, or Simmer.

In cart or car thou never reestet;
The steyest brae thou wad hae fac't it;
Thou never lap, an' sten't, an' brestet,
Then stood to blaw;
But just thy flep a wee thing haftet,
Thou snoov't awa.

My Pleugh is now thy bairn-time a';
Four gallant brutes, as e'er did draw;
Forby fax mae, I've fell't awa,
That thou haft nurft:
They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,
   The vera warst.

Monie a fair daurk we twa hae 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.

An' think na, my auld, trufty Servan',
That now perhaps thou's less deservin,
An' thy auld days may end in starvin',
   For my last fow,
A heapet 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,
Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,
   Wi' sma' fatigue.
COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. A****, Esq;

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur bear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the Poor.

Gray.

I.

My lov'd, my honor'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 lovely 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!

II.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry fugh;

The short'ning winter-day is near a close;

The miry beafts retreating frae the pleugh;

The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose:

The toil-worn COTTER frae his labor goes,

This night his weekly moil is at an end,

Collects his spades, his mattocks and his boes,

Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,

And weary, o'er the moor, his course does

hameward bend.

III.

At length his lonely Cot appears in view,

Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
The expectant wee-things, toddlan, flacher through
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noife and glee.
His wee-bit ingle, blinkan bonilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty Wifie's smile,
The lipping infant, prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil,

VI.
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 fair-won penny-fee,
To help her Parents dear, if they in hardship be.

V.

With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
Each tells the unclos that he sees or hears.
The Parents partial eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view;
The Mother, wi' her needle and her sheers,
Gars auld claés look amait as weel's the new;
The Father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

VI.

Their Master's and their Mistress's command,
The youngkers a' are warned to obey;
And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play:
And O! be sure to fear the LORD alway!
And mind your duty, duely, morn and night!
Left in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might:
They never fought in vain that fought the LORD aright.

VII.

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the fame,
Tells how a neebor lad came 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 enquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Wleet-pleaf'd the Mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless Rake.
VIII.

With kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;
A strappan youth; he takes the Mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen;
The Father cracks of horses, ploughs
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 makes the youth fae bashfu' and
fae grave;
Weel-pleaf'd to think her bairn's respected
like the lave.

IX.

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 other’s 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, fly, ensnaring art,

Betray sweet Jenny’s unsuspecting youth?

Curse on his perjur’d arts! dissembling smooth!

Are Honor, 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 healsome Porritche, chief of SCO-TIA'S food:

The soupe their only Hawkie does afford,

That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:

The Dame brings forth, in complimental mood,

To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,

And aft he's preft, and aft he ca's it guid;

The frugal Wifie, garrulous, will tell,

How 'twas a townmond auld, fin' Lint was i' the bell.

XII.

The chearfu' Supper done, wi' serious face,

They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;

The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,

The big ba'-Bible, ance his Father's pride:

Q 2
His bonnet rev’rently is laid aside,
His lyart baffets wearing thin and 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.

XIII.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the no-
Blest aim:
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name;
Or noble Elgin beets the heaven-ward 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.
XIV.

The priest-like Father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the Friend of God on high;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage,
With Amalek’s ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal Bard did groaning lye,
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.

XV.

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 pronounce'd
by Heaven's command.

XVI.

Then kneeling down, to HEAVEN'S E-
TERNAL 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 e-
ternal sphere.

XVII.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,

* Pope's Windsor Forest.
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
The POWER, incen'd, the Pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacredotal 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 enroll.

XVIII.

Then homeward all take off their several 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 preside.

XIX.

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 noble work of GOD,' And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly 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!

XX.

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 content!
And O 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.

XXI.

O THOU! who pour'd the patriotic tide,
That stream'd thro' great, unhappy WAL-LACE' 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!
To

A Mouse,

On turning her up in her Nest, with the Plough,

November, 1785.

WEE, sleeket, cowran, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa fae hafty,
    Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chafe thee,
    Wi' murd'ring 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 may 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,
An' never miss't!

Thy wee-bit housie, too, in ruin!
It's filly 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' waft,
An' weary Winter comin faft,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,

Till crash! the cruel couler past
Out thro' thy cell.

R 2
That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But houfe or hald,
To thole the Winter's fleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!

But Mousie, thou art no thy-lane,
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best laid schemes o' Mice an' Men,
Gang aft agley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' 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!
EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

BROTHER POET.

January——

I.

WHILE winds frae off 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-folk's gift,
    That live fae bien an' snug:
    I tent less, and want less
    Their roomy fire-side;
    But hanker, and canker,
    To see their cursed pride.

II.

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

* Ramsay.
The last o’ t, the warn o’ t,
Is only but to beg.

III.
To lye 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 ay 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 we can fu’.

