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386 Burns, Robert. Poems, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect. Kilmarnock, printed by John Wilson, 1786. 8vo. Title within typographic border.

The first edition of Burns.

POEMS,

CHIEFLY IN THE

SCOTTISH DIALECT,

BY

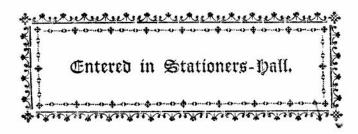
ROBERT BURNS.

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.

ANONY MOUS.

KILMARNOCK: PRINTED BY JOHN WILSON,

M,DCC,LXXXVI.



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 contrymen are, in their original languages, 'A fountain thut up, and a ' book fealed.' Unacquainted with the necessary requifites for commencing Poet by rule, he fings the fentiments and manners, he felt and faw in himfelf and his ruftic compeers 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 fhowing; 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
transcribethe 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 forsooth.'

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

^{*} Shenftone.

our nation, and our species, that 'Humility has depressed many a genius to a hermit, but never raifed one to fame.' If any Critic catches at the word genius, the Author tells him, once for all, that he certainly looks upon himfelf as possest of fome poetic abilities, otherwife his publishing in the manner he has done, would be a manœuvre below the worst character, which, he hopes, his worst enemy will ever give him: but to the genius of a Ramfay, or the glorious dawnings 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 often had in his eye in the following pieces; but rather with a view to kindle at their flame, than for fervile imitation.

To his Subscribers, 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 Benevolence and Friendship, for gratifying him, if he deserves it, in that dearest wish of every poetic bosom—to be distinguished. He begs his read-

ers, particularly the Learned and the Polite, who may honor him with a perufal, 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.



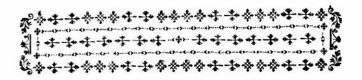
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THE

T W A D O G S,

A

T A L E.

'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.

A

The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cafar, Was keepet for His Honor's pleasure; His hair, his fize, 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 brafs-collar Shew'd him the gentleman an' febolar; But tho' he was o' high degree, The fient a pride na pride had he, But wad hae fpent an hour careffan, Ev'n wi' a Tinkler-gipfey's meffan: At Kirk or Market, Mill or Smiddie, Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er fae duddie, But he wad stan't, as glad to fee him, An' stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,

A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,

Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,

And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him,

After fome dog in * Highland fang, Was made lang fyne, lord knows how lang.

He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke,
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.
His honest, sonsie, baws'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' focial nose whyles snuff'd an' snowket;
Whyles mice and modewurks they howket;
Whyles fcour'd awa in lang excursion,
An' worry'd ither in diversion;
Till tir'd at last 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 slunkies answer at the bell;
He ca's his coach; he ca's his horse;
He draws a bonie, silken purse
As lang's my tail, whare thro' the steeks,
The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.

Frae morn to een it's nought but toiling, At baking, roasting, frying, boiling; An' tho' the gentry first are steghan, Yet ev'n the ba' falk fill their peghan Wi' sauce, ragouts, an' sic like trashtrie, That's little short o' downright wastrie. 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 stanes 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 difasters, Like loss o' health or want o' masters, Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer, An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger: But how it comes, I never kent yet, They're maistly wonderfu' contented; An' buirdly chiels, and clever hizzies, Are bred in fic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But then, to fee how ye're negleket,
How huff'd, an' cuff'd, an' difrespeket!
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 stinkan brock.

I've notic'd, on our Laird's court-day,
An' mony a time my heart's been wae,
Poor tenant bodies, fcant 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 fee how folk live that hae riches; But furely poor-folk maun be wretches!

LUATH.

They're no fae wretched 's ane wad think;
Tho' constantly on poortith's brink,
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
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 afide 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 Hallowmass returns, They get the jovial, rantan Kirns, When rural life, of ev'ry station, Unite in common recreation; Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth Forgets there's care upo' the earth.

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

Still it's owre true that ye hae faid, Sic game is now owre aften play'd; There's monie a creditable flock
O' decent, honest, fawfont 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

CESAR.

Haith lad ye little ken about it;

For Britain's guid! guid faith! I doubt it.

Say rather, gaun as PREMIERS lead him,
An' faying aye or no's they bid him:
At Operas an' Plays parading,
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading:
Or maybe, in a frolic dast,
To HAGUE or CALAIS takes a wast,
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 sae mony a braw estate!
Are we sae foughten and harass'd
For gear to gang that gate at last!

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 that frank, rantan, ramblan billies, Fient hat 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 sair-wark to craze their banes,
An' fill auld-age wi' grips an' granes;
But human-bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colledges an' schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themsels to vex them:

B 2

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

A country fellow at the pleugh,
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 warst,
Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst.
They loiter, lounging, lank an' lazy;
Tho' deil-haet ails them, yet uneasy;
Their days, insipid, dull an' tasteless,
Their nights, unquiet, lang an' restless.

An' ev'n their fports, their balls an' races, Their galloping thro' public places, There's fic parade, fic pomp an' art, The joy can fcarcely 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,
Niest day their life is past enduring.

The Ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great an' gracious a' as fisters;
But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
They're a run deils an' jads thegither.
Whyles, owre the wee bit cup an' platie,
They sip the scandal-potion pretty;
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbet leuks,
Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks;
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
An' cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard.

There's fome 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 flood rowtan i' the loan;
When up they gat an' fhook their lugs,
Rejoic'd they were na men but dogs;
An' each took off his feveral way,
Refolv'd to meet fome ither day.

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SCOTCH DRINK.

Gie him strong Drink until he wink,

That's sinking in despair;

An' liquor guid to sire his bluid,

That's prest wi' grief an' care:

There let him bowse an' deep carouse,

Wi' humpers slowing o'er,

Till he forgets his loves or debts,

An' minds his griefs no more.

Solomon's Proverbs, XXXI. 6, 7.

ET other Poets raise a fracas
'Bout vines, an' wines, an' druken

Bacchus,

An' crabbed names an' stories wrack us,
An' grate our lug,
I fing the juice Scotch bear can mak us,
In glass 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 lisp an' wink,

To fing 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 fouple fcones, the wale o' food!
Or tumbling in the boiling flood
Wi' kail an' beef;
But when thou pours thy ftrong beart's blood,
There thou fhines 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, fcrievin,

Wi' rattlin glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear;
Thou chears the heart o' drooping Care;
Thou ftrings 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 sir'd.

That merry night we get the corn in,

O fweetly, then, thou reams the horn in!

Or reekan on a New-year-mornin

In cog or bicker,

An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,

An' gusty sucker!

When Vulcan gies his bellys breath,
An' Ploughmen gather wi' their graith,
O rare! to fee thee fizz an' freath
I' the lugget caup!
Then Burnewin comes on like Death
At ev'ry chap.

Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel;
'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 maks the gossips clatter bright, How fumbling coofs their dearies slight,

Wae worth them for't!

While healths gae round to him wha, tight, Gies famous sport.

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 feafon, E'er spier her price.

Wae worth that Brandy, burnan trash! Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash!

Twins monie a poor, doylt, druken hash
O' half his days;
An' fends, 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 twifts his gruntle wi' a glunch
O' four difdain,
Out owre a glass o' Whisky-punch
Wi' honest men!

O Whisky! foul o' plays an' pranks!

Accept a Bardie's gratefu' thanks!

When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks

Are my poor Verses!

Thou comes—they rattle i' their ranks
At ither's arfes!

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 curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise,
Wha mak the Whisky stells 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 Brughs an' Shires,
An' dousely manage our affairs
In Parliament,
To you a simple Bardie's pray'rs
Are humbly sent.

