ROBERT BURNS.
THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT BURNS;
WITH
AN ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE,
AND AN
ENLARGED AND CORRECTED GLOSSARY.

EDINBURGH:
THOMAS NELSON AND PETER BROWN.

MDCCCXXXII.
Gift
MR. HUTCHISON,
10 N 85

GLASGOW,
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07-1036
My Lords and Gentlemen,

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

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

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

I have the honour to be,

With the sincerest gratitude,
and highest respect,

My Lords and Gentlemen,
Your most devoted humble servant,

ROBERT BURNS.

Edinburgh,
April 4, 1787.
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Robert Burns was born on the 29th day of January, 1759, in a small house about two miles from the town of Ayr in Scotland. The family name, which the poet modernized into Burns, was originally Burnes or Burness. His father, William, appears to have been early inured to poverty and hardships, which he bore with pious resignation, and endeavoured to alleviate by industry and economy. After various attempts to gain a livelihood, he took a lease of seven acres of land, with the view of commencing nurseryman and public gardener; and having built a house upon it with his own hands (an instance of patient ingenuity by no means uncommon among his countrymen in humble life,) he married, December 1757, Agnes Brown. The first fruit of his marriage was Robert, the subject of the present sketch.

In his sixth year, Robert was sent to a school, where he made considerable proficiency in reading and writing, and where he discovered an inclination for books not very com-
mon at so early an age. About the age of thirteen or fourteen, he was sent to the parish school of Dalrymple, where he increased his acquaintance with English grammar, and gained some knowledge of the French. Latin was also recommended to him; but he did not make any great progress in it.

The far greater part of his time, however, was employed on his father's farm, which, in spite of much industry, became so unproductive as to involve the family in great distress. His father having taken another farm, the speculation was yet more fatal, and involved his affairs in complete ruin. He died, Feb. 13, 1784, leaving behind him the character of a good and wise man, and an affectionate father, who, under all his misfortunes, struggled to procure his children an excellent education; and endeavoured, both by precept and example, to form their minds to religion and virtue.

It was between the fifteenth and sixteenth year of his age, that Robert first "committed the sin of rhyme." Having formed a boyish affection for a female who was his companion in the toils of the field, he composed a song, which, however extraordinary for one at his age, and in his circumstances, is far inferior to any of his subsequent performances. He was at this time "an ungainly, awkward boy," unacquainted with the world, but who occasionally had picked up some notions of history, literature, and criticism, from the few books within his reach. These, he informs us, were Salmon's and Guthrie's Geographical Grammars, the Spectator, Pope's Works, some plays of Shakspeare, Tull and Dickson on Agriculture, the Pantheon, Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, Stackhouse's History of the Bible, Justice's British Gardener's
Directory, Boyle's Lectures, Allan Ramsay's Works, Taylor's Scripture Doctrine of Original Sin, a select Collection of English Songs, and Hervey's Meditations. Of this motley assemblage, it may readily be supposed, that some would be studied, and some read superficially. There is reason to think, however, that he perused the works of the poets with such attention as, assisted by his naturally vigorous capacity, soon directed his taste, and enabled him to discriminate tenderness and sublimity from affectation and bombast.

It appears that from the seventeenth to the twenty-fourth year of Robert's age, he made no considerable literary improvement. His accessions of knowledge, or opportunities of reading, could not be frequent, but no external circumstances could prevent the innate peculiarities of his character from displaying themselves. He was distinguished by a vigorous understanding, and an untameable spirit. His resentments were quick, and, although not durable, expressed with a volubility of indignation which could not but silence and overwhelm his humble and illiterate associates; while the occasional effusions of his muse on temporary subjects, which were handed about in manuscript, raised him to a local superiority that seemed the earnest of a more extended fame. His first motive to compose verses, as has been already noticed, was his early and warm attachment to the fair sex. His favourites were in the humblest walks of life; but during his passion, he elevated them to Lauras and Saccharissas. His attachments, however, were of the purer kind, and his constant theme the happiness of the married state; to obtain a suitable provision for which, he engaged in partnership with a flax-dresser, hoping, proba-
bly, to obtain by degrees the rank of a manufacturer. But this speculation was attended with very little success, and was finally ended by an accidental fire.

On his father's death he took a farm in conjunction with his brother, with the honourable view of providing for their large and orphan family. But here, too, he was doomed to be unfortunate, although, in his brother Gilbert, he had a coadjutor of excellent sense, a man of uncommon powers both of thought and expression.

During his residence on this farm he formed a connexion with a young woman, the consequences of which could not be long concealed. In this dilemma, the imprudent couple agreed to make a legal acknowledgment of a private marriage, and projected that she should remain with her father, while he was to go to Jamaica "to push his fortune." This proceeding, however romantic it may appear, would have rescued the lady's character, according to the laws of Scotland, but it did not satisfy her father, who insisted on having all the written documents respecting the marriage cancelled, and by this unfeeling measure, he intended that it should be rendered void. Divorced now from all he held dear in the world, he had no resource but in his projected voyage to Jamaica, which was prevented by one of those circumstances that in common cases, might pass without observation, but which eventually laid the foundation of his future fame. For once, his poverty stood his friend. Had he been provided with money to pay for his passage to Jamaica, he might have set sail, and been forgotten. But he was destitute of every necessary for the voyage, and was therefore advised to raise a sum of money by publishing
his poems in the way of subscription. They were accordingly printed at Kilmarnock, in the year 1786, in a small volume, which was encouraged by subscriptions for about 350 copies.

It is hardly possible to express with what eager admiration these poems were everywhere received. Old and young, high and low, learned and ignorant, all were alike delighted. Such transports would naturally find their way into the bosom of the author, especially when he found that, instead of the necessity of flying from his native land, he was now encouraged to go to Edinburgh and superintend the publication of a second edition.

In the metropolis, he was soon introduced into the company and received the homage of men of literature, rank, and taste; and his appearance and behaviour at this time, as they exceeded all expectation, heightened and kept up the curiosity which his works had excited. He became the object of universal admiration, and was feasted, and flattered, as if it had been impossible to reward his merit too highly. But what contributed principally to extend his fame into the sister kingdom, was his fortunate introduction to Mr Mackenzie, who, in the 97th paper of the Lounger, recommended his poems by judicious specimens, and generous and elegant criticism. From this time, whether present or absent, Burns and his genius were the objects which engrossed all attention and all conversation.

It cannot be surprising if this new scene of life, produced effects on Burns which were the source of much of the unhappiness of his future life; for while he was admitted into the company of men of taste and virtue, he was also seduced, by pressing invitations, into
the society of those whose habits are too social and inconsiderate. It is to be regretted that he had little resolution to withstand those attentions which flattered his merit, and appeared to be the just respect due to a degree of superiority, of which he could not avoid being conscious. Among his superiors in rank and merit, his behaviour was in general decorous and unassuming; but among his more equal or inferior associates, he was himself the source of the mirth of the evening, and repaid the attention and submission of his hearers by sallies of wit, which, from one of his birth and education, had all the fascination of wonder. His introduction, about the same time, into certain convivial clubs of higher rank, was an injudicious mark of respect to one who was destined to return to the plough, and to the simple and frugal enjoyments of a peasant's life.

During his residence at Edinburgh, his finances were considerably improved by the new edition of his poems; and this enabled him to visit several other parts of his native country. He left Edinburgh, May 6, 1787, and in the course of his journey was hospitably received at the houses of many gentlemen of worth and learning. He afterwards travelled into England as far as Carlisle. In the beginning of June he arrived in Ayrshire, after an absence of six months, during which he had experienced a change of fortune, to which the hopes of few men in his situation could have aspired. His companion in some of these tours was a Mr Nicol, a man who was endeared to Burns not only by the warmth of his friendship, but by a certain congeniality of sentiment and agreement in habits. This sympathy, in some other instances, made our poet capri-
ciously fond of companions, who, in the eyes of men of more regular conduct, were insufferable.

During the greater part of the winter 1787-8, Burns again resided in Edinburgh, and entered with peculiar relish into its gaieties. But as the singularities of his manner displayed themselves more openly, and as the novelty of his appearance wore off, he became less an object of general attention. He lingered long in this place, in hopes that some situation would have been offered which might place him in independence: but as it did not seem probable that any thing of that kind would occur soon, he began seriously to reflect that tours of pleasure and praise would not provide for the wants of a family. Influenced by these considerations he quitted Edinburgh in the month of February, 1788. Finding himself master of nearly \( \£500 \) from the sale of his poems, he took the farm of Ellisland, near Dumfries, and stocked it with part of this money, besides generously advancing \( \£200 \) to his brother Gilbert, who was struggling with difficulties. He was now also legally united to Mrs Burns, who joined him with their children about the end of this year.

Quitting now speculations for more active pursuits, he rebuilt the dwelling-house on his farm; and during his engagement in this object, and while the regulations of the farm had the charm of novelty, he passed his time in more tranquillity than he had lately experienced. But unfortunately, his old habits were rather interrupted than broken. He was again invited into social parties, with the additional recommendation of a man who had seen the world, and lived with the great; and again partook of those irregularities for which men of warm imaginations, and conversational talents
find too many apologies. But a circumstance now occurred which threw many obstacles in his way as a farmer.

Burns very fondly cherished those notions of independence, which are dear to the young and ingenuous. But he had not matured these by reflection; and he was now to learn, that a little knowledge of the world will overturn many such airy fabrics. If we may form any judgment, however, from his correspondence, his expectations were not very extravagant, since he expected only that some of his illustrious patrons, would have placed him on whom they bestowed the honours of genius, in a situation where his exertions might have been uninterrupted by the fatigues of labour, and the calls of want. Disappointed in this, he now formed a design of applying for the office of exciseman, as a kind of resource in case his expectations from the farm should be baffled. By the interest of one of his friends this object was accomplished; and after the usual forms were gone through, he was appointed exciseman, or, as it is vulgarly called, gauger of the district in which he lived.

"His farm was now abandoned to his servants, while he betook himself to the duties of his new appointment. He might still, indeed, be seen in the spring, directing his plough, a labour in which he excelled, or striding with measured steps along his turned-up furrows, and scattering the grain in the earth. But his farm no longer occupied the principal part of his care or his thoughts. Mounted on horseback, he was found pursuing the defaulters of the revenue, among the hills and vales of Nithsdale."

About this time (1792,) he was solicited to give his aid to Mr Thomson’s Collection of
Scottish Songs. He wrote, with attention and without delay, for this work, all the songs which appear in this volume; to which we have added those he contributed to Johnson's Musical Museum.

Burns also found leisure to form a society for purchasing and circulating books among the farmers of the neighbourhood; but these however praiseworthy employments, still interrupted the attention he ought to have bestowed on his farm, which became so unproductive that he found it convenient to resign it, and, disposing of his stock and crop, removed to a small house which he had taken in Dumfries, a short time previous to his lyric engagement with Mr Thomson. He had now received from the Board of Excise, an appointment to a new district, the emoluments of which amounted to about seventy pounds sterling per annum.

While at Dumfries, his temptations to irregularity recurred so frequently as nearly to overpower his resolutions, and which he appears to have formed with a perfect knowledge of what is right and prudent. During his quiet moments, however, he was enlarging his fame by those admirable compositions he sent to Mr Thomson: and his temporary sallies and flashes of imagination, in the merriment of the social table, still bespoke a genius of wonderful strength and captivations. It has been said, indeed, that, extraordinary as his poems are, they afford but inadequate proof of the powers of their author, or of that acuteness of observation, and expression, he displayed on common topics in conversation. In the society of persons of taste, he could refrain from those indulgences, which, among his more
constant companions, probably formed his chief recommendation.

The emoluments of his office, which now composed his whole fortune, soon appeared insufficient for the maintenance of his family. He did not, indeed, from the first, expect that they could; but he had hopes of promotion, and would probably have attained it, if he had not forfeited the favour of the Board of Ex-
cise, by some conversations on the state of public affairs, which were deemed highly im-
proper, and were probably reported to the Board in a way not calculated to lessen their effect. That he should have been deceived by the affairs in France during the early periods of the revolution, is not surprising; he only caught a portion of an enthusiasm which was then very general; but that he should have raised his imagination to a warmth beyond his fellows, will appear very singular, when we consider that he had hitherto distinguished himself as a Jacobite, an adherent to the house of Stewart. Yet he had uttered opinions which were thought dangerous; and information being given to the Board, an inquiry was instituted into his conduct, the result of which, although rather favourable, was not so much so as to reinstate him in the good opinion of the commissioners. Interest was necessary to enable him to retain his office; and he was informed that his promotion was deferred, and must depend on his future behaviour.

He is said to have defended himself, on this occasion, in a letter addressed to one of the Board, with much spirit and skill. He wrote another letter to a gentleman, who, hearing that he had been dismissed from his situation, proposed a subscription for him. In this last, he gives an account of the whole transaction,
and endeavours to vindicate his loyalty; he also contends for an independence of spirit, which he certainly possessed, but which yet appears to have partaken of that extravagance of sentiment which are fitter to point a stanza than to conduct a life.

A passage in this letter is too characteristic to be omitted.—"Often," says our poet, "in blasting anticipation, have I listened to some future hackney scribbler, with the heavy malice of savage stupidity, exultingly asserting that Burns, notwithstanding the fanfaronade of independence to be found in his works, and after having been held up to public view, and to public estimation, as a man of some genius, yet quite destitute of resources within himself to support his borrowed dignity, dwindled into a paltry exciseman; and slunk out the rest of his insignificant existence, in the meanest of pursuits, and among the lowest of mankind."

This passage has no doubt often been read with sympathy. That Burns should have embraced the only opportunity in his power to provide for his family, can be no topic of censure or ridicule; and, however incompatible with the cultivation of genius the business of an exciseman may be, there is nothing of moral turpitude or disgrace attached to it. It was not his choice, it was the only help within his reach: and he laid hold of it. But that he should not have found a patron generous or wise enough to place him in a situation at least free from allurements to "the sin that so easily beset him," is a circumstance on which the admirers of Burns have found it painful to dwell.

Mr Mackenzie, in the 97th number of the Lounger, after mentioning the poet's design of going to the West Indies, concludes that
paper in words to which sufficient attention appears not to have been paid: "I trust means may be found to prevent this resolution from taking place; and that I do my country no more than justice, when I suppose her ready to stretch out the hand to cherish and retain this native poet, whose "wood-notes wild" possess so much excellence. To repair the wrongs of suffering or neglected merit: to call forth genius from the obscurity in which it had pined indignant, and place it where it may profit or delight the world:—these are exertions which give to wealth an enviable superiority, to greatness and to patronage a laudable pride."

Although Burns deprecated the reflections which might be made on his occupation of exciseman, it may be necessary to add, that from this humble step, he foresaw all the contingencies and gradations of promotion up to a rank on which it is not usual to look with contempt. In a letter dated 1794, he states that he is on the list of supervisors; that in two or three years he should be at the head of that list, and be appointed, as a matter of course; but that then a friend might be of service in getting him into a part of the kingdom which he would like. A supervisor's income varies from about £120 to £200 a-year; but the business is "an incessant drudgery, and would be nearly a complete bar to every species of literary pursuit." He proceeds, however, to observe, that the moment he is appointed supervisor he might be nominated on the Collector's list, "and this is always a business purely of political patronage. A collectorship varies from much better than two hundred a-year to nearly a thousand. Collectors also come forward by precedency on the list, and have, besides a handsome income, a life of
complete leisure. A life of literary leisure with a decent competence, is the summit of my wishes.”

He was doomed, however, to continue in his present employment for the remainder of his days, which were not many. His constitution was now rapidly decaying; yet, his resolutions of amendment were but feeble. His temper became irritable and gloomy, and he was even insensible to the kind forgiveness and soothing attentions of his affectionate wife. In the month of June, 1796, he removed to Brow, about ten miles from Dumfries, to try the effect of sea-bathing; a remedy that at first, he imagined, relieved the rheumatic pains in his limbs, with which he had been afflicted for some months: but this was immediately followed by a new attack of fever. When brought back to his house at Dumfries, on the 18th of July, he was no longer able to stand upright. The fever increased, attended with delirium and debility, and on the 21st he expired, in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

He left a widow and four sons, for whom the inhabitants of Dumfries opened a subscription, which being extended to England, produced a considerable sum for their immediate necessities.* This has since been augmented by the profits of the edition of his works, printed in four volumes, 8vo.; to which Dr Currie, of Liverpool, prefixed a life, written with much elegance and taste.

As to the person of our poet, he is described

* Mrs Burns continues to live in the house in which the Poet died: the eldest son, Robert, is at present in the Stamp-Office; the other two are officers in the East India Company’s army, William is in Bengal, and James in Madras (May, 1813). Wallace, the second son, a lad of great promise, died of a consumption.
as being nearly five feet ten inches in height, and of a form that indicated agility as well as strength. His well-raised forehead, shaded with black curling hair, expressed uncommon capacity. His eyes were large, dark, full of ardour and animation. His face was well formed, and his countenance uncommonly interesting. His conversation is universally allowed to have been uncommonly fascinating, and rich in wit, humour, whim, and occasionally in serious and apposite reflection. This excellence, however, proved a lasting misfortune to him: for while it procured him the friendship of men of character and taste, in whose company his humour was guarded and chaste, it had also allurements for the lowest of mankind, who knew no difference between freedom and licentiousness, and are never so completely gratified as when genius condescends to give a kind of sanction to their grossness. He died poor, but not in debt, and left behind him a name, the fame of which will not be soon eclipsed.
'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle,  
That bears the name o' Auld King Coyle,  
Upon a bonnie day in June,  
When wearing thro' the afternoon,  
Twa dogs that were na thrang at hame,  
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

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

His locked, letter'd, braw brass collar  
Show'd him the gentleman and scholar:  
But tho' he was o' high degree,  
The fient a pride na pride had he;  
But wad hae spent an hour caressin'  
Ev'n with a tinkler gipsey's messin'.

At kirk or market, mill or smiddle,  
Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie,  
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,  
And stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

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

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

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

CAESAR.

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

Our Laird gets in his racked rents,
His coals, his kain, and a' his stents:
He rises when he likes himsel';
His flunkies answer at the bell;

* Cuchullin's dog in Ossian's Fingal.
He ca's his coach, he ca's his horse;
He draws a bonnie silken purse,
As lang's my tail, whare, thro' the steeks,
The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.

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

LUATH.

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

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

But then to see how ye're negleckit,
How huff'd, and cuff'd, and disrespeckit!
L—d, man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, and sic cattle;
They gang as saucy by poor folk,
As I wad by a stinking brock.

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

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

LUATH.

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

Then chance an' fortune are sae guided,
They're aye in less or mair provided;
An' tho' fatigu'd wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment;

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

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

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

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

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

CAESAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it:  
For Britain's guid!—guid faith, I doubt it!
Say, rather, gaun as *Premiers* lead him,  
An' saying *aye* or *no's* they bid him:  
At operas an' plays parading,  
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading;  
Or may be, in a frolic daft,  
To *Hague* or *Calais* takes a waft,  
To mak a tour, and tak a whirl,  
To learn *bon ton* and see the woor.

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

**LUATH.**

Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate  
They waste sae mony a braw estate!  
Are we sae foughten an' harass'd  
For gear to gang that gate at last!

O would they stay aback frae courts,  
An' please themselves wi' countra sports,  
It wad for every ane be better,  
The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cotter!  
For thae frank, rantin', ramblin' billies,  
Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows;  
Except for breakin' o' their timmer,  
Or speakin' lightly o' their limmer,  
Or shootin' o' a hare or moor-cock,  
The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk.
But will ye tell me, Master Caesar,
Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure!
Nae cauld or hunger e'er can steer them,
The very thought o't need na fear them.

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

It's true, they need na starve or sweat,
Thro' winter's cauld or simmer's heat;
They've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
An' fill auld age wi' Gripes an' granes:
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges an' schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themselves to vex them.
An' aye the less they hae to sturt them,
In like proportion less will hurt them;
A country fellow at the pleugh,
His acres till'd, he's right eneugh;
A country girl at her wheel,
Her dizzens done, she's unco weel;
But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst,
Wi' ev'ndown want o' wark are curst.
They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy;
Tho' deil haet ails them, yet uneasy;
Their days insipid, dull, an' tasteless;
Their nights unquiet, lang, an' restless;
An' ev'n their sports, their balls, an' races,
Their gallopin' through public places.
There's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.
The men cast out in party matches,
Then sowther a' in deep debauches:
Ae night they're mad wi' drink an' wh-ring,
Neist day their life is past enduring.
The ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great and gracious a' as sisters;
But hear their absent thoughts o’ ither,
They’re a’ run deils an’ jads thegither.
Whyles o’er the wee bit cup and platie,
They sip the scandal potion pretty;
Or lee lang nights, wi’ crabbit leuks
Pore ower the devil’s pictur’d beuks;
Stake on a chance a farmer’s stackyard,
An’ cheat like ony unhang’d blackguard.

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

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

---

SCOTCH DRINK.

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

Solomon’s Proverbs, xxxi. 6, 7.

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Let other poets raise a fracas,
’Bout vines, and wines, and drunken Bacchus,
An' crabbit names an' stories wrack us,  
An' grate our lug,  
I sing the juice *Scots* bear can mak us,  
In glass or jug.

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

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

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

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

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear;  
Thou cheers the heart o' drooping Care;  
Thou strings the nerves o' Labour sair;  
At's weary toil;  
Thou even brightens dark Despair  
Wi' gloomy smile.
Aft, clad in massy silver weed,  
Wi' Gentles thou erects thy head;  
Yet humbly kind in time o' need,  
The poor man's wine,  
His wee drap parritch, or his bread,  
Thou kitchens fine.

Thou art the life o' public haunts;  
But thee, what were our fairs and rants?  
Ev'n godly meetings o' the saunts,  
By thee inspir'd,  
When gaping they besiege the tents,  
Are doubly fir'd.

That merry night we get the corn in,  
O sweetly then thou reams the horn in!  
Or reekin' on a New-year morning  
In cog or bicker,  
An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,  
An' gusty sucker!

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,  
An' ploughmen gather wi' their graith,  
O rare! to see the fizz an' freath  
T' the lugget caup!  
Then Burnewin* comes on like death  
At ev'ry chaup.

Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel;  
The brawnie, bainie, ploughman chiel',  
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,  
The strong forehammer,  
Till block an' studdie ring and reel  
Wi' dinsome clamour.

When skirlin weanies see the light,

*Burnewin—Burn-the-wind—the blacksmith—an appropriate title.
Thou maiks the gossips clatter bright,
How fumblin' cuifs their dearies slight,
Wae worth the name!
Nae howdie gets a social night,
Or plack frae them.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thee, Ferintosh! O sadly lost!
Scotland, lament frae coast to coast!
Now colic grips, an' barkin' hoast,
May kild us a';
For loyal Forbes' chartered boast
Is ta'en awa'!

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

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

EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER*

TO THE

SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES

IN THE

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Dearest of Distillation! last and best——
How art thou lost!——Parody on Milton.

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

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

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

* This was written before the act anent the Scotch Distilleries, of session 1786; for which Scotland and the Author return their most grateful thanks.
An' rouse them up to strong conviction,  
An' move their pity.

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

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

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

Paint Scotland greeting ower her thrissle;  
Her mutchkin stoup as toom's a whissle;  
An' d-mn'd Excisemen in a bussle,  
Seizin' a stell,
Triumphant crushin' like a mussel,  
Or lampit shell.

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

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

Alas! I'm but a nameless wight,
Trode i' the mire out o' sight!
But could I like Montgomeries fight,
    Or gab like Boswell,
There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight,
    An' tie some hose well.

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

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

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

Erskine, a spunkie Norland billie;
True Campbells, Frederick, an' Ilay;

* Sir Adam Ferguson.
† The present Duke of Montrose.—(1800.)
An' Livingstone, the bauld Sir Willie;
An' mony uthers,
Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully
Might own for brithers.

Arouse, my boys! exert your mettle,
To get auld Scotland back her kettle;
Or faith! I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle,
Ye'll see't or lang,
She'll teach you, wi' a reekin' whittle,
Anither sang.

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

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

For G—d sake, Sirs! then speak her fair,
An' straik her kannie wi' the hair,
An' to the muckle house repair,
Wi' instant speed,
An' strive, wi' a' your wit an' leer,
To get remead.

Yon ill-tongu'd tinkler, Charlie Fox,
May taunt you wi' his jeers an' mocks;
But gie him't bet, my heerty cocks:
E'en cowe the caddie!
An' send him to his dicing box
An' sportin' lady.
Tell yon guid bluid o' auld Boconnock's.
I'll be his debt twa mashlum bannocks,
An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnoch's*
  Nine times a week,
If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks,
  Wad kindly seek.

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

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

An' now, ye chosen Five-and-Forty,
May still your Mither's heart support ye:
Then, tho' a Minister grow dorty,
  An' kick your place,
Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty,
  Before his face.

God bless your Honours a' your days,
Wi' soups o' kail and brats o' claise,
In spite o' a' the thievish kaes
  That haunt St Jamie's!
Your humble poet sings an' prays
  While Rab his name is.

* A worthy old Hostess of the Author's in Manch-line, where he sometimes studies Politics over a glass of guid auld Scotch Drink.
POSTSCRIPT.

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

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

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

But bring a Scotsman frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Say, such is royal George's will,
       An' there's the foe,
He has nae thought but how to kill
       Twa at a blow.

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him;
Death comes, with fearless eye he sees him;
Wi' bluidy hand a welcome gies him;
       An' when he fa's,
His latest draught o' breathin' lea'es him
       In faint huzzas.
Sages their solemn een may steek,
An' raise a philosophic reek,
An' physically causes seek,
   In clime an' season ;
But tell me Whisky's name in Greek,
   I'll tell the reason.

Scotland, my auld, respected Mither !
Tho' whyles ye moistify your leather,
Till whare you sit, on craps o' heather,
   Ye tine your dam ;
(Freedom and Whisky gang thegither !)
   Tak aff your dram !

THE HOLY FAIR.*

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

I.
Upon a simmer Sunday morn,
   When Nature's face is fair,
I walked forth to view the corn,
   An' snuff the callar air.
The rising sun owre Galston muirs,
   Wi' glorious light was glintin'

* Holy Fair is a common phrase in the west of Scotland for a sacramental occasion.
The hares were hirplin' down the furs,
The lav'rocks they were chantin'
Fu' sweet that day.

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

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

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

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

VI.
Quoth I, 'With a' my heart I'll do't;
I'll get my Sunday's sark on,
An' meet you on the holy spot;
Faith we'se hae fine remarkin'!'
Then I gaed hame at crowdie time,
An' soon I made me ready;
For roads were clad, frae side to side,
Wi' monie a weary body,
In droves that day.

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

VIII.
When by the plate we set our nose,
Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,
A greedy glowr Black Bonnet throws,
An' we maun draw our tippence.
Then in we go to see the show,
On ev'ry side they're gatherin',
Some carrying deals, some chairs an' stools,
An' some are busy bletherin',
Right loud that day.
IX.
Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
An' screen our countra Gentry,
There, racer Jess, an' twa-three whores,
Are blinkin' at the entry.
Here sits a raw of tittlin' jades,
Wi' heavin' breast and bare neck,
An' there a batch of wabster lads,
Blackguardin' frae K———ck,
For fun this day.

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

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

XII.
Now a' the congregation o'er
Is silent expectation;
For —— speels the holy doc,
Wi' tidings o' damnation.
Should Hornie, as in ancient days,
'Mang sons o' God present him,
The vera sight o' ———'s face,
To's ain hame had sent him
Wi' fright that day

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

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

XV.
What signifies his barren shine
Of moral pow'rs and reason?
His English style, an' gesture fine,
Are a' clean out o' season.
Like Socrates or Antonine,
Or some auld pagan Heathen,
The moral man he does define,
But ne'er a word o' faith in
That's right that day.
XVI.
In guid time comes an antidote
Against sic poison'd nostrum:
For ——, frae the water-fit,
Ascends the holy rostrum:
See, up he's got the word o' God,
An' meek an' mim has view'd it,
While Common-sense has ta'en the road,
An' aff, an' up the Cowgate,*
Fast, fast, that day.

XVII.
Wee —— neist the guard relieves,
An' orthodoxy raibles,
Tho' in his heart he weel believes,
And thinks it auld wives' fables:
But, faith; the birkie wants a manse,
So cannily he hums them;
Altho' his carnal wit and sense
Like hafflins-ways o'ercomes him
At times that day.

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

XIX.
Leeze me on Drink! it g'ies us mair
Than either School or College:

* A street so called, which faces the tent in ——
It kindles wit, it waukens lair,
   It pangs us fou o' knowledge.
Be't whisky gill, or penny wheep,
   Or ony stronger potion,
It never fails, on drinking deep,
   To kittle up our notion
   By night or day.

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

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

XXII.
A vast, unbottom'd boundless pit,
   Fill'd fou o' lowin' brunstane,
Wha's ragin' flame and scorchin' heat,
   Wad melt the hardest whun-stane!
The half asleep start up wi' fear,
   And think they hear it roarin',

† Shakspeare's Hamlet.
When presently it does appear,  
'Twas but some neighbour snorin'  
Asleep that day.

XXIII.

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

XXIV.

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

XXV.

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

XXVI.

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

XXVII.

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

DEATH AND DOCTOR HORN-BOOK:
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 befell,
Is just as true's the De'il's in hell
Or Dublin city:
That e'er he nearer comes oursel'
'S a muckle pity.
Th Clachan yill had made me canty,
I was nae fou, but just had plenty;
I stacher'd whiles, but yet took tent aye
To free the ditches;
An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushes, kenn'd aye
Frat ghaists an' witches.

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

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

I there wi' Something did forgather,
That put me in an eerie swither :
An' awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther,
Clear-dangling, hang ;
A three-taed 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'? *

* This renounter happened in seed-time, 1785.
It seem'd to mak' a kind o' stan',
   But naething spak:
At length, says I, 'Friend, where 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' skaih,
   See there's a gully!'

'Guidman,' 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 wad na mind it, no, that spittle
   Out owre my beard.'

'Weel, weel!' says I, 'a bargain be't;
Come, gie's your hand, an' sae 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,
'Its een a lang, lang time indeed
Sin' I began to nick the thread,
   An' choke the breath:
Folk maun do something for their bread,
   An' sae maun Death.

'Sax thousand years are near hand fled
Sin' I was to the butching bred,
   An' mony a scheme in vain's been laid,
   To stap or scar me;

*An epidemic feuer was then raging in that country*
Till ane *Hornbook* 's † taen up the trade,  
An' faith, he'll waur me.

' Ye ken *Jock Hornbook*, i' the Clachan,  
Deil mak his king's hood in a spleuchan!  
He's grown sae weil acquaint wi' *Buchan* ‡  
An' ither chaps,  
The weans haud out their fingers laughin'  
An' pouk my hips

' See, here's a scythe, and there's a dart,  
They hae pierc'd mony a gallant heart:  
But Doctor *Hornbook*, wi' his art  
And cursed skill,  
Has made them baith no worth a f—t,  
Damn'd haet they'll kill.

' Twas but yestreen, nae farther gaen,  
I threw a noble throw at ane;  
Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain;  
But deil-ma-care,  
It just play'd dirl on the bane,  
But did nae mair.

' *Hornbook* was by, wi' ready art,  
And had sae fortified the part,  
That when I looked to my dart,  
It was sae blunt,  
Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the hear  
Of a kail-runt.

' I drew my scythe in sic a fury,  
I nearhand coupit wi' my hurry,  
But yet the bauld *Apothecary*  
Withstood the shock ;

† This gentleman, *Dr Hornbook*, is, professionally  
a brother of the Sovereign Order of the Ferula; but  
by intuition and inspiration, is at once an Apothecary,  
Surgeon, and Physician.  
‡ Buchau's Domestic Medicine.
I might as weel hae tried a quarry
  O’ hard whin rock.

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

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

‘Calces o’ fossils, earths, and trees;
True Sal-marimum o’ the seas;
The Farina of 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 clippins,
  An’ mony mae.’

‘Waes me for Johnny Ged’s Hole * now
Quo’ I, ‘If that the news be true!
His braw calf-ward where gowans grew,
  Sae white an’ bonnie,
Nae doubt they’ll rive it wi’ the plough;
  They’ll ruin Johnnie!’

* The grave-digger.
The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh,
An' says, Ye need na yoke the pleugh,
Kirk-yards 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 weil bred,
Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
When it was sair;
The wife slade cannie to her bed,
But ne'er spak mair.

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

' A bonnie lass, ye ken 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 from day to day,
Thus does he poison, kill, an' slay,
An's weil paid for't;
Yet stops me o’ my lawfu’ prey,  
     Wi’ his damn’d dirt.

‘ But hark! I’ll tell you of a plot,  
Though dinna ye be speaking o’t;  
I’ll nail the self-conceited sot,  
     As dead’s a herrin’;  
Neist 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 pleased mysel’,  
     And sae did Death.

THE BRIGS OF AYR:

A POEM

INSCRIBED TO J. B———, ESQ. AYR.

The simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,  
Learning his tuneful trade from every bough;  
The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,  
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush:
The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,  
Or deep-toned plovers, grey, wild whistling o’er the hill;
Shall he, nurst in the Peasant’s lowly shed,  
To hardy independence bravely bred,  
By early Poverty to hardship steel’d,  
And train’d to arms in stern Misfortune’s field—
Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,  
The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes?  
Or labour hard the panegyrick close,  
With all the venal soul of dedicating Prose?  
No! though his artless strains he rudely sings,  
And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,  
He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,  
Fame, honest fame, his great, his dear reward.  
Still if some Patron's generous care he trace,  
Skilled in the secret, to bestow with grace;  
When B—— befriends his humble name,  
And hands the rustic stranger up to fame,  
With heart-felt throbs his grateful bosom swells,  
The godlike bliss, to give alone excels.

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter hap,  
And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap;  
Potatoe bings are snugged up frae skaith  
Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath;  
The bees rejoicing o'er their simmer toils,  
Unnumber'd buds an' flowers' delicious spoils,  
Seal'd up with frugal care in massive waxen piles,  
Are doom'd by man, that tyrant o'er the weak,  
The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone reek:  
The thundering guns are heard on ev'ry side,  
The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide;  
The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,  
Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie.  
(What warm, poetic heart, but inly bleeds,  
And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)  
Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs:  
Nae mair the grove wi' airy concert rings,
Except, perhaps, the Robin's whistling glee,
Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree:
The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noontide blaze,
While thick the gossamour waves wanton in the rays.
'Twas in that season, when a simple bard,
Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,
Ae night, within the ancient brugh of Ayr,
By whim inspired, or haply prest wi' care;
He left his bed, and took his wayward route,
And down by Simpson's wheel'd the left about:
(Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate
To witness what I after shall narrate;
Or whether rapt in meditation high,
He wander'd out he knew not where nor why),
The drowsy Dungeon-clock,† had number'd two,
And Wallace tower† had sworn the fact was true:
The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar,
Thro' the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore:
All else was hush'd in Nature's closed e'e;
The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree:
The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream.

When, lo! on either hand the list'ning bard,
The clanging sough of whistling wings he heard;
Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,
Swift as the Gos† drives on the wheeling hare;

* A noted tavern at the Auld Brig end.
† The two steeples.
‡ The gos-hawk, or falcon.
C 2
Ane on th' _Auld Brig_ his airy shape uprears,
The ither flutters o'er the _rising piers_:
Our warlike Rhymer instantly desery'd
The Sprites that owre the _Brigs of Ayr_ preside.
(That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
An' ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk;
Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a' they can explain them,
And ev'n the vera deils they brawly ken them.)

_Auld Brig_ appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face:
He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang,
Yet toughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
_New Brig_ was buskit in a braw new coat,
That he, at _Lon'on_ frae a'ne _Adams_ got;
In's hand fiv'e taper staves as smooth's a bead,
Wi' virls and whirlygigums at the head.
The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,
Spying the time-worn flaws in every arch;
It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e,
And e'en a vex'd an' angry heart had he!
Wi' thieveless sneer to see each modish mien.
He, down the water, gies him thus guide'eu—

_AULD BRIG._

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

_NEW BRIG._

Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense,
Just much about it wi' your scanty sense;
Will your poor narrow foot-path of a street,
Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet,
Your ruin'd formless bulk, o' stane an' lime,
Compare wi' bonnie Brigs o' modern time?
There's men o' taste would tak' the Ducat-stream,*
Tho' they should cast the very sark and swim,
Ere they would grate their feelings wi' the view
Of sic an ugly Gothic hulk as you.

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
This monie a year I've stood the flood an' tide;
An' tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn,
I'll be a Brig when ye're a shapeless cairn!
As yet ye little ken about the matter,
But twa-three winters will inform ye better.
When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains,
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;
When from the hills where springs the brawling Coil,
Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil,
Or where the Greenock winds his moorland course,
Or haunted Garpal† draws his feeble source,
Arous'd by blust'ring winds and spotted thowes,
In mony a torrent down his sne-broo rowes;
While crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat,
Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate;
And from Glenbuck‡ down to the Ratton key,§
Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd tumbling sea;

* A noted ford, just above the Auld Brig.
† The banks of Garpal Water is one of the few places in the West of Scotland, where those fancy-scaring beings, known by the name of Ghaists, still continue pertinaciously to inhabit.
‡ The source of the river Ayr.
§ A small landing-place above the large key.
Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise!
And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies,
A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
That Architecture's noble art is lost

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

AULD BRIG.
O ye, my dear-remember'd ancient yealings,
Were ye but here to share my wounded feel-
ings!
Ye worthy Proveses, an' mony a Bailie,
Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil aye;
Ye dainty Deacons, an' ye douce Conveners,
To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners;
Ye godly Councils wha hae blest this town;
Ye godly Brethren of the sacred gown,
Wha meekly gae your hurdies to the smiters;
And (what would now be strange) ye godly Writers:
A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo,
Were ye but here, what would ye say or do!
How would your spirits groan in deep vexation.
To see each melancholy alteration;
And agonizing, curse the time and place
When ye begat the base, degenerate race!
Nae langer Rev'rend Men, their country's glory,
In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid story!
Nae langer thrifty Citizens, an' douce,
Meet owre a pint, or in the Council house:
But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless Gentry,
The herryment and ruin of the country;
Men, three parts made by tailors and by barbers,
Wha waste your well-hain'd gear on d--d new Brigs and Harbours!

NEW BRIG.

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

What farther clishmaclaver might been said,
What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,
No man can tell; but all before their sight,
A fairy train appear'd in order bright:
Adown the glitt'ring stream they featly danced:
Bright to the moon their various dresses glanced:
They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet.
While arts of Minstrelsy among them rung,
And soul ennobling bards heroic ditties sung.
O had *M'Lauchlin,* thairm-inspiring sage,
Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
When thro' his dear *Strathspeys* they bore
with Highland rage;
Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
The lover's raptured joys or bleeding cares;

*A well known performer of Scottish music on the violin.*
How would his Highland lug been nobler fired,
And even his matchless hand with finer touch
inspir'd!
No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,
But all the soul of Music's self was heard;
Harmonious concert rung in every part,
While simple melody pour'd moving on the
heart.
The Genius of the stream in front appears,
A venerable chief advanced in years;
His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
His manly leg with garter tangle bound.
Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with
Spring;
[Joy,
Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural
And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye:
All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,
Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding
corn;
[show,
Then Winter's time-bleached locks did hoary
By Hospitality with cloudless brow;
Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride,
From where the Feal wild-woody coverts
hide;
Benevolence, with mild benignant air,
A female form, came from the tow'rs of Stair:
Learning and Worth in equal measures trode
From simple Catrine, their long-lov'd abode:
Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazel
wreath,
To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
The broken iron instruments of death:
At sight of whom our Sprites forgat their
kindling wrath.
THE ORDINATION.