IV.
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 whittle clear,
With honest joy, our hearts will bound,
To see the coming year:
On braes when we please then,
We'll fit and setth a tune;
Syne rhyme till't, well time till't,
And sing't when we hae done.

V.
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 center 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 a'ys the part a',
   That makes us right or wrang.

VI.

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 Heaven or Hell;
Esteeming, and deeming,
   It a' an idle tale!
   $
Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce;
Nor make our scanty Pleasures less,
By pining at our state:
And, ev'n should Misfortunes come,
I, here wha fit, 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 and 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!

IX.

O, all ye Pow'rs who rule above!
O THOU, whose very self art love!
   THOU know'ft 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, Allseeing,
   O hear my fervent pray'r!
   S 2
Still take her, and make her,
    THY most peculiar care!

X.

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 ev'ry care and ill;
And oft a more endearing band,
    A tye more tender still.
It lightens, it brightens,
    The tenebrific scene,
To meet with, and greet with,
    My DAVIE or my JEAN!

XI.

O, how that name inspires my style!
The words come skelpin, rank and file,
    Amait before I ken!
The ready measure rins as fine,
As *Phæbus* and the famous *Nine*
Were glowran owre my pen.

My spavet *Pegasus* will limp,
Till anse he’s fairly het;
And then he’ll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,
And rin an unco fit:

But leaft then, the beast then,
Should rue this hafty ride,
I’ll light now, and sight 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!

O Thou pale Orb, that silent shines,
While care-untroubled mortals sleep!
Thou feest a wretch, who 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!

II.

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!

III.

No idly-feign'd, poetic pains,
My sad, lovelorn lamentings claim:
No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains;
No fabled tortures, quaint and tame.

The plighted faith; the mutual flame;
The oft-attested Powers above;
The promis'd Father's tender name;  
These were the pledges of my love!

IV.

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?

V.

Oh! can she bear so base a heart;  
So lost to Honor, lost to Truth,  
As from the fondest lover part,  
The plighted husban's 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?
VI.

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 Wisp to gild the gloom!

VII.

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 Phoebus, low,
    Shall kiss the distant, western main.

VIII.

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, hagard-wild, in fore affright:
Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief,
    From such a horror-breathing night.

IX.

O! thou bright Queen, who, o'er th' expanse,
    Now highest reign'st, with boundless fway!
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.

X.

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.*
OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I set me down and sigh:
O Life! Thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I!
Dim-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!

II.

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 fad-returning night,
And joyless morn the same.
You, bustling and justling,
Forget each grief and pain;
I, listless, yet restless,
Find ev'ry prospect vain.
III.

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 Heaven on high,
   As wand'ring, meand'ring,
   He views the solemn sky.

IV.

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 pleasu'res, 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!

V.

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!
MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN,

A

DIRGE

I.

WHEN chill November's furly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One ev'ning, as I wand'red forth,
Along the banks of AIRE,
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.
II.

Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou? 
Began the rev'rend Sage; 
Does thirft of wealth thy step constrain, 
Or youthful Pleasure's rage? 
Or haply, preft with cares and woes, 
Too soon thou haft began, 
To wander forth, with me, to mourn 
The miseries of Man.

III.

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

IV.

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 gives Nature's law,
That Man was made to mourn.

V.

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.

VI.

A few seem favourites of Fate,
In Pleasure's lap careft;
Yet, think not all the Rich and Great,
Are likewise truly blest.
But Oh! what crowds in ev'ry land,
   All wretched and forlorn,
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
   That Man was made to mourn!

VII.

Many and sharp the num'rous IIs
   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!

VIII.

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.

IX.

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?

X.

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!
XI.

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 for those
That weary-laden mourn!
WINTER,

A DIRGE.

I.

THE Wintry West extends his blast,
   And hail and rain does blaw;
Or, the stormy North sends driving forth,
   The blinding fleet and snow:
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.
II.

"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!

III.

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.
IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

I.

O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear!
In whose dread Presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear!

II.

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun;
As *Something*, loudly, in my breast;
Remonstrates I have done;

III.
Thou know’st that Thou hast formed me;
With Passions wild and strong;
And lift’ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

IV.
Where human *weakness* has come short,
Or *frailty* stept aside,
Do Thou, **ALL-GOOD**, for such Thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

V.
Where with *intention* I have err’d,
No other plea I have,
But, *Thou art good*; and Goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

X
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 bonie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonie Lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!

Wi's spreckl'd breast,

When upward-springing, blythe, to greet

The purpling East.

