

John Ballou

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*28th January 1927.*







The MUSE of CALEDONIA presenting to APOLLO  
the Names of her favourite Bards.

Glen 64.

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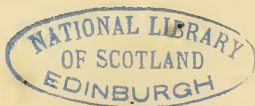
THE  
**CABINET**  
OF THE  
**SCOTTISH MUSES;**


7c

SELECTED FROM  
*THE WORKS OF THE MOST ESTEEMED  
BARDS OF CALEDONIA.*



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SCOTLAND'S SKAITH;

OR,

*THE HISTORY*

o'

WILL AND JEAN:

*OWRE TRUE A TALE!*

BY HECTOR MACNEILL, ESQ.



# WILL AND JEAN :

OWRE TRUE A TALE!



WHa was ance like *Willie Gairlace*,  
Wha in neeboring town or farm?  
Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,  
Deadly strength was in his arm!

Wha wi' Will cou'd rin' or wrastle?  
Throw the sledge, or toss the bar?  
Hap what wou'd, he stood a castle,  
Or for safety, or for war.

Warm his heart, and mild as manfu',  
Wi' the bauld he bauld cou'd be;  
But to friends wha had their handfu'  
Purse and service aye ware free.

Whan he first saw *Jeanie Miller*,  
Wha wi' Jeanie cou'd compare?—  
Thousands had mair braws and siller,  
But ware ony hauf sae fair?

Saft her smile raise like May morning,  
 Glinting owre *Demail's* \* brow :  
 Sweet, wi' opening charms adorning  
*Strevlin's* † lovely plain below !

Kind and gentle was her nature ;  
 At ilk place she bare the bell ;  
 Sic a bloom, and shape, and stature !  
 But her *look* nae tongue can tell !

Sic was *Jean*, whan *Will* first mawing,  
 Spied her on a thraward beast ;  
 Flew like fire, and just when fa'ing,  
 Kept her on his manly breast.

Light he bare her pale as ashes,  
 Cross the meadow, fragrant green ;  
 Plac'd her on the new-mawn rashes,  
 Watching sad her opening een.

Sic was *Will*, whan poor *Jean* fainting  
 Drapt into a lover's arms ;  
 Waken'd to his saft lamenting ;  
 Sigh'd, and blush'd a thousand charms.

\* One of the Ochil Hills, near Stirling.---Gaelic,  
 'Dun-ma-chit,' The hill of the good prospect.---It  
 pronounced 'De-myit.'

† The ancient name of Stirling.

Soon they loo'd, and soon ware buckl'd ;  
 Nane took time to think and rue.—  
*Youth and worth and beauty cuppl'd ;*  
 Lave had never less to do,

Three short years flew by fu' canty,  
 Jean and Will thought them but *ane* ;  
 Ilka day brought joy and plenty,  
 Ilka year a dainty wean.

Will wrought sair, but ay wi' pleasure ;  
 Jean the hail day span and sang ;  
*Will and Weans* her constant treasure,  
 Blest wi' them, nae day seem'd lang ;

Trig her house, and oh ! to busk aye  
 Ilk sweet bairn was a' her pride !—  
 But at this time *News* and *Whisky*  
 Sprang nae up at ilk road-side.

Luckless was the hour whan Willie,  
 Hame returning frae the fair,  
 Ow'r-took *Tam*, a neebor billie,  
 Sax miles frae their hame and mair :

Simmer's heat had lost its fury ;  
 Calinly smil'd the sober e'en ;  
 Lasses on the bleachfield hurry  
 Skelping bare-fit owre the green ;

Labour rang wi' laugh and clatter,  
   Canty *hairst* was just begun,  
 And on mountain, tree, and water,  
   Glinted saft the setting sun.

Will and Tam, wi' hearts a' lowpin,  
   Mark'd the hale, but cou'dnae bide ;  
 Far frae hame, nae time for stoppin ;  
   Baith wish'd for their ain fireside.

On they travell'd, warm and drouthy,  
   Cracking owre the news in town ;  
 The mair they crack'd, the mair ilk youthy  
   Pray'd for drink to wash news down.

FORTUNE, wha but seldom listens  
   To poor Merit's modest pray'r,  
 And on fools heaps needless blessins,  
   Hearken'd to our drowthy pair.

In a howm, wha's bonny burnie  
   Whimperin row'd its crystal flood,  
 Near the road, whar trav'lers turn aye,  
   Neat and bield a cot-house stood.

White the wa's, wi' roof new theekit,  
   Window-broads just painted red ;  
 Lown 'mang trees and braes it reekit,  
   Haffins seen and haffins hid.

Up the gavel-end thick spreading  
 Crap the clasping ivy green;  
 Back owre, firs the high craigs cleeding,  
 Rais'd a' round a cozey screen;

Down below, a flowery meadow  
 Join'd the burnie's rambling line;—  
 Here it was, that *Howe the widow*,  
 This sam day, set up her sign.

Brattling down the brae, and near its  
 Bottom, Will first marvelling sees  
 PORTER, ALE, and *BRITISH SPIRITS*,  
 Painted bright between twa trees.

“Godsake! Tam, here's walth for drinking;  
 “Wha can this new-comer be?”  
 “Hoot (quo' Tam), there's drouth in thinking—  
 “Let's in, Will, and syne we'll see.”

Nae mair time they took to speak or  
 Think o' ought but reaming jugs;  
 Till three times in humming liquor  
 Ilk lad deeply laid his lugs.

Slocken'd now, refresh'd and talking,  
 In cam Meg (weel skill'd to please)  
 “Sirs! ye're surely tyr'd wi' walking;—  
 “Ye maun taste my bread and cheese.”

“ Thanks,” quo’ Will ;—“ I canna’ tarry,  
 “ Pick-mirk night is setting in,  
 “ *Jean*, poor thing’s! her lane and eery—  
 “ I maun to the road and rin.”

‘ Hoot ! (quo Tam) what’s a’ the hurry ?  
 ‘ Hame’s now scarce a mile o’ gait—  
 ‘ Come ! sit down—*Jean* winna wearie :  
 ‘ Lord ! I’m sure it’s no sae late !”

Will, o’ercome wi’ Tam’s oration,  
 Baith fell to and ate their fill—  
 “ Tam ! (quo’ Will) in mere discretion  
 “ We maun hae tho *Widow’s gill*.”

After ae gill cam anither—  
 Meg sat cracking ’tween them twa,  
 Bang ! cam in *Mat Smith* and’s brither,  
*Geordie Brown* and *Sandie Shaw*.

Neebors wha ne’er thought to meet here,  
 Now sat down wi’ double glee,  
 Ilka gill grew sweet and sweeter !—  
 Will gat hame ’tween *twa* and *three*.

*Jean*, poor thing ! had lang been greetin ;  
 Will, neist mornin, blam’d *Tam Lowes*,  
 But ere lang, an owkly meetin  
 Was set up at *Maggie Howe’s*.

Maist things hae a sma' beginnin,  
 But wha kens how things will end ?  
*Owkly* clubs are nae great sinnin,  
 Gin folk hae enough to spend.

But nae man o' sober thinkin  
 E'er will say that things can thrive,  
 If there's spent in *owkly* drinkin  
 What keeps wife and weans alive.

Drink maun ay hae *conversation*,  
 Ilka social soul allows ;  
 But in this *reformin nation*,  
 Wha can speak without the NEWS ?

*News*, first meant for state physicians,  
 Deeply skill'd in courtly drugs ;  
 Now when a' are *politicians*,  
 Just to set folks by the lugs.

Maggie's club, wha cou'd get nae light  
 On some things that shou'd be clear,  
 Fand ere lang the fau't, and ae night  
 Clubb'd and gat the GAZETTEER \*.

\* The Edinburgh Gazetteer, a violent opposition paper, published in 1793-4; the publication of which has been discontinued some years back.

Twice a week to Maggie's cot-house,  
 Swith ! by post the papers fled !  
 Thoughts spring up like plants in hot-house,  
 Every time the news are read.

Ik ane's wiser than anither,—  
 “ *Things are no gaen right, (quo' Tam) ;*  
 “ *Let us aftner meet thegither ;*  
 “ *Twice a owke's no worth a d—n.*”

See them now in grave *Convention*,  
 To mak a' things *square and even* ;  
 Or at least wi' firm intention  
 To drink sax nights out o' seven.

Mid this sitting up and drinkin,  
 Gathering a' the news that fell ;  
 Will, wha was nae yet past thinkin,  
 Had some battles wi' himsell.

On ae hand, *Drink's* deadly poison  
 Bare ilk firm resolve awa' ;  
 On the ither, *Jean's* condition  
 Rave his very heart in twa.

Weel he saw her smother'd sorrow !  
 Weel he saw her bleaching cheek !  
 Mark'd the smile she strave to borrow,  
 Whan, poor thing ! she cou'd nae speak !

Jean, at first, took little heed o'  
*Owkly* clubs 'mang three or four,  
 Thought, kind soul, that Will had need o'  
 Heartsome hours whan wark was owre.

But whan now that *nightly* meetings  
 Sat and drank frae sax till twa ;  
 Whan she foud that hard-earn'd gettings  
 Now on drink ware thrown awa ;

Saw her *Will*, wha ance sae cheerie  
 Raise ilk morning wi' the lark,  
 Now grown mauchless, dowf and sweer aye  
 To look near his farm or wark ;

Saw him tyne his manly spirit,  
 Healthy bloom, and sprightly ee ;  
 And o' *luve* and *hame* grown wearit,  
 Nightly frae his family flee ;

Wha cou'd blame her heart's complaining ?  
 Wha condemn her sorrows meek ?  
 Or the tears that now ilk e'ening  
 Bleach'd her lately crimson'd cheek !

Will, wha lang had rued and swither'd,  
 (Aye asham'd o' past disgrace)  
 Mark'd the roses as they wither'd  
 Fast on Jeanie's lovely face !

Mark'd,—and felt wi' inward rackin  
 A' the wyte lay on himsel,—  
 Swore neist night he'd mak a breakin,  
 D—n'd the *Club* and *News* to hell !

But, alas ! when *habit's rooted*,  
 Few hae pith the root to pu' ;  
 Will's resolves ware ay nonsuited,  
*Promis'd* aye, but aye gat fou ;

Aye at first, at the convening,  
 Moraliz'd on what was right,—  
 Yet on clavers entertaining  
 Doz'd and drank till broad day-light.

Things at length grew near an ending,  
 Cash rins out ; Jean, quite unhappy,  
 Sees that Will is now past mending,  
 Tynes a' heart, and taks a—*drappy* !

Ilka drink deserves a posey,  
*Port* maks men rude, *Claret* civil ;  
*Beer* maks Britons stout and rosy,  
 WHISKY maks ilk wife—a devil.

*Jean*, wha lately bare affliction  
 Wi' sac meek and mild an air,  
 School'd by Whisky, learns new tricks soon,  
 Flytes, and storms, and rugs Will's hair.

*Jean*, sae late the tenderist mither,  
 Fond o' ilk dear daunted wean !  
 Now, heart-harden'd a' thegither,  
 Skelps them round frae morn till e'en.

*Jean*, wha vogie, loo'd to busk ay  
 In her hamespun thrifty wark ;  
 Now sells a' her braws for Whisky,  
 To her last gown, coat, and sark.

*Robin Burns*, in mony a ditty,  
 Loudly sings in Whisky's praise ;  
 Sweet his sang—the mair's the pity  
 E'er on it he war'd sic lays.

O' a' the ills poor Caledonia  
 E'er yet pree'd, or e'er will taste,  
 Brew'd in Hell's black Pandemonia,  
 Whisky's ill will skaith her maist !

“ Wha was ance like *Willie Gairlace* ?  
 “ Wha in neeboring town or farm ?  
 “ Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,  
 “ Deadly strength was in his arm !

“ When he first saw *Jeanie Miller*,  
 “ Wha wi' *Jeanie* cou'd compare ?  
 “ Thousands had mair braws and siller,  
 “ But ware ony hauf sae fair.”

See them now, how chang'd wi' *drinking* !

A' their youthfu' beauty gane !—

Daver'd, doited, daiz'd and blinking,

Worn to perfect skin and bane !

In the cauld month o' November,

(*Claise, and cash, and credit out*)

Cow'ring owre a dying ember,

Wi' ilk face as white's a clout ;

Bond and bill, and debts a' stoppit,

Ilka sheaf selt on the bent ;

Cattle, beds, and blankets roupit

Now to pay the laird his rent ;

No anither night to lodge here !

No a friend their cause to plead !

He ta'en on to be a sodger,

She wi' weans to beg her bread !

“ *O' a' the ills poor Caledonia*

*E'er yet preed, or e'er will taste,*

*Brew'd in Hell's black Pandemonia,*

*WHISKY's ill will skaith her maist.*”

THE  
WAES O' WAR;

OR,

*THE UPSHOT*

O' THE

*HISTORY O' WILL AND JEAN.*

IN FOUR PARTS.



THE  
WAES O' WAR.



PART I.

OH ! that folk wad weel consider  
What it is to tyne a—NAME,  
What this world is a' thegither,  
If bereft o' honest fame !

Poortith ne'er can bring dishonour ;  
Hardships ne'er breed sorrow's smart,  
If bright CONSCIENCE tak's upon her  
To shed sunshine round the heart.

But wi' a that walth can borrow,  
Guilty shame will ay look down ;  
What maun then *shame*, *want*, and *sorrow*,  
Wandering sad frae town to town !

JEANIE MILLER, ance sae cheerie !  
Ance sae happy, good and fair,  
Left by WILL, neist morning dreary  
Taks the road o' black despair !

Could the blast !— the day was sleeting ;  
 Pouch and purse without a plack !  
 In ilk hand a bairnie greeting,  
 And the third tied on her back.

Wan her face ! and lean and haggard !  
 Ance sae sonsy ! ance sae sweet !  
 What a change !—unhous'd and beggar'd,  
 Starving without claise or meat !

Far frae ilk kent spot she wander'd,  
 Skulking like a guilty thief ;  
 Here and there, uncertain, daunder'd,  
 Stupified wi' shame and grief.

But soon shame for bygane errors  
 Fled owre fast for ee to trace,  
 Whan grim Death, wi' a' his terrors,  
 Cam owre ilk sweet bairnie's face !

Spent wi' toil, and cauld and hunger,  
 Baith down drapt ! and down Jean sat !  
 “ Daiz'd and doited ” now nae langer,  
 Thought—and *felt*—and, bursting, grat.

Gloaming, fast wi' mirky shadow—  
 Crap owre distant hill and plain ;  
 Darken'd wood, and glen and meadow,  
 Adding fearfu' thoughts to pain !

Round and round, in wild distraction,  
 Jeanie turn'd her tearfu' ee !  
 Round and round, for some protection !—  
 Face nor house she cou'd na see !

Dark, and darker grew the night ay ;  
 Loud and sair the cauld winds thud !  
 Jean now spied a sma bit lightie  
 Blinking through a distant wood.

Up wi' frantic haste she started ;  
 Cauld, nor fear, she felt nae mair ;  
 HOPE, for ae bright moment, darted  
 Through the gloom o' dark despair !

Fast owre fallow'd lea she brattled ;  
 Deep she wade through bog and burn ;  
 Sair wi' steep and craig she battled,  
 Till she reach'd the hop'd sojourn.

Proud, 'mang scenes o' simple nature,  
 Stately auld, a mansion stood  
 On a bank, wha's sylvan feature  
 Smil'd out-owre the roaring flood.

Simmer here, in varied beauty  
 Late her flowery mantle spread ;  
 Whar auld chesnut, ake, and yew-tree,  
 Mingling, lent their friendly shade.

Blasted now, wi' Winter's ravage ;  
 A' their gaudy livery cast ;  
 Wood and glen, in wailings savage,  
 Sugh and howl to ilka blast !

Darkness stalk'd wi' *Fancy's* terror ;—  
 Mountains mov'd, and castles rock'd !  
 JEAN, hauf dead wi' toil and horror,  
 Reach'd the door, and loudly knock'd.

" Wha thus rudely wakes the sleeping ?"  
 Cried a voice wi' angry grane ;—  
 ' Help, oh help !' quo' Jeanie, weeping,  
 ' Help my infants, or they're gane !'

Nipt wi' cauld !—wi' hunger fainting !  
 Baith lie speechless on the lea !  
 ' Help !' quo' Jeanie, loud lamenting,  
 ' Help my lammies ! or they'll die !'

" Wha this travels cauld and hungry,  
 " Wi' young bairns sae late at e'en ?  
 " *Beggars !*" cried the voice, mair angry,  
 " Beggars ! wi' their brats, I ween."

' Beggars now, alas ! wha lately  
 ' Helpt the beggar and the poor !'—  
 " Fye, gudeman !" cried ane, discreetly,  
 " Taunt nae poertith at our door."

“ Sic a night, and tale thegither,  
 “ Plead for mair than anger’s din :  
 “ Rise, Jock !” cried the pitying mither,  
 “ Rise ! and let the wretched in.”

‘ Beggar *now*, alas ! wha lately  
 ‘ Helpt the beggar and the poor :’—  
 “ Enter !” quo’ the youth fu’ sweetly,  
 While up flew the open door.

“ Beggar, or what else, sad mourner !  
 “ Enter without fear or dread ;  
 “ Here, thank God ! there’s aye a corner  
 “ To defend the houseless head !

“ For your bairnies cease repining ;  
 “ If in life, you’ll see them soon.”—  
 Aff he flew ; and brightly shining  
 Thro’ the dark clouds brak the moon.

## PART II.

HERE, for ae night's kind protection,  
 Leave we JEAN and weans a while,  
 Tracing WILL in ilk direction,  
 Far frae Britain's fostering isle !

Far frae scenes o' saftening pleasure,  
*Luve's* delights, and *Beauty's* charms !  
 Far frae *Friendship's* social leisure,  
 Plung'd in murdering *WAR's* alarms !

Is it Nature, Vice, or Folly,  
 Or Ambition's feverish brain,  
 That sae aft wi' melancholy  
 Turns, sweet *PEACE* ! thy joys to pain ?

Strips thee o' thy robes o' ermin,  
 (Emblems o' thy spotless life !)  
 And in war's grim look alarmin  
 Arms thee wi' the murd'rer's knife ?

A' thy gentle mind upharrows !  
 Hate, Revenge, and Rage upcars !  
 And for Hope and Joy—twin marrows,  
 Leaves the mourner drown'd in tears ?

WILLIE GAIRLACE, without siller,  
 Credit, claise, or ought beside,  
 Leaves his ance loo'd JEANIE MILLER,  
 And sweet bairns, to warld wide !

Leaves his native cozy dwellin,  
 Shelter'd haughs, and birken braes ;  
 Greenswaird hows, and dainty mealin,  
 Ance his profit, pride, and praise !

Deck't wi' scarlet, sword, and musket,  
 Drunk wi' dreams as fause as vain ;  
 Fleetch'd and flatter'd, roos'd and buskit,  
 Wow ! but Will was wondrous fain.

Rattling, roaring, swearing, drinking,  
 How cou'd *Thought* her station keep ?  
*Drams and drumming* (faes to thinking)  
 Doz'd Reflection fast asleep.

But whan shipt to toils and dangers,  
 Wi' the cauld ground for his bed,  
 Compass'd round wi' faes and strangers,  
 Soon Will's dreams o' fancy fled.

Led to *Battle's* blood-dy'd banners,  
 Waving to the widow's mean !  
 Will saw *GLORY's* boasted honours  
 End in Life's expiring groan !

Round VALENCIENNES' trong-waa'd city,  
 Thick owre DUNKIRK's fatal plain,  
 Will (tho' dauntless) saw wi' pity  
 Britain's valiant sons lie slain!

Fir'd by Freedom's burning fever,  
 GALLIA strack Death's slaughtering knell;  
 Frae the *Scheld* to *Rhine*'s deep river,  
 Britons fought—but Britons fell!

Fell unaided! though cemented  
 By the faith o' Friendship's laws;—  
 Fell unpity'd—unlamented!  
 Bluiding in a thankless cause! \*

In the thrang o' comrades dieing,  
 Fighting foremost o' them a';  
 Swith! FATE's winged ball cam fleeing,  
 And took Willie's leg in twa.

Thrice frae aff the ground he started,  
 Thrice, to stand, he strave in vain;  
 Thrice, as fainting strength departed,  
 Sigh'd—and sank, 'mang heaps o' slain.—

Battle fast on battle raging,  
 Wed our stalwart youths awa';  
 Day by day, fresh faes engaging,  
 Forc'd the weary back to fa'!

\* Alluding to the conduct of the Dutch.

Driv'n at last frae post to pillar,  
 Left by friends wha ne'er prov'd true;  
 Trick'd by knaves, wha *pouch'd our siller* \*,  
 What cou'd worn-out valour do !

Myriads, dark like gathering thunder,  
 Bursting, spread owre land and sea ;  
 Left alane, alas ! nae wonder  
*Britain's sons were forc'd to flee !*

Cross the WAAL and YSSEL frozen,  
 Deep thro' bogs and drifted snaw ;  
 Wounded—weak—and spent ! our chosen  
 Gallant men now faint and fa' !

On a cart wi' comrades bluiding,  
 Stiff wi' gore, and cauld as clay ;  
 Without cover, bed or bedding,  
 Five lang nights WILL GAIRLACE lay !

In a sick-house, damp and narrow,  
 (Left behint wi' hundreds mair)  
 See Will neist, in pain and sorrow,  
 Wasting on a bed o' care.

Wounds, and pain, and burning fever,  
 Doctors cur'd wi' healing art ;—  
 Cur'd ! alas !—but never ! never !  
 Cool'd the fever at his heart !

\* Prussian fidelity.

For whan a' ware sound and sleeping,  
 Still and on, baith ear' and late,  
 Will in briny grief lay steeping,  
 Mourning owre his hapless fate !

A' his gowden prospects vanish'd !—  
 A' his dreams o' warlike fame !  
 A' his glittering phantoms vanish'd !  
 Will cou'd think o' nought but—HAME !

Think o' nought but rural quiet,  
 Rural labour ! rural ploys !  
 Far frae carnage, bluid, and riot,  
 WAR, and a' its murdering joys.

## PART III.

BACK to Britain's fertile garden  
 WILL's return'd (exchang'd for faes),  
 Wi' ae leg, and no ae farden,  
 Friend, or credit, meat, or claise.

Lang thro' country, brugh, and city,  
 Crippling on a wooden leg,  
 Gathering alms frae melting pity ;  
 See poor Gairlace forc'd to—beg !

Plac'd at length on CHELSEA's bounty,  
 Now to langer beg thinks shame,  
 Dreams ance mair o' smiling plenty ;—  
 Dreams o' *former joys, and hame !*

Hame ! and a' its fond attractions  
 Fast to Will's warm bosom flee ;  
 While the thoughts o' dear connections  
 Swell his heart, and blind his ee.—

“ Monster ! wha could leave neglected  
 “ Three sma' infants and a wife,  
 “ Naked—starving—unprotected !—  
 “ Them, too, dearer ance than life !

" Villain ! wha wi' graceless folly  
 " Ruin'd her he ought to save !  
 " Chang'd her joys to melancholy,  
 " Begg'ry, and—perhaps, a grave !"

Starting !—wi' Remorse distracted !—  
 Crush'd wi' Grief's increasing load,  
 Up he bang'd ; and sair afflicted,  
 Sad and silent, took the road !

Sometimes briskly, sometimes flaggin,  
 Sometimes helpit, Will gat forth ;  
 On a cart, or in a waggon,  
 Hirpling ay towards the NORTH.

Tir'd ae e'enng, stepping hooly,  
 Pondering on his thraward fate,  
 In the bonny month o' July,  
 Willie, heedless, tint his gate.

Saft the southlan breeze was blawing,  
 Sweetly sugh'd the green aik wood !  
 Loud the din o' streams fast fa'ing,  
 Strak the ear wi' thundering thud :

Ewes and lambs on braes ran bleeting  
 Linties sang on ilka tree ;  
 Frae the wast the sua, near setting,  
 Flam'd on ROSLIN's towers \* sae hie !

\* Roslin Castle.

Roslin's towers ! and braes sae bonny !  
 Craigs and water ! woods and glen !  
 Roslin's banks ! unpeer'd by ony  
 Save the Muse's HAWTHORNDEN ! \*

Ilka sound and charm delighting ;  
 Will (though hardly fit to gang)  
 Wander'd on through scenes inviting,  
 List'ning to the mavis' sang.

Faint at length, the day fast closing,  
 On a fragrant straeberry steep,  
 Esk's sweet streams to rest composing,  
 Wearied Nature drapt asleep.

“ Soldier, rise !—the dews o' e'enning  
 “ Gathering fa', wi' deadly scaith !—  
 “ Wounded soldier ! if complaining,  
 “ Sleep nae here and catch your death.

“ Traveller, waken !—night advancing  
 “ Cleads wi' grey the neeboring hill !—  
 “ Lambs nae mair on knowe's are dancing—  
 “ A' the woods are mute and still !”

\* The ancient seat of the celebrated William Drummond, who flourished in 1585.

‘ What hae I,’ cried Willie, waking,  
 ‘ What hae I frae *night* to dree?—  
 ‘ Morn, through clouds in splendor breaking,  
 Lights nae bright’ning hope to me !

‘ House, nor hame, nor farm, nor steddin !  
 ‘ WIFE NOR BAIRNS hae I to see !  
 ‘ House, nor hame !—nor bed, nor bedding—  
 ‘ What hae I frae night to dree?’

“ Sair, alas ! and sad and many  
 “ Are the ills poor mortals share !—  
 “ Yet, tho’ hame nor bed ye hae nae,  
 “ Yield nae, soldier, to *Despair* !

“ What’s this life, sae wae and wearie,  
 “ If HOPE’s bright’ning beams should fail !—  
 “ See !—tho’ night comes dark and eerie,  
 “ Yon sma’ cot-light cheers the dale !

“ *There*, tho’ Walth and Waste ne’er riot,  
 “ Humbler joys their comforts shed,  
 “ Labour—health—content and quiet !  
 “ Mourner ! here ye’se get a bed.

“ WIFE ! ’tis true, wi’ bairnies smiling,  
 “ *Here*, alas ! ye needna seek—  
 “ Yet here bairns, ilk care beguiling,  
 “ Paint wi’ smiles a mither’s cheek !

“ A’ her earthly pride and pleasure  
“ Left to cheer her widow’d lot !  
“ A’ her worldly walth and treasure  
“ To adorn her lanely cot !

“ Cheer, then, soldier ! ’midst affliction ;  
“ Bright’ning joys will aften shine ;  
“ Virtue ay claims Heaven’s protection—  
“ Trust to PROVIDENCE divine !”

## PART IV.

SWEET as *ROSEBANK*'s \* woods and river,  
Cool whan Simmer's sunbeams dart,  
Cam ilk word, and cool'd the fever  
That lang brunt at Willie's heart.

Silent stept he on, poor fallow !  
Listening to his guide before,  
Owre green knowe, and flowery hallow,  
Till they reach'd the cot-house door.

Laigh it was ; yet sweet, tho' humble !  
Deck't wi' hinnysuckle round ;  
Clear below, *ESK*'s waters rumble,  
Deep glens murmuring back the sound.

MELVILLE's towers †, sae white and stately,  
Dim by gloamin glint to view ;  
Thro' *LASSWADE*'s dark woods keek sweetly ;  
Skies sae red ! and lift sae blue !

\* The author's place of nativity.

† Melville Castle, the seat of the Right Honourable  
Henry Dundas, now Lord Viscount Melville.

Entering now, in transport mingle  
 Mither fond, and happy wean,  
 Smiling round a canty ingle,  
 Bleising on a clean hearth-stane.

“ Soldier, welcome !—come !—be cheery !—  
 “ Here ye’s rest, and tak your bed—  
 “ Faint—waes me ! ye seem, and weary,  
 “ Pale’s your cheek, sae lately red !”

‘ Chang’d I am,’ sigh’d Willie till her ;  
 ‘ Chang’d nae doubt, as chang’d can be !  
 ‘ Yet, alas ! does JEANIE MILLER  
 ‘ Nought o’ WILLIE GAIRLACE see ?’

Hae ye markt the dew’s o’ morning  
 Glittering in the sunny ray,  
 Quickly fa’, whan without warning  
 Rough blasts cam, and shook the spray.

Hae ye seen the bird fast fleeing  
 Drap, whan pierc’d by Death mair fleet ?  
 Then, see Jean, wi’ colour dieing  
 Senseless drap at Willie’s feet !

A fter three lang years affliction  
 (A’ their waes now hush’d to rest),  
 Jean, ance mair, in fond affection,  
 Clasps her *Willie* to her breast.

Tells him a' her sad—sad sufferings !

How she wander'd starving poor,  
Gleaning Pity's scanty offerings  
Wi' three bairns frae door to door !

How she *serv'd*—and toil'd—and fever'd,  
Lost her health, and syne her bread ;  
How that grief, when scarce recover'd,  
Took her brain, and turn'd her head !

How she wander'd round the county  
Mony a live-lang night her lane !  
Till at last an angel's bounty  
Brought her senses back again :

Gae her meat,—and claise, and siller ;  
Gae her bairnies wark and lear ;  
Lastly, gae this cot-house till her,  
Wi' *Four Sterling Pounds a-year* !

Willie, harkening, wip'd his een ay ;

“ Oh ! what sins hae I to rue !

“ But say, wha's this *angel*, Jeanie ?”

‘ Wha,’ quo’ Jeanie, ‘ but—BUCCLEUGH \* !’

\* The Dutchess of Buccleugh, the unwearied patroness and supporter of the afflicted and the poor.

‘ Here supported, cheer’d, and cherish’d,  
 ‘ Nine blest months ! I’ve liv’d, and mair ;  
 ‘ See these infants clad, and nourish’d,  
 ‘ Dried my tears, and tint Despair ;

‘ Sometimes serving, sometimes spinning,  
 ‘ Light the lanesome hours gae round ;  
 ‘ Lightly, too, ilk *quarter* rinning  
 ‘ Bring yon angel’s helping POUND !

“ *Eight pounds mair,*” cried Willie, kindly,  
 “ *Eight pounds mair will do nae harm !*  
 “ And, O Jean ! gin some ware friendly,  
 “ *Eight pounds soon might stock a farm.*

“ There, ance mair, to thrive by PLEWIN,  
 “ Freed frae a’ that *Peace* destroys,  
 “ *Idle Waste,* and *drucken Ruin !*  
 “ WAR, and a’ its murdering joys !”

Thrice he kiss’d his lang-lost treasure !  
 Thrice ilk bairn ! but cou’d na speak :  
 Tears o’ LUVE, and HOPE, and PLEASURE,  
 Stream’d in silence down his cheek !



TAM O' SHANTER:

*A TALE.*

BY ROBERT BURNS.

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# TAM O' SHANTER :

A TALE.

Of Brownies and of Bogilis full is this buke.

*Gavin Douglas,*

WHEN champan billies leave the street,  
An' drouthy neebours, neebours meet,  
As market-days are wearin late,  
An' fouk begin to tak the gate ;  
While we sit housin at the nappy,  
An' gettin fou an' unco happy,  
We thing na on the lang Scots miles,  
The mosses, waters, slaps, an' styles,  
That lie between us an' our hame,  
Whar sits our sulky, sullen dame,  
Gatherin her brows like gatherin storm,  
Nursin her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest *Tam o' Shanter*,  
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,  
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,  
For honest men an' bonny lasses.)

O *Tam* ! hadst thou but been sae wise,  
 As taen thy ain wife *Kate*'s advice !  
 She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,  
 A bletherin, blusterin, drucken blellum ;  
 That frae November till October,  
 Ae market day thou was nae sober ;  
 That ilka melder, wi' the miller,  
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller ;  
 That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe-on,  
 The smith an' thee gat roarin fou on,  
 That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,  
 Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.  
 She prophesy'd that late or soon,  
 Thou wad be found deep drown'd in Doon ;  
 Or catch'd wi' warlocks i' the mirk,  
 By *Alloway*'s auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames ! it gars me greet,  
 To think how mony counsels sweet,  
 How many lengthen'd sage advices,  
 The husband frae the wife dispises !

But to our tale : Ae market night,  
*Tam* had got planted unco right ;  
 Fast by an ingle, bleezin finely,  
 Wi' reâmin swas that drank divinely ;  
 An' at his elbow, Souter *Johnny*,  
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony ;  
*Tam* lo'ed him like a vera brither ;  
 They had been fou for weeks thegither.

The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter ;  
 An' ay the ale was growing better :  
 The landlady and *Tam* grew gracious,  
 Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious :  
 The Souter tauld his queerest stories ;  
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus :  
 The storm without might rare an' rustle,  
*Tam* didna mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,  
 E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy :  
 As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,  
 The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure :  
 Kings may be blest, but *Tam* was glorious,  
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious !

But pleasures are like poppies spread,  
 You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed ;  
 Or like the snow-falls in a river,  
 A moment white——then melts for ever ;  
 Or like the borealis race,  
 That flit ere you can point their place ;  
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form,  
 Evanishin amid the storm.—  
 Nae man can tether time or tide ;  
 The hour approaches *Tam* mair ride ;  
 That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,  
 That dreary hour he mounts his beast in ;  
 An' sic a night he takes the road in,  
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last ;  
 The rattlin show'rs rose on the blast ;  
 The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd ;  
 Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd :  
 That night a child might understand,  
 The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, *Meg*,  
 A better never lifted leg,  
*Tam* skelpit on thro' dub an' mire,  
 Despisin wind, an' rain, an' fire ;  
 Whiles haddin fast his guid blue bonnet ;  
 Whiles croonin o'er some auld Scots sonnet ;  
 Whiles glow'rin round wi' prudent cares,  
 Lest bogles catch him unawares :  
*Kirk-Alloway* was drawin nigh,  
 Whar ghaists an' howlets nightly cry.—

By this time he was cross the ford,  
 Whar in the snaw the chapman smoor'd ;  
 An' past the birks an' meikle stane,  
 Whar drucken *Charlie* brak's neck-bane ;  
 An' thro' the whins, an' bye the cairn,  
 Whar hunters fand the murder'd bairn ;  
 An' near the thorn aboon the well,  
 Whar *Mungo's* mither hang'd hersel'.—  
 Before him *Doon* pours a' his floods ;  
 The doublin storm roars thro' the woods ;  
 The lightnings flash frae pole to pole ;  
 Near an' more near the thunde & roll :

When, glimmerin thro' the groanin trees,  
*Kirk-Alloway* seem'd in a bleeze ;  
 Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancin ;  
 An' loud resounded mirth an' dancin.—

Inspirin, bold *John Barleycorn* !  
 What dangers thou can'st mak us scorn !  
 Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil ;  
 Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil !—  
 The swats sac ream'd in *Tammie's* noddle,  
 Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.  
 But *Maggie* stood right sair astonish'd,  
 Till by the heel an' hand admonish'd,  
 She ventur'd forward on the light ;  
 An' vow ! *Tam* saw an unco sight !  
 Warlocks an' witches in a dance ;  
 Nae cotillion brent new frae *France*,  
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, an' reels,  
 Pat life an' mettle i' their heels :  
 A winnock-bunker i' the east,  
 There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast ;  
 A towzie tyke, black, grim, an' large,  
 To gie them music was his charge :  
 He screw'd the pipes, an' gart them skirl,  
 Till roof an' ranters a' did dirl.—  
 Coffins stood round, like open presses,  
 That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses ;  
 An' by some dev'lish cantrip slight,  
 Each in its cauld hand held a light—

By which heroic *Tam* was able,  
 To note upon the haly table,  
 A murd'rer's banes in gibbet airns ;  
 Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns ;  
 A thief new-cuttet frae a rape,  
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape ;  
 Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted ;  
 Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted ;  
 "A garter which a babe had strangled,  
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,  
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft,  
 The grey hairs yet stack to the heft ;  
 Three lawyers tongues turn'd inside out,  
 Wi' lies seem'd like a beggar's clout ;  
 An' priests hearts, rotten, black as muck,  
 Lay stinkin, vile, in ev'ry neuk.  
 Wi' mair o' horrible an' awfu',  
 Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As *Tammie* glowr'd, amaz'd, an' curious,  
 The mirth an' fun grew fast an' furious :  
 The piper loud an' louder blew ;  
 The dancers quick an' quicker flew ;  
 They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,  
 Till ilka carlin swat an' reekit,  
 An' coost her duddies to the wark,  
 An' linkit at it in *her* sark !

Now *Tam*, O *Tam* ! had thae been queans  
 A' plump an' strappin i' their teens,

Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,  
 Been snaw-white se'enteen hunder linnen!  
 Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,  
 That ance ware plush, o' gude blue hair,  
 I wad hae gi'en them a' my hurdies,  
 For ae blink o' the bonny burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld an' droll,  
 Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,  
 Lowpin an' flingin on a crummock,  
 I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But *Tam* kend what was what fu' brawlie;  
 There was ae winsome wench an' wawlie,  
 That night enlisted in the core,  
 (Lang after kend on *Carrick* shore;  
 For monie a beast to dead she shot,  
 An' perish'd monie a bonny boat,  
 An' shook baith meikle corn an' bear,  
 An' kept the country-side in fear);  
 Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,  
 That while a lassie she had worn,  
 In longitude tho' sorely scanty,  
 It was her best, an' she was vauntie.—  
 Ah! little kend thy rev'rend Grannie,  
 That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,  
 Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),  
 Wad ever grac'd a dance o' witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cour ;  
 Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r ;  
 To sing how Nannie lap an' flang,  
 (A souple jad she was an' strang),  
 An' how *Tam* stood, like ane bewitch'd,  
 An' thought his very een enrich'd ;  
 Ev'n Satan glower'd, an' fidg'd fu' fain,  
 An' hotch'd an' blew wi' might an' main,  
 Till first ae caper, syne anither,  
*Tam* tint his reason a' thegither,  
 An' roars out, " Weel done, Cutty-sark !"  
 Syne in an instant a' was dark :  
 An' scarcely had he Maggie rallied,  
 When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,  
 When plunderin herds assail their byke ;  
 As open pussie's mortal foes,  
 When, pop ! she starts before their nose ;  
 As eager runs the market-crowd,  
 When " Catch the thief !" resounds aloud ;  
 So Maggie runs, the witches follow,  
 Wi' monie an eldritch skreech an' hollow.

Ah, *Tam* ! ah, *Tam* ! thou'll get thy fairin !  
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin !  
 In vain thy *Kate* awaits thy comin !  
*Kate* soon will be a waefu' woman !

Now, do thy speedy utmost Meg,  
 An' win the key-stane \* o' the brig;  
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,  
 A rinnin stream they darena cross.  
 But e'er the key-stane she coud make,  
 The fient a tail she had to shake!  
 For Nannie, far afore the rest,  
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,  
 An' flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;  
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle——  
 Ae spring brought aff her master hale;  
 But left behind her ain gray tail:  
 The carlin caught her by the rump,  
 An' left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,  
 Ilk man an' mither's son tak heed;  
 Whane'er to drink you are inclin'd,  
 Or cutty-sarks rin i' your mind,  
 Think, ye may buy the joys owre dear,  
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

\* It is a well-known fact, that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream.— It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with 'bogles,' whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.



THE  
MONK  
AND  
*MILLER'S WIFE*  
A TALE.

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

E



THE  
MONK  
AND  
*MILLER'S WIFE.*

Now lend your lugs, ye benders fine,  
Wha ken the benefit o' wine,  
An' ye wha laughin' scud brown ale,  
Leave jinks a wee, an' hear a tale.

AN honest miller won'd in Fife,  
That had a young and wanton wife,  
Wha sometimes thol'd the parish priest  
To mak her man a twa-horn'd beast.  
He paid right mony visits till her,  
And, to keep in wi' Hab the Miller,  
Endeavour'd aft to mak him happy,  
Where'er he kend the ale was nappy.  
Sic condescension in a pastor,  
Knit Halbert's love to him the faster :  
And by his converse, troth 'tis true,  
Hab learn'd to preach when he was fou.  
Thus all the three were wonder pleas'd ;  
The wife well serv'd, the man well eas'd :  
This grounds his corns, and that did cherish  
Himsel wi' dining round the parish.  
Bess, the gudewife, thought it nae skaith,  
Since she was fit, to serve them baith.