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

I.
Kilmarnock Wabsters, fidge and claw,
   An' pour your creeshie nations;
An' ye wha leather rax an' draw,
   Of a' denominations.
Swith to the Laigh Kirk, ane an' a',
   An' there tak up your stations;
Then aff to Begbie's in a raw,
   An' pour divine libations

   For joy this day.

II.
Curst Common-sense, that imp o' hell,
   Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder;*
But O——aft made her yell,
   An' R——sair misca'd her;
This day, M'——takes the flail,
   An' he's the boy will blaud her!
He'll clap a shangan on her tail
   An' set the bairns to daud her

   Wi' dirt this day.

III.
Mak haste an' turn king David owre,
   An' lilt wi' holy clangor;

* Alluding to a scoffing ballad which was made on the admission of the late Reverend and worthy Mr L. to the Laigh Kirk.
O' double verse come gie us four,
   An' skirl up the Bangor:
This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure,
   Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,
For heresy is in her power,
   And gloriously she'll whang her
   Wi' pith this day.

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

V.
There, try his mettle on the creed,
   An' bind him down wi' caution,
That *Stipend* is a carnal weed,
   He taks but for the fashion;
An' gie him o'er the flock to feed,
   An' punish each transgression;
Especial, *rams* that cross the breed,
   Gie them sufficient threshin',
   Spare them nae day.

VI.
Now auld Kilmarnock, cock thy tail,
   An' toss thy horns fu' canty;
Nae mair thou'lt rowt out-owre the dale,
   Because thy pasture's scanty;

* Genesis, ch. ix. ver. 22.
† Numbers, ch. xxy. ver. 8.
‡ Exodus, ch. iv. ver. 25.
For lapfu's large o' gospel kail
Shall fill thy crib in plenty,
An' runts o' grace, the pick and wale,
No gi'en by way o' dainty,
But ilka day.

VII.
Nae mair by Babel's streams we'll weep,
To think upon our Zion;
An' hing our fiddles up to sleep,
Like baby-clouts a-dryin';
Come, screw the pegs with tunefu' cheep,
An' owre the thatirms be tryin';
Oh, rare! to see our elbucks wheep,
An' a like lamb-tails flyin'
Fu' fast this day!

VIII
Lang Patronage, wi' rod o' airn,
Has shored the Kirk's undoin',
As lately Fenwich, sair forfairn,
Has proven to its ruin:
Our Patron, honest man! Glencairn,
He saw mischief was brewing;
An' like a godly elect bairn
He's waled us out a true ane,
An' sound this day.

IX.
Now R——— harangue nae mair,
But steek your gab for ever;
Or try the wicked town of Ayr,
For there they'll think you clever;
Or, nae reflection on your lear,
Ye may commence a shaver;
Or to the Netherton repair,
An' turn a carpet weaver
Aff hand this day.
BURNS' ROEMS.

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

XI.
See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes,
    She's swingin' through the city;
Hark how the nine-tail'd cat she plays!
    I vow it's unco pretty:
There Learning, wi' his Greekish face,
    Grunts out some Latin ditty:
An' Common-sense is gaun, she says,
    To mak to Jamie Beattie
    Her plaint this day.

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

XIII.
O happy day! rejoice, rejoice!
    Come bouse about the porter!
Morality's demure decoys
    Shall here nae mair find quarter:
M'———, R———, are the boys,
    That heresy can torture:
They'll gie her on a rape a hoyse,
An' cowe her measure shorter
By the head some day.

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

THE CALF.

TO THE REV. MR —

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

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

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

But, if the Lovers raptur'd hour
Shall ever be your lot;

* New Light is a cant phrase in the West of Scotland for those religious opinions which Dr Taylor of Nor. with has defended so strenuously.
Forbid it, every heavenly Power,
You e'er should be a Stot!

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

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

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

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
An’ float the jinglin’ icy-boord,
Then Water-kelpies haunt the foord,
   By your direction,
An’ nighted Trav’llers are allured
   To their destruction.

An’ aft your moss-traversing Spunkies
Decoy the wight that late and drunk is;
The bleezin’, curst, mischievous monkeys
   Delude his eyes,
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
   Ne’er mair to rise

When Masons’ mystic word an’ grip,
In storms an' tempests raise you up,
Some cock or cat your rage maun stop;
Or, strange to tell;
The youngest Brother ye wad whip
Aff straugh to hell!

Lang syne, in Eden's bonnie yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
An' all the soul of love they shared,
The raptured hour,
Sweet on the fragrant flowery swa'ird
In shady bower:

Then you, ye auld, snic-drawing dog!
Ye came to Paradise incog.
An' played on man a cursed brogue,
(Black be your fa'!)
An' gied the infant world a shog,
Maist ruined a'.

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

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,
An' brak him out o' house an' hall,
While scabs and blotches did him gall,
Wi' bitter claw,
An' lowsed his ill tongued wicked scawL
Was warst ava?

But a' your doings to rehearse,
Your wily snares an' fechtin' fierce,
Sin' that day Michael* did you pierce,
Down to this time,

Wad ding a Lallan tongue, or Erse,
    In prose or rhyme.

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

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

THE
DEATH AND DYING WORDS
OF
POOR MAILIE,
THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE.
AN UNCO MOURNFU' TALE.

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

* A neebor herd-callan.
Wi' glowrin' een, and lifted hän's,  
Poor Hughoc like a statue stan's:  
He saw her days were near-hand ended,  
But wae's my heart! he could na mend it!  
He gaped wide, but naething spak!  
At length poor Mailie silence brak.

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

'Tell him, if e'er again he keep  
As muckle gear as buy a sheep,  
O, bid him never tie them mair  
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair!  
But ca' them out to park or hill,  
An' let them wander at their will:  
So may his flock increase, an' grow  
To scores o' lambs, an' packs o' woo'!

'Tell him, he was a master kin'  
An' aye was guid to me an' mine:  
An' now my dying charge I gie him,  
My helpless lambs I trust them wi' him.

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

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

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

' An' neist my yowie, silly thing,
Guid keep thee frae a tether string!
O' may thou ne'er forgather up
Wi' ony blastit moorland toop:
But aye keep mind to moop an' mell
Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel'.

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

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

This said, poor Mailie turn'd her head,
And closed her een amang the dead.

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

**TO J. S——.**

*Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!*  
*Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society!*  
*I owe thee much!*——*Blair.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'There's ither poets, much your betters,
Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters,
Hae thought they had ensured their debtors,
A' future ages;
Now moths deform in shapeless tetters,
Their unknown pages.'
Then fareweel hopes o' laurel-boughs,
To garland my poetic brows!
Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs
Are whistling thrang,
An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
My rustic sang.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Some lucky, find a flowery spat,
For which they never toiled nor swat,
They drink the sweet and eat the fat,
But care or pain;
And haply eye the barren hut
With high disdain.

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

An' others, like your humble servan',
Poor wights! nae rules or roads observin';
To right or left, eternal swervin',
They zig-zag on;
Till curst wi' age, obscure an' starvin',
They aften groan.
Alas! what bitter toil an' straining—
But truce with peevish poor complaining!
Is Fortune's fickle Luna waning?
E'en let her gang,
Beneath what light she has remaining,
Let's sing our sang.

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

'Gie dreeping roasts to countra lairds
Till icicles hing frae their beards:
Gie fine braw claes to fine life-guards,
An' maids of honour:
An' yill an' whisky gie to cairds,
Until they sconner.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

**A DREAM.**

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

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

I.

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

II.

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

III.

For me! before a monarch's face,
   Ev'n *there* I winna flatter;
For neither pension, post, nor place,
   Am I your humble debtor:
So nae reflection on your *grace,*
   Your kingship to bespatter;
There's monie waur been o' the race,
   An' aiblins ane been better
   Than you this day.

IV.

*Tis very true,* my sov'reign king,
   My skill may well be doubted:
But facts are chieis that winna ding
   An' downa be disputed:
Your royal nest, beneath your wing,
   Is e'en right ref t an' clouted,
An' now the third part o' the string,
   An less, will gang about it
     Than did ae day.

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

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

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

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

IX.

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

X.

For you, young potentate o' Wales,
I tell your Highness fairly,
Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
I'm tauld ye're driving rarely;
But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
An' curse your folly sairly,
That e'er ye brak Diana's pales,
Or rattled dice wi' Charlie,
By night or day.

XI.

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

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

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

XIV.
Ye, lastly, bonnie blossoms a;
  Ye royal lasses dainty,
Heav'n make you guid as weel as braw,
  An' gie you lads a-plenty:

* King Henry V.
† Sir John Falstaff, vide Shakspeare.
* Alluding to the newspaper account of a certain royal sailor's amour.
But sneer nae *British boys awa*;
For kings are unco scant aye;
An’ German gentles are but *sma*;
They’re better just than *want aye*
On onie day.

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

---

**THE VISION.**

**DUAN FIRST.†**

The sun had closed the winter day,
The curlersquat their roaring play,
An’ hunger’d maukin ta’en her way
To kail-yards green,
While faithless snaws ilk step betray
Whare she has been.

The thresher’s weary *flinging-tree*
The lee-lang day had tired me:
And whan the day had closed his e’e,
Far i’ the west,
Ben i’ the *spence*, right pensivelie,
I gaed to rest.

† *Duan*, a term of Ossian’s for the different divisions of a digressive poem. See his *Cath-Loda*, vol. ii. of M’Pherson’s translation.
'There', lanely, by the ingle-cheek,  
I sat and ey'd the spewing reek,  
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek;  
      The auld clay biggin';  
An' heard the restless rattons squeak  
      About the riggin'.

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

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

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

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

Ye need na doubt, I held my wisht!  
The infant aith half-form'd was crush't;  
I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht  
      In some wild glen;
When sweet like modest worth, she blusht,
   And stepped ben.

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

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

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

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

Here, rivers in the sea were lost:
There, mountains to the skies were tost:
Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,
   With surging foam;
There, distant shone Art's lofty boast,
   The lordly dome.
Here *Doon* pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods;
There, well-fed *Irwine* stately thuds:
Auld hermit *Ayr* staw thro' his woods,
   On to the shore;
And many a lesser torrent scuds,
   With seeming roar.

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

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

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

His *Country's Saviour,* mark him well!
Bold *Richardton's* heroick swell;
The chief on *Sark* who glorious fell,
   In high command;

---

* The Wallaces.  † William Wallace.
† Adam Wallace, of Richardton, cousin to the immortal preserver of Scottish independence.
§ Wallace, Laird of Craigie, who was second in command, under Douglas Earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought *anno* 1448. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct and intrepid valour of the gallant Laird of Craigie, who died of his wounds after the action.
And he whom ruthless fates expel
His native land.

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

Thro' many a wild, romantic grove,
Near many a hermit-fancy'd cove,
(Fit haunts for friendship or for love
In musing mood,)
An aged Judge, I saw him rove,
Dispensing good.

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

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

* Coilus, King of the Picts, from whom the district of Kyle is said to take its name, lies buried, as tradition says, near the family-seat of the Montgomerries of Coilsfield, where his burial-place is still shown.

† Barskimming, the seat of the late Lord Justice-Clerk.

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

* Colonel Fullarton.
DUAN SECOND.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

‘To lower orders are assign'd
The humbler ranks of human-kind
The rustic Bard, the lab'ring Hind
    The Artisan;
All choose, as various they're inclined,
    The various man.

‘When yellow waves the heavy grain,
The threat'ning storm some strongly rein,
Some teach to meliorate the plain,
    With tillage skill;
And some instruct the shepherd-train,
    Blithe o'er the hill.

‘Some hint the lover's harmless wile,
Some grace the maiden's artless smile;
Some soothe the lab'rer's weary toil,
    For humble gains,
And make his cottage scenes beguile
    His cares and pains

‘Some bounded to a district-space
Explore at large man's infant race,
To mark the embryotic trace
    Of rustic Bard;
And careful note each op'ning grace,
    A guide and guard.
Of these am I—Coila my name;
And this district as mine I claim,
Where once the Campbells, chiefs of fame,
Held ruling pow'r,
I mark'd thy embryo tuneful flame,
Thy natal hour.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then never murmur nor repine;
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;
And trust me, not Potosi's mine,
Nor kings' regard,
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
A rustic Bard.
To give my counsels all in one,
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
Preserve the dignity of Man,
With soul erect;
And trust the Universal Plan
Will all protect.

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

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID,
OR THE
RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

My son, these maxims make a rule,
And lump them aye thegither;
The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
The Rigid Wise anither:
The cleanest corn that e’er was dight
May hae some pyles o’ caff in;
Sae ne’er a fellow-creature slight
For random fits o’ daffin.—
Solomon.—Eccles. ch. vii. ver. 16.

I.

O ye wha are sae guid yourself,
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye’ve nought to do but mark and tell
Your neibour’s faults and folly!
Whase life is like a weel gaun mill,
Supply’d wi’ store o’ water,
The heapet happer’s ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter.
II.
Hear me, ye venerable core,
As counsel for poor mortals,
That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door
For glaikit Folly's portals;
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
Would here propone defences,
Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
Their failings and mischances.

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

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

V.
See socia life and glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transmogrified, they're grown
Debauchery and drinking:
O would they stay to calculate
Th' eternal consequences;
Or your more dreaded hell to state,
Damnation of expenses!
VI.
Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
Tied up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor frailty names,
Suppose a change o' cases;
A dear lov'd lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination—
But let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

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

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

An honest man's the noblest work of God.—Pope.

Has auld K——— seen the Deil!
Or great Mc———† thrown his heel?
Or R———† again grown weel
   To preach an' read?
'Na, waur than a'!' cries ilka chiel,
   'Tam Samson's dead!'

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

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

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

* When this worthy old sportsman went out last muirfowl season, he supposed it was to be, in Ossian's phrase, 'the last of his fields!' and expressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the muirs. On this hint the author composed his elegy and epitaph.
† A certain preacher, a great favourite with the million. Vide the Ordination, Stanza II.
‡ Another preacher, an equal favourite with the few, who was at that time ailing. For him see also the Ordination, Stanza IX.
He was the king o' a' the core,  
To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,  
Or up the rink, like Jehu roar,  
In time o' need;  
But now he lags on death's hog-score,  
Tam Samson's dead!

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

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

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

In vain auld age his body batters;  
In vain the gout his ancles fetters;  
In vain the burns came down like waters  
An acre braid!  
Now ev'ry auld wife greetin', clatters,  
Tam Samson's dead!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PER CONTRA.

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

HALLOWEEN.†

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

* Killie is a phrase the country folks sometimes use for Kilmarnock.
† 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.
Yes! let the rich deride, the poor 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.

I.

Upon that night, when fairies light,
On Cassilis 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 an' rove
Amang the rocks and streams,
To sport that night.

II.

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

III.

The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat,
Mair braw than when their fine;
Their faces blithe, fu' sweetly kythe,
Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin':

† Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis.
* A noted cavern near Colean-house, called The Cove of Colean; which, as Cassilis Downans, is famed in country story for being a favourite haunt for fairies.
† The famous family of that name, the ancestors of Robert, the great deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick.
The lads sae trig, wi’ wooer-babs,
Weel knotted on their garten,
Some unco blate, an’ some wi’ gabs,
Gar lasses’ hearts gang startin’
    Whyles fast at night.

IV.
Then first and foremost, thro’ the kail,
Their stocks † maun a’ be sought ance;
They steek their een, an’ graip an’ wale,
    For muckle anes and straught anes.
Poor hav’rel Will fell aff the drift,
    An’ wander’d thro’ the bow-kail,
An’ pou’ for want o’ better shift,
    A runt was like a sow-tail,
        Sae bow’t that night.

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

† 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 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.
VI.
The lasses staw frae' mang them a'
To pou their stalks o' corn;*
But Rab slips out, and jinks about,
Behint the muckle thorn;
He grippet Nelly hard an' fast;
Loud skirl'd a' the lasses;
But her tup-pickle maist was lost,
When kiuttlin' in the false-house†
i' him that night.

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

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

* 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.
† When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green, or wet, the stack-builder, by means of old timber, &c. makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is fairest exposed to the wind; this he calls a false-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 accordingly 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,
An' Jean had e'en a sair heart
To see't that night.

IX.

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

X.

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

XI.

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

XII.

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

XIII.

Wee Jenny to her Graunie says,
"Will ye go wi' me graunie?
I'll eat the apple† at the glass
I gat frae uncle Johnie:'"
She tuft her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
In wrath she was sae vap'rin',
She notic'nt na, an' aizle brunt
Her braw new worset apron
Out thro' that night.

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

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

XV.

"Ae hairst afore the Sherra-moor,
I mind 't as weel's yestreen,
I was a gilpey then, I'm sure
I was na past fyfteen:
The simmer had been cauld an' wat,
An' stuff was unco green:
An' aye a rantin kirk we gat,
An' just on Halloween
It fell that night.

XVI.

"Our stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen.
A clever, sturdy fallow;
He's sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,
That liv'd in Achmacalla:
He gat hemp-seed.* I mind it weel,
An' he made unco light o't;

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

XVII.
Than up gat fechtin' Jamie Fleck,
An' he swoor by his conscience,
That he could saw hemp-seed a peck;
For it was a' but nonsense!
The auld guid-man raught down the pock,
An' out a handful gied him;
Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk,
Sometime when nae ane see'd him,
An' try't that night.

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

XIX.
He whistl'd up Lord Lennox' march,
To keep his courage cheery;
Altho' his hair began to arch,
He was sae fley'd an' eerie:
Till presently he hears a squeak,
An' then a grane an' gruntle;
He by his shoulder gae a keek,
An' tumbl'd wi' a wintle
Out-owre that night.
XX.
He roar'd a horrid murder shout,
   In dreadful desperation!
An' young an' auld cam rinnin' out
To hear the sad narration:
He swoor 'twas hilchin Jean M'Craw,
Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
Till stop! she trotted thro' them a';
An' wha was it but Grumphie
Asteer that night!

XXI.
Meg fain wad to the barn hae gane,
   To win three wechts o' naething;*
But for to meet the deil her lane,
She pat but little faith in;
She gies the herd a pickle nits,
An' twa red cheekit apples,
To watch, while for the barn she sets,
In hopes to see Tam Kipples
That vera night.

XXII.
She turns the key wi' cannie throw,
   An' owre the threshold ventures;
But first on Sawnie gies a ca,'
Syne bauldly in she enters;

* This charm must likewise be performed unperceived, and alone. You go to the barn, and open both doors, taking them off the hinges, if possible; for there is danger, that the being about to appear, may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which, in our country dialect, we call a wecht, and go 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.
A ratton rattled up the wa'  
An' she cry'd, L—d preserve her;  
An' ran thro' midden-hole an' a'  
An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour,  
Fu' fast that night.

XXIII.
They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice;  
Then hecht him some fine braw ane;  
It chanc'd the stack he fuddom'd thrice,†  
Was timmer-prapt for thrawin';  
He takes a swirlie auld moss-oak,  
For some black, grousome carlin;  
An' loot a wince, an' drew a stroke,  
Till skin in blypes cam haurlin'  
Aff's nieves that night.

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

† 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.
‡ You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south running spring or rivulet, where 'three lairds' lands meet,' and dip your left shirt sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake; and, some time near midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it.
XXV.
Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
As thro' the glen it wimpl't;
Whyles round a rocky scar it strays;
Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazel,
Unseen that night.

XXVI.
Amang the brackens, on the brae,
Between her an' the moon,
The deil, or else an outlier quey,
Gat up an' gae a croon;
Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool;
Ne'er lavrock height she jumpet,
But mist a fit, an' in the pool
Out owre the lugs she plumpit,
'Wi' a plunge that night.

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

* 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 foretells with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated three times, and every time the arrangement of dishes is altered.
Wi’ merry sangs, an’ friendly cracks,
I wat they did na weary;
An’ unco tales, and funnie jokes,
Their sports were cheap an’ cheery:
Till butter’d so’ns,† wi’ fragrant lunt,
Set a’ their gabs a-steerin’;
Syne, wi’ a social glass o’ strut,
They parted aff careerin’
Fu’ blithe that night.

THE

AULD FARMER’S

NEW-YEAR MORNING SALUTATION TO HIs

AULD MARE MAGGIE,

ON GIVING HER THE ACCUSTOMED RIPP OF CORN
TO HANSEL IN THE NEW YEAR.

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

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

† Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the Halloween Supper.
Thou ance was i’ the foremost rank,
A filly buirdly, steeve, an’ swank,
An’ set weel down a shapely shank
As e’er tred yird;
An’ could hae flown out-owre a stank,
Like onie bird.

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

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

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

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

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

When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow,
We took the road aye like a swallow:
At Brooses thou had ne'er a fellow,
For pith an' speed;
But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow,
Whare'er thou gaed.

The sma', droop-rumpl't, hunter cattle,
Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle;
But sax Scotch miles thou try't their mettle,
An' gar't them whaizle:
Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
O' saugh or hazel.

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

Thou never braindg't an' fetch't, an' fliskit,
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,
An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket,
Wi' pith an' pow'r,
Till spritty knowes wad rair't an' risket,
An' slypet owre.

When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,
An' threaten'd labour back to keep,
I gied thy cog a wee bit heap
Aboon the timmer:
I ken'd my Maggie wadna sleep
For that, or simmer.
In cart or car thou never reestit;
The steyest brae thou wad hae fac't it;
Thou never lap, and sten't, and breastit,
Then stood to blaw;
But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
Thou snoov't awa.

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

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

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

We've worn to crazy years thegither
We'll toyte about wi' anither;
Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether,
To somehain'd rig,
Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,
Wi' sma' fatigue.
TO A MOUSE,

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

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

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

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

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

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.
That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
         But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
         An' cranreuch cauld!

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

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

A WINTER NIGHT.

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

When biting Boreas, fell and doure,
Sharp shivers through the leafless bow'r;
When Phæbus gi'es a short-liv'd glower
         Far south the lift,
Dim-dark'ning through the flaky show'r
         Or whirling drift:
Ae night the storm the steeples rocked
Poor labour sweet in sleep was locked,
While burns wi' snawy wreaths up chocked,
Wild-eddying swirl,
Or through the mining outlet bocked,
Down headlong hurl.

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

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

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

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

' Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust!
And freeze, ye bitter-biting frost;
Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows;
Not all your rage, as now, united, shows
More hard unkindness, unrelenting,  
Vengeful malice unrepenting,  
Than heaven-illumin'd man on brother man  
bestows!

See stern Oppression's iron grip,  
Or mad Ambition's gory hand,  
Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,  
Woe, Want, and Murder o'er a land!  
Even in the peaceful rural vale,  
Truth weeping, tells the mournful tale,  
How pampered Luxury, Flatt'ry by her side,  
The parasite empoisoning her ear,  
With all the servile wretches in the rear,  
Looks o'er proud property, extended wide;  
And eyes the simple rustic hind,  
Whose toil upholds the glitt'ring show  
A creature of another kind,  
Some courser substance, unrefined,  
Placed for her lordly use thus far, thus vile,  
below.

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

I heard nae mair, for Chanticleer
Shook off the pouthery snaw,
And hail'd the morning with a cheer,
A cottage-rousing craw.

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

---

EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

A BROTHER POET.*

January ——

I.
While winds frae aff Ben-Lomond blaw,
And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,

* David Sillar, one of the club at Tarbolton, and au-
thor of a volume of poems in the Scottish dialect.
And hing us owre the ingle,
I set me down to pass the time,
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
In hamely westlan' jingle,
While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
Ben to the chimla lug,
I grudge a wee the great folk's gift,
That live sae bein and snug:
I tent less, and want less
Their roomy fireside;
But hanker and canker,
To see their cursed pride

II.
Its hardly in a body's pow'r
To keep at times frae being sour,
To see how things are shar'd;
How best o' chiels are whiles in want,
While coofs on countless thousands rant,
An' ken na how to wair't:
But, Davie, lad, ne'er fash your head,
Tho' we hae little gear,
We're fit to win our daily bread,
As lang's we're hale and fier:
' Mair speir na, nor fear na'†
Auld age ne'er mind a feg,
The last o't, the warst o't,
Is only for to beg.

III.
To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
When banes are craz'd and bluid is thin,
Is, doubtless, great distress!
Yet then, content could make us blest;
Ev'n then sometimes we'd snatch a taste
Of truest happiness.

† Ramsay.
The honest heart that's free frae a'
Intended fraud or guile
However fortune kick the ba',
Has aye some cause to smile;
   And mind still, you'll find still,
A comfort this nae sma':
Nae mair then, we'll care then,
Nae farther can we fa',

IV.
What though like commoners of air,
We wander out we know not where,
   But either house or hall?
Yet nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
   Are free alike to all.
In days when daisies deck the ground,
And blackbirds whistle clear,
With honest joy our hearts will bound,
   To see the coming year,
   On braes when we please, then,
We'll sit and sowth a tune;
   Syne rhyme till't, we'll time till'
   And sing't when we hae done.

V.
It's no in titles nor in rank;
It's no in wealth like Lon' on bank,
   To purchase peace and rest;
It's no in making muckle mair:
It's no in books; it's no in lær,
   To mak us truly blest!
If happiness hae not her seat
   And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
   But never can be blest:
Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
   Could make us happy lang;
The heart aye's the part aye,
   That makes us right or wrang.
VI.
Think ye that sic as you and I,
Wha drudge and drive through wet an' dry,
Wi' never-ceasing toil;
Think ye, are we less blest than they,
Wha scarcely tent us in their way
As hardly worth their while?
Alas! how oft in haughty mood,
God's creatures they oppress!
Or else neglecting a' that's guid,
They riot in excess?
Baith careless and fearless
Of either heav'n or hell
Esteeming and deeming
It's a' an idle tale!

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

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

IX.
O all ye Powers who rule above!
O Thou whose very self art love!
Thou knowest my words sincere!
The life-blood streaming thro' my heart,
Or my more dear immortal part,
Is not more fondly dear!
When heart-corroding care and grief
Deprive my soul of rest,
Her dear idea brings relief
And solace to my breast.
Thou Being, All seeing,
O hear my fervent pray'r;
Still take her, and make her,
Thy most peculiar care!

X.
All hail, ye tender feelings dear!
The smile of love, the friendly tear,
The sympathetic glow;
Long since, this world's thorny way
Had numbered out my weary days,
Had it not been for you!
Fate still has blest me with a friend,
In every care and ill;
And oft a more endearing band,
A tie more tender still.
It lightens, it brightens
The tenebrific scene,
To meet with, and greet with
My Davie or my Jean.
XI.
O, how that name inspires my style!
The words come skelpin' rank and file.
Amaist before I ken!
The ready measure rins as fine,
As Phoebus and the famous Nine
Were glow'rin owre my pen.
My spaviet Pegasus will limp,
Till ance he's fairly het;
And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,
An' rin an' unco fit;
But lest then, the beast then,
Should rue this hasty ride,
I'll light now, and dight now
His sweaty wizen'd hide.

THE LAMENT.

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

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

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

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

Oh! can she bear so base a heart,
So lost to honour, lost to truth,
As from the fondest lover part,
The plighted husband of her youth!
Alas! life's path may be unsmooth!
Her way may lie thro' rough distress!
Then, who her pangs and pains will sooth?
Her sorrows share and make them less?
VI.
Ye winged hours that o'er us past,
Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd,
Your dear remembrance in my breast,
My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd.
That breast how dreary now, and void,
For her too scanty once of room!
Ev'n ev'ry ray of hope destroy'd,
And not a wish to gild the gloom!

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

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

IX.
O! thou bright queen, who o'er th' expanse
Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway!
Oft has thy silent-marking glance
Observ'd us fondly wandering, stray:
The time, unheeded, sped away,
While love's luxurious pulse beat high,
Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,
To mark the mutual kindling eye.
X.
Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set!
Scenes, never, never, to return!
Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
Again I feel, again I burn!
From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn,
Life's weary vale I'll wander thro',
And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
A faithless woman's broken vow.

DESPONDENCY:

AN ODE.

I.
OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care
A burden more than I can bear,
I sit me down and sigh:
O life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I!
Dim backward as I cast my view,
What sick'ning scenes appear!
What sorrows yet may pierce me thro'
Too justly I may fear!
Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom;
My woes here shall close ne'er
But with the closing tomb!

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

III.
How blest the solitary's lot,
Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
Within his humble cell,
The cavern wild with tangling roots,
Sits o'er his newly gather'd fruits,
Beside his crystal well!
Or haply, to his ev'ning thought,
By unfrequented stream,
The ways of men are distant brought,
A faint collected dream;
While praising, and raising
His thoughts to heav'n on high,
As wand'ring, meand'ring,
He views the solemn sky.

IV.
Than I, no lonely hermit placed
Where never human footstep traced,
Less fit to play the part;
The lucky moment to improve,
And just to stop, and just to move,
With self-respecting art:
But ah! those pleasures, loves, and joys,
Which I too keenly taste,
The Solitary can despise,
Can want, and yet be blest!
He needs not, he heeds not,
Or human love or hate,
Whilst I here must cry here,
At perfidy ingrate!
Oh! enviable, early days,
When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
To care, to guilt unknown!
How ill exchanged for riper times,
To feel the follies, or the crimes,
Of others, or my own:
Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wish!
The losses, the crosses,
That active men engage!
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim declining age!

WINTER.

A DIRGE.

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

II.
"The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast,"*
The joyless winter-day,
Let others fear, to me more dear
Than all the pride of May:

* Dr Young.
The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,
    My griefs it seems to join,
The leafless trees my fancy please,
    Their fate resembles mine!

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

---

**THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.**

INSCRIBED TO R. AIKEN, ESQ.

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

---

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

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

III.
At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee things, toddlin', stacher thro' [an' glee.
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin' noise
His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant Prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguil
And makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

IV.
Belyve the elder bairns come drappin' in,
At service out amang the farmers roun',
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town.
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparklin'in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,
Or deposit her sair-won penny fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

V.
Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view,
The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

VI.
Their master's an' their mistress's command,
The younkers a' are warned to obey;
' And mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
And ne'er tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play;
An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!' 

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

VIII.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben;
A strappin youth; he taks the mother's e'e;
Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.

The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi'
But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
The mother wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave;
Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

IX.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!

I've paced much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
'If Heav'n a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale.'

X.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honour, virtue, conscience all exil'd?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child!
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild?

XI.

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

XII.

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

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:

Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name:
Or noble Elgin beets the heav'n-ward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
 Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

XIV.

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

XV.

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

XVI.

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

XVII.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,  
In all the pomp of method, and of art,  
When men display to congregations wide,  
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!  
The Pow'r incensed the pageant will desert,  
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;  
But haply, in some cottage far apart,  
May hear, well-pleased, the language of the soul:  
And in his book of life the inmates poor enrol.

XVIII.

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

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

XX.
O *Scotia*! my dear, my native soil
For whom my warmest wish to *Heaven* is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, O! may *Heaven* their simple lives prevent
From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile:
Then, howe'er *crowns* and *coronets* be rent,
A *virtuous populace* may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved *Isle*.

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

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN:

A DIRGE.

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

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

III.
The sun that overhangs yon moors,
Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride;
I've seen yon weary winter-sun
Twice forty times return;
And ev'ry time has added proofs
That man was made to mourn.
IV.
O man while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Mispending all thy precious hours:
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway;
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

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

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

VII.
Many and sharp the num'rous ills,
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heav'n-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!
VIII.
See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful tho' a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

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

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

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

IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

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

II.
If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun:
As something loudly, in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done;

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

IV.
Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stept aside,
Do thou All Good! for such thou art
In shades of darkness hide.

V.
Where with intention I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But Thou art good; and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.
STANZAS,

ON THE SAME OCCASION

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

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

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

LYING AT A REVEREND FRIEND’S HOUSE ONE NIGHT, THE AUTHOR LEFT THE FOLLOWING VERSES,

IN THE ROOM WHERE HE SLEPT.

I.
O thou dread Pow’r, who reign’st above,
I know thou wilt me hear,
When for this scene of peace and love,
I make my prayer sincere.

II.
The hoary sire—the mortal stroke
Long, long be pleased to spare,
To bless his little filial flock,
And show what good men are.

III.
She, who her lovely offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
O bless her with a mother’s joys,
But spare a mother’s tears!

IV.
Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood’s dawning blush;
Bless him, thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent’s wish!

V.
The beauteous, seraph sister-band,
With earnest tears I pray,
Thou know’st the snares on ev’ry hand,
Guide thou their steps alway!
VI.

When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driv'n,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A family in Heav'n!

THE FIRST PSALM.

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

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

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

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

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

UNDER THE PRESSURE OF VIOLENT ANGUISH.

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

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

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

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

THE FIRST SIX VERSES OF

THE NINETIETH PSALM

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

Before the mountains heav’d their heads
   Beneath thy forming hand,
Before this pond’rous globe itself
   Arose at thy command;
That pow'r which rais'd, and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time,
Was ever still the same.

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

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

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

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

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLough, IN APRIL, 1786.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem.
Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonny Lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
    Wi' spreckl'd breast,
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
    The purpling east.

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

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

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

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

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd
Unskilful he to note the card
    Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

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

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

TO RUIN.

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

II.
And thou grim power, by life abhor'd
While life a pleasure can afford.
Oh! hear a wretch's prayer:
No more I shrink appall'd, afraid
I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
To close this scene of care
When shall my soul, in silent peace,
Resign life's joyless day;
My weary heart its throbings cease,
Cold mouldering in the clay?
No fear more, no tear more,
To stain my lifeless face;
Enclasped, and grasped
Within thy cold embrace!

TO MISS L——,

WITH BEATTIE'S POEMS, AS A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT,
JAN. 1, 1787.

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

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

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

MAY ——, 1786.

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

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

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

IV.
Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife
Their fate we should na censure,
For still th' important end of life
They equally may answer;
A man may hae an honest heart,
Tho' poortith hourly stare him;
A man may tak a neebor's part,
Yet hae nae cash to spare him.

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

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

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

VIII.
The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip,
To hau'd the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honour grip,
Let that aye be your border;
Its slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' side pretences;
And resolutely keep its laws.
Uncaring consequences.

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

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

XI.
Adieu, dear amiable youth!
Your heart can ne'er be wanting:
May prudence, fortitude, and truth,
Erect your brow undaunting!
In ploughman phrase, ' God send you speed,
Still daily to grow wiser;
And may you better reck the rede,
Than ever did th' adviser!
ON A SCOTCH BARD
GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

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

Our billie's gi'en us a' a jink,
An' owre the sea.

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

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

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

Auld, cantie Kyle may weepers wear,
An' stain them wi' the saut, saut tear;
'Twill mak' her poor auld heart, I fear,
In flinders flee;
He was her laureate monie a year,
That's owre the sea.
He saw misfortune's cauld nore-wast
Lang mustering up a bitter blast;
A jillet brak' his heart at last,
    Ill may she be!
So, took a birth afore the mast,
    An' owre the sea.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,
As feckless as a wither’d rash,
His spindle-shank a guid whip lash,
  His niece a nit
Thro' bloody flood or field to dash
  O how unfit!

But mark the rustic, haggis-fed,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
  He'll make it whissle;
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,
  Like taps o' thristle.

Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants na skinking ware
  That jaups in luggies;
But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,
  Gie her a Haggis!

A DEDICATION

TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

Expect na, Sir, in this narration,
A fleechin', fleth'rin dedication,
To rooze you up, an' ca' you guid,
An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid,
Because ye're surnamed like his grace,
Perhaps related to the race;
Then when I'm tired—and sae are ye,
Wi' mony a fulsome, sinfu' lie,
Set up a face, how I stop short,
For fear your modesty be hurt.

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

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

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

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

But then, na thanks to him for a' that;
Nae godly symptom ye can ca' that;
It's naething but a milder feature,
Of our poor, sinfu' corrupt nature:
Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
Mang black Gentooos and pagan Turks,
Or hunters wild on Ponotazi
Wha never heard of orthodoxy.
That he's the poor man's friend in need,
The gentleman in word and deed,
It's no thro' terror of damnation;
It's just a carnal inclination.
Morality, thou deadly bane,
Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain!
Vain is his hope, whose stay and trust is
In moral mercy, truth, and justice!

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

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

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

Your pardon, Sir, for this digression,
I maist forgat my dedication;
But when divinity comes cross me,
My readers still are sure to lose me.
So, Sir, ye see twas nae daft vapour,
But I maturely thought it proper,
When a' my works I did review,
To dedicate them, Sir, to You:
Because (ye need na tak it ill)
I thought them something like yoursel'.

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

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

I will not mind a lang conclusion,
Wi' complimentary effusion;
But whilst your wishes and endeavours
Are blest with Fortune's smiles and favours,
I am, dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,  
Your much indebted humble servant.

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

TO A LOUSE,

ON SEEING ONE ON A LADY’S BONNET AT CHURCH.

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

Ye ugly, creepin’, blastit wonner,  
Detested, shunn’d by saunt an’ sinner,  
How dare you set your fit upon her,  
Sae fine a lady!  
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner,  
On some poor body.
Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle;
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle
Wi' ither kindred, jumpin' cattle,
In shoals and nations:
Whare horn nor bane ne'er dare unsettle
Your thick plantations.

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

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out,
As plump and grey as onie giozet;
O for some rank, mercurial rozet,
Or fell, red smeddum,
I'd gi'e you sic a hearty dose c't,
Wad dress your droddum!

I wad na been surprised to spy
You on an auld wife's flannen toy;
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
On's wyliecoat;
But Miss's fine Lunardie! fie,
How dare ye do't!

O Jenny, dinna toss your head,
An' set your beauties a' abroad!
Ye little ken what cursed speed
The blastie's makin'
Thae winks and finger ends, I dread,
Are notice takin'!

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

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

I.

Edina! Scotia's darling seat!  
All hail thy palaces and towers,  
Where once beneath a monarch's feet  
Sat legislation's sovereign powers!  
From marking wildly-scatter'd flowers,  
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,  
And singing, lone, the lingering hours,  
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

II.

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

III.

Thy sons, Edina, social, kind,  
With open arms the stranger hail;  
Their views enlarged, their liberal mind,  
Above the narrow, rural vale;  
Attentive still to sorrow's wail,  
Or modest merit's silent claim;  
And never may their sources fail!  
And never envy blot their name.
IV.
Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn!
Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptured thrill of joy!
Fair Burnet strikes th' adoring eye,
Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine:
I see the sire of love on high,
And own his work indeed divine!

V
There, watching high the least alarms,
Thy rough rude fortress gleams afar:
Like some bold veteran grey in arms,
And mark'd with many a seamy scar
The pon'drous wall and massy bar,
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock:
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repell'd th' invader's shock.

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

VII.
Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,
Whose ancestors in days of yore,
Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
Old Scotia's bloody lion bore:
E'en I who sing in rustic lore,
Haply my sires have left their shed,
And faced grim danger's loudest roar,
Bold following where your fathers led!
VIII.

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

EPISTLE TO J. LAPRAIK.

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD, APRIL 1ST, 1785.

While briers an' woodbines budding green,
An' pa'tricks scraichin' loud at e'en,
An' morning poussie whiddin seen,
Inspire my muse,
This freedom in an unknown frien'
I pray excuse.

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

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

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

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

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

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

But, first an' foremost, I should tell,  
Amaist as soon as I could spell,  
I to the crambo-jingle fell,  
'Tho' rude an' rough,  
Yet crooning to a body's sel'  
Does weel eneugh.

I am na poet, in a sense,  
But just a rhymier, like, by chance,  
An' hae to learning nae pretence,  
Yet, what the matter?  
Whene'er my muse does on me glance.  
I jingle at her
Your critic folk may cock their nose
And say, 'How can you e'er propose,
You wha ken hardly *verse* frae *prose*,
   To mak a *sang*?'
But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
   Ye're may be wrang.

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

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

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire!
That's a' the learning I desire;
Then tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire
   At pleugh or cart,
My muse, though hamely in attire,
   May touch the heart.

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

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

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

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

But Mauchline race, or Mauchline fair,  
I should be proud to meet you there;  
We'se gie night's discharge to care,  
If we forgather,  
An' hae a swap o' rhyming-ware  
Wi' anither.

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

Awa, ye selfish warly race,  
Wha think that havins, sense, an' grace,  
Ev'n love and friendship should give place  
To catch the plack!  
I dinna like to see your face,  
Nor hear your crack.
But ye whom social pleasure charms,
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
Who hold your being on the terms,
'Each aid the others,
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
My friends, my brothers!'

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

TO THE SAME.

APRIL 21, 1785.

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

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

The tapetless ramfeel'd hizzie,'
She's saft at best, and something lazy,
Quo' she, 'Ye ken ye've been sae busy
This month an' mair,
That trouth my head is grown right dizzie,
An' something sair.'
Her dowff excuses pat me mad;
'Conscience,' says I, 'ye thowless jad!
I'll write, an' that a hearty blaud,
    This vera night;
So dinna ye affront your trade,
    But rhyme it right.

'Shall bauld Lapraik, the king o' hearts,
Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes,
Roose you sae weil for your deserts,
    In terms sae friendly,
Yet ye'll neglect toshaw your parts,
    An' thank him kindly!'

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

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

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

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

Now comes the sax and twentieth simmer,
I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
Still persecuted by the limmer,
       Frae year to year;
But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,
       I, Rob, am here.

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

Or is't the paughty feudal thane,
Wi' ruffled sark and glancin' cane,
Wha thinks himself nae sheep-shank bane,
       But lordly stalks,
While caps an' bonnets aff are taen,
       As by he walks;

'O Thou wha gies us each guid gift!
Gie me o' wit and sense a lift,
Then turn me if Thou please adrift
       Thro' Scotland wide:
Wi' cits nor lairds I would not shift,
       In a' their pride!

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

For thus the royal mandate ran,
When first the human race began,
'The social, friendly, honest man,
Whate'er he be,
'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,
An' none but he!'

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

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

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

TO W. S——N,

OCHILTREE.

May 1785.

I gat your letter, winsome Willie:
Wi' grateful heart I thank you brawlie;
Tho' I maun say't I wad be silly,
An' unco vain,
Should I believe, my coaxin' billie,
Your flatterin' strain.
But I se believe ye kindly meant it,
I sud be laith to think ye hinted
Ironic satire sidelins sklented
On my poor musie;
Tho' in sic phraisin' terms ye've penn'd it,
I scarce excuse ye.

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

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

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

Auld Coila now may fidge fu' fain,
She's gotten poets o' her ain,
Chiels wha their chanters winna hain,
But tune their lays,
Till echoes all resound again
Her wee sung praise.

Nae poet thought her worth his while,
To set her name in measured style;
She lay like some unkenned of isle
Beside New-Holland,
Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
Besouth Magellan.

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

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

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

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

O sweet are Coila's haughs an' woods,
When lintwhites chant among the buds,
An' jinking hares, in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy,
While thro' the braes the cushat croods
With wailfu' cry!
Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me
When winds rave thro' the naked tree;
Or frost on hills of Ochiltree
Are hoary grey;
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
Dark'ning the day!

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

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

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

Fareweel, ' my rhyme-composing brither!'
We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither,
Now let us lay our heads thegither,
In love fraternal:
May Envy wallop in a tether,
Black fiend, infernal!

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

POSTSCRIPT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nae doubt the *auld-light flocks* are bleatin';
Their zealous *herds* are vex'd an' sweatin';
Mysel, I've even seen them greetin'
   Wi' girnin' spite,
To hear the *moon* sae sadly lie'd on
   By word an' write.
But shortly they will cowe the louns!
Some auld-light herds in neebor towns
Are mind’t, in things they ca’ balloons,
To tak’ a flight,
An’ stay a month amang the moons
An’ see them right.

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

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

---

EPISTLE TO J. RANKINE,
INCLOSING SOME POEMS.

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

Ye ha’e sae monie cracks an’ cants,
And in your wicked, drucken rants

---

*A certain humorous dream of his was then making a noise in the country-side.
Ye mak' a devil o' the saunts,
   An' fill them fou;
And then their failings, flaws, an' wants,
   Are a' seen thro'.

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

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

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

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

'Twas ae night lately in my fun
I gaed a roving wi' the gun,
An' brought a Patrick to the grun,
   A bonnie hen,

* A song he had promised the Author.
And, as the twilight was begun,
    Thought nane wad ken.

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

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

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

As soon's the clockin' time is by,
    An' the wee pouts begun to cry,
Lord, I'se hae sportin' by an' by,
    For my gowd guinea:
Tho' I should herd the *buckskin* kye
    For't in Virginia.

Trowth, they had meikle for to blame!
'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,
But twa-three draps about the wame,
    Scarce thro' the feathers:
An' baith a yellow George to claim,
    An' thole their blethers!
It pits me aye as mad's a hare;
So I can rhyme nor write nae mair,
But pennyworths again is fair,
   When time's expedient:
Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,
   Your most obedient.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.†

A BALLAD.

I.
There was three kings into the east,
   Three kings both great and high,
An' they hae sworn a solemn oath
   John Barleycorn should die.

II.
They took a plough and plough'd him down,
   Put clods upon his head,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
   John Barleycorn was dead.

III.
But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
   And show'rs began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
   And sore surpris'd them all.

IV.
The sultry suns of summer came,
   And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
   That no one should him wrong.

† This is partly composed on the plan of an old song known by the same name.
V.
The sober autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

VI.
His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

VII.
They've ta'en a weapon long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
Then ty'd him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

VIII.
They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

IX.
They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

X.
They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe,
And still as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

XI.
They wasted o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller used him worst of all,  
For he crush'd him between two stones.

XII.
'And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood  
And drank it round and round;  
And still the more and more they drank,  
Their joy did more abound.

XIII.
'John Barleycorn was a hero bold,  
Of noble enterprise,  
For if you do but taste his blood,  
'Twill make your courage rise.

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

XV.
Then let us toast John Barleycorn,  
Each man a glass in hand;  
And may his great posterity  
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

A FRAGMENT.

Tune—"Gillicrankie."

When Guildford good our pilot stood,  
And did our helm throw, man,  
Ae night, at tea, began a plea,  
Within America, man:  
Then up they gat the maskin-pat,  
And in the sea did jaw, man;
An' did nae less, in full congress,
Than quite refuse our law, man.

II.
Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes,
I wat he was na slaw, man:
Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn
And Carleton did ca', man:
But yet, what-reck, he, at Quebec,
Montgomery-like did fa', man;
Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
Amang his enemies a', man.

III.
Poor Tammy Gage, within a cage,
Was kept at Boston ha', man;
Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe
For Philadelphia, man:
Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin
Guid Christian blood to draw, man;
But at New-York, wi' knife and fork,
Sir-loin he hacked sma', man.

IV.
Burgoyne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
Till Fraser brave did fa', man;
Then lost his way, ae misty day,
In Saratoga shaw, man.
Cornwallis fought as lang's he dought,
An' did the buckskins claw, man;
But Clinton's glaive frae rust to save,
He hung it to the wa', man.

V.
Then Montague, an' Guildford too,
Began to fear a' fa', man;
And Sackville doure, wha stood the stoure,
The German chief to throw, man;
For Paddy Burke, like onie Turk
Nae mercy had at a', man;
An' Charlie Fox threw by the box,
An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

VI.
Then Rockingham took up the game;
Till death did on him ca', man;
When Shelburne meek held up his cheek,
Conform to gospel law, man,
Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
They did his measures throw, man,
For North and Fox united stocks.
And bore him to the wa', man.

VII.
Then clubs an' hearts were Charlie's cartes,
He swept the stakes awa', man,
Till the diamond's ace of Indian race,
Led him a sair faux pas, man:
The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
On Chatham's boy did ca', man;
And Scotland drew her pipe, an' blew,
"Up, Willie, waur them a', man!"

VIII.
Behind the throne then Grenville's gone,
A secret word or twa, man;
While slee Dundas arous'd the class
Be-north the Roman wa', man:
An' Chatham's wraith, in heavenly graith,
( Inspired bardies saw, man)
Wi' kindling eyes, cry'd, "Willie, rise!
Would I ha'e fear'd them a', man?"

IX.
But word an' blow, North, Fox, and Co.
Gowff'd Willie like a ba', man,
Till Suthrons raise, and coost their claise
   Behind him in a raw, man;
An' Caledon threw by the drone,
   An' did her whittle draw, man;
An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt and blood
   To make it guid in law, man.

SONG.

"Corn Rigs are Bonnie."

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

II.
The sky was blue, the wind was still,
   The moon was shining clearly;
I set her down, wi' right good will,
   Amang the rigs o' barley.
I kent her heart was a' my ain;
   I lov'd her most sincerely;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again
   Amang the rigs o' barley.

III.
I lock'd her in my fond embrace!
   Her heart was beating rarely;
My blessings on that happy place,
   Amang the rigs o' barley!
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly!
She aye shall bless that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

IV.
I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear;
I hae been merry drinkin';
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear;
I hae been happy thinkin';
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubled fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

CHORUS.
Corn rigs an' barley rigs,
An' corn rigs are bonnie;
Ill ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

SONG,

COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

_Tune—"I had a Horse, I had nae mair."_

I.
Now westlin' winds, and slaught'ring guns,
Bring autumn's pleasant weather;
The moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
Amang the blooming heather:
Now waving grain, wide o' the plain,
Delights the weary farmer;
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,
To muse upon my charmer.
II.
The partridge loves the fruitful fells:
The plover loves the mountains:
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells;
The soaring hern the fountains:
Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves
The path of man to shun it;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
The spreading thorn the linnet.

III.
Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender;
Some social join, and leagues combine;
Some solitary wander;
Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion:
The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion!

IV.
But Peggy dear, the ev'ning's clear,
Thick flies the skimming swallow;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading-green and yellow:
Come let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of nature:
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And ev'ry happy creature.

V.
We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly;
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
Swear how I love thee dearly:
Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
Not autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely charmer!
SONG.

Tune—"My Nannie, O."

I.

Behind yon hills where Stinchar flows,
Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
And I'll awa to Nannie, O.

II.

The westlin wind blaws loud an' shill;
The night's baith mirk and rainy O;
But I'll get my plaid and out I'll steal,
An' owre the hills to Nannie, O.

III.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, an' young;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie, O.

IV.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O:
The opening gowan, wet wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

V.

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

VI.

My riches a' 's my penny-fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.
VII.
Our auld Guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blithe that hauds his pleugh,
An' has nae care but Nannie, O.

VIII.
Come weel, come woe, I care na by,
I'll take what Heaven will sen' me, O;
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, an' love my Nannie, O.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.
A FRAGMENT.
CHORUS.

Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent amang the lasses, O!

I.
There's nought but care on every ban',
In every hour that passes, O;
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

II.
The warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' though at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow &c.
But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a gae tapsalteerie, O.
Green grow, &c.

For you so douse, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;
The wisest man the world e'er saw,
He dearly loved the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

**SONG.**

Tune—"Jockie's Grey Breeks."

Again rejoicing Nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

**CHORUS.*

And maun I still on Menie † doat,
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e?

* This chorus is part of a song composed by a gentleman in Edinburgh, a particular friend of the author's. † Menie is a common abbreviation of Mariamne.
For it's jet, jet black, and it's like a hawk,
And it winna let a body be!

II.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
In vain to me the vi'lets spring;
In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.
And maun I still, &c.

III.
The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks,
But life to me's a weary dream,
A dream of ane that never wauks.
And maun I still, &c.

IV.
The wanton coot the water skims,
Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
And every thing is blest but I.
And maun I still, &c.

V.
The shepherd steeks his faulding slap,
And owre the moorlands whistle shill,
Wi' wild, unequal, wandering step
I meet him on the dewy hill.
And maun I still, &c.

VI.
And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blithe waukens by the daisy's side,
And mounts and sings on fluttering wings,
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.
And maun I still, &c.
VII.
Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree;
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
When nature all is sad like me!

CHORUS.
And maun I still on Menie doat,
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e?
For it's jet, jet black, and it's like a hawk,
An' it winna let a body be.*

SONG.
*Tune—"Roslin Castle."

I.
The gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,
Yon murky cloud is foul wi' rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain;
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure,
While here I wander prest wi' care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

II.
The Autumn mourns her ripening corn
By early Winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly;

* We cannot presume to alter any of the poems of our bard, and more especially those printed under his own direction; yet it is to be regretted that this chorus, which is not his own composition, should be attached to these fine stanzas, as it perpetually interrupts the train of sentiment which they excite.
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

III.
'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal deadly shore:
Tho' death in every shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear:
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierced with many a wound
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

IV.
Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends, farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr!

SONG,

_Tune—"Gilderoy."

I.
From thee, Eliza, I must go,
And from my native shore;
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar:
But boundless oceans roaring wide,
Between my love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee.
II.

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

THE FAREWELL,

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

Tune—"Good night and Joy be wi' you a'!"

I.

Adieu! a heart-warm, fond adieu
Dear brothers of the mystic tie!
Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd few,
Companions of my social joy:
Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba',
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'.

II.

Oft have I met your social band,
And spent the cheerful festive night;
Oft honour'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the sons of light;
And by that hieroglyphic bright,
Which none but craftsmen ever saw!
Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa'.
III.
May freedom, harmony, and love,
Unite you in the *grand design*,
Beneath th’ omniscient eye above,
The glorious *architect* divine!
That you may keep th’ *unerring line*,
Still rising by the *plummet’s law*,
Till *order* bright completely shine,
Shall be my pray’r when far awa’.

IV.
And you, farewell! whose merits claim,
Justly that *highest badge* to wear!
Heav’n bless your honour’d, noble name,
To *masonry* and *Scotia* dear!
A last request, permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a’,
One *round*, I ask it with a *tear*,
To him, *the bard* that’s *fur awa’*!

---

SONG.

*Tune*—“Prepare, my dear Brethren, to the Tavern
let’s fly.”

I.
No churchman am I for to rail and to write,
No statesman nor soldier to plot or to fight,
No sly man of business contriving a snare,
For a big-bellied bottle’s the whole of my care

II.
The peer I don’t envy, I give him his bow;
I scorn not the peasant, tho’ ever so low;
But a club of good fellows like those that are here,
And a bottle like this, are *my* glory and *care*.
III.
Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse;
There centum per centum, the cit with his purse;
But see you the crown, how it waves in the air,
There, a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care.

IV.
The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That a big-belly'd bottle's a cure for all care.

V.
I once was persuaded a venture to make;
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;
But the pursy old landlord just waddl'd up stairs,
With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

VI.
'Life's cares they are comforts'—a maxim laid down
By the bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown;
And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair;
For a big-belly'd bottle's a heaven of care.

[A Stanza added in a Mason Lodge.]

Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,
And honours masonic prepare for to throw;
May every true brother of the compass and square
Have a big-belly'd bottle when harass'd with care.

* Young's Night Thoughts.
Thou whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deckt in silken stole,
Grave these counsels on thy soul.

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

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

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

As the shades of ev'ning close,
Beck'ning thee to long repose:
As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-neuk of ease.
There ruminate with sober thought,
On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought;
And teach the sportive younkers round,
Saws of experience, sage and sound.
Say, man's true, genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not, Art thou high or low?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow?
Did many talents gild thy span?
Or frugal nature grudge the one?
Tell them, and press it on their mind,
As thou thyself must shortly find,
The smile or frown of awful Heav'n,
To virtue or to vice is giv'n.
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to the wretched, vile, and base.

Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep;
Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
Night where dawn shall never break,
Till future life, future no more,
To light and joy the good restore,
To light and joy unknown before.
 Stranger, go! Heav'n be thy guide!
Quod the beadsman of Nith-side.

ODE,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MRS —— OF ——

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

STROPHE.
View the wither'd beldam's face—
Can thy keen inspection trace
Aught of humanity's sweet melting grace?
Not that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows,
Pity's flood there never rose,
See those hands, ne'er stretch'd to save,
Hands that took—but never gave.
Keeper of Mammon's iron chest,
Lo, there she goes, unpitied, and unblest;
She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest!

ANTISTROPHE.
Plunderer of armies, lift thine eyes,
(A while forbear, ye tort'ring fiends,)
Seest thou whose step unwilling hither bends?
No fallen angel, hurl'd from upper skies;
'Tis thy trusty quondam mate,
Doom'd to share thy fiery fate,
She, tardy hell-ward plies.

EPODE.
And are they of no more avail,
Ten thousand glitt'ring pounds a-year?
In other worlds can Mammon fail,
Omnipotent as he is here?
O, bitter mock'ry of the pompous bier,
While down the wretched vital part is driv'n!
The cave-lodg'd beggar, with a conscience clear,
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to Heav'n.
ELEGY

ON

CAPTAIN MATTHEW HENDERSON,

A GENTLEMAN WHO HELD THE PATENT FOR HIS HONOURS IMMEDIATELY FROM ALMIGHTY GOD!

But now his radiant course is run,
For Matthew's course was bright:
His soul was like the glorious sun,
A matchless Heav'nly light!

O Death! thou tyrant fell and bloody;
The meikle devil wi' a woodie
Haurl thee hame to his black smiddle,
O'er hurcheon hides,
And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie
Wi' thy auld sides!

He's gane, he's gane! he's frae us torn,
The ae best fellow e'er was born!
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn
By wood and wild,
Where haply, Pity strays forlorn,
Frae man exil'd.

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,
That proudly cock your cresting cairns!
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns,
Where echo slumbers
Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,
My wailing numbers!

Mourn ilka grove the cushat kens!
Ye haz'ly shaws and briery dens!
Ye burnies wimplin down your glens,
Wi' toddlin din,
Or foaming, strang, wi' hasty stens,
Frae lin to lin.

Mourn little harebells o'er the lee;
Ye stately fox-gloves fair to see;
Ye woodbines, hanging bonnlie
In scented bow'rs;
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
The first o' flow'rs.

At dawn, when ev'ry grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at his head,
At ev'n, when beans their fragrance shed,
I' th' rustling gale,
Ye maukins whiddin thro' the glade,
Come join my wail.

Mourn ye wee songsters o' the wood;
Ye grouse that crap the heather bud;
Ye curlews calling thro' a clud;
Ye whistling plover;
And mourn, ye whirring paitrick brood;
He's gane for ever!

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals;
Ye fisher herons, watching eels;
Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
Circling the lake;
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
Rair for his sake.

Mourn, clam'ring craiks at close o' day,
'Mang fields o' flow'ring clover gay;
And when ye wing your annual way
Frae our cauld shore,
Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay,
Wham we deplore.
Ye houlets, frae your ivy bow'r,
In some auld tree, or eldritch tow'r,
What time the moon, wi' silent glow'r,
Sets up her horn,
Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour
Till waukrife morn!

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains!
Oft have ye heard my canty strains:
But now, what else for me remains
But tales of woe;
An' frae my een the drapping rains
Maun ever flow.

Mourn, spring, thou darling of the year!
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear:
Thou, simmer, while each corny spear
Shoots up its head,
Thy gay, green, flow'ry tresses shearn
For him that's dead!

Thou, autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy sallow mantle tear!
Thou, winter, hurling thro' the air
The roaring blast,
Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we've lost!

Mourn him, thou sun, great source of light!
Mourn, empress of the silent night!
And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,
My Matthew mourn!
For through your orbs he's ta'en his flight,
Ne'er to return.

O Henderson! the man, the brother!
And art thou gone, and gone for ever!
And hast thou cross'd that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound!
Like thee, where shall I find another,
The world around!

Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state!
But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
Thou man of worth!
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth.

THE EPITAPH.

Stop, passenger! my story's brief;
And truth I shall relate man:
I tell nae common tale o' grief,
For Matthew was a great man.

If thou uncommon merit hast,
Yet spurn'd at fortune's door, man;
A look of pity hither cast,
For Matthew was a poor man.

If thou a noble sodger art,
That passest by this grave, man:
There moulders here a gallant heart,
For Matthew was a brave man.

If thou on men, their works and ways,
Canst throw uncommon light, man;
Here lies wha weel had won thy praise,
For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou at friendship's sacred ca',
Wad life itself resign, man;
Thy sympathetic tear maun fa',
For Matthew was a kind man.
If thou art staunch without a stain,
Like the unchanging blue, man,
This was a kinsman o' thy ain,
For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
And ne'er guid wine did fear, man,
This was thy billie, dam, and sire,
For Matthew was a queer man.

If ony whiggish whingin sot,
To blame poor Matthew dare, man;
May dool and sorrow be his lot,
For Matthew was a rare man.

LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,
ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea:
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'recks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis mild wi' many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest:
In love and freedom they rejoice,
   Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
   The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
   And milk-white is the slae:
The meanest hind in fair Scotland,
   May rove their sweets amang;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
   Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
   Where happy I hae been;
Fu' lightly raise I in the morn,
   As blithe lay down at e'en:
And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,
   And mony a traitor there;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
   And never ending care.
But as for thee, thou false woman,
   My sister and my fae,
Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword
   That thro' thy soul shall gae:
The weeping blood in woman's breast
   Was never known to thee;
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe
   Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
   Upon thy fortune shine:
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
   That neer wad blink on mine!
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
   Or turn their hearts to thee;
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
   Remember him for me!

O soon, to me, may summer-suns
   Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn!
And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave;
And the next flow'rs that deck the spring,
Bloom on my peaceful grave.

TO ROBERT GRAHAM, Esq.
OF FINTRA.

Late crippled of an arm, and now a leg,
About to beg a pass for leave to beg;
Dull, listless, teas'd, dejected, and deprest,
(Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest;)
Will generous Graham list to his poet's wail?
(It soothes poor misery, hearkening to her tale,)
And hear him curse the light he first survey'd,
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade?

Of thy caprice maternal I complain.
The lion and the bull thy care have found,
One shakes the forest, and one spurns the ground:
[shell, 
Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his
Th' envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell.
Thy minions, kings, defend, control, devour,
In all th' omnipotence of rule and power.—
Foxes and statesmen, subtile wiles ensure;
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure;
Toads with their poison, doctors with their
drug,
[snug,
The priest and hedge-hog in their robes are
Evn' silly woman has her warlike arts,
Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts.
But Oh! thou bitter step-mother and hard,
To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard!
A thing unteachable in world's skill,
And half an idiot too, more helpless still.
No heels to bear him from the opening dun;
No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun;
No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
And those, alas! not Amalthea's horn:
No nerves olfactory, Mammon's trusty cur,
Clad in rich dulness' comfortable fur,
In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
He bears th' unbroken blast from every side:
Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart,
And scorpion critics cureless venom dart.

Critics—appall'd, I venture on the name,
Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame;
Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes;
He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose.

His heart by causeless, wanton malice wrung,
By blockheads' daring into madness stung;
His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear;
Foil'd, bleeding, tortur'd, in the unequal strife,
The hapless poet flounders on through life,
Till fled each hope that once his bosom fired,
And fled each muse that glorious once inspired,
Low sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
Dead even resentment for his injured page,
He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's rage!

So, by some hedge, the generous steed deceased,
For half-starv'd snarling curs a dainty feast;
By toil and famine wore to skin and bone,
Lies senseless of each tugging bitch's son.

O dulness! portion of the truly blest!
Calm shelter'd haven of eternal rest!
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Of fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.
If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
With sober selfish ease they sip it up; [serve,
Conscious the bounteous meed they well de-
They only wonder, 'some folks' do not starve.
The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
And thinks the mallard a sad worthless dog.
When disappointment snaps the clue of hope,
And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope,
With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
And just conclude 'that fools are fortune's care.'

So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

Not so the idle muses' mad-cap train,
Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain;
In equanimity they never dwell,
By turns in soaring heaven, or vaulted hell.

I dread the fate, relentless and severe,
With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear;
Already one strong hold of hope is lost,
Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust;
(Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
And left us darkling in a world of tears:)
O! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish pray'r!
Fintra, my other stay, long bless and spare!
Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown,
And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
May bliss domestic smooth his private path;
Give energy to life; and sooth his latest breath,
With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!

LAMENT FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

The wind blew hollow frae the hills,
By fits the sun's departing beam
Look'd on the fading yellow woods
That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream:
Beneath a craigy steep, a bard,
Laden with years and meikle pain,
In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
Whom death had all untimely ta'en.

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years;
His locks were bleached white wi' time,
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears!
And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
And as he tun'd his doleful sang,
The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,
To echo bore the notes alang.

"Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing,
The relics of the vernal quire!
Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
The honours of the aged year!
A few short months, and glad and gay,
Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e;
But nocht in all revolving time
Can gladness bring again to me.

"I am a bending aged tree,
That long has stood the wind and rain;
But now has come a cruel blast,
    And my last hald of earth is gane:
Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
    Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom;
But I maun lie before the storm,
    And ither plant them in my room.

"I've seen sae mony changefu' years,
    On earth I am a stranger grown;
I wander in the ways of men,
    Alike unknowing and unknown:
Unheard, unpitied, unreliev'd,
    I bear alane my lade o' care,
For silent, low on beds of dust,
    Lie a' that would my sorrow share.

"And last, (the sum of a' my griefs!)
    My noble master lies in clay;
The flow'r amang our barons bold,
    His country's pride, his country's stay:
In weary being now I pine,
    For a' the life of life is dead,
And hope has left my aged ken,
    On forward wing for ever fled.

"Awake thy last sad voice, my harp!
    The voice of woe and wild despair
Awake, resound thy latest lay,
    Then sleep in silence evermair!
And thou my last, best, only friend,
    That fillest an untimely tomb,
Accept this tribute from the bard
    Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom.

"In poverty's low barren vale;
    Thick mists, obscure, involv'd me round;
Tho' oft I turn'd the wistful eye
    Nae rav of fame was to be found.
Thou found'st me like the morning sun
That melts the fogs in limpid air,
The friendless bard and rustic song,
Became alike thy fostering care.

"O! Why has worth so short a date?
While villains ripen grey with time!
Must thou, the noble, gen'rous, great,
Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime!

Why did I live to see that day?
A day to me so full of woe!
O! had I met the mortal shaft
Which laid my benefactor low!

"The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me!"

LINES,

SENT TO SIR JOHN WHITEFORD, OF WHITEFORD, BART. WITH THE FOREGOING POEM.

THOU, who thy honour as thy God rever'st,
Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly fear'st,
To thee this votive offering I impart,
"The tearful tribute of a broken heart."
The friend thou valued'st, I the patron lov'd;
His worth, his honour, all the world approv'd.
We'll mourn till we too go as he is gone,
And tread the dreary path to that dark world unknown.

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**TAM O' SHANTER:**

*A TALE.*

Of Brownyis and of Bogilis full is this Buke.

*Gawin Douglas.*

When Chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' gettin' fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

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

*O Tam!* had'st thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife *Kate's* advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was na sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That every naig was ca’d a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the L—d’s house, ev’n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi’ Kirkton Jean till Monday.
She prophesy’d, that late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown’d in Doon;
Or catch’d wi’ warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway’s auld haunted kirk.

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

But to our tale: Ae market night,
*Tam* had got planted unco right,
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
*Wi’* reaming swafs that drank divinely.
And at his elbow, souter *Johnny*,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
*Tam* lo’ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi’ sangs an’ clatter;
And aye the ale was growing better:
The landlady and *Tam* grew gracious,
*Wi’* favours, secret, sweet, and precious;
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord’s laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
*Tam* did na mind the storm a whistle.
Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E’en drown’d himself amang the nappy;
As bees flee hame wi’ lades o’ treasure,
The minutes wing’d their way wi’ pleasure:
Kings may be blest, but *Tam* was glorious,
O’r a’ the ills o’ life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow’r, its bloom is shed!
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.—
Nae man can tether time or tide:
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in,
And 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' showers 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 de'il had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg—
A better never lifted leg—
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain and fire;
While holding fast his guid blue bonnet;
While crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
While glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing' nigh,
Whare ghasts and houlets nightly cry—

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the swan the chapman smoor'd;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak 's neck bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn:
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.—
Before him *Doon* pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars *thro' the woods*;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When glimmering *thro' the groaning trees*,
*Kirk Alloway* seem'd in a breeze;
*Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing*
And loud resounded mirth and dancing—

*Inspiring* bold *John Barleycorn*!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
*Wi' tippenny,* we fear nae evil;
*Wi' usquebae* we'll face the devil.—
The swats sae ream'd in *Tannie's noddle*,
Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle.
*But Maggie* stood right sair astonish'd,
*Till, by the heel* and hand admonish'd,
She ventured forward on the light;
*And, vow!* *Tam* saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillon brent new frae *France*,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
*A winnock-bunker* in the east,
*There sat auld Nick* in shape o' beast;
*A towzie tyke*, black, grim, and large,
*To gie them music* was his charge:
*He screw'd* his pipes and gart them skirl,
*Till roof* and rafters a' did dirl.—
*Coffins* stood round like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
*And by some devilish cantrip* slight,
*Each in its cauld hand* held a light,—
*By which heroic* *Tam* was able
*I' o* note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
*Twa span-lang, wee unchristen'd bairns*;
*A thief* new-cutted frae a rape,
*Wi' his last gasp* his gab did gape:
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted;  
Five scimitars wi' murder crusted;  
A garter which a babe had strangled;  
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,  
Whm his ain son o' life bereft,  
The gray hairs yet stuck to the heft;  
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu'  
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

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

Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queens  
A' plump an' strapping, in their teens;  
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,  
Been snav-white seventeen hunder linen!  
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,  
That ance were plush o' guid blue hair,  
I wad hae gi'en them aff my hurdies!  
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But wither'd beldams auld and droll,  
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,  
Lowping and flinging on a crummock,  
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,  
There was ae winsome wench and walie,  
That night enlisted in the core,  
{Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore!  
For mony a beast to dead she shot,  
And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country side in fear,)
Her cutty sark o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude though sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie,—
Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
That sark she cooft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches,)
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

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

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

Ah, Tam! Ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin,
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, _Meg_,
And win the key-stane* of the brig,
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make
The fient a tale she had to shake!
For _Nannie_, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble _Maggie_ prest,
And flew at _Tam_ wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she _Maggie_’s mettle—
Ae spring brought aff her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail:
The carlin clauth her by the rump,
And left poor _Maggie_ scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o’ truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother’s son take heed:
Whene’er to drink you are inclin’d,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think ye may buy the joys o’er dear,
Remember _Tam o’ Shanter_’s mare.

**ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY ME,**

**WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT AT.**

**INHUMAN man! curse on thy barb’rous art,**
**And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye:**

*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.*
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little that of life remains:
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains,
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Oft as by winding Nith, I musing wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.

ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON,
ON CROWNING HIS BUST AT EDNAM, ROXBURGH-SHIRE, WITH BAYS.

While virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Eolian strains between:

While Summer, with a matron grace,
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade:
While Autumn, benefactor kind,
    By Tweed erects his aged head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
    Each creature on his bounty fed:

While maniac Winter rages o'er
    The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
    Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows:

So long, sweet Poet of the year,
    Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
    Proclaims that Thomson was her son.

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EPITAPHHS.

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ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

Here souter John in death does sleep;
    To hell, if he's gane thither,
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
    He'll haud it weil thegither.

---

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes:
    O Death, its my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin bitch
    Into thy dark dominion!
BURNS' POEMS.

ON WEE JOHNNY.

Hic jacet wee Johnny.

Who'er thou art, O reader, know,
That death has murder'd Johnny,
An' here his body lies fu' low—
For saul, he ne'er had ony.

FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend!
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father and the gen'rous friend.

The pitying heart that felt for human woe;
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride;
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe;
"For ev'n his failings leaned to virtue's side."

FOR R. A. Esq.

Know thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much lov'd, much honour'd name!
(For none that knew him need be told)
A warmer heart death ne'er made cold.

*Goldsmith.
FOR G. H. Esq.

The poor man weeps—here G—n sleeps,
Whom canting wretches blam’d:
But with such as he, where’er he be,
May I be saved or d—d!

A BARD’S EPITAPH.

Is there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
Let him draw near;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng,
O, pass not by!
But, with a frater-feeling strong,
Here heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life’s mad career,
Wild as the wave;
Here pause—and, through the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below,
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame,
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain’d his name!
Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkly grubs this earthly hole,
   In low pursuit;
Know, prudent, cautious, self-control,
   Is wisdom's root.

ON THE LATE CAPTAIN GROSE'S
PEREGRINATIONS THROUGH SCOTLAND,

COLLECTING THE ANTIQUITIES OF THAT KINGDOM.

Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groat's;
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
   I rede you tent it:
A chield's amang you, taking notes,
   And, faith, he'll prent it.

If in your bounds ye chance to light
Upon a fine, fat fodgel wight,
O' stature short, but genius bright,
   That's he, mark wee!—
And vow! he has an unco slight
   O' cauk and kee

By some auld, houlet-haunted biggin,*
Or kirk, deserted by its riggin,
It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in
   Some eldritch part,
Wi' deils, they say, L—d safe's! colleaguin'
   At some black art.

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chamer,

* Vide his Antiquities of Scotland.
Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamor,
And you deep-read in hell's black grammar,
Warlocks and witches;
Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
Ye midnight bitches.

It's tauld he was a sodger bred,
And ane wad rather fa'n than fled,
But now he's quat the sportle blade,
And dog-skin wallet,
And ta'en the—Antiquarian trade,
I think they call it.

He has a fourth o' auld nick-nackets:
Rusty airn caps and jinglin' jackets,*
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
A towmont guid;
And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
Before the Flood.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder:
Auld Tubal Cain's fire-shool and fender;
That which distinguished the gender
O' Balaam's ass;
A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor,
Weel shod wi' brass.

Forbye he'll shape you aff, fu' gleg,
The cut of Adam's philibeg:
The knife that nicket Abel's craig,
He'll prove you fully,
It was a faulding jocteleg,
Or lang-kail gullie.—

But wad ye see him in his glee,
For meikle glee and fun has he,

* Vide his treatise on Ancient Armour and Weapons.
Then sit him down, and twa or three
Guid fellows wi' him;
And port, O port! shine thou a wee,
And then ye'll see him!

Now, by the pow'rs o' verse and prose!
Thou art a dainty chiel, O Grose!—
Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
They sair misca' thee;
I'd take the rascal by the nose,
Wad say, Shame fa' thee!

TO MISS CRUIKSHANKS,

A VERY YOUNG LADY, WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A BOOK, PRESENTED TO HER BY THE AUTHOR.

Beauteous rose-bud, young and gay,
Blooming on thy early May,
Never may'st thou, lovely flow'r,
Chilly shrink in sleety show'r!
Never Boreas' hoary path,
Never Eurus' pois'nous breath,
Never baleful stellar lights,
Taint thee with untimely blights!
Never, never reptile thief
Riot on thy virgin leaf!
Nor ever Sol too fiercely view
Thy bosom blushing still with dew!

May'st thou long, sweet crimson gem,
Richly deck thy native stem;
Till some ev'ning, sober, calm,
Dropping dews, and breathing balm,
While all around the woodland rings,
And ev'ry bird thy requiem sings;
Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,
Shed thy dying honours round,
And resign to parent earth
The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.

SONG.

Anna, thy charms my bosom fire,
And waste my soul with care;
But, ah! how bootless to admire,
When fated to despair!

Yet in thy presence, lovely Fair,
To hope may be forgiv'n;
For sure 'twer impious to despair,
So much in sight of Heav'n.

ON READING, IN A NEWSPAPER,

THE DEATH OF JOHN M'LEOD, Esq.

BROTHER TO A YOUNG LADY A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S.

Sad thy tale, thou idle page,
And rueful thy alarms:
Death tears the brother of her love
From Isabella's arms.

Sweetly deck'd with pearl dew
The morning rose may blow;
But cold successive noontide blasts
May lay its beauties low.

Fair on Isabella's morn
The sun propitious smil'd;
But long ere noon, succeeding clouds
Succeeding hopes beguil'd.

Fate oft tears the bosom chords
That nature finest strung:
So Isabella's heart was form'd,
And so that heart was rung.

Dread Omnipotence, alone,
Can heal the wound he gave;
Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
To scenes beyond the grave.

Virtuous blossoms there shall blow,
And fear no withering blast;
There Isabella's spotless worth
Shall happy be at last.

HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR WATER.*

TO THE NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

My Lord, I know your noble ear
Woe ne'er assails in vain;
Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll hear
Your humble slave complain,
How saucy Phœbus' scorching beams,
    In flaming summer-pride,
Dry-withering, waste my foaming streams,
    And drink my crystal tide.

The lightly jumping glowrin' trouts,
    That thro' my waters play,

* Bruar Falls, in Athole, are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful; but their effect is much impaired by the want of trees and shrubs.
If, in their random, wanton sports,
They near the margin stray;
If, hapless chance! they linger lang,
I'm scorching up so shallow,
They're left the whitening stanes amang,
In gasping death to wallow.

Last day I grat, wi' spite and teen,
As poet B—— came by,
That, to a bard I should be seen,
Wi' half my channel dry;
A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
Even as I was he shor'd me:
But had I in my glory been,
He, kneeling, wad ador'd me.

Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
In twisting strength I rin;
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
Wild roaring o'er a linn:
Enjoying large each spring and well
As nature gave them me,
I am, although I say't mysel,
Worth gaun a mile to see.

Would then my noble master please
To grant my highest wishes,
He'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring trees,
And bonnie spreading bushes;
Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
You'll wander on my banks,
And listen mony a grateful bird
Return you tuneful thanks.

The sober laverock warbling wild,
Shall to the skies aspire;
The gowdspink, music's gayest child,
Shall sweetly join the choir:
The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
The mavis wild and mellow;
The robin pensive autumn cheer,
In all her locks of yellow:

This too, a covert shall insure,
To shield them from the storm;
And coward maukin sleep secure,
Low in her grassy form;
Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
To weave his crown of flowers;
Or find a shelt'ring safe retreat,
From prone descending showers.

And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
Shall meet the loving pair,
Despising worlds with all their wealth
As empty idle care:
The flow'rs shall vie in all their charms
The hour of heav'n to grace,
And birks extend their fragrant arms
To screen the dear embrace.

Here, haply too, at vernal dawn,
Some musing bard may stray,
And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
And misty mountain, grey;
Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
Mild chequering thro' the trees,
Rave to my darkly dashing stream,
Hoarse-swelling on the breeze.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Their shadows' watery bed!
Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest,
My craggy cliffs adorn;
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close embow'ring thorn.