Cauld 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 shiel'd,

But thou, beneath the random bield

O' clod or stane,

Adorns the hiftie *stibble-field*,

Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,

Thy snawie bosom sun-ward sprea'd,

Thou lifts thy unaffuming head

In humble guise;

*X 2*
But now the share upears 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 whelm 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 furrows weight,
Shall be thy doom!
TO RUIN.

I.

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 fullen welcome, all!
With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
I see each aimed dart;
For one has cut my dearest tye,
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.

II.

And thou grim Pow'r, by Life abhor'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 joy'd day?
My weary heart it's throbblings 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!
T

7

G P I S ' I' L

T O

go.

May—

1786:

I.

Lang hae thought, my youthfu' friend;
A Something to have sent you,
Tho' it should serve nae other 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.
II.
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.

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

IV.
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,
Th' Poortith hourly stare him;
A man may tak a neebor's part,
Yet hae nae cash to spare him.

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

VI.
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 fin;
The hazard of concealing;
But Och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling!
To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,  
Affiduous wait upon her;  
And gather gear by ev'ry wile,  
That's justify'd by Honor:  
Not for to hide it in a hedge,  
Nor for a train-attendant;  
But for the glorious priviledge  
Of being independant:

The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip,  
To haud the wretch in order;  
But where ye feel your Honor grip,  
Let that ay be your border:  
It's slightest touches, instant pause—  
Debar a' side-pretences;  
And resolutely keep it's 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 prophane to range,
   Be complaisance extended;
An athieft-laugh's a poor exchange
   For Deity offended!

X.

When ranting round in Pleasure's ring,
   Religion may be blinded;
Or if she give a random-sling,
   It may be little minded;
But when on Life we're tempest-driven,
   A Conscience but a canker—
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,
   Is sure a noble anchor!

XI.

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 ye better reck the rede,
   Than ever did th' Adviser!
ON A

SCOTCH BARD

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

A' Ye wha live by fowps 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 rantan 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 bonie lasses weil may wiss him,  
And in their dear petitions place him:  
The widows, wives, an'a' may bles his him,  
Wi' tearfu' e'e;  
For weel I wat they'll fairly mis his him  
That's owre the Sea!

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

Auld, cantie KYLE may weepers wear,  
An' lain them wi' the saut, saut tear;
"Twill mak her poor, auld heart, I fear,
   In flinders flec:
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 laft,
   Ill may she be!
So, took a birth afore the maft,
   An' owre the Sea.

To tremble under Fortune's cummuck,
On scarce a bellyfu' o' drumnock,
Wi' his proud, independant stomach,
   Could ill agree;
So, row't his hurdies in a hammock,
   An' owre the Sea.

He ne'er was gien to great misguidin,
Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in;
Wi' him it ne'er was under bidin;
   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 ay a dainty chiel,
An' fou o' glee:
He wad na wrang'd the vera *Diel*,
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 bonilie!
I'll toast you in my hindmost *gillie*,
Tho' owre the Sea!
DEDICATION

TO

G**** H******** Efq;

EXPECT na, Sir, in this narration,
A fleechan, fleth'ran Dedication,
To roose you up, an' ca' you guid,
An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid;
Because ye're firnam'd like His Grace,
Perhaps related to the race:
Then when I'm tir'd—and fæ are ye,
Wi' monie a fullsome, sinfu' lie,
Set up a face, how I stop short;
For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do—maun do, Sir, wi' them wha
Maun please the Great-folk for a wamefou;
For me! fæ laigh I need na bow,
For, LORD be thanket, I can plough;
And when I downa yoke a naig,
Then, LORD be thanket, I can beg;
Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatt'rin,
It's just sic Poet an' sic Patron.

The Poet, some gaid 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 fee 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 ras'cals 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 Gentooes, and Pagan Turks,
Or Hunters wild on Ponotaxi,
Wha never heard of Orth-d-xy.
That he's the poor man's friend in need,
The GENTLEMAN in word and deed,
It's no through terror of D-mn-t-n;
It's just a carnal inclination,
And Och! that's nae r-g-n-r-t-n!

Morality, thou deadly bane,
Thy tens o' thousands thou haft slain!
Vain is his hope, wha'se stay an' trust is,
In moral Mercy, Truth and Justice!
No—stretch a point to catch a plack;
Abuse a Brother to his back;
Steal thro’ the winnock frae a wh-re,
But point the Rake that taks the door;
Be to the Poor like onie whunftane,
And haud their noses to the grunstane;
Ply ev’ry art o’ legal thieving;
No matter—sttick to sound believing.

Learn three-mile pray’rs, an’ 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 o’ C-lv-n,
For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin!
Ye fons of Herefy and Error,
Ye’ll some day squeueel 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 Misery moans,
And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones,
Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans!

Your pardon, Sir, for this digression,
I maift forgat my Dedication;
But when Divinity comes cross me,
My readers then are sure to lose me.