Alas! my roupet Muse is haerse!
Your Honor's hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,
To see her sittan on her arse

Low i' the duft,

An' fcriechan out profaic verse,

An' like to bruft!

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

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

Stand forth and tell you PREMIER YOUTH,

The honest, open, naked truth:

Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,
His fervants humble:

The muckle devil blaw you fouth,

If ye dissemble!

Does ony great man glunch an' gloom? Speak out an' never fash your thumb. Let posts an' pensions fink or fwoom

Wi'them wha grant them:

If honestly they canna come,

Far better want them.

In gath'rin votes you were na flack,

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 thrifsle;
Her mutchkin flowp as toom's a whifsle;
An' d—mn'd Excise-men in a bussle,
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' cheek-for-chow, a chussile 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 rifing hot,
To fee 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 fark-necks I wad draw tight,

An' tye some hose well.

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

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

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

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

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

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

An' L—d! if ance they pit her till't,

Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt,

An' durk an' pistol at her belt,

She'll tak the streets,

An' rin her whittle to the hilt,

I' th' first she meets!

For G—d-sake, Sirs! then speak her fair, An' straik her cannie wi' the hair, An' to the muckle house 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' fend him to his dicing box,
An' fportin lady.

Tell yon guid bluid o' auld Boconnock's,

I'll be his debt twa mashlum bonnocks,

An' drink his health in auld * Nanse Tinnock's

Nine times a week,

If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks,

Wad kindly seek.

Could he fome commutation broach,

I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch,

He need na fear their foul reproach

Nor erudition,

^{*} A worthy old Hostess of the Author's in Mauchline, where he sometimes studies Politics over a glass of guid, auld Scotch Drink.

Yon mixtie-maxtie, queer hotch-potch, The Coalition.

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

And now, ye chosen FIVE AND FOR-TY,

May still your Mither's heart support ye; Then, tho' a *Minister* grow dorty, An' kick your place,

Ye'll fnap your fingers, poor an' hearty, Before his face.

God bless your Honors, a' your days, Wi' sowps o' kail and brats o' claise, In spite o' a' the thievish kaes

That haunt St. Jamie's!
Your humble Bardie fings an' prays
While Rab his name is.

POSTSCRIPT.

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

What tho' their Phœbus kinder warms,
While Fragrance blooms an' Beauty charms!
When wretches range, in famish'd swarms,
The scented groves,
Or hounded forth, dishonor 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 fave their skin.

But bring a SCOTCHMAN frae his hill,

Clap in his cheek a Highland gill, Say, fuch 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 folemn een may steek,
An' raise a philosophic reek,
An' physically causes seek,
In clime an' secsor,

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 time your dam;
FREEDOM and WHISKY gang thegither,

Tak aff your dram!



* A CHOOK OF SOM CHICKEN AND A

THE

HOLY FAIR.

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

HYPOCRISY A-LA-MODE.

I.

UPON a fimmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair,
I walked forth to view the corn,
An' fnuff the callor air.

The rifing fun, our GALSTON Muirs,
Wi' glorious light was glintan;
The hares were hirplan down the furrs,
The lav'rocks they were chantan
Fu' fweet that day.

II.

As lightformely I glowr'd abroad,

To fee a fcene fae gay,

Three bizzies, early at the road,

Cam fkelpan 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 fathion thining

Fu' gay that day.

III.

The twa appear'd like fifters twin, In feature, form an claes; Their vifage wither'd, lang an' thin, An' four as ony flaes:

E

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 lafs,

"I think ye feem to ken me;

"I'm fure I've feen 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;
- 4 An' this is SUPERSTITION here, 4 An' that's HYPOCRISY.

" I'm gaun to ******* boly fair,
" To spend an hour in dassin:

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

VI.

Quoth I, "With a' my heart, I'll do't;

"I'll get my funday's fark on,

"An' meet you on the holy fpot;

"Faith, we'fe hae fine remarkin!"

Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,
An' foon I made me ready;

For roads were clad, frae fide to fide,
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.

The lasses, skelpan baresit, 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 fet 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 Jess, an' twathree wh—res,
Are blinkan at the entry.

Here fits a raw o' tittlan jads,
Wi' heaving breasts an' bare neck;
An' there, a batch o' Wabster lads,
Blackguarding frae K******ck
For fun this day.

X.

Here, some are thinkan on their 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 saces;
On that, a set o' chaps, at watch,
Thrang winkan 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 repof'd on the chair-back,

He fweetly 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 filent expectation;

For ***** fpeels the holy door,

Wi' tidings o' f—lv—t—n.

Should Hornie, as in ancient days,

'Mang fons o' G— prefent him,

The vera fight o' ****** face,

To's ain het hame had fent 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 fnout,
His eldritch fqueel an' gestures,
O how they fire the heart devout,
Like cantharidian plaisters
On fic 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 practice and on morals;
An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,
To gie the jars an' barrels
A lift that day.

XV.

What fignifies his barren shine,
Of moral pow'rs an' reason?
His English style, an' gesture sine,
Are a' clean out o' season.

Like SOCRATES or ANTONINE,
Or fome 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-sit,
Ascends the boly rostrum:
See, up he's got the word o' G—,
An' meek an' mim has view'd it,
While COMMON-SENSE has taen a road,
An' aff, an' up the Cowgate
Fast, fast that day.

XVII.

Wee ***** niest, 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 hasslins-wise o'ercomes him
At times that day.

XVIII.

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

XIX.

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

XX.

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

XXI.

But now the L—'s ain trumpet touts,

Till a' the hills are rairan,

An' echos back return the shouts;

Black ****** is na spairan:

His piercin words, like Highlan 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 sou o' lowan brunstane,
Whase raging slame, an' scorching heat,
Wad melt the hardest whun-stane!
The balf 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' dismist:

Shakespeare's Hamlet.

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

XXIV.

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

XXV.

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

XXVI.

Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattlan tow,

Begins to jow an' croon;

Some fwagger hame, the best they dow,

Some wait the afternoon.

At slaps the billies halt a blink,

Till lasses strip their shoon:

Wi' faith an' hope, an' love an' drink,

They're a' in famous tune

For crack that day.

XXVII.

How monie hearts this day converts,
O' finners and o' Lasses!
Their hearts o' stane, gin night are gane,
As saft as ony slesh is.

There's fome are fou o' love divine;
There's fome are fou o' brandy;
An' monie jobs that day begin,
May end in Houghmagandie
Some ither day.





A D D R E S S

T O

THE DEIL.

O Prince, O chief of many throned pow'rs,

That led th'embattl'd Seraphim to war—

MILTON.

Thou, whatever title fuit thee!
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha in you 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 fure fma' pleafure it can gie,
Ev'n to a deil,
To fkelp an' fcaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us fqueel!

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

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

Whyles, in the human bofom pryin, Unfeen thou lurks.

I've heard my rev'rend Graunie fay, In lanely glens ye like to stray; Or where auld, ruin'd castles, gray,

Nod to the moon,

Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way,

Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my Graunie summon,
To say her pray'rs, douse, honest woman!
Aft 'yout the dyke she's heard you bumman,

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 sugh.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake, Each brissl'd hair stood like a stake, When wi' an eldritch, stoor quaick, quaick, Amang the springs,

G

Awa ye fquatter'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 treafure'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' croose;
When the best wark-lume i' the house,
By cantraip wit,
Is instant made no worth a louse,
Just at the bit.

When thowes diffolve the fnawy hoord,
An' float the jinglan icy boord,
Then, Water-kelpies haunt the foord,
By your direction,
An' nighted Trav'llers are allur'd
To their destruction.

An' aft your moss-traversing Spunkies

Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is:

The bleezan, curst, mischievous monkies

Delude his eyes,

Till in some miry slough he sunk is,

Ne'er mair to rise.

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

Lang fyne in EDEN'S bonie yard, When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd, G 2 An' all the Soul of Love they shar'd,

The raptur'd hour,

Sweet on the fragrant, slow'ry swaird,

In shady bow'r.

Then you, ye auld, fnick-drawing dog!
Ye cam to Paradife incog,
An' play'd on man a curfed brogue,
(Black be your fa'!)
An' gied the infant warld a fhog,
'Maift 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 spitesu' joke?

An how ye gat him i' your thrall,
An' brak him out o' house an' hal',
While scabs an' botches did him gall,
Wi' bitter claw,

An' lowf'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked Scawl
Was warst ava?

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

Wad ding a' Lallan tongue, or Erfe, In Profe or Rhyme.

An' now, auld *Cloots*, I ken ye're thinkan,
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 flake—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your fake!

Wide Milton, Book 6th.



THE DEATH AND DYING WORDS

O F

POOR MAILIE,

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE,

AN UNCO MOURNFU' TALE.

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

* A neibor herd-callan.

Wi' glowrin een, an' lifted han's,
Poor Hughoc like a statue stan's;
He saw her days were near hand ended,
But, 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 fave their harmless lives, Frae dogs an' tods, an' butchers' knives! But gie them guid cow-milk their fill, Till they be fit to fend themsel; An' tent them duely, e'en an' morn, Wi' taets o' hay an' ripps o' corn.

An' may they never learn the gaets,
Of ither vile, wanrestfu' Pets!
To slink thro' slaps, an' reave an' steal,
At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail.
So may they, like their great forbears,
For 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 fon an' heir, O, bid him breed him up wi' care! An' if he live to be a beast, To pit some havins in his breast! An' warn him ay at ridin time,
To stay content wi' yowes at hame;
An' no to rin an' wear his cloots,
Like ither menseless, graceless brutes.

An' niest 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 thysel!

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

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

This faid, poor Mailie turn'd her head, An' clof'd her een amang the dead!

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

AMENT in rhyme, lament in profe,
Wi' faut tears trickling down your nofe;
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 lofs o' warl's gear,

That could fae bitter draw the tear,

Or make our *Bardie*, dowie, wear

The mourning weed:

He's loft 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 say't, 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 fleesh ne'er cross'd the clips

A bonier *fleefb* 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 fleeft, pawkie thief,
That e'er attempted stealth or rief,
Ye furely hae some warlock-breef
Owre human hearts;
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
Against your arts.

For me, I fwear by fun 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' hasty summon:
Hae ye a leifure-moment's time
To hear what's comin?

Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash; Some rhyme, (vain thought!) for needfu' cash;

Some rhyme to court the countra clash,

An' raise a din;

For me, an aim I never fash;

I rhyme for fun.

The star that rules my luckless lot,

Has fated me the russet coat,

An' 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 feen in Greek, deep men o' letters,
- " Haethought they had enfur'd their debtors,
 "A' future ages;
- "Now moths deform in shapeless tatters,
 "Their unknown pages."

Then farewel hopes of Laurel-boughs, To garland my poetic brows! Henceforth, I'll rove where bufy ploughs

Are whiftling thrang,

An' teach the lanely heights an' howes

My ruftic fang.

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

But why, o' Death, begin a tale?

Just now we're living sound an' hale;

Then top and maintop croud the fail,

Heave Care o'er-side!

And large, before Enjoyment's gale, Let's tak the tide.

This life, fae far's I understand,
Is a' enchanted fairy-land,
Where Pleasure is the Magic-wand,
That, wielded right,

Maks Hours like Minutes, hand in hand, Dance by fu' light.

The magic-wand then let us wield;
For, ance that five an' forty's fpeel'd,
See, crazy, weary, joylefs Eild,
Wi' wrinkl'd face.

Comes hostan, hirplan owre the field, Wi' creeping pace.

When ance life's day draws near the gloamin,

Then fareweel vacant, careless roamin; An' fareweel chearfu' tankards foamin,

An' focial noise;

An' fareweel dear, deluding woman, The joy of joys!

O Life! how pleafant in thy morning, Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning! Cold-paufing Caution's lesson scorning, We frisk away.

Ţ

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 fpot,

For which they never toil'd nor fwat;

They drink the fweet and eat the fat,

But care or pain;

And haply, eye the barren hut,

With high difdain.

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

And others, like your humble fervan', 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 fhe has remaining,

Let's fing 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;

- 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 fome be-ledger'd Cit,
 - 'In cent per cent;
- But give me real, sterling Wit,
 And I'm content.
 - While ye are pleaf'd to keep me hale,
- I'll fit down o'er my fcanty 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 forrow, care, and profe,

I rhyme away.

O ye, doufe folk, that live by rule,
Grave, tidelefs-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, fentimental traces, In your unletter'd, nameless faces! In arioso trills and graces

Ye never stray, But gravissimo, folemn basses Ye hum away.

Ye are fae grave, nae doubt ye're wife;
Nae ferly tho' ye do defpise
The hairum-scairum, 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 ony where—
Then Jamie, I shall say nae mair,

But quat my sang,
Content with YOU to mak a pair,

Whare'er I gang.





A DREAM.

Thoughts, words and deeds, the Statute blames with reason;

But furely 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 bliffes,

On ev'ry new Birth-day ye fee,

A humble Bardie wishes!

My Bardship here, at your Levee,
On sic a day as this is,
Is sure an uncouth fight to see,
Amang thae Birth-day dresses
Sae sine this day.

11.

I fee ye're complimented thrang,
By many a lord an' lady;
"God fave the King" 's a cukoo fang
That's unco eafy faid 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 Penfion, 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 fovereign King,
My skill may weel be doubted;
But Facts are cheels that winna ding,
An' downa be disputed:
Your royal nest, beneath Your wing,
Is e'en right rest an' clouted,
And now the third part o' the string,
An' less, will gang about it
Than did ae day,

V.

Far be't frae me that I aspire

To blame your Legislation,

Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,

To rule this mighty nation;

But faith! I muckle doubt, my SIRE,
Ye've trusted 'Ministration,
To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,
Wad better fill'd their station
Than courts you day.

VI.

And now Ye've gien auld Britain peace,

Her broken shins to plaister;

Your fair taxation does her sleece,

Till she has scarce a tester:

For me, thank God, my life's a lease,

Nae bargain wearing faster,

Or faith! I fear, that, wi' the geese,

I shortly boost to pasture

I' the craft some day,

VII.

I'm no mistrusting Willie 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 faving-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 diffection!
But fince 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

In blife, till Fate some day is sent, For ever to release Ye

Frae Care that day.

X.

For you, young Potentate o' W—,

I tell your Highness fairly,

Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling fails,
I'm tauld ye're driving rarely;

But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
An' curse your folly fairly,

That e'er ye brak Diana's pales,
Or rattl'd dice wi' Charlie

By night or day.

XI.

Yet aft a ragged Cowte's been known,

To mak a noble Aiver;

So, ye may 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 fets the lawn-fleeve fweeter,
Altho' a ribban at your lug
Wad been a drefs compleater:
As ye difown yon paughty dog,
That bears the Keys of Peter,
Then fwith! an' get a wife to hug,
Or trouth! ye'll ftain the Mitre
Some lucklefs day.

XIII.

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

^{*} Sir John Falstaff, Vide Shakespeare.

[†] Alluding to the Newspaper account of a certain royal Sailor's Amour.

Then heave aboard your grapple airn,
An', large upon her quarter,
Come full that day.

XIV.

Ye lastly, bonie blossoms a',
Ye royal Lasses dainty,
Heav'n mak you guid as weel as braw,
An' gie you lads a plenty:
But 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'! consider 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 sou,
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 fun 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 flingin-tree, The lee-lang day had tir'd me;

^{*} Duan, a term of Ossian'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' hoast-provoking smeek,

The auld, clay biggin

And heard the restless rattons squeak

About the riggin.

All in this mottie, misty clime,
I backward mus'd on wasted time,
How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
An' done nae-thing,
But 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-sarket, Is a' th' amount.

I started, mutt'ring blockhead! coof!

And heav'd on high my wauket loof,

To swear by a' you starry roof,

Or some rash aith,

That I, henceforth, would be rhyme-proof

Till my last breath—

When click! the *string* the *snick* did draw;
And jee! the door gaed to the wa';
And by my ingle-lowe I faw,

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 crusht; I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht,

In fome wild glen;
When fweet, like modest Worth, she blusht,
And stepped ben,

Green, flender, leaf-clad Holly-boughs

Were twifted, gracefu', round her brows,
I took her for fome SCOTTISH MUSE,

By that fame token;

And come to ftop those reckless vows,

Would foon been broken.

A "hare-brain'd, fentimental trace"

Was strongly marked in her face;

A wildly-witty, rustic grace

Shone full upon her;

Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,

Beam'd keen with Honor.

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

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

Here, rivers in the sea were lost;
There, mountains to the skies were tost:
Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,
With surging foam;
There, distant shone, Art's losty 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 leffer torrent fcuds,

With feeming roar.

Low, in a fandy 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-seeming Fair;
A whisp'ring throb did witness bear
Of kindred sweet,
When with an elder Sister's air
She did me greet.

- ' All hail! my own inspired Bard!
- ' In me thy native Muse regard!
- 6 Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
 - ' Thus poorly low!
- " I come to give thee fuch 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 fhare;
- ' 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 fwelling floods of reeking gore,
- ' They ardent, kindling spirits pour;
- ' Or, mid the venal Senate's roar,
 - ' They, fightless, stand,
- 'To mend the honest Patriet-lore,
 - And grace the hand.
 - ' Hence, FULLARTON, the brave and young;
- 'Hence, DEMPSTER'S truth-prevailing tongue;
- "Hence, fweet harmonious BEATTIE fung
 "His "Minstrel lays;"

- 'Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
 '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;
- f All chuse, as, various they're inclin'd,
 f The various man.
 - ' When yellow waves the heavy grain,
- ' The threat'ning Storm, some, strongly, rein;
- Some teach to meliorate the plain,
 - ' With tillage-skill;
- 'And fome instruct the Shepherd-train,
 'Blythe o'er the hill.
 - ' Some hint the Lover's harmless wile;
- ' Some grace the Maiden's artless smile;
- Some foothe 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 phrase,
 - ' In uncouth rhymes,
- ' Fir'd at the fimple, artless lays
 - ' Of other times.
 - ' I faw thee feek the founding shore,
- Delighted with the dashing roar;

- Or when the North his fleecy flore
 - ' Drove thro' the fky,
- ' I faw grim Nature's vifage hoar,
 - ' Struck thy young eye.
 - ' Or when the deep-green-mantl'd Earth,
- ' Warm-cherish'd ev'ry floweret's birth,
- ' And joy and music pouring forth,
 - ' In ev'ry grove,
- ' I faw thee eye the gen'ral mirth
 - ' With boundless love.
 - ' When ripen'd fields, and azure skies,
- ' Call'd forth the Reaper's ruftling noise,
- 'I faw thee leave their ev'ning joys,
 'And lonely stalk,
- ' To vent thy bosom's fwelling rife,
 - ' In penfive walk.
 - When youthful Love, warm-blufhing, ftrong,
- · Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,

- · Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
 - 'Th' adored Name,
- I taught thee how to pour in fong,
 - ' To foothe thy flame.
 - 'I faw thy pulse's maddening play,
- · Wild-fend thee Pleafure's devious way,
- ' Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray,
 - ' By Passion driven;
- · But yet the light that led aftray,
 - ' 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 fome, the pride of Coila's plains,
 - ' Become thy friends.
 - 'Thou canst not learn, nor I can show,
- 'To paint with Thomson's landscape-glow;
- Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
 - With Shenstone's art;

- Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow,
 Warm on the heart.
 - ' Yet all beneath th'unrivall'd Rose,
- " The lowly Daify fweetly 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,
- ⁶ Can give a blifs 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;
- ⁶ And trust, the UNIVERSAL PLAN
 - ' Will all protect.

And wear thou this'—She folemn faid,
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.



ers, be well enough understood; but, for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, Notes are added, to give some account of the principal Charms and Spells of that Night, so big with Prophecy to the Peasantry in the West of Scotland. The passion of prying into Futurity makes a striking part of the history of Human-nature, in it's rude state, in all ages and nations; and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind, if any such should honor the Author with a perusal, to see the remains of it, among the more unenlightened in our own.

HALLOWEEN. *

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

GOLDSMITH.

T.

On Cassilis Downans + dance,
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance;

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

[†] Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient feat 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 rayourite haunt of Fairies.

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

III.

The 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 fast at night.

IV.

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

^{*} The first ceremony of Halloween, is, pulling each a Stock, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with: its being big or little, straight or crocked, is prophetic of the fize and shape of the grand object of all their Spells—the husband or wise. If any yird, or earth, slick to the root, that is tocher, or fortune; and the taste of the custoc, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or to give them their ordinary appellation. the runts, are placed somewhere above the head of the door; and the christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house, are, according to the priority of placing the runts, the names in question.

They steek 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 fow-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' stocks out owre their shouther:
An' gif the custock's sweet or sour,
Wi' joctelegs they taste them;
Syne coziely, aboon the door,
Wi' cannie care, they've plac'd them
To lye that night.

VI.

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a',

To pou their flalks o' corn; *

^{*} They go to the barn-yard, and pull each, at three fever

But Rab slips out, an' jinks about,

Behint the muckle thorn:

He grippet Nelly hard an' fast;

Loud skirl'd a' the lasses;

But her tap-pickle maist was lost,

When kiutlan in the Fause-bouse *

Wi' him that night.

VII.

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

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

- * When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green, or wet, the Stack-builder, by means of old timber, &c. makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is sairest exposed to the wind: this he calls a Fause-house.
- † Burning the nuts is a favourite charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire; and according as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the Courtship will be.

Some kindle, couthie, fide by fide,
An' burn thegither trimly;
Some ftart awa, wi' faucy pride,
An' jump out owre the chimlie
Fu' high that night.

VIII.

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

IX.

Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail runt,
Was brunt wi' primfie 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-bouse in her min',

She pits hersel an' Rob in;

In loving bleeze they sweetly join,

Till white in ase they're sobbin:

Nell's heart was dancin at the view;

She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't:

Rob, stownlins, prie'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' slips out by hersel:

 N_2

She thro' the yard the nearest taks,

An' for the kiln she goes then,

An' darklins grapet for the bauks,

And in the blue-clue * throws then,

Right fear't that night.

XII.

An' ay fhe win't, an' ay fhe fwat,

I wat fhe made nae jaukin;

Till fomething held within the pat,

Guid L—d! but fhe was quaukin!

But whether 'twas the Deil himfel,

Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',

Or whether it was Andrew Bell,

She did na wait on talkin

To fpier 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 glafs,

· I gat frae uncle Johnie:'

She fuff't her pipe wi' fic a lunt,

In wrath she was fae vap'rin,

She notic't na, an aizle brunt

Her braw, new, worfet apron

Out thro' that night.

XIV.

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

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

* Take a candle, and go, alone, to a looking glass: eat an apple before it, and some traditions say you should comb your hair all the time: the sace 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 fure,
 - ' I was na past fyfteen:
- " The Simmer had been cauld an' wat,
 - ' An' Stuff was unco green;
- 6 An' ay a rantan Kirn we gat,
 - ' An' just on Halloween
 - ' It fell that night.

XVI.

- ' Our Stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen,
 - ' A clever, fturdy fallow;
- ' His Sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,
 - ' That liv'd in Achmacalla:
- ' He gat hemp-feed, * I mind it weel,
 - ' An' he made unco light o't;
- * Steal out, unperceived, and fow a handful of hemp feed; harrowing it with any thing you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat, now and then, 'Hemp feed I faw thee, Hemp feed I faw 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 fee the appearance of the person invoked, in the

(111)

But monie a day was by bimfel,
He was fae fairly frighted
That vera night.

XVII.

Then up gat fechtan Jamie Fleck,
An' he fwoor by his confcience,
That he could Jaw bemp-feed a peck;
For it was a' but nonfenfe:
The auld guidman raught down the pock,
An' out a handfu' gied him;
Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk,
Sometime when nae ane fee'd him,
An' try't that night.

XVIII.

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

attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions fay, 'come after me and flaw thee,' that is, flow thyfelf; in which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and fay, 'come after me and harrow thee.'

And ev'ry now an' then, he fays,

- ' Hemp-feed I faw thee,
- " An' her that is to be my lafs,
 - ' 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 sae sley'd an' eerie:

Till presently he hears a squeak,

An' then a grane an' gruntle;

He by his showther gae a keek,

An' tumbl'd wi' a wintle

Out owre that night.

XX.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
In dreadfu' desperation!
An' young an' auld come rinnan out,
An' hear the sad narration:

He swoor 'twas hilchan Jean M'Craw,
Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
Till stop! she trotted thro' them a';
An' wha was it but Grumphie
Afteer that night?

XXI.

Meg fain wad to the Barn gaen,

To winn three weehts 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 weekt; and go throlall the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times: and the third time, an apparition will pass throlating both the figure in question, and the appearance or retinue, marking the employment or station in life.

XXII.

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

XXIII.

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

^{*} Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a Bear-flack, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time, you will catch in your arms, the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.

An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke,

Till 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' fettlin!

She thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,

An' owre the hill gaed scrievin,

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 focial spell, to a fouth-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 fcar 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 outler Quey,
Gat up an' gae a croon:
Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool;
Near lav'rock-height she jumpet,
But mist a fit, an' in the pool,
Out owre the lugs she plumpet,
Wi' a plunge that night.

XXVII.

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

^{*} Take three difhes; put clean water in one, foul water is

And ev'ry time great care is taen,

To fee them duely changed:

Auld, uncle John, wha wedlock's joys,

Sin' Mar's-year did defire,

Because he gat the toom dish thrice,

He heav'd them on the fire,

In wrath that night.

XXVIII.

Wi' merry fangs, an' friendly cracks,

I wat they did na weary;

And unco tales, an' funnie jokes,

Their fports were cheap an' cheary:

Till butter'd So'ns, * wi' fragrant lunt,

Set a' their gabs a steerin;

Syne, wi' a social glass 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 lest 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 daisie, I've feen thee dappl't, fleek 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' fet weel down a shapely shank,

As e'er tread yird;

An' could hae flown out owre a stank,

Like onie bird.

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

When first I gaed to woo my Jenny,
Ye then was trottan wi' your Minnie:
Tho' ye was trickie, slee an' funnie,
Ye ne'er was donsie;

But hamely, tawie, quiet an' cannie, An' unco fonfie.

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-STEWART I could bragged wide,
For sic a pair.

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hoble,
An' wintle like a faumont-coble,

That day, ye was a jinker noble,

For heels an' win'!
An' ran them till they a' did wauble,

Far, far behin'!

When thou an' I were young an' skiegh,
An' Stable-meals at Fairs were driegh,
How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' scriegh,
An' tak the road!

Towns-bodies ran, an' stood abiegh,
An' ca't thee mad,

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

The fma', droot-rumpl't, hunter cattle, Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle; But fax Scotch mile, thou try't their mettle, An' gart them whaizle: Nae whip nor fpur, 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 fax rood beside our han', For days thegither.

Thou never braing't, an' fetch't, an' flisket, But thy auld tail thou wad hae whitket,

An' fpread abreed thy weel-fill'd brifket,

Wi' pith an' pow'r,

Till fprittie knowes wad rair't an' rifket,

An' flypet owre.

When frosts lay lang, an' snaws 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 reeffet;
The steyest brae thou wad hae fac't it;
Thou never lap, an' sten't, an' breastet,
Then stood to blaw;
But just thy step a wee thing hastet,
Thou snoov't awa.

My Pleugh is now thy bairn-time a';
Four gallant brutes, as e'er did draw;
Forby fax mae, I've fell't awa,

That thou hast 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' fomething yet.

An' think na, my auld, trusty Servan',
That now perhaps thou's less deservin,
An' thy auld days may end in starvin',
For my last fow,
A heapet Simpart, 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 fome hain'd rig,
Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,
Wi' fma' fatigue.
P 2



THE

COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

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

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.

Y lov'd, my honor'd, much respected friend,

No mercenary Bard his homage pays; With honest pride, I scorn each felsish end, My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise: To you I fing, in simple Scottish lays,

The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;

The native seelings strong, the guileless ways,

What A**** in a Cottage would have been;

Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier

there I ween!

п.

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 fpades, 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; The expectant wee-things, toddlan, stacher through

To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noife and glee.

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

The *lifping 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, among the Farmers roun'; Some ca' the pleugh, fome herd, fome 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 sair-won penny-see, To help her *Parents* dear, if they in hard-ship be.

v.

With joy unfeign'd, brothers and fifters meet, And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers: The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;

Each tells the uncos that he fees 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 amaist 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' fight, to jauk or play:

- And O! be fure to fear the LORD alway!
 - And mind your duty, duely, morn and night!
- Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
 - ' Implore his counsel and affisting might:
- 'They never fought in vain that fought the LORD aright.'

VII.

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;

fenny, wha kens the meaning o' the fame,

Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor,

To do fome errands, and convoy her hame.

The wily Mother fees the confcious 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 fpeak; Weel-pleaf'd the Mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless Rake.

VIII.

With kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben; A ftrappan youth; he takes the Mother's eye; Blythe Jenny fees the vifit's no ill taen; The Father cracks of horses, pleughs and kye.

- The Young ster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy, But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
- The Mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can fpy
 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! blifs beyond compare!
- I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
 And fage EXPERIENCE bids me this
 declare—

- 'If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleafure fpare,
 - ' One cordial in this melancholy Vale,
- 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest Pair,
 - 'In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,
- 6 Beneath the milk-white thorn that fcents the ev'ning gale.

X.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—A Wretch! a Villain! lost to love and truth! That can, with studied, sly, enfoaring art, Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth? Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!

Are Honor, Virtue, Confcience, 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 diftraction wild!

XI.

But now the Supper crowns their fimple board,

The healfome Perritch, chief of SCO-TIA'S food:

The foupe their only Hawkie does afford,

That 'yout the hallan fnugly chows her

cood:

The Dame brings forth, in complimental mood,

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

And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid; The frugal Wishe, garrulous, will tell,

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

XII.

The chearfu' 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:
O 2

His bonnet rev'rently is laid afide,

His lyart baffets wearing thin and bare;

Those strains that once did sweet in ZION glide,

He wales a portion with judicious care;

6 And let us worship GOD!' he fays with folemn air.

XIII.

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

Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rife,
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 facred 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 *Ifaiab's* wild, feraphic fire; Or other *Holy Seers* that tune the *facred 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 fervants sped; The Precepts fage they wrote to many a land: How be, who lone in Patros banished, Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand; And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heaven's command.

XVI.

Then kneeling down to HEAVEN'S E-TERNAL KING,

The Saint, the Father, and the Husband prays:

Hope 'fprings exulting on triumphant wing,' *

That thus they all shall meet in future days: There, ever bask in uncreated rays,

No more to figh, or fhed the bitter tear, Together hymning their CREATOR'S praise, In fuch fociety, yet still more dear;

While circling Time moves round in an eternal fphere.

XVII.

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

^{*} Pope's Windfor Forest.

When men display to congregations wide, Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the *beart!* The POWER, incens'd, the Pageant will

defert,

The pompous strain, the sacredotal stole; But haply, in some Cottage far apart,

May hear, well pleaf'd, the language of the Soul;

And in His Book of Life the Inmates poor enroll.

XVIII.

Then homeward all take off their fev'ral way;

The youngling Cottagers retire to rest:

The Parent-pair their fecret bomage 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 fcenes like thefe, old SCOTIA'S grandeur fprings,

That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:

Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,

'An honest man's the noble work of GOD:'

And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road, The Cottage leaves the Palace far behind:

What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load, Difguifing oft the wretch of human kind, Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness resin'd!

XX.

O SCOTIA! my dear, my native foil!

For whom my warmest wish to hearen
is fent!

Long may thy hardy fons of ruftic toil,

Be blest with health, and peace, and fweet

content!

And O may Heaven their fimple lives prevent
From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous Populace may rife the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their muchlov'd ISLE.

XXI.

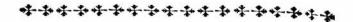
O THOU! who pour'd the patriotic tide,

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 defert,
But still the Patriot, and the Patriot-Bard,
In bright succession raise, her Ornament and
Guard!



T O

A MOUSE,

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

EE, fleeket, cowran, tim'rous beaftie,
O, what a panic's in thy breaftie!
Thou need na ftart awa fae hafty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chafe thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly forry Man's dominion

Has broken Nature's focial 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 fma' request:
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
An' never miss't!

Thy wee-bit bousie, too, in ruin!

It's filly wa's the win's are strewin!

An' naething, now, to big a new ane,

O' foggage green!

An' bleak December's winds ensuin,

Baith fnell an' keen!

Thou faw the fields laid bare an' wast,
An' weary Winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,

Till crash! the cruel coulter past

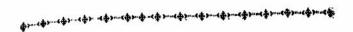
Out thro' thy cell.

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

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

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





EPISTLE TO DAVIE.

A

BROTHER POET.

January-

ſ.

WHILE winds frae off BEN-LO-MOND blaw,

And hing us owre the ingle,

I fet 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' fnug:

I tent less, and want less

Their roomy fire-side;

But hanker, and canker,

To see their cursed pride.

II.

It's hardly in a body's pow'r,

To keep, at times, frae being four,

To fee how things are shar'd;

How best o' chiels are whyles in want,

While Gooss 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 sit to win our daily bread,

As lang's we're hale and sier:

'Mair spier na, nor fear na,'*

Auld age ne'er mind a feg;

^{*} Ramfay.

The last o't, the warst o't, Is only but to beg.

III.

To lye in kilns and barns at e'en,
When banes are craz'd, and bluid is thin,
Is, doubtlefs, great diffrefs!
Yet then content could make us bleft;
Ev'n then, fometimes we'd fnatch a tafte
Of truest happiness.
The honest heart that's free frae a'
Intended fraud or guile,
However Fortune kick the ba',
Has ay some cause to smile:
And mind still, you'll find still,
A comfort this nae sma';
Nae mair then, we'll care then,
Nae farther we can 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 fowth a tune; Syne rhyme till't, well time till't, And sing't when we hae done.

V.

It's no in titles nor in rank;
It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank,
To purchase peace and rest;
It's no in makin muckle, mair:
It's no in books; it's no in Lear,
To make us truly blest:
If Happiness hae not her seat
And center in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest:

Nae treasures, nor pleasures Could make us happy lang; The beart ay's the part ay, That makes us right or wrang.

VI.

Think ye, that fic as you and I, Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry Wi' never-ceafing toil; Think ye, are we less blest than they, Wha fcarcely 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 chearfu' acquiesce;
Nor make our scanty Pleasures less,
By pining at our state:
And, ev'n should Missortunes come,
I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,
An's thankfu' for them yet.
They gie the wit of Age to Youth;
They let us ken oursel;
They make us see the naked truth,
The real guid and ill.
Tho' losses, and crosses,
Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae other where.

VIII.

But tent me, DAVIE, Ace o' Hearts!

(To fay aught lefs wad wrang the cartes,
And flatt'ry I deteft)

This life has joys for you and I;
And joys that riches ne'er could buy;
And joys the very beft.

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'st my words sincere!
The life blood streaming thro' my heart,
Or my more dear Immortal part,
Is not more fondly dear!
When heart-corroding care and grief
Deprive my soul of rest,
Her dear idea brings relief,
And solace to my breast.
Thou BEING, Allseeing,
O hear my fervent pray'r!

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 tenebrisic 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 samous 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 sit:

But least then, the beast then,

Should rue this hasty ride,

I'll light now, and dight now,

His sweaty, wizen'd hide.



A the transfer of the transfer

THE

L A M E N T.

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.

Thou pale Orb, that filent shines,
While care-untroubled mortals sleep!
Thou feest a wretch, who inly pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep!

With Woe I nightly vigils keep,

Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam;

And mourn, in lamentation deep,

How life and love are all a dream!

II.

I joyless view thy rays adorn,
The faintly-marked, distant hill:
I joyless view thy trembling horn,
Reslected in the gurgling rill.
My fondly-sluttering 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 fad, lovelorn lamentings claim:

No fhepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains;

No fabled tortures, quaint and tame.

The plighted faith; the mutual flame;

The oft-attested Powers above;

The promif'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 busband 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 forrows share and make them less?

VI.

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

VII.

The morn that warns th'approaching day,
Awakes me up to toil and woe:

I fee 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 Phæbus, low,
Shall kiss the distant, western main.

VIII.

And when my nightly couch I try,
Sore-harafs'd out, with care and grief,

My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
Keep watchings with the nightly thief:
Or if I flumber, Fancy, chief,
Reigns, hagard-wild, in fore afright:
Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief,
From fuch a horror-breathing night.

IX.

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

Oft has thy filent-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! fcenes in strong remembrance fet! Scenes, never, never to return! Scenes, if in stupor I forget,

Again I feel, again I burn!

From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn,

Life's weary vale I'll wander thro';

And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn

A faithless woman's broken vow.



DESPONDENCY.

A N O D E.

I.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,

A burden more than I can bear,
I fet me down and figh:
O Life! Thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches fuch as I!
Dim-backward as I cast my view,
What fick'ning Scenes appear!

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

II.

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

III.

How bleft 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,
Befide his cryftal 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 folemn sky.

IV.

Than I, no lonely Hermit plac'd
Where never human footstep trac'd,
Less sit to play the part,
The lucky moment to improve,
And just to stop, and just to move,
With self-respecting art:

But ah! those pleasures, Loves and Joys,
Which I too keenly taste,
The Solitary can despise,
Can want, and yet be blest!
He needs not, he heeds not,
Or human love or hate;
Whilst I here, must cry here,
At persidy ingrate!

V.

Oh, enviable, early days,

When dancing thoughtless Pleasure's ma:

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.

Made fields and forests bare,

One ev'ning, as I wand'red forth,

Along the banks of AIRE,

I spy'd a man, whose aged step

Seem'd weary, worn with care;

His face was furrow'd o'er with years,

And hoary was his hair.

II.

Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?

Began the rev'rend Sage;

Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,

Or youthful Pleasure's rage?

Or haply, prest with cares and woes,

Too soon thou hast began,

To wander forth, with me, to mourn

The miseries of Man.

III.

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

IV.

O Man! while in thy early years, How prodigal of time! Mispending all thy precious hours,

Thy glorious, youthful prime!

Alternate Follies take the sway;

Licentious Passions burn;

Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,

That Man was made to mourn.

V.

Look not alone on youthful Prime,
Or Manhood's active might;
Man then is ufeful to his kind,
Supported is his right:
But fee 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 feem favourites of Fate, In Pleafure's lap careft; Yet, think not all the Rich and Great, Are likewife truly bleft. But Oh! what crouds in ev'ry land,
All wretched and forlorn,
Thro' weary life this leffon 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-crected 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 fee his lordly fellow-worm,
The poor petition fpurn,
U 2

Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife, And helpless offspring mourn.

IX.

If I'm defign'd yon lordling's flave,
By Nature's law defign'd,
Why was an independent wifh
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I fubject to
His cruelty, or fcorn?
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.

Ĩ.

And hail and rain does blaw;
Or, the stormy North sends driving forth,
The blinding sleet and snaw:
While, tumbling brown, the Burn comes
down,

And roars frae bank to brae; And bird and beaft, in covert, rest, And pass the heartless day. II.

The fweeping 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 foothes my foul,
My griefs it seems to join;
The leastless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine!

III.

Thou POW'R SUPREME, whose mighty Scheme,

These woes of mine fulfil;
Here, sirm, 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.

1.

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 breaft, Remonstrates I have done;

III.

Thou know'ft that Thou hast formed me, With Passions wild and strong; And list'ning to their witching voice Has often led me wrong.

IV.

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

V.

Where with intention I have err'd,

No other plea I have,
But, Thou art good; and Goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

@@@@@@@@@@@@

TO A

MOUNTAIN-DAISY,

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

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 fweet, The bonie Lark, companion meet! Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!

Wi's fpreckl'd breaft,
When upward-fpringing, blythe, to greet
The purpling Eaft.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting North
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet chearfully 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 flibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy fcanty mantle clad, Thy fnawie bosom fun-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 soil'd, is laid

Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of fimple Bard, On Life's rough ocean luckless starr'd! Unskilful he to note the card

Of prudent Lore,

Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

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

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daify'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.

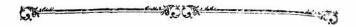
I.

At whose destruction-breathing word,
The mightiest empires fall!
Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
The ministers of Grief and Pain,
A sullen welcome, all!
With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
I see each aimed dart;
For one has cut my dearest 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, asraid;
I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
To close this scene of care!
When shall my foul, in silent peace,
Resign Life's joyless day?
My weary heart it's throbbings 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.

Lang hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A Something to have fent you,
Tho' it should ferve 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 foon my lad,
And ANDREW dear believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco fquad,
And muckle they may grieve ye:
For care and trouble fet 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 fay, men are villains a';
The real, harden'd wicked,
Wha hae nae check but human law,
Are to a few restricked:
But Och, mankind are unco weak,
An' little to be trusted;
If Self the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted!

IV.

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

A man may hae an honest heart, 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 diffection;
But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection.

VI.

The facred 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 petrisses the seeling!

VII.

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by ev'ry wile,
That's justify'd by Honor:
Not for to bide it in a bedge,
Nor for a train-attendant;
But for the glorious priviledge
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 flightest touches, instant pause—

Debar a' side-pretences;

And resolutely keep it's laws,

Uncaring consequences.

IX.

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

Yet ne'er with Wits prophane to range,

Be complaifance extended;

An athiest-laugh's a poor exchange

For Deity offended!

X.

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

XI.

Adieu, dear, amiable Youth!
Your beart can ne'er be wanting!
May Prudence, Fortitude and Truth
Erect your brow undaunting!
In ploughman phrase 'GOD send you speed,'
Still daily to grow wifer;
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 bless him,
Wi' tearfu' e'e;

For weel I wat they'll fairly miss 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 syke 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 Sca!

He faw Misfortune's cauld Nor-west
Lang-mustering up a bitter blast;
A Jillet brak his heart at last,
Ill may she be!
So, took a birth afore the mast,
An' owre the Sea.

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,

On fcarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,

Wi' his proud, independant ftomach,

Could ill agree;

So, row't his hurdies in a hammock,

An' owre the Sea.

He ne'er was gien to great misguidin, Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in; Wi' him it ne'er was under bidin; He dealt it free! The Muse was a' that he took pride in,

That's owre the Sea,

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

Fareweel, my rhyme-composing billie!

Your native soil was right ill-willie;

But may ye flourish like a lily,

Now bonilie!

I'll toast you in my hindmost gillie,

Tho' owre the Sea!





A

DEDICATION

T O

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

E XPECT 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 sae are ye,
Wi' monie a sulsome, sinsu' lie,
Z

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 slatt'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 fee a poor man want;
What's no his ain, he winna tak it;
What ance he fays, he winna break it;

Ought he can lend he'll no refus't,
Till aft his guidness is abus'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 symptom ye can ca' that;
It's naething but a milder feature,
Of our poor, finfu', 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! 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 take 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.

Learnthree-milepray'rs, an' half-milegraces, 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 fprings o' C-lv-n,
For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin!
Ye fons of Herefy and Error,
Ye'll fome day fqueel in quaking terror!
When Vengeance draws the fword in wrath,
And in the fire throws the fheath;
When Ruin, with his fweeping befom,
Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him;

While o'er the *Harp* pale Mifery moans, And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones,
Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans!

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

So Sir, you fee '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 amaist faid, ever pray,
But that's a word I need na fay:
For prayin I hae little skill o't;
I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't;
But I'se repeat each poor man's pray'r,
That kens or hears about you, Sir——

- May ne'er Misfortune's gowling bark,
- " Howl thro' the dwelling o' the CLERK!
- ' May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart,
- ' For that same gen'rous spirit smart!
- May K *** ** 's far-honor'd name
- Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
- ' Till H *** ** * * s, at least a diz'n,
- · Are frae their nuptial labors rifen:
- ' Five bonie Lasses round their table,
- ' And fev'n braw fellows, ftout an' able,
- ' To ferve 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 finiles and favours,

I am, Dear Sir, with zeal most fervent, Your much indebted, humble fervant.

But if, which Pow'rs above prevent, That iron-hearted Carl, Want, Attended, in his grim advances, By fad miftakes, and black mifchances, While hopes, and joys, and pleafures fly him, Make you as poor a dog as I am, Your bumble fervant then no more; For who would humbly ferve 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 fad of Fortune's strife. I, through the tender-gushing tear. Should recognife 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.

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

Ye ugly, creepan, blastet wonner, Detested, shunn'd, by faunt an' sinner, How daur ye fet your fit upon her,
Sae fine a Lady!
Gae fomewhere elfe and feek your dinner,
On fome poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle;
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle,
Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle,
In shoals and nations;

Whate born nor bane ne'er daur unsettle, Your thick plantations.

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

My footh! right bauld ye fet your nose out,
As plump an' gray as onie grozet:
O for fome rank, mercurial rozet,
Or fell, red fmeddum,
A a

I'd gie you fic a hearty dose o't,

Waddress your droddum!

I wad na been furpriz'd to fpy You on an auld wife's flainen toy; Or aiblins fome bit duddie boy, On's wylecoat;

But Miss's fine Lunardi, fye!

How daur ye do't?

O Jenny dinna tofs your head,
An' fet your beauties a' abread!
Ye little ken what curfed speed
The blastie's makin!
The gwinks and forcer ends. I dread

Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread,

Are notice takin!

O wad fome Pow'r the giftie gie us

To fee ourfels as others fee 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!

E P I S T L E

T O

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 Poossie 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 stockin;

And there was muckle fun and jokin,

Ye need na doubt;

At length we had a hearty yokin,

At sang about.

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

I've fcarce heard ought describ'd sae 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 fet him to a pint of ale,
An' either doufe or merry tale,
Or rhymes an' fangs he'd made himfel,
Or witty catches,
'Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,
He had few matches.

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

But first an' foremost, I should tell,
Amaist as soon as I could spell,
I to the crambo-jingle fell,
Tho' rude an' rough,

Yet crooning to a body's fel,

Does weel eneugh.

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

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

What's a' your jargon o' your Schools,
Your Latin names for horns an' stools;
If honest Nature made you fools,
What fairs your Grammars?
Ye'd better taen up fpades and shools,
Or knappin-hammers.

A fet o' dull, conceited Hashes,

Confuse their brains in Colledge-classes!

They gang in Stirks, and come out Asses,

Plain truth to speak;

An' syne they think to climb Parnassus

By dint o' Greek!

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's sire,
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 fauts to tell;
But friends an' folk that wish me well,
They sometimes rooseme;
Tho' I maun own, as monie still,
As far abuse me.

There's ac wee faut they whiles lay to me,

I like the lasses—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 MAUCH-LINE Fair, I should be proud to meet you there; We'fe gie ae night's discharge to care, If we forgather, (201)

An' hae a fwap o' rhymin-ware,
Wi' ane anither

The four-gill chap, we'fe gar him c'atter, An' kirf'n him wi' reekin water; Syne we'll fit down an' tak our whitt r, To chear our hear;

An' faith, we'fe be acquainted better Before we part.

Awa ye felfish, warly race,
Wha think that havins, fense an' grace,
Ev'n love an' friendship should give place
To catch-the-plack!

I dinna like to fee your face, Nor hear your crack.

But ye whom focial 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!
B b

But to conclude my lang epiftle,

As my auld pen's worn to the grifsle;

Twa lines frae you wad gar me fifsle,

Who am, most fervent,

While I can either fing, or whifsle,

Your friend and fervant.

TO THE SAME.

April 21st, 1785.

HILE 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 sair pleads and begs, I would na write.

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

- ' This month an' mair,
- 'That trouth, my head is grown right dizzie,
 'An' fomething 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,
- ' Roose you sae 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 flumpie in the ink:
Quoth I, 'Before I fleep a wink,
'I vow I'll close it;

'An' if ye winna mak it clink,
'By Jove I'll profe it!'

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

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp, Tho' Fortune use you hard an' sharp; Come, kittle up your moorlan barp

Just clean aff-loof.

Wi' gleefome 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 fhould beg
Wi' lyart pow,
I'll laugh, an' fing, an' fhake my leg,
As lang's I dow!

Now comes the fax an' twentieth simmer,

I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,

Still persecuted by the simmer

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 himfel 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' fense a lift,
- 'Then turn me, if *I hou* 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 be fulfils great Nature's plan,
And none but be.

O Mandate, glorious and divine!
The followers o' the ragged Nine,
Poor, thoughtlefs devils! yet may shine
In glorious light,
While fordid fons o' Mammon's line
Are dark as night!

Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' growl,

Their worthless nievefu' of a foul,

May in some future carcase howl,

The forest's fright;

Or in fome day-detesting owl

May shun the light.

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



T O

W. S****N, OCHILTREE.

May-1785.

I Gat your letter, winfome Willie;
Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie;
Tho' I maun fay't, I wad be filly,
An' unco vain,
Should I believe, my coaxin billie,
Your flatterin strain.

But I'se believe ye kindly meant it,

I sud be laith to think ye hinted

Ironic satire, sidelins sklented,

On my poor Musie;

Tho' in sic phraisin terms ye've penn'd it,

I scarce excuse ye.

My fenses 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-chiel,

A deathless name.

(O Ferguson! thy glorious parts,

Ill-fuited law's dry, musty arts!

My curse upon your whunstane hearts,

Ye Enbrugh Gentry!

The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes

Wad stow'd his pantry!)

Yet when a tale comes i' my head, Or lasses gie my heart a screed, As whiles they're like to be my dead, (O sad disease!)

I kittle up my rustic reed;
It gies me ease.

Auld COILA, now, may fidge fu' fain, She's gotten *Bardies* o' her ain, C c Chiels wha their chanters winna hain,

But tune their lays,

Till echoes a' refound again

Her weel-fung praise.

Nae Poet thought her worth his while,
To fet her name in meafur'd ftyle;
She lay like fome unkend-of isle
Beside New Holland,
Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
Besouth Magellan.

Ramfay 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 crest,

We'll gar our streams an' burnies shine Up wi' the best.

We'll fing 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 flory 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 fweet are COILA'S haughs an' woods,
When lintwhites chant among the buds,
And jinkin hares, in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy,
While thro' the braes the cushat 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 fhews an' forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!
Whether the Summer kindly warms,
Wi' life an' light,
Or Winter howls, in gusty storms,
The lang, dark night!

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

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 amaist forgotten clean,
Ye bad me write you what they mean
By this new-light, *
'Bout which our berds sae aft hae been
Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans,
At Grammar, Logic, an' fic 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 that auld times, they thought the Moon,
Just like a fark, or pair o' shoon,
Woor by degrees, till her last roon
Gaed past their viewin,
An' shortly after she was done
They gat a new ane.

^{*} A cant-term for those religious opinions, which Dr. TAYLOR of Norwich has defended so strenuously.

This past for certain, undisputed;

It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,

Till chiels gat up an' wad confute it,

An' ca'd it wrang;

An' muckle din there was about it, Baith loud an' lang.

Some berds, weel learn'd upo' the beuk,
Wad threap auld folk the thing mifteuk;
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' ftorm'd,
That beardless 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' fome, to learn them for their tricks,

Were hang'd an' brunt.

This game was play'd in monie lands,
An' auld-light caddies bure fic hands,
That faith, the young flers took the fands
Wi' nimble fhanks,
Till Lairds forbad, by ftrict commands,
Sic bluidy pranks.

But new-light herds gat fic a cowe,

Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an-stowe,

Till now amaist on ev'ry knowe

Ye'll find ane plac'd;

An' some, their New-light fair avow,

Just quite barefac'd.

Nae doubt the auld-light flocks are bleatan; Their zealous herds are vex'd an' fweatan; Mysel, I've ev'n seen them greetan Wi' girnan spite, To hear the Moon fae fadly 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 shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them,
Just i' their pouch,
An' when the new-light billies see them,
I think they'll crouch!

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

EPISTLE TO J. R*****

ENCLOSING SOME POEMS.

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 fend you, Korah-like, a finkin,
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' feen thro'.

^{*} A certain humorous dream of his was then making 2 noise in the world.

Hypocrify, in mercy fpare it!

That holy robe, O dinna tear it!

Spare't for their fakes wha aften wear it,

The lads in black;

But your curst wit, when it comes near it, Rives't aff their back.

Think, wicked Sinner, wha ye're skaithing: It's just the *Blue-gown* badge an' claