
The first edition of Burns.
POEMS,
CHAFFLY IN THE
SCOTTISH DIALECT,
BY
ROBERT BURNS.

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

ANONYMOUS.

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PREFACE.

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

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

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

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

To his Subcribers, the Author returns his most
fincere thanks. Not the mercenary bow over a
counter, but the heart-throbbing gratitude of the
Bard, conscious how much he is indebted to Bene-
volence and Friendship, for gratifying him, if he
deserves it, in that dearest wish of every poetic
boſom——to be distinguished. He begs his read-
ers, particularly the Learned and the Polite, who may honor him with a perusal, that they will make every allowance for Education and Circumstances of Life: but, if after a fair, candid, and impartial criticism, he shall stand convicted of Dulness and Nonsense, let him be done by, as he would in that case do by others—let him be condemned, without mercy, to contempt and oblivion.
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THE

TWA DOGS,

A TALE.

'TWAS in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' auld king Coil,
Upon a bonie day in June,
When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa Dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

α
The firſt I'll name, they ca'd him Caesar,
Was keepet for His Honor's pleaſure;
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs,
But whalpet some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for Cod.

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

The tither was a ploughman's collie,
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him,
(11)

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, sonie, bawl'nt face,
Ay gat him friends in ilka place;
His breast was white, his towzie back,
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
His gawsie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung owre his hurdies wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
An' unco pack an' thick thegither;
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd an' snowket;
Whyles mice and modewurks they howket;
Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion,
An' worry'd ither in divershon;
Till tir'd at laft wi' mony a farce,
They set them down upon their arse,
An' there began a lang digression
About the lords o' the creation.

* Cuchullin's dog in Offian's Fingal.
CÆSAR.

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

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

Frac morn to een it's nought but toiling,
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;
An' tho' the gentry first are steghan,
Yet ev'n the ba' folk fill their peghan
Wi' sauce, ragouts, an' fic like trafhtrie,
That's little short o' downright waftrie.
Our Whipper-in, wee, blastet wonner,
Poor, worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
Better than ony Tenant-man
His Honor has in a' the lan':
An' what poor Cot-folk pit their painch in,
I own it's past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæfar, whyles their fash't e-nough;
A Cotter howkan in a sheugh,
Wi' dirty slanes biggan a dyke,
Bairan a quarry, an' sic like,
Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains,
A smytrie o' wee, duddie weans,
An' nought but his han'-daurk, to keep
Them right an' tight in thack an' raep.

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

CÆSAR.

But then, to see how ye’re negleket,
How huff’d, an’ cuff’d, an’ disrespeket!
L—d man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an’ sic cattle;
They gang as faucy by poor folk,
As I wad by a slinkan 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 no fae wretched 's ane wad think;
Tho' constantly on poortith's brink,
They’re fae accustom'd wi' the fight,
The view o't gies them little fright.

Then chance and fortune are fae guided,
They’re ay 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 prattling things are just their pride,
That sweetens a' their fire side.

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

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

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

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
Sic game is now owre aften play'd;
There's monie a creditable flock
O' decent, honest, fawson of folk,
Are riven out baith root an’ branch,
Some rascal’s pridefu’ greed to quench,
Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
In favor wi’ some gentle Master,
Wha aiblins thrang a parliamentin,
For Britain’s guid his faul indentin——

CÆSAR.

Haith lad ye little ken about it;
*For Britain’s guid!* guid faith! I doubt it.
Say rather, gaun as PREMIERS lead him,
An’ saying *aye* or *no’s* they bid him:
At Operas an’ Plays parading,
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading:
Or maybe, in a frolic daft,
To HAGUE or CALAIS takes a waft,
To make a tour an’ tak a whirl,
To learn *bon ton* an’ see the worl’.

There, at VIENNA or VERSAILLES,
He rives his father’s auld entails;
Or by MADRID he takes the rout,
To thrum guittars an’ fecht wi’ nowt;
Or down Italian *Vista* startles,
Wh—re-hunting amang groves o’ myrtles:
Then bowses drumlie German-water,
'To mak himsel look fair and fatter,
An’ purge the bitter ga’s an’ cankers,
O’ curst Venetian b—res an’ ch—ncres.

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

**LUATH.**

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

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

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

CÆSAR.

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

It's true, they need na starve or sweat,
Thro' Winter's cauld, or Summer's heat;
They've nae fair-wark to craze their banes,
An' fill auld-age wi' grips an' granes;
But human-bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colledges an' schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themsels to vex them.
( 20 )

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

A country fellow at the plough,
His *acre's* till'd, he's right eneugh;
A country girl at her wheel,
Her *dizzen's* done, she's unco weel;
But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warrt,
Wi' ev'n down *want o' wark* are curst.
They loiter, lounging, lank an' lazy;
Tho' devil-haet ails them, yet uneasy;
Their days, insipid, dull an' tasteless,
Their nights, unquiet, lang an' restless.

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

The *Men* cast out in *party-matches*,
Then sowther a' in deep debauches.
Aenight, they're mad wi' drink an' wh—ring,
Nieft day their life is past enduring.
The *Ladies* arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great an' gracious a' as sisters;
But hear their *absent thoughts* o' ither,
They're a run deils an' jads thegither.
Whyles, owre the wee bit cup an' platie,
They sip the *scandal-potion* pretty;
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks,
Pore owre the devil's *pictur'd beuks*;
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
An' cheat like ony *unhang'd blackguard*.

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

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

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

Solomon's Proverbs, xxxi. 6, 7.

LET other Poets raise a fracas
'Bout vines, an' wines, an' drunken Bacchus,
An' crabbed names an' stories wrack us,
An' grate our lug,
I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us,
In glafs or jug.
O thou, my MUSE! guid, auld SCOTCH
DRINK!
Whether thro' wimplin worms thou jink,
Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink,
In glorious faem,
Inspire me, till I lis an' wink,
To sing thy name!

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

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

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

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear;
Thou chears the heart o' drooping Care;
Thou strings the nerves o' Labor-fair,
At's weary toil;
Thou ev'n brightens dark Despair,
Wi' gloomy smile.

Aft, clad in massy, filler weed,
Wi' Gentles thou erects thy head;
Yet humbly kind, in time o' need,
The poor man's wine;
His wee drap pirratch, 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 faunts,
By thee inspir'd,
When gaping they besiege the tents,
Are doubly fir'd.

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

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

Then Burnewin comes on like Death
At ev'ry chap.

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

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

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

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

Wae worth that Brandy, burnan trash!
Fell source o' monie a pain an' brah!
Twins monie a poor, doylt, druken 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' four disdain,
Out owre a glass o' Whisky-punch
   Wi' honest men!

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

Thee Ferintosh! O fadly loft!
Scotland lament frae coast to coast!
Now colic-grips, an’ barkin hoast,
May kill us a’;
For loyal Forbes’ Charter’d boast
Is ta’en awa!

Thae curt horse-leeches o’ th’ Excise,
Wha mak the Whisky steils their prize!
Haud up thy han’ Deil! ance, twice, thrice!
There, sieze 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 RIGHT
HONORABLE AND HONORABLE,
THE SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES
IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

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

Parody on Milton.

Ye Irish lords, ye knights an' squires,
Wha represent our Burghs an' Shires,
An' dousely manage our affairs
In Parliament,
To you a simple Bardie's pray'rs
Are humbly sent.
( 30 )

Alas! my roupet Muse is haerse!
Your Honor's hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,
To see her sittan on her arse
Low i' the dust,
An' scriecheon 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;
An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
    An' move their pity.

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

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

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

Paint Scotland greetan owre her thrissle;
Her mutchkin slowp as toom’s a whistle;
An’ d—mn’d Excise-men in a buzzle,
Seizan a Stell,
Triumphant crushan’t like a muscle
Or laimpet shell.

Then on the tither hand present her,
A blackguard Smuggler, right behint her,
An’ check-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' fight!
But could I like MONTGOMERIES fight,
   Or gab like BOSWELL,
There's some falk-necks I wad draw tight,
   An' tye some hose well.

God blefs your Honors, can ye fee't,
The kind, auld, cantie Carlin greet,
An' no get warmly to your feet,
   An' gar them hear it,
An' tell them, wi' a patriot-heat,
   Ye winna bear it?
Some o' you nicely ken the laws,
To round the period an' pause,
An' with rhetoric clauſe on clauſe
    To mak harangues;
Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's
    Auld Scotland's wrangs.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tell yon guid bluid o’ auld Boconnock’s,
I’ll be his debt twa mashlum bonnocks,
An’ drink his health in auld * 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,

* A worthy old Hoftes of the Author’s in Mauchline,
where he sometimes studies Politics over a glaas of guid, auld Scotch Drink.
Yon mixtie-maxtie, queer hotch-potch,  
The *Coalition*.

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

And now, ye chosen FIVE AND FOR-TY,  
May stil' your Mither's heart support ye;  
Then, tho' a *Minister* grow dory,  
   An' kick your place,  
Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty,  
   Before his face.

God blefs your Honors, a' your days,  
Wi' fowps o' kail and brats o' claise,  
In spite o' a' the thievish kaes  
   That haunt St. Jamie's!  
Your humble Bardie sings an' prays  
   While *Rab* his name is.
POSTSCRIPT.

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

What tho' their Phoebus kinder warms,
While Fragrance blooms an' Beauty charms!
When wretches range, in famish'd swarms,
The scented groves,
Or hounded forth, dis honor arms
In hungry droves.

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

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

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

Sages their solemn een may streek,
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 ye sit, on craps o' heather,
Ye tine your dam;
FREEDOM and WHISKY gang the-
gither,
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.

HYPOCHISY 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 callor air.
The rising sun, our GALSTON Muirs,
   Wi' glorious light was glintan;
The hares were hirplan down the furrs,
   The lav'rocks they were chantan
   Fu' sweet that day.

II.

As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad,
   To see a scene fae gay,
Three hizzies, early at the road,
   Cam skelpan 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 fisters twin,
   In feature, form an claes;
Their visage wither'd, lang an' thin,
   An' four as ony slaes;
£
The *third* cam up, hap-ſtep-an’-loup,
    As light as ony lambie,
An’ wi’ a curchie low did ſtoop,
    As soon as e’er she saw me,
        Fu’ kind that day.

IV.

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

V.

    “My name is FUN—your cronie dear,
        “The neareſt friend ye hae;
    “An’ this is SUPERSTITION here,
        “An’ that’s HYPOCRISY.
VI.

Quoth I, "With a' my heart, I'll do't;
" I'll get my Sunday's fark on,
" An' meet you on the holy spot;
" Faith, we'fe hae fine remarkin!"

Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,
An' soon I made me ready;
For roads were clad, frae side to side,
Wi' monie a wearie body,
   In droves that day.

VII.

Here, farmers gash, in ridin graith,
Gaed hoddan by their cotters;
There, swankies young, in braw braid-claith,
Are springan owre the gutters.

E 2
The lassies, skelpans barefit, thrang,
In silks an' scarlets glitter;
Wi' sweet-milk cheese, in monie a whang,
An' farls, bak'd wi' butter,
Fu' crump that day.

VIII.

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

IX.

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

X.

Here, some are 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 an Elect 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 that man, an' blest!
Nae wonder that it pride him!
Whase ain dear lass, that he likes best,
Comes clinkan 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  
Unkend that day.

XII.

Now a' the congregation o'er  
Is silent expectation;  
For ***** speels the holy door,  
Wi' tidings o' f—lv—t—n.  
Should Hornie, as in ancient days,  
'Mang sons o' G— present him,  
The vera fight o' *****'s face,  
'To's ain bet 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 stampan, an' he's jumpan!
His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd up ſnout,
   His eldritch ſqueel an' ſuyếtures,
O how they fire the heart devout,
   Like cantharidian plaifters
   On ſic a day!

XIV.

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

XV.

What signifies his barren ſhine,
   Of moral pow'rs an' reaſon?
His English ſtyle, an' ſgiatan ſine,
   Are a' clean out o' ſeafon.
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 poosion'd nostrum;
For *******, frae the water-fit,
Ascends the holy rostrum:
See, up he's got the word o' G—,
An' meek an' mim has view'd it,
While COMMON-SENSE has taen 1 road,
An' aff, an' up the Cowgate
Faft, faft that day.

XVII.

Wee ****** nieft, the Guard relieves,
An' Orthodoxy raibles,
Tho' in his heart he weel believes,
An' thinks it auld wives' fables:
But faith! the birkie wants a Manse,
So, cannilie he hums them;
Altho’ his carnal Wit an’ Sense
Like hafflins-wise o’ercomes him
At times that day.

XVIII.

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

XIX.

Leeze me on Drink! it gies us mair
Than either School or Colledge:
It kindles Wit, it waukens Lear,
It pangs us fou o’ Knowledge.
( 50 )

Be't whisky-gill or penny-wheep,
   Or ony stronger potion,
It never fails, on drinkin deep,
   To kittle up our notion,

By night or day.

XX.

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

To meet some day.

XXI.

But now the L—'s ain trumpet touts,
   Till a' the hills are rairan,
An' echos back return the shouts;
   Black ****** is na spairan:

Black ****** is na spairan:
His piercin' words, like Highlan' fwords,
Divide the joints an' marrow;
His talk o' H—ll, whare devils dwell,
Our vera *“Sauls does harrow”
Wi' fright that day!

XXII.

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

XXIII.

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

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

XXIV.

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

XXV.

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

XXVI.

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

XXVII.

How monie hearts this day converts,
  O' sinners and o' Lasses!
Their hearts o' flane, gin night are gane,
  As saft as ony flesh is.
There's some are fou o' love divine;
There's some are fou o' brandy;
An' monie jobs that day begin,
May end in Houghmagandie
Some ither day.
O Prince, O chief of many throned pow'rs,
That led th'embattl'd Seraphim to war—

Milton.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lang syne in EDEN'S bonie yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
   G 2
( 60 )

An’ all the Soul of Love they shar’d,
    The raptur’d hour,
Sweet on the fragrant, flow’ry swaird,
    In shady bow’r.

Then you, ye auld, snick-drawing dog!
Ye cam to Paradise incog,
An’ play’d on man a cursed brogue,
    (Black be your fa’!)
An’ gied the infant warld a shog,
    ’Maist ruin’d a’.

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

An how ye gat him i’ your thrall,
An’ brak him out o’ house an’ hal’,
While scabs an’ botches did him gall,
    Wi’ bitter claw,
An' lowl'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked Scawl
Was warst ava?

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

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

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

* Vide Milton, Book 6th.
THE DEATH AND DYING WORDS
OF
POOR MAILIE,
THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE,
AN UNCO MOURNFU' TALE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

An' may they never learn the gaets,
Of ither vile, wanrestfu' Pets!
To flink thro' flaps, an' reave an' fteal,
At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail.
So may they, like their great forbears,
For monie a year come thro' the sheers:
So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
An' bairns greet for them when they're dea.

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 ay at ridin time,
To stay content wi' your ways at home;
An' no to rin an' wear his cloots,
Like ither menfeles, graceles brutes.

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

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

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

This said, poor Mailie turn'd her head,
An' clof'd her een amang the dead!
POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

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

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

Thro' a' the town she trotted by him;
A lang half-mile she could descry him;
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed:
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er came nigh him,
Than Mailie dead.
I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
An' could behave hersel wi' mense:
I'll sayt, she never brak a fence,
    Thro' thievish greed.
Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the spence
    Sin' Mailie's dead.

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

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

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

O, a’ ye Bards on bonie DOON!
An’ wha on AIRE your chanters tune?
Come, join the melancholious croon
   O’ Robin’s reed!
His heart will never get aboon!
   His Mailie’s dead!
TO J. S****.

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

BLAIR.

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

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

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

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

Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash;
Some rhyme, (vain thought!) for needfu' cash;
Some rhyme to court the countra clash,
   An' raife a din;
For me, an *aim* I never fash;
   I rhyme for *fun.*
The star that rules my luckless lot,
Has fated me the russet coat,
An' damn'd my fortune to the groat;
   But, in requit,
Has blest me with 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 ensur'd their debtors,
   " A' future ages;
" Now moths deform in shapeless tatters,
   " Their unknown pages."

Then farewell hopes of Laurel-boughs,
To garland my poetic brows!
Henceforth, I'll rove where busy ploughs
Are whistling thrang,
An' teach the 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, ane that five an' forty's speel'd,
See, crazy, weary, joyles Eild,

    Wi' wrinkl'd face,
Comes hoftan, hirplan owre the field,

    Wi' creeping pace.

When ane *life's day* draws near the
    gloamin,
Then fareweel vacant, careless roamin;
An' fareweel chearfu' tankards foamin,

    An' social noife;
An' fareweel dear, deluding woman,

    The joy of joys!

O *Life!* how pleasant in thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
Cold-pauſing Caution's leſson ſcorning,

    We frisk away,

Like school-boys, at th' expected warning,
To joy and play.

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

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

With steady aim, Some Fortune chafe;
Keen hope does ev'ry sinew brace;
Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race,
    And seize the prey:
Then canie, in some cozie place,
    They close the day.
And others, like your humble servan',
Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin;
To right or left, eternal swervin,
They zig-zag on;
Till curst with Age, obscure an' starvin,
They aften groan.

Alas! what bitter toil an' straining—
But truce with peevish, poor complaining!
Is Fortune's fickle Luna waning?
E'en let her gang!
Beneath what light she has remaining,
Let's sing our Sang.

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

' Gie dreeping roasts to countra Lairds,
' Till icicles hing frae their beards;
I 2
Gie fine braw claes to fine Life-guards,
   And Maids of Honor;
And yill an' whisky gie to Cairds,
   Until they sconner.

A Title, DEMPSTER merits it;
A Garter gie to WILLIE PIT;
Gie Wealth to some be-ledger'd Cit,
   In cent per cent;
But give me real, steraling Wit,
   And I'm content.

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

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

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

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

Ye are fae grave, nae doubt ye're wise;
Nae ferly tho' ye do despise
The hairum-fcairum, ram-stam boys,
The rambling squad:
I see ye upward cast your eyes—
—Ye ken the road—
Whilst I—but I shall haud me there—
Wi' you I'll scarce gang \textit{ony where}—
Then \textit{Jamie}, I shall say nae mair,
      But quot my sang,
Content \textit{with YOU} to mak a \textit{pair},
      Whare'er I gang.
A D R E A M.

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

ON READING, IN THE PUBLIC PAPERS, THE LAUREATE'S ODE, WITH THE OTHER PARADE OF JUNE 4th, 1786, THE AUTHOR WAS NO 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 ev'ry new Birth-day ye see,
A humble Bardie wishes!
My Bardship here, at your Levee,
   On sic a day as this is,
Is sure an uncouth sight to see,
   Amang thae Birth-day dresses
   Sae fine this day.

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

III.
For me! before a Monarch’s face,
   Ev’n there I winna flatter;
For neither Pension, Post, nor Place,
   Am I your humble debtor:
So, nae reflection on YOUR GRACE,
Your Kingship to bespatter;
There's monie waur been o' the Race,
And aiblins ane been better

Than You this day.

IV.
'Tis very true, my sovereign King,
My skill may weil be doubted;
But Facts are cheels that winna ding,
An' downa be disputed:
Your royal nest, beneath Your wing,
Is e'en right reft an' clouted,
And now the third part o' the firing,
An' leis, will gang about it

Than did ae day.

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

VI.
And now Ye've gien auld Britain peace,
Her broken shins to plaster;
Your fair 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 boast to pasture
I' the craft some day.

VII.
I'm no mistrusting Willie Pit,
When taxes he enlarges,
(An' Will's a true guid fallow's get,
A Name not Envy spairges)
That he intends to pay your debt,
An' lessen a' your charges;
But, G—d-fake! let nae saving-fit
Abridge your bonie Barges
    An' Boats this day.

VIII.

Adieu, my LIEGE! may Freedom geck
    Beneath your high protection;
An' may Ye rax Corruption's neck,
    And gie her for 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 Bardie gies Ye?
Thae bonie Bairntime, Heav'n has lent,
    Still higher may they heeze Ye
K.2
In life, till Fate some day is sent,
For ever to release Ye
Frae Care that day.

X.

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

XI.

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

XII.

For you, right rev'rend O———,
Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter,
Altho' a ribban at your lug
Wad been a dress compleater:
As ye disfown yon naughty dog,
That bears the Keys of Peter,
Then swith! an' get a wife to hug,
Or truth! 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 and stern,
Weel rigg'd for Venus barter;
But first hang out that she'll discern
Your hymeneal Charter,

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

XIV.

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

XV.

God bless you a'! confider now,  
Ye're unco muckle dautet;  
But ere the *course* o' life be through,  
It may be bitter fautet:  
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 clof'd the winter-day,
The Curlers quat their roaring play,
And hunger'd Maukin taen her way
To kail-yards green,
While faithless snaws ilk step betray
Whare she has been.

The Thresher's weary slingin-tree,
The lee-lang day had tir'd me;

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ye need na doubt, I held my whisht;  
The infant aith, half-form'd, was cruith;  
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;
And come to stop those reckless vows,
    Would soon been broken.

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

Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen,
Till half a leg was scrimply seen;
And such a leg! my B E S S, I ween,
    Could only peer it;
Sae straught, fae taper, tight and clean,
    Nane else came near it.

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

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

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

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

DUAN SECOND.

With musing-deep, astonish'd stare,
I view'd the heavenly-seeing 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 labors ply.

  ' They SCOTIA'S Race among them share;
  ' Some fire the *Sodger* on to dare;
  ' Some rouse the *Patriot* up to bare
    ' Corruption's heart:
  ' Some teach the *Bard*, a darling care,
    ' The tuneful Art.

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

  ' Hence, FULLARTON, the brave and young;
  ' Hence, DEMPSTER'S truth-prevailing tongue;
  ' Hence, sweet harmonious BEATTIE sung
    ' His "Minstrel lays;"
Or tore, with noble ardour ftung,
   ' The Sceptic's bays.

To lower Orders are affign'd,
' The humbler ranks of Human-kind,
' The rustic Bard, the lab'ring Hind,
   ' The Artisan;
' All chufe, as, various they're inclin'd,
   ' The various man.

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

Some hint the Lover's harmless wile;
' Some grace the Maiden's artless smile;
' Some soothe the Lab'rer's weary toil,
   ' For humble gains,
' And make his cottage-scenes beguile
   ' His cares and pains.
'Some, bounded to a district-space,
'Explore at large Man's infant race,
'To mark the embryotic trace,
'Of rustic Bard;
'And careful note each op'ning grace,
'A guide and guard.

'Of these am I—COILA my name;
'And this district as mine I claim,
'Where once the Campbell's, chiefs of fame,
'Held ruling pow'r:
'I mark'd thy embryo-tuneful flame,
'Thy natal hour.

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

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

Or when the deep-green-mantled Earth,
Warm-cherish'd ev'ry floweret's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth,
   In ev'ry grove,
I saw thee eye the gen'r al 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 I can show,
   To paint with Thomson's landscape-glow;
Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
   With Shenstone's art.
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow,
   Warm on the heart.

Yet all beneath th’unrival’d Rose,
The lowly Daisy sweetly blows;
Tho’ large the forest’s Monarch throws
   His army shade,
Yet green the juicy Hawthorn grows,
   Adown the glade.

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

To give my counsels all in one,
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
Preserve the dignity of Man,
   With Soul erect;
And trust, the UNIVERSAL PLAN
   Will all protect.
'And wear thou this'—She solemn said,
And bound the Holly round my head:
The polish'd leaves, and berries red,
Did rustling play;
And, like a passing thought, she fled,
In light away.
THE following POEM will, by many Readers, be well enough understood; but, for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, Notes are added, to give some account of the principal Charms and Spells of that Night, so big with Prophecy to the Peasantry in the West of Scotland. The passion of prying into Futurity makes a striking part of the history of Human-nature, in its rude state, in all ages and nations; and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind, if any such should honor the Author with a perusal, to see the remains of it, among the more unenlightened in our own.
HALLOWEEN. *

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

GOLDSMITH.

I.

Upon that night, when Fairies light,
    On Cassilis Dowmans † dance,
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
    On sprightly courfers prance;

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

† Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis.
Or for Colean, the rout is taen,
Beneath the moon's pale beams;
There, up the Cove, * to stray an' rove,
Amang the rocks an' streams
To sport that night.

II.

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

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

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

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

IV.

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

* The firft 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 firft 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, tick to the root, that is tocker, or fortune; and the taste of the cuffae, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or to give them their ordinary appellation, the runts, are placed somewhere above the head of the door; and the christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house, are, according to the priority of placing the runts, the names in question.
They steer their een, an' grape an' wale,
   For muckle anes, an' straught anes.
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
   An' wander'd thro' the Bow-kail,
An' pow't, for want o' better shift,
   A runt was like a bow-tail
   Sae bow't that night.

V.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,
   They roar an' cry a' throw'ther;
The vera wee-things, toddlan, rin,
   Wi' flocks out owre their shouther:
An' gif the caslock's sweet or four,
   Wi' jocotelegs they taste them;
Syne coziely, aboon the door,
   Wi' cannie care, they've plac'd them
   To lye that night.

VI.

The laffes swaw frae 'mang them a',
   To pou their stalks o' corn; *

* They go to the barn-yard, and pull each, at three feves
But Rab flips out, an' jinks about,  
Behint the muckle thorn:
He grippet Nelly hard an' faſt;  
Loud skirl'd a' the laſſes;
But her top-pickle maift was loſt,  
When kiutlan in the Fausė-house *
Wi' him that night.

VII.

The auld Guidwife's weel-hoordet nits †  
Are round an' round divided,
An' monie lads an' laſſes fates  
Are there that night decided:

times, a ſtalk of Oats. If the third ſtalk wants the top-pickle,  
that is, the grain at the top of the ſtalk, the party in question will want the Maidenhead.

* When the corn is in a doubtſful 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 Fausė-house.

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

VIII.

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

IX.

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

X.
Nell had the Fause-house in her min',
She pits hersel an' Rob in;
In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
Till white in afe they're fobbin:
Nell's heart was dancin at the view;
She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't:
Rob, stownlins, pric'd her bonie mou,
Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
Unseen that night.

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

XII.

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

XIII.

Wee 'fenny to her Graunie fays,  
   ‘ Will ye go wi’ me Graunie?

* Whoever would, with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions. Steal out, all alone, to the kiln, and, darkling, throw into the pot, a clew of blue yarn: wind it in a new clew off the old one; and towards the latter end, some-
'I'll eat the apple * at the glaſs,
  ' I gat frae uncle Johnie:
She suff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
  In wrath she was fae vap'rin,
She notic't na, an aizle brunt
Her braw, new, worſet apron
  Out thro' that night.

XIV.

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

thing will hold the thread: demand, wha hauds? i.e. who holds? and answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by nam- ing the christian and fırname of your future Spouſe.

* Take a candle, and go, alone, to a looking glaſs: eat an apple before it, and some traditions say you shouuld 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.
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 fiftteen:
' The Simmer had been cauld an' wat,
' An' Stuff was unco green;
' An' ay a rantan Kirn we gat,
' An' juft on Halloween
' It fell that night.

XVI.

' Our Stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen,
' A clever, sturdy fallow;
' His Sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,
' That liv'd in Achmacalla:
' He gat hemp-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
But monie a day was by himsel,
‘ He was fae fairly frighted
‘ That vera night.’

XVII.

Then up gat fechtan Jamie Fleck,
An’ he fwoor by his conscience,
That he could saw hemp-seed a peck;
For it was a’ but nonsense:
The auld guidman raught down the pock,
An’ out a handfu’ gied him;
Syne bad him flip 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 sturtan;
The graip he for a barrow taks,
An’ haurls at his curpan:

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

XIX.

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

XX.

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

XXI.

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

* This charm must likewise be performed, unperceived and alone. You go to the barn, and open both doors; taking them off the hinges, if possible; for there is danger, that the Being, about to appear, may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which, in our country-dialect, we call a wecht; and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times: and the third time, an apparition will pass thro' the barn, in at the windy door, and out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance or station, marking the employment or station in life.
XXII.

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

XXIII.

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

* Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a Bear-flack, and fathom it three times round. The laft fathom of the laft time, you will catch in your arms, the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.
An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke,
Till skin in blypes cam haurlin
    Aff's nieves that night.

XXIV.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
    As cantie as a kittlen;
But Och! that night, amang the shaws,
    She gat a fearfu' settlin!
She thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,
    An' owre the hill gaed scrivin,
Whare three Lairds' lan's met at a burn, *
    To dip her left fark-sleeve in,
    Was bent that night.

XXV.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
    As thro' the glen it wimpl't;
O 2

* You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south-running spring or rivulet, where 'three Lairds' lands meet,' and dip your left shirt-sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Ly awake; and sometime near midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it.
Whyles round a rocky scar it strays;
    Whyles in a wiel it dimpl’t;
Whyles glitter’d to the nightly rays,
    Wi’ bickerin, dancin dazzle;
Whyles cooket underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazle
    Unseen that night.

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

XXVII.
In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
    The Luggies * three are ranged;

* Take three dishes; put clean water in one, foul water in
And ev’ry time great care is taen,
To see them duely 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.

XXVIII.

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

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

* Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the Halloween Supper.
THE AULD FARMER'S NEW-YEAR-MORNING SALUTATION TO HIS AULD MARE, MAGGIE, ON GIVING HER THE ACCUSTOMED RIPP OF CORN TO HANSEL IN THE NEW-YEAR.

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

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

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

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

When first I gaed to woo my Jenny,
Ye then was trottan wi' your Minnie:
Tho' ye was trickie, sleek an' funnie,
    Ye ne'er was donsie;
But hamely, tawie, quiet an' cannie,
   An' unco fonsie.

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

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

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

When thou an' I were young an' skiegh,
An' Stable-meals at Fairs were driegeh,
How thou wad prance, an' shone, an' shriegeh,
   An' tak the road!

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

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

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

Thou never braing’t, an’ fetch’t, an’ flisket,
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whilket,
An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket,
Wi' pith an' pow'r,
'Till sprittie knowes wad rair't an' risket,
An' lypet owre.

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

In cart or car thou never reéstet;
The steyest brae thou wad hae fac't it;
Thou never lap, an' slesn't, an' bresstet,
Then flood to blaw;
But juist thy slep a wee thing haństet,
Thou snoov't awa.

My Pleugh is now thy bairn-time a';
Four gallant brutes, as e'er did draw;
Forby fax mae, I've selt' awa,
That thou hańst nurst:
They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,
The vera warst.

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

An' think na, my auld, trufty Servan',
That now perhaps thou's less deservin',
An' thy auld days may end in starvin',
For my last fow,
A heapet Stimpard, I'll reserve ane
Laid by for you.

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

P 2
THE

COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

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

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

GRAY.

I.

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

II.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry fugh;
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 labor 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;
( 126 )

The expectant wee-things, toddlan, stachen through
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise and glee.

His wee-bit ingle, blinkan bonilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty Wifie's smile,

The lipping infant, prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

VI.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,
At Service out, amang the Farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin

A cannie errand to a neebor town:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown,
In youthfu' bloom, Love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
Or deposite her fair-won penny-fee,
To help her Parents dear, if they in hardship be.

V.

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

VI.

Their Master's and their Mistress's command,
The youngkers a' are warned to obey;
And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play:
"And O! be sure to fear the LORD al-
way!
"And mind your duty, duely, morn and
night!
"Left in temptation's path ye gang astray,
"Implore his counsel and assailing 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 came o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily Mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek,
With heart-struck, anxious care enquires
his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel-pleaf'd the Mother hears, it's nae wild,
worthless Rake.
VIII.

With kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;
A strappan youth; he takes the Mother’s eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit’s no ill taen;
The Father cracks of horsës, pleughs and kye.
The Youngster’s artless heart o’erflows wi’ joy,
But blate and laithfu’, scarce can weel behave;
The Mother, wi’ a woman’s wiles, can spy
What makes the youth fae bashfu’ and fae grave;
Weel-pleaf’d to think her bairn’s respected like the lave.

IX.

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

X.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
A Wretch! a Villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, fly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curfe on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
Are Honor, Virtue, Conscience, all exil'd?
Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth,
Points to the Parents fondling o'er their Child?
Then paints the ruin'd Maid, and their distraction wild!
XI.

But now the Supper crowns their simple board,

The healfome *Porritch*, chief of SCOTIA’S food:

The soupe their *only Hawkie* does afford,

That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:

The Dame brings forth, in complimental mood,

To grace the lad, her weil-hain’d kebbuck, fell,

And aft he’s prest, and 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’ ferious face,

They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;

The Sire turns o’er, with patriarchal grace,

The big *ha’-Bible*, ance his *Father’s* pride:
His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
His lyart bæffets wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in ZION glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
'And let us worship GOD!' he fays 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 rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name;
Or noble Elgin beets the heaven-ward flame,
The sweetest far of SCOTIA's holy lays:
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they, with our CREATOR'S praise.
XIV.

The priest-like Father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the Friend of GOD on high;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage,
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal Bard did groaning lye,
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other Holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre.

XV.

Perhaps the Christian Volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How HE, who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on Earth whereon to lay His head:
How His first followers and servants sped;
The Precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great Babel's doom pronounc'd
by Heaven's command.

XVI.
Then kneeling down to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING,
The Saint, the Father, and the Husband prays:
Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing;' *
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There, ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their CREATOR'S praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

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

* Pope's Windsor Forest.
When men display to congregations wide,
  Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
The POWER, incens'd, the Pageant will
defert,
The pompous strain, the sacredotal stole;
But haply, in some Cottage far apart,
  May hear, well pleas'd, the language of
the Soul;
And in His Book of Life the Inmates poor enroll.

XVIII.

Then homeward all take off their several way;
The youngling Cottagers retire to rest:
The Parent-pair their secret homage pay,
  And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
That HE who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
  And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way *His Wisdom sees the best,*
    For *them* and for their *little ones* provide;
**But chiefly, in their hearts with *Grace divine* preside.**

**XIX.**

*From scenes like these, old SCOTIA’S grandeur springs,*
    That makes her lov’d at home, rever’d a-broad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
    ‘An honest man’s the noble work of GOD;’
*And certes, in fair Virtue’s heavenly road,*
    The *Cottage* leaves the *Palace* far behind:
**What is a lordling’s pomp? a cumbrous load,**
    Disguising oft the *wretch* of human kind,
**Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin’d!**

**XX.**

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

XXI.

O THOU! who pour'd the patriotic tide,
    That stream'd thro' great, unhappy WAL-LACE' heart;
Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,
    Or nobly die, the second glorious part:
(The Patriot's GOD, peculiarly thou art,
    His friend, inspirer, guardian and reward!)
O never, never SCOTIA'S realm desert,
    But still the Patriot, and the Patriot-Bard,
In bright succession raise, her Ornament and Guard!

R
TO

A MOUSE,

On turning her up in her Nest, with the Plough,
November, 1785.

WEE, sleeket, cowran, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa fae haftly,
'Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chafe thee,
'Wi' murd'ring pattle!

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

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

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

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waft,
An' weary Winter comin faft,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crafh! the cruel couler past
Out thro' thy cell.

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

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

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

A BROTHER POET.

January—

i.

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

II.

It's hardly in a body's pow'r,
To keep, at times, frae being for',
   To see how things are shar'd;
How beast o' chiels are whyles in want,
While Coos on countless thousands rant,
   And ken na how to wair't:
But DAVIE lad, ne'er fash your head,
   Tho' we hae little gear,
We're fit to win our daily bread,
   As lang's we're hale and fier:
    ' Mair spier na, nor fear na,' *
   Auld age ne'er mind a seg;

* Ramsay.
The laist o’it, the warst o’it,
Is only but to beg.

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

Then let us cheerfu' acquieſce;
Nor make our ſcanty Pleasures leſs,
By pining at our ſlate:
And, ev'ñ ſhould Misfortunes come,
I, here wha ſt, 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 ſtent me, DAVIE, Ace o' Hearts!
(To say aught leſs wad wrang the cartes,
And flatt'ry I detest)
This life has joys for you and I;
And joys that riches ne'er could buy;
And joys the very best.
There's a' the Pleasures o' the Heart,
The Lover and the Frien';
Ye hae your MEG, your dearest part,
And I my darling JEAN!
It warms me, it charms me,
To mention but her name:
It heats me, it beets me,
And sets me a' on flame!

IX.

O, all ye Pow'rs who rule above!
O THOU, whose very self art love!
THOU know'ft my words sincere!
The life blood streamin' thro' my heart,
Or my more dear Immortal part,
Is not more fondly dear!
When heart-corroding care and grief
Deprive my soul of rest,
Her dear idea brings relief,
And solace to my breast.
Thou BEING, Allseeing,
O hear my fervent pray'r!
Still take her, and make her,
THY most peculiar care!

X.

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

XI.

O, how that name inspires my style!
The words come skelpan, rank and file,
   Amaist before I ken!
The ready measure rins as fine,
As Phæbus and the famous Nine
Were glowran owre my pen.
My spavet Pegasus will limp,
Till ance he's fairly het;
And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,
And rin an unco fit:
But leaft then, the beast then,
Should rue this hafty ride,
I'll light now, and 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, who inly pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep!
With Woe I nightly vigils keep,
Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam;
And mourn, in lamentation deep,
How life and love are all a dream!

II.

I joyless view thy rays adorn,
The faintly-marked, distant hill:
I joyless view thy trembling horn,
Reflected in the gurgling rill.

My fondly-fluttering heart, be still!
Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease!
Ah! must the agonizing thrill,
For ever bar returning Peace!

III.

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

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

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

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

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

VII.

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

VIII.

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

IX.

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

X.

Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set!
Scenes, never, never to return!
Scenes, if in smpor I forget,
   Again I feel, again I burn!
From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn,
   Life's weary vale I'll wander thro';
And hopeles, comfortles, I'll mourn
   A faithles woman's broken vow.
DESPONDENCY,

AN ODE.

I.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I set me down and sigh:
O Life! Thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I!
Dim-backward as I cast my view,
What sick'ning Scenes appear!
(157)

What Sorrows yet may pierce me thro',
Too justly I may fear!
Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom;
My woes here, shall close ne'er,
But with the closing tomb!

II.

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

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

IV.

Than I, no lonely Hermit plac'd
Where never human footstep trac'd,
Less fit to play the part,
The lucky moment to improve,
And just to stop, and just to move,
With self-respecting art.
But ah! tho' 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 persidy ingrate!

V.

Oh, enviable, early days,
    When dancing thoughtless Pleasure's maze,
    To Care, to Guilt unknown!
How ill exchang'd for riper times,
    To feel the follies, or the crimes,
Of others, or my own!

Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
    Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
    When Manhood is your wish!
The losses, the crosses,
    That active man engage;
The fears all, the tears all,
    Of dim declining Age!
MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN,

A

DIRGE.

I.

WHEN chill November's furl'y blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One ev'n'ing, as I wand'red forth,
Along the banks of AIRE,
I spy'd a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.
II.

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

III.

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

IV.

O Man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Mispending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious, youthful prime!
Alternate Follies take the way;
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 ev’ry land,
   All wretched and forlorn,
Thro’ weary life this lesson learn,
   That Man was made to mourn!

VII.

Many and sharp the num’rous 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 recompence
To comfort those that mourn!
XI.

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

I.

THE Wintry West extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blaw;
Or, the stormy North sends driving forth,
The blinding fleet and snow:
While, tumbling brown, the Burn comes down,
And roars frae bank to brae;
And bird and beast, in covert, rest,
And pass the heartless day.
II.

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

III.

Thou POW’R SUPREME, whose mighty
Scheme,
These woes of mine fulfil;
Here, firm, I rest, they must be best,
Because they are Thy Will!
Then all I want (Oh, do thou grant
This one request of mine!)
Since to enjoy Thou dost deny,
Assist me to resign!

* Dr. Young.
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 list'n'ing to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

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

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

X
TO A

MOUNTAIN-DAISY,

On turning one down, with the Plough, in April—1786.

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

Alas! it’s no thy neebor sweet,
The bonie Lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
    Wi's sprecki'd breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
    The purpling East.

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

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

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 flow'ret of the rural shade!  
By Love's simplicity betray'd,  
And guileless trust,  
Till she, like thee, all foil'd, is laid  
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,  
On Life's rough ocean luckless star'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 starv'n,  
By human pride or cunning driv'n  
To Mis'ry's brink,  
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but HEAV'N,  
He, ruin'd, sink!
Ev’n thou who mourn’st the Daisy’s fate,
That fate is thine——no distant date;
Stern Ruin’s plough-share drives, elate,
   Full on thy bloom,
Till crush’d beneath the furrows weight,
   Shall be thy doom!
TO RUIN.

I.

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

II.

And thou grim Pow'r, by Life abhorr'd,
While Life a pleasure can afford,
   Oh! hear a wretch's pray'r!
No more I shrink appall'd, afraid;
I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
   To close this scene of care!
When shall my soul, in silent peace,
   Resign Life's joyless day?
My weary heart it's throbings cease,
   Cold-mould'ring in the clay?
No fear more, no tear more,
   To stain my lifeless face,
Enclasped, and grasped,
   Within thy cold embrace!
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 world soon my lad,
And ANDREW dear believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye:
For care and trouble set your thought,
Ev'n when your end's attained;
And a' your views may come to nought,
Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

III.

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

IV.

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

Y
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.

Ay 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' ev'ry other man,
Wi' sharpen'd, fly inspection.

VI.

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

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
Affiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by ev'ry wile,
That's justly'd by Honor:
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train-attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independant.

VIII.

The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip,
To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your Honor grip,
Let that ay be your border:
It's slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' side-pretences;
And resolutely keep it's laws,
Uncaring consequences.

IX.

The great CREATOR to revere,
Must sure become the Creature;
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And ev'n the rigid feature:

Y 2
Yet ne'er with Wits prophane to range,
   Be complaifance extended;
An athief-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 tempeft-driven,
   A Conience 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 fend you speed,'
   Still daily to grow wiser;
And may ye better reck the rede,
   Than ever did th' Adviser!
ON A
SCOTCH BARD
GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

A' Ye wha live by fowps o' drink,
A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,
A' ye wha live and never think,
   Come, mourn wi' me!
Our billie's gien us a' a jink,
   An' owre the Sea.
Lament him a' ye rantan core,
Wha dearly like a random-splore;
Nae mair he'll join the *merry roar,*
In social key;
For now he's taen anither shore,
An' owre the Sea!

The bonie lasses weel may wis him,
And in their dear *petitions* place him:
The widows, wives, an' a' may bles him,
Wi' tearfu' e'e;
For weel I wat they'll fairly mis him
That's owre the Sea!

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

Auld, cantie KYLE may weepers wear,
An' stain them wi' the faut, faut tear:
"Twill mak her poor, auld heart, I fear,
    In flinders flee:
He was her Laureat monie a year,
    That's owre the Sea!

    He saw Misfortune's cauld Nor-west
Lang-musterering up a bitter blast;
A Jillet brak his heart at last,
    Ill may the 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, independant stomach,
    Could ill agree;
So, row't his hurdles in a hammock,
    An' owre the Sea.

He ne'er was gien to great misguidin,
Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in;
Wi' him it ne'er was under hidin;
    He dealt it free;
The *Muse* was a’ that he took pride in,
    That’s owre the Sea.

*Jamaica bodies,* use him weel,
An’ hap him in a cozie biel:
Ye’ll find him ay a dainty chiel,
    An’ fou o’ glee:
He wad na wrang’d the vera *Diel,*
    That’s owre the Sea.

**Fareweel, my rhyme-composing billie!**
Your native soil was right ill-willie;
But may ye flourish like a lily,
    Now bonilie!
I’ll toast you in my hindmost *gillie,*
    Tho’ owre the Sea!
A DEDICATION

TO

G***** H****** Esq;

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

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

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

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

I readily and freely grant,
He downa see a poor man want;
What's no his ain, he winna tak it;
What ance he says, he winna break it;
Ought he can lend he'll no refuťt,
Till aft his guidness is abuf'd;
And rascals whyles that do him wrang,
Ev'n that, he does na mind it lang:
As Master, Landlord, Husband, Father,
He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that;
Nae godly ſympptom ye can ca' that;
It's naething but a milder feature,
Of our poor, ſinfu', corrupt Nature:
Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
'Mang black Gentoos, and Pagan Turks,
Or Hunters wild on Ponotaxi,
Wha never heard of Orth-d-xy.
That he's the poor man's friend in need,
The GENTLEMAN in word and deed,
It's no through terror of D-mn-t-n;
It's juſt a carnal inclination,
And Och! that's nae r-g-n-r-t-n!

Morality, thou deadly bane,
Thy tens o' thousands thou haſt slain!
Vain is his hope, whaſe ſtay an' truſt is,
In moral Mercy, Truth and Justice!

Z 2
No—stretch a point to catch a plack;
Abuse a Brother to his back;
Steal thro’ the winnock frae a wh-re,
But point the Rake that taks the door;
Be to the Poor like onie whunstane,
And haud their noses to the grunstane;
Ply ev’ry art o’ legal thieving;
No matter—stick to found believing.

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

O ye wha leave the springs o’ C-lv-n,
For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin!
Ye 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,
Juxt frets till Heav’n commissiion gies him i
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 ma'ft forgat my Dedication;
But when Divinity comes cros's me,
My readers then are sure to los'e me.

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

Then patronize them wi' your favor,
And your Petitioner shall ever—
I had amai'st 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'fe repeat each poor man's pray'r,
That kens or hears about you, Sir—
May ne'er Misfortune's gowling bark,
May ne'er the dwelling o' the CLERK!
May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart,
For that fame gen'rous spirit smart!
May K*****'s far-honor'd name
Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
Till H*****'s, at least a diz'n,
Are frae their nuptial labors risen:
Five bonie Lasses round their table,
And sev'n braw fellows, stout an' able,
To serve their King an' Country weel,
By word, or pen, or pointed steel!
May Health and Peace, with mutual rays,
Shine on the ev'ning o' his days;
Till his wee, curlie John's ier-oe,
When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
The last, fad, mournful rites bestow!

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

But if, which Pow'rs above prevent,  
That iron-hearted Carl, *Want*,  
Attended, in his grim advances,  
By *sad mislakes*, and *black mischances*,  
While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,  
Make you as poor a dog as I am,  
Your humble servant then no more;  
For who would humbly serve the Poor?  
But by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n!  
While recollection's pow'r is giv'n,  
If, in the vale of humble life,  
The victim sad of Fortune's strife,  
I, through the tender-gushing tear,  
Should recognise my *Master dear*,  
If friendless, low, we meet together,  
Then, Sir, your hand—my FRIEND and BROTHER.
TO A

L O U S E,

On Seeing one on a Lady's Bonnet at Church.

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

Ye ugly, creepan, blastet wonder,
Detested, shunn'd, by saunt an' sinner,
How daur ye set your fit upon her,
   Sae fine a Lady!
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner,
   On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's hasset squattle;
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle,
Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle,
   In shoals and nations;
Wharc born nor bane ne'er daur unsettle,
   Your thick plantations.

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

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

I wad na been surpriz'd to spy
You on an auld wife's flainen toy;
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
   On's wylecoat;
But Mifs's fine Lunardi, fye!
   How daur ye do't?

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

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

TO

J. L*****K,

AN OLD SCOTCH BARD.

April 1st, 1785.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I am nae Poet, in a sense,
But just a Rhymer like by chance,
An' hae to Learning nae pretence,
  Yet, what the matter?
Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,
  I jingle at her.

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

What's a' your jargon o' your Schools,
Your Latin names for horns an' tools;
If honest Nature made you \textit{fools},
  What fairs your Grammars?
Ye'd better taen up \textit{spades} and \textit{shools},
  Or \textit{knappin-hammers}. 
A set o' dull, conceited Hashes,
Confuse their brains in *Colledge-classes*!
They *gang* in Stirks, and *come out* Affer,
Plain truth to *speak*;
An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek!

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

O for a *spunk* o' ALLAN'S glee,
Or FERGUSON'S, the bauld an' *slee*,
Or bright L*****K'S, my friend to *be*.
If I can hit it!
That would be *lear* eneugh for me,
If I could get it.

Now, Sir, if ye hae friends enow,
Tho' *real friends* I b'lieve are few,
Yet, if your catalogue be fow,
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 an' folk that wish me well,
They sometimes roose me;
Tho' I maun own, as monie still,
As far abuse me.

There's an wee fault they whiles lay to me,
I like the lassies—Gude forgie me!
For monie a Plack they wheedle frae me,
At dance or fair:
Maybe some ither thing they gie me
They weel can spare.

But MAUCHLINE Race or MAUCHLINE Fair,
I should be proud to meet you there;
We'ſe gie ae night's discharge to care,
If we forgather,
An' hae a swap o' rhymin-war,
Wi' ane anither

The four-gill chap, we'fe gar him c'atter,
An' kirf'n him wi' reekin water;
Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,
To chear our hear';
An' faith, we'fe be acquainted better
Before we part.

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

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
Who hold your being on the terms,
'Each aid the others,'
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
My friends, my brothers!
( 202 )

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

TO THE SAME.

April 21st, 1785.

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

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

I would na write.

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

‘ This month an’ mair,
‘ That trouth, my head is grown right dizzie,
‘ An’ something fair.’

Her dowf 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 L*****K, the king o’ hearts,
‘ Tho’ mankind were a pack o’ cartes,
‘ Rope you fae weel for your deserts,

‘ In terms fae friendly,
‘ Yet ye’ll neglect to shaw your parts

‘ An’ thank him kindly?’

B b 2
Sae I gat paper in a blink,
An, down gaed slumpie 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 moorlan harp
    Wi' gleesome touch!
Ne'er mind how Fortune waft an' warp;
    She's but a b-tch.

She's gien me monie a jirt an' fleg,
Sin I could 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 an' twentieb timmer,
I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
Still persected by the limmer
Frae year to year;
But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,
I, Rob, am here.

Do ye envy the city-gent,
Behint a kist to lie an' sklent,
Or purse-proud, big wi' cent per cent,
An' muckle wame,
In some bit Brugh to represent
A Baillie's name?

Or is't the paughty, feudal Thane,
Wi' ruffl'd fark an' glancin cane,
Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-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 an’ sense a lift,
‘ Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift,
   ‘ Thro’ Scotland wide;
‘ Wi’ cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
   ‘ In a’ their pride!’

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

For thus the royal Mandate ran,
When first the human race began,
‘ The social, friendly, honest man,
   ‘ Whate’er he be,
‘ ’Tis he fulfils great Nature’s plan,
   ‘ And none but he.’
O Mandate, glorious and divine!
The followers o' the ragged Nine,
Poor, thoughtless devils! yet may shine
In glorious light,
While fordid sons o' Mammon's line
Are dark as night!

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

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

W. S*****N, OCHILTREE.

May—1785.

I
Gat your letter, winsome Willie;
Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie;
Tho' I maun says, I wad be silly,
   An' unco vain,
Should I believe, my coaxin billie,
   Your flatterinstrain.

But I'fe believe ye kindly meant it,
I fud be laith to think ye hinted
Ironic satire, fidelins sklentid,
   On my poor Muse;
Tho' in sic phraisin terms ye've penn'd it,
   I scarce excuse ye.
My senes wad be in a creel,
Should I but dare a hope to speel,
Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield,
   The braes o' fame;
Or Ferguson, the writer-chiefl,
   A deathless name.

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

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
Or laffes gie my heart a screed,
As whiles they're like to be my dead,
   (O fad dize!)
I kittle up my rustic reed;
   It gies me eafe.

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

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

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

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

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

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

O sweet are COILA'S haughs an' woods,
When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
And jinkin' hares, in amorous whids,
   Their loves enjoy,
While thro' the braes the cushion croods
   With wailfu' cry!
C c 2
Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me,
When winds rave thro' the naked tree;
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
    Are hoary gray;
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
    Dark'ning the day!

O NATURE! a' thy shews an' forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!
Whether the Summer kindly warms,
    Wi' life an' light,
Or Winter howls, in gufty storms,
    The lang, dark night!

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

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

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

While Highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes;
While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies;
While Terra firma, on her axis,
    Diurnal turns,
Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
    In ROBERT BURNS.
POSTSCRIPT.

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

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

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

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

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

This was deny'd, it was affirm'd;
The berds an' biffels were alarm'd;
The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd an' storm'd,
     That beardlefs laddies
Should think they better were inform'd,
     Than their auld dadies.

     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 lands
    Wi' nimble shanks,
Till _Lairds_ forbad, by strict commands,
    Sic bluidy pranks.

But _new-light_ _herds_ gat sic a cowe,
Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an-flowe,
Till now amaift 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 bleatan;
Their zealous _herds_ are vex'd an' sweatan;
Mysel, I've ev'n seen them greetan
    Wi' girnan spite,
To hear the Moon fae sadly lie'd on  
   By word an' write.

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

Guid observation they will gie them;  
An' when the auld Moon's gaun to le'ae them,
   The hindmost haird, they'll fetch it wi' them,
   Just i' their pouch,
An' when the new-light billies see them,
   I think they'll crouch!

Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter  
Is naething but a ' moonshine matter;'
But tho' dull prose-folk latin splatter  
   In logic tulzie,
I hope we, Bardies, ken some better  
   Than mind sic brulzie.
D d
EPISTLE TO J. R******,
ENCLOSING SOME POEMS.

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

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

* A certain humorous dream of his was then making a noise in the world.
Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it!
That holy robe, O dinna tear it!
Spare’t for their fakes wha aften wear it,
  The lads in black;
But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
  Rives’t aff their back.

Think, wicked Sinner, wha ye’re skaithing:
It’s just the Blue-gown badge an’ claithing,
O’ Saunts; tak that, ye lea’e them naething,
  To ken them by,
Frac ony unregenerate Heathen,
  Like you or I.

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

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

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

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

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

Some auld, uf'd hands had taen a note,
That 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 bail,
An' by my hen, an' by her tail,
   I vow an' swear!
The Game shall Pay, owre moor an' dail,
   For this, nieft year.

As soon's the clockin-time is by,
An' the wee powts begun to cry,
L—d, I'fe hae sportin by an' by,
   For my gowd guinea;
Tho' I should herd the buckskin kye
   For't, in Virginia!

Trowth, they had muckle for to blame!
'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,
But twa-three drops about the wame
   Scarce thro' the feathers
An' baith a yellow George to claim,
   An' thale their blethers!
( 222 )

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

SONG.

Tune, _Corn rigs are bonie._

I.

I t was upon a Lammas night,
    When corn rigs are bonie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
    I held awa to Annie:
The time flew by, wi' tentless head,
    'Till 'tween the late and early;
Wi' _fina' persuasion_ she agreed,
    'To see me thro' the barley.
II.
The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly;
I set her down, wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley:
I ken't her heart was a' my ain;
I lov'd her most sincerely;
I kis'd her owre and owre again,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

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

IV.
I hae been blythe wi' Comrades dear;
I hae been merry drinking;
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear;
I hae been happy thinking:
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

CHORUS.
Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
An' corn rigs are bonie:
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

SONG,
COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

Tune, I had a horse, I had nae mair.

I.

NOW westlin winds, and slaught'ring guns
Bring Autumn's pleasant weather;
And the moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
    Amang the blooming heather:
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
    Delights the weary Farmer;
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,
    To muse upon my Charmer.

II.

The Partridge loves the fruitful fells;
    The Plover loves the mountains;
The Woodcock haunts the lonely dells;
    The soaring Hern the fountains:
Thro' lofty groves, the 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 press,
Swear how I love thee dearly:
Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
Not Autumn to the Farmer,
So dear can be, as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely Charmer!
SONG.

Tune, Gilderoy.

I.

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

II.

Farewell, farewell, ELIZA dear,
   The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear,
   We part to meet no more!
But the latest throb that leaves my heart,
   While Death stands victor by,
That throb, ELIZA, is thy part,
   And thine that latest sigh!
   E e 2
THE FAREWELL.

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

Tune, Goodnight and joy be wi' you a'

I.

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

II.

Oft have I met your social Band,
And spent the cheerful, festive night;
Oft, honor'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the Sons of light:
And by that Hieroglyphic bright,
Which none but Craftsmen ever saw!
Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa!

III.

May Freedom, Harmony and Love
Unite you in the grand Design,
Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above,
The glorious ARCHITECT Divine!
That you may keep th' unerring line,
Still rising by the plummet's law,
Till Order bright, completely shine,
Shall be my Pray'r when far awa,

IV.

And YOU, farewell! whose merits claim,
Justly that highest badge to wear!
Heav'n bless your honor'd, noble Name,
To MASONRY and SCOTIA dear!
A last request, permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a',
One round, I ask it with a tear,
To him, the Bard, that's far awa.
EPITAPH ON A HENPECKED COUNTRY SQUIRE.

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

EPIGRAM ON SAID OCCASION.

O Death, had'st thou but spair'd his life,
Whom we, this day, lament!
We freely wad exchang'd the wife,
An' a' been weel content.

Ev'n as he is, cauld in his graff,
The swap we yet will do't;
Tak thou the Carlin's carcase aff,
Thou'se get the faul o' boot.

ANOTHER.

One Queen Artemisia, as old stories tell,
When depriv'd of her husband she loved so well,
In respect for the love and affection he'd show'd her,
She reduc'd him to dust, and she drank up the Powder.

But Queen N*********, of a diff'rent complexion,
When call'd on to order the fun'ral direction,
Would have eat her dead lord, on a slender pretence,
Not to show her respect, but—to save the expense.

** E P I T A P H S. **

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

Here Sowter **** in Death does sleep;
To H—ll, if he's gane thither,
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
He'll haud it weel thegither.
ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes;
O Death, it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'ran b—tch,
Into thy dark dominion!

ON WEE JOHNIE.

_Hic jacet wee Johnie._

Whoe'er thou art, O reader, know,
That Death has murder'd Johnie;
An' here his body lies fu' low—
For faul he ne'er had ony.

FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O ye whose cheek the tear of pity staines,
Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend!
Here lie the loving Husband's dear remains,
The tender Father, and the gen'rous Friend.
The pitying Heart that felt for human Woe;
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human Pride;
The Friend of Man, to vice alone a foe;
"For ev'n his failings lean'd to Virtue's side. *"

FOR R. A. Esq;

Know thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much lov'd, much honor'd name!
(For none that knew him need be told)
A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold.

FOR G. H. Esq;

The poor man weeps—here G——N sleepe,
Whom canting wretches blam'd:
But with such as be, where'er he be,
May I be fav'd or d——'d!

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

Is there a whim-inspir’d fool,
Owre faït for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
Let him draw near;
And o’er this grassy heap sijng 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,
( 235 )

Here pause—and thro' the starting tear,
   Survey this grave.

The poor Inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
   And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
   And stain'd his name!

Reader attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
   In low pursuit,
Know, prudent, cautious, [self-controul]
Is Wisdom's root.

FINIS.
GLOSSARY.

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

A

BACK, behind, away
Abiegh, at a distance
Ae, one
Agley, wide of the aim
Aiver, an old horse
Aizle, a red ember
Ane, one, an
Aisle, ashes
Ava, at all, of all
Awn, the beard of oats, &c.

B

AIRAN, baring
Banie, bony
Bawf'nt, having a white stripe down the face
Ben, but and ben, the country kitchen and parlour
Bellys, bellows
Bee, to let bee, to leave in quiet
Biggin, a building
Bield, shelter
Blathet, worthles
Blather, the bladder
Blink, a glance, an amorous leer, a short space of time
Blype, a shred of cloth, &c.
Boof, behoved
Brash, a sudden illness
Brat, a worn shred of Cloth
Brainge, to draw unsteadily
Braxie, a morkin sheep
Brogue, an affront
Breef, an invulnerable charm
Breatlet, sprung forward
Burnewin, q. d. burn the wind, a Blacksmith.

C

A', to call, to drive
Caup, a small, wooden dish with two lugs, or handles
Cape stane, cope stone
Cairs, tinkers
Cairn, a loose heap of stones
Chuffie, fat-faced
Collie, a general and sometimes a particular name for country curs
Cog, or coggie, a small wooden dish without handles
Cootie, a pretty large wooden dish
Crack, conversation, to converse
Crank, a harsh, grating sound
Crankous, fretting, peevish
Croon, a hollow, continued moan
Crawl, to creep
Crouchie, crook-backed
Cranreuch, the hoar frost
Curpan, the crupper
Cummock, a short staff

D

AUD, the noise of one falling flat, a large piece of bread, &c.
Daut, to care, to fondle
Daimen, now and then, seldom
Daurk, a day's labour
Deleeret, delirious
Dead-sweer, very loath, averse
Dowie, crazy and dull
Donie, unlucky, dangerous
Doylte, stupefied, hebetated
Dow, am able
Dought, was able
Doyte, to go drunkenly or stupidly
Drummock, meal and water mixed raw
Drunt, pet, pettish humor
Dush, to push a bull, ram, &c.
Duds, rags of clothes

E

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

F

A', fall, lot
Fawmont, decent, orderly
Faem, foam
Fatt'rels, ribbon ends, &c.
Ferlie, a wonder, to wonder; also a term of contempt
Fecht, to fight
Fetch, to flop suddenly in the draught, and then come on too hastily
Fier, found, healthy
Fittie lan', the near horse of the hindmost pair in the plough
Flunkies, livery servants
Fley, to frighten
Fleeth, fleece
Flisk, to fret at the yoke
Flichter, to flutter
Forbears, forefathers
Forby, befores
Forjefket, jaded
Fow, full, drunk; a bushel, &c.
Froath, froath
Fuff, to blow intermittedly
Fyle, to dirty, to soil

G

GASH, wife, fagacious, talkative; to converse
Gate, or gaet, way, manner, practice
Gab, the mouth; to speak boldly
Gawfie, jolly, large
Geck, to toss the head in pride or wantonness
Gizz, a wig
Gilpey, a young girl
Glaizie, smooth, glittering
Glunch, a frown; to frown
Clint, to peep
Grushie, of thick, stout growth
Gruntle, the vigour; a grunting noise
Grousome, loathsome, grim

H

HAL, or hald, hold, bidding place
Haflh, a term of contempt
Haverel, a quarter-wit
Haurl, to drag, to peel
Hain, to save, to spare
Hengh, a crag, a coal-pit
Hecht, to forebode
Hiftie, dry, chapt, barren
Howe, hollow
Hofte or Hoast, to cough
Howk, to dig
Hoddan, the motion of a fage
Leaf, loyal, true
Loot, did let
Lowe, flame; to flame
Lunt, smoke; to smoke
Limmer, a woman of easy virtue
Link, to trip along
Lynet, grey
Luggie, a small, wooden dish with one handle
Penny-wheep, small beer
Pine, pain, care
Pirratch, or porritch, pottage
Pliskie, trick
Primfie, affectedly nice
Prief, proof
Quat, quit, did quit
Quaikin, quaking

M
Manteele, a mantle
Melvie, to foil with meal
Menfe, good breeding
Mell, to meddle with
Mowurk, a mole
Moop, to nibble as a sheep
Muslin kail, broth made supfantly of water, barley and greens

N
Nowte, black cattle
Nieve, the fist

O
Owre, over
Outler, lying in the fields, not housed at night

P
Pack, intimate, familiar
Pang, to cram
Painch, the paunch
Paughty, proud, saucy
Pattle or pettle, the plough-staff
Peghan, the crop of fowls, the stomach
S
Sair, sore
Saunt, a faint
Scrimp, scant; to stint
Scriegh, to cry shrilly
Scrieve, to run smoothly and swiftly
Screed, to tear
Scawl, a Scold
Sconner, to loath
Sheen, bright
Shaw, a little wood; to show
Shaver, a humorous mischievous wag
Skirl, a shrill cry
Sklet, to flant, to fib
Skiegh, mettle, fiery, proud
Slype, to fall over like a wet furrow
Smeddum, powder of any kind
Smytrie, a numerous collection of small individuals
Snick-drawing, trick-contriving
Snaſh, abusive language
Sowther, to cement, to folder
Splore, a ramble
Spunkie, fiery; will o’ wisp
Spairge, to spurt about like water or mire, to spoil
Sprittie, rushy
Squatter, to flutter in water
Staggie, diminutive of Stag
Steeve, firm
Stank, a pool of standing water
Stroan, to pour out like a spout
Stegh, to cram the belly
Stibble-rig, the reaper who takes the lead
Sten, to rear as a horse
Swith, get away
Syne, since, ago, then

Tarrow, to murmur at one’s allowance
Thowles, slack, pithles
Thack an’ rae⁠p, all kinds of necessaries, particularly clothes
Thow, thaw
Tirl, to knock gently, to uncover
Toyte, to walk like old age
Trafhtrie, trash

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

TAPETLESS, unthinking
Tawie, that handles quietly
Tawted, or tawtet, matted together
Taet, a small quantity

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