So Sir, you 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 yourself.

Then patronize them wi' your favor,
And your Petitioner shall ever—
I had amaiſt ſaid, ever pray,
But that's a word I need na say:
For prayin I hae little ſkill o't;
I'm baith dead-sweep, an' wretched ill o't;
But I've 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'r'ous, honest heart,
For that fame gen'r'ous spirit smart!
May K******'s far-honor'd name
Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
Till H******'s, at least a diz'n,
Are frae their nuptial labors risen:
Five bonie Lassies round their table,
And sev'n braw fellows, stout an' able,
To serve their King an' Country weel,
By word, or pen, or pointed fleel!
May Health and Peace, with mutual rays,
Shine on the ev'ning o' his days;
Till his wee, curlie John's i'er-oë,
When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
The last, sad, mournful rites beftow!

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
With 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 Carl,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 giv’n,
If, in the vale of humble life,
The victim sad of Fortune’s strife,
I, through the tender-gushing tear,
Should recognise 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 crowlan ferlie!
Your impudence protects you fairly:
I canna fay but ye strunt rarely,
Owre gawze and lace;
Tho' faith, I fear ye dine but sparelly,
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepan, blastet wonner,
Detested, shunn'd, by faunt an' finner;
How daur 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, jumping cattle,
   In foals and nations;
Whare born nor bane ne'er daur unsettle,
   Your thick plantations.

Now hauld you there, ye're out o' fight,
Below the fatt'rels, snug and tight,
Na faith ye yet! ye'll no be right,
   Till ye've got on it;
The vera tapmoft, towrin height
   O' Miss's bonnet.

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

  I wad na been surpriz'd to spy
You on an auld wife's flainen toy;
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy;
  On's wylecoat;
But Miss's fine Lunardi, fye!
  How daur 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
  An' foolish notion:
What airs in drees an' gait wad lea'e us,
  And ev'n Devotion!
EPISTLE

TO

J. L*****K,

AN OLD SCOTCH BARD.

April 1st, 1785.

WHILE briers an' woodbines budding green,
An' Patricks scraichan loud at e'en,
And morning Pooffie whiddan seen,
   Inspire my Muse,
   This freedom, in an unknown frien',
   I pray excuse.
   A a 2
On Fafteneen we had a rockin,
To ca’ the crack and weave our stockin;
And there was muckle fun and jokin,
Ye need na doubt;
At length we had a hearty yokin,
At fang about.

There was ae fang, amang the rest,
Aboon them a’ it pleaf’d me best,
That some kind husband had addreft,
To some sweet wife:
It thirl’d the heart-strings thro’ the breast,
A’ to the life.

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

It put me fidgean-fain to hear’t,
An’ fae about him there I spier’t;
Then a' that kent him round declar'd,
He had ingenue,
That nane excell'd it, few cam near't,
It was fae fine.

That set him to a pint of ale,
An' either douce or merry tale,
Or rhymes an' fangs 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 an' graith,
Or die a cadger pownie's death,
At some dyke-back,
A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith,
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 eneugh,

I am nae Poet, in a sense,
But just a Rhymer 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 Critic-folk may cock their nose,
And say, ' How can you e'er propose,
' You wha ken hardly verse frae prose,
' To mak a song?'

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 fairs your Grammars?
Ye'd better taen up spades and shools,
Or knoppin-hammers.
A set o' dull, conceited Hashes;
Confuse their brains in Colledge-classes!
They gang in Stirks, and come out Asles;
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 FERGUSON'S, the bauld an' flee,
Or bright L*****K'S, my friend to be,
If I can hit it!
That would be lear eneugh 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 few,
I'll 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 faults to tell;
But friends and folk that wish me well,
They sometimes roose me.

Tho' I maun own, as monie still,
As far abuse me.

There's ae wee faut they whiles lay to me;
I like the lassies—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're 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' kirf'n 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 dinna 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 gristle;
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fifsle,
Who am, moat fervent,
While I can either sing, or whistle,
Your friend and servant.

TO THE SAME.

April 21st, 1783.

WHILE new-ca'd kye rowte 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 L*****K,
For his kind letter.

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

The tapetless, ramfeezl'd hizzie,
She's faft at best an' something lazy,
Quo' she, 'Ye ken we've been fae busy

' This month an' mair,
' That truth, my head is grown right dizzie,
' An' something fair.'

Her dowf excuses pat me mad;
' Conscience,' says I, 'ye thowles jad!
' I'll write, an' that a hearty blaud,

' This vera night;
' So dinna ye affront your trade,

' But rhyme it right.

' Shall bauld L*****K, the king o' hearts,
' Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes,
' Roose you fae weel for your deserts,

' In terms fae 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 clink,
  ' By Jove I'll profe it!