When equal is the night and day,  
 And Ceres gives the schools the play,  
 A youth sprung frae a gentle *pater*,  
 Bred at St Andrew's *alma-mater*,  
 Ae day gaen hameward, it fell late,  
 And him benighted by the gate :  
 To lie without, pit-mirk did shore him,  
 He coudna see his thumb before him ;  
 But clack—clack—clack, he heard a mill,  
 Whilk led him be the lugs theretill.  
 To tak the thread of tale along,  
 This mill to Halbert did belang ;  
 Not less this note your notice claims,  
 The scholar's name was Master James.

Now, smiling Muse, the prelude past,  
 Smoothly relate, a tale shall last  
 As lang as Alps and Grampian hills,  
 As lang as wind or water mills.

In enter'd James, Hab saw and kend him,  
 And offer'd kindly to befriend him  
 Wi' sic good cheer as he cou'd make,  
 Baith for his ain and father's sake.  
 The scholar thought himsel right sped,  
 And gave him thanks in terms well bred.  
 Quoth Hab, I canna leave my mill  
 As yet ;——but step ye west the kill  
 A bowshot, and ye'll find my hame :  
 Gae warm ye, and crack wi' our dame

Till I set aff the mill, syne we  
 Shall tak what Bessy has to gi'e.  
 James, in return, what's handsome said,  
 O'er lang to tell, and aff he gade.  
 Out of the house some light did shine,  
 Which led him till't as wi' a line.

Arriv'd, he knock'd, for doors were steekit;  
 Straight thro' a window Bessy keckit,  
 And cries, "Wha's that gi'es fowk a fright,  
 "At sic untimous time of night?"  
 James, with good humour maist discreetly,  
 Tauld her his circumstance completely.  
 "I dinna ken ye (quoth the wife),  
 "And up and down the thieves are rife;  
 "Within my lane, I'm but a woman,  
 "Sae I'll unbar my door to nae man:  
 "But since 'tis very like, my dow,  
 "That a' ye're telling may be true,  
 "Hae, there's a key, gang in your way  
 "At the neist door, there's braw ait strae;  
 "Streek down upon't, my lad, and learn  
 "They're no ill lodg'd that get a barn."  
 Thus, after meikle clitter clatter,  
 James fand he coudna mend the matter.  
 And since it mightna better be,  
 Wi' resignation took the key,  
 Unlock'd the barn—clam up the mou,  
 Where was an opening near the hou,

Thro' which he saw a glent of light,  
 That gae diversion to his sight :  
 By this he quickly coud discern  
 A thin wa' sep'rate house and barn ;  
 And thro' this rive was in the wa',  
 A' done within the house he saw :  
 He saw (what ought not to be seen,  
 And scarce gae credit to his een)  
 The parish priest, of reverend fame,  
 In active courtship with the dame !—  
 To lengthen out description here,  
 Wad but offend the modest ear,  
 And beet the lewder youthfu' flame  
 That we by satire strive to tame.  
 Suppose the wicked action o'er,  
 And James continuing still to glowr ;  
 Wha saw the wife, as fast as able,  
 Spread a clean servit on the table,  
 And syne, frae the ha' ingle, bring ben  
 A piping het young roasted hen,  
 And twa good bottles stout and clear,  
 Ane of strong ale, and ane of beer.

But wicked luck : just as the priest  
 Shot in his fork in chucky's breast,  
 Th' unwelcome miller gae a roar,  
 Cry'd, " Bessy, haste ye, ope the door."—  
 With that the haly letcher fled,  
 And darn'd himsel behint a bed ;

While Bessy huddl'd a' things by,  
 That nought the cuckold might espy ;  
 Syne loot him in,—but out of tune,  
 Spier'd why he left the mill sae soon ?  
 “ I come, said he, as manners claims,  
 “ To crack and wait on Master James,  
 “ Whilk I shou'd do, tho' ne'er sae bissy :  
 “ I sent him here, gudewife, where is he ?”  
 “ Ye sent him here ! (quo' Bessy, grumbling)  
 “ Kend I this James ? A chiel came rumbling ;  
 “ But how was I assur'd, when dark,  
 “ That he had been nae thievish spark,  
 “ Or some rude wencher, gotten a dose,  
 “ That a weak wife coud ill oppose ?”  
 “ And what came of him ? speak nae langer,”  
 Cries Halbert in a highland anger.  
 “ I sent him to the barn,” quoth she.  
 “ Gae quickly bring him in,” quoth he.

James was brought in—the wife was bawk'd,  
 The priest stood close—the miller crack'd—  
 Then ask'd his sunken gloomy spouse,  
 What supper had she in the house,  
 That might be suitable to gie  
 Ane of their lodger's quality ?  
 Quoth she, “ You may well ken, gudeman,  
 “ Your feast comes frae the pottage pan :  
 “ The stov'd or roasted we afford,  
 “ Are aft great strangers on our board.”

“ Pottage, (quoth Hab) ye senseless tawpie!  
 “ Think ye this youth’s a gillygawpy ;  
 “ And that his gentle stamock’s master  
 “ To worry up a pint o’ plaister,  
 “ Like our mill knaves that lift the lading,  
 “ Whase kytes can streek out like raw plaidin ?  
 “ Swithe roast a hen, or fry some chickens,  
 “ And send for ale frae Maggy Picken’s.”  
 “ Hout I, (quoth she) ye may weel ken,  
 “ ’Tis ill brought butt that’s no there ben ;  
 “ When but last owk, nae farder gane,  
 “ The laird got a’ to pay his kain.”

Then James, wha had as good a guess  
 Of what was in the house as Bess,  
 With pawkie smile, this plea to end,  
 To please himsel, and ease his friend,  
 First open’d wi’ a slec oration  
 His wond’rous skill in conjuration :  
 Said he, “ By this fell art I’m able  
 “ To whop aff ony great man’s table  
 “ Whate’er I like to make a meal of,  
 “ Either in part, or yet the hale of ;  
 “ And, if you please, I’ll shaw my airt—”  
 Cries Halbert, “ Faith, wi’ a’ my heart !”  
 Bess fain’d hersel,—cried, “ Lord be here !”  
 And near hand fell a swoon for fear.  
 James leugh, and bade her naething dread,  
 Syne to his conj’ring went wi’ speed :

And first he draws a circle round,  
 Then utters mony a magic sound  
 Of words, part Latin, Greek, and Dutch;  
 Enow to fright a very witch.  
 That done, he says, "Now, now, 'tis come,  
 " And in the boal beside the lum:  
 " Now set the board; gudewife, gae hen,  
 " Bring frae yon boal a roasted hen."  
 She wadna gang, but Haby ventur'd;  
 And soon as he the ambry enter'd,  
 It smell'd sae weel, he short time sought it,  
 And, wond'ring, 'tween his hands he brought it.  
 He view'd it round, and thrice he smelt it;  
 Syne with a gentle touch he felt it.  
 Thus ilka sense he did convene,  
 Lest glamour had beguil'd his een:  
 They all, in an united body,  
 Declar'd it a fine fat how-towdy.  
 " Nae mair about it, (quoth the miller)  
 " The fowl looks well, and we'll fa' till her."  
 Sae be't, says James; and in a doup  
 They snapt her up baith stoop and roup.

" Neist, O! (cries Halbert) coud your skill  
 " But help us to a waught o' ale,  
 " I'd be oblig'd t' ye, a' my life,  
 " And offer to the deil my wife,  
 " To see if he'll discreeter mak her,  
 " But that I'm fled he winna tak her"

Said James, "Ye offer very fair;  
 "The bargain's hadden, sae nae mair."

Then thrice he shook a willow wand;  
 With kittle words thrice gave command;  
 That done, wi' look baith learn'd and grave,  
 Said, "Now ye'll get what ye wad have;  
 "Twa bottles of as nappy liquor  
 "As ever ream'd in horn or bicker,  
 "Behint the ark that hauds your meal,  
 "Ye'll find two standing corkit weel,"  
 He said, and fast the miller flew,  
 And frae their nest the bottles drew;  
 Then first the scholar's health he toasted,  
 Whase art had gart him feed on roasted;  
 His father's neist,—and a' the rest  
 Of his good friends that wish'd him best;  
 Which were o'er langsome at the time,  
 In a short tale to put in rhyme.

Thus while the miller and the youth  
 Were blythely slockening of their drouth,  
 Bess, fretting, scarcely held frae greeting:  
 The priest, inclos'd, stood vex'd and sweating.

"O wow! said Hab, if ane might speer,  
 "Dear Master James, wha brought our cheer?  
 "Sic laits to us appear sae awfu',  
 "We hardly think your learning lawfu'."

“ To bring your doubts to a conclusion,  
 “ Says James, ken I’m a Rosicrusian,  
 “ Ane of the set that never carries  
 “ On traffic with black deils or fairies ;  
 “ There’s mony a sp’rit that’s no a deil,  
 “ That constantly around us wheel.  
 “ There was a sage, call’d Albumazor,  
 “ Whase wit was gleg as ony razor ;  
 “ Frae this great man we learn’d the skill  
 “ To bring these gentry to our will ;  
 “ And they appear, when we’ve a mind,  
 “ In ony shape of human kind :  
 “ Now, if you’ll drap your foolish fear,  
 “ I’ll gar my Pacolet appear.”

Hab fidg’d and leugh, his elbuck clew,  
 Baith fear’d and fond a sp’rit to view :  
 At last his courage wan the day,  
 He to the scholar’s will gae way.

Bessy be this began to smell  
 A rat, but kept her mind to ’rsel :  
 She pray’d like howdy in her drink,  
 But mean time tipt young James a wink.  
 James frae his eye an answer sent,  
 Which made the wife right well content :  
 Then turn’d to Hab, and thus advis’d,  
 “ Whate’er you see, be nought surpris’d ;  
 “ But for your saul move not your tongue ;  
 And ready stand wi’ a great rung ;

“ Syne as the sp’rit gangs marching out,  
 “ Be sure to lend him a sound rout :  
 “ I bidna this by way of mocking,  
 “ For nought delights him mair than knocking.’

Hab got a kent—stood by the hallan,  
 And straight the wild mischievous callan  
 Cries, “ Radamanthus Husky Mingo,  
 “ Monk, Hörner, Hipock, Jinko, Jingo,  
 “ Appear in likeness of a priest,  
 “ No like a deil, in shape o’ beast,  
 “ With gaping chafts to fleg us a’ :—  
 “ Wauk forth, the door stands to the wa.”

Then frae the hole where he was pent,  
 The priest approach’d right weel content ;  
 Wi’ silent pace strade o’er the floor,  
 ’Till he was drawing near the door ;  
 Then to escape the cudgel ran,  
 But was na miss’d by the gudeman,  
 Wha lent him on the neck a lounder,  
 That gart him owre the threshold founder.  
 Darkness soon hid him frae their sight :  
 Ben flew the miller in a fright ;  
 “ I trow (quoth he) I laid well on ;  
 “ But wow he’s like our ain Mess John.”

**WATTY AND MEG;**

**OR THE**

***WIFE REFORM'D.***

**A TALE.**

**F**



# WATTY AND MEG ;

OR THE

*WIFE REFORM'D.*

A TALE.

KEEN the frosty wiads ware blawin,  
Deep the sna had wreath'd the plows,  
Watty, wearied a' day sawin,  
Dander'd down to Mungo Blue's.

Dyester Jock was sitting cracky  
Wi' Pate Tamson o' the hill :  
' Come awa' (quo' Johnny), ' Watty !  
' Haith we's hae anither gill.'

Watty, glad to see Jock Jabos,  
And sae mony neibours roun',  
Kicket frae his shoon the sna'-ba's,  
Syne ayont the fire sat down.

Owre a broad wi' bannocks heapit,  
Cheese, and stoups, and glasses, stood ;  
Some ware roarin, ithers sleepit,  
Ithers quietly chew'd their cud.

Jock was sellin Pate some tallow,  
 A' the rest a racket hel',  
 A' but Watty, wha, poor fallow,  
 Sat and smocket by himsel'.

Mungo fill'd him up a toothfu',  
 Drank his health and Meg's in ane ;  
 Watty, puffin' out a mouthfu',  
 Pledg'd him wi' a dreary grane.

' What's the matter, Watty, wi' you ?  
 ' Troth your chafts are fa'in in :  
 ' Something's wrang—I'm wae to see you—  
 ' Gudesake ! but ye're desp'rate thin.'

' Aye,' (quo' Watty) things are alter'd,  
 ' But it's past redemption now ;  
 ' L—d, I wish I had been halter'd  
 Whan I marry'd Maggie Howe.

' I've been poor, and vext, and raggy,  
 ' Try't wi' troubles no that sma',  
 ' Them I bore—but marrying Maggy  
 ' Laid the cap-stane on them a'.

' Night and day she's ever yelpin,  
 ' Wi' the weans she ne'er can 'gree ;  
 ' When she's tir'd wi' perfect skelpin,  
 ' Then she flees like fire on me.

- ‘ See ye, Mungo, whan she’ll clash on  
 ‘ Wi’ her everlasting clack,  
 ‘ Whiles I’ve had my nieve, in passion,  
 ‘ Lifted up to break her back !’
- ‘ O, for Gudesake, keep frae cufflets !’  
 Mungo shook his head, and said,  
 ‘ Weel I ken what sort o’ life it’s ;  
 ‘ Ken ye, Watty, how I did ?
- ‘ After Bess and I ware kippl’t,  
 ‘ Soon she grew like ony bear,  
 ‘ Brake my shins, and whan I tippel’t,  
 ‘ She harl’t out my very hair.
- ‘ For a wee I quietly knuckl’t ;  
 ‘ But whan naething wad prevail,  
 ‘ Up my claes and cash I buckl’t,  
 “ Bess, for ever fare ye weel.”
- ‘ Then her din grew less and less ay,  
 ‘ Haith I gart her change her tune :  
 ‘ Now a better wife than Bessy  
 ‘ Never stept in leather shoon.
- ‘ Try this, Watty—whan ye see her  
 ‘ Raging like a roaring flood,  
 ‘ Swear that moment that ye’ll lea’ her ;—  
 ‘ That’s the way to keep her gude.’

Laughing, sangs, and lasses' skirls,  
 Echo'd now out-thro' the roof:  
 Done! quo' Pate, and syne his carls  
 Nail'd the dyester's waukit loof.

I' the thrang o' stories telling,  
 Shaking han's, and ither cheer,  
 Swith! a chap comes to the hallan;  
 ' Mungo! is our Watty here.'

Maggy's weel-kend tongue and hurry  
 Darted thro' him like a knife;  
 Up the door flew—like a fury,  
 In cam Watty's scalding wife.

\* Nasty, gude-for-naething being!  
 ' O ye snuffy, drucken sow!  
 ' Bringin wife and weans to ruin,  
 ' Drinkin here wi' sic a crew!

\* Deil nor your twa legs ware broken!  
 ' Sic a life nae flesh endures;  
 \* Toilin like a slave to sloken  
 ' You, you dyvour, and your whores!

\* Rise, ye drucken beast o' Bethel!  
 ' Drink's your night and day's desire:  
 \* Rise, this precious hour! or faith I'll  
 ' Fling your whisky i' the fire!

Watty heard her tongue unhallow't,  
 Paid his groat wi' little din;  
 Left the house, while Maggy follow't,  
 Flyting a' the road behin'.

Fowk frae ev'ry door cam lampin,  
 Maggy curst them ane and a',  
 Clappit wi' her hands, and stampin,  
 Lost her bauchels i' the sna'.

Hame at length, she turn'd the gavel,  
 Wi' a face as white's a clout,  
 Ragin like a very devil,  
 Kickin chairs and stools about.

' Ye'll sit wi' your limmers round ye!  
 ' Hang you, Sir! I'll be your death!  
 ' Little hands my hands, confund ye!  
 ' But I'll cleave you to the teeth.'

Watty, wha midst this oration,  
 Ey'd her whiles, but durstna speak,  
 Sat like patient Resignation,  
 Tremblin by the ingle cheek.

Sad his wee drap brose he suppet,  
 Maggy's tongue gaed like a bell;  
 Quietly to his bed he slippet,  
 Sighin aften to himsel.

- ‘ Nane are free frae some vexation ;  
 ‘ Ilka ane has ills to dree ;  
 ‘ But thro’ a’ the whole creation  
 ‘ Is a mortal vext like me !’

A’ night lang he row’d and grunted,  
 Sleep or rest he coudna tak ;  
 Maggy aft, wi’ horror hunted,  
 Mum’lin, started at his back.

Soon as ere the morning peepit,  
 Up raise Watty, waefu’ chiel,  
 Kist his bairnies while they sleepit,  
 Wakens Meg, and bids fareweel.

- ‘ Fareweel Meg !—and, O may Heaven  
 ‘ Keep you ay within its care !  
 ‘ Watty’s heart you’ve lang been grievin ;  
 ‘ Now he’ll never fash you mair.

- ‘ Happy coud I’ve been beside ye,  
 ‘ Happy baith at morn and e’en :  
 ‘ A’ the ills did e’er betide you,  
 ‘ Watty ay turn’d out your frien’.

- ‘ But ye ever like to see me  
 ‘ Vext and sighin late and air’ :  
 ‘ Fareweel, Meg, I’ve sworn to leave thee,  
 ‘ So thou’lt never see me mair.

Meg, a' sabbin sae to lose him,  
 Sic a change had never wist;  
 Held his hand close to her bosom,  
 While her heart was like to burst.

- ' O my Watty ! will you leave me  
 ' Friendless, helpless, to despair ?
- ' O ! for this ae time forgie me,  
 ' Never will I vex you mair !'
- ' Ay, you've aft said that, and broken  
 ' A' your vows ten times a week !
- ' No, no, Meg ! see, there's a token  
 ' Glittering on my bannet cheek.
- ' Owre the seas I march this morning,  
 ' Listet, testit, sworn and a',
- ' Forc'd by your confounded girning :  
 ' Fareweel, Meg, for I'm awa.'

Then poor Maggy's tears and clamour  
 Gusht afresh, and louder grew,  
 While the weans, wi' mournfu' yammor  
 Round their sabbin mither flew.

- ' Thro' the earth I'll wander wi' you—  
 ' Stay, O Watty ! stay at hame ;
- ' Here upon my knees I'll gie you  
 ' Ony thing you like to name.

- ‘ See your poor young lammies pleadin’!
- ‘ Will ye gang and break my heart ?
- ‘ No a house to put our head in—
- ‘ No a friend to tak our part !’

Ilka word cam like a bullet,  
 Watty’s heart begoud to shake ;  
 On a kist he laid his wallet,  
 Dighted baith his een, and spake——

- ‘ If anee mair I coud by writing,
- ‘ Leave the sogers, and stay still,
- ‘ Wad you swear to drap your flyting ?’—
- ‘ Yes, O Watty, yes I will.’

- ‘ Then (quo’ Watty), mind be honest,
- ‘ Ay to keep your temper strive ;
- ‘ Gin ye break this dreadful’ promise
- ‘ Never mair expect to thrive.

- ‘ Marget Howe ! this hour ye solemn
- ‘ Swear by ev’ry thing that’s guid,
- ‘ Ne’er again your spouse to scald him,
- ‘ While life warms your heart and bluid ;

- ‘ That ye’ll ne’er in Mungo’s seek me—
- ‘ Ne’er put drucken to my name—
- ‘ Never out at e’ning steek me—
- ‘ Never gloom whan I come hame :

- ‘ That ye’ll ne’er, like Bessy Miller,  
 ‘ Kick my shins, or rug my hair : —  
 ‘ Lastly—I’m to keep the siller—  
 ‘ This upon your saul ye swear.’
- ‘ Oho !’ (quo’ Meg)—‘ Aweel,’ (quo’ Watty)  
 ‘ Fareweel !——faith I’ll try the seas.’  
 ‘ O stand still (quo’ Meg, and grat ay),  
 ‘ Ony—ony way you please !’

Maggy syne, because he prest her,  
 Swore to a’ things o’er again :  
 Watty lap, and danc’d and kiss’d her ;  
 Wow ! but he was wondrous fain

Down he threw his staff victorious,  
 Aff gaed bannet, claes, and shoon ;  
 Syne below the blankets glorious  
 Held anither hinny moon.



THE  
**FARMER'S HA'.**

BY DR CHARLES KEITH.