So may old Scotia's darling hope,
Your little angel band,
Spring, like their fathers, up to proj,
Their honour'd native land!
So may thro' Albion's farthest ken,
To social flowing glasses,
The grace be—"Athole's honest men,
And Athole's bonnie lasses!"

---

ON SCARING SOME WATER-FOWL,
IN LOCH-TURIT;
A WILD SCENE AMONG THE HILLS OF OCHTERTYRE.

Why, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your watery haunt forsake?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties?
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free:
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy food, or wanton lave;
Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock,

Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.
Man, your proud, usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below;
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride.
Tyrant stern to all beside.
The eagle, from the clifffy brow,
Marking you his prey below,
In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong necessity compels.
But man, to whom alone is giv'n
A ray direct from pitying heav'n,
Glorious in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasure slain.

In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wand'ring swains,
Where the mossy riv'let strays;
Far from human haunts and ways;
All on nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might,
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his pow'rs you scorn;
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL

OVER THE CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE PARLOUR OF
THE INN AT KENMORE, TAYMOUTH.

Admiring Nature in her wildest grace,
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
Th' abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,
My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
Till fam'd Breadalbane opens to my view—.
The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
The woods, wild-scatter'd, clothe their ample sides,
Ah' outstretching lake, embosom'd 'mong the hills,
The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
The Tay meand'ring sweet in infant pride,
The palace rising on his verdant sides, taste;
The lawns wood-fringed in Nature's native
The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste!
The arches striding o'er the new-born stream;
The village, glittering in the moontide beam—

Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,
Lone wandering by the hermit's mossy cell:
The sweeping theatre of hanging woods;
The incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods—

Here Poesy might wake her heav'n-taught lyre,
And look through nature with creative fire;
Here, to the wrongs of fate half reconcile'd,
Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild;
And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
Find balm to sooth her bitter rankling wounds;
Here heart-struck Grief might heaven-ward stretch her scan,
And injur'd Worth forget and pardon man.
WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL,
STANDING BY THE FALL OF FYERS, NEAR LOCH-NESS.

Among the heathy hills and ragged woods
The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods;
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where, thro' a shapeless breach, his stream resounds.

As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep recoiling surges foam below,
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
And viewless echo's ear, astonish'd, rends.

Dim-seen, through rising mists, and ceaseless showers,
The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, lowers.
Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
And still below, the horrid caldron boils—

ON THE BIRTH OF A

POSTHUMOUS CHILD,

BORN IN PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES OF FAMILY DISTRESS.

Sweet Flow'ret, pledge o' meikle love,
And ward o' mony a prayer,
What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
Sae helpless, sweet, and fair!
November hirples o'er the lea,
Chill on thy lovely form;
And gane, alas! the shelt'ring tree,
Should shield thee frae the storm.

May He who gives the rain to pour,
And wings the blast to blaw,
Protect thee frae the driving shower,
The bitter frost and snaw!

May He, the friend of woe and want,
Who heals life's various stounds,
Protect and guard the mother plant,
And heal her cruel wounds!

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
Fair on the summer morn;
Now feebly bends she in the blast,
Unshelter'd and forlorn.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
Unscath'd by ruffian hand!
And from thee many a parent stem
Arise to deck our land!

THE WHISTLE:
A BALLAD.

As the authentic prose history of the Whistle is curious, I shall here give it.—In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our James the Sixth, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony Whistle which at the commencement of the orgies he laid on the table, and whoever was last able to blow it, every body else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry
off the Whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany; and challenged the Scots Bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority. After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton, ancestor to the present worthy baronet of that name; who, after three days and three nights, hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table.

And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.

Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert before mentioned, afterwards lost the Whistle to Walter Riddel, of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir Walter's.—On Friday the 16th of October, 1790, at Friars-Carse, the Whistle was once more contended for, as related in the ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton; Robert Riddel Esq. of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the Whistle, and in whose family it had continued; and Alexander Ferguson, Esq. of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert; which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field.

I sing of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth, I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North, Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king, And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring.

Old Loda*, still rueing the arm of Fingal, The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—
"This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er, And drink them to hell, Sir! or ne'er see me more!"

* See Ossian's Caric-thura.
Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
What champions ventur’d, what champions fell;
The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur,
Unmatch’d at the bottle, unconquer’d in war,
He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea,
No tide of the Baltic e’er drunker than he.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gain’d;
Which now in his house has for ages remain’d;
Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,
The jovial contest again have renew’d.

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of flaw; [law;
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and
And trusty Glenriddel, so skill’d in old coins;
And gallant Sir Robert, deep read in old wines.

Craigdarroch began, with a tongue smooth as oil,
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil;
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan
And once more, in claret, try which was the man.

"By the gods of the ancients," Glenriddel replies,
"Before I surrender so glorious a prize,
I’ll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More,*
And bumper his horn with him twenty times o’er."

* See Johnson’s Tour to the Hebrides.
Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,
But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe—or his friend,
Said, Toss down the Whistle, the prize of the field,
And knee-deep in claret, he'd die or he'd yield.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care;
But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame,
Than the sense, wit, and taste, of a sweet lovely dame.

A bard was selected to witness the fray;
And tell future ages the feats of the day;
A bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been.

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
And ev'ry new cork is a new spring of joy;
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.

Gay pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er;
Bright Phoebus ne'er witness'd so joyous a core,
And vowed that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn.

Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the night,
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestors did.
Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,
No longer the warfare, ungodly, would wage;
A high-ruling Elder to wallow in wine!
He left the foul business to folks less divine.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end;
But who can with fate and quart bumpers contend?
Though fate said—a hero should perish in light;
So uprose bright Phœbus—and down fell the knight.

Next uprose our bard, like a prophet in drink;
"Craigdarroch, thou'llt soar when creation
But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,
Come—one bottle more—and have at the sub-lime!

"Thy line, that have struggled for Freedom with Bruce,
Shall heroes and patriots ever produce;
So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay;
The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!"

SECOND EPISTLE TO DAVIE;
A BROTHER POET.†

AULD NEEBOR,
I'm three times doubly o'er your debtor,

† This is prefixed to the poems of David Sillar, published at Kilmarnock, 1789, and has not before appeared in our author's printed poems.
For your auld-farrent, frien'ly letter;
Tho' I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter,
       Ye speak so fair:
For my puir, silly, rhymin' clatter,
       Some less maun sair.

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle;
Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle,
Tae cheer you through the weary widdle
       O' war'ly cares,
Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
       Your auld grey hairs.

But Davie, lad, I'll red ye'er glaikit;
I'm tauld the Muse ye hae negleckit;
An' gif it's sae, ye sud be lickit
       Until ye fyke;
Sic hans as you sud ne'er be faikit,
       Be hain't wha like.

For me, I'm on Parnassus brink,
Rivin' the words tae gar them clink;
Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi' drink,
       Wi' jads or masons:
An' whyles, but aye owre late, I think,
       Braw sober lessons.

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
Commen' me to the bardie clan;
Except it be some idle plan
       O' rhymin' clink,
The devil-haet, that I sud ban,
       They ever think.

Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme of livin';
Nae cares to gie us joy or grievin':
But just the pouchie put the nieve in,
       An' while ought's there,
Then, hiltie, skiltie, we gae scrievin',
   An' fash nae mair.

Leeze me on rhyme! its aye a treasure,
My chief, amaist my only pleasure,
At hame, a-fiel', at wark or leisure,
   The Muse, poor hizzie!
Tho' rough an' raploch be her measure,
   She's seldom lazy.

Haud tae the Muse, my dainty Davie:
The warl' may play you mony a shavie;
But for the Muse, she'll ne'er leave ye,
   Tho' e'er sae poor,
Na, even tho' limpin' wi' the spavie
   Frae door tae door.

---

ON MY EARLY DAYS.

I.
I MIND it weel in early date,
When I was beardless, young, and blate,
   An' first could thresh the barn;
Or haud a yokin' o' the pleugh;
An' tho' forfoughten 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
   Could rank my rig and lass,
Still shearing, and clearing
   The tither stooked raw,
Wi' claivers, an' haivers,
   Wearing the day awa.

II.
E'en then a wish, I mind its pow'r
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast,
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
Some usefu' plan or book could make,
Or sing a sang at least.
The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear,
I turn'd the weeder-clips aside,
An' spared the symbol dear:
No nation, no station,
My envy e'er could raise,
A Scot still, but blot still,
I knew nae higher praise.

III.
But still the elements o' sang
In formless jumble, right an' rang,
Wild floated in my brain:
'Till on that har'st I said before,
My partner in the merry core,
She rous'd the forming strain:
I see her yet, the sonsie quean,
That lighted up her jingle,
Her witching smile, her pauky e'en
That gart my heart-strings tingle:
I fired, inspired,
At every kindling keek,
But bashing, and dashing,
I feared aye to speak.
SONG.

*Tune—"Bonnie Dundee."*

In Mauchline there dwells six proper young Belles,
The pride of the place and its neighbour-ood a',
Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess,
In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a':
Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland's divine,
Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw:
There's beauty and fortune to get wi Miss Morton,
But Armour's* the jewel for me o' them a'.

---

ON THE DEATH OF

SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR.

The lamp of day, with ill-presaging glare,
Dim, cloudy, sunk beneath the western wave;
The' inconstant blast howl'd thro' the darkening air,
And hollow whistled in the rocky cave.
Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell,
Once the loved haunts of Scotia's royal train;

* This is one of our Bard's early productions. Miss Armour is now Mrs Burns.
† The King's Park at Holyrood-house.
Or mused where limpid streams once hallow’d, well,*
Or mould’ring ruins mark the sacred fane. †

Th’ increasing blast roar’d round the beetling rocks,
The clouds, swift-wing’d, flew o’er the starry sky,
The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,
And shooting meteors caught the startled eye.

The paly moon rose in the livid east,
And ’mong the cliffs disclosed a stately form,
In weeds of woe that frantic beat her breast,
And mix’d her wailings with the raving storm.

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,
’Twas Caledonia’s trophied shield I view’d;
Her form majestic droop’d in pensive woe,
The lightning of her eye in tears imbued.

Reversed that spear, redoubtable in war,
Reclined that banner, erst in fields unfurl’d,
That like a deathful meteor gleam’d afar,
And braved the mighty monarchs of the world.—

“My patriot son fills an untimely grave!”
With accents wild and lifted arms she cried;
“Low lies the hand that oft was stretch’d to save,
Low lies the heart that swell’d with honest pride!

* St Anthony’s Well.
† St Anthony’s Chapel.
"A weeping country joins a widow's tear,
The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry;
The drooping arts around their patron's bier,
And grateful science heaves the heartfelt sigh.

"I saw my sons resume their ancient fire;
I saw fair Freedom's blossoms richly blow!
But, ah! how hope is born but to expire!
Relentless fate has laid the guardian low.—

"My patriot falls, but shall he lie unsung,
While empty greatness saves a worthless name!
No; every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue,
And future ages hear his growing fame.

"And I will join a mother's tender cares,
Thro' future times to make his virtues last,
That distant years may boast of other Blairs"—
She said, and vanish'd with the sweeping blast.

WRITTEN
ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A COPY OF THE POEMS,
PRESENTED TO AN OLD SWEETHEART, THEN MARRIED.*

Once fondly lov'd, and still remember'd dear,
Sweet early object of my youthful vows,
Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere,
Friendship! 'tis all cold duty now allows.—

And when you read the simple artless rhymes,
One friendly sigh for him, he asks no more,

* The girl mentioned in the letter to Dr Moore.
Who distant burns in flaming torrid climes,
Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS:
A CANTATA.

RECITATIVO.

When lyart leaves bestrow the yird,
Or wavering like the Bauckie-bird,†
Bedim cauld Boreas' blast;
When hailstanes drive wi' bitter skyte,
And infant frosts begin to bite,
In hoary cranreuch drest;
Ae night at e'en a merry core,
O' randie, gangrel bodies,
In Poosie-Nansie's held the splore,
To drink their orra duddies:
Wi' quaffing and laughing,
They ranted and they sang;
Wi' jumping and thumping,
The vera girdle rang.

First, niest the fire, in auld red rags,
Ane sat, weel brac'd wi' mealy bags,
And knapsack a' in order
His doxy lay within his arm,
Wi' usquebae an' blankets warm—
She blinket on her sodger:
An' aye he gies the tousie drab
The tither skelpin' kiss,
While she held up her greedy gab
Just like an a'mous dish.

† The old Scotch name for the Bat.
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.
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.

II.
My 'prenticeship I past where my leader breath'd his last,
When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram;
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.

III.
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 Elliot to head me,
I'd clatter my stumps at the sound of the drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.
IV.

And now tho' I must beg with a wooden arm and leg,
And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,
I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle and my callet,
As when I us'd in scarlet to follow the drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

V.

What tho' with hoary locks, I must stand the winter shocks,
Beneath the woods and rocks often times for a home,
When the tother bag I sell, and the tother bottle tell,
I could meet a troop of hell, at the sound of the drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

RECITATIVO.

He ended; and the kebars sheuk,
Aboon the chorus roar;
While frightened rattans backward leuk,
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."

ONCE was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,
And still my delight is in proper young men;
Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie,
To wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.
II.
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.

III.
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.

IV.
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.

V.
But the peace it reduc'd me to beg in despair,
Till I met my old boy at Cunningham fair;
His rag regimental they flutter'd so gaudy,
My heart it rejoic'd at my sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

VI.
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.

Then niest outspak a raucle carlin,
Wha kent fu' weel to cleek the sterling,
For monie 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 sob she thus began
To wail her braw John Highlandman.

AIR.

_Tune—“O an ye were dead Gudeman.”_

I.

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.

CHORUS.

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.

II.

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

Sing, hey, &c.

III.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,
An' liv'd like lords and ladies gay;
For a Lalland face he feared none,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.
   Sing, hey, &c.

IV.
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.

V.
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.

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

ECITATIVO.

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

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

**AIR.**

*Tune—"Whistle owre the lave o’t."*

**I.**

Let me ryke up to dight that tear,  
An' go wi' me to be my dear,  
An' then your every care and fear  
May whistle owre the lave o’t.

**CHORUS.**

I am a fiddler to my trade,  
An' a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,  
The sweetest still to wife or maid,  
Was whistle owre the lave o’t.

**II.**

At kirns and weddings we'se be there,  
An' O! sae nicely's we will fare;  
We'll bouse about till Daddie Care  
Sings whistle o'er the lave o’t.  
I am, &c.

**III.**

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

**IV.**

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

Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird,
   As weel as poor Gutscraper;
He taks the fiddler by the beard,
   And draws a rusty rapier—
He swoor by a' was swearing worth,
   To speet him like a pliver,
Unless he would from that time forth,
   Relinquish her for ever.

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

AIR.

_Tune—" Clout the Cauldron."_

I.

My bonnie lass, I work in brass,
   A tinkler 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 cauldron.
   I've ta'en the gold, &c.

II

Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,
   Wi' a' his noise an' caprin',
An tak' a share wi' those that bear
The budget an' the apron.
An' by that stowp, my faith and houp,
An' by that dear Keilbagie,*
If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,
May I ne'er weet my craigie.

An' by that stowp, &c.

RECITATIVO.

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

But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft
That play'd a dame a shavie,
The fiddler raked her fore and aft,
Behint the chicken cavie.
Her lord, a wight o' Homer's † craft,
Tho' limping with the spavie,
He hirpled up, and lap like daft,
An' shor'd them Daintie Davie
O boot that nigh

He was a care-defying blade
As ever Bacchus listed,
Though Fortune sair upon him laid,
His heart she ever miss'd it.

* A peculiar sort of whisky so called, a great favourite with Poosie-Nansie's clubs.
Homer is allowed to be the oldest ballad-singer on record.
He had no 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, an’ a’ that.”_

I am a bard of no regard,
Wi' gentle folks, an' a' that;
But _Homer-like_, the glowran byke,
Frae town to town I draw that.

CHORUS.

For a' that, an' a' that;
An' twice as meikle's a' that;
I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
I've wise enough for a' that.

II.

I never drank the Muse's stank,
Castalia's burn, an' a' that;
But there it streams, and richly reams,
My _Helicon_ I ca' that.

For a' that, &c.

III.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
Their humble slave, an' a' that;
But lordlywill, I hold it still
A moral sin to thrash that.

For a' that, &c.

IV.

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

V

Their tricks and craft have put me daft,  
They've ta'en me in, an' a' that:  
But clear your decks, and here's the *sex*!  
I like the jads for a' that.

"For a' that, an' a' that,  
An' twice as meikle's a' that;  
My dearest bluid, to do them guid,  
hey're welcome till't for a' that.

RECIATIVO.

So sung the bard—and Nansie's wa's  
Shook with a thunder of applause,  
Re-echo'd from each mouth;  
They toom'd their pocks, an' 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 loose his pack an' wale a sang,  
A ballad o' the best:  
He rising, rejoicing,  
Between his twa *Deborahs*,  
Looks round him, an' found them  
Impatient for the chorus.
AIR

Tune—"Jolly Mortals fill your Glasses.

I.
SEE! the smoking bowl before us,
Mark our jovial ragged ring!
Round and round take up the chorus,
And in raptures let us sing.

CHORUS.
A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty's a glorious feast!
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.

II.
What is title? what is treasure?
What is reputation's care?
If we lead a life of pleasure,
’Tis no matter how or where!
A fig, &c.

III.
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.

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

V.

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

A fig, &c.

VI.

Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets!
Here's to all the wandering train!
Here's our ragged *brats and callets*!
One and all cry out, Amen!

A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty's a glorious feast!
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.

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**THE KIRK'S ALARM.**

A SATIRE.

ORTHODOX, orthodox, wha believe in John Knox,
Let me sound an alarm to your conscience;
There's a heretic blast has been blawn in the wast,
That what is no sense must be nonsense.

Dr Mac,* Dr Mac, you should stretch on a rack,
To strike evil doers wi' terror;
To join faith and sense upon ony pretence,
Is heretic, damnable error.

*This poem was written a short time after the publication of Mr M'Gill's Essay.
† Mr. M'—ill.*
Town of Ayr, town of Ayr, it was mad, I declare,
To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing;
Provost John is still deaf to the church's relief,
And orator Bob* is its ruin.

D'rymple mild,† D'rymple—mild, tho' your heart's like a child,
And your life like the new driven snaw,
Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan must have ye,
For preaching that three's ane an' twa.

Rumble John,‡ Rumble John, mount the steps wi' a groan,
Cry the book is wi' heresy cramm'd; [adle,
Then lug out your ladle, deal brimstone like
And roar every note of the damn'd.

Simper James,§ Simper James, leave the fair Killiedames,
There's a holier chace in your view; [lead,
I'll lay on your head, that the pack ye'll soon
For puppies like you there's but few.

Singet Sawney,‖ Singet Sawney, are ye herd-
ing the penny,
Unconscious what evils await;
Wi' a jump, yell, and howl, alarm every soul,
For the foul thief is just at your gate.

Daddy Auld,¶ Daddy Auld, there's a tod in the fauld,
A tod meikle waur than the clerk;

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* R—t A—n. † Dr D—e.
† Mr R—ll. § Mr M—y.
‖ Mr M—y. ¶ Mr A—d.
Tho' ye can do little skaith, ye'll be in at the death,
And if ye canna bite ye may bark.

Davie Bluster,* Davie Bluster, if for a saint ye do muster,
The corps is no nice of recruits;
Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might boast,
If the ass was the king of the brutes.

Jamie Goose,† Jamie Goose, ye ha'e made but toom roose,
In hunting the wicked lieutenant;[haly ark;
But the Doctor's your mark, for the L—d's
He has cooper'd and cawd a wrang pin in't.

Poet Willie,‡ Poet Willie, gie the Doctor a volley,
Wi' your liberty's chain and your wit;
O'er Pegasus' side ye ne'er laid a stride,
Ye but smelt, man, the place where he sh-t.

Andro Gouk,§ Andro Gouk, ye may slander the book,
And the book not the waur let me tell ye;
Ye are rich, and look big, but lay by hat and wig,
And ye'll ha'e a calf's head o' sma' value.

Barr Steenie,|| Barr Steenie, what mean ye?
what mean ye!
If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,
Ye may ha'e some pretence to havins and sense,
Wi' people wha ken ye nae better.

* Mr G----, O----e. † Mr Y----g, C----
† Mr P----s, A-r. § Dr A. M----l.
|| Mr S----Y----, B-r.
Irvine side, Irvine side, wi' your turkey-cock pride,
Of manhood but sma' is your share;
Ye've the figure, 'tis true, even your faes will allow,
And your friends they dare grant you nae mair.

Muirland Jock,† Muirland Jock, when the L—d makes a rock
To crush Common Sense for her sins,
If ill manners were wit, there's no mortal so fit
To confound the poor Doctor at ance.

Holy Will,† Holy Will, there was wit i' you skull,
When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor;
The timmer is scant, when ye're ta'en for a saint,
Wha should swing in a rape for an hour.

Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons, seize your sp'ri-
tual guns,
Ammunition ye never can need;
Your hearts are the stuff, will be powther enough,
And your skulls are storehouses o' lead.

Poet Burns, Poet Burns, wi' your priest-
skelping turns,
Why desert ye your auld native shire;
Your muse is a gipsie, e'en tho' she were tipsie,
She could ca' us nae waur than we are.

*Mr S——h, G——n. † Mr S——d.
† An E——r in M——e.
THE TWA HERDS.*

O a' ye pious godly flocks,
Weel fed on pasture's orthodox,
Wha now will keep you frae the fox,
   Or worrying tykes,
Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks,
   About the dykes?

The twa best herds in a' the wast,
That e'er ga'e gospel horn a blast,
These five and twenty simmers past,
   O! dool to tell,
Ha'e had a bitter black out-cast
   Atween themsel.

O, M——y, man, and worthy R——ll,
How could you raise so vile a bustle,
Ye'll see how new-light herds will whistle,
   And think it fine!
The Lord's cause ne'er got sic a twistle,
   Sin' I ha'e min'.

O, Sirs! whae'er wad ha'e expeckit,
Your duty ye wad sae negleckit,
Ye wha were ne'er by laird respeckit,
   To wear the plaid,
But by the brutes themselves eleckit,
   To be their guide.

What flock wi' M——y's flock could rank,
Sae hale and hearty every shank,
Nae poison'd soor Arminian stank,
   He let them taste,

--- This piece was among the first of our Author's productions which he submitted to the public; and was occasioned by a dispute between two clergymen, near Kilmarnock.
Frae Calvin's well, aye clear they drank,
O sic a feast!

The thummart, wil'-cat, brock, and tod,
Weel kend his voice thro' a' the wood,
He smelt their ilka hole and road,
Baith out and ir,
And weil he lik'd to shed their bluid,
And sell their skin.

What herd like R——ll tell'd his tale,
His voice was heard thro' muir and cale,
He kend the Lord's sheep, ilka tail,
O'er a' the height,
And saw gin they were sick or hale,
At the first sight.

He fine a mangy sheep could scrub,
Or nobly fling the gospel club,
And new-light herds could nicely drub,
Or pay their skin,
Could shake them o'er the burning dub;
Or heave them in.

Sic twa——O! do I live to see't,
Sic famous twa should disagreet,
An' names, like villain, hypocrite,
Ilk ither gi'en,
While new-light herds wi' laughin' spite,
Say neither's liein'!

A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld,
There's D——n, deep, and P——s, shaul,
But chiefly thou, apostle A——d
We trust in thee,
That thou wilt work them, hot and cauld,
Till they agree.

Consider, Sirs, how we're beset,
There's scarce a new herd that we get,
But comes frae 'mang that cursed set,
I winna name,
I hope frae heav'n to see them yet
In fiery flame.

D—e has been lang our fae,
M'—ll has wraught us meikle wae,
And that curs'd rascal ca'd M'—e,
And baith the S—s,
That aft ha'e made us black and blae,
Wi' vengefu' paws.

Auld W—w lang has hatch'd mischief,
We thought aye death wad bring relief,
But he has gotten, to our grief,
Ane to succeed him,
A chield wha'll soundly buff our beef;
I meikle dread him.

And mony a ane that I could tell,
Wha fain would openly rebel,
Forby turn-coats amang ourel,
There S—h for ane,
I doubt he's but a grey-nick quill,
And that ye'll fin'.

O! a' ye flocks o'er a' the hills,
By mosses, meadows, moors, and fells,
Come join your counsel and your skills,
To cow the lairds,
And get the brutes the power themsels,
To choose their herds.

Then Orthodoxy yet may prance,
And learning in a woody dance,
And that fell cur ca'd Common Sense,
That bites sae sair,
Be banish'd o'er the sea to France:
Let him bark there.

Then Shaw's and Dalrymple's eloquence,
M'——ll's close nervous excellence,
M'Q—e's pathetic manly sense,
And guid M'——h,
Wi' S—th, wha thro' the heart can glance,
May a' pack aff.

THE HENPECK'D HUSBAND.

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

ELEGY ON THE YEAR 1788.

For lords or kings I dinna mourn,
E'en let them die—for that they're born!
But, oh, prodigious to reflect,
A Towmont, Sirs, is gane to wreck!
O Eighty-eight, in thy sma' space
What dire events ha'e taken place!
Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us!
In what a pickle thou has left us!
The Spanish empire's tint ahead,
An' my auld toothless Bawtie's dead;
The toolzie's tough 'tween Pitt an' Fox,
An' our guidwife's wee birdy cocks;
The tane is game, a bluidy devil,
But to the hen-birds unco civil;
The tither's dour, has nae sic breedin'
But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden!

Ye ministers, come mount the pulpit,
An' cry till ye be hearse an' rupit;
For Eighty-eight he wish'd you weel,
An' gied you a' baith gear an' meal;
E'en mony a plack, an' mony a peck,
Ye ken yourselves, for little feck!

Ye bònnie lasses dight your een,
For some o' you hae tint a frien';
In Eighty-eight, ye ken, was ta'en
What ye'll ne'er hae to gi'e again.

Observe the very nowt an' sheep,
How dowff an' dowie now they creep;
Nay, even the yirth itsel' does cry,
For Embro' wells are grutten dry.

O Eighty-nine thou's but a bairn,
An' no owre auld, I hope, to learn!
Thou beardless boy, I pray tak' care,
Thou now has got thy daddy's chair,
Nae hand-cuff'd, mizzl'd, haff-shackl'd Regent,
But, like himsel', a full free agent.
Be sure ye follow out the plan
Nae waur than he did, honest man!
As meikle better as you can.

January 1, 1789.
VERS

RITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE INN AT CAR-
RON.

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 when we tirl'd at your door,
Your porter dought na hear us;
Sae may, should we to hell's yetts come,
Your billy Satan sair us!

LINES WRITTEN BY BURNS

WHILE ON HIS DEATH-BED, TO J—N R—K—N,
AYRSHIRE, AND FORWARDED TO HIM IMME-
DIATELY AFTER THE POET'S DEATH.

He who of R—k—n sang, lies stiff and dead,
And a green grass hillock hides his head;
Alas! alas! a devilish change indeed!

At a meeting of the Dumfries-shire Volunteers, held
to commemorate the anniversary of Rodney's victory,
April 12th, 1782, Burns was called upon for a Song,
instead of which he delivered the following Lines:

Instead of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast,
Here's the memory of those on the twelfth
that we lost;
That we lost, did I say, nay, by heav'n! that we
found,
For their fame it shall last while the world
goes round.
The next in succession, I'll give you the King,
Whoe'er would betray him on highm'ay he swing;
And here's the grand fabric, our free Consti-
tution,
As built on the base of the great Revolution;
And longer with Politics not to be cram'd,
Be Anarchy curs'd, and be Tyranny damn'd;
And who would to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,
May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

Bonny lassie will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,
Bonny lassie will ye go, to the Birks of Aber-
feldy?

Now summer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
The little birdies blythely sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.
*Bonnie lassie, &c.*

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
*Bonnie lassie, &c.*

---

**STAY, MY CHARMER, CAN YOU LEAVE ME?**

*Tune—*"An Gille dubh ciar dhubh."

Stay, my charmer, can you leave me?
Cruel, cruel to deceive me!
Well you know how much you grieve me;
Cruel charmer, can you go?
Cruel charmer, can you go?

By my love so ill-requited;
By the faith you fondly plighted;
By the pangs of lovers slighted;
Do not, do not leave me so!
Do not, do not leave me so!

---

**STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.**

Thickest night o'erhangs my dwelling!
Howling tempests o'er me rave!

---

*This is written in the same measure as the *Birks of Aberfeldy*, an old Scottish song, from which nothing is borrowed but the chorus.*
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
Still surround my lonely cave!

Chrystal streamlets gently flowing,
Busy haunts of base mankind,
Western breezes, softly blowing,
Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,
Wrongs injurious to redress,
Honour's war we strongly waged,
But the heavens deny'd success.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
Not a hope that dare attend,
The wide world is all before us—
But a world without a friend!*

---

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

*Tune—"Morag."

Loud blow the frosty breezes,
The snaws the mountains cover;
Like winter on me seizes,
Since my young highland rover
Far wanders nations over.
Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
May heaven be his warden:
Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
And bonnie Castle-Gordon!

*Strathallan, it is presumed, was one of the followers of the young Chevalier, and is supposed to be lying concealed in some cave of the Highlands, after the battle of Culloden. This song was written before the year 1758.
The trees now naked groaning,
    Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,
The birdies dowie moaning,
    Shall a' be blythely singing,
And every flower be springing.
Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
    When by his mighty warden
My youth's returned to fair Strathspey,
    And bonnie Castle-Gordon.*

RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

_Tune—"M'Grigor of Ruaro's Lament."_

RAVING winds around her blowing,
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing,
By a river hoarsely roaring,
Isabella stray'd deploring.
"Farewell, hours that late did measure
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure;
Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow,
Cheerless night that knows no morrow.

"O'er the past too fondly wandering,
On the hopeless future pondering;
Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
Fell despair my fancy seizes.
Life, thou soul of every blessing,
Load to misery most distressing,
O how gladly I'd resign thee,
And to dark oblivion join thee!"†

* The young Highland rover is supposed to be the young Chevalier, Prince Charles Edward.
† The occasion on which this poem was written is unknown to the Editor. It is an early composition.
MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

Tune—"Druimion dubh."

Musing on the roaring ocean,
Which divides my love and me;
Wearying heaven in warm devotion,
For his weal where'er he be.

Hope and fear's alternate billow
Yielding late to nature's law,
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow
Talk of him that's far awa.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care-troubled, joy-surrounded,
Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me:
Downy sleep the curtain draw;
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that's far awa!

BLYTHE WAS SHE.

Blythe, blythe and merry was she,
Blythe was she but and ben;
Blythe by the banks of Ern,
And blythe in Glenturit glen.

By Oughtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks, the birken shaw;
But Phemie was a bonnier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.
Blythe, &c.
Her looks were like a flow’r in May,
   Her smile was like a simmer morn;
She tripped by the banks of Ern,
   As light’s a bird upon a thorn.
Blythe, &c.

Her bonnie face it was as meek
   As ony lamb upon a lee;
The evening sun was ne’er sae sweet
   As was the blink o’ Phemie’s e’e.
Blythe, &c.

The Highland hills I’ve wander’d wide,
   And o’er the Lowlands I hae been;
But Phemie was the blythest lass
   That ever trod the dewy green.
Blythe, &c.

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

A rose-bud by my early walk,
Adown a corn-inclosed bawk,
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
   All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades o’ dawn are fled,
   In a’ its crimson glory spread,
And drooping rich the dewy head,
   It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest
   A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast
   Sae early in the morning.
She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o’ the wood,
Amang the fresh green leaves bedewed,
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair
On trembling string or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
That tents thy early morning.

So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent’s evening ray
That watched thy early morning.*

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WHERE BRAVING ANGRY WINTER’S STORMS.

Tune—“N. Gow’s Lamentation for Abercairny.”

WHERE braving angry winter’s storms,
The lofty Ochils rise,
Far in their shade my Peggy’s charms
First blest my wondering eyes.
As one who by some savage stream,
A lonely gem surveys,
Astonished doubly marks its beam,
With art’s most polished blaze.

Blest be the wild, sequester’d shade,
And blest the day and hour,
Where Peggy’s charms I first survey’d,
When first I felt their pow’r!

* This song was written during the winter of 1787.
Miss J. C. daughter of a friend of the Bard, is the heroine.
The tyrant Death, with grim control,
May seize my fleeting breath;
But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must be a stronger death.

TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

_Tune—"Invercauld's Reel."

O Tibbie, I hae seen the day
Ye would na been sae shy;
For laik o' gear ye lightly me,
But troth, I care na by.

YESTREEN I met you on the moor,
Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure;
Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
But fient a hair care I.

O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

I doubt na lass, but ye may think,
Because ye hae the name o' clink,
That ye can please me at a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try.

O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,
Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony saucy quean
That looks sae proud and high.

O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,
If that he want the yellow dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
And answer him fu' dry.

O Tibbie, I hae, &c.
But if he hae the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
Tho' hardly he, for sense or lear,
Be better than the kye.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice,
Your daddie's gear mak's you sae nice:
The deil a ane wad spier your price,
Were ye as poor as I.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
I would na gie her under sark,
For thee wi' a th' thousand mark;
Ye need na look sae high.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

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CLARINDA.

CLARINDA, mistress of my soul,
The measur'd time is run!
The wretch beneath the dreary pole,
So marks his latest sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night
Shall poor Sylvander hie;
Lepriv'd of thee, his life and light,
The sun of all his joy.

Ve part,—but by these precious drops,
That fill thy lovely eyes!
No other light shall guide my steps,
Till thy bright beams arise.

Sae, the fair sun of all her sex,
Has blest my glorious day:
And shall a glimmering planet fix
My worship to its ray?
THE DAY RETURNS, MY BOSOM BURNS.

Tune—"Seventh of November."

The day returns, my bosom burns,
   The blissful day we twa did meet,
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
   Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet:
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
   And crosses o'er the sultry line;
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
   Heaven gave me more, it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,
   Or nature ought of pleasure give!
While joys above, my mind can move,
   For thee, and thee alone, I live!
When that grim foe of life below,
   Comes in between to make us part;
The iron hand that breaks our band,
   It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.

THE LAZY MIST

The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
Concealing the course of the dark winding rill;
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
As autumn to winter resigns the pale year.
The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
And all the gay foppery of summer is flown:
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
How quick time is flying, how keen fate pursues;
How long I have liv'd—but how much liv'd in vain!
How little of life's scanty span may remain:
What aspects old Time, in his progress, has worn;
What ties cruel Fate in my bosom has torn.
How foolish, or worse, 'till our summit is gain'd!
And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd!
This life's not worth having with all it can give,
For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

O, WERE I ON PARNASSUS HILL.

_Tune_—"My love is lost to me."

O were I on Parnassus hill!
Or had of Helicon my fill;
That I might catch poetic skill,
To sing how dear I love thee.
But Nith maun be my muse's well,
My muse maun be thy bonnie sel';
On Corsincon I'll glower and spell,
And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet muse, inspire my lay!
For a' the lee-long simmer's day,
I couldna sing, I couldna say,
How much, how dear, I love thee.
I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish e'en.
By heaven and earth I love thee!
By night, by day, a field, at home,
The thoughts of thee my breast inflame;
And aye I muse and sing thy name:
I only live to love thee,
Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
'Till my last, weary sand was run;
'Till then—and then I love thee.

I LOVE MY JEAN.

Tune—"Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey."

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best:
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair:
I hear her in the tuneful birds,
I hear her charm the air:
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.
THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

The Catrine woods were yellow seen,
The flowers decayed on Catrine lee,*
Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
But nature sicken'd on the e'e.
Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while,
And aye the wild wood echoes rang,
Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle.

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
Ye birdies dumb, in withering bowers,
Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
But here, alas! for me nae mair,
Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile;
Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,
Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle!

WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam to pree;
Three blyther hearts, that lee lang night,
Ye wad na find in Christendie.

"We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And aye we'll taste the barley bree."

*Catrine, in Ayrshire, the seat of Dugald Stewart, Esq. Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Ballochmyle, formerly the seat of Sir John Whitefoord, now of — Alexander, Esq. (1800.)
Here are we met, three merry boys,
    Three merry boys I trow are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
    And mony mae we hope to be!
"We are na fou," &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
    That's blinkin in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
    But by my troth she'll wait a wee!
We are nae fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
    A cuckold, coward loun is he!
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
    He is the king amang us three!
We are nae fou, &c.*

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THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE.

I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen,
    A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
I gat my death frae twa sweet e'en,
    'Twa lovely e'en o' bonnie blue.
'Twas not her golden ringlets bright;
    Her lips like roses, wat wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom, lily-white—
    It was her e'en sae bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smiled, my heart she wyl'd,
    She charmed my soul I wist na how;

* Willie, who "brew'd a peck o' maut," was Mr William Nicol; and Rob and Allan, were our poet, and his friend, Allan Masterton. These three honest fellows—all men of uncommon talents, are now all under the turf.—(1799.)
And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
Cam frae her e'en sae bonnie blue.
But spare to speak, and spare to speed;
She'll aiblins listen to my vow:
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
To her twa e'en sae bonny blue.*

THE BANKS OF NITH.

_Tune—" Robie Donna Gorach."_

The Thames flows proudly to the sea,
Where royal cities stately stand;
But sweeter flows the Nith to me,
Where Cummins ance had high command:
When shall I see that honoured land,
That winding stream I love so dear:
Must wayward fortune's adverse hand
For ever, ever keep me here.

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom;
How sweetly wind thy sloping dales
Where lambkins wanton thro' the broom!
'Tho' wandering, now, must be my doom,
Far from thy bonnie banks and braes,
May there my latest hours consume,
Amang the friends of early days!

* The heroine of this song was Miss J. of Lochma-
ben. This lady, now Mrs R. after residing some time
in Liverpool, is settled with her husband in New York,
North America.
JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
When we were first acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither.
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go:
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.*

* In the first volume of a collection entitled, Poetry Original and Selected, printed by Brash and Reid of Glasgow, this song is given as follows:

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO, IMPROVED,

BY ROBERT BURNS.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John, I wonder what you mean,
To rise so soon in the morning, and sit up so late at e'en,
Ye'll blear out a' your e'en, John, and why should you
do so,
Gang sooner to your bed at e'en, John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, when nature first began
To try her canny hand, John, her master-work was man;
And you amang them a', John, sae trig frae tap to toe,
She proved to be nae journey-work, John Anderson,
my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, ye were my first conceit,
And ye na think it strange, John, tho' I ca' ye trim and
neat.
TAM GLEN.

My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie,
Some counsel unto me come len',
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?
I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,
In poortith I might mak a fen:
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I maun marry Tam Glen.

There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller,
"Gude day to you, brute," he comes ben:
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me guid hunder marks ten:
But, if it's ordain'd I maun tak him,
O wha will I get like Tam Glen?

The stanza with which this song, inserted by Messrs Brash and Reid, begins, is the chorus of the old song under this title; and though perfectly suitable to that wicked but witty ballad, it has no accordance with the strain of delicate and tender sentiment of this improved song. In regard to the five other additional stanzas, though they are in the spirit of the two stanzas that are unquestionably our bard's, yet every reader of discernment will see they are by an inferior hand; and the real author of them, ought neither to have given them, nor suffered them to be given, to the world, as the production of Burns. If there were no other mark of their spurious origin, the latter half of the third line in the seventh stanza, our hearts were ne'er our foe, would be proof sufficient. Many are the instances in which our bard has adopted defective rhymes, but a single instance cannot be produced, in which, to preserve the rhyme, he has given a feeble thought, in false grammar. These additional stanzas are not however without merit; and they may serve to prolong the pleasure which every person of taste must feel, from listening to a most happy union of beautiful music with moral sentiments that are singularly interesting.
Yestreen at the Valentine's dealing,
    My heart to my mou gied a sten;
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
    And thrice it was written Tam Glen.