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

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
Tho' Fortune use you hard an' sharp;
Come, kittle up your moorlan harp
Wi' gleesome touch!
Ne'er mind how Fortune waft an' warp;
She's but a b-tch.

She's gien me monie a jirt an' fleg,
Sin I could friddle owre a rig;
But 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 fax an' twentieth timmer,
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 an' sklent,
Or purse-proud, big wi' cent per cent,
        An' muckle wame,
In some bit Brugh to represent
        A Baillie's name?

Or is't the paughty, feudal Thane,
Wi' ruffl'd fark an' glancin cane,
Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-fank bane,
        But lordly stalks,
While caps an’ 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 fate,
' On pain o' bell 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 followers o' the ragged Nine,
Poor, thoughtless devils! yet may shine
In glorious light,
While fordid sons o' Mammon's line
Are dark as night!

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

Then may L*****K and B**** 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!
Gat your letter, winsome Willie;
Wi' grateful heart I thank you brawlie;
Tho' I maun fay't, I wad be sily,
    An' unco sily,
Should I believe, my coaxin billie,
    Your flatterin strain.

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

May—1785.
W. S****N, OCHILTREE.
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 Ferguson, the writer-chieł,
A deathless name.

(O Ferguson! 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 laffes gie my heart a screed,
As whiles they're like to be my dead,
(O fad diseafe!)
I kittle up my rustic reed;
It gies me ease.

Auld COILA, now, may fidge fu' fain,
She's gotten Bardies o' her ain,
Chiefs wha their chanters winna hain,
But tune their lays;
Till echoes a' refound again
Her weel-sung praise.

Nae Poet thought her worth his while,
To set her name in measur'd style;
She lay like some unkend-of isle
Beside New Holland,
Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
Befouth Magellan.

Ramsay an' famous Ferguson
Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon;
Yarrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune,
Owre Scotland rings,
While Irwin, Lugar, Aire an' Doon,
Naebody fings.

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

We'll sing auld COILAS' plains an' fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
Her banks an' braes, her dens an' dells,
Where glorious WALLACE
Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
Frac Suthron billies,

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

O sweet are COILAS' haughs an' woods,
When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
And jinkin' hares, in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy,
While thro' the braes the cuyhat croods
With wailfu' cry!
C c 2
Ev'n winter bleak has charms to 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 Summer kindly warms,
Wi' life 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 trottin burn's meander,
An' no think lang;
O fweet, to stray an' pensive ponder
A heart-felt fang!

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

Fareweel, ’my rhyme-composing’ brither!
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 an’ 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,
My memory's no worth a preen;
I had a' a'maist forgotten clean,
Ye bad me write you what they mean
By this new-light, *
'Bout which our herds fae 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 fark, or pair o' shoon,
Woor by degrees, till her last roon
Gaed past their viewin,
An' shortly after she was done
They gat a new ane.

* A cant-term for those religious opinions, which Dr. TAYLOR of Norwich has defended so strenuously.
This past for certain, undisputed;
It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,
'Till chiels gat up an' wad confute it;
An' ca'd it wrang;
An' muckle din there was about it,
Baith loud an' lang.

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

This was deny'd, it was affirm'd;
The herds an' hiffels 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 dadies.

Frae less to mair it gaed to ficks;
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 bure sic hands,
That faith, the young'fers took the lands
   Wi' nimble fhanks,
Till Lairds forbad, by strict commands;
  Sic bluidy pranks.

But new-light herds gat sic a cowe,
Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an-flowe,
Till now amaist on ev'ry knowe
   Ye'll find ane plac'd;
An' some, their New-light fair avow,
  Juft quite barefac'd.

Nae doubt the auld-light flocks are bleatan;
Their zealous herds are vex'd an' sweatan;
Mysel, I've ev'n seen them greetan
   Wi' giren spite,
To hear the Moon fae sadly lie’d on
By word an’ write.

But shortly they will cowe the louns!
Some auld-light herds in neebor towns
Are mind’t, in things they ca’ balloons,
To tak a flight,
An’ stay ae month amang the Moons
An’ see them right.

Guid observation they will gie them;
An’ when the auld Moon’s gaun to le’ae them,
The hindmost sbaird, 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.

D d
EPISTLE TO J. R******,

ENCLOSING SOME POEMS.

O

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

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

* A certain humorous dream of his was then making a noise in the world.
Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it!  
That holy robe, O dinna tear it!  
Spare’t for their fakes 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:  
It’s just the Blue-gown badge an’ claithing,  
O’ Saunts; tak that, ye lea’e them naething;  
To ken them by,  
Frae ony unregenerate Heathen,  
Like you or I.