WITH THE  
**FARMER'S INGLE.**

BY ROBERT FERGUSSON.

WILLIAM H. H. H.

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THE

## FARMER'S HA'.

IN winter nights, wha e'er has seen  
The Farmer's canty Ha' conveen,  
Finds a' thing there to please his een,  
And heart enamour'd,  
Nor lang's to see the town, I ween,  
That houff o' clamour.

Whan stately stacks are tightly theekit,  
And the wide stile is fairly steekit,  
Nae birkie, sure, save he were streekit  
For his lang hame,  
But wad gie mair for ae short week o't  
Then I can name.

Hire-women ay the glowmin hail,  
For syne the lads came frae the flail,  
Or else frae haddin the plough-tail,  
That halesome wark :  
Disease about they dinna trail,  
Like city spark.

They a' drive to the ingle cheek,  
Regardless o' a fian o' reek,  
And well their meikle fingers beek,  
To gie them tune,  
Syne sutors al'son nimble streek,  
To mend their shoon.

They pu' and rax the lingel tails,  
Into their brogs they ca' the nails;  
Wi' hammers now, instead of flails,  
                They make great rackets,  
And set about their heels wi' rails  
                O' clinking tacketts.

And ay till this mistriven age,  
The gudeman here sat like a sage,  
Wi' mill in hand, and wise adage  
He spent the night;  
But now he sits in chamber cage,  
A pridefu' wight.

The lasses wi' their unshod heels,  
Are sittin at their spinning wheels,  
And well ilk blythsome kemper dreels  
And bows like wand :  
The auld gudewife the pirny reels  
Wi' tenty hand.

The carlin, ay for spinning bent,  
Tells them right aft, they've fawn ahint,



The women cry, he's ill to please,  
And crack their jokes.

But he's a slee and cunning lown,  
And taunts again ilk jeering clown;  
For tho' nae bred in burrows town,  
He's wondrous gabby,  
And fouth o' wit comes frae his crown,  
Tho' he be shabby.

Auld farrant tales he skreeds awa',  
And ca's their lear but *clippings* a',  
And bids them gang to *Thimble-ha'*  
Wi' *needle* speed,  
And learn wit without a *flaw*,  
Frae the board head.

Auld luckie says, they're in a creel,  
And redds them up, I trow fu' well,  
Cries, 'Lasses, occupy your wheel,  
'And strait the pin;'  
And bids the tailor haste and dreel  
Wi' little din.

Quo' she, 'Ye've mickle need to sew,  
'O times are fairly alter'd now!  
'For two-pence was the wage I trow,  
'To ony Scot;  
'But now-a-days ye crook your mou'  
'To seek a groat.'

The colly dog lies i' the nook,  
 The place whilk his auld father took,  
 And aft toward the door does look,  
                     Wi' aspect crouse ;  
 For unco' fouk he canno' brook  
                     Within the house.

Here bawdrins sits, and cocks her head,  
 And smooth's her coat o' nature's weed,  
 And purrs contentedly indeed,  
                     And looks fu' lang,  
 To see gin fouk be takin heed  
                     To her braw sang.

The auld gudewife, who kens her best,  
 Behands her wash her face and breast ;  
 Syne honest luckie does protest  
                     That rain we'll hae,  
 Or on-ding o' some kind at least,  
                     Afore't be day.

To her remarks lists ilka lass,  
 And what she says aft comes to pass,  
 Altho' she hae nae *chymic mass*  
                     To weight the air ;  
 For pussy's granum's wather glass  
                     I do declare.

Nae sooner has auld luckie done,  
 Nor Meg cries, she'll wad baith her shoon,

That we sall hae weat very soon,  
                                     And weather rough ;  
 For she saw round about the moon  
                                     A muckle brough.

Aft-times the canty lilt gaes round,  
 And ilka face wi' mirth is crown'd  
 And whiles they sing in safter sound,  
                                     Sic as the swain  
 Of Yarrow, or some lover drown'd  
                                     In ruthless main.

O royal tales gae brawly on,  
 And feats of fouk that's dead and gone ;  
 The *windy* piper sounds his drone,  
                                     As well he can ;  
 And aft they speak of their Mess John,  
                                     That haly man.

They banish hence a' care and dool,  
 For they were bred at mirthfu' school :  
 They count how lang it is to Yule,  
                                     Wi' pleasure vast ;  
 And tell wha' sat the cutty stool  
                                     On Sabbath last.

The chapman lad, wi' gab sae free,  
 Comes in and mixes i' the glee,  
 After he's trampet out the ee  
                                     O mony dub,

And gotten frae the blast to dree  
A hearty drub,

He says he did Auld Reekie ca',  
To bring them things to mak them braw,  
And got them free o' crack and flaw,  
And patterns rare;  
The proverb says, 'Fowls far awa'  
'Hae feathers fair.'

He tells them he's weel sorted now  
O' a' thing gude and cheap, and new;  
His sleekit speeches pass for true  
Wi' ane and a';  
The pedlars ken fu' well the cue  
O' Farmer's Ha'

He hads his trinkets to the light,  
And speers what they're to buy the night;  
Syne a' the lasses loup bawk height  
Wi' perfect joy,  
'Cause lads for them coff broach so bright,  
Or shining toy.

They finger at the trantlims lang,  
And when they're bargaining right thrang,  
In does the gauger quickly bang,  
Wi' visage awfu',  
In quest o' some forbidden fang,  
Or goods unlawfu',

He says, his information's close,  
 And bids them therefore nae be cross,  
 Or else they'll find it to their loss  
                                     And skaith nae sma',  
 For be'll their doors to binders toss,  
                                     And stand the law.

Ben the gudeman comes wi' a spang,  
 And says, '*Ye're short to be sue lang,*  
 ' But think nae, Billy, ye're to dwang  
                                     ' Fouk wi' a sham,  
 For save ye shaw your warrant, gang  
                                     ' The gate ye cam.'

Wi' birr he bangs his paper out,  
 And thinks his point ayont a doubt,  
 To ilka hirn he takes his rout,  
                                     (For he's nae fay)  
 And gangs just staverin about,  
                                     In quest o' prey.

After he's rais'd a needless reek,  
 Syne he begins to grow mair meek,  
 For he meets wi' a great begeek  
                                     Frae empty binks,  
 Sae wi' his finger in his cheek,  
                                     Awa he slinks.

The gauger's scarcely frae the door,  
 When beggars they come in gelgore,



‘ The black cow has nae trampet yet  
 ‘ Upo’ your taes.’

‘ Gie o’er your daft and taunting play,  
 ‘ For you and they are baith ae clay;  
 ‘ Rob, tak them to the barn I say,  
     ‘ And gie them strae,  
 ‘ There let them rest till it be day,  
     ‘ And syne they’ll gae.’

Whan John the head hire-man comes in,  
 They mak a loud and joyfu’ din,  
 For ilka heart is rais’d a pin,  
     And mair, I trow,  
 And in a trice they round him rin,  
     To get what’s new.

O wat ye whare the lad has been,  
 That they’re sae happy ilka ane?  
 Nae far aff journey, as I ween,  
     To ploy sae rare;  
 But reader, ye shall ken bedeen  
     The hale affair.

As he was working lang and strang,  
 And following wi’ pith and bang,  
 The couter o’ the pleugh gade wrang,  
     (A thing maun wear)  
 Syne he did to the smithy gang,  
     To mend the gear.

This is the houf of ane and a',  
 And mony ane does *iven* draw,  
 Although they hae but errand sma'  
   To tak them there,  
 Some gang to hear and some to shaw  
   Their rustic lear.

They tell news here of a' kin kind,  
 In pithy words as e'er war coin'd,  
 Sic as beseem the untaught mind,  
   And nature plain,  
 Sic as the heart will sooner find  
   Than speeches vain.

Of John's return spak ilka nook,  
 They aft gaed to the door to look :  
 For they were on the tenter-hook,  
   For smithy chat :  
 And now, I trow, like printed book,  
   He gies them that.

He thus begins, ' What's this ava' ?  
 ' There's sad wark in America ;  
 ' For fouk there winna keep the law,  
   ' But wad be free,  
 ' Nor o' King George stand ony awa,  
   ' Nor taxes gie.

' They say we're listing heaps indeed,  
 ' And shipping them awa wi' speed,

‘ And woe I fear there’s mickle need ;  
     ‘ By what I hear,  
 ‘ The rebels hae made unco head  
     ‘ Within this year.

‘ The smith thinks they hae play’d a trick,  
 ‘ Sin we o’ time did miss the nick,  
 ‘ But now let us our winning lick,  
     ‘ (He cry’d in pet),  
 And said, Fouk sud the iron strike  
     ‘ Ay whan it’s het.

‘ I wish our fouk soon hame again,  
 ‘ And nae to dander ’yont the main ;  
 ‘ Because I dread the King o’ Spain,  
     ‘ And wily France,  
 ‘ Will seek the thing that’s nae their ain,  
     ‘ And lead’s a dance.

‘ I wat o’ cumming they’re nae lame,  
 ‘ And they wad think it a braw scheme,  
 ‘ Whan our men’s far awa’ frae hame  
     ‘ Mischief to ettle ;  
 ‘ At other times we’d make them tame,  
     ‘ And cool their mettle.

‘ But I’ll hae done wi’ foreign lands,  
 ‘ And mind the thing that’s nearer hand’s ;  
 ‘ On Friday next a bridal stands  
     ‘ At the Kirk-town,

‘ The bridegroom gae me great commands  
 ‘ To bring yè down.’

Quo’ Meg and Kate, ‘ We’ll keep the town,  
 ‘ We’re laying up to buy a gown.’  
 ‘ Howt fy! (quo’ Jock, that blythsome lown)  
 ‘ O binna thrawin,  
 ‘ For Rob and I sall dossy down  
 ‘ Your dinner-lawin.

‘ As bairns blyth wha get the play,  
 ‘ I trow we’ll hae a merry day,  
 ‘ And I’m to be the *Alikay*  
 ‘ At Kirk-town ha’;  
 ‘ Mind, Sirs, put on your best array,  
 ‘ And let’s be braw.

‘ O lasses ! ye’s get *favours* fair,  
 ‘ And *sweethearts* maybe ye’ll get there ;  
 ‘ We’ll hae a day o’ dancing rare,  
 ‘ Just in a trice ;  
 ‘ But mind your soals ye manna spare,  
 ‘ Nor yet be nice.

‘ Gin ye wad thole to hear a friend,  
 ‘ Tak tent, and nae wi’-strunts offend,  
 ‘ I’ve seen queans dink, and neatly prin’d  
 ‘ Frae tap to middle,  
 ‘ Looking just like the far-aff end  
 ‘ O’ an auld fiddle.’

Wow but they a' tak wondrous tent,  
 Till Johnnie's budget is quite spent,  
 And syne baith ane and a' are bent,  
   To tell their minds ;  
 Then comes the various comment,  
   Frac honest hinds.

Nature unhurt by thrawart man,  
 And nae margullied by chicane,  
 I trow fu' doughtily she can  
   Shaw reason's power :  
 Sure false philosophy began  
   In hapless hour.

The farmer now comes ben the house,  
 Whilk o' their gabbin makes a truce,  
 The lads and lasses a' grow douse,  
   And spare their din ;  
 For true's the tale, ' Well kens the mouse  
   ' When pussie's in !'

And syne he does his orders gie,  
 And says, ' Ye'll busy need to be,  
 ' The fallowing yon field, I see,  
   ' Taks unco force :  
 ' But gae awa' e'en now (quo' he)  
   ' And meat the horse.'

While I describe this happy spot,  
 The supper mauna be forgot,

Now lasses round the ingle trot  
                                     To mak the brose,  
 And swankies they link aff the pot,  
                                     To hain their joes.

The dishes set on unspread table,  
 To answer nature's wants are able,  
 Round caps and plates, the cutties sable  
                                     Are flung ding dang :  
 The lads and lasses to enable  
                                     Their wames to pang.

They a' thrang round the lang board now,  
 Whare there is meet for ilka mou' ;  
 Hire-men their hats and bonnets pu'  
                                     Upo' their face,  
 But gentle fouks think shame to bow,  
                                     Or say a grace.

O here are joys uninterrop',  
 Far hence is pleasure's gangrene cup ;  
 Clear blooded health tends ilka sup  
                                     O' simple diet ;  
 But flies awa' frae *keeping't up*,  
                                     And midnight riot

When supper's o'er and thanks are gien,  
 Mirth dances round wi' canty mein,  
 In daffin, and in gabbin keen  
                                     An hour they pass ;

And ilka lad, wi' pawky een,  
Looks at his lass.

But Morpheus begins to chap,  
And bids them a' gae tak a nap;  
And whan they've sleepit like a tap,  
They rise to wark,  
Like Phœbus out o' Thetis' lap,  
As blyth's a lark.

THE  
*FARMER'S INGLE.*

By ROBERT FERGUSSON.

*Et multo in primis hilarans convivium Baccho,  
Ante focum, si frigus erit.* VIRG. BUC.

WHAN gloming grey out o'er the welkin keeks,  
Whan Batie ca's his owsen to the byre,  
Whan Thrasher John, sair dung, his barn-door  
steeks,  
And lusty lasses at the dighting tire;  
What bangs fu' leal the e'enings coming cauld,  
And gars snaw-tapit winter freeze in vain,  
Gars dowie mortals look baith blythe and bauld,  
Nor fley'd w' a' the poortith o' the plain;  
Begin, my Muse, and chant in hamely strain.

Frae the big stack, weel winnow't on the hill,  
Wi' divets theekit frae the weet and drift,  
Sods, peats, and heath'ry trufs the chimley fill,  
And gar their thick'ning smeck salute the lift;  
The gudeman, new come hame, is blythe to find,  
Whan he out o'er the halland flings his e'en,  
That ilka turn is handled to his mind,  
'That a' his housie looks sae cosh and clearr:  
For cleaply house locs he, tho' e'er sae meega.

Weel kens the gudewife that the pleughs require,  
 A heartsome meltith, and refreshing synd  
 O' nappy liquor o'er a bleezing fire :  
 Sair wark and poortith douna weel be join'd.  
 Wi' butter'd bannocks now the girdle reeks :  
 I' the far nook the bowie briskly reams :  
 The readied kail stands by the chimley cheeks,  
 And had the riggin het wi' welcome streams ;  
 Whilk than the daintiest kitchen nicer seems.

Frae this let gentler gabs a lesson lear ;  
 Wad they to labouring lend an eident hand,  
 They'd rax fell strang upo' the simplest fare,  
 Nor find their stamacks ever at a stand.  
 Fu' hale and healthy wad they pass the day,  
 At night in calmest slumbers dose fu' sound,  
 Nor doctor need their weary life to spae,  
 Nor drugs their noddle and their sense confound,  
 Till death slip sleely on, and gie the hindmost  
 wound.

On sicken food has mony a doughty deed  
 By Caledonia's ancestors been done ;  
 By this did mony a wight fu weirlike bleed  
 In brulzies frae the dawn to set o' sun :  
 'Twas this that brac'd their gardies, stiff an' strang,  
 That bent the deidly yew in ancient days,  
 Laid Denmark's daring sons on yird alang,  
 Gar'd Scottish thristles bang the Roman bays :  
 For near our crest their heads they doughtna raise.

The couthy cracks begin whan supper's o'er,  
 The cheering bicker gars them glibly gash  
 O' simmer's showery blinks, and winter's sour,  
 Whase floods did erst their mailin's produce hash.  
 'Bout kirk an' market eke their tales gae on,  
 How Jock woo'd Jenny here to be his bride,  
 And there how Marion, for a bastart son,  
 Upo' the cutty-stool was forc'd to ride,  
 The waefu' scald o' our Mess John to bide.

The sient a chiep's amang the bairnies now,  
 For a' their anger's wi' their hunger gane:  
 Ay maun the childer, wi' a fastin mou',  
 Grumble and greet, and make an unco mane.  
 In rangels round before the ingle's low,  
 Frae Gudame's mouth auld world tale they hear,  
 O' warlocks louping round the wirrikow,  
 D' gaists that win in glen and kirk-yard drear.  
 Whilk touzles a' their tap, and gars them shake  
 wi' fear.

For weel she trows that fiends and fairies be  
 Sent frae the deil to fleetch us to our ill;  
 That ky hae tint their milk wi' evil ee,  
 And corn been scowther'd on the glowing kill.  
 O mock nae this, my friends! but rather mourn,  
 Ye in life's brawest spring wi' reason clear,  
 Wi' eild our idle fancies a' return,  
 And dim our doleful days wi' bairnly fear;  
 The mind's ay cradled when the grave is near.

Yet thrift, industrious, bides her latest days,  
 Tho' age her sair dow'd front wi' wrunkles wave,  
 Yet frae the russet lap the spindle plays,  
 Her e'ening stent reels she as weel's the lave.  
 On some feast-day, the wee-things buskit braw  
 Shall heeze her heart up wi' a silent joy,  
 Fu' cadgie that her head was up and saw  
 Her ain spun cleething on a darling oy,  
 Careless tho' death shou'd mak the feast her foy.

In its auld lerroch yet the deas remains,  
 Whare the gudeman aft streaks him at his ease,  
 A warm and canny lean for weary banes  
 O' lab'ers doil'd upon the wintry leas :  
 Round him will badrins and the colly come,  
 To wag their tail, and cast a thankfu' ee  
 To him wha kindly flings them mony a crum  
 O' kebbock whang'd, and dainty fadge to prie ;  
 This a' the boon they crave, and a' the fee.

Frae him the lads their morning council tak,  
 What stacks he wants to thrash, what rigs to  
 till ;  
 How big a birn maun lie on bassie's back,  
 For meal and multure to the thirling mill.  
 Neist the gudewife her hireling damsels bids  
 Glour thro' the byre, and see the hawkies bound,  
 Tak tent case crummy tak her wonted tids,  
 And ca' the laiglen's treasure on the ground,  
 Whilk spills a kebbock nice, or yellow pound.

Then a' the house for sleep begins to grien,  
 Their joints to slack frae industry a while  
 The leaden god fa's heavy on their een,  
 And hafin steeks them frae their daily toil ;  
 The cruizy too can only blink and bleer,  
 The restit ingle's done the maist it dow ;  
 Tacksman and cottareke to bed maun steer,  
 Upo' the cod to clear their drumly pow,  
 Till waken'd by the dawning's ruddy glow.

Peace to the husbandman and a' his tribe,  
 Whase care fells a' our wants frae year to year !  
 Lang may his sock and couter turn the glybe !  
 And bauks o' corn bend down wi' laded ear !  
 May Scotia's simmers ay look gay and green,  
 Her yellow ha'rst frae scowry blasts decreed !  
 May a' her tenants sit fu' snug and bein,  
 Frae the hard grips o' ails and poortith freed,  
 And a lang lasting train o' peaceful hours suc-  
 ceed !



THE  
DAFT DAYS,

THE  
KING'S BIRTH-DAY  
IN EDINBURGH,

AND  
*BRAID CLAITH.*

BY ROBERT FERGUSSON.



THE

## DAFT DAYS.

Now mirk December's dowie face  
Glowrs owre the rigs wi' sour grimace,  
While, through his *minimum* o' space,  
The bleer-ee'd sun,  
Wi' blinkin' light, and stealing pace,  
His race doth run.

Frae naked groves nae birdie sings,  
To shepherd's pipe nae hillock rings,  
The breeze nae od'rous flavour brings  
Frae Borean cave,  
And dwynin' nature droops her wings,  
Wi' visage grave.

Mankind but scanty pleasure glean  
Frae snawy hill or barren plain,  
Whan Winter, 'midst his nipping train,  
Wi' frozen spear,  
Sends drift owre a' his bleak domain,  
And guides the weir.

Auld Reikie ! thou'rt the canty hole,  
 A bield for mony a cauldrie soul,  
 Wha snugly at thine ingle loll,  
     Baith warm and couth ;  
 While round they gar the bicker roll,  
     To weet their mouna.

Whan merry Yule-day comes, I trow  
 You'll scantlins find a hungry mou' :  
 Sma' are our cares, our stamacks fou  
     O' gusty gear,  
 And kickshaws, strangers to our view  
     Sin' fairn-year.