The last Hallowe'en I was waukin
    My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
His likeness cam up the house staukin,
    And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry;
    I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
Gin ye will advise me to marry
    The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

O meikle thinks my luve o' my beauty,
    And meikle thinks my luve o' my kin
But little thinks my luve I ken brawlie,
    My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;
    It's a' for the hinney he'll cherish the bee,
My laddie's sae meikle in luve wi' the siller,
    He canna hae luve to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luve's an arle penny,
    My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
But an' ye be crafty, I am cunnin,
    Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
    Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
    And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.
THEN GUIDWIFE COUNT THE LAWIN.

Gane is the day and mirk's the night,
But we'll ne'er stray for faute o' light,
For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
And bluid red wine's the risin sun.

Then guidwife count the lawin, the lawin, the lawin,
Then guidwife count the lawin, and bring a coggie mair.

There's wealth an' ease for gentlemen,
And sempie-folk maun fecht and fen;
But here we're a' in ae accord,
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.
Then guidwife count, &c.

My coggie is a haly pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and dool;
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
An' ye drink it a' ye'll find him out.
Then guidwife count, &c.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO WI' AN AULD MAN.

What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
Bad luck on the pennie that tempted my minnie
To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'!
Bad luck on the pennie, &c.
He's always compleenin' frae mornin to e'enin
He hosts and he biriples the weary day lang,
He's doy'lt and he's dozin, his bluid it is frozen,
O' dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

He hums and he bankers, he frets and he cankers;
I never can please him, do a' that I can;
He's peevish, and jealous of a' the young fellows,
O, dool on the day, I met wi' an auld man!

My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity,
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break him,
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

THE BONNIE WEE THING.

BONNIE wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, was thou mine;
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.

Wistfully I look and languish,
In that bonnie face of thine;
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!
Bonnie wee, &c.
O, FOR ANE AND TWENTY TAM.

*Tune—"The Moudiewort."

An' O, for ane and twenty, Tam!
An' hey, sweet ane and twenty, Tam
I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
An' I saw ane and twenty, Tam.

They snool me sair, and haud me down,
And gar me look like bluntie, Tam;
But three short years will soon wheel roun',
And then comes ane and twenty, Tam.
An' O, for ane, &c.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
At kith or kin I need na spier,
An' I saw ane and twenty, Tam.
An' O, for ane, &c.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
Tho' I mysel hae plenty, Tam;
Bur hear'st thou laddie, there's my loof,
I'm thine at ane and twenty, Tam
An' O, for ane, &c.

BESS AND HER SPINNING WHEEL.

O leeze me on my spinning wheel,
O leeze me on my rock and reel;
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en!
I'll set me down and sing and spin,
While laigh descends the simmer sun,
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—
O leeze me on my spinning wheel.

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below thy theekit cot;
The scented birk and hawthorn white
Across the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
And little fishes' caller rest:
The sun blinks kindly in the biel',
Where, blythe I turn my spinning wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
And echo cons the doolfu' tale
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ither's lays:
The craik amang the claver hay,
The patrick whirrin' o'er the ley,
The swallow jinking round my shiel,
Amuse me at my spinning wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy,
O wha wad leave this humble state,
For a' the pride of a' the great?
Amid their flaring, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel,
Of Bessy at her spinning wheel.

COUNTRY LASSIE.

In simmer when the hay was mawn,
And corn way'd green in ilka field,
While claver blooms white o'er the lea,
And roses blaw in ilka bield;
Blythe Bessie in the milking shiet,
   Says, I'll be wed come o't what will;
Out spake a dame in wrinkled eild,
   O' gude advisement comes nae ill.

Its ye hae wooers mony a ane,
   And, lassie, ye're but young, ye ken;
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale,
   A routhie butt, a routhie ben:
There's Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
   Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;
Tak this frae me, my bonnie ben,
   It's plenty beets the luver's fire.

For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
   I dinna care a single flie;
He lo'es sae weil his craps and kye,
   He has nae luve to spare for me:
But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,
   And weil I wat he lo'es me dear:
Ae blink o' him I wad na gie
   For Buskie-glen and a' his gear.

O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught,
   The canniest gate, the strife is sair;
But aye fu' han't is fechtin' best,
   A hungry care's an unco care:
But some will spend, and some will spare,
   And wilfu' folk maun hae their will;
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
   Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.

O gear will buy me rigs o' land,
   And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
But the tender heart o' leesome luve,
   The gowd and siller canna buy:
We may be poor, Robie and I,
   Light is the burden luve lays on;
Content and love brings peace and joy,
What mair hae queens upon a throne?

FAIR ELIZA.

A GAELIC AIR.

Turn again, thou fair Eliza,
Ae kind blink before we part,
Rew on thy despairing lover!
Canst thou break his faithful heart?

Turn again, thou fair Eliza;
If to love thy heart denies,
For pity hide the cruel sentence
Under friendship's kind disguise!

Thee, dear maid, hae I offended?
The offence is loving thee:
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
Wha for thine wad gladly die!

While the life beats in my bosom,
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe:
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
In the pride o' sinny noon;
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the simmer moon;
Not the poet in the moment
Fancy lightens on his e'e,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture
That thy presence gies to me.
THE POSIE.

O Luve will venture in, where it daur na well be seen,
O luve will venture in where wisdom ance has been:
But I will down yon river rove, among the wood sae green,
   And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a pear:
   And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose when Phœbus peeps in view,
For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou;
The hyacinth's for constancy wi' its unchang-ing blue:
   And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air:
   And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day;
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak away:
   And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.
The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star
is near,
And the diamond-draps o' dew shall be her een
sae clear;
The violet's for modesty which weel she fa's
to wear:
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luve,
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear
by a' above,
That to my latest draught o' life the band shall
ne'er remuve,
And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care!
Thou'll break my heart thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorr:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And, fondly, sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause lover stole my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me
SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed,
   The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie;
Willie was a webster gude,
   Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony bodie;
He had a wife was dour and din,
   O Tinkler Madgie was her mither;

   Sic a wife as Willie had,
   I wad na gie a button for her.

She has an e'e, she has but ane,
   The cat has twa the very colour;
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
   A clapper tongue wad deave a miller;
A whiskin beard about her mou,
   Her nose and chin they threaten ither;
   Sic a wife, &c.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hein shinn'd,
   Ae limpin' leg a hand-breed shorter;
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
   To balance fair in ilka quarter:
She has a hump upon her breast,
   The twin o' that upon her shouther;
   Sic a wife, &c.

Auld baudrans by the ingle sits,
   And wi' her loof her face a-washin' ;
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
   She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;
Her walie nieves like middle creels,
   Her face wad fyle the Logan-water;

   Sic a wife as Willie had,
   I wad na gie a button for her.
GLOOMY DECEMBER.

Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
Ance mair I hail thee, wi' sorrow and care;
Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, Oh! ne'er to meet mair.
Fond lovers parting is sweet painful pleasure,
Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;
But the dire feeling, O farewell for ever,
Is anguish unmingl'd and agony pure.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
'Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown,
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
Since my last hope and last comfort is gone;
Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, Oh, ne'er to meet mair.

---

EVAN BANKS.

Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires,
The sun from India's shore retires;
To Evan banks, with temp'rate ray,
Home of my youth, it leads the day.
Oh! banks to me for ever dear!
Oh! stream whose murmurs still I hear!
All, all my hopes of bliss reside,
Where Evan mingles with the Clyde.

And she, in simple beauty drest,
Whose image lives within my breast;
Who trembling heard my piercing sigh,
And long pursu'd me with her eye!
Does she, with heart unchang'd as mine,
Oft in the vocal bowers recline?
Or where yon grot o'erhangs the tide,
Muse while the Evan seeks the Clyde.

Ye lofty banks that Evan bound!
Ye lavish woods that wave around,
And o'er the stream your shadows throw,
Which sweetly winds so far below;
What secret charm to mem'ry brings,
All that on Evan's border springs?
Sweet banks! ye bloom by Mary's side:
Blest stream, she views thee haste to Clyde.

Can all the wealth of India's coast
Atone for years in absence lost?
Return, ye moments of delight,
With richer treasures bless my sight!
Swift from this desert let me part,
And fly to meet a kindred heart!
Nor more may aught my steps divide
From that dear stream which flows to Clyde

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE.

Wilt thou be my dearie;
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
O wilt thou let me cheer thee;
By the treasure of my soul,
And that's the love I bear thee:
I swear and vow, that only thou
Shall ever be my dearie.
Only thou I swear and vow,
Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me:
Or, if thou wilt na be my ain,
Sae na thou’lt refuse me:
If it winna, canna be,
Thou, for thine, may choose me:
   Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo’es me,
   Lassie, let me quickly die,
   Trusting that thou lo’es me.

---

SHE’S FAIR AND FAUSE.

She’s fair and fause that causes my smart,
   I lo’ed her meikle and lang;
She’s broken her vow, she’s broken my heart,
   And I may e’en gae hang.
A coof cam in with routh o’ gear,
   And I hae tint my dearest dear,
But woman is but warld’s gear,
   Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

Whae’er ye be that woman love,
   To this be never blind,
Nae ferlie ’tis tho’ fickle she prove,
   A woman has’t by kind:
O woman, lovely woman, fair!
   An angel form’s faun to thy share,
’Twad been o’er meikle to gien thee mair,
   I mean an angel mind.

AFTON WATER.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I’ll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary’s asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton disturb not her dream.
Thou stock dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with courses of clear winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow:
There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

BONNIE BELL.

The smiling Spring comes in rejoicing,
And surly Winter grimly flies;
Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
And bonnie blue are the sunny skies.
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
The ev'ning gilds the ocean's swell;
All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
And I rejoice in my bonnie Bell.

The flow'ry Spring leads sunny Summer,
And yellow Autumn presses near,
Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,
'Till smiling Spring again appear.
Thus seasons dancing, life advancing
Old Time and Nature their changes tell,
But never ranging, still unchanging
I adore my bonnie Bell.

---

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

Where Cart rins rowin' to the sea,
By mony a flow'r and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant weaver.

Oh I had wooers aught or nine,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine;
And I was fear'd my heart would tine,
And I gied it to the weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band
To gie the lad that has the land,
But to my heart I'll add my hand,
And give it to the weaver.

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers;
While bees delight in opening flowers;
While corn grows green in simmer showers,
I'll love my gallant weaver.*

* In some editions sailor is substituted for weaver.
LOUIS, WHAT RECK I BY THEE

Louis, what reck I by thee,
   Or Geordie on his ocean;
Dyvor beggar louns to me,
   I reign in Jeanie's bosom.

Let her crown my love her law,
   And in her breast enthrone me:
Kings and nations, with awa!
   Reif randies I disown ye!

FOR THE SAKE OF SOMEBODY.

My heart is sair, I dare nae tell,
   My heart is sair for somebody;
I could wake a winter night
   For the sake of somebody.
   Oh-hon! for somebody!
   Oh-hey! for somebody!
I could range the world around,
   For the sake of somebody.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
   O sweetly smile on somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
   And send me safe my somebody.
   Oh-hon! for somebody!
   Oh-hey! for somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not,
   For the sake of somebody!
THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

The lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries, alas!
And aye the saut tear blins her e'e:
Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,
A waefu' day it was to me;
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.

Their winding sheet the bloody clay,
Their graves are growing green to see;
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's e'e!
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be;
For mony a heart thou hast made sair,
That ne'er did wrong to thine or thee.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON.

Tune—"Finlayston House."

Fate gave the word, the arrow sped,
And pierced my darling's heart:
And with him all the joys are fled
Life can to me impart.
By cruel hands the sapling drops,
In dust dishonour'd laid:
So fell the pride of all my hopes,
My age's future shade.

The mother linnet in the brake
Bewails her ravished young;
So I tor my lost darling's sake,
Lament the live-day long.
Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,
Now fond I bare my breast,
O do thou kindly lay me low
With him I love at rest!

O MAY, THY MORN.

O May, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet,
As the mirk night o' December;
For sparkling was the rosy wine,
And private was the chamber:
And dear was she I darna name,
But I will aye remember.
And dear, &c.

And here's to them, that like oursel,
Can push about the jorum;
And here's to them that wish us weil,
May a' that's guid watch o'er them;
And here's to them, we darna tell,
The dearest o' the quorum,
And here's to, &c.

O WHAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN.

O what ye wha's in yon town,
Ye see the e'ening sun upon,
The fairest dame's in yon town,
That e'ening sun is shining on.

Now haply down yon gay green shaw,
She wanders by yon spreading tree;
How blest ye flow'rs that mind her blaw,
Ye catch the glances o' her e'e.

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
And welcome in the blooming year,
And doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Lucy dear.

The sun blinks blythe on yon town,
And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr;
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest bliss is Lucy fair.

Without my love, not a' the charms,
O' paradise could yield me joy;
But gie me Lucy in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Tho' raging winter rent the air;
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town,
Yon sinkin' sun's gane down upon;
A fairer than's in yon town,
His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

If angry fate has sworn my foe,
And suffering I am doom'd to bear;
I careless quit aught else below,
But spare me, spare me, Lucy dear.

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart,
And she—as fairest is her form!
She has the truest kindest heart.*

* The heroine of this song  Mrs O. (formerly Miss I.
A RED, RED ROSE

O my love's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June.
O my love's like the melody
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
'Till a' the seas gang dry.

'Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only love,
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my love,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

A VISION.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air
Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care.

J.) died lately in Lisbon. This most accomplished and most lovely woman, was worthy of this beautiful strain of sensibility, which will convey some impression of her attractions to other generations. The song is written in the character of her husband, as the reader will have observed by our bard's letter to Mr Syme enclosing this song.
The winds were laid, the air was still,
  The stars they shot alang the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
    And the distant echoing glens reply.

The stream adown its hazelly path,
  Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,*
  Whase distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld blue north was streaming forth:
    Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din;
A' thort the lift they start and shift,
    Like fortune's favours, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes†
    And, by the moon-beam, shook, to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
    Attir'd as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue een o' stane,
  His darin' look had daunted me;
And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,
  The sacred posie—Liberty!

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
    Might roused the slumb'ring dead to hear;
But oh, it was a tale of woe,
    As ever met a Briton's ear!

He sang wi' joy his former day,
  He weeping wail'd his latter times;
But what he said it was nae play,
    I winna ventur't in my rhymes.‡

* Variation. To join yon river on the Strath.
† Variation. Now looking over firth and fauld,
  Her horn the pale-faced Cynthia rear'd;
When, lo, in form of minstrel auld,
  A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd.
‡ This poem, an imperfect copy of which was printed
COPY OF A POETICAL ADDRESS

to

MR WILLIAM TYTLER,

WITH THE PRESENT OF THE BARD'S PICTURE.

Revered defender of beauteous Stuart,
Of Stuart, a name once respected,
A name, which to love was the mark of a true heart,
But now 'tis despised and neglected:

Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my eye,
Let no one misdeem me disloyal;
A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh,
Still more, if that wand'rer were royal.

My fathers, that name have rever'd on a throne;
My fathers have fallen to right it;

in Johnson's Museum, is here given from the poet's MS. with his last corrections. The scenery so finely described is taken from nature. The poet is supposed to be musing by night on the banks of the river Cluden, and by the ruins of Lincluden-Abbey, founded in the twelfth century, in the reign of Malcolm IV. of whose present situation the reader may find some account in Pennant's Tour in Scotland, or Grose's Antiquities of that division of the island. Such a time and such a place are well fitted for holding converse with aerial beings. Though this poem has a political bias, yet it may be presumed that no reader of taste, whatever his opinions may be, would forgive it being omitted. Our poet's prudence suppressed the song of Liberty, perhaps fortunately for his reputation. It may be questioned whether, even in the resources of his genius, a strain of poetry could have been found worthy of the grandeur and solemnity of this preparation.
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
That name should he scoffingly slight it.

Still in prayers for King George I most heartily join,
The Queen and the rest of the gentry,
Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine;
Their title's avow'd by the country.

But why of that epocha make such a fuss,

But loyalty, truce! we're on dangerous ground,
Who knows how the fashions may alter,
The doctrine, to day, that is loyalty sound,
To-morrow may bring us a halter.

I send you a trifle, a head of a bard,
A trifle scarce worthy your care;
But accept it, good sir, as a mark of regard,
Sincere as a saint's dying prayer.

Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye,
And ushers the long dreary night:
But you, like the star that athwart gilds the sky,
Your course to the latest is bright.

My muse jilted me here, and turned a corner on me, and I have not got again into her good graces. Do me the justice to believe me sincere in my grateful remembrance of the many civilities you have honoured me with
since I came to Edinburgh, and in assuring you that I have the honour to be,

Revered Sir,

Your obliged and very humble Servant,

R. BURNS.

EDINBURGH, 1787.

CALEDONIA.

Tune.—"Caledonian Hunt's Delight."

There was once a day, but old Time then was young,
That brave Caledonia, the chief of her line,
From some of your northern deities sprung,
(Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine?)

From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,
To hunt, or to pasture, or to do what she would:
Her heavenly relations there fixed her reign,
And pledg'd her their godheads to warrant it good.

A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,
The pride of her kindred the heroine grew:
Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore,—

"Whoe'er shall provoke thee th' encounter shall rue!

With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,
To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn;
But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort,
Her darling amusement, the hounds and the horn.
Long quiet she reigned; 'till thitherward steers
A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand:* 
Repeated, successive, for many long years,
They darken'd the air, and they plundered the land:
Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,
They'd conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside:
She took to her hills and her arrows let fly,
The daring invaders they fled or they died.

The fell Harpy-raven took wing from the north,
The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the shore;†
The wild Scandinavian boar issued forth
To wanton in carnage, and wallow in gore:‡
O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd,
No arts could appease them, nor arms could repel;
But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,
As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell.§

The Cameleon-savage disturb'd her repose,
With tumult, disquiet, rebellion and strife;
Provoked beyond bearing, at last she arose,
And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life:||
The Anglian lion, the terror of France,
Oft prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver flood;

* The Romans.  † The Saxons.  ‡ The Danes.
§ Two famous battles, in which the Danes or Norwegians were defeated.
|| The Highlanders of the Isles.
But taught by the bright Caledonian lance,
He learned to fear in his own native wood.

Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd and free,
Her bright course of glory for ever shall run:
For brave Caledonia immortal must be;
I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun:
Rectangle triangle, the figure we'll choose,
The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base;
But brave Caledonia's the hypothenuse;
Then ergo she'll match them, and match them always.*

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THE FOLLOWING POEM

WAS WRITTEN TO A GENTLEMAN WHO HAD SENT HIM A NEWSPAPER, AND OFFERED TO CONTINUE IT FREE OF EXPENSE.

Kind sir, I've read your paper through,
And faith, to me, 'twas really knew!
How guessed ye, sir, what maist I wanted
This mony a day I've grain'd and gaunted,
To ken what French mischief was brewin';
Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin';
That vile dop skelper, Emperor Joseph,
If Venus yet had got his nose off;
Or how the collieshangie works
Atween the Russian and the Turks;
Or if the Swede, before he halt,

*This singular figure of poetry, taken from the mathematics, refers to the famous proposition of Pythagoras, the 47th of Euclid. In a right-angled triangle, the square of the hypothenuse is always equal to the squares of the two other sides.
Would play anither Charles the Twalt!
If Denmark, ony body spak o't;
Or Poland, wha had now the tack o't;
How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin';
How libbet Italy was singin';
If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss,
Were sayin' or takin' ought amiss:
Or how our merry lads at hame,
In Britain's court kept up the game:
How royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him!
Was managing St Stephen's quorum;
If sleekit Chatham Will was livin',
Or glaikit Charlie got his niece in;
How daddie Burke the plea was cookin',
If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin';
How cesses, stents, and fees were raxed,
Or if bare a— yet were taxed;
The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,
Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera-girls;
If that daft Buckie, Geordie Wales,
Was threshin' still at hizzies' tails,
Or if he was growin' oughtlins douser,
And no a perfect kintra cooser.—
A' this and mair I never heard of;
And, but for you, I might despair'd of.
So gratefu', back your news I send you,
And pray, a' guid things may attend you!

Ellisland, Monday Morning, 1790.

POEM.

ON PASTORAL POETRY.

Hail Poesie! thou nymph reserved!
In chase o' thee, what crowds hae swerved
Frae common sense, or sunk enerved
'Mang heaps o' clavers;
And och! o'er aft thy joes hae starved,
'Mid a' thy favours!

Say, Lassie, why thy train amang,
While loud the trump's heroic clang,
And sock or buskin skelp alang
To death or marriage;
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang
But wi' miscarriage?

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives;
Eschylus' pen Will Shakspeare drives;
Wee Pope, the knurlin, 'till him rives
Horatian fame;
In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
Even Sappho's flame.

But thee, Theocritus, wha matches?
They're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches;
Squire Pope but busks his skinlin patches
O' heathen tatters;
I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,
That ape their betters.

In this braw age o' wit and lear,
Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair
Blaw sweetly in its native air
And rural grace;
And wi' the far-famed Grecian share
A rival place?

Yes! there is ane; a Scottish callan!
There's ane; come forrit, honest Allan!
Thou need na jouk behint the hallan,
A chiel so clever;
The teeth o' time may gnaw Tamtallan,
But thou's for ever
Thou paints auld nature to the nines,
In thy sweet Caledonian lines;
Nae gowden stream thro' myrtles twines,
Where Philomel,
While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
Her griefs will tell!

In gowany glens thy burnie strays,
Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes;
Or trots by hazelly shaws or braes,
Wi' hawthorns grey,
Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
At close o' day.

Thy rural loves are nature's sel;
Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell;
Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell
O' witchin' love,
That charm that can the strongest quell,
The sternest move.

ON

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR,

BETWEEN THE DUKE OF ARGYLINE AND
THE EARL OF MAR.

"O cam ye here the fight to shun,
Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?
Or were ye at the Sherra-muir,
And did the battle see, man?
I saw the battle sair and teugh,
And reekin-red ran monie a sheugh,
My heart for fear gae sough for sough,
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds
O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man."
The red-coat lads wi' black cockades,
To meet them were na law, man;
They rush'd and push'd, and bluid outgush'd,
And mony a buok did fa', man:
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanced twenty miles!
They hack'd and hash'd, while broadswords clash'd,
And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,
Till fey men died awa, man.

But had you seen the philibegs,
And skyrin tartan trews, man,
When in the teeth they dar'd our whigs,
And covenant true blues, man;
lines extended lang and large,
When bayonets opposed the targe,
And thousands hastened to the charge,
Wi' highland wrath they frae the sheath,
Drew blades o' death, till out o' breath,
They fled like frightened doos, man.

"O how deil Tam can that be true?
The chase gaed frae the north, man;
I saw myself, they did pursue
The horsemen back to Forth, man;
And at Dumblane, in my ain sight,
They took the brig wi' a' their might,
And straught to Stirling winged their flight
But, cursed lot! the gates were shut;
And mony a hunted poor red-coat
For fear amaist did swarf, man."

My sister Kate came up the gate
Wi' crowdie unto me, man:
She swoor she saw some rebels run,
Frae Perth unto Dundee, man;
Their left-hand general had nae skill,
The Angus lads had nae good will
That day their neebor's blood to spill;
For fear by foes, that they should lose
Their cogs o' brose; all crying woes,
     And so it goes, you see, man.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen,
     Amang the Highland clans man;
I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,
     Or fallen in whiggish hands, man:
Now wad ye sing this double fight,
     Some fell for wrang, and some for right;
But mony bade the world guid-night;
     Then ye may tell, how pell and mell,
By red claymores, and muskets, knell,
     Wi' dying yell, the tories fell,
     And whigs to hell did flee, man. *

SKETCH.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

TO MRS DUNLOP.

This day, Time winds th' exhausted chain
     To run the twelvemonths' length again:
I see the old bald-pated fellow,
     With ardent eyes, complexion sallow
Adjust the unimpair'd machine,
     To wheel the equal, dull routine.

The absent lover, minor heir,
In vain assail him with their prayer.
Deaf as my friend he sees them press,
     Nor makes the hour one moment less.

* This was written about the time our bard made his tour to the Highlands, 1787.
Will you (the Major's with the hounds,
The happy tenants share his rounds;
Coila's fair Rachel's care to-day,*
And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray;)
From housewife cares a minute borrow—
—That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow—
And join with me a moralizing,
This day's propitious to be wise in.
First, what did yesternight deliver;
"Another year is gone for ever."
And what is this day's strong suggestion!
"The passing moment's all we rest on!"
Rest on—for what! What do we here?
Or why regard the passing year?
Will time, amus'd with proverb'd lore,
Add to our date one minute more?
A few days may—a few years must—
Repose us in the silent dust.
Then, is it wise to damp our bliss?
Yes, all such reasonings are amiss!
The voice of nature loudly cries,
And many a message from the skies,
That something in us never dies:
That on this frail, uncertain state,
Hang matters of eternal weight;
That future-life in worlds unknown
Must take its hue from this alone:
Whether as heavenly glory bright,
Or dark as misery's woeful night—
Since then, my honour'd first of friends,
On this poor being all depends:
Let us th' important now employ,
And live as those who never die.
Tho' you, with days and honours crown'd,
Witness that filial circle round,

* This young lady was drawing a picture of Coila from the Vision, see page 108.
(A sight life’s sorrows to repulse,
A sight pale envy to convulse)
Others now claim your chief regard:
Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

EXTEMPORE,
ON THE LATE MR WILLIAM SMELLIE,
AUTHOR OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF NATURAL HISTORY,
AND MEMBER OF THE ANTIQUARIAN AND
ROYAL SOCIETIES OF EDINBURGH.

To Crochallan came*
The old cock’d hat, the grey surtout, the same;
His bristling beard just rising in its might,
’Twas four long nights and days to shaving night,
His uncombed grizzly locks wild-staring, thatch’d,
A head for thought profound and clear, unmatched;
Yet, tho’ his caustic wit was biting, rude,
His heart was warm, benevolent and good.

* Mr Smellie, and our poet, were both members of a club in Edinburgh, under the name of Crochallan Fencibles.
POETICAL INSCRIPTION,

FOR

AN ALTAR TO INDEPENDENCE,

AT KERROUCHTRY, THE SEAT OF MR. HERON—
WRITTEN IN SUMMER 1795.

Thou of an independent mind,
With soul resolved, with soul resigned;
Prepared power's proudest frown to brave,
Who wilt not be, nor have a slave;
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thy own reproach alone dost fear,
Approach this shrine, and worship here.

SONNET,

ON

THE DEATH OF MR. RIDDEL.

No more, ye warblers of the wood, no more,
Nor pour your descant grating on my ear:
Thou young-eyed Spring thy charms I cannot bear;
More welcome were to me grim Winter's wildest roar.

How can ye please, ye flowers, with all your dies?
Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend:
How can I to the tuneful strain attend?
That strain pours round th' untimely tomt
where Riddel lies.\

Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe
And soothe the Virtues weeping on this bier
The Man of Worth, and has not left his peer.
Is in his 'narrow house' for ever darkly low.

Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet;
Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet.

----

**MONODY**

**ON**

**A LADY FAMED FOR HER CAPRICE.**

How cold is that bosom which folly once fir'd,
How pale is that cheek where the rouge
lately glisten'd:
How silent that tongue which the echoes oft
tired,
How dull is that ear which to flattery so
listened.

If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
From friendship and dearest affection re-
moved;
How doubly severer, Eliza, thy fate,
Thou diedst unwept, as thou livedst unloved.

Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you;
So shy, grave, and distant, ye shed not a
tear:

* Robert Riddel, Esq. of Friar's Carse, a very worthy character, and one to whom our bard thought himself under many obligations.
But come, all ye offspring of folly so true,  
And flowers let us cull for Eliza's cold bier.

We'll search through the garden for each silly flower,  
We'll roam through the forest for each idle weed;
But chiefly the nettle, so typical, shower,  
For none e'er approach'd her but rued the rash deed.

We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay;  
Here Vanity strums on her idiot lyre;  
There keen indignation shall dart on her prey,  
Which spurning contempt shall redeem from his ire.

THE EPITAPH.

Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,  
What once was a butterfly gay in life's beam:
Want only of wisdom denied her respect,  
Want only of goodness denied her esteem.

ANSWER TO A MANDATE

SENT BY THE SURVEYOR OF THE WINDOWS,  
CARRIAGES, &c. TO EACH FARMER, ORDERING  
HIM TO SEND A SIGNED LIST OF HIS HORSES,  
SERVANTS, WHEEL-CARRIAGES, &c. AND WHETHER  
HE WAS A MARRIED MAN OR A BACHELOR, AND WHAT CHILDREN THEY HAD.

Sir, as your mandate did request,  
I send you here a faithfu' list,
My horses, servants, carts, and graith,
To which I'm free to tak my aith.
Imprimis, then, for carriage cattle,
I hae four brutes o' gallant mettle,
As ever drew before a pettle.
My *hand-afore,* a guid auld has been,
And wight and wilfu' a' his days seen;
My *hand-a-hin,†* a guid brown filly,
Wha aft has borne me safe frae Killie; ‡
And your auld borough mony a time,
In days when riding was nae crime:
My *fur-a-hin,‖* a guid, grey beast,
As e'er in tug or tow was traced:
The fourth, a Highland Donald hasty,
A d-mn'd red-wud, Kilburnie blastie.
For-by a cowte, of cowtes the wale,
As ever ran before a tail;
An' he be spared to be a beast,
He'll draw me fifteen pund at least.

Wheel carriages I hae but few,
Three carts, and twa are feckly new,
An auld wheel-barrow, mair for token,
Ae leg and baith the trams are broken;
I made a poker o' the spindle,
And my auld mither brunt the trundle.
For men, I've three mischievous boys,
Run-deils for rantin' and for noise;
A gadsman ane, a thresher t'other,
Wee Davoc hauds the nowt in fother.
I rule them, as I ought, discreetly,
And often labour them completely,
And aye on Sundays duly nightly,
I on the questions tairge them tightly,

*The fore-horse on the left-hand, in the plough
†The hindmost on the left-hand, in the plough.
‡Kilmarnock.
‖The bindmost on the right hand, in the plough.
'Till, faith; wee Davoc's grown sae gleg,  
(Tho' scarcely longer than my leg)  
He'll screed you aff effectual calling,  
As fast as ony in the dwellling.

I've nane in female servant station,  
Lord keep me aye frae a' temptation!  
I hae nae wife, and that my bliss is,  
And ye hae laid nae tax on misses;  
For weans I'm mair than weel contented,  
Heaven sent me ane mair than I wanted:  
My sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess,  
She stares the daddie in her face,  
Enough of ought ye like but grace.  
But her, my bonny, sweet, wee lady,  
I've said enough for her already,  
And if ye tax her or her mither,  
By the L—d ye'se get them a' thegither!

And now, remember, Mr Aiken,  
Nae kind of license out I'm taking.  
Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle,  
Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle;  
I've sturdy stumps, the Lord be thankit!  
And a' my gates on foot I'll shank it.

This list wi' my ain hand I've wrote it,  
The day and date as under notet;  
Then know all ye whom it concerns,  
Subscripsi huic,  
ROBERT BURNS.
SONG.

Nae gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair;*
Shall ever be my muse's care;
Their titles a' are empty show;
Gie me my highland lassie, O.

Within the glen sae bushy, O,
Aboon the plain sae rushy, O,
I set me down, wi' right good will,
To sing my highland lassie, O.

O were yon hills and valleys mine,
Yon palace and yon gardens fine!
The world then the love should know
I bear my highland lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
And I maun cross the raging sea;
But while my crimson currents flow,
I'll love my highland lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,
For her bosom burns with honour's glow
My faithful highland lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

For her I'll dare the billow's roar,
For her I'll trace a distant shore,
That Indian wealth may lustre throw,
Around my highland lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

*Gentle is used here in opposition to simple, is the Scottish and old English sense of the word. Nae gentle dames—No high-blooded dames.
She has my heart, she has my hand,
By sacred truth and honour's band!
'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine my highland lassie, O.

Farewell the glen sae bushy, O!
Farewell the plain sae rushy, O!
To other lands I now must go
To sing my highland lassie, O.*

IMPROMPTU.

ON MRS ———'S BIRTH DAY.

4th November, 1793.

OLD Winter with his frosty beard,
Thus once to Jove his prayer preferr'd;
"What have I done of all the year,
To bear this hated doom severe?
My cheerless sons no pleasure know;
Night's horrid car drags, dreary, slow:
My dismal months no joys are crowning,
But spleeny English hanging, drowning.

Now, Jove, for once be mighty civil;
To counterbalance all this evil;
Give me, and I've no more to say,
Give me Maria's natal day!
That brilliant gift will so enrich me,
Spring, Summer, Autumn cannot match me:"
"'Tis done!" says Jove; so ends my story,
And Winter once rejoiced in glory.

* This is an early production, and seems to have been written on Highland Mary.
ADDRESS TO A LADY.

Oh wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I’d shelter thee, I’d shelter thee:
Or did misfortune’s bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a’, to share it a’.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
Or were I monarch o’ the globe,
Wi’ thee to reign, wi’ thee to reign;
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

MISS JESSY L———, OF DUMFRIES;

WITH BOOKS WHICH THE BARD PRESENTED HER.

Thine be the volumes, Jessy fair,
And with them take the poet’s prayer;
That fate may in her fairest page,
With every kindliest, best presage
Of future bliss, enrol thy name:
With native worth, and spotless fame,
And wakeful caution, still aware
Of ill—but chief, man’s felon snare;
All blameless joys on earth we find,
And all the treasures of the mind—
These be thy guardian and reward;
So prays thy faithful friend, the bard.

SONNET,

WRITTEN ON THE 25TH JANUARY 1793, THE
BIRTH-DAY OF THE AUTHOR, ON HEARING A
THRUSH SING IN A MORNING WALK.

Sing on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain,
See aged Winter 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blythe carol clears his furrowed brow.

So in lone poverty's dominion drear,
Sits meek content with light unanxious heart,
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day!
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies!
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
What wealth could never give nor take away!

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care,
The mite high heaven bestowed, that mite with thee I'll share.
EXTEMPORIE,

TO MR S—E,

ON REFUSING TO DINE WITH HIM, AFTER HAVING BEEN PROMISED THE FIRST OF COMPANY, AND THE FIRST OF COOKERY, 17th DECEMBER, 1795.

No more of your guests, be they titled or not, And cookery the first in the nation: Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit, Is proof to all other temptation.

To Mr S—E,

WITH A PRESENT OF A DOZEN OF PORTER.

O had the malt thy strength of mind, Or hops the flavour of thy wit; 'Twere drink for first of human kind, A gift that e'en for S—e were fit. Jerusalem Tavern, Dumfries.

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

Tune—"Push about the Jorum."

April, 1795.

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat? Then let the loons beware, sir, There's wooden walls upon our seas, And volunteers on shore, sir.
The Nith shall run to Corsincon,*
And Criffel sink in Solway;†
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally!
"Fall de rall, &c.

O let us not, like snarling tykes,
In wrangling be divided;
'Till slap come in an unco loon
And wi' a rung decide it.
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang oursels united;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted.
"Fall de rall, &c.

The kettle o' the kirk and state,
Perhaps a clout may fail in't;
But deil a foreign tinkler loon
Shall ever ca' a nail in't.
Our fathers' bluid the kettle bought,
And wha wad dare to spoil it;
By heaven the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it.
"Fall de rall, &c.

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
And the wretch his true-born brother,
Who would set the mob aboon the throne,
May they be damned together!
Who will not sing "God save the king,"
Shall hang as high's the steeple;
But, while we sing "God save the king,"
We'll ne'er forget the people.

* A high hill at the source of the Nith.
† A well known mountain at the mouth of the same river.
POEM,

ADDRESS TO MR MITCHELL, COLLECTOR OF EXCISE, DUMFRIES, 1796.

FRIEND of the poet, tried and leal,
Wha, wanting thee, might beg or steal;
Alake, alake, the meikle deil,
  Wi' a' his witches,
Are at it, skelpin'! jig and reel,
  In my poor pouches.

I, modestly, fu' fain wad hint it,
That one pound one, I sairly want it;
If wi' the hizzie down ye send it,
  It would be kind,
And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted
  I'd bear't in mind.

So may the auld year gang out moaning
To see the new come laden, groaning,
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin
  To thee and thine;
Domestic peace and comforts crowning
  The hail design.

POSTSCRIPT.

Ye've heard this while how I've been licket,
And by fell death was nearly nicket
Grim loon! he gat me by the fecket,
  And sair me sheuk;
But, by guid luck, I lap a wicket,
  And turn'd a neuk.

But by that health, I've got a share o't,
And by that life I'm promised mair o't,
My hale and weel I'll tak a' care o't
  A tentier way:
Then farewell folly, hide and hair o't,
For ance and aye.

SENT TO A GENTLEMAN WHOM HE HAD OFFENDED.

The friend whom wild from wisdom's way,
The fumes of wine infuriate send;
(Not moony madness more astray)
Who but deplores that hapless friend?

Mine was th' insensate frenzied part,
Ah why should I such scenes outlive!
Scenes so abhorrent to my heart!
T'is thine to pity and forgive.

POEM ON LIFE,
ADDRESSED TO COLONEL DE PEYSTER, DUMFRIES, 1796.

My honoured colonel, deep I feel
Your interest in the poet's weal;
Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel
The steep Parnassus,
Surrounded thus by bolus pill,
And potion glasses.

O what a canty world were it,
Would pain and care, and sickness spare it:
And fortune, favour, worth, and merit,
As they deserve;
(And aye a rowth, roast beef and claret;
Syne wha would starve?)
Dame life, tho' fiction out may trick her,
And in paste gems and frippery deck her;
Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker
I've found her still,
Aye wavering like the willow wicker,
'Tween good and ill.

Then that curst carmagnole, auld Satan,
Watches like baudrons by a rattan,
Our sinfu' saul to get a claut on
Wi' felon ire;
Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on,
He's aff like fire.

Ah Nick! ah Nick, it is na fair,
First showing us the tempting ware
Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare
To put us daft;
Syne weave unseen thy spider's snare
O hell's damn'd waft.

Poor man, the flie, aft bizzes by,
And aft as chance he comes thee nigh,
Thy auld damn'd elbow yeuks wi' joy,
And hellish pleasure;
Already in thy fancy's eye,
Thy sicker treasure.

Soon heels o'er gowdie! in he gangs,
And like a sheep-head on a tangs,
Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs
And murdering wrestle,
As dangling in the wind he hangs
A gibbet's tassel.

But lest you think I am uncivil,
To plague you with this draunting drivel,
Abjuring a' intentions evil,
I quat my pen;
The Lord preserve us frae the devil!
Amen! amen.

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTH-ACHE.
My curse upon your venom’d stang,
That shoots my tortur’d gums alang;
And thro’ my lugs gies mony a twang,
Wi’ gnawing vengeance;
Tearing my nerves wi’ bitter pang,
Like racking engines!

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squeezes;
Our neighbour’s sympathy may ease us,
Wi’ pitying moan;
But thee—thou hell o’ a’ diseases,
Aye mocks our groan!

Adown my beard the slavers trickle;
I throw the wee stools o’er the meikle,
As round the fire the giglets keckle,
To see me loup;
While raving mad, I wish a heckle
Were in their doup.

O’ a’ the num’rous human dools,
Ill har’sts, daft bargains, cutty stools,
Or worthy friends raked i’ the mools,
Sad sight to see!
The tricks o’ knaves or fash o’ fools,
Thou bear’st the gree.

Where’er that place be, priests ca’ hell,
Whence a’ the tones o’ mis’ry yell,
And ranked plagues their numbers tell,
In dreadfu’ raw,
Thou, Tooth-ache, surely bear’st the bell.
Amang them a’!
O thou grim mischief making chiel,
That gars the notes o' discord squeel,
'Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
In gore a shoe-thick;—
Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's wee
towmond's Tooth-Ache.

SONG.

_Tune—Morag._

O wha is she that lo'es me,
And has my heart a-keeping?
O sweet is she that lo'es me,
As dews o' summer weeping,
In tears the rose-buds steeping.

CHORUS.

O that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer;
O that's the queen o' womankind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie,
In grace and beauty charming,
That e'en thy chosen lassie,
Ere while thy breast sae warming,
Had ne'er sic powers alarming.

O that's, &c.

If thou hadst heard her talking,
And thy attentions plighted,
That ilka body talking,
But her by thee is slighted:
And thou art all delighted.

O that's &c.
If thou hast met this fair one;
When frae her thou hast parted,
If every other fair one,
But her thou hast deserted,
And thou art broken hearted—
O that's, &c

SONG.

Jockie's ta'en the parting kiss,
O'er the mountains he is gane;
And with him is a' my bliss,
Nought but griefs with me remain.

Spare my luve, ye winds that blaw,
Plashy sleets and beating rain,
Spare my luve, thou feathery snaw,
Drifting o'er the frozen plain.

When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,
Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blythe his waukening be!

He will think on her he loves,
Fondly he'll repeat her name;
For where'er he distant roves,
Jockie's heart is still at hame.

SONG.

My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,
The frost of Hermit age might warm;
My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,
Might charm the first of human kind:
I love my Peggy's angel air,
Her face so truly, heavenly fair,
Her native grace so void of art,
But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye;
Who but owns their magic sway,
Who but knows they all decay!
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpose, nobly dear,
The gentle look, that rage disarms,
These are all immortal charms.

WRITTEN IN A WRAPPER,

INCLOSING A LETTER TO CAPTAIN GROSE, TO BE
LEFT WITH MR CARDONNEL, ANTIQUARIAN.

Tune—"Sir John Malcolm."

KEN ye ought o' Captain Grose?
Igo, and ago,
If he's among his friends or foes?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he South, or is he North?
Igo, and ago,
Or drowned in the river Forth?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he slain by Highland bodies?
Igo, and ago,
And eaten like a wether-haggis?
Iram, coram, dago.
Is he to Abram's bosom gane?  
Igo, and ago,
Or haudin' Sarah by the wame?  
Iram, coram, dago.

Where'er he be, the Lord be near him;  
Igo, and ago,
As for the deil he daur na steer him,  
Iram, coram, dago.

But please transmit th' inclosed letter,  
Igo, and ago,
Which will oblige your humble debtor,  
Iram, coram, dago.

So may you have auld stanes in store,  
Igo, and ago,
The very stanes that Adam bore,  
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye get in glad possession,  
Igo, and ago,
The coins o' Satan's coronation!  
Iram, coram, dago.

To
ROBERT GRAHAM, Esq. OF FINTRY.

ON RECEIVING A FAVOUR.

I call no goddess to inspire my strains,  
A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns;  
Friend of my life! my ardent spirit burns,  
And all the tribute of my heart returns,  
For boons accorded, goodness ever new,  
The gift still dearer as the giver you.
Thou orb of day! thou other paler light!
And all ye many sparkling stars of night;
If aught that giver from my mind efface;
If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace;
Then roll to me, along your wandering spheres,
Only to number out a villain's years!

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

An honest man here lies at rest,
As e'er God with his image blest,
The friend of man, the friend of truth;
The friend of age, and guide of youth:
Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd:
If there's another world, he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the best of this.

A GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

O thou, who kindly dost provide
For ev'ry creature's want!
We bless thee, God of nature wide,
For all thy goodness lent;
And if it please thee, heavenly guide,
May never worse be sent;
But whether granted, or denied,
Lord bless us with content!
Amen!
TO MY DEAR AND MUCH HONOURED FRIEND,

MRS. DUNLOP, OF DUNLOP.

ON SENSIBILITY.

Sensibility how charming,

Thou, my friend, canst truly tell;

But distress, with horrors arming,

Thou hast also known too well!

Fairest flower, behold the lily

Blooming in the sunny ray;

Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,

See it prostrate on the clay.

Hear the wood-lark charm the forest,

Telling o'er his little joys:

Hapless bird! a prey the surest,

To each pirate of the skies.

Dearly bought the hidden treasure,

Finer feelings can bestow:

Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,

Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

A VERSE,

COMPOSED AND REPEATED BY BURNS, TO THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE, ON TAKING LEAVE AT A PLACE IN THE HIGHLANDS WHERE HE HAD BEEN HOSPITABLY ENTERTAINED.

When death's dark stream I ferry o'er;

A time that surely shall come;

In heaven itself, I'll ask no more,

Than just a Highland welcome,
When o'er the hill the eastern star,
Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo;
And owsen frae the furrow'd field,
Return sae dowf and weary O;
Down by the burn, where scented birks
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

In mirkest glen at midnight hour,
I'd rove and ne'er be eerie O,
I through that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie O,
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae weary O,
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Along the burn to steer my jo;
Gie me the hour o' gloamin grey,
It mak's my heart sae cheery, O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

TO MARY.

Tune—"The Ewe-bughts Marion."

Vill ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore?
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary, 
Across th' Alantic's roar?

O sweet grows the lime and the orange 
And the apple on the pine: 
But a' the charms o' the Indies, 
Can never equal thine.

I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary, 
I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true, 
And sae may the Heavens forget me, 
When I forget my vow.

O plight me your faith, my Mary, 
And plight me your lily white hand: 
O plight me your faith, my Mary, 
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary, 
In mutual affection to join, 
And curst be the cause that shall part us! 
The hour, and the moment o' time!

---

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

She is a winsome wee thing, 
She is a handsome wee thing, 
She is a bonnie wee thing, 
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer, 
I never lo'ed a dearer, 
And neist my heart I'll wear her, 
For fear my jewel tine.
She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The world's wrack we share o't,
The wrastle and the care o't:
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
And think my lot divine.

---

BONNIE LESLY.

O saw ye bonnie Lesley
As she gaed o'er the border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For Nature made her what she is,
And never made anither.

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we, before thee:
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The Deil he could na scaith thee,
Or aught that wad belong thee;
He'd look into thy bonnie face,
And say, "I canna wrang thee."

The powers aboon will tent thee;
Misfortune sha'na steer thee;
Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.
Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag we hae a lass
There's nane again sae bonnie.

HIGHLAND MARY.

Tune—"Katharine Ogie."

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drумlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom;
As underneath her fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore our selves asunder;
But Oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kissed sae fondly;
And closed for aye, the sparkling glance,
    That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust
    The heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core,
    Shall live my Highland Mary.

AULD ROB MORRIS.

There's auld Rob Morris that wins in yon glen,
He's the king o' guid fellows and wale o' auld men;
He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,
And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;
As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But Oh! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard;
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed,
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane;
I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghost,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.
O had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might hae hoped she wad smiled upon me!
O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express.

DUNCAN GRAY

Duncan Gray cam here to woo.
Ha, ha, the wooing o’t.
On blythe yule night when we were fu’,
Ha, ha, the wooing o’t,
Maggie coost her head fu’ high,
Look’d asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
Ha, ha, the wooing o’t.

Duncan fleech’d, and Duncan pray’d;
Ha, ha, &c.
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
Ha, ha, &c.
Duncan sigh’d baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer’t and blin’,
Spak o’ lowpin o’er a linn;
Ha, ha, &c.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, &c.
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, &c.
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie die?
She may gae to—France for me!
Ha, ha, &c.

How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, &c.
Meg grew sick as he grew heal,  

Ha, ha, &c.
Something in her bosom wrings,  
For relief a sigh she brings;  
And Oh, her een they spak sic things!  

Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,  

Ha, ha, &c.
Maggie's was a piteous case,  

Ha, ha, &c.
Duncan could na be her death,  
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;  
Now they're crouse' and canty baith.  

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

SONG.

_Tune—"I had a horse._

O _poortith_ cauld and restless love,  
Ye wreck my peace between ye;  
Yet _poortith_ a' I could forgive,  
An' 'twere na' for my Jeanie.

O why should fate sic pleasure have,  
Life's dearest bands untwining?  
Or why sae sweet a flower as love,  
Depend on fortune's shining?

This world's wealth when I think on,  
It's pride and a' the lave o't:  
Fie, fie, on silly coward man,  
That he should be the slave o't,  
O why, &c.

Her een sae bonnie blue betray,  
How she repays my passion;
Burns'. Poems.

But prudence is her o'erword aye,
    She talks of rank and fashion.
    O why, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,
    And sic a lassie by him?
O wha can prudence think upon,
    And sae in love as I am?
    O why, &c.

How blest the humble cotter's fate!
    He wooes his simple dearie;
The silly bogles wealth and state,
    Can never make them eerie.

O why should fate sic pleasure have,
    Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
    Depend on Fortune's shining?

---

GALLA WATER.

There's braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
    That wander thro' the blooming heather;
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
    Can match the lads o' Galla water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
    Aboon them a' I loe him better;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
    The bonnie lad o' Galla Water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
    And tho' I hae na meikle tocher;
Yet rich in kindness, truest love,
    We'll tent our flocks by Galla Water.
It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That cost contentment, peace, or pleasure.
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O that's the chiefest world's treasure!

LORD GREGORY.

O mirk, mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempests roar;
A waeful wanderer seeks thy tower,
Lord Gregory ope thy door.

An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee;
At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
By bonnie Irwine side,
Where first I own'd that virgin love
I lang, lang had denied.

How aften didst thou pledge and vow,
Thou wad for aye be mine;
And my fond heart, itsel sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast;
Thou dart of heav'n that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest!

Ye mustering thunders from above
Your willing victim see!
But spare and pardon my fause love,
His wrangs to heaven and me!
MARY MORISON.

Tune—"Bide ye yet."

O Mary, at thy window be;
   It is the wish'd, the trysted hour;
Those smiles and glances let me see,
   That make the miser's treasure poor;
How blythely wad I bide the stoure,
   A weary slave frae sun to sun;
Could I the rich reward secure,
   The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen when to the trembling string,
   The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
   I sat, but neither heard nor saw;
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
   And you the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said, amang them a',
   "Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
   Wha for thy sake wad gladly die!
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
   Whase only faut is loving thee.
If love for love thou wilt nae gie,
   At least be pity to me shown;
A thought ungentle canna be
   The thought o' Mary Morison.

WANDERING WILLIE.

Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
   Now tired with wandering, haud awa hame,
Come to my bosom my ae only dearie,
And tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Loud blew the cauld winter winds at our parting!
It was nae the blast brought the tear in my e'e.
Willie,
Now welcome the simmer, and welcome my Willie,
The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Ye hurricanes rest in the cave o' your slumbers,
O how your wild horrors a lover alarms:
Awaken ye breezes, row gently ye billows,
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But if he's forgotten his faithfullest Nannie,
O still flow between us, thou wide roaring main;
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME OH! WITH ALTERATIONS.

Oh open the door, some pity to show,
Oh, open the door to me Oh.
Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
Oh, open the door to me, Oh.

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But cauldier thy love for me, Oh:
The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
Is nought to my pains frae thee, Oh.
The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
And time is setting with me, Oh:
False friends, false love, farewell! for ever mair
I'll ne'er trouble them nor thee, Oh.

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide,
She sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh:
My true love, she cried, and sank down by his side,
Never to rise again, Oh.

JESSIE.

*Tune—"Bonnie Dundee."

True hearted was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,
And fair are the maids on the banks o' the Ayr,
But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river,
Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair;
To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all over:
To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain,
Grace, beauty and elegance fetter her lover,
And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

O fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning,
And sweet is the lily at evening close;
But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring;
Enthron'd in her een he delivers his law:
And still to her charms she alone is a stranger;
Her modest demeanor's the jewel of a'.

BURNS' POEMS.
WHEN WILD WAR'S DEADLY BLAST WAS BLAWN.

_Air—"The Mill, Mill O."_

When wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning.
I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor and honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' CoiL,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy:

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen,
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted:
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom:
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain wad be thy lodger;
I've serv'd my king and country lang,
Take pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier was than ever:
Quo' she, a sodger ane I lo'ed;
Forget him shall I never:
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it,
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't!

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
Syne pale like ony lily;
She sank within my arms, and cried,
Art thou my ain dear Willie?
By Him who made yon sun and sky—
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man; and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded.

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true hearted;
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair we've ne'er be parted.
Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,
A mailin plenish'd fairly;
And come, my faithful sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honour;
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember he's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger.
MEG O' THE MILL.

Air—"O Bonnie Lass will you lie in a Barrack!"

O ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten,
An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
She has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller,
And broken the heart o' the barley Miller.

The Miller was strappin', the Miller was ruddy;
A heart like a lord and a hue like a lady;
The Laird was a widdiefu', bleerit knurl;
She's left the guid fellow and ta'en the churl.

The Miller he hecht her, a heart leal and loving;
The Laird did address her wi' matter mair moving:
A fine pacing horse wi' a clear chained bridle,
A whip by her side, and a bonnie side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing;
And wae on the love that's fix'd on a mailin:
A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle,
But, gie me my love, and a fig for the warl!

---

SONG.

Tune—"The last time I came o'er the Moor."

Farewell thou stream that winding flows
Around Maria's dwelling!
Ah cruel mem'ry! spare the throes
Within my bosom swelling:
Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
And still in secret languish;
To feel a fire in ev'ry vein,
Yet dare not speak my anguish.

The wretch of love, unseen, unknown,
I fain my crime would cover:
The bursting sigh, th' unwee'ting groan,
Betray the hopeless lover.
I know my doom must be despair,
Thou wilt, nor canst relieve me;
But oh, Maria, hear one prayer,
For pity's sake forgive me.

The music of thy tongue I heard,
Nor wist while it enslav'd me;
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
'Till fears no more had saved me.
The unwary sailor thus aghast,
The wheeling torrent viewing;
'Mid circling horrors yields at last
To overwhelming ruin.

---

SONG.

*Tune*—"Liggeram cosh."

*Blythe* hae I been on yon hill,
As the lambs before me;
Careless ilka thought and free,
As the breeze flew o'er me:
Now nae langer sport and play,
Mirth or sang can please me:
Lesley is sae fair and coy,
Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy is the task,
Hopeless love declaring:
Trembling, I dow nocht but glowr,
Sighing, dumb, despairing!
If she winna ease the thraws,
In my bosom swelling;
Underneath the grass green sod,
Soon maun be my dwelling.

SONG.

_Tune—"Logan water._

O, _Logan_ sweetly didst thou glide,
That day I was my Willie's bride;
And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,
Like _Logan_ to the simmer sun.
But now the flowery banks appear
Like drumlie winter, dark an drear,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and _Logan_ braes.

Again the merry month o' May,
Has made our hills and valleys gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers:
Blythe the morning lifts his rosy eye,
And evening's tears are tears of joy:
My soul, delighted, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae _Logan_ braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush:
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile;
But I, wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae _Logan_ braes.
O wae upon you, men o’ state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return!
How can your flinty hearts enjoy,
The widow’s tears, the orphan’s cry;
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie, hame to Logan braes!

FRAGMENT.

Air—“Hughie Graham.

“O gin my love were yon red rose
“That grows upon the castle wa’,
“And I mysel’ a drap o’ dew,
“Into her bonnie breast to fa’!

“Oh, there beyond expression blest,
“I’d feast on beauty a’ the night;
“Seal’d on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
“Till fley’d awa by Phoebus’ light.”

O were my love yon lilach fair,
Wi’ purple blossoms to the spring;
And I a bird to shelter there
When wearied on my little wing.

How I wad mourn, when it was torn
By autumn wild, and winter rude!
But I wad sing on wanton wing,
When youthfu’ May its bloom renew’d.
BONNIE JEAN.

There was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen;
When a' the fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.

And aye she wrought her mammie's wark,
And aye she sang sae merrilie;
The blythest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
The flower and pride of a' the glen;
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryst,
He danced wi' Jeanie on the down;
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream,
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en;
So trembling pure, was tender love
Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;
Yet wist na what her ail might be,
Or what wad mak her weel again.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
And did na joy blink in her e'e,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love
Ae e'enin, on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love.

O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
O canst thou think to fancy me?
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me.

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee;
But stray amang the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me.

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had na will to say him na:
At length she blushed a sweet consent,
And love was aye between them twa.

PHILLIS THE FAIR.

Tune—"Robin Adair."

While larks with little wing,
Fann'd the pure air,
Tasting the breathing spring,
Forth I did fare;
Gay the sun's golden eye,
Peep'd o'er the mountains high;
Such thy morn! did I cry,
Phillis the fair.
In each bird's careless song,
    Glad, I did share;
While yon wild flowers among,
    Chance led me there;
Sweet to the opening day,
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray;
Such thy bloom, did I say,
    Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk,
    Doves cooing were,
I mark'd the cruel hawk
    Caught in a snare:
So kind may fortune be,
Such make his destiny!
He who would injure thee,
    Phillis the fair.

---

SONG.

Had I a cave on some wild, distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the wave's dashing roar:
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my last repose,
Till grief my eyes should close,
Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of womankind, canst thou declare,
All thy fond plighted vows—fleeting as air!
To thy new lover hie,
    Laugh o'er thy perjury,
Then in thy bosom try,
    What peace is there.
SONG.

*Tune—“Allan Water.”*

By Allan-stream I chanced to rove,
While Phoebus sank beyond Benleddi;
The winds were whispering through the grove,
The yellow corn was waving ready:
I listen’d to a lover’s sang,
And thought on youthfu’ pleasures mony;
And aye the wild-wood echoes rang—
O dearly do I lo’e thee Annie.

O happy be the woodbine bower,
Nae nightly bogle make it eerie;
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
The place and time I met my dearie:
Her head upon my throbbing breast,
She, sinking said, “I’m thine for ever!”
While mony a kiss the seal imprest,
The sacred vow, we ne’er should sever.

The haunt o’ spring’s the primrose brae,
The simmer joys the flocks to follow:
How cheery, thro’ her shortening day,
Is autumn in her weeds o’ yellow;
But can they melt the glowing heart,
Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure,
Or thro’ each nerve the rapture dart,
Like meeting her, our bosom’s treasure.

WHISTLE AND I’LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

O whistle and I’ll come to you, my lad,
O whistle and I’ll come to you, my lad;
Thō' father and mither and a' should gae mad,
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent when ye come to court me,
And come nae unless the back-yett be ajee;
Syne up the back style, and let nae body see,
And come as ye were nae comin' to me.
And come, &c.

O whistle, &c.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as tho' that ye cared nae a flie;
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
Yet look as ye were nae lookin' at me.
Yet look, &c.

O whistle, &c.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
But court nae anither, tho' jokin' ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.
For fear, &c.

O whistle, &c.

---

SONG

_Tune—"The Mucking of Geordie's byre."_

Adown winding Nith I did wander,
To mark the sweet flowers as they spring;
Adown winding Nith I did wander,
Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

CHORUS.

Awa wi' your belles and your beauties,
They never wi' her can compare.
Whichever has met wi' my Phillis,
   Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

The daisy amus'd my fond fancy,
   So artless, so simple, so wild;
Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis,
   For she is Simplicity's child.
   Awa, &c.

The rose bud's the blush o' my charmer,
   Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest;
How fair and how pure is the lily,
   But fairer and purer her breast.
   Awa, &c.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
   They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie:
Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine,
   Its dew-drop o' diamond, her eye.
   Awa, &c.

Her voice is the song of the morning
   That wakes thro' the green-spreading grove,
When Phoebus peeps over the mountains,
   On music, and pleasure, and love.
   Awa, &c.

But beauty, how frail and how fleeting,
   The bloom of a fine summer's day!
While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
   Will flourish without a decay.
   Awa, &c.
SONG.

_Air_—"Cauld Kae!"

Come let me take thee to my breast,
And pledge we ne'er shall sunder;
And I shall spurn as vilest dust
The world's wealth and grandeur:
And do I hear my Jeanie own,
That equal transports move her?
I ask for dearest life alone
That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure;
I'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure:
And by thy eeu, sae bonnie blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever!
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never.

DAINTY DAVIE.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay, green spreading bowers,
And now comes in my happy hours,
To wander wi' my Davie.

CHORUS.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie,
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.
The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blaw,
   A wandering wi' my Davie,
   Meet me, &c.

When purple morning starts the hare
To steal upon her early fare,
Then thro' the dews I will repair,
   To meet my faithfu' Davie,
   Meet me, &c.

When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' nature's rest,
I flee to his arms I lo'e best,
   And that's my ain dear Davie.

CHORUS.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
   Bonnie Davie, dainty Davie,
   There I'll spend the day wi' you,
   My ain dear dainty Davie.

SONG.

Tune—"Oran-gaol."

Behold the hour, the boat arrive;
   Thou goest, thou darling of my heart;
Sever'd from thee can I survive—
   But fate has will'd, and we must part.
I'll often greet this surging swell,
   Yon distant isle will often hail;
"E'en here, I took the last farewell;
   "There latest mark'd her vanish'd sail."
Along the solitary shore,
While flitting sea fowl round me cry,
Across the rolling, dashing roar,
I'll westward turn my wistful eye:
Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,
Where now my Nancy's path may be!
While thro' thy sweets she loves to stray,
O tell me, does she muse on me!

---

SONG.

_Tune—"Fee him Father."

_Thou_ hast left me ever, Jamie, _Thou_ hast left me ever,
_Thou_ hast left me ever, Jamie, _Thou_ hast left me ever.
Aften hast thou vow'd that death, Only should us sever,
Now thou's left thy lass for aye—I maun see thee never, Jamie,
I'll see thee never.

_Thou_ hast me forsaken, Jamie, _Thou_ hast me forsaken.
_Thou_ hast me forsaken, Jamie, _Thou_ hast me forsaken,
_Thou_ canst love anither jo, While my heart is breaking:
Soon my weary e'en I'll close—Never mair to waken, Jamie,
Ne'er mair to waken.
AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to min’?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o’ lang syne?

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We’ll tak’ a cup o’ kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pou’th the gowans fine;
But we’ve wandered mony a weary foot
Sin auld lang syne.
    For auld, &c

We twa hae paidelt i’ the burn,
F’rae mornin’ sun till dine:
But seas between us braid hae roar’d,
Sin auld lang syne.
    For auld, &c.

And here’s a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie’s a hand o’ thine;
And we’ll tak’ a right guid willie-waught,
For auld lang syne.
    For auld, &c.

And surely ye’ll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I’ll be mine!
And well tak’ a cup o’ kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
    For auld, &c.
BANNOCKBURN.

ROBERT BRUCE’S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

Scots, wha hae wi’ Wallace bled;
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory.

Now’s the day, and now’s the hour;
See the front o’ battle lour;
See approach proud Edward’s power—
Edward! chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward’s grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
   Traitor! coward! turn and flee.

Wha for Scotland’s king and law
Freedom’s sword will strongly draw!
Free-man stand, or free-man fa’,
   Caledonian! on wi’ me!

By oppression’s woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
   But they shall be—shall be free.

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty’s in every blow!
   Forward! let us do, or die!
FAIR JENNY.

*Tune—"Saw ye my father."

Where are the joys I hae met in the morning,
That danced to the lark's early song?
Where is the peace that awaited my wandering,
At evening the wild woods among?

No more a-winding the course of yon river,
And marking sweet flow'rets so fair;
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
But sorrow and sad-sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,
And grim surly winter is near?
No, no, the bees humming round the gay roses,
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
Yet long, long too well have I known:
All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Nor Hope dare a comfort bestow:
Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

---

SONG.

*Tune—"The Collier's Dochter."

Deluded swain, the pleasure
The fickle fair can give thee,
Is but a fairy treasure,
Thy hopes will soon deceive thee.
The billows on the ocean,
The breezes idly roaming.
The cloud's uncertain motion,
They are but types of woman.

O! art thou not ashamed,
To doat upon a feature?
If man thou wouldest be named,
Despise the silly creature.

Go, find an honest fellow;
Good claret set before thee:
Hold on till thou art mellow,
And then to bed in glory.

SONG,

Tune—"The Quaker's wife."

Thine am I, my faithful fair,
Thine, my lovely Nancy;
Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
Ev'ry roving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,
There to throb and languish;
Tho' despair had wrung its core,
That would heal its anguish,

Take away these rosy lips,
Rich with balmy treasure:
Turn away thine eyes of love,
Lest I die with pleasure.

What is life when wanting love?
Night without a morning:
Love's the cloudless summer sun,
Nature gay adorning.

SONG.

*Tune—"Jo Janet."

Husband, husband cease your strife,
Nor longer idly rave, sir;
Tho' I am your wedded wife,
Yet I am not your slave, sir.

"One of two must still obey,
Nancy, Nancy,
Is it man or woman, say,
My spouse Nancy?"

If 'tis still the lordly word,
Service and obedience;
I'll desert my sovereign lord,
And so good bye allegiance!

"Sad will I be so bereft,
Nancy, Nancy;
Yet I'll try to make a shift,
My spouse Nancy."

My poor heart then break it must,
My last hour I'm near it:
When you lay me in the dust,
Think, think how you will bear it.

"I will hope and trust in heaven,
Nancy, Nancy;
Strength to bear it will be given,
My spouse Nancy."
Well, sir, from the silent dead,  
Still I'll try to daunt you;  
Ever round your midnight bed  
Horrid sprites shall haunt you.

"I'll wed another like my dear,  
Nancy, Nancy;  
Then all hell will fly for fear,  
My spouse, Nancy."

---

**SONG.**

*Air—"The Sutor's Dochter."*

Wilt thou be my dearie:  
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,  
Wilt thou let me cheer thee:  
By the treasure of my soul,  
That's the love I bear thee!  
I swear and vow that only thou  
Shall ever be my dearie.  
Only thou, I swear and vow,  
Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;  
Or if thou wilt na be my ain,  
Say na thou'lt refuse me:  
If it winna, canna be,  
Thou for thine may choose me,  
Let me, lassie, quickly die,  
Trusting that thou lo'es me;  
Lassie let me quickly die,  
Trusting that thou lo'es me.
BANKS OF CREE.

Here is the glen, and here the bower,
All underneath the birchen shade;
The village-bell has told the hour,—
O what can stay my lovely maid.

'Tis not Maria's whispering call;
'Tis but the balmy-breathing gale,
Mixt with some warbler's dying fall
The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear!
So calls the woodlark in the grove,
His little, faithful mate to cheer;
At once 'tis music—and 'tis love.

And art thou come! and art thou true!
O welcome dear to love and me!
And let us all our vows renew,
Along the flowery banks of Cree.

VERSES TO A YOUNG LADY.

Here, where the Scottish muse immortal lives,
In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd,
Accept the gift; though humble he who gives,
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.

So may no ruffian feeling in thy breast,
Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among;
But peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
Or love ecstatic wake his seraph song.

Or pity's notes, in luxury of tears,
As modest want the tale of woe reveals;
While conscious virtue all the strain endears,
   And heaven-born piety her sanction seals.

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

_Tune—"O'er the Hills," &c._

How can my poor heart be glad,
When absent from my sailor lad;
How can I the thought forego,
He's on the seas to meet the foe;
Let me wander, let me rove,
Still my heart is with my love;
Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
Are with him that's far away,

CHORUS.

On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
Are aye with him that's far away.

When in summer's noon I faint
As weary flocks around me pant,
Haply in this scorching sun
My sailor's thundering at his gun:
Bullets spare my only joy!
Bullets, spare my darling boy!
Fate do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away!
On the seas, &c.

At the starless midnight hour,
When winter rules with boundless power;
As the storms the forest tear,
And thunders rend the howling air,
Listening to the doubling roar,
Surging on the rocky shore,
All I can—I weep and pray,
For his weal that's far away.
    On the seas, &c.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
And bid wild war his ravage end,
Man with brother man to meet,
And as a brother kindly greet:
Then may heaven, with prosp'rous gales,
Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
To my arms their charge convey,
My dear lad that's far away,
    On the seas, &c.

---

SONG.

CHORUS.

Ca' the yewes to the knowes,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rows,
    My bonnie dearie.

Hark the mavis evening sang
Sounding Clouden's woods amang
Then a-faulding let us gang,
    My bonnie dearie.
    Ca' the, &c.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,
Thro' the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves, that sweetly glide
    To the moon sae clearly.
    Ca' the, &c.
Yonder Clouden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
   Fairies dance sae cheery.
   Ca' the, &c.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
   My bonnie dearie.
   Ca' the, &c.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die—but canna part,
   My bonnie dearie.
   Ca' the, &c.

SHE SAYS SHE LO'ES ME BEST
OF A'.

Tune—"Onagh's Water-fall."

Sae flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er-arching
   Twa laughing een o' bonnie blue.
Her smiling sae wyling,
   Wad make a wretch forget his woe;
What pleasure, what treasure,
Unto these rosy lips to grow;
Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,
When first her bonnie face I saw,
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
   She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion:
   Her pretty ancle is a spy
Z 2
Betraying fair proportion,
   Wad make a saint forget the sky.
Sae warming, sae charming,
   Her faultless form and graceful air
Ilk feature—auld Nature
   Declar'd that she could do nae mair:
Hers are the willing chains o' love,
   By conquering beauty's sovereign law;
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
   She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
   And gaudy show at sunny noon;
Gie me the lonely valley,
   The dewy eve, and rising moon.
Fair beaming and streaming,
   Her silver light the boughs amang;
While falling, recalling,
   The amorous thrush concludes his sang:
There dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
   By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
And hear my vows o' truth and love,
   And say thou lo'es me best of a'.

---

SAW YE MY PHELY.

(Quasi dicat Phillis.)

Tune—"When she came ben she bobbet."

O saw ye my dear, my Phely?
O saw ye my dear, my Phely?
She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new love,
   She winna come hame to her Willie.

What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
She lets thee to wit that she has thee forgot,
   And for ever disowns thee her Willie.

O had I ne'er seen thee my Phely?
O had I ne'er seen thee my Phely?
As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,
   Thou's broken the heart ' thy Willie.

**SONG.**

*Tune—“Cauld kail in Aberdeen.”*

How lang and dreary is the night,
   When I am frae my dearie;
I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
   Though I were ne'er sae weary.

**CHORUS.**

For oh, her lanely nights are lang;
   And oh, her dreams are eerie;
And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,
   That's absent frae her dearie.

When I think on the lightsome days
   I spent wi' thee, my dearie;
And now what seas between us roar,
   How can I be but eerie?
   For oh, &c.

How slow ye move ye heavy hours;
   The joyless day how dreary:
It was na sae, ye glinted by,
   When I was wi' my dearie.
   For oh, &c.
SONG.

Tune—"Duncan Gray.

Let not women e'er complain,
   Of inconstancy in love;
Let not women e'er complain,
   Fickle man is apt to rove;

Look abroad through Nature's range,
   Nature's mighty law is change;
Ladies would it not be strange;
   Man should then a monster prove?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies;
   Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow:
Sun and moon but set to rise,
   Round and round the seasons go:

Why then ask of silly man,
   To oppose great Nature's plan?
We'll be constant while we can—
   You can be no more you know.

THE LOVER'S MORNING SALUTE
TO HIS MISTRESS.

Tune "Deil tak the wars."

Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature?
   Rosy morn now lifts his eye,
Numbering ilka bud which Nature
   Waters wi' the tears o' joy:
Now through the leafy woods,
   And by the reeking floods;
Wild Nature's tenants, freely, gladly stray;
   The lintwhite in his bower
Chants o'er the breathing flower:
   The lav'rock to the sky
Ascends wi' saungs o' joy,
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day,
Phoebus gilding the brow o' morning
   Banishes ilka darksome shade,
Nature gladdening and adorning;
   Such to me my lovely maid.
When absent frae my fair,
   The murky shades o' care
With starless gloom o'er cast my sullen sky;
   But when in beauty's light,
She meets my ravish'd sight,
   When through my very heart
Her beaming glories dart;
'Tis then I wake to life, to light and joy.

---

THE AULD MAN.

But lately seen in gladsome green
   The woods rejoiced the day,
Thro' gentle showers the laughing flowers
   In double pride were gay:
But now our joys are fled,
   On winter blasts awa!
Yet maiden May, in rich array,
   Again shall bring them a'.
But my white pow, nae kindly thowe
   Shall melt the snavs of age;
My trunk of eild, but buss or beild,
   Sinks in time's wintry rage.
Oh, age has weary days,
   And nights o' sleepless pain!
Thou golden time o' youthful prime,
   Why comest thou not again!
SONG.

_Tune_—"My lodging is on the cold ground."

My Chloris, mark how green the groves,
The primrose banks how fair:
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings:
For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
In lordly lighted ha';
The shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blythe, in the birken shaw.

The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
But are their hearts as light as ours
Beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd, in the flowery glen,
In shepherd's phrase will woo:
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true?

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck
That spotless breast o' thine:
The courtier's gems may witness love—
But 'tis na love like mine.
SONG,

ALTERED FROM AN OLD ENGLISH ONE.

It was the charming month of May,
When all the flowers were fresh and gay,
One morning by the break of day,
The youthful, charming Chloe;

From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flowery mead she goes,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

CHORUS.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

The feather'd people you might see
Perch'd all around on every tree,
In notes of sweetest melody
They hail the charming Chloe;

'Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise,
Outrivall'd by the radiant eyes
Of youthful, charming Chloe.
Lovely was she, &c.
LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

Tune—"Rothiemurchie's Rant."

CHORUS.

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie O.

Now Nature cleeds the flowery lea,
And a' is young and sweet like thee;
O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
And say thou'llt be my dearie O.

Lassie wi', &c.

And when the welcome summer-shower
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower,
At sultry noon, my dearie O.

Lassie wi', &c.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way;
Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
And talk o' love, my dearie O.

Lassie wi', &c.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest;
Enclasped to my faithfu' breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie O.

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie O.
BURNS' POEMS.

DUET.

Tune—"The sow's tail."

HE.
O Philly, happy be that day
When roving through the gather'd hay
My youthfu' heart was stown away,
And by thy charms, my Philly.

SHE.
O Willie, aye I bless the grove
Where first I own'd my maiden love,
Whilst thou didst pledge the powers above
To be my ain dear Willie.

HE.
As songsters of the early year
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
So ilka day to me mair dear
And charming is my Philly.

SHE.
As on the brier the budding rose
Still richer breathes and fairer blows,
So in my tender bosom grows
The love I bear my Willie.

HE.
The milder sun and bluer sky,
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye
As is a sight of Philly.

SHE.
The little swallow's wanton wing,
Tho' wafting o'er the flowery spring,
Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring,
As meeting o' my Willie.
The bee, that thro' the sunny hour
Sips nectar in the opening flower,
Compar'd wi' my delight is poor,
Upon the lips o' Philly.

The woodbine in the dewy weet
When evening shades in silence meet,
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet
As is a kiss o' Willie.

Let fortune's wheel at random rin,
And fools may tyne, and knaves may win:
My thoughts are a' bound upon ane,
And that's my ain dear Philly.

What's a' the joys that gowd can gie?
I care nae wealth a single flie
The lad I lo'es the lad for me,
And that's my ain dear Willie.

SONG.

Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
I gie them a skelp, as they're creeping alang,
Wi' a cog o' guid swats and an auld Scottish sang.

I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought.
But man is a sodger, and life is a faught:
My mirth and guid humour are coin in my pouch,
And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night o' guid fellowship sowthers it a':
When at the blythe end of our journey at last,
Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?

Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way;
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jad gae:
Come ease, or come travail; come pleasure or pain;
My warst word is—"Welcome and welcome again!"

---

**CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS MY KATY?**

*Tune—"Roy's wife."

**CHORUS.**

Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Canst thou leave me thus my Katy
Well thou know'st my aching heart,
And canst thou leave me thus for pity?

Is this thy plighted fond regard,
Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?
Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
An aching, broken heart, my Katy?
Canst thou, &c.
Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
That fickle heart of thine, my Katy!
Thou may'st find those will love thee dear—
But not a love like mine, my Katy.
Caust thou, &c.

MY NANNIE'S AWA.

_Tune_—"There'll ne'er be peace," &c.

Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,
And lists the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw;
But to me it's delightless—my Nannie's awa.

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa.

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dews o' the lawn,
The shepherd to warn o' the grey breaking dawn,
And thou mellow mavis, that hails the night-fa',
Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa.

Come autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay;
The dark dreary winter and wild driving snaw,
Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa.
FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

Is there for honest poverty
That hangs his head, and a' that;
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin' grey, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show and a' that:
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that:
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.
Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
Its comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

SONG.

_Tune—"Craigie-burn wood."

_Sweet fa's the eve on Craigie-burn,
And blythe awakes the morrow,
But a' the pride o' spring's return
Can yield me nocht but sorrow._

_I see the flowers and spreading trees,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But what a weary wight can please,
And care his bosom wringing?

_Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
Yet dare na for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer._

If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love anither,
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
_Around my grave they'll wither._
SONG.

*Tune—“Let me in this ae night.”*

O Lassie, art thou sleeping yet,
Or art thou wakin, I would wit,
For love has bound me hand and foot,
And I would fain be in, jo.

CHORUS.

O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night,
For pity’s sake this ae night,
O’ rise and let me in jo.

Thou hear’st the winter wind and weet,
Nae star blinks thro’ the driving sleet,
Tak pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa’s;
The cauldness o’ thy heart’s the cause
Of a’ my grief and pain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

HER ANSWER.

O tell na me o’ wind and rain,
Upbraid na me wi’ cauld disdain,
Gae back the gate ye cam’ again,
I winna let you in, jo,

CHORUS.

I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;

2 A
And ance for a’ this ae night;  
I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast at mirkest hour.  
That round the pathless wand’rer pours,  
Is nocht to what poor she endures  
That’s trusted faithless man, jo.  
I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that deck’d the mead,  
Now trodden like the vilest weed:  
Let simple maid the lesson read,  
The weird may be her ain, jo.  
I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm’d his summer-day,  
Is now the cruel fowler’s prey;  
Let witless, trusting woman say,  
How aft her fate’s the same, jo.  
I tell you now, &c.

ADDRESS TO THE WOODLARK.

Tune—“Where’ll bonnie Annie lie.”

Or, “Loch-Erroch Side.”

O stay, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay,  
Nor quit for me the trembling spray,  
A helpless lover courts thy lay,  
Thy soothing fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,  
That I may catch thy melting art:  
For surely that wad touch her heart,  
Wha kills me wi’ disdaining.
Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind?
Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd,
Sic notes o' woe could wauken.

Thou tells o' never-ending care;
O' speechless grief, and dark despair:
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair?
Or my poor heart is broken!

ON CHLORIS BEING ILL.

Tune—"Aye wakin'."

CHORUS.

Long, long the night,
   Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight,
   Is on her bed of sorrow.

Can I cease to care,
   Can I cease to languish,
While my darling fair
   Is on the couch of anguish?
Long, &c.

Every hope is fled.
   Every fear is terror:
Slumber e'en I dread,
   Every dream is horror.
Long, &c.

Hear me, pow'rs divine!
   Oh, in pity hear me!
Take aught else of mine,
But my Chloris spare me.
Lang, &c.

2 A 2
SONG.

_Tune—"Humours of Glen."_

Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume,
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom;
Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen:
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
A listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave;
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
What are they? The haunt o' the tyrant and slave!
The slave's spicy forests, and gold bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views with disdain;
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
Save Love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.
SONG.

_Tune—"Laddie, lie near me."_

Twa's na her bonnie blue e'e was my ruin;
Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoing:
'Twas the dear smile when nae body did mind us,
'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me;
But tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest!
And thou'rt the angel that never can alter,
Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.

ALTERED FROM AN OLD ENGLISH SONG.

_Air—"John Anderson my jo."_

How cruel are the parents
Who riches only prize,
And to the wealthy booby,
Poor woman sacrifice.
Meanwhile the hapless daughter
Has but a choice of strife;
To shun a tyrant father's hate,
Become a wretched wife.

The ravening hawk pursuing,
The trembling dove thus flies
To shun impelling ruin
   A while her pinions tries;
'Till of escape despairing,
   No shelter or retreat,
She trusts the ruthless falconer,
   And drops beneath his feet.

SONG.

_Tune—“Deil tak the wars._

**Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion,**
   Round the wealthy, titled bride:
But when compared with real passion
   Poor is all that princely pride.
_What are their showy treasures?_  
   _What are their noisy pleasures?_
**The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art.**
_The polish’d jewel’s blaze,_
_May draw the wond’ring gaze,_
   _And courtly grandeur bright,_
_The fancy may delight,_
But never, never can come near the heart.

But did you see my dearest Chloris,
   In simplicity’s array;
Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
   Shrinking from the gaze of day.
_O then the heart alarming,_
   _And all resistless charming,_
_In Love’s delightful fetters she chains the willing soul!_  
_Ambition would disown_ 
_The world’s imperial crown,_
_Even Av’rice would deny_ 
_His worshipp’d deity,_
_And feel thro’ every vein Love’s raptures roll._
SONG.

*Tune—"This is no my ain House.*

CHORUS.

O this is no my ain lassie,
Fair tho' the lassie be;
O weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her e'e.

I see a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place:
It wants to me the witching grace,
The kind love that's in her e'e.
O this is no, &c.

She's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall;
And aye it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her e'e.
O this is no, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
To steal a blink by a' unseen;
But gleg as light are lovers' e'en.
When kind love is in her e'e.
O this is no, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks;
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her e'e.
O this is no &c.
To Mr CUNNINGHAM.

SCOTTISH SONG.

Now spring has clad the grove in green,
And strew'd the lea wi' flowers;
The furrow'd, waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers;
While ilka thing in nature join
Their sorrows to forego,
O why thus all alone are mine
The weary steps of woe!

The trout within yon wimpling burn
Glides swift, a silver dart,
And safe beneath the shady thorn
Defies the angler's art;
My life was ance that careless stream,
That wanton trout was I;
But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
Has scorch'd my fountains dry.

The little flow'ret's peaceful lot,
In yonder cliff that grows,
Which save the linnet's flight, I wot,
Nae ruder visit knows,
Was mine; till love has o'er me past,
And blighted a' my bloom,
And now beneath the with'ring blast,
My youth and joy consume.

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs,
And climbs the early sky,
Winnowing blythe her dewy wings
In morning's rosy eye;
As little reckt I sorrow's power,
Until the flowery snare
O' witching love, in luckless hour,
Made me the thrall o' care.
O had my fate been Greenland's snows,
Or Afric's burning zone,
Wi' man and nature leagued my foes,
So Peggy ne'er I'd known!
The wretch whase doom is, "hope nae ma'it;"
That tongue his woes can tell!
Within whase bosom, save despair
Nae kinder spirits dwell.

SCOTTISH SONG.

O bonnie was yon rosy brier,
That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man;
And bonnie she, and ah! how dear!
It shaded frae the e'enin' sun.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew
How pure, amang the leaves sae green;
But purer was the lover's vow
They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
That crimson rose, how sweet and fair!
But love is far a sweeter flower
Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine;
And I the world, nor wish, nor scorn,
Its joys and griefs alike resign.
'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend,
Nor thou the gift refuse,
Nor with unwilling ear attend
The moralizing muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
Must bid the world adieu,
(A world 'gainst peace in constant arms)
To join the friendly few.

Since thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
Chill came the tempest's lour;
(And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
Did nip a fairer flower.)

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more,
Still much is left behind;
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store,
The comforts of the mind!

Thine is the self-approving glow,
On conscious honour's part;
And, dearest gift of heaven below,
Thine friendship's truest heart.

The joys refined of sense and taste
With every muse to rove;
And doubly were the poet blest
These joys could he improve.
ENGLISH SONG.

Tune—"Let me in this ae night."

FORLORN, my love, no comfort near,
Far, far from thee I wander here;
Far, far from thee, the fate severe
At which I most repine, love.

CHORUS.

O wert thou love, but near me,
But near, near, near me;
How kindly thou wouldst cheer me.
And mingle sighs with mine, love.

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
That blasts each bud of hope and joy;
And shelter, shade, nor home have I,
Save in these arms of thine, love.
O wert, &c.

Cold, alter'd friendship's cruel part,
To poison fortune's ruthless dart—
Let me not break thy faithful heart,
And say that fate is mine, love.
O wert, &c.

But dreary tho' the moments fleet,
O let me think we yet shall meet!
That only ray of solace sweet
Can on thy Chloris shine, love.
O wert, &c.
SCOTTISH BALLAD.

Tune—"The Lothian Lassie."

Last May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
   And sair wi' his love he did deave me;
I said there was nae thing I hated like men,
   The deuce gae wi' m, to believe me, believe me,
   The deuce gae wi' m, to believe me.

He spak o' the darts in my bonnie black e'en,
   And vow'd for my love he was dying;
I said he might die when he liked, for Jean,
   Gude forgie me for lying, for lying,
   Gude forgie me for lying!

A weel-stocked mailen, himsel' for the laird,
   And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers:
I never loot on that I kend it, or cared,
   But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,
   But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think? in a fortnight or less,
   The deil tak his taste to gae near her!
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,
   Guess ye how the jad I could bear her,
   Could bear her,
   Guess ye how the jad I could bear her.

But a' the neist week as I fretted wi' care,
   I gaed to the tryste of Dalgarnock,
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there!
   I glowred as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
   I glowred as I'd seen a warlock.
But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
Lest neebors might say I was saucy;
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
Gin she had recover'd her hearin'
And how her new shoon fit her auld shachlet feet,
But oh! how he fell a swearin', a swearin!
But oh! how he fell a swearin.

He begged, for Gudesake! I wad be his wife,
Or else I would kill him wi' sorrow:
So, e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

FRAGMENT.

Tune—"The Caledonian Hunt's delight.

Why, why tell thy lover,
Bliss he never must enjoy;
Why, why undeceive him,
And give all his hopes the lie.

O why, while fancy, raptured, slumbers,
Chloris, Chloris all the theme,
Why, why wouldst thou, cruel,
Wake thy lover from his dream.
HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

*Tune—"Balinamona Ora."*

Away wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms;
O, gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,
O, gie me the lass wi' the weeł-stockit farms.

*CHORUS.*

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher, then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher; the nice yelow guineas for me.

Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows,
And withers the faster, the faster it grows;
But the rapturous charm o' the bonnie green knowes,
Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonnie white yowes.
Then, hey, &c.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when pos-sest;
But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie im-prest,
The langer ye hae them—the mair they're ca-rest.
Then, hey, &c.
SONG.

CHORUS.

Here's a health to ane I love dear,
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as the parting tear—Jessie!

Although thou maun never be mine,
Although even hope is denied!
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing
Than aught in the world beside—Jessie!
Here's a health, &c.

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,
As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lock't in thy arms—Jessie!
Here's a health, &c.

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling e'e;
But why urge the tender confession
'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree—Jessie!
Here's a health, &c.

SONG.

Tune—"Rothiemurchie."

Fairest maid on Devon banks,
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou were wont to do.
Full well thou knowest I love thee dear,
Couldst thou to malice lend an ear!
O did not love exclaim, "Forbear!
Nor use a faithful lover so."
Fairest maid, &c.

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,
Those wonted smiles, O let me share;
And by that beauteous self I swear,
No love but thine my heart shall know.
Fairest maid, &c.

THE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.

'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,
On every blade the pearls hang;
The Zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets alang:
In ev'ry glen the mavis sang,
All nature listening seem'd the while,
Except where green-wood echoes rang,
Amang the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy,
When musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy;
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like nature's vernal smile,
Perfection whispered passing by,
Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
And sweet is night in autumn mild;
When roving through the garden guy,
Or wandering in the lonely wild:
But woman, nature's darling child!
There all her charms she does compile:
Even there her other works are foil'd
By the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

O had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Tho' sheltered in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotland's plain.
Tho' weary winter's wind and rain,
With joy, with rapture, I would toil,
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slippery steep,
Where fame and honours lofty shine;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward seek the Indian mine:
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks or till the soil,
And every day have joys divine,
With the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past.
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green.
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
'Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

---

ON A YOUNG LADY

RESIDING ON THE BANKS OF THE SMALL RIVER DEVON, IN CLACKMANNANSHIRE, BUT WHOSE INFANT YEARS WERE SPENT IN AYRSHIRE.

How pleasant the banks of the clear-winding Devon,
With green-spreading bushes, and flowers blooming fair;
But the bonniest flower on the banks of the
Devon
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the
Ayr.

Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
In the gay rosy morn as it bathes in the dew!
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the evening each leaf to renew.

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn!
And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn!

Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
And England triumphant display her proud rose;
A fairer than either adorns the green valleys
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

CASTLE GORDON.

I.

Streams that glide in orient plains,
Never bound by winter's chains;
Glowing here on golden sands,
There commix'd with foulest stains
From tyranny's empurpled bands:
These, their richly gleaming waves,
I leave to tyrants and their slaves;
Give me the stream that sweetly laves
The banks by Castle-Gordon.
II.

Spicy forests ever gay,
Shading from the burning ray
Hapless wretches sold to toil,
Or the ruthless native's way,
Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil:
Woods that ever verdant wave,
I leave the tyrant and the slave;
Give me the groves that lofty brave
The storms by Castle-Gordon.

III.

Wildly here, without control,
Nature reigns and rules the whole;
In that sober pensive mood,
Dearest to the feeling soul,
She plants the forest, pours the flood.
Life's poor day I'll musing rave,
And find at night a sheltering cave,
Where waters flow and wild woods wave,
By bonnie Castle-Gordon.

NAE-BODY.

I hae a wife o' my ain,
I'll partake wi' nae-body;
I'll tak cuckold frae nane,
I'll gie cuckold to nae-body.

I hae a penny to spend,
There—thanks to nae-body;
I hae naething to lend,
I'll borrow frae nae-body.

I am nae-body's lord,
I'll be slave to nae-body;
I hae a guid braid sword,
I'll tak dunts frae nae-body.

I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for nae-body;
If nae-body care for me,
I'll care for nae-body.

SONG OF DEATH.

Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth
and ye skies,
Now gay with the bright setting sun;
Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties,
Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go frighten the coward and slave;
Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
No terrors hast thou to the brave!

Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark!
He falls in the blaze of his fame!

In the field of proud honour—our swords in our hands,
Our king and our country to save—
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
O! who would not rest with the brave!
THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

The small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale;
The hawthorn trees blow in the dews of the morning,
And wild scattered cowslips bedeck the green dale:

But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
While the lingering moments are numbered by care?
No flowers gaily springing, nor birds sweetly singing,
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dared could it merit their malice—
A king and a father to place on his throne?
His right are these hills and his right are these valleys,
Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find none.

But 'tis not my sufferings thus wretched, forlorn,
My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn;
Your deeds prov'd so loyal, in hot bloody trial,
Alas! can I make you no sweeter return!
Thou whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deckt in silken stole,
'Grave these maxims on thy soul:
Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost;
Hope not sunshine every hour;
Fear not clouds will ever lour.

Happiness is but a name,
Make content and ease thy aim.
Ambition is a meteor-gleam:
Fame, an idle restless dream:
Peace, the tend'rest flow'r of spring;
Pleasures, insects on the wing.
Those that sip the dew alone,
Make the butterflies thy own;
Those that would the bloom devour,
Crush the locusts, save the flower.
For the future be prepared,
Guard wherever thou canst guard;
But thy utmost duly done,
Welcome what thou canst not shun.
Follies past give thou to air,
Make their consequence thy care:
Keep the name of man in mind,
And dishonour not thy kind.
Reverence with lowly heart
Him whose wond'rous work thou art;
Keep his goodness still in view,
Thy trust and thy example too.

Stranger, go! heaven be thy guide!
Quod the Beadesman of Nith-side.
EPISTLE TO R. GRAHAM, ESQ.

When nature her great master-piece design'd,
And framed her last, best work, the human mind,
Her eye intent on all the mazy plan,
She form'd of various parts the various man.

Then first she calls the useful many forth;
Plain plodding industry, and sober worth;
Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,
And merchandise' whole genus take their birth:
Each prudent cit a warm existence finds,
And all mechanics' many-aproned kinds.
Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet,
The lead and buoy are needful to the net:
The caput mortuum of gross desires
Makes a material, for mere knights and squires:
The martial phosphorus is taught to flow,
She kneads the lumpish philosophic dough,
Then marks th' unyielding mass with grave designs,
Law, physics, politics, and deep divines:
Last, she sublimes th' Aurora of the poles,
The flashing elements of female souls.

The ordered system fair before her stood,
Nature well pleased pronounced it very good;
But ere she gave creating labour o'er,
Half-jest, she tried one curious labour more.
Some spumy, fiery, ignis fatuus matter;
Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter;
With arch alacrity and conscious glee
(Nature may have her whim as well as we,
Her Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to show it)
She forms the thing, and christens it—a poet.
Creature, tho' oft the prey of care and sorrow,
When blest to-day unmindful of to-morrow.
A being form'd t' amuse his graver friends,
Admir'd and prais'd—and there the homage ends:
A mortal quite unfit for fortune's strife,
Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life;
Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,
Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live:
Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,
Yet frequent all unheeded in his own.

But honest Nature is not quite a Turk,
She laugh'd at first, then felt for her poor work.
Pitying the propless climber of mankind,
She cast about a standard tree to find;
And to support his helpless woodbine state,
Attach'd him to the generous truly great.
A title, and the only one I claim,
To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.

Pity the tuneful muses' hapless train,
Weak, timid landmen on life's stormy main!
Their hearts no selfish stern absorbent stuff,
That never gives—tho' humbly takes enough;
The little fate allows, they share as soon,
Unlike sage proverb'd wisdom's hard wrung boon.
The world were blest, did bliss on them depend,
Ah, that "the friendly e'er should want a friend!"
Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son,
Who life and wisdom at one race begun,
Who feel by reason, and who give by rule,
(Instinct's a brute, and sentiment a fool!)
Who make poor will do wait upon I should—
We own they're prudent, but who feels they're good?
Ye wise ones, hence! ye hurt the social eye!
God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy!
But come ye who the godlike pleasure know,
Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow!
Whose arms of love would grasp the human race:

Come thou who giv'st with all a courtier's grace;
Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes!
Prop of my dearest hopes for future times.
Why shrinks my soul half blushing, half afraid,
Backward, abash'd to ask thy friendly aid?
I know my need, I know thy giving hand,
I crave thy friendship at thy kind command;
But there are such who court the tuneful nine—
Heavens, should the branded character be mine!
Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows,
Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose.
Mark, how their lofty independent spirit,
Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit!
Seek not the proofs in private life to find;
Pity, the best of words should be but wind!
So, to heaven's gates the lark-shrill song ascends,
But grovelling on the earth the carol ends.
In all the clam'rous cry of starving want,
They dun benevolence with shameless front;
Oblige them, patronize their tinsel lays,
They persecute you all your future days!
Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain,
My hornie fist assume the plough again;
The piebald jacket let me patch once more;
On eighteen pence a-week I've liv'd before.
Though, thanks to heaven, I dare even that last shift,
I trust, meantime, my boon is in thy gift:
That placed by thee, upon the wish'd-for height,
Where, man and nature fairer in her sight,
My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight.
MY BONNIE MARY.

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
    An' fill it in a silver tassie;
That I may drink, before I go,
    A service to my bonnie lassie:
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith;
    Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the ferry,
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
    And I maun lea'e my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
    The glittering spears are ranked ready:
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
    The battle closes thick and bloody:
But it's not the roar o' sea or shore,
    Wad mak me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar,
    It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY ME,

WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT AT.

INHUMAN man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
    And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye,
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
    Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart.

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
    The bitter little that of life remains;
No more the thickening brakes or verdant plains,
    To thee a home, or food, or pastime yield.
Seek, mangled innocent, some wonted form;
That wonted form, alas! thy dying bed,
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy blood-stained bosom warm.

Perhaps a mother's anguish adds its woe;
The playful pair crowd fondly by thy side;
Ah! helpless nurslings, who will now provide
That life a mother only can bestow?

Oft as by winding Nith, I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruthless wretch, and mourn thy hapless fate.

---

TO DR BLACKLOCK.

Ellisland, 21st October, 1789.

Wow, but your letter made me vauntie!
And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie?
en'd it still your wee bit jauntie,
Wad bring ye to:
Lord send you aye as weel's I want ye,
And then ye'll do.

The ill-thief blaw the Heron south!
And never drink be near his drouth!
He tauld mysel by word o' mouth,
He'd tak my letter;
I lippen'd to the chiel in trouth,
And bade nae better.

But aiblins honest Master Heron
Had at that time some dainty fair one,
To ware his theologic care on,
    And holy study;
And tired o' sauls to waste his leer on,
    E'en tried the body.

But what d'ye think, my trusty fier,
I'm turn'd a gauger—Peace be here!
Parnassian queens, I fear, I fear,
    Ye'll now disdain me,
And then my fifty pounds a-year
    Will little gain me.

Ye glaiket, gleesome, dainty damies,
Wha by Castalia's wimplin streamies,
Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies,
    Ye ken, ye ken,
That strang necessity supreme is
    'Mang sons o' men.

I hae a wife and twa wee laddies,
They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies:
Ye ken yoursel my heart right proud is,
    I needna vaunt,
But I'll sned besoms—thraw saugh woodies,
    Before they want.

Lord help me thro' this warld o' care.
I'm weary sick o't late and air!
Not but I hae a richer share
    Than mony ither's;
But why should ae man better fare,
    And a' men brithers!

Come Firm Resolve, take thou the van,
Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man!
And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
    A lady fair:
Wha does the utmost that he can,
    Will whyles do mair.
But to conclude my silly rhyme,
(I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time,)
To make a happy fire-side clime
   To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
   Of human life.

My compliments to sister Beckie;
And eke the same to honest Lucky;—
I wat she is a dainty chuckie,
   As e'er tread clay!
And gratefully, my gude auld cockie,
    I'm yours for aye.

ROBERT BURNS.

---

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE, ELLISLAND, ON NEW-YEAR-DAY EVENING.

No song nor dance I bring from yon great city,
That queens it o'er our taste—the more's the pity:
Tho', by the bye, abroad why will you roam?
Good sense and taste are natives here at home;
But not for panegyric I appear,
I come to wish you all a good new year!
Old Father Time deputes me here before ye,
Not for to preach, but tell his simple story:
The sage grave ancient cough'd, and bade me say,
"You're one year older this important day,"
If wiser too—he hinted some suggestion,
But 'twould be rude, you know, to ask the question;
And with a would-be-roguish leer and wink,
He bade me on you press this one word—
"THINK!"

Ye sprightly youths, quite flush with hope
and spirit,
Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,
To you the dotard has a deal to say,
In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way!
He bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,
That the first blow is ever half the battle;
That tho' some by the skirt may try to snatch
him,
Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him,
That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,
You may do miracles by persevering.

Last, tho' not least in love, ye youthful fair,
Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care!
To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled
brow,
[Now!]
And humbly begs you'll mind the important—
To crown your happiness, he asks your leave,
And offers, bliss to give and to receive.

For our sincere, tho' haply weak endeavours,
With grateful pride we own your many favours:
And howso'er our tongues may ill reveal it,
Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it.

ELEGY

ON THE LATE MISS BURNET OF MONBODDO.

Life ne'er exulted in so rich a prize,
As Burnet, lovely from her native skies;
Nor envious death so triumph'd in a blow,
As that which laid th'accomplish'd Burnet low.
Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget; 
In richest ore the brightest jewel set!
In thee, high Heaven above was truest shown,
As by his noblest work the Godhead best is known.

In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves; 
Thou crystal streamlet with thy flowery shore;
Ye woodland choir that chaunt your idle loves,
Ye cease to charm; Eliza is no more.

Ye heathy wastes inmix'd with reedy fens,
Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stor'd,
Ye rugged cliffs o'erhanging dreary glens,
To you I fly, ye with my soul accord.

Princes whose cumb'rous pride was all their worth,
Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail;
And thou, sweet excellence! forsake our earth,
And not a muse in honest grief bewail.

We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,
And virtue's light that beams beyond the spheres;
But like the sun eclips'd at morning tide,
Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears.

---

IMITATION

OF AN OLD JACOBITE SONG.

By yon castle wa', at the close of the day,
I heard a man sing, though his head it was grey;
And as he was singing, the tears fast down came—
There'll never be peace 'till Jamie comes hame.

The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars:
We dare na' weil say't, but we ken wha's to blame—
There'll never be peace 'till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yird:
It brack the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame—
There'll never be peace 'till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;
But 'till my last moment my words are the same—
There'll never be peace 'till Jamie comes hame.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS SPOKEN BY MISS FонтENELLE ON HER BENEFIT-NIGHT.

While Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things,
The fate of empires and the fall of kings,
While Quacks of state must each produce his plan,
And even children lisp the Rights of Man:
Amid this mighty fuss just let me mention,
The Rights of Woman merit some attention.
First, in the sexes' intermix'd connexion,  
One sacred Right of Woman is protection.—  
The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,  
Helpless, must fall before the blast of fate,  
Sunk to the earth, defaced its lovely form,  
Unless your shelter ward th'impending storm.

Our second Right's—but needless here is  
caution,  
To keep that right inviolate's the fashion,  
Each man of sense has it so full before him,  
He'd die before he'd wrong it—'tis decorum.—  
There was, indeed, in far less polish'd days,  
A time, when rough, rude man had naughty  
ways:  
Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a  
riot,  
Nay, even thus invade a lady's quiet.—  
Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are  
died:  
Now, well-bred men—and you are all well-  
bred—  
Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)  
Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.

For Right the third, our last, our best, our  
dearest,  
That right to fluttering female hearts the near-  
est,  
Which even the Rights of Kings in low pro-  
stration  
Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear admiration!  
In that blest sphere alone we live and move;  
There taste that life of life—immortal love—  
Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,  
'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares—  
When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,  
Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms?
But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,
With bloody armaments and revolutions;
Let majesty your first attention summon,
Ah! ca! ira! THE MAJESTY OF WOMAN!

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT, DEC. 4, 1795, AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES.

Still anxious so secure your partial favour,
And not less anxious, sure, this night than ever,
A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,
'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better;
So, sought a Poet, roosted near the skies,
Told him, I came to feast my curious eyes;
Said, nothing like his works was ever printed;
And last, my prologue-business slily hinted.—
"Ma'am, let me tell you," quoth my man of rhymes:
"I know your bent—these are no laughing times:
Can you—but Miss, I own I have my fears,
Dissolve in pause—and sentimental tears—
With laden sighs, and solemn rounded sentence,
Rouse from his sluggish slumbers fell Repentance;
Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand
Waving on high the desolating brand,
Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land!"

I could no more—askance the creature eyeing,
D'ye think, said I, this face was made for crying?

2 C 2
I'll laugh, that's poz—nay, more, the world shall know it;
And so, your servant—gloomy Master Poet.

Firm as my creed, sirs, 'tis my fix'd belief,
That Misery's another word for Grief:
I also think—so may I be a bride!
That so much laughter, so much life enjoy'd—

Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
Still under bleak misfortune's blasting eye;
Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive—
To make three guineas do the work of five:
Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch!
Say, you'll be merry, tho' you can't be rich.

Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,
Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove;
Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck—
Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,
Peerest to meditate the healing leap:
Would'st thou be cur'd, thou silly, moping elf,
Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself:
Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,
And love a kinder—that's your grand specific.—

To sum up all, be merry, I advise;
And as we're merry, may we still be wise.
GLOSSARY.
The *ch* and *qh* have always the guttural sound.

The sound of the English diphthong *oo*, is commonly spelled *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scottish language, is marked *oo*, or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scottish words, except when forming diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scottish diphthong *ae*, always, and *ea*, very often, sound like the French *e* masculine. The Scottish diphthong *ey*, sounds like the Latin *ei*.

**A.**

A', All.
A back, away, aloof.
Abeigh, at a shy distance.
Aboon, above, up.
Abread, abroad, in sight.
Abreed, in breadth.
Addle, putrid water, &c.
Ae, one.
Aff, off; Aff loof, unpremeditated.
Afore, before.
Aft, oft.
Aften, often.
Agley, off the right line; wrong
Aiblins, perhaps.
Ain, own.
Airle-penny, Airles, earnest money.
Airn, iron.
Aith, an oath.
Aits, oats.
Aiver, an old horse.
Aizle, a hot cinder.
Alake, alas.
Alane, alone.
Akwart, awkward.
Amaist, almost.
Amang, among.
An' and; if.
Ance, once.
Ane, one; and.
Anent, over against.
Anither, another.
Ase, ashes.
Asklent, asquint; aslant.
Asteer, abroad; stirring.
Ahtar, athwart.
Aught, possession; as, In a' my aught, in all my possession.
Auld lang syne, olden time, days of other years.
Auld, old.
Auldfarran, or, auld farrant, sagacious, cunning, prudent.
Ava, at all.
Awa', away.
Awfu', awful.
Awn, the beard of barley, oats, &c.
Awnie, bearded.
Ayont, beyond.

B.

Ba', Ball.
Backets, ash boards.
Backlins, coming; coming back, returning.
GLOSSARY.

Back, returning.
Bad, did bid.
Baide, endured, did stay.
Baggie, the belly.
Bainie, having large bones, stout.
Bairn, a child.
Bairntime, a family of children, a brood.
Baith, both.
Ban, to swear.
Bane, bone.
Bang, to beat; to strive.
Bardie, diminutive of bard.
Barefit, barefooted.
Barmie, of, or like barm.
Batch, a crew, a gang.
Batts, bots.
Baudrons, a cat.
Bauld, bold.
Bawk, bank.
Baws'nt, having a white stripe down the face.
Be, to let be; to give over; to cease.
Bear, barley.
Beastie, diminutive of beast.
Beet, to add fuel to fire.
Beld, bald.
Belyve, by and by.
Ben, into the spence or parlour; a spence.
Benlomond, a noted mountain in Dumbartonshire.
Bethankit, grace after meat.
Beuk, a book.
Bicker, a kind of wooden dish; a short race.
Bie, or Bield, shelter.
Bien, wealthy, plentiful.
Big, to build.
Biggin, building; a house.
Biggit, built.
Bill, a bull.
Billie, a brother; a young fellow.
GLOSSARY.

Bing, a heap of grain, potatoes, &c.

Birk, birch.

Birken-shaw, Birchen-wood-shaw, a small wood.

Birkie, a clever fellow.

Birring, the noise of partridges, &c. when they spring.

Bit, crisis, nick of time.

Bizz, a bustle, to buzz.

Blastie, a shrivelled dwarf; a term of contempt.

Blastit, blasted.

Blate, bashful, sheepish.

Blather, bladder.

Bladd, a flat piece of anything; to slap.

Blaw, to blow, to boast.

Bleerit, bleared, sore with rheum.

Bleert and blin', bleared and blind.

Bleezing, blazing.

Blellum, an idle talking fellow.

BLEther, to talk idly; nonsense,

BLEth'rin', talking idly.

Blink, a little while; a smiling look; to look kindly; to shine by fits.

Blinker, a term of contempt.

Blinkin, smirking.

Blue-gown, one of those beggars who get annually, on the king's birth-day, a blue cloak or gown, with a badge.

Bluid, or blude, blood.

Bluntie, a sniveller, a stupid person.

Blype, a shred, a large piece.

Bock, to vomit, to gush intermittently.

Bocked, gushed, vomited.

Bodle, a small gold coin.

Bogles, spirits, hobgoblins.

Bonnie or bonny, handsome, beautiful.

Ronnock, a kind of thick cake of bread, a small jannock, or loaf made of oat meal.
Boord, a board.
Boortree, the shrub elder; planted much of old in hedges of barn-yards, &c.
Boost, behoved, must needs.
Bore, a hole in the wall.
Botch, an angry tumour.
Bousing, drinking.
Bow-kail, cabbage.
Bowt, bended, crooked.
Brackens, fern.
Brae, a declivity; a precipice; the slope of a hill.
Braid, broad.
Braindg’t, reeled forward.
Braik, a kind of harrow.
Braindge, to run rashly forward.
Brak, broke, made insolvent.
Branks, a kind of wooden curb for horses.
Brash, a sudden illness.
Brats, coarse clothes, rags, &c.
Brattle, a short race; hurry; fury.
Braw, fine, handsome.
Brawly, or brawlie, very well; finely; heartily.
Braxie, a morbid sheep.
Breastie, diminutive of breast.
Breastit, did spring up or forward.
Breckan, fern.
Breef, an invulnerable or irresistible spell.
Breeks, breeches.
Brent, smooth.
Brewin’, brewing.
Brie, juice, liquid.
Broo, broth; liquid; water.
Broose, broth; a race at country weddings, who shall first reach the bridegroom's house on returning from church.
Browster-wives, ale-house wives.
Brugh, a burgh.
Bruilzie, a broil, a combustion.
Brunt, did burn, burnt,
Brust, to burst; burst.
Buchan-bullers, the boiling of the sea among the rocks of Buchan.
Buckskin, an inhabitant of Virginia.
Bught, a pen.
Bughtin-time, the time of collecting the sheep in the pens to be milked.
Buirdly, stout made; broad made.
Bum-clock, a humming beetle that flies in the summer evenings.
Bumming, humming as bees.
Bumme, to blunder.
Bummler, a blunderer.
Bunker, a window-seat.
Burdies, diminutive of birds.
Bure, did bear.
Burn, water a rivulet.
Burnewin, i.e. burn the wind, a blacksmith.
Burnie, diminutive of burn.
Buskie, bushy.
Buskit, dressed.
Busks, dresses.
Bussle, a bustle; to bustle
Buss, shelter.
But, bot, with; without.
But an' ben, the country kitchen and parlour.
By himsel, lunatic, distracted.
Byke, a bee-hive.
Byre, a cow-stable; a sheep-pen.
CA', to call, to name; to drive.
Ca't, or ca'd, called, driven; calved.
Cadger, a carrier.
Cadie, or Caddie, a person; a young fellow.
Caff, chaff.
Caird, a tinker.
Cairn, a loose heap of stones.
Calf-ward, a small enclosure for calves.
Callan, a boy.
Caller, fresh; sound; refreshing.
Canie, or cannie, gentle, mild; dexterous.
Cannilie, dexterously; gently.
Cantie, or canty, cheerful, merry.
Cantraip, a charm, a spell.
Cape-stane, cope-stone; key-stone.
Careerin, cheerfully.
Carl, an old man.
Carlin, a stout old woman.
Cartes, cards.
Caudron, a caldron.
Cauk and keel, chalk and red clay.
Cauld, cold.
Caup, a wooden drinking vessel.
Cesses, taxes.
Chanter, a part of a bagpipe.
Chap, a person, a fellow; a blow.
Chaup, a stroke, a blow.
Cheekit, cheeked.
Cheep, a chirp; to chirp.
Chiel, or cheel, a young fellow.
Chimla, or chimlie, a fire-grate, a fire-place.
Chimla-lug, the fireside.
Chittering, shivering, trembling.
Chockin, choking.
Chow, to chew: Cheek for chow, side by side.
Chuffie, fat-faced.
Clachan, a small village about a church; a hamlet.
Claise, or claes, clothes.
Claith, cloth.
Claithing, clothing.
Claivers, nonsense; not speaking sense.
Clap, clapper of a mill.
Clarkit, wrote.
Clash, an idle tale, the story of the day.
Clatter, to tell idle stories; an idle story.
Claught, snatched at, laid hold of.
Claut, to clean; to scrape.
Clauted, scraped.
Clavers, idle stories.
Claw, to scratch.
Cleed, to clothe.
Cleeds, clothes.
Cleekit, having caught.
Clinkin, jerking; clinking.
Clinkumbell, he who rings the church-bell.
Clips, shears.
Clishmaclaver, idle conversation.
Clock, to hatch; a beetle.
Clockin, hatching.
Cloot, the hoof of a cow, sheep, &c.
Clootie, an old name for the Devil.
Clour, a bump or swelling after a blow.
Cluds, clouds.
Coaxin, wheedling.
Coble, a fishing boat.
Cockernony, a lock of hair tied upon a girl's head; a cap.
Coft, bought.
Cog, a wooden dish.
Coggie, diminutive of cog.
Coila, from Kyle, a district of Ayrshire; so called, saith tradition, from Coil, or Coilus, a Pictish monarch.
Collie, a general and sometimes a particular name for country curs.
Collieshangie, quarrelling, an uproar.
Commaun, command.
Cood, the cud.
Coof, a blockhead; a ninny.
Cookit, appeared and disappeared by fits.
Coost, did cast.
Coot, the ankle or foot.
Cootie, a wooden kitchen dish:—also, those fowls whose legs are clad with feathers are said to be cootie.
Corbies, a species of the crow.
Core, corps; party; clan.
Corn't, fed with oats.
Cotter, the inhabitant of a cot-house, or cottager.
Couthie, kind, loving.
Cove, a cave.
Cowe, to terrify; to keep under, to lop; fright; a branch of furze, broom, &c.
Cowp, to barter; to tumble over; a gang.
Cowpit, tumbled.
Cowrin, cowering.
Cot, a colt.
Cozie, snug.
Cozily, snugly.
Crabbit, crabbed, fretful.
Crack, conversation; to converse.
Crackin, conversing.
Craft, orcroft, a field near a house (in old husbandry).
Craiks, cries or calls incessantly; a bird.
Crambo-clink, or crambo-jingle, rhymes, dog-grel verses.
Crank, the noise of an ungreased wheel.
Crankous, fretful, captious.
Cranreuch, the hoar frost.
Crap, a crop; to crop.
Craw, a crow of a cock; a rook.
Creel, a basket; to have one's wits in a creel, to be crazed; to be fascinated.
Creepie-stool, the same as cutty-stool.
Creeshie, greasy.
Crood, or croud, to coo as a dove.
Croon, a hollow and continued moan; to make a noise like the continued roar of a bull; to hum a tune.
Crooning, humming.
Crouchie, crook-backed.
Croose, cheerful; courageous.
Crouseely, cheerfully; courageously.
Crowdie, a composition of oat-meal and boiled water, sometimes from the broth of beef, mutton, &c.
Crowdie-time, breakfast time.
Crowlin, crawling.
Crummock, a cow with crooked horns.
Crump, hard and brittle; spoken of bread.
Crunt, a blow on the head with a cudgel.
Cuif, a blockhead, a ninny.
Cummock, a short staff with a crooked head.
Curchie, a courtesy.
Curler, a player at a game on the ice, practised in Scotland, called curling.
Curlie, curled, whose hair falls naturally in ringlets.
Curling, a well known game on the ice.
Curmurring, murmuring; a slight rumbling noise.
Curpin, the crupper.
Cushat, the dove, or wood-pigeon.
Cutty, short; a spoon broken in the middle.
Cutty-stool, the stool of repentance.

DADDIE, a father.
Daffin, merriment; foolishness.
Glossary.

Daft, merry, giddy; foolish.
Daimen, rare, now and then; daimen-icker, an ear of corn now and then.
Dainty, pleasant, good humoured, agreeable.
Daise, daez, to stupify.
Dales, plains, valleys.
Darklins, darkling.
Daud, to thrash, to abuse.
Daur, to dare.
Daurt, dared.
Daurg, or daurk, a day's labour.
Davoc, David.
Dawd, a large piece.
Dawtit, or dawtet, fondled, caressed.
Dearies, diminutive of dears.
Dearthfu', dear.
Deave, to deafen.
Deil-ma-care! no matter! for all that!
Deleerit, delirious.
Describe, to describe.
Dight, to wipe; to clean corn from chaff.
Dight, cleaned from chaff.
Ding, to worst, to push.
Dink, neat, tidy, trim.
Dinna, do not.
Dirl, a slight tremulous stroke or pain.
Dizen, or dizz'n, a dozen.
Doited, stupified, hebetated.
Dolt, stupified, crazed.
Donsie, unlucky.
Dool, sorrow; to sing dool, to lament, to mourn.
Doos, doves.
Dorty, saucy, nice.
Douce, or douse, sober, wise, prudent.
Doucely, soberly, prudently.
Dought, was or were able.
Doup, backside.
Doup-skelper, one that strikes the tail.
Dour and din, sullen and sallow.
Doure, stout, durable; sullen, stubborn.
Dow, am or are able, can.
Dowff, pithless, wanting force.
Dowie, worn with grief, fatigue, &c. half asleep.
Downa, am or are not able, cannot.
Doylt, stupid.
Dozent, stupified, impotent.
Drap, a drop; to drop.
Draigle, to soil by trailing, to draggle among wet, &c.
Drapping, dropping.
Draunting, drawling; of a slow enunciation.
Dreep, to ooze, to drop.
Dreigh, tedious, long about it.
Dribble, drizzling; slaver.
Drift, a drove.
Droddum, the breech.
Drone, part of a bagpipe.
Droop-rumpl’t, that droops at the crupper.
Droukit, wet.
Drounting, drawling.
Drouth, thirst, drought.
Drucken, drunken.
Drumly, muddy.
Drummock, meal and water mixed in a raw state.
Drunt, pet, sour humour.
Dub, a small pond.
Duds, rags, clothes.
Duddie, ragged.
Dung, worsted; pushed, driven.
Dunted, beaten, boxed.
Dush, to push as a ram, &c.
Dusht, pushed by a ram, ox, &c.
E.

E'E, the eye.
Een, the eyes.
E'ening, evening.
Eerie, frightened, dreading spirits.
Eild, old age.
Elbuck, the elbow.
Eldritch, ghastly, frightful.
Eller, an elder, or church officer.
En', end.
Enbrugh, Edinburgh.
Eneugh, enough.
Especial, especially.
Ettle, to try, to attempt.
Eydent, diligent.

F.

FA', fall; lot; to fall.
Fa's, does fall; water-falls.
Faddom't, fathomed.
Fae, a foe.
Faem, foam.
Faiket, unknon.
Fairin, a fairing; a present.
Fallow, fellow.
Fand, did find.
Farl, a cake of oaten bread, &c.
Fash, trouble, care; to trouble, to care for.
Fasht, troubled.
Fasteren-e'en, Fasten's Even.
Fauld, a fold; to fold.
Faulding, folding.
Faut, fault.
Faute, want, lack.
Fawsont, decent, seemly.
Feal, a field; smooth.
Fearfu', frightful.
Feart, frightened.
Feat, neat, spruce.
Fecht, to fight.
Fechtin, fighting.
Feck, many, plenty.
Fecket, an under waistcoat with sleeves.
Feckfu', large, brawny, stout.
Feckless, puny, weak, silly.
Feckly, weakly.
Feg, a fig.
Feide, feud, enmity.
Feirrie, stout, vigorous, healthy.
Fell, keen, biting; the flesh immediately under the skin; a field pretty level, on the side or top of a hill.
Fen, successful struggle; fight.
Fend, to live comfortably.
Ferlie, or ferley, to wonder; a wonder; a term of contempt.
Fetch, to pull by fits.
Fetch't, pulled intermittently.
Fidge, to fidget.
Fiel, soft, smooth.
Fient, fiend, a petty oath.
Fier, sound, healthy; a brother; a friend.
Fissle, to make a rustling noise; to fidget; a bustle.
Fit, a foot.
Fittie-lan', the nearer horse of the hindmost pair in the plough.
Fizz, to make a hissing noise, like fermentation.
Flainen, flannel.
Fleech, to supplicate in a flattering manner.
Fleech'd, supplicated.
Fleechin, supplicating.
Fleesh, a fleece.
Fleg, a kick, a random stroke.
GLOSSARY.

Flether, to decoy by fair words.
Fletherin, flattering.
Fley, to scare, to frighten.
Flichter, to flutter, as young nestlings when their dam approaches.
Flinders, shreds, broken pieces, splinters.
Flinging-tree, a piece of timber hung by way of partition between two horses in a stable: a flail.
Flisk, to fret at the yoke. Flisket, fretted.
Flitter, to vibrate like the wings of small birds.
Flittering, fluttering, vibrating.
Flunkie, a servant in livery.
Fodgel, squat and plump.
Foord, a ford.
Forbears, forefathers.
Forbye, besides.
Forfain, distressed; worn out, jaded.
Forfoughten, fatigued.
Forgather, to meet, to encounter with.
Forgie, to forgive.
Forjesket, jaded with fatigue.
Foother, fodder.
Fou, full; drunk.
Foughten, troubled, harassed.
Fouth, plenty, enough, or more than enough.
Fow, a bushel, &c.; also a pitch-fork.
Frae, from; off. [with.
Frammit, strange, estranged from, at enmity Freath, froth.
Frien', friend.
Fu', full.
Fud, the scut, or tail of the hare, cony, &c.
Fuff, to blow intermittently.
Fuff't, did blow.
Funnie, full of merriment.
Fur, a furrow.
Furm, a form, bench.
GLOSSARY.

Fyke, trifling cares; to piddle, to be in a fuss about trifles.
Fyle, to soil, to dirty.
Fyl't, soiled, dirtied.

G.

GAB, the mouth; to speak boldly, or pertly.
Gaberlunzie, an old man.
Gadsman, a ploughboy, the boy that drives the horses in the plough.
Gae, to go; gaed, went; gaen, or gane, gone; gaun, going.
Gaet, or gate, way, manner; road.
Gairs, triangular pieces of cloth sewed on the bottom of a gown, &c.
Gang, to go, to walk.
Gar, to make, to force to.
Gart, forced to.
Garten, a garter.
Gash, wise, sagacious; talkative; to converse.
Gashin, conversing.
Gaucy, jolly, large.
Gaud, a plough.
Gear, riches; goods of any kind.
Geck, to toss the head in wantonness or scorn.
Ged, a pike.
Gentles, great folks, gentry.
Genty, elegantly formed, neat.
Geordie, a guinea.
Get, a child, a young one.
Ghaist, a ghost.
Gie, to give; gied, gave; gien, given.
Giftie, diminutive of gift.
Giglets, playful girls.
Gillie, diminutive of gill.
Gilpey, a half grown, half informed boy or girl, a romping lad, a hoiden.
Gimmer, a ewe from one to two years old.
Gin, if; against.
Gipsey, a young girl.
Girn, to grin, to twist the features in rage, agony, &c.
Girning, grinning.
Gizz, a periwig.
Glaiket, inattentive, foolish.
Glaive, a sword.
Gawky, half-witted, foolish, romping.
Glaizie, glittering; smooth like glass.
Glaum, to snatch greedily.
Glaum’d, aimed, snatched.
Gleck, sharp, ready.
Gleg, sharp, ready.
Gleib, glebe.
Glen, a dale, a deep valley.
Gley, a squint; to squint; a-gley, off at a side, wrong.
Glib-gabet, smooth and ready in speech.
Glint, to peep.
Glinted, peeped.
Glintin, peeping.
Gloamin, the twilight.
Glowr, to stare, to look; a stare, a look.
Glowred, looked, stared.
Glunsh, a frown, a sour look.
Goavan, looking round with a strange, inquiring gaze; staring stupidly.
Gowan, the flower of the wild daisy, hawkweed, &c.
Gowynd, daisied, abounding with daisies.
Gowd, gold.
Gowff, the game of Golf; to strike as the bat does the ball at golf.
Gowff’d, struck.
Gowk, a cuckoo; a term of contempt.
Gowl, to howl.
Grane, or grain, a groan; to groan.
Grain’d and grunted, groaned and grunted.
Glossary.
Graiming, groaning.
Graip, a pronged instrument for cleaning stables.
Graith, accoutrements, furniture, dress, gear.
Grannie, grandmother.
Grape, to grope.
Grapit, groped.
Grat, wept, shed tears.
Great, intimate, familiar.
Gree, to agree; to bear the gree, to be decidedly victor.
Greet, agreed.
Greet, to shed tears, to weep.
Greetin, crying, weeping.
Gripped, caught, seized.
Groat, to get the whistle of one's groat, to play a losing game.
Grousome, loathsomely grim.
Grozet, a gooseberry.
Grumph, a grunt; to grunt.
Grumphie, a sow.
Grun', ground.
Grunstane, a grindstone.
Gruntle, the phiz; a grunting noise.
Grunzie, mouth.
Grushie, thick; of thriving growth.
Gude, the Supreme Being; good.
Guid, good.
Guid-morning, good morrow.
Guid-e'en, good evening.
Guidman and guidwife, the master and mistress of the house; young guidman, a man newly married.
Guid-willie, liberal; cordial.
Guidfather, guidmother, father-in-law, and mother-in-law.
Gully, or gullie, a large knife.
Gumlie, muddy.
Gusty, tasteful.
H.

HA’, hall.
Ha’-Bible, the great bible that lies in the hall.
Hae, to have.
Haen, had, the participle.
Haet, fient haet, a petty oath of negation; nothing.
Haffet, the temple, the side of the head.
Hafflins, nearly half, partly.
Hag, a scar, or gulf in mosses, and moors.
Haggis, a kind of pudding boiled in the stomach of a cow or sheep.
Hain, to spare, to save.
Hain’d, spared.
Hairst, harvest.
Haith, a petty oath.
Haivers, nonsense, speaking without thought.
Hal’, or hald, an abiding place.
Hale, whole, tight, healthy.
Haly, holy.
Hame, home.
Hallun, a particular partition-wall in a cottage, or more properly a seat of turf at the outside.
Hallowmas, Hallow-eve, the 31st of October.
Hamely, homely, affable.
Han’, or haun’, hand.
Hap, an outer garment, mantle, plaid, &c. to wrap, to cover; to hop.
Happer, a hopper.
Happing, hopping.
Hap step an’ loup, hop skip and leap.
Harkit, hearkened.
Harn, very coarse linen.
Hash, a fellow that neither knows how to dress nor act with propriety.
Hastit, hastened.
Haud, to hold.
Haughs, low lying, rich lands; valleys.
Haurl, to drag; to peel.
Haurlin, peeling.
Haverel, a half witted person; half witted.
Havins, good manners, decorum, good sense.
Hawkie, a cow, properly one with a white face.
Heapit, heaped.
Healsome, healthful, wholesome.
Hearse, hoarse.
Hear't, hear it.
Heather, heath.
Hech! oh! strange!
Hecht, promised; to foretell something that is to be got or given; foretold; the thing foretold; offered.
Heckle, a board, in which are fixed a number of sharp pins, used in dressing hemp, flax, &c.
Heeze, to elevate, to raise.
Helm, the rudder or helm.
Herd, to tend flocks; one who tends flocks.
Herrin, a herring.
Herry, to plunder; most properly to plunder birds' nests.
Herryment, plundering, devastation.
Hersel, herself; also a herd of cattle, of any sort.
Het, hot.
Heugh, a crag, a coalpit.
Hilch, a hobble; to halt.
Hilchin, halting.
Himsel, himself.
Hiney, honey.
Hing, to hang.
Hirple, to walk crazily, to creep.
Hissel, so many cattle as one person can attend.
Glossary.

Hastie, dry; chapped; barren.
Hitch, a loop, a knot.
Hizzie, a hussy, a young girl.
Hoddin, the motion of a sage countryman riding on a cart-horse; humble.
Hog-score, a kind of distance line, in curling, drawn across the rink.
Hog-shouther, a kind of horse play, by justling with the shoulder; to justle.
Hool, outer skin or case, a nut shell; a peascod.
Hoolie, slowly, leisurely.
Hoolie! take leisure, stop.
Hoord, a hoard; to hoard.
Hoordit, hoarded.
Horn, a spoon made of horn.
Hornie, one of the many names of the devil.
Host, or hoast, to cough; a cough.
Hostin, coughing.
Hosts, coughs.
Hotch'd, turn'd topsyturvy; blended, mixed.
Houghmagandie, fornication.
Houlet, an owl.
Housie, diminutive of house.
Hove, to heave, to swell.
Hoved, heaved, swelled.
Howdie, a midwife.
Howe, hollow; a hollow or dell.
Howebackit, sunk in the back, spoken of a horse, &c.
Howff, a tippling house; a house of resort.
Howk, to dig.
Howkit, digged.
Howkin, digging.
Howlet, an owl.
Hoy, to urge.
Hoy't, urged.
Hoyse, to pull upwards.
Hoyte, to amble crazily.
Hughboc, diminutive of Hugh.
Hurcheon, a hedgehog.
Hurdies, the loins; the crupper.
Hushion, a cushion.

I.

I', in.
Icker, an ear of corn.
Ier-oe, a great-grandchild.
Ilk, or ilka, each, every.
Ill-willie, ill-natured, malicious, niggardly.
Ingine, genius, ingenuity.
Ingle, fire; fire-place.
Ise, I shall or will.
Ither, other; one another.

J.

J A D, jade; also a familiar term among country folks for a giddy young girl.
Jauk, to dally, to trifle.
Jaukin, trifling, dallying.
Jaup, a jerk of water; to jerk as agitated water.
Jaw, coarse raillery; to pour out; to shut, to jerk as water.
Jerkinet, a jerkin, or short gown.
Jillet, a jilt, a giddy girl.
Jimp, to jump; slender in the waist; handsome.
Jimps, easy stays.
Jink, to dodge, to turn a corner; a sudden turning; a corner.
Jinker, that turns quickly; a gay sprightly girl; a wag.
Jinkin, dodging.
Jirk, a jerk.
Jocteleg, a kind of knife.
Glossary.

Jouk, to stoop, to bow the head.
Jow, to jow, a verb which includes both the swinging motion and pealing sound of a large bell.
Jundie, to justle.

K.

K.A.E., a daw.
Kail, colwort; a kind of broth.
Kail-runt, the stem of colwort.
Kain, fowls, &c. paid as rent by a farmer.
Kebbuck, a cheese.
Keckle, to giggle; to titter.
Keek, a peep, to peep.
Kelpies, a sort of mischievous spirits, said to haunt fords and ferries at night, especially in storms.
Ken, to know; kend or kenn'd, knew.
Kennin, a small matter.
Kenspeckle, well known, easily known.
Ket, matted, hairy; a fleece of wool.
Kilt, to truss up the clothes.
Kimmer, a young girl, a gossip.
Kin, kindred; kin', kind, adj.
King's-hood, a certain part of the entrails of an ox, &c.
Kintra, country.
Kintra Cooser, country stallion.
Kirm, the harvest supper; a churn.
Kirsen, to christen, or baptize.
Kist, a chest; a shop counter.
Kitchen, any thing that eats with bread; to serve for soup, gravy, &c.
Kith, kindred.
Kittle, to tickle; ticklish; lively, apt.
Kittlin, a young cat.
Kiuttle, to cuddle.
Kiuttlin, cuddling.
GLOSSARY.

Knaggie, like knags, or points of rocks.
Knap, to strike smartly, a smart blow.
Knappin-hammer, a hammer for breaking stones.
Knowe, a small round hillock.
Knurl, a dwarf.
Kye, cows.
Kyle, a district in Ayrshire.
Kyte, the belly.
Kythe, to discover; to show one's self.

L.

LADDIE, diminutive of lad.
Laggen, the angle between the side and bottom of a wooden dish.
Laigh, low.
Lairing, wading, and sinking in snow, mud, &c.
Laith, loath.
Laithfu', bashful, sheepish.
Lallans, the Scottish dialect of the English language.
Lambie, diminutive of lamb.
Lampit, a kind of shell-fish, a limpet.
Lan', land; estate.
Lane, lone; my lane, thy lane, &c. myself alone, &c.
Lanely, lonely.
Lang, long; To think lang, to long, to weary.
Lap, did leap.
Lave, the rest, the remainder, the others.
Laverock, the lark.
Lawin, shot, reckoning, bill.
Lawlan, lowland.
Lea'e, to leave.
Leal, loyal, true, faithful.
Lea-rig, grassy ridge.
Lear, (pronounced lare), learning.
Lee-lang, live-long.
Glossary

Leesome, pleasant.
Leeze-me, a phrase of congratulatory endearment; I am happy in thee, or proud of thee.
Leister, a three-prong'd dart for striking fish.
Leugh, did laugh.
Leuk, a look; to look.
Libbet, gelded.
Lift, the sky.
Lightly, sneeringly; to sneer at.
Lilt, a ballad; a tune; to sing.
Limmer, a kept mistress, a strumpet.
Limp't, limped, hobbled.
Link, to trip along.
Linkin, tripping.
Linn, a waterfall; a precipice.
Lint, flax; Lint i' the bell, flax in flower.
Lintwhite, a linnet.
Lcan, or loanin, the place of milking.
Loof, the palm of the hand.
Loot, did let.
Looves, plural of loof.
Loun, a fellow, a ragamuffin; a woman of easy virtue.
Loup, jump, leap.
Lowe, a flame.
Lowin, flaming.
Lowrie, abbreviation of Lawrence.
Lowse, to loose.
Lows'd, loosed.
Lug, the ear; a handle.
Lugget, having a handle.
Luggie, a small wooden dish with a handle.
Lum, the chimney.
Lunch, a large piece of cheese, flesh, &c.
Lunt, a column of smoke; to smoke.
Luntin, smoking.
Lyart, of a mixed colour, gray.
M.

MAE, more.
Mair, more.
Maist, most, almost.
Maistly, mostly.
Mak, to make.
Makin, making.
Mailen, a farm.
Mallie, Molly.
Mang, among.
Manse, the parsonage house, where the minister lives.
Manteele, a mantle.
Mark, marks. (This and several other nouns which in English require an s, to form the plural, are in Scotch, like the words sheep, deer, the same in both numbers.)
Marled, variegated; spotted.
Mar's year, the year 1715.
Mashlum, meslin, mixed corn.
Mask, to mash, as malt, &c.
Maskin-pat, a tea-pot.
Maud, maad, a plaid worn by shepherds, &c.
Maukin, a hare.
Maun, must.
Mavis, the thrush.
Maw, to mow.
Mawin, mowing.
Meere, a mare.
Meikle, meickle, much.
Melancholious, mournful.
Melder, corn, or grain of any kind, sent to the mill to be ground.
Mell, to meddle. Also a mallet for pounding barley in a stone trough.
Melvie, to soil with meal.
Men', to mend.
GLOSSARY.

Mense, good manners, decorum.
Menseless, ill-bred, rude, impudent.
Messin, a small dog.
Midden, a dunghill.
Midden-hole, a gutter at the bottom of a dunghill.
Mim, prim, affectedly meek.
Min', mind; resemblance
Mind't, mind it; resolved, intending.
Minnie, mother, dam.
Mirk, mirkest, dark, darkest.
Misca', to abuse, to call names.
Misca'd, abused.
Mislear'd, mischievous, unmannerly.
Misteuk, mistook.
Mither, a mother.
Mixtie-maxtie, confusedly mixed.
Moistify, to moisten.
Mony, or monie, many.
Mools, dust, earth, the earth of the grave; To rake i' the mools; to lay in the dust.
Moop, to nibble as a sheep.
Moorlan', of or belonging to moors.
Morn, the next day, to-morrow.
Mou, the mouth.
Moudiwort, a mole.
Mousie, diminutive of mouse.
Muckle, or mickle, great, big, much.
Musie, diminutive of muse.
Muslin-kail, broth, composed simply of water, shelled barley, and greens.
Mutchkin, an English pint.
Mysel, myself.

N.

N.A, no, not, nor.
Nae, no, not any.
Naething, or naething, nothing.
Naig, a horse.
Nane, none.
Nappy, ale; to be tipsy.
Negleckit, neglected.
Neuk, a nook.
Niest, next.
Nieve, the fist.
Neivefu', handful.
Niffer, an exchange; to exchange, to barter.
Niger, a negro.
Nine-tailed-cat, a hangman's whip.
Nit, a nut.
Norland, of or belonging to the north.
Notic't, noticed.
Nowte, black cattle.

Ø', of.
Ochils, name of mountains.
O haith, O faith! an oath.
Ony, or onie, any.
Or, is often used for ere, before.
Ora, or orra, supernumerary, that can be spared.
O't, of it.
Ourie, shivering; drooping.
Oursel, or oursels, ourselves.
Outlers, cattle not housed.
Owre, over; too.
Owre-hip, a way of fetching a blow with the hammer over the arm.

P.

PACK, intimate, familiar; twelve stone of wool.
Painch, paunch.
Paitrick, a partridge.
Pang, to cram.
Glossary.

Parle, speech.
Parritch, oatmeal pudding, a well-known Scotch dish.
Pat, did put; a pot.
Pattle, or pettle, a plough-staff.
Paughty, proud, haughty.
Pauky, or pawkie, cunning, sly.
Pay’t, paid; beat.
Pech, to fetch the breath short, as in an asthma.
Pechan, the crop, the stomach.
Peelin, peeling, the rind of fruit.
Pet, a domesticated sheep, &c.
Pettle, to cherish; a plough-staff.
Philabegs, short petticoats worn by the Highlandmen.
Phraise, fair speeches, flattery; to flatter.
Phraisin, flattery.
Pibroch, Highland war music adapted to the bagpipe.
Pickle, a small quantity
Pine, pain, uneasiness.
Pit, to put.
Placad, public proclamation.
Plack, an old Scotch coin, the third part of a Scotch penny, twelve of which make an English penny.
Plackless, penniless, without money.
Platie, diminutive of plate.
Plew, or pleugh, a plough.
Pliskie, a trick.
Poind, to seize cattle or goods for rent, as the laws of Scotland allow.
Poortith, poverty.
Pou, to pull.
Pouk, to pluck.
Poussie, a hare, or cat.
Pout, a poult, a chick.
Pou’t, did pull.
ifl

GLOSSARY.

Powthery, like powder.
Pow, the head, the skull.
Pownie, a little horse.
Powther, or pouther, powder.
Preen, a pin.
Prent, to print; print.
Prie, to taste,
Prie'd, tasted,
Prief, proof,
Prig, to cheapen; to dispute.
Priggin, cheapening.
Primsie, demure, precise.
Propone, to lay down, to propose.
Proveses, provosts.
Puddock-stool, a mushroom, fungus.
Pund, pound; pounds.
Pyle,—a pyle o' caff, a single grain of chaff.

Q.

QUAT, to quit.
Quak, to quake.
Quey, a cow from one to two years old.

R.

RAGWEED, the herb ragwort.
Raible, to rattle nonsense.
Rair, to roar.
Raize, to madden, to inflame.
Ram-feezl'd, fatigued; overspread.
Ram-stam, thoughtless, forward.
Raploch, properly a coarse cloth; but used as an adnoun for coarse.
Rarely, excellently, very well.
Rash, a rush; rash-buss, a bush of rushes.
Ratton, a rat.
Raucle, rash; stout; fearless.
GLOSSARY.

Raught, reached.
Raw, a row.
Rax, to stretch.
Ream, cream; to cream.
Reaming, brimful, frothing.
Reave, rove.
Reck, to heed.
 Rede, counsel; to counsel.
Red-wat-shod, walking in blood over the shoetops.
Red-wud, stark mad.
Ree, half drunk, fuddled.
Reek, smoke.
Reekin, smoking.
Reekit, smoked; smoky.
Remead, remedy.
Requite, requited.
Rest, to stand restive.
Restit, stood restive; stunted; withered.
Restricked, restricted.
Rew, to repent, to compassionate.
Rief, reef, plenty.
Rief randies, sturdy beggars.
Rig, a ridge.
Rigwiddie, rigwoodie, the rope or chain that crosses the saddle of a horse to support the spokes of a cart; spare, withered, sapless.
Rin, to run, to melt; Rinnin, running.
Rink, the course of the stones; a term in curling on ice.
Rip, a handful of unthreshed corn.
Riskit, made a noise like the tearing of roots.
Rockin, spinning on the rock, or distaff.
Rood, stands likewise for the plural roods.
Roon, a shred, a border or selvage.
Roose, to praise, to commend.
Roosty, rusty.
Roun', round, in the circle of neighbourhood.
Roupet, hoarse, as with a cold.
Glossary.

Routhie, plentiful.
Row, to roll, to wrap.
Row’t, rolled, wrapped.
Rowte, to low, to bellow.
Routh, or routh, plenty.
Rowtin, lowing,
Rozet, rosin.
Rung, a cudgel.
Runkled, wrinkled.
Runt, the stem of colewort or cabbage.
Ruth, a woman’s name; the book so called; sorrow.
Ryke, to reach.

S.

SAE, so.
Saft, soft.
Sair, to serve; a sore.
Sairly, or sairlie, sorely.
Sair’t, served.
Sark, a shirt; a shift.
Sarkit, provided in shirts.
Saugh, the willow.
Saul, soul.
Saumont, salmon.
Saunt, a saint.
Saut, salt, adj. salt.
Saw, to sow.
Sawin, sowing.
Sax, six.
Scaith, to damage, to injure; injury.
Scar, a cliff.
Scaud, to scald.
Scauld, to scold.
Scaur, apt to be scared.
Scaul, a scold; a termagant.
Scon, a cake of bread.
Scoonner, a loathing; to loathe.
Scraich, to scream as a hen, partridge, &c.
Screed, to tear; a rent.
Srieve, to glide swiftly along.
Srievein, gleesomely; swiftly.
Scrimp, to scant.
Scrimpet, did scant; scanty.
See’d, did see.
Seizin, seizing.
Sel, self; a body’s sel, one’s self alone.
Sell’t did sell.
Sen’, to send.
Sen’t, I, &c. sent, or did send it; send it.
Servan’, servant.
Settlin, settling; to get a settlin, to be fright-
ed into quietness.
Sets, sets off, goes away.
Shachled, distorted; shapeless.
Shaird, a shred, a shard.
Shangan, a stick cleft at one end for putting
the tail of a dog, &c. into, by way of mis-
chief, or to frighten him away.
Shaver, a humorous wag; a barber.
Shaw, to show; a small wood in a hollow.
Sheen, bright, shining.
Sheep-shank; to think one’s self nae sheep.
shank, to be conceited.
Sherra-moor, Sheriff-moor, the famous battle
fought in the rebellion, A.D. 1715.
Sheugh, a ditch, a trench, a sluice.
Shiel, a shed.
Shill, shrill.
Shog, a shock; a push off at one side.
Shool, a shovel.
Shoon, shoes.
Shore, to offer, to threaten.
Shor’d, offered.
Shouther, the shoulder.
Shure, did shear, shore
Sic, such.
Sicker, sure, steady.
Sidelines, sidelong, slanting.
Siller, silver; money.
Simmer, summer.
Sin, a son.
Sin', since.
Skaith, see scaith.
Skellum, a worthless fellow.
Skelp, to strike, to slap; to walk with a smart tripping step; a smart stroke.
Skelpie-limmer, a reproachful term in female scolding.
Skelpin, stepping, walking.
Skiegh, or skeigh, proud, nice, highmotted.
Skinklin, a small portion.
Skirl, to shriek, to cry shrilly.
Skirling, shrieking, crying.
Skirl't, shrieked.
Sklint, slant; to run aslant, to deviate from Sklented, ran, or hit, in an oblique direction.
Skouth, freedom to converse without restraint; range, scope.
Skriegh, a scream; to scream.
Skyrin, shining; making a great show.
Skyte, force, very forcible motion.
Slae, a sloe.
Slade, did slide.
Slap, a gate; a breach in a fence.
Slaver, saliva; to emit saliva.
Slaw, slow.
Slee, sly; sleeest, sliest.
Sleekit, sleek; sly.
Sliddery, slippery.
Slype, to fall over, as a wet furrow from the plough.
Slypet, fell.
Sma', small.
Smeddum, dust, powder; mettle, sense.
Smiddy, a smithy.
GLOSSARY.

Smoor, to smother.
Smoor'd, smothered.
Smoutie, smutty, obscene, ugly.
Smytrie, a numerous collection of small individuals.
Snapper, to stumble, a stumble.
Snash, abuse, Billingsgate.
Snaw, snow; to snow.
Snaw-broo, melted snow.
Snawbie, snowy.
Sneck, snick, the latch of a door
Sned, to lop, to cut off.
Sneeshin, snuff.
Sneeshin-mill, a snuff-box.
Snell, bitter, biting.
Snick-drawing, trick-contriving, crafty.
Snirtle, to laugh restrainedly.
Snood, a ribbon for binding the hair.
Snool, one whose spirit is broken with oppressive slavery; to submit tamely, to sneak.
Snoove, to go smoothly and constantly; to sneak.
Snowk, to scent or snuff, as a dog, &c.
Snowkit, scented, snuffed.
Sonsie, having sweet, engaging looks; lucky, jolly.
Soom, to swim.
Sooth, truth, a petty oath.
Sough, a heavy sigh, a sound dying on the ear.
Souple, flexible; swift.
Souter, a shoemaker.
Sowens, a dish made of oatmeal; the seeds of oatmeal soured, &c. flummery.
Sowp, a spoonful, a small quantity of any thing liquid.
Sowth, to try over a tune with a low whistle.
Sowther, solder; to solder, to cement.
Spae, to prophesy, to divine.
Spaul, a limb.
Spairge, to dash, to soil, as with mire.
Spaviet, having the spavin.
Spean, spane, to wean.
Speat, or spate, a sweeping torrent, after rain or thaw.
Speel, to climb.
Spence, the country parlour.
Spier, to ask, to inquire.
Spier't, inquired.
Splatter, a splutter, to splutter.
Spleughan, a tobacco-pouch.
Splore, a frolic; a noise, riot.
Sprackle, sprachle, to clamber.
Sprattle, to scramble.
Spreckled, spotted, speckled.
Spring, a quick air in music; a Scottish reel.
Sprit, a tough-rooted plant, something like rushes.
Sprittie, full of sprits.
Spunk, fire, mettle; wit.
Spunkie, mettlesome, fiery; will-o'wisp, or ignis fatuus.
Spurtle, a stick, used in making oatmeal pudding or porridge.
Squad, a crew, a party.
Squatter, to flutter in water, as a wild duck.
Squattle, to sprawl.
Squeel, a scream, a screech; to scream.
Stacher, to stagger.
Stack, a rick of corn, hay, &c.
Staggie, the diminutive of stag.
Stalwart, strong, stout.
Stau, to stand; stan't, did stand.
Stane, a stone.
Stang, an acute pain; a twinge; to sting.
Stank, did stink; a pool of standing water.
Stap, stop.
Stark, stout.
Startle, to run as cattle stung by the gad-fly.
Staumrel, a blockhead; half-witted.
Staw, did steal; to surfeit.
Stech, to cram the belly.
Stechin, cramming.
Steek, to shut; a stitch.
Steer, to molest; to stir.
Steeve, firm, compacted.
Stell, a still.
Sten, to rear as a horse.
Stent, reared.
Stents, tribute; dues of any kind.
Stey, steep; steyest, steepest.
Stibble, stubble; stibble-rig, the reaper in harvest who takes the lead.
Stick an’ stow, totally, altogether.
Stile, a crutch; to halt, to limp.
Stimpart, the eighth part of a Winchester bushel.
Stirk, a cow or bullock a year old.
Stock, a plant or root of colewort, cabbage, &c.
Stockin, a stocking; Throwing the stockin, when the bride and bridegroom are put into bed, and the candle out, the former throws a stockin at random among the company, and the person whom it strikes is the next that will be married.
Stoiter, to stagger, to stammer.
Stooked, made up in shocks as corn.
Stoor, sounding hollow, strong, and hoarse.
Stot, an ox.
Stoup, or stowp, a kind of jug or dish with a handle.
Stoure, dust, more particularly dust in motion.
Stowlins, by stealth.
Stown, stolen.
Stoyte, to stumble.
Strack, did strike.
Strae, straw; to die a fair strae death, to die in bed.
Glossary.

 Straik, did strike.
 Straikit, stroked.
 Strappin, tall and handsome.
 Straught, straight, to straighten.
 Streek, stretched, tight; to stretch.
 Striddle, to straddle.
 Stroan, to spout, to piss.
 Studdie, an anvil.
 Stumpie, diminutive of stump.
 Strunt, spirituous liquor of any kind; to walk sturdily; huff, sullenness.
 Stuff, corn or pulse of any kind.
 Sturt, trouble; to molest.
 Sturtin, frightened.
 Sucker, sugar.
 Sud, should.
 Sugh, the continued rushing noise of wind or water.
 Southron, southern; an old name for the English nation.
 Swaird, sward.
 Swall'd, swelled.
 Swank, stately, jolly.
 Swankie, or swanker, a tight strapping young fellow or girl.
 Swap, an exchange; to barter.
 Swarf, to swoon; a swoon.
 Swat, did sweat.
 Swatch, a sample.
 Swats, drink; good ale.
 Sweaten, sweating.
 Sweer, lazy, averse; dead-sweer, extremely averse.
 Swoor, swore, did swear.
 Swinge, to beat; to whip.
 Swirl, a curve; an eddying blast, or pool; a knot in wood.
 Swirlie, knaggie, full of knots.
 Swith, get away.
Swither, to hesitate in choice; an irresolute wavering in choice.
Syne, since, ago; then.

T.

TACKETS, a kind of nails for driving into the heels of shoes.
Tae, a toe; three tae'd, having three prongs.
Tairge, a target.
Tak, to take; takin, taking.
Tamaltan, the name of a mountain.
Tangle, a sea-weed.
Tap, the top.
Tapetless, heedless, foolish.
Tarrow, to murmur at one's allowance.
Tarrow't, murmured.
Tarry-breeks, a sailor.
Tauld, or tald, told.
Taupie, a foolish, thoughtless young person.
Tauted, or tautie, matted together; spoken of hair or wool.
Tawie, that allows itself peaceably to be handled; spoken of a horse, cow, &c.
Teat, a small quantity.
Teen, to provoke; provocation.
Tedding, spreading after the mower.
Ten-hours bite, a slight feed to the horse; while in the yoke, in the forenoon.
Tent, a field-pulpit; heed, caution; to take heed; to tend or herd cattle.
Tentie, heedful, cautious.
Tentless, heedless.
Teugh, tough.
Thack, thatch; thack an' rape, clothing necessaries.
Thae, these.
'Thairms, small guts; fiddle-strings.
Thankit, thanked.
Theekit, thatched.
Theegither, together.
Themsel, themselves.
Thick, intimate, familiar.
Thieveless, cold, dry, spited; spoken of a person's demeanour.
Thir, these.
Thirl, to thrill.
Thirled, thrilled, vibrated.
Thole, to suffer, to endure.
Thowe, a thaw; to thaw.
Thowless, slack, lazy.
Thrang, throng; a crowd.
Thrapple, throat, windpipe.
Throve, twenty-four sheaves or two shocks of corn; a considerable number.
Thraw, to sprain, to twist; to contradict.
Thrawin, twisting, &c.
Thrawn, sprained, twisted; contradicted.
Threap, to maintain by dint of assertion.
Threshin, thrashing.
Threteen, thirteen.
Thristle, thistle.
Through, to go on with; to make out.
Throuther, pell-mell, confusedly.
Thud, to make a loud intermittent noise.
Thumpit, thumped.
Thysel, thyself.
Till't, to it.
Timiner, timber.
Tine, to lose; tint, lost.
Tinkler, a tinker.
Tint the gate, lost the way.
Tip, a ram.
Tippence, twopence.
Tirl, to make a slight noise; to uncover.
Tirlin, uncovering.
Tither, the other.
Tittle, to whisper.
Glossary.

Fittlin, whispering.
Tocher, marriage portion.
Tod, a fox.
Toddlle, to totter, like the walk of a child.
Toddlin, tottering.
Toom, empty, to empty.
Toop, a ram.
Toun, a hamlet; a farm-house.
Tout, the blast of a horn or trumpet; to blow a horn, &c.
Tow, a rope.
Towmond, a twelvemonth.
Towzie, rough, shaggy.
Toy, a very old fashion of female head-dress.
Toyte, to totter like old age.
Transmugrified, transmigrated, metamorphosed.
Trashtrie, trash.
Ttrews, trowsers.
Trickie, full of tricks.
Trig, spruce, neat.
Trimly, excellently.
Trow, to believe.
Trowth, truth, a petty oath.
Tryste, an appointment; a fair.
Trysted, appointed; To tryste, to make an appointment.
Try't, tried.
Tug, raw hide, of which in old times plough- traces were frequently made.
Tulzie, a quarrel; to quarrel, to fight.
Twa, two.
Twa-three, a few.
’Twad, it would.
Twal, twelve; twal-pennie worth, a small quantity, a penny-worth.
N. B. One penny English is 12d Scotch.
Twin, to part.
Tyke, a dog.
U.

UNCO, strange, uncouth; very, very great, prodigious.
Uncos, news.
Unkenn'd, unknown.
Unsicker, unsure, unsteady.
Unskailth'd, undamaged, unhurt.
Unweeting, unwittingly, unknowingly.
Upo', upon.
Urchin, a hedgehog.

V.

VAP'RING, vapouring.
Vera, very.
Virl, a ring round a column, &c.
Vittle, corn of all kinds, food.

W.

WA', wall; wa's, walls.
Wabster, a weaver.
Wad, would; to bet; a bet, a pledge.
Wadna, would not.
Wae, wo; sorrowful.
Waefu', woful, sorrowful, wailing.
Waesucks! or waes me! alas! O the pity.
Waft, the cross thread that goes from the shuttle through the web; -woof.
Wair, to lay out, to expend.
Wale, choice; to choose.
Waled, chose, chosen.
Walie, ample, large, jolly; also an interjection of distress.
Wame, the belly.
Wamefu', a belly-full.
Wanchancie, unlucky.
GLOSSARY.

Wanrestfu’, restless.
Wark, work.
Wark-lume, a tool to work with.
Warl, or warld, world.
Warlock, a wizard.
Warly, worldly, eager on amassing wealth.
Warran, a warrant; to warrant.
Warst, worst.
Warstl’d or warsl’d, wrestled.
Wastrie, prodigality.
Wat, wet; I wat, I wot, I know.
Water-brose, brose made of meal and water simply, without the addition of milk, butter &c.
Wattle, a twig, a wand.
Wauble, to swing, to reel.
Waught, a draught.
Waukit, thickened as fullers do cloth.
Waukrife, not apt to sleep.
Waur, worse; to worst.
Waur’t, worsted.
Wean, or weanie, a child.
Wearie, or weary; many a weary body, many a different person.
Weason, weasand.
Weaving the stocking. See Stocking.
Wee, little; Wee things, little ones; Wee bit, a small matter.
Weel, well; Weelfare, welfare.
Weet, rain, wetness.
Weird, fate.
We’se, we shall.
Wha, who.
Whaizle, to wheeze.
Whalpit, whelped.
Whang, a leathern string; a piece of cheese bread, &c. to give the strappado.
Whare. where; Whare’er, wherever.
Wheep, to fly nimbly, jerk; penny-wheep, small beer.
Whase, whose.
Whatreck, nevertheless.
Whid, the motion of a hare, running but not frightened; a lie.
Whiddin, running as a hare or cony.
Whigmeleeries, whims, fancies, crotchets.
Whingin, crying, complaining, fretting.
Whirligigums, useless ornaments, trifling appendages.
Whissle, a whistle; to whistle.
Whisht, silence; to hold one's whisht, to be silent.
Whisk, to sweep, to lash.
Whiskit, lashed.
Whitter, a hearty draught of liquor.
Whun-stane, a whin-stone.
Whyles, whiles, sometimes.
Wi', with.
Wicht, wight, powerful, strong; inventive; of a superior genius.
Wick, to strike a stone in an oblique direction; a term in curling.
Wicker, willow (the smaller sort).
Wiel, a small whirlpool.
Wifie, a diminutive or endearing term for wife.
Wilyart, bashful and reserved; avoiding society or appearing awkward in it, wild, strange, timid.
Wimple, to meander.
Wimpl't, meandered.
Wimplin, waving, meandering.
Win, to win, to winnow.
Win't, winded as a bottom of yarn.
Win', wind; Win's, wind
Winna, will not.
Winnock, a window.
GLOSSARY.

Winsome, hearty, vaunted, gay.
Wintle, a staggering motion; to stagger, to reel.
Winze, an oath.
Wiss, to wish.
Withouten, without.
Wizen'd, hide-bound, dried, shrunk.
Wonner, a wonder; a contemptuous appellation.
Wons, dwells.
Woo', wool.
Woo, to court, to make love to.
Woodie, a rope, more properly one made of withes or willows.
Wooer-bab, the garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loops.
Wordy, worthy.
Worset, worsted.
Wow, an exclamation of pleasure or wonder.
Wrack, to tease, to vex.
Wraith, a spirit, or ghost; an apparition exactly like a living person, whose appearance is said to forhode the person's approaching death.
Wrang, wrong; to wrong.
Wreeth, a drifted heap of snow.
Wud, mad, distracted.
Wumble, a wimble.
Wyle, to beguile.
Wyliecoat, a flannel vest.
Wyte, blame; to blame.

Y.

YAD, an old mare; a worn out horse.
Ye; this pronoun is frequently used for thou.
Yearns, longs much.
Yearlings, born in the same year, coevals.
Year is used both for singular and plural years.
Yearn, earn, an eagle, an ospray.
Yell, barren, that gives no milk.
Yerk, to lash, to jerk.
Yerkit, jerked, lashed.
Yestreen, yesternight.
Yett, a gate, such as is usually at the entrance into a farm-yard or field.
Yill, ale.
Yird, earth.
Yokin, yoking; a bout.
Yont, beyond.
Yourself, yourself.
Yowe, a ewe.
Yowie, diminutive of yowe.
Yule Christmas.
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