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

Tho’ faith, sma’ heart hae I to sing!  
My Muse dow scarceely spread her wing:  
D d 2

* A Song he had promised the Author.
I've play'd mysel a bonie spring,
      An' danc'd my fill!
I'd better gaen an' fair't the king,
      At Bunker's hill.

'Twas ae night lately, in my fun,
I gaed a rovin wi' the gun,
An' brought a Patric'k to the grun',
      A bonie hen,
And, as the twilight was begun,
      Thought nane wad ken.

The poor, wee thing was little hurt;
I straiket it a wee for sport,
Ne'er thinkan they wad fash me for't;
      But, Deil-ma-care!
Somebody tells the Poacher-Court,
      The hale affair.

Some auld, uf'd hands had taen a note,
That fie a 'hen had got a shot;
I was suspected for the plot;
      I scorn'd to lie;
So gat the whisle o’ my groat,
   An’ pay’t the fee.

   But by my gun, o’ guns the wale,
An’ by my pouther an’ my bail,
An’ by my hen, an’ by her tail,
   I vow an’ swear!

The Game shall Pay, owre moor an’ dail,
   For this, nieft year.

As soon’s the clockin-time is by,
An’ the wee powts begun to cry,
L—d, I’se hae sportin by an’ by,
   For my gowd guinea;

Tho’ I should herd the buckskin 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
   Scarce thro’ the feathers;
An’ baith a yellow George to claim,
   An’ thole their blethers!
It pits me ay 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.

---

**SONG.**

*Tune, Corn rigs are bonie.*

I.

It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa to Annie:
The time flew by, wi' tentless head,
Till 'tween the late and early;
Wi' sina' persuasion she agreed,
To see me thro' the barley.
II.

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 moit sincerely;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
    Amang the rigs o' barley.

III.

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 night so clearly!
She ay shall bless that happy night,
    Amang the rigs o' barley.

IV.

I hae been blythe wi' Comrades dear;
    I hae been merry drinking;
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear;
I hae been happy thinking:
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.

CHÓRUS.
Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
An' corn rigs are bonie:
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;
And 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.

II.

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 Cufhat roves,
The path of man to shun it;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the Thrush,
The spreading thorn the Linnet.

III.

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 fway,
Tyrannic man’s dominion;
The Sportsman’s joy, the murd’ring cry,
The flutt’ring, gory pinion!

IV.

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 ev’ry happy creature.

V.

We’ll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly;
I’ll grasp thy waist, and fondly press,
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, Gilderoy.

I.

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.

II.

Farewell, farewell, ELIZA dear,
   The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear,
   We part to meet no more!
But the latest throb that leaves my heart,
   While Death stands victor by,
That throb, ELIZA, is thy part,
   And thine that latest sigh!

E e 2
THE FAREWELL.

TO THE BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES'S LODGE, TARBOLOTON.

Tune, Goodnight and joy be wi' you a'

I.

A DIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
Dear brothers of the mystic tye!
Ye favored, enlighten'd Few,
Companions of my social joy!
Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing Fortune's flidd'ry ba',
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa.

II.

Oft have I met your social Band,
And spent the cheerful, festive night;
Oft, honor'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!

III.

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.

IV.

And YOU, farewell! whose merits claim,
Justly that highest badge to wear!
Heav'n blefs your honor'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.
EPITAPH ON A HENPECKED COUNTRY SQUIRE.

As father Adam firft was fool’d,
    A case that’s still too common,
Here lyes a man a woman rul’d,
    The devil rul’d the woman.

EPIGRAM ON SAID OCCASION.

O Death, hadst thou but spar’d his life,
    Whom we, this day, lament!
We freely wad exchang’d the wife,
    An’ a’ been weel content.
Ev’n as he is, cauld in his graff,
    The swap we yet will do’t;
Tak thou the Carlin’s carcase aff,
    Thou’se get the sould o’ boot.

ANOTHER.

One Queen Artemisa, as old stories tell,
When depriv’d of her husband she loved so well,
In respect for the love and affection he'd show'd 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 show her respect, but—to save the expense.

************

EPITAPHS.

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

Here Sowter **** 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'ran b—tch
Into thy dark dominion!

ON WEE JOHNLIE.

Hic jacet wee Jehnie.

Whoe'er thou art, O reader, know,
That Death has murder'd Johnie;
An' here his body lies fu' low——
For faul 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!
Here 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 honor'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 fav'd or d—'d!

* Goldsmith.
A B A R D'S E P I T A P H.

Is there a whim-inspir'd fool,
Owre faft for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
   Let him draw near;
And o'er this graspy heap fing dool;
   And drap a tear.

Is there a Bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crouds 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.

FINIS.
**GLOSSARY.**

Words that are universally known, and those that differ from the English only by the elision of letters by apophtrophes, or by varying the termination of the verb, are not inserted. The terminations may be thus known; the participle present, instead of *ing*, ends, in the Scotch Dialect, in *an* or *in*; in *an*, particularly, when the verb is composed of the participle present, and any of the tenses of the auxiliary, *to be*. The past time and participle past are usually made by shortening the *ed* into 't.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A</th>
<th>Bawnt, having a white stripe down the face</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A BACK,</td>
<td>Ben, <em>but and ben</em>, the country</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Abiegh,</td>
<td>kitchen and parlour</td>
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<tr>
<td>at a distance</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Ae, one</td>
<td>Bees, bellows</td>
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<tr>
<td>Agley,</td>
<td>Bee, <em>to let bee</em>, to leave in quiet</td>
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<tr>
<td>wide of</td>
<td>Biggin, a building</td>
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<tr>
<td>the aim</td>
<td>Bield, shelter</td>
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<tr>
<td>Aiver,</td>
<td>Blaft, worthless</td>
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<tr>
<td>an old</td>
<td>Blather, the bladder</td>
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<tr>
<td>horse</td>
<td>Blink, a glance, an amorous</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aizle,</td>
<td>leer, a short space of time</td>
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<tr>
<td>a red</td>
<td>AIREAN, baring</td>
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<tr>
<td>ember</td>
<td>Blype, a shred of cloth, &amp;c.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ane, one,</td>
<td>Boost, behoved</td>
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<tr>
<td>an</td>
<td>Braish, a sudden illness</td>
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<tr>
<td>Afe, ashes</td>
<td>Brat, a worn shred of Cloth</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ava, at all, of all</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Awn, the beard of oats, &amp;c.</td>
<td>Brainge, to draw unsteadily</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Braxie, a morkin sheep
Brogue, an affront
Breafet, sprung forward
Burnewin, q. d. burn the wind,
a Blacksmith.

C

A’, to call, to drive
Caup, a small, wooden dish with twolugs, or handles
Cape ftane, cope ftone
Cairds, tinkers
Cairn, a loose heap of ftones
Chuffie, fat-faced
Collie, a general and sometimes a particular name for country curs
Cog, or coggie, a small wooden dish without handles
Cootie, a pretty large wooden dish
Crack, conversation, to converse
Crank, a harsh, grating sound
Crankous, fretting, peevish
Croon, a hollow, continued moan
Crowl, to creep
Crouchie, crook-backed
Cranreuch, the hoar froft
Curpan, the crupper
Cummock, a short staff

D

AUD, the noise of one falling flat, a large piece of bread, &c.
Daut, to carefs, to fondle
Daimen, now and then, seldom
Daurk, a day’s labour
Deleeret, delirious

Dead-sweer, very loath, averse
Dowie, crazy and dull
Donfie, unlucky, dangerous
Doylte, stupified, hebetated
Dow, am able
Dought, was able
Doyte, to go drunkenly or stupidly
Drummock, meal and water mixed raw
Drunt, pet, pettish humor
Duft, topufhas a bull, ram, &c.
Duds, rags of clothes

E

ERIE, frightened; particularly the dread of spirits
Eldritch, fearful, horrid, ghastly
Eild, old age
Eydent, constant, busy

F

A’, fall, lot
Fawfont, decent, orderly
Faem, foam
Fatt'rels, ribband ends, &c.
Ferlie, a wonder, to wonder; also a term of contempt
Fecht, to fight
Fetch, to stop suddenly in the draught, and then come on too hastily
Fier, found, healthy
Fittie lan’, the near horse of the hindmost pair in the plough
Flunkies, livery servants
Fley, to frighten
Fleeth, fleece
Fliif, to fret at the yoke
Plchter, to flutter
Forbears, ancestors
Forby, besides
Forjcket, jaded
Fow, full, drunk; a bushel, &c.
Freaht, froath
Fuff, to blow intermittedly
Fyle, to dirty, to soil

G

rlichter, to flutter.
Forbears, ancestors
Forby, besides
Forjcket, jaded
Fow, full, drunk; a bushel, &c.
Freaht, froath
Fuff, to blow intermittedly
Fyle, to dirty, to soil

G

GASH, wife, fagacious, talkative; to converse
Gate, or gaet, way, manner, practice
Gab, the mouth; to speak boldly
Gawfle, jolly, large
Geck, to toss the head in pride or wantonness
Gizz, a wig
Gilpey, a young girl
Glazie, smooth, glittering
Glunch, a frown; to frown
Glint, to peep
Gruhie, of thick, stout growth
Gruntle, the visage; a grunting noise
Greutome, loathsome, grim

H

H AL, or hald, hold, bidding place
Hafh, a term of contempt
Haverel, a quarter-wit
Haurl, to drag, to peel
Haim, to save, to spare
Heugh, a crag, a coal-pit
Hecht, to forebode
Hillie, dry, chapt, barren
Howe, hollow
Hoffe or Hoaff, to cough
Howk, to dig
Hoddan, the motion of a sage

H

country farmer on an old cart horse
Houghmagandie, a species of gender composed of the masculine and feminine united
Hoy, to urge incessantly
Hoyte, a motion between a trot and a gallop
Hogshouther, to juggle with the shoulder

I

ICKER, an ear of corn
Ier-oe, a great grand child
Ingine, genius
Ill-willie, malicious, unkind

J

AUK, to dally at work
Jouk, to floop
Jooteleg, a kind of knife
Jundie, to juggle

K

KE, a daw
Ket, a hairy, ragged fleece of wool
Kiutle, to cuddle, to caress, to fondle
Kiaugh, carking anxiety
Kirfen, to chiritten

L

LAGGEN, the angle at the bottom of a wooden dish
Laithfu', bashful
Leeze me, a term of congratulatory endearment
Leal, loyal; true
Loot, did let
Lowe, flame; to flame
Lunt, smoke; to smoke
Limmer, a woman of easy virtue
Link, to trip along
Lyart, grey
Luggie, a small, wooden dish with one handle

Penny-wheep, small beer
Pine, pain, care
Pirratch, or porritch, pottage
Pliskie, trick
Primfie, affectedly nice
Prief, proof

Quat, quit, did quit
Quaikin, quaking

MANTEELE, a mantle
Melvie, to foil with meal
Menge, good breeding
Mell, to meddle with
Modewurk, a mole
Moop, to nibble as a sheep
Muflin kail, broth made up simply of water, barley and greens

NOWTE, black cattle
Nieve, the silt

OWRE, over
Outler, lying in the fields, not housed at night

PACK, intimate, familiar
Pang, to cram
Painch, the paunch
Paughty, proud, saucy
Pattle or pettle, the plough-staff
Peghan, the crop of fowls, the stomach

RAINFEZL'D, over-spent
Raep or rape, a rope
Raucle, flout, clever
Raible, to repeat by rote
Ram-flam, thoughtless
Raught, did reach
Reeflet, shrivelled
Reef, to be reflex
Reck, to take heed
Rede, counsel, to counsel
Ripp, a handful of unthreshed corn, &c.
Rief, reaving
Rilk, to make a noise like the breaking of small roots with the plough
Rowt, to bellow
Roupet, hearie
Runkle, a wrinkle
Rockin, a meeting on a winter evening

SAIL, fore
Saunt, a saint
Scripgg, quaint; to flint
Scrriegh, to cry shrilly
Scrieve, to run smoothly and swiftly
Screed, to tear
Scawl, a Scold
Sconner, to loath
Sheen, bright
Shaw, a little wood; to show
Shaver, a humorous mischievous wag
Skirl, a thrill cry
Sklen, to flant, to fib
Skiegh, mettlesome, fiery, proud
Slype, to fall over like a wet turrow
Smeddum, powder of any kind
Smetyrie, a numerous collection of small individuals
Snick-drawing, trick-contriving
Snath, abusive language
Sowther, to cement, to folder
Splore, a ramble
Spunkie, fiery; will o' wisp
Spairge, to spurt about like water or mire, to foil
Sprittie, rufhy
Squatter, to flutter in water
Staggie, diminutive of Stag
Steeve, firm
Stark, a pool of standing water
Stroan, to pour out like a spout
Stegh, to cram the belly
Stibble-rig, the reaper who takes the lead
Sten, to rear as a horse
Swith, get away
Sync, since, ago, then

T

Tapetless, unthinking
Tawie, that handles quietly
Tawted, or tawtet, matted together
Tact, a small quantity
Tarrow, to murmur at one's allowance
Thowless, flack, pithless
Thack an' raep, all kinds of necessaries, particularly clothes
Thowe, thaw
Tirl, to knock gently, to uncover
Toyte, to walk like old age
Trafthrie, trash

W

Wauket, thickened as fullers do cloth
Water-kelpies, a sort of mischievous spirits that are said to haunt fords, &c.
Water-brofe, brofe made simply of meal and water
Wauble, to swing
Wair, to lay out, to spend
Whaizle, to wheez
Whisk, to sweep
Wintle, a wavering, swinging motion
Wiel, a small whirlpool
Winze, an oath
Wonner, wonder, a term of contempt
Woer-bab, the garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loops and ends
Wrack, to vex, to trouble

Y

Yell, dry, spoken of a cow
Ye, is frequently used for the singular
Young guidman, a new married man