Ye browster wives, now busk ye braw,  
 And fling your sorrows far awa' ;  
 Then come and gie's the tither blaw  
     O' reaming ale,  
 Mare precious than the well o' Spa,  
     Our hearts to heal.

Then, though at odds wi' a' the warl',  
 Amang oursels we'll never quarrel ;  
 Though Discord gie a canker'd snarl  
     To spoil our glee,  
 As lang's there's pith into the barrel,  
     We'll drink and 'gree,

Fidlers, your pins in temper fix,  
 And roset weel your fiddle-sticks,

But banish vile Italian tricks

Frae out your quorum,

Nor fortes wi' pianos mix,

Gie's Tullochgorum.

For nought can cheer the heart sae weel

As can a canty Highland reel;

It even vivifies the heel

To skip and dance:

Lifeless is he wha canna feel

Its influence.

Let mirth abound, let social cheer

Invest the dawning of the year.

Let blithesome innocence appear

To crown our joy,

Nor envy, wi' sarcastic sneer,

Our bliss destroy.

And thou, great god of *Aqua vitæ*!

Wha sways ~~the~~ empire o' this city.

When fou we're sometimes capernoity,

Be thou prepar'd

To hedge us frae that black banditti,

The City-Guard.



# THE KING'S BIRTH-DAY IN EDINBURGH.

*Oh! qualis hurly-burly fuit, si forte vidisses.*

POLEMO-MIDDINIA.

I SING the day sae aften sung,  
Wi' which our lugs hae yearly rung,  
In whase loud praise the Muse has dung  
A' kind o' print;  
But wow! the limmer's fairly flung;  
There's naething in't.

I'm fain to think the joy's the same  
In London town as here at hame,  
Whare fouk o' ilka age and name,  
Baith blind and cripple,  
Forgather aft, O fy for shame!  
To drink and tippie.

O Muse, be kind, and dinna fash us  
To flee awa beyont Parnassus,  
Nor seek for Helicon to wash us,  
That heath'nish spring;  
Wi' Highland whisky scour our hawsees,  
And gar us sing.

Begin then, dame, ye've drunk your fill ;  
 You wadna hae the tither gill ?  
 You'll trust me, mair would do you ill,  
                     And ding you doitet :  
 Troth, 'twould be sair against my will  
                     To hae the wyte o't.

Sing then, how, on the fourth o' June,  
 Our bells screed aff a loyal tune,  
 Our ancient castle shoots at noon,  
                     Wi' flag-staff buskit,  
 Frae which the soger blades come down,  
                     To cock their musket.

Oh willawins ! Mons Meg, for you,  
 'Twas firing crack'd thy muckle mou ;  
 What black mishanter gart ye spew  
                     Baith gut and ga' ?  
 I fear they bang'd thy belly fu'  
                     Against the law.

Right seenil am I gi'en to bannin',  
 But, by my saul, ye was a cannon  
 Could hit a man had he been stannin'  
                     In shire o' Fife,  
 Sax lang Scots miles ayont Clackmannan,  
                     And tak his life.

The hills in terror would cry out,  
 And echo to thy dinsome rout ;

The herds would gather in their nowt,  
                                     That glowr'd wi' wonder,  
 Hafins afley'd to bide thereout  
                                     To hear thy thunder.

Sing likewise, Muse, how Blue-gown bodies,  
 Like scar-craws new ta'en down frae woodies,  
 Come here to cast their clouted duddies,  
                                     And get their pay :  
 Than them what magistrate mair proud is  
                                     On king's birth day ?

On this great day the city-guard,  
 In military art weel lear'd,  
 Wi' powder'd pow and shaven beard,  
                                     Gang thro' their functions,  
 By hostile rabble seldom spar'd  
                                     O' clatty unctions.

O soldiers ! for your ain dear sakes,  
 For Scotland's, alias *Land o' Cakes*,  
 Gie not her bairns sic deadly pakes,  
                                     Nor be sae rude,  
 Wi' firelock or Lochaber axe,  
                                     As spill their blude.

Now round and round the serpents whiz  
 Wi' hissing wrath and angry phiz :  
 Sometimes they catch a gentle gizz,  
                                     Alack-a-day !

And singe, with hair-devouring bizz,  
Its curls away.

Should th' owner patiently keek round  
To view the nature o' his wound,  
Dead pussie, draggl'd through the pond,  
Taks him a lounder,  
Whilk lays his honour on the ground  
As flat's a flounder.

The Muse maun also now implore  
Auld wives to steek ilk hole and bore ;  
If badrins slip but to the door,  
I fear, I fear,  
She'll nae lang shank upon a' four  
This time o' year.

Neist day each hero tells his news,  
O' crackit crowns and broken brows,  
And deeds that here forbid the Muse  
Her theme to swell,  
Or time mair precious to abuse  
Their crimes to tell.

She'll rather to the fields resort,  
Whare music gars the day seem short,  
Whare doggies play, and lambies sport  
On gowany braes,  
Whare peerless Fancy hauds her court,  
And tunes her lays.

## BRAID CLAITH.

YE wha are fain to hae your name,  
Wrote i' the bonny book o' Fame,  
Let merit nae pretension claim  
                                To laurel'd wreath,  
But hap ye weel, baith back and wame,  
                                In gude Braid Claith,

He that some ells o' this may fa',  
An' slae black hat on pow like snaw,  
Bids bauld to bear the gree awa'  
                                Wi' a' this graith,  
Whan beinly clad wi' shell fu' braw  
                                O' gude Braid Claith.

Waesuck for him wha has nao feck o't  
For he's a gowk they're sure to geck at,  
A chiel that ne'er will be respekit,  
                                While he draws breath,  
Till his four quarters are bedeckit  
                                Wi' gude Braid Claith.



Gies mony a doctor his degrees  
     For little skaith :  
 In short, you may be what you please,  
     Wi' gude Braid Claith.

For tho' ye had as wise a snout on  
 As Shakespeare or Sir Isaac Newton,  
 Your judgment fock would hac a doubt on,  
     I'll tak my aith,  
 Till they could see you wi' a suit on  
     O' gude Braid Claith.

**DEATH**  
**AND**  
**DOCTOR HORNBOOK.**

**A TRUE STORY.**

**By ROBERT BURNS.**

**K**



DEATH  
AND  
DOCTOR HORNBOOK.

A TRUE STORY.

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

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

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

The rising moon began to glow'r  
 The distant Cumnock hills out-owre :  
 To count her horns, wi' a' my power,  
                                     I set mysel ;  
 But whether she had three or four.  
                                     I cou'dna tell.

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

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

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,  
 The queerest shape that e'er I saw,

For fient a wame it had ava ;  
                                     And then its shanks,  
 They were as thin, as sharp an' sma,  
                                     As cheeks o' branks.

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

It spak right howe,—' My name is Death—  
 ' But be na fley'd'—Quoth I, ' Guid faith,  
 ' Ye're maybe come to stap my breath ;  
                                     ' But tent me billie ;  
 ' I red ye weel, tak care o' skaith,  
                                     ' See there's a gully !'.

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

\*Thi rencounter happened in seed-time, 1783.

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

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

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

' Ye ken Jock Hornbook i' the Clachan,  
 ' Deil mak his kings-hood in a spleuchan!

\* An epidemical fever was then raging in the country.

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

‘ He’s grown sae weel acquaint wi’ Buchan\*’

‘ An’ ither chaps,

‘ The weans hand out their fingers laughin,

‘ And pouk my hips.

‘ See, here’s a scythe, and there’s a dart,

‘ They hae pierc’d mony a gallant heart ;

‘ But Doctor Hornbook, wi’ his art,

‘ And cursed skill,

‘ Has made them baith no worth a f—t.

‘ D—m’d haet they’ll kill.

‘ ’Twas but yestreen, nae farther gaen,

‘ I threw a noble throw at ane ;

‘ Wi’ less, I am sure, I’ve hundreds slain ;

‘ But deil-ma-care,

‘ It just play’d dirl on the bane,

‘ But did nae mair.

‘ Hornbook was by, wi’ ready art.

‘ And had sae fortified the part,

‘ That when I looked to my dart,

‘ It was sae blunt,

‘ Fient haet o’t wad hae pierc’d the heart

‘ O’ a kail-runt.

‘ I drew my scythe in sic a fury

‘ I near-hand cowpit wi’ my hurry,

\* Buchan’s Domestic Medicine.

' But yet the bauld Apothecary  
     ' Withstood the shock ;  
 ' I might as weel hae try'd a quarry  
     ' O' hard whin rock.

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

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

' Calces o' fossils, earths, and trees ;  
 ' True sal-marinum o' the seas ;  
 ' The farina o' beans and pease,  
     ' He has't in plenty ;  
 ' Aqua-fontis, what you please,  
     ' He can content ye.

' Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,  
 ' Urinus spiritus of capons ;  
 ' Or mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,  
     ' Distill'd *per se* ;

‘ Sal-alkali o’ midge-tail-clippings,  
     ‘ And mony mae.’

‘ Waes me for Johnny Ged’s Hole\* now,’  
 Quoth I, ‘ if that thae news be true,  
 ‘ His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,  
     ‘ Sae white and bonny,  
 ‘ Nae doubt they’ll rive it wi’ the plew ;  
     ‘ They’ll ruin Johnny !’

The creature grain’d an eldrich laugh,  
 And says, ‘ Ye needna yoke the pleugh,  
 ‘ Kirkyards will soon be till’d eneugh,  
     ‘ Tak ye nae fear :  
 ‘ They’ll a’ be trench’d wi’ mony a sheugh,  
     ‘ In twa-three year.

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

‘ An honest wabster to his trade,  
 ‘ Whase wife’s twa nieves were scarce well brèd,  
 ‘ Gat twopence worth to mend her head,  
     ‘ When it was sair ;

\* The grave-digger.

‘ The wife slade cannie to her bed,  
     ‘ But ne’er spak mair.

‘ A countra laird had ta’en the batts,  
 ‘ Or some curmurring in his guts,  
 ‘ His only son for Hornbook sets,  
     ‘ An’ pays him well.  
 ‘ The lad, for twa gude gimmer pets,  
     ‘ Was laird himsel.

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

‘ That’s just a swatch o’ Hornbook’s way;  
 ‘ Thus goes he on frae day to day,  
 ‘ Thus does he poison, kill, an’ slay,  
     ‘ An’s weel paid for’t;  
 ‘ Yet stops me o’ my lawfu’ prey,  
     ‘ Wi’ his d-mn’d dirt.

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

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

WRITTEN  
ON AN  
INN AT CARRON.



WE cam na here to view your warks,  
In hopes to be mair wise,  
But only, lest we gang to hell,  
It may be nae surprise :  
But whan we tirl'd at your door,  
Your porter dought na hear us ;  
Sae may, shou'd we to hell's yetts come,  
Your billy Satan sair us !

THE  
JOLLY BEGGARS,  
OR  
*TATTERDEMALIONS.*

A CANTATA.

*By ROBERT BURNS.*

&c. &c. &c.

I.



THE  
JOLLY BEGGARS.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVO.

WHEN Iyart leaves bestrew the yird,  
Or, wavering like the bauckie bird\*,  
    Bedim could Boreas' blast ;  
When hailstones drive wi' bitter skyte,  
And infant frosts begin to bite,  
    In hoary cranreugh drest ;  
Ae night at e'en a merry core  
    O' randie, gangrel bodies,  
In Poosie Nannie's held the splore,  
    To drink their orra duddies ;  
    Wi' quaffing and laughing,  
    They ranted and they sang ;  
    Wi' jumping and thumping,  
    The vera girdle rang.

First, neist the fire, in auld red rags,  
Ane sat, weel brac'd wi' mealy bags,  
And knapsack a' in order ;

\* The old Scotch name for the bat.

His doxy lay within his arm,  
 Wi' usquebae and blankets warm,  
     She blinket on her sodger ;  
 And ay he gied the touzie drab  
     The tither skelpin kiss,  
 While she held up her greedy gab  
     Just like an aumos dish.  
     Ilk smack still did crack still  
     Just like a cadger's whip,  
 Then staggering and swaggering,  
     He roar'd this ditty up—

## AIR,

Tune—*Soldier's Joy.*

I am a son of Mars, who have been in many wars,  
 And show my cuts and scars wherever I come :  
 This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,  
 When welcoming the French at the sound of the  
     drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

My 'prenticeship I past where my leader breath'd  
     his last,  
 When the bloody die was cast on heights of A-  
     bram ;  
 I served out my trade when the gallant game was  
     play'd,  
 And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the  
     drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

I lastly was with Curtis, among the floating batt'ries,  
 And there I left for witness an arm and a limb ;  
 Yet let my country need me, with Elliott to head me,  
 I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

And now, tho' I must beg, with a wooden arm and  
 leg,

With many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,  
 I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle, and my-  
 callet,

As when I us'd in scarlet to follow the drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

What tho' with hoary locks I must stand the win-  
 ter shocks,

Beneath the woods and rocks oftentimes for a  
 home,

When the t'other bag I sell, and the t'other bottle  
 tell,

I cou'd meet a troop of hell at the sound of the  
 drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

### RECITATIVO.

He ended ; and the kebars shook

Aboon the chorus roar ;

While frighted rattons backward look,

And seek the benmost bore :

A fairy fiddler frae the neuk,  
 He skirl'd out *encore* !  
 But up arose the martial chuck,  
 And laid the loud uproar.

## AIR,

Tune—*Soldier Laddie*.

I once was a maid, though I cannot tell when ;  
 And still my delight is in proper young men :  
 Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie,  
 Nae wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie.  
 Sing lal de lal, &c.

The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,  
 To rattle the thundering drum was his trade ;  
 His leg was so tight, and his cheek was so ruddy,  
 Transported I was with my sodger laddie.  
 Sing lal de lal, &c.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch,  
 The sword I forsook for the sake of the church :  
 He ventur'd the *soul*, and I risked the *body*,  
 'Twas then I prov'd false to my sodger laddie.  
 Sing lal de lal, &c.

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified sot,  
 The regiment at large for a husband I got :  
 From the gilded spontoon to the fife I was ready,  
 I asked no more but a sodger laddie.  
 Sing lal de lal, &c.

But the peace it reduc'd me to beg in despair,  
 Till I met my old boy at Cunningham fair ;  
 His *rags regimental* they flutter'd so gaudy,  
 My heart it rejoic'd at my sodger laddie.

Sing lal de lal, &c.

And now I have liv'd—I know not how long,  
 And still I can join in a cup or a song ;  
 But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass  
 steady,

Here's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie.

Sing lal de lal, &c.

#### RECITATIVO.

Poor merry Andrew in the neuk,  
 Sat guzzling wi' a tinkler hizzie,  
 They mind't na wha the chorus took,  
 Between themsels they were sae bisy.  
 At length wi' drink and courting dizzy,  
 He stoiter'd up and made a face ;  
 Then turn'd and laid a smack on Grizzly,  
 Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace.

#### AIR,

Tune—*Auld Sir Symon.*

Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou,  
 Sir Knave is a fool in a session ;  
 He's there but a 'prentice I trow,  
 But I am a fool by profession.

My grannie she bought me a beuk,  
 And I held awa to the school ;  
 I fear I my talent misteuk,  
 But what will ye hae o' a fool ?

For drink I wad venture my neck ;  
 A hizzie's the hauf o' my craft ;  
 But what can ye other expect  
 O' ane that's avowedly daft.

I ance was tied up like a stirk  
 For civilly swearing and quaffin ;  
 I ance was abus'd i' the kirk  
 For towzling a lass in my daffin.

Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport,  
 Let naebody name wi' a jeer ;  
 There's ev'n, I'm tauld, in the court,  
 A *Tumbler* ca'd the *Premier*.

Observ'd you yon *reverend* lad  
 Mak faces to tickle the mob ;  
 He rails at our mountebank squad,  
 It's *rivalship* just in the job.

And now my conclusion I'll tell,  
 For faith I'm confoundedly dry,  
 The chield that's a fool for himsel,  
 Gude L—d, he's far dafter than I.

## RECITATIVO.

Then neist outspak a raucle carlin,  
 Wha kent fu' weel to cleek the sterling,  
 For mony a pursie she had hooked,  
 And had in mony a well been ducked.  
 Her Dove had been a Highland laddie,  
 But, weary fa' the waefu' woodie !  
 Wi' sighs and sobs she thus began  
 To wail her braw John Highlandman.

## AIR,

Tune—*O an' ye were dead, gudeman.*  
 A Highland lad my love was born,  
 The Lalland laws he held in scorn ;  
 But he still was faithfu' to his clan,  
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.  
     Sing, hey my braw John Highlandman !  
     Sing, ho my braw John Highlandman !  
     There's not a lad in a' the lan'  
     Was match for my John Highlandman.

With his philibeg and tartan plaid,  
 And gude claymore down by his side,  
 The ladies hearts he did trepan,  
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, &c.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,  
 And liv'd like lords and ladies gay ;

For a Lalland face he feared nane,  
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.  
 Sing, hey, &c.

They banish'd him beyond the sea,  
 But ere the bud was on the tree,  
 Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,  
 Embracing my John Highlandman.  
 Sing, hey, &c.

But, oh! they catch'd him at the last,  
 And bound him in a dungeon fast;  
 My curse upon them every one,  
 They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.  
 Sing, hey, &c.

And now a widow, I must mourn  
 The pleasures that shall ne'er return;  
 No comfort but a hearty can,  
 When I think on John Highlandman.  
 Sing, hey, &c.

#### RECITATIVO.

A pigmy scraper wi' his fiddle,  
 Wha us'd at trysts and fairs to driddle,  
 Her strappan limb and gaucy middle  
     (He reach'd nae higher),  
 Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle,  
 And blawn't on fire.

Wi' hand on haunch, and upward ee,  
 He croon'd his gamut, one, two, three,  
 Then in an *Arioso* key,  
                                     The wee Apollo,  
 Set aff wi' *Allegretto* glee,  
                                     His giga solo.

## AIR,

Tune—*Whistle o'er the lave o't.*  
 Let me ryke up to dight that tear,  
 And go wi' me to be my dear,  
 And then your ev'ry care and fear  
     May whistle owre the lave o't.  
     I am a fiddler to my trade,  
     And a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,  
     The sweetest still to wife or maid,  
     Was whistle o'er the lave o't.

At kirns and weddings we'se be there,  
 And O ! sae nicely's we will fare ;  
 We'll bouze about, till Daddie Carè  
     Sing whistle o'er the lave o't.  
                                     I am, &c.

Sae merrily's the banes we'll pyke,  
 And sun oursells about the dyke,  
 And at our leisure, when we like,  
     We'll whistle o'er the lave o't.  
                                     I am, &c.

But bless me wi' your heaven o' charms,  
 And while I kittle hair on thairms,  
*Hunger, cauld, and a' sic harms,*  
 May whistle o'er the lave o't.  
 I am, &c.

## RECITATIVO.

Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird,  
 As weel as poor Gut-scraper ;  
 He tak's the fiddler by the beard,  
 And draws a rusty rapier.—  
 He swore by a' was swearing worth,  
 To speet him like a plover,  
 Unless he would, from that time forth,  
 Relinquish her for ever.

Wi' ghastly ee, poor tweedle-dee  
 Upon his hunkers bended,  
 And pray'd for grace, wi' ruefu' face,  
 And sae the quarrel ended.  
 But though his little heart did grieve,  
 When round the tinker press'd her,  
 He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve,  
 When thus the Caird address'd her.

## AIR,

Tune—*Clout the Caudron.*

My bonny lass, I work in brass,  
 A tinker is my station :

I've travell'd round all Christian ground  
 In this my occupation.  
 I've ta'en the gold, I've been enroll'd  
 In many a noble squadron;  
 But vain they search'd, when off I march'd  
 To go and clout the caudron.  
       I've ta'en the gold, &c.

Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,  
 For a' his noise and caprin',  
 And tak a share wi' them that bear  
 The *budget* and the *apron*.  
 And by that stowp ! my faith and houp,  
 And by that dear Kilbaigie \*,  
 If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,  
 May I ne'er weet my craigie.  
       And by that stowp, &c.

#### RECITATIVO.

The Caird prevail'd—th' unblushing fair  
 In his embraces sunk,  
 Partly by love o'ercome sae sair,  
 And partly she was drunk.  
 Sir Violino, wi' an air  
 That show'd a man o' spunk,  
 Wish'd *unison* between the pair,  
 And made the bottle clunk  
       To their health that night.

\* A peculiar sort of whisky so called ; a great favourite with  
 P oosie-Nansie's clubs.

But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft  
 That play'd a dame a shavie,  
 The fiddler rak'd her fore and aft  
 Behint the chicken cavie.  
 Her lord, a wight o' Homer's \* craft,  
 Though limpin wi' the spavie,  
 He hirpl'd up, and lap like daft,  
 And shor'd them dainty Davie  
 O' boot that night.

He was a care-defying blade  
 As ever Bacchus listed ;  
 Though Fortune sair upon him laid,  
 His heart she ever miss'd it.  
 He had nae wish, but—to be glad,  
 Nor want, but—when he thirsted ;  
 He hated nought but—to be sad,  
 And thus the muse suggested  
 His sang that night.

## AIR,

Tune—*For a' that, and a' that.*  
 I am a bard o' low regard  
 Wi' gentle folks, and a' that ;  
 But *Homer-like* the glowran byke  
 Frae town to town I draw that,  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 And twice as muckle's a' that ;  
 I've lost but ane, I've twa behind,  
 I've *wife eneugh* for a' that.

\* Homer is allowed to be the oldest ballad-singer on record.

I never drank the Muses stank,  
 Castalia's burn, and a' that ;  
 But there it streams, and richly reams,  
 My *Helicon* I ca' that.  
     For a' that, &c.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,  
 Their humble slave, and a' that ;  
 But lordly will, I hold it still  
 A mortal sin to thraw that.  
     For a' that, &c.

In raptures sweet this hour we meet,  
 Wi' mutual love, and a' that ;  
 But for how lang the *flie may stang*,  
 Let *inclination* law that.  
     For a' that, &c.

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,  
 They've ta'en me in, and a' that ;  
 But clear your decks, and here's the *sex* !  
 I like the jads for a' that.  
     For a' that, and a' that,  
     And twice as muckle's a' that ;  
 My *dearest bluid*, to do them gude,  
     They're welcome till't, for a' that.

#### RECITATIVO.

So sung the bard,—and Nansie's wa's  
 Shook wi' a thunder o' applause,  
 Re-echo'd frae each mouth :

'They toom'd their pocks, and pawn'd their duds,  
 They scarcely left to co'er their fuds,  
     To quench their lowan drouth.  
 Then owre again, the jovial thrang  
     The poet did request,  
 To lowse his pack, and wale a sang,  
     A ballad o' the best.

He, rising, rejoicing  
     Between his twa Deborahs,  
 Looks round him, and found them  
     Impatient for the chorus.

## AIR,

Tune—*Jolly mortals fill your glasses,*  
 See the smoking bowl before us,  
     Mark our jovial ragged ring!  
 Round and round take up the chorus,  
     And in raptures let us sing.  
     A fig for those by law protected!  
     *Liberty's* a glorious feast!  
     Courts for cowards were erected,  
     Churches built to please the priest.

What is title? what is treasure?

What is reputation's care?

If we live a life of pleasure,

'Tis no matter *how* or *where*.

A fig, &c.

With the ready trick and fable,  
 Round we wander all the day ;  
 And at night, in barn or stable  
 Hug our doxies on the hay.  
 A fig, &c.

Does the train-attended *carriage*  
 Through the country lighter rove ?  
 Does the sober bed of marriage  
 Witness brighter scenes of love ?  
 A fig, &c.

Life is all a *variorum*,  
 We regard not how it goes ;  
 Let them cant about *decorum*,  
 Who have characters to lose.  
 A fig, &c.

Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets ;  
 Here's to all the wand'ring train ;  
 Here's our ragged *brats* and *callets* !  
 One and all cry out, Amen !  
 A fig, &c.

THE  
HENPECK'D HUSBAND.

Curs'd be the man, the poorest wretch in life,  
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife,  
Who has no will but by her high permission;  
Who has not sixpence but in her possession;  
Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell;  
Who dreads a curtain-lecture worse than hell.  
Were such the wife had fallen to my part,  
I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart;  
I'd charm her with the magic of a switch,  
I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse b—h.

EPITAPH

*On a Henpeck'd Country Squire.*

As father Adam first was fool'd,  
A case that's still too common,  
Here lies a man a woman rul'd,  
The devil rul'd the woman.

THE

*Guidwife of Wauchope-House,*

TO

ROBERT BURNS.

*February 1787.*

My canty, witty, rhyming ploughman,  
I hafins doubt, it is nae true man,  
That ye between the stilts were bred;  
Wi' ploughmen school'd, wi' ploughmen fed.  
I doubt it sair, ye've drawn your knowledge  
Either frae grammar-school or college.  
Guid troth, your saul and body baith,  
War better fed, I'd gie my aith,  
Than theirs, wha sup sour milk and parritch,  
An' hummil thro' the single caritch  
Whaever heard the ploughman speak,  
Cou'd tell gif Homer was a Greek?  
He'd flee as soon upon a cudgel,  
As get a single line of Virgil.  
An' then sae slee ye crack your jokes  
O' Willie Pitt and Charlie Fox.  
Our great men a' sae well describe,  
An' how to gar the nation thrive,

And maist wad swear ye dwelt among them,  
 And as ye saw them, sae ye sang them.  
 But be ye ploughman, be ye peer,  
 Ye are a funny blade I swear;  
 And though the cauld I ill can bide,  
 Yet twenty miles and mair I'll ride,  
 O'er moss and muir, and never grumble.  
 Tho' my auld yad should gae a stumble,  
 To crack a winter night wi' thee,  
 And hear thy sangs and sonnets slee.  
 A guid saut herrin an' a cake  
 Wi' sic a chiel a feast wad make.  
 I'd rather scour your rumming yill,  
 Or eat o' cheese and bread my fill,  
 Than wi' dull lairds on turtle dine,  
 And ferlie at their wit and wine.  
 O, gif I kend but whare he baide,  
 I'd send to you a marled plaid;  
 Twad haud your shoulders warm and braw,  
 And douse at kirk an' market shaw.  
 Far south, as weel as north, my lad,  
 A' honest Scotsmen lo'e the maud,  
 Right wae that we're sae far frae ither;  
 Yet proud I am to ca' ye brither.

Your most obed. E. S.

## *THE ANSWER.*

GUIDWIFE,

I MIND it weel in early date,  
Whan I was beardless, young, and blate,  
An' first' cou'd thrash the barn,  
Or haud a yokin at the pleugh,  
And tho' fu' foughten sair eneugh,  
Yet unco proud to learn.

When first amang the yellow corn  
A man I reckon'd was,  
And wi' the lave ilk merry morn,  
Cou'd rank my rig and lass ;  
Still shearing and clearing,  
The tither stooked raw ;  
With claivers and haivers  
Wearing the time awa' :

Ev'n then a wish, (I mind its power,)  
 A wish, that to my latest hour,  
     Shall strongly heave my breast ;  
 That I for poor Auld Scotland's sake  
 Some useful plan or book could make,  
     Or sing a sang at least.

The rough bur-thistle spreading wide  
     Amang the bearded bear,  
 I turn'd my weeding heuk aside,  
     And spar'd the symbol dear.  
     No nation, no station,  
     My envy e'er could raise :  
     A Scot still, but blot still  
     I knew no higher praise.

But still the elements o' sang  
 In formless jumble, right and wrang,  
     Wild floated in my brain ;  
 Till on that hairst I said before,  
 My partner in the merry core,  
     She rous'd the forming strain.

I see her yet, the sonsy quean,  
     That lighted up my jingle  
 Her pauky smile, her kittle een  
     That gart my heart-strings tingle.  
     So titched, bewitched,  
     I rav'd ay to mysel ;

But bashing and dashign,  
I kend na how to tell.

Hale to the set, ilk guid chiel says,  
Wi' merry dance in winter days,  
And we to share in common.  
The gust o' joy, the balm of woe,  
The saul o' life, the heav'n below,  
Is rapture-giving woman.

Ye surly nymphs, wha hate the name,  
Be mindfu' o' your mither :  
She, honest woman, may think shame  
That ye're connected with her.  
Ye're wae men, ye're nae men,  
That slight the lovely dears ;  
To shame ye, disclaim ye,  
Ilk honest birkie swears.

For you, na bred to barn and byre,  
Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,  
Thanks to you for your line.  
The marled plaid ye kindly spare,  
By me should gratefully be ware ;  
'Twad please me to the Nine.

I'd be mair vauntie o' my hap,  
Douse hingin o'er my curple,  
Than ony ermine ever lap,  
Or proud imperial purple,

Farewell then, lang hale then,  
And plenty be your fa';  
May losses and crosses,  
Ne'er at your hallan ca'.

R. BURNS.

*March 1787.*

# HALLOWEEN,

*A POEM.*

BY ROBERT BURNS.

N



## 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 gloss of art.”  
GOLDSMITH.

UPON that night, when fairies light  
On Cassillis Downans† dance,  
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,  
On sprightly coursers prance ;  
Or for Colean the route is ta'en,  
Beneath the moon's pale beams,  
There, up the Cove‡, to stray and rove  
Among the rocks and streams  
To sport that night.

\* 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 Earl of Cassillis.

‡ A noted cavern near Colean House, called the Cove of Colean ; which, as well as Cassillis Downans, is famed, in country tory, for being a favourite haunt of Fairies.

Among the bonnie winding banks,  
 Whare Doon rins, wimplin clear,  
 Whare Bruce\* ance rul'd the martial ranks,  
 And shook the Carrick spear,  
 Some merry, friendly, country folks,  
 Together did convene,  
 To burn their nuts, and pou their stocks,  
 And haud their Halloween  
 Fu' blythe that night.

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

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

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

† The first ceremony of Halloween is, pulling each a stock, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with: its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any yird, or earth, stick to the root, that is tocher, or fortune; and the

They steek their een, and grape and wale  
 For muckle anes and straught anes.  
 Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,  
 And wander'd through the bow-kail,  
 And pu't, for want o' better shift,  
 A runt was like a sow-tail,  
 Sae bow't that night.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,  
 They roar and cry a' throu'ther ;  
 The very wee-things, todlin, rin  
 Wi' stocks out-owre their shouther :  
 And gif the custoc's sweet or sour,  
 Wi' joctelegs they taste them ;  
 Syne coziely, aboon the door,  
 Wi' canny care they've plac'd them  
 To lie that night.

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a',  
 To pou their stalks o' corn\* ;

taste of the custoc, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or to give them their ordinary appellation, the runts, are placed somewhere above the head of the door ; and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house, are, according to the priority of placing the runts, the names in question.

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

But Rab slips out, and jinks about  
 Behint the muckle thorn :  
 He grippet Nelly hard and fast,  
 Loud skirl'd a' the lasses ;  
 But her tap-pickle maist was lost  
 When kitlin in the fause-house\*  
 Wi' him that night,

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

Jean slips in twa wi' tentie ee ;  
 Wha 'twas she wadna tell ;  
 But this is Jock, and this is me,  
 She says in to hersel :

\* When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green or wet, the stalk-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.

He bleez'd owre her, and she owre him,  
 As they wad never mair part,  
 Till, fuff: he started up the lum,  
 And Jean had e'en a sair heart  
 To see't that night.

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

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

But Merran sat behint their backs,  
 Her thoughts on Andrew Bell;  
 She lea'es them gashin at their cracks,  
 And slips out by hersel:

She through the yard the nearest tak,  
 And to the kiln she goes then,  
 And, darklins, graipit for the bauks,  
 And in the blue clue\* throws then  
 Right fear't that night.

And ay she win't, and ay she swat,  
 I wat she made nae jaukin;  
 'Till something held within the pat,  
 Gude L—d ! but she was quakin !  
 But whether 'twas the De'il himsel,  
 Or whether 'twas a bank-en',  
 Or whether it was Andrew Bell,  
 She didna wait on talkin  
 To spier that night.

Wee Jeenny to her grannie says,  
 ' Will ye gae wi' me, grannie ?  
 ' I'll eat the apple† at the glass  
 ' I gat frae uncle Johnnie :'

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

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

She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,  
 In wrath she was sae vap'rin,  
 She notic't na, an aizle brunt  
 Her braw new worset apron  
 Out through that night.

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

' Ae night before the Sherra-muir,  
 ' I mind't as weel's yestreen ;  
 ' I was a gilpey then, I'm sure  
 ' I was na past fifteen :  
 ' The simmer had been cauld and wat,  
 ' And stuff was unco green ;  
 ' And ay a rantin kirn we gat,  
 ' And just on Halloween  
 It fell that night.

' Our stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen,  
 ' A clever, sturdy fallow ;  
 ' His sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,  
 ' That liv'd in Achmacalla :

‘ He gat hemp-seed \*, I mind it weel,  
 ‘ And he made unco light o’t ;  
 ‘ But monie a day was by himsel,  
 ‘ He was sae sairly frightened  
 That vera night.’

Then up gat fechtin Jamie Fleck,  
 And he swoor by his conscience,  
 That he could saw hemp seed a peck,  
 For it was a’ but nonsense :  
 The auld gudeman raught down the pock,  
 And out a handfu’ gied him,  
 Syne bid him slip frae ’mang the lave  
 Some time when nae ane seed him,  
 And try’t that night.

He marches through amang the stacks,  
 Though he was something sturtin ;  
 The graip he for a harrow taks,  
 And haurls at his curpin :

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

And ev'ry now and then, he says,  
 ' Hemp seed I saw thee,  
 ' And her that is to be my lass,  
 ' Come after me, and draw thee  
 ' As fast that night.'

He whistl'd up Lord Lenox' march,  
 To keep his courage cheery,  
 Although his hair began to arch,  
 He was sae fley'd and eerie ;  
 Till presently he hears a squeak,  
 And then a grane and gruntle,  
 He by his shouther gae a keek,  
 And tumbl'd wi' a wintle  
 Out-owre that night.

He roar'd a horrid murder shout  
 In dreadfu' desperation,  
 And young and auld cam rinnin out  
 To hear the sad narration.  
 He swoor 'twas hilchin Jean M'Craw,  
 Or crouchie Merron Humphie ;  
 Till stop, she trotted through them a',  
 And wha was it but grumphie  
 Asteer that night.

Meg fain wad to the barn hae gaen,  
 To win' three wechts o' naething\* ;

\* This charm must likewise be performed, unperceived, and alone. You go to the barn, and open both doors, taking them

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

She turns the key wi' cannie thraw,  
 And owre the threshold ventures ;  
 But first on Sawny gies a ca',  
 Syne bauldy in she enters :  
 A ratton rattl'd up the wa',  
 And she cried, L—d preserve her !  
 And ran through midden-hole and a',  
 And pray'd wi' zeal and fervour  
 Fu' fast that night.

They hoy't out Will wi' sair advice ;  
 They hecht him some fine braw ane ;

off the hinges, if possible; for there is danger, that the being about to appear may shut them, 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 through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times; and the third time, an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door, and out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance or retinue, marking the employment or station in life.

It chanc'd the stack he faddom't thrice\*

Was timmer propt for throwin :

He taks a swirlie, auld moss oak,

For some black, grousome carlin,

And loot a winze, and drew a stroke,

Till skin in blybes cam haurlin

Aff's nieves that night.

A wanton widow Leezie was,

As canty as a kitlen;

But, och! that night, amang the shaws,

She gat a fearfu' settlin!

She through the whins, and by the cairn,

And owre the hill gaed scrievin,

Whare three lairds lands met at a burn†,

To dip her left sark sleeve in,

Was bent that night.

\* 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.

† Go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south running spring or rivulet, where 'three lairds lands meet,' and dip your left shirt sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake; and, some time about 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.

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

Amang the brachens, on the braise,  
 Between her and the moon,  
 The De'il, or else an outler quey,  
 Gat up and gae a croon:  
 Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool;  
 Near lavrock height she jumpit,  
 But mis't a foot, and in the pool  
 Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,  
 Wi' a plunge that night.

In order on the clean hearth-stane,  
 The luggies three\* are ranged,

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

And every time great care is ta'en  
 To see them duly changed :  
 Auld Uncle John, wha wedlock's joys  
 Sin' Mar's year did desire,  
 Because he gat the toom dish thrice,  
 He flang them in the fire  
                                     In wrath that night.

Wi' merry sangs, and friendly cracks,  
 I wat they didna weary ;  
 And unco tales, and funny jokes ;  
 Their sports were cheap and cheery :  
 Till butter'd so'ns\*, wi' fragrant lunt,  
 Set a' their gabs a-steerin ;  
 Syne wi' a social glass o' strunt  
 They set them aff careerin  
                                     Fu' blythe that night.

\* Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the Halloween supper.

ON A

## YOUNG LADY.

THE flower of beauty is your cheek,  
A ray of heaven your smile,  
Your voice is like an angel's song,  
Which dying pains beguile.

Your breath is just the fan of love,  
Inspiring soft desire.  
And every breeze hath force to set  
A thousand hearts on fire,

---

## EPITAPH.

BENEATH this stane lies Willie Hay,  
Stop, passenger, and read,  
Wha, sleekily, wad naething say,  
Till drink had ta'en his head.  
But Cloutie has him steeve a-haud  
In his auld dark domains;  
Whare sair he does distress the lad  
Wi' mony racking pains.

THE  
DOMINIE DEPOSED.

IN THREE PARTS.

BY WILLIAM FORBES, A M



THE  
DOMINIE DEPOSED.

PART I.

IF this offend when you peruse,  
Pray reader let this me excuse,  
Myself I only here accuse,  
                                Who am the cause  
That e'er you had this piece of news  
                                To split your jaws.

For had I right the gully guided,  
And with a wife myself provided,  
To keep me frae that, wae betide it!  
                                That's kent to a',  
I'd staid at hame, or near beside it,  
                                Now that's awa'.

Be wiser then, and do what's right.  
And mind your business with might :  
Lest unexpected gloomy night  
                                May you surround,

And mingle a' your pleasures bright,  
 With grief profound.

And bonny lasses, mind this rhyme,  
 As true as three and six make nine,  
 If ye commit, ye ken what crime,  
                                     And turn unweel,  
 Something will wamble in your wame,  
                                     Just like an eel.

Some Dominies are so bias'd,  
 That o'er the dyke themselves they cast ;  
 They drink and rant, and live so fast,  
                                     This drives them on  
 To draw a weapon at the last,  
                                     Which sticks Mess John.

Thus going on from day to day,  
 Neglecting for to watch and pray,  
 And teach the littleanes A, B, C,  
                                     And Pater-noster ;  
 Quite other thoughts our Letter-gae  
                                     Begins to foster.

For laying aside both fear and shame,  
 They slyly venture on that game,  
 All-fours, I think they call't by name,  
                                     Both old and rife,  
 That in the play Mess John is slain  
                                     With his own knife.

It's kend, therefore, I will not strive,  
 My doughty deeds for to describe :  
 A lightsome life still I did prive :  
                                 Did never itch,  
 Ey out and in-about's to drive,  
                                 For to make rich.

I never laid it up in store  
 Into a hole behind the door :  
 A shilling, penny, less or more,  
                                 I did it scatter ;  
 It's just—now I should drink therefore  
                                 Small beer and water.

I never sooner money got,  
 But all my pouches it would plot,  
 And scorch them sore, it was so hot :  
                                 Then to get clear  
 Of it, I swallow'd down my throat,  
                                 In ale and beer.

Thus all my failing was my glass ;  
 And once, to please a bonny lass,  
 I, like a silly amorous ass,  
                                 Drew forth my gully,  
 And thro' and thro', at the first pass,  
                                 Ran Master Willy.

So for this mad, tho' merry fit,  
 I was sore vex'd and forc'd to flit,

They plagued me with pay and sit :

Quoth they, ' You thief,

' How durst you try to steal a bit

' Forbidden beef ?'

O then I humbly plead *ad vos*,

Would make it your continual *mos*,

With hearts sincere, and open *os*,

You'd often pray,

*A tali malo libra nos*,

*O Domine !*

For hark, I'll tell you what they think

Since I left handling pen and ink,

' Wae worth that weary sup o' drink

' He lik'd so weel :

' He drank it a', left not a clink

' His throat to sweal.

' He lik'd still sitting on his doup,

' To view the pint or cutty-stoup,

' And sometimes lasses over-coup

' Upo' their keels ;

' This made my lad at last to loup,

' And take his heels.

' Then was it not a grand presumption,

' To call him Doctor of the function ?

' He dealt too much in barley unction

' For his profession :

‘ He never took a good injunction  
     ‘ From kirk or session.

‘ And to attend he was not willing,  
 ‘ His school, so long’s he had a shilling,  
 ‘ But lov’d to be where they were filling  
     ‘ Good punch or ale :  
 ‘ For him to rise was just like killing,  
     ‘ Or first to fail.

‘ His fishing-wand, his sneeshing-box,  
 ‘ A fowling-piece to shoot muir-cocks,  
 ‘ And hunting hares thro’ craigs and rocks ;  
     ‘ This was his game :  
 ‘ Still left the young ones ; so the fox  
     ‘ Might worry them.

‘ When he committed all these tricks,  
 ‘ For which he well deserv’d his licks,  
 ‘ With red-coats he did intermix,  
     ‘ When he foresaw  
 ‘ The punishment the kirks inflicts  
     ‘ On fouks that fa’.

‘ Then to his thrift he bade adieu,  
 ‘ When with his tail he stap’d his mou’,  
 ‘ He chang’d his coat to red and blue,  
     ‘ And like a sot,  
 ‘ Did the poor clerk convert into  
     ‘ A Royal Scot.’

And now fouks use me at their wills ;  
 My name is blown out o'er the hills ;  
 At banquets, feasts, all mouths it fills,  
     Twixt each *Here's to thee !*  
 'Tis sore traduc'd at kilns and milns,  
     And common smithy.

Then Dominies I you beseech,  
 Keep very far from Bacchus' reach ;  
 He drowned all my cares to preach  
     With his mawt-bree ;  
 Gave me sair banes, by many a bleach  
     Of his tap-tree.

If Venus does possess your mind,  
 Her anticks ten times worse you'll find ;  
 For to ill tricks she's so inclin'd.  
     For proticks past,  
 She blew me here before the wind.  
     Could be her cast !

Within years less than half a dozen,  
 She made Maggy ly-in *je in*,  
 When little Jock broke out of prison  
     On good Yule-day :  
 This of me quite cut out the wizen  
     When he maun'gae.

Let scholars then take better heed,  
 For fear they kiss more than they read ;

In case they wear the sacken weed  
                                     For fornication,  
 And leave the priestcraft shot to dead  
                                     For procuration.

The most of them, like blind and lame,  
 Have no aversion to the game ;  
 But better 'twere to take her hame,  
                                     Their pot to cook,  
 And teach his boys to write a theme,  
                                     And mind their book.

Then may they sit at hame, and please  
 Themselves with gathering in their fees,  
 Whilst I must face mine enemies,  
                                     Or sho' my dock.  
 There's odds 'twixt handling pens with ease,  
                                     And a firelock.

So shall they never mount the stool,  
 Whereon the lasses greet and howl,  
 Tho' de'il a tear scarce fair or foul,  
                                     Comes o'er their cheeks ;  
 Their mind's not there ; 'tis spinning wool,  
                                     Or mending breeks.

The kirk then pardons no such prots ;  
 They must tell down good five pund Scots,  
 Tho' they should pledge their petticoats,  
                                     And gae arse-bare ;

The least price there is twenty groats,  
And prigging sair.

If then the lad does not her wed,  
Poor Meg some feigned tears maun shed,  
Her minny crooks her mou', and dad ;  
They fart and fling ;  
' O wow ! that e'er I made my bed !'  
Then does she sing.

Thus for her maidenhead she moans,  
Bewailing what is past ;  
Her pitcher's dash'd against the stones,  
And broken at the last.

## PART II.

All maids I therefore do bemoan,  
Betwixt the rivers Dee and Don,  
If once they get a lick of yon ;  
Tho', by the laird,  
The toy-mutch maun then gae on ;  
Nae mair bare hair'd.

Yet wanton Venus, that she-bitch,  
Does all our senses so bewitch,  
And fires our blood with such an itch,  
That oftentimes

There is no help but to commit  
Some ill-far'd crimes.

Yet some they are so very willing,  
At any time they'll take a shilling;  
But he that learn'd them first the spelling,  
Bess, Meg, or Nell,  
Be sure to him they'll lay an egg in:  
This some can tell.

Unthinking things it is their creed,  
If some such things be done with speed,  
They're safe, 'tis help in time of need,  
No after-claps;  
Though nine months oft brings quick or dead  
Into their laps.

Experience thus makes me to speak:  
I once was hooked with the cleek;  
I almost had beshit my breck,  
When Maggy told,  
That, by her saul, that not a week  
Young Jack wou'd hold.

She was so stiff she could not lout.  
'Your prats (says she) are now found out;  
'The kirk and you maun hae a-bout,  
'Ill ma't you fare!  
'Tis a' your ain, you need not doubt,  
'Ilk hilt and hair.

‘ Alas ! that e’er I saw your face ;  
 ‘ I can no longer hide the case.  
 ‘ Had I foreseen this sad disgrace,  
     ‘ No man, nor you,  
 ‘ Shou’d ever touch my sic-a-place,  
     ‘ Or kiss’d my mou’.

‘ O Dominie you’re dispossess ;  
 ‘ You have beshit your holy nest ;  
 ‘ The warld now see you have transgress ;  
     ‘ I’m at my time.’  
 ‘ You dare no more now do your best,  
     ‘ Let go the rhyme.

‘ Oh hon ! how well might I have kent,  
 ‘ When first to you I gave consent,  
 ‘ With me to make your merriment,  
     ‘ How could I be !  
 ‘ Alas ! that e’er my loom I lent  
     ‘ That day to thee !

‘ Wae to the night I first began  
 ‘ To mix my moggans with the man ;  
 ‘ Tis needless now to curse or ban ;  
     ‘ But de’il hae me,  
 ‘ You’ll pay and sit, or fit my can,  
     ‘ And that you’ll see.’

I heard her as I heard her not ;  
 But time and place had quite forgot ;

I guess'd my piece was in the pot ;  
                                     For I could tell  
 They were too short her petticoats  
                                     By half an ell.

With blubber'd cheeks and wat'ry nose,  
 Her weary story she did close ;  
 I said the best, and off I goes,  
                                     Just like a thief ;  
 And took a glass to interpose  
                                     'Twixt mirth and grief.

Yet would I gi'en my half year's fee  
 Had Maggy then been jesting me ;  
 Had tartan-purphy, meal and bree,  
                                     Or buttery brose,  
 Been kilting up her petticoats  
                                     Above her hose.

Yet time, that tries such protics past,  
 Brought me out o'er the coals fu' fast ;  
 Poor Maggy took a sudden blast,  
                                     And o'er did tumble ;  
 And something in her wame at last,  
                                     Began to rumble.

Some fouks ca'd it the windy-gravel  
 That grips the guts beneath the navel ;  
 But loath she was for to unravel  
                                     Their gross mistake ;

Well ken'd she that she was in travel  
 With little Jack.

But to put matters out of doubt,  
 Young Jock within would fain be out ;  
 And but and ben made sic a rout,  
                                     With hands and feet,  
 That she began twafauld about  
                                     The house to creep.

Then dool and sorrow interven'd ;  
 For Jock no longer could be screen'd ;  
 My lass upon her head she lean'd,  
                                     And so did skirl :  
 The canny wives came there conven'd  
                                     All in a whirl.

They wrought together in a crowd,  
 By this time I was under cloud ;  
 Yet by and by I understood  
                                     They made one more :  
 For Jock he tun'd his pipes full loud ;  
                                     With cries did roar.

Wi' that they blam'd the session-clerk ;—  
 ' Where is the lown hid in the dark ?  
 ' For he's the father of this wark.'  
                                     Swears to his mither,  
 ' He's just as like him as ae lark  
                                     ' Is like anither.'

About me then they made a din ;  
 They sought me out through thick and thin,  
 Wi' ' de'il hae her, and de'il hae him,  
     ' He's o'er the dyke :  
 ' Our Dominie has now dung in  
     ' His arse a pike.'

You may weel judge, I was right sweer  
 This uncouth meeting to draw near :  
 Yet forc'd I was for to appear  
     Somewhat perplex'd :  
 But listen how, and you shall hear,  
     The hags me vex'd.

The carlins Maggy had so clooked,  
 Before young Jack was rightly hooked,  
 They made her twice as little bouked.

But to go on ;  
 O ! then how like a fool I looked  
     When I saw John !

The cummer then cam to me bent,  
 And gravely did my son present ;  
 She bade me kiss him, be content ;  
     Then wish'd me joy,  
 And told it was what luck had sent,  
     A wally boy.

In ilka member, lith and limb,  
 Its mouth, its nose, its cheek, its chin,

‘ ‘Tis a’ like daddy, just like him,  
     ‘ His very self ;’  
 Though it look’d canker’d, sour, and grim  
     As ony elf.

Then whispering low, to me she hark’d,  
 ‘ Indeed your hips they should be yark’d ;  
 ‘ No more Mess John, nor dare you clerk it ;  
     ‘ Faith you hae ca’d  
 ‘ Your hogs unto a bonny market  
     ‘ Indeed, my lad.

‘ But tell me, man, I should say master,  
 ‘ What muckle de’il in your way cast her ?  
 ‘ Lowns baith ! but I think I hae plac’d her  
     ‘ Now on her side ;  
 ‘ My coming here has not disgrac’d her  
     ‘ At the Yule-tide.

‘ And for yoursel, you dare not look  
 ‘ Hereafter ever on a book,  
 ‘ Your mou about the psalms to crook ;  
     ‘ You’ve play’d the fool.  
 ‘ Another now your post maun brook,  
     ‘ And you the stool.’

She ban’d her saul, and then she blest it,  
 In the kirk-book it would be listed ;  
 And thus the weary wife insisted,  
     ‘ Our letter-gae

‘ Will sit where he will not be piss’d at  
 ‘ By dogs some day.’

She wrang her hands until they cracked,  
 And sadly me she sham’d and lacked ;  
 ‘ Ah ! man, the priest how will he tak it,  
 ‘ When he hears tell  
 ‘ How Maggy’s mittens ye hae glacked,  
 ‘ Ye ken yoursel.

‘ The session-clerk to play such prankies !  
 ‘ You’ll stand, I fear, upon your shankies,  
 ‘ And maybe slaver in the brankies :  
 ‘ It could not miss  
 ‘ But lifting Maggie’s killimankies  
 ‘ Would come to this.’

A toothless houdy, auld and tough,  
 Says, ‘ Cummer, husht ! we have enough.—  
 ‘ Hush ! mony ane has touch’d the pleugh  
 ‘ As good as he,  
 ‘ And yet’s gane backlens o’er the heugh ;  
 ‘ Sae let him gae.

‘ He’s not the first, though he’s book-learn’d,  
 ‘ That you ken what they have creep’d near’nd ;  
 ‘ For you and I have sometimes heard  
 ‘ Of nine or ten,  
 ‘ Who thus the clergy have besmear’d  
 ‘ With their own pen.’

The auld-mo' wives thus did me taunt,  
 Though a' was true I must needs grant ;  
 But ae thing mostly made me faint :

Poor Meg lay still,  
 And looked lo'esome as a saint  
 That knew nae ill.

Then a' the gigglets, young and gaudy,  
 Sware by their sauls I might be wady,  
 For getting sic a lustly laddie :

God save the chiel !  
 But O ! thought I, the shool and spady  
 Would fit him weel.

Thus every wife her verdict had  
 'Bout Maggy's being brought-to-bed.  
 I thought my fill, but little said,

Or had to say,  
 To reap the fruit of sic a trade  
 On good Yule-day.

What sometimes in the mouth is sweet

Turns bitter in the wame :  
 I grumbl'd sair to get this geet  
 At sic a merry time.

So Dominies, when ye incline  
 Not for to procreate your kind,  
 Get an auld hag past forty-nine ;  
 Then for a space

Drive maidenheads before the wind ;  
 You're in the case.

### PART III.

Now Maggy's twasome in a swoon ;  
 A council held condemns the lown ;  
 The cushle-mushle thus went round :

‘ Our bonny clerk,  
 ‘ He'll get the dud and sacken gown,  
 ‘ That ugly sark.

‘ Consider, Sirs, now this his crime,  
 ‘ 'Tis not like hers, or yours, or mine ;  
 ‘ He's just next thing to a divine :  
 ‘ And wow, 'tis odd  
 ‘ Sic men should a' their senses tine,  
 ‘ And fear o' God !

‘ 'Tis strange what maks kirk-fouk sae stupid,  
 ‘ To mint or meddle wi' the foocuit,  
 ‘ Or yet to preach in sic a pupit,  
 ‘ For gude o' souls ;  
 ‘ Far better for them hunt the tuichit,  
 ‘ Or teach their schools.

‘ They hunt about from house to house,  
 ‘ Just as a tailor hunts a louse ;



‘ For tarry-breeks should ay gae free ;  
 ‘ And he’s the clerk.’

I then was dumb : how I was griev’d :  
 What would I gi’en to be reliev’d ?  
 They us’d me worse than I had thiev’d.  
                                     Some strain’d their lungs,  
 And very loud they me mischiev’d  
                                     With their ill tongues.

Had you been there to hear and see  
 The manner how they guided me ;  
 And greater penance who could dree ?  
                                     A letter-gae  
 With such a pack confin’d to be  
                                     On good Yule-day !

Young Jack wi’ skirls he pierc’d the skies ;  
 I pray’d that death might close his eyes ;  
 But did not meet with that surprise,  
                                     To my regret :  
 She had nae help, but up and cries,  
                                     Her drink to get.

This laid their din, the drink was stale ;  
 And to’t they gaed with tooth and nail ;  
 And wives whase rotten tusks did fail  
                                     Wi’ bread and cheese,  
 They birled at the butter’d ale,  
                                     To give them ease.

They ca'd upon me then, ' Dadda,  
 ' Come, tune your fiddle, play us a  
 ' Jig-hornpipe, nae mair *sol fa*,  
                                   ' My bonny cock ;  
 ' The kirk and you maun shack a fa'  
                                   About young Jock.

' Play up, *So merry as we've been ;*  
 ' Or, *Wat ye what ye got yestreen ;*  
 ' Or, *Lass, will ye lend me your loom ?*  
                                   ' Or, *Sups o' brandy ;*  
 ' Or, *Gin the kirk wad let's alane ;*  
                                   Or, *Houghmagandy.'*

Such tunes as these, yea, three or four  
 They called for : ill be their hour !  
 ' Play (cries the cummer, with a glowr)  
                                   ' *The wanton towdy,*  
 ' Which did the Dominie ding o'er,  
                                   ' Just heels o'er gowdie.'

Of music I had little skill ;  
 But as I could, I play'd fu' ill ;  
 It was my best to show good will ;  
                                   Yet a' my drift  
 Was, best how I might win the hill,  
                                   The wives to shift.

The letter gae thus play'd the fool,  
 And shifted the repenting stool :

To kirk and session bids good day  
When o'er the hills and far away.

## SEQUEL.

Now, loving friends, I have you left,  
You know I neither stole nor reft ;  
But when I found myself infest  
In a young Jack,  
I did resolve to change the haft,  
For that mistake.

And reasons more I had anew ;  
For I had neither horse nor cow ;  
My stock took wings, and off it flew,  
So all was gone:  
And de'il a flee I had was new,  
Except young John.

Too oft, my thirsty throat to cool,  
I went to visit the punch bowl ;  
Which makes me now wear reddish wool  
Instead of black,  
And carry knapsack, like a fool,  
Upon my back.

The chapin stoup, the pint, and gill,  
Too oft I caused for to fill ;  
Ay loving those that would sit still  
And wet their mouth ;

Ne'er minding that the Tollo-hill  
Leads people south.

O ! but the loving laird Kingswells,  
May blessings flow till his foot swells ;  
Long life to him : whate'er befalls,  
God be his guide !  
He's cur'd a thousand thirsty sauls,  
And mine beside.

O had I but these days again  
Which I so freely spent in vain,  
I'd strive some better for to ken  
What future chance  
Should blow me here out-o'er the main,  
And so near France.

But since I'm off so many a mile,  
There's nothing got without some toil ;  
I'll wait ; cross fortune yet may smile,  
Come want, come wealth,  
And take a pint in the mean time  
To Holden's health.

So, for a time, friends, fare ye well,  
My pot-companions true and leal :  
I wish you all a merry Yule,  
Much mirth and glee,  
No more young Jocks into the creel  
This day for me.

THE  
HOLY FAIR.

*By ROBERT BURNS.*



THE  
HOLY FAIR\*.

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

HYPOCRISY A LA MODE.

UPON a simmer Sunday morn,  
When Nature's face is fair,  
I walked forth to view the corn,  
And snuff the cauler air:  
The rising sun owre Galston muirs  
Wi' glorious light was glintin;  
The hares were hirplin down the furs,  
The lavrocks they were chantin  
Fu' sweet that day.

As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad,  
To see a scene sae gay,

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

Three hizzies, early at the road,  
 Cam skelpin up the way :  
 Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,  
 . But ane wi' lyart lining :  
 The third, that gaed a wee a-back,  
 Was in the fashion shining,  
 Fu' gay that day.

The twa appear'd like sisters twin,  
 In feature, form, and claes :  
 Their visage wither'd, lang, and thin,  
 And sour as ony slaes :  
 The third cam up, hap-stap-and-loup,  
 As light as ony lambie,  
 And wi' a kurchie low did stoop,  
 As soon as e'er she saw me,  
 Fu' kind that day.

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

' My name is Fun—your cronie dear,  
 ' The nearest friend you hae ;

‘ And this is Superstition here,  
 ‘ And that’s Hypocrisy :  
 ‘ I’m gaun to \*\*\*\*\* Holy Fair,  
 ‘ To spend an hour in daffin :  
 ‘ Gin ye’ll go there, you runkl’d pair,  
 ‘ We will get famous laughin  
 ‘ At them this day.’

Quoth I, ‘ Wi’ a’ my heart I’ll do’t :  
 ‘ I’ll get my Sunday’s sark on,  
 ‘ And meet you on the haly spot ;  
 ‘ Faith we’ll hae fine remarkin !’  
 Then I gaed hame at crowdie time,  
 And soon I made me ready ;  
 For roads were clad frae side to side  
 Wi’ mony a weary body,  
 In droves that day.

Here farmers gash, in ridin graith,  
 Gaed hoddin by their cotters ;  
 There swankies young, in braw braid clait<sup>h</sup>,  
 Are springin o’er the gutters.  
 The lasses, skelpin barefoot, thrang,  
 In silks and scarlets glitter ;  
 Wi’ sweet-milk cheese, in mony a whang,  
 And farls bak’d wi’ butter,  
 Fu’ crump that day.

When by the plate we set our nose,  
 Weel heaped up wi’ ha’pence,

A greedy glowr Black Bonnet throws,  
 And we maun draw our tippence.  
 Then in we go to see the show,  
 On every side they're gath'rin;  
 Some carrying dales, some chairs and stools,  
 And some are busy bleth'rin  
 Right loud that day.

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,  
 And screen our country gentry;  
 There Racer Jess, and twa-three w——s,  
 Are blinkin at the entry.  
 Here sits a raw o' tittlin jades,  
 Wi' heaving breast and bare neck;  
 And there a batch o' wabster lads,  
 Blackguarding frae K——ck  
 For fun this day.

Here some are thinkin on their sins,  
 And some upon their claes;  
 Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins,  
 Anither sighs and prays:  
 On this hand sits a chosen swatch,  
 Wi' screw'd up grace-proud faces;  
 On that, a set o' chaps at watch,  
 Thrang winkin on the lasses  
 To chairs that day.

O happy is that man and blest,  
 Nae wonder that it pride him!

Wha's ain dear lass, that he likes best,  
 Comes clinkin down beside him !  
 Wi' arm repos'd on the chair back,  
 He sweetly does compose him,  
 Which, by degrees, slips round her neck,  
 And's loof upon her bosom.  
 Unkend that day.

Now a' the congregation o'er  
 Is silent expectation,  
 For \*\*\*\*\* speels the holy door  
 Wi' tidings o' damnation.  
 Should Hornie, as in ancient days,  
 'Mang sons o' G— present him,  
 The very sight o' \*\*\*\*\*'s face  
 To's ain het hame had sent him  
 Wi' fright that day.

Hear how he clears the points o' faith  
 Wi' rattlin and wi' thumpin !  
 Now meekly calm,—now wild in wrath,  
 He's stampin, and he's jumpin !  
 His lengthen'd chin, and turn'd-up snout,  
 His eldritch squeel and gestures,  
 O how they fire the heart devout,  
 Like cantharidian plasters,  
 On sic a day.

But, hark ! the tent has chang'd its voice ;  
 There's peace and rest nae langer ;

For a' the real judges rise,  
 They canna sit for anger.  
 \*\*\*\*\* opens out his cauld harangues  
 On practice, and on morals ;  
 And aff the godly pour in thrangs,  
 To gie the jars and barrels  
 A lift that day.

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

In guid times 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' God,  
 And meek and mim has view'd it ;  
 While Common-Sense has ta'en the road,  
 And aff, and up the Cowgate\*  
 Fast, fast, that day.

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

Wee \*\*\*\*\* neist, the guard relieves,  
 And Orthodoxy raibles,  
 Though in his heart he weel believes,  
 And thinks it auld wives fables :  
 But, faith ! the birkie wants a manse,  
 So, canily he hums them ;  
 Although his carnal wit and sense  
 Like hafflins-ways o'ercomes him  
 At times that day.

Now butt and ben the change-house fills  
 Wi' yill-cap commentators :  
 Here's crying out for bakes and gills,  
 And there the pint-stowp clatters ;  
 While thick and thrang, and loud and lang,  
 Wi' logic, and wi' Scripture,  
 They raise a din, that, in the end,  
 Is like to breed a rupture  
 O' wrath that day.

Leeze me on drink ! it gies us mair  
 Than either school or college :  
 It kindles wit, it waukens lear,  
 It bangs us fou o' knowledge.  
 Be't whisky gill, or penny wheep,  
 Or ony stronger potion,  
 It never fails, on drinking deep,  
 To kittle up our notion,  
 By night or day.

R

The lads and lasses, blythely bent  
 To mind baith saul and body,  
 Sit round the table, weel content,  
 And steer about the toddy.  
 On this ane's dress, and that ane's look,  
 They're making observations ;  
 While some are cozie in the neuk,  
 And forming assignations  
 To meet some day.

But now the L—d's ain trumpet touts,  
 Till a' the hills are rairin,  
 And echoes back return the shouts :  
 Black \*\*\*\*\* is sparín ;  
 His piercin words, like Highland swords,  
 Divide the joints and marrow ;  
 His talk o' hell, where devils dwell,  
 Our very sauls does harrow\* !  
 Wi' fright that day.

A vast, unbottom'd, boundless pit,  
 Fill'd fou o' lowin brumstane,  
 Whase ragin flame, and scorchin heat,  
 Wad melt the hardest whunstane !  
 They half-asleep, start up wi' fear,  
 And think they hear it roarin ;  
 When presently it does appear,  
 'Twas but some neighbour snorin  
 Asleep that day.

\* Shakespeare's Hamlet.

'Twad be owre lang a tale, to tell  
 How mony stories past,  
 And how they crowded to the yill  
 When they were a' dismiss:  
 How drink gaed round, in cogs and caps,  
 Among the furms and benches;  
 And cheese and bread, frae womens laps,  
 Was dealt about in lunches  
 And dauds that day.

In comes a gaucie, gash gudewife,  
 And sits down by the fire,  
 Syne draws her kebbuck and her knife;  
 The lasses they are shyer.  
 The auld gudemen, about the grace,  
 Frae side to side they bother,  
 Till some ane by his bonnet lays,  
 And gies them't like a tether,  
 Fu' lang that day.

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

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

How mony hearts this day converts  
     O' sinners and o' lasses !  
 Their hearts o' stane gin night are gane  
     As saft as ony flesh is.  
 There's some are fou o' love divine,  
     There's some are fou o' brandy :  
 And mony jobs that day begin,  
     May end in houchmagandie  
         Some ither day.

# **RURAL LOVE,**

**A TALE.**

**By FRANCIS DOUGLAS.**



# RURAL LOVE,

## A TALE.

WHEN merry Charles the sceptre sway'd,  
And none through force or fear obey'd,  
There liv'd a man in Waterairn\*  
A widower, with ae lass bairn.  
Twa hundred marks he had to gie her,  
Brought men and lads afouth to see her.

The first we mention was a scholar,  
Who ne'er had grace to save a dollar,  
Tho' deem't a wonder for his wit,  
And for the mony sangs he writ.  
Deep learn'd in Greek and Latin reading,  
And famous for his skill in bleeding.  
Ten years he taught the parish-school,  
And all he did was done by rule.

With every classic name acquainted,  
No art or science e'er invented,

\* A village in Cromar, in the shire of Aberdeen.

But he could trace it to the source,  
 And talk distinctly of its course.  
 Sometimes, when o'er a pot of ale,  
 What wondrous wonders wou'd he tell !  
 Of Hector and the walls of Troy ;  
 Of Venus and her fav'rite boy ;  
 Of Priam, Paris, and Leander ;  
 Of Nile, Ilissus, and Scamander ;  
 Of Jason and the golden fleece ;  
 And all the states of ancient Greece ;  
 With joy and admiration heard,  
 And as an oracle rever'd.  
 If what he said was e'er disputed,  
 The brutes in Latin were confuted ;  
 While by his parts and learning fir'd,  
 Each farmer's son at fame aspir'd ;  
 For Dispauter\* forsook the trade,  
 For which by nature he was made.

His only fault was *amat potum*,  
 To every other vice *ignotum*.  
 Solemn, as it became his place,  
 And just a model in his dress ;  
 Still clad in rev'rend black or blue,  
 The eyes of hauf the kirk he drew.  
 How gracefully he read the line,  
 And how he rais'd the air divine,  
 Is not in language to express,  
 So those who do not know, must guess.

\* The Author of a Latin Grammar taught in those days.

In person he had often try'd  
 To gain the father to his side,  
 At last resolv'd to write a letter,  
 Tho' well he spake, he wrote still better.  
 The kind epistle thus begun——  
 ' There is not, Sir, beneath the sun,  
 A man that loves your daughter more,  
 I swear by Jove, whom all adore.  
 Struck by the lightning of her eyes,  
 My heart like Salamander fries;  
 My soul's transfix'd by Cupid's dart,  
 Forever feels the keenest smart;  
 Nor can I longer hope to live,  
 Unless to me ye Peggy give.  
 Ignoble souls may court your pelf,  
 For me, I only love herself.'

This, carefully seal'd up, he sent him,  
 In haste, lest others should prevent him.  
 He knew the style and sense were good,  
 And thought it could not be withstood,  
 Ah! what avails it to be wise,  
 If paltry riches fate denies!  
 Reader! with indignation burn,  
 If thou peruse the vile return.

' Good master James, I had your letter,  
 And humbly think you can't do better,  
 Than tak a pint to cool your liver;  
 Take this advice, and thank the giver.'  
 Mess James affronted, drew his pass,  
 And swore the carle was an ass.

Proceed we next to Johnny Smart,  
 The farest ben in Meggy's heart ;  
 Since they had kept the sheep together,  
 They had a love for ane anither.  
 Then mony a blythsome hour had they,  
 The very langest simmer day  
 Seem'd short to them wi' harmless play.

He aft wad say, ' My dearest Meg,  
 With thee, I vow, I'd rather beg,  
 Than wed the richest lass alive ;  
 As I speak true, sae may I thrive.'  
 While she, wha kentna pride nor guile,  
 Wad gladly hear, then with a smile  
 Mak answer thus. ' My dearest Johnny,  
 I'm neither braw, nor rich, nor bonny,  
 These wants repining never mends,  
 There's nane has mair than heav'n lends.  
 But let me boast an honest heart,  
 With it for a' I wadna part.  
 And hear me vow ye watchfu' pow'rs,  
 Who tak delight in love like ours !  
 That heart to Johnny sall be true,  
 And never think of lover new.  
 If I be fause, nae mair protect me,  
 Fame, health, and friends, at anes forsake me.'

Then wad he tak her in his arms,  
 (Sic innocence has pow'rfu' charms,)  
 Hard press her cheek, and warmly say  
 Ye pow'rs aboon ! baith night and day

I'll gie ye praise for this your gift,  
 The dearest lass beneath the lift.  
 O! as she's guid, from ill preserve her,  
 And mak me better to deserve her.'

With sic discourse they past the time,  
 And aften pat their thoughts in rhyme  
 The words for pleasing sounds made meet,  
 Young Peggy sang with voice sae sweet,  
 That all the list'ning flocks drew nigh,  
 And even the lav'rocks left the sky.

But John, alas! had not the ready,  
 So durst not ask her of her daddy,  
 Eleven sheep and ae beast hog,  
 A horse, a cow, a cat and dog,  
 A house and pantry thinly plenish'd,  
 A wob his mother left unfinish'd,  
 Twa site of clais, ane double blew,  
 And ane of tartan maist split new,  
 A sword, a pistol, and a gun,  
 Which mony a Yowl the prize had won;  
 A new blue bonnet and cockade,  
 A shoulder belt and tartan plaid,  
 Was a' the gear that Johny had.

We name nae mair but Peter Shaw  
 Her daddy's choice aboon them a',  
 A bachelor baith warm and wealthy,  
 Tho' turn'd of fifty, stout and healthy.

His father was a zealous saint,  
 Who fought for kirk and covenant\*;  
 Till ae day on the muir of Affort†  
 He got a mōst uncanny sclaffort.  
 The antichristian‡ aim'd sae sicker,  
 He made his head ring like a bicker;  
 The hauf his beard hang o'er his chin,  
 And wae befel the teeth within.  
 Backward he fell, with hideous roar,  
 (His bluid he never saw before;)   
 In this sad plight in dread he lay,  
 Till Baillie's men had lost the day.  
 Then thrice he tried, at last arose,  
 And round the bloody field he goes,  
 Not to lament the dead or dying,  
 For neither kirk, nor country crying;  
 But sick of fighting, thus he pray'd,  
 'O be my zeal at length repaid!——  
 A purse I need.'——His prayer was heard;  
 He found a youth without a beard,

\* The Solemn League and Covenant, the great bone of contention in the unfortunate reign of King Charles I.

† Affort, properly Alford, the name of a parish about twenty miles north-west from Aberdeen. The battle of Alford was fought July 2, 1645; Montrose commanded the Royalists, and Baillie the Covenanters. The latter were entirely defeated.

‡ Antichristian. An epithet very liberally bestowed by the Covenanters, upon such as presumed to oppose what they were pleased to call the cause of Christ and his kirk.

Just in the agonies of death,  
 Him kindly he depriv'd of breath ;  
 Then from his fob a purse he drew,  
 With fifty pounds, if fame says true.  
 Slow from the field with this he sped,  
 And mony a waefu' face he made.  
 Sair bent upon his sword he lay,  
 And scarce made out three miles a-day.

His wife, who past the day in pain,  
 And doubtless thought her dear was slain ;  
 Flew to the door in haste to meet him :  
 And thus fu' glad began to greet him,  
 ' His name be prais'd ye're safe come hame !  
 Last night I had the oddest dream ;  
 Methought I saw our ain Mess John  
 The stirrup had till ye lap on,  
 But ere ye parted words arose,  
 And after words ye cam to blows.'  
 Quo' John, ' Your dream was partly true,  
 He set me on the job I rue,  
 But frae this day, I'll fight nae mair,  
 Nor in kirk quarrels tak a share.'  
 The carle strictly kept his word,  
 And in the hen-roost stuck his sword ;  
 Nor could Mess John, with a' his logics,  
 Again engage him in such projects.  
 The purse, however fairly come,  
 In time accress'd to twice the sum ;

And Peter was his only heir,  
For childer he had never mair.

Now on a day when Pate was there,  
Auld Gilbert took the gardy-chair.  
Meg was cried ben, then quoth her dad,  
' My chiel, ye're shortly to be wed  
To Peter here my honest friend ;  
My day, God help me, 's near an end ;  
And Meg, fan I'm laid i' the grave,  
To leave you single were not safe :  
Heaven only kens fan that may be,  
Neist Reed-day I'm threescore and three ;  
Sae what nig-naes a bride wad need,  
Provide yoursel with a' your speed.'

' Do sae,' quo' Peter, ' want for naething,  
But get frae tap to tae new claithing ;  
My lad's gaen in to Aberdeen,  
I'se gar him buy ye heigh-heel'd sheen.  
And if the beer sells well, a ring,  
A ribbon belt, and mony a thing.  
Ye's want for naething I can gie ye,  
For by my conscience Meg I loo ye ;  
Ye's live with me as guid a life  
As ever yet liv'd marry'd wife ;  
And if ye happen first to die,  
There's nane sall heir me Meg, but ye.'

' Gae keep your heirships,' answer'd Meg,  
When young I'll sere, when auld I'll beg,

Afore I marry sic as ye,  
Ye're maist three times as auld as me.'

Quo' Gilbert, ' If he's auld, or young,  
I counsel you to haud your tongue ;  
I makna doubt the airy fool  
Wha maista danc'd you dead at Youl,  
Wad please you mair ; but dame, trust me,  
Him ye sall wed, and nane but he.'

' Troth then,' quo' Meg, ' I'll never lie,  
I loo a lad, and he loes me ;  
And ye sall as sein tak my life,  
As mak me ony ither's wife'——  
She said,—then sobb'd and grat fu' sair——  
' O ho,' quo' Peter, ' greet nae mair !  
Troth lass I'm no sae daft about ye,  
But I can live fellwell without ye——  
And dorty Meg, to tell ye mair,  
If't hadna been for Gibbie's gear,  
I hadna speer'd for sic as you.'

Quo' Gilbert, ' Carl, if that be true,  
Out o' my house, shame o' your greed,  
If ye were ane that stood in need  
Of gear, I wadna think sae muckle,  
March aff, with her ye sanna buckle.  
I thought a' cheatin twa-fac'd loons,  
Had liv'd in courts and borrowstowns,  
But now I plainly see by ye,  
There's nae place frae sic vermin free.'

Quo' Peter, ' Ye may flyt your fill,  
 Of what I said I think nae ill ;  
 I own the lassie's well enough,  
 But beauty winna mend the pleugh.  
 A pox ! d'ye think a chap like me,  
 Who's fifty winters seen and three,  
 Wad enter on debate and strife,  
 For sic a joke's a bonny wife ?  
 Though love on beardless boys works wonders,  
 We auld fouk seldom mak sic blunders.  
 Wiest Meg, I didna mean to vex ye ;  
 Mayhaps, the sight of me affects ye.  
 Sae Gilbert I'll bid guid be wi' you.'——

Quo' Gilbert, ' Let me never see you  
 Within my door—Gae hugg your pelf,  
 Or court some dotard like yourself.'

Meg's heart was then as blythe and light  
 As e'er a bride's on bridal night :  
 But ay she grat—nor wad be still,  
 Till Gilbert said, ' Ye's hae your will :  
 Tak wha ye like, if 'tis your ruin.  
 Mind, it's a browst of your ain brewin.'

Just as he spak, John Smart cam in.  
 ' God sens (quo' he), why a' this din ?  
 What ails ye Meg, to sigh and sob ?—  
 Mayhaps the wobster's spoil'd your wob.'

Then Gilbert tauld him a' the story  
 Frae tap to tail—quo' John, ' I'm sorry  
 That ye sud be sae fain o' gear,  
 To sell your dochter like a mare.  
 If I might be sae bauld's advise  
 A man like you, baith auld and wise,  
 Your dochter ye sud gie to nane  
 Wha wadna tak her gown-alane.  
 Nor wad I hac her age uneven ;  
 Can twenty gree wi' fifty-seven ?  
 Owre aft we see what weary lives  
 Are led 'twish auld men and young wives ;  
 For auld fouk being maistly fretfu',  
 A' that's nae grave to them seems hatefu' ;  
 Contrair to that, young things are wanton,  
 Their tongues are gaen, their hearts ay pantin  
 For something new—While these tak pleasure  
 In naething earthly but their treasure.  
 Nae seiner are they help'd to bed,  
 And a' the shankers 'larums laid,  
 Than dead asleep—their grating snore  
 Bids wakrife wives their fate deplore.'

Quo Gilbert, ' John, ye speak fu' well,  
 I doubt ye're preaching for yoursel.  
 Come, tell me, dame, wha 'tis ye loe ?'  
 Meg rubb'd her een, and said, ' 'Tis he—  
 He's loo'd me lang, he loes me well ;  
 We baith thought shame, and durstna tell :

Gie me your blessin, keep your gear,  
 If I get him, I'll seek nae mair.  
 I'll work, ungrudg'd, frae morn till night,  
 And do my best to keep things right;  
 For sic a carl I wadna wed,  
 Nae, though he were in scarlet clad.  
 Alas! what's a' the warld to me  
 Except I get the lad I loe?  
 With him I dinna fear its care,  
 We'll ane anither's sorrows share.'

John's heart beat sair the while, for fear  
 He sud be cast for want of gear;  
 But Gilbert, weighing the event,  
 Said, ' Childer, if ye're baith content  
 With ane anither, I'se no break ye;  
 God bless ye baith, and happy make ye.'

' Content! (quo' John),—I canna speak—  
 O me!—for joy my heart will break!'

' Then tak her, John, and with her a'  
 My guid and gear, baith great and sma'.  
 If she be hauf as gude's her mither,  
 Ye'll baith be blest in ane anither.  
 Ay, John, she was as gude a wife  
 As ever blest a poor man's life;  
 She didna waste what I had won!—  
 Na, ev'ry year the wobs she spun

Near paid the Laird——On her death-bed,  
 She laid her hand on Meggy's head;  
 And said, my chiel, I'm gaen to die,  
 Alas my heart to part with thee!  
 Fear God, and thou need'st fear nae ill;  
 Thy father love, and do his will.  
 If e'er thou lead'st a married life  
 Be an obedient, kindly wife,  
 Nor gie ill words to kindle strife.  
 Let nought but death your love divide——  
 Sein after, 'las my fell! she died!  
 The auld man sigh'd, and ended here,  
 And frae ilk ee he drapt a tear.  
 Quo' John, ' May God be your reward,  
 'Cause to our love ye've had regard;  
 I hae nae ither way to pay ye,  
 But ay to honour and obey ye,  
 And that I'll do wi' hand and heart,  
 As lang's I live, and weel my part;  
 And what I want in gear and siller,  
 Shall be made up in kindness till her.

' Thanks, gracious pow'rs!—ye've heard my  
 pray'r,  
 Put up sae aft, baith late and ear',  
 To grant me Meggy for my wife——  
 Come to me, dearer than my life!  
 Then in his arms he caught, and prest her  
 Close to his beating heart, and kist her.

Nane can conceive the joy they tasted,  
 While mutual embraces lasted :  
 Their very sauls each other kist,  
 Ne'er pair were happier since the first.

Gilbert the tender scene beheld,  
 With eyes that tears of joy had fill'd ;  
 Those happy days it brought to mind,  
 When he was young, and Janet kind ;  
 When he was young, and she was fair,  
 And love took aff the edge of care.

Then thus—' My childer, human life,  
 Made up of pleasures, cares, and strife,  
 The same appearance keeps not long ;  
 What now seems right seem'd lately wrong ;  
 The view of all your wishes crown'd  
 Has ev'ry boisterous passion drown'd ;  
 But trust me, time will make them rise,  
 Then learn to rule them, and be wise.  
 In friendship live, though fondness cease,  
 And trust to prudence for your peace ;  
 To peace let all your wishes tend,  
 For both through frailty must offend.  
 Believe experience, perfect bliss  
 Exists not in a world like this ;  
 Thus think—nor blame the heav'nly pow'rs ;  
 The lot of mortals must be yours.'

With rev'rend awe th' advice was taken,  
 Though both believ'd the man mistaken :  
 They could not think that time or chance  
 Their bliss could lessen or enhance.

A few weeks after they were wed,  
 And happy was the life they led ;  
 His constant care was how to please her,  
 No toil he counted hard could ease her :  
 They both with emulation strove,  
 Who most should serve, and dearest love.  
 Kind heaven, to heighten all their joys,  
 In seven years sent seven boys.  
 Auld Gilbert liv'd till aughty-seven,  
 Then slept on earth to wake in heav'n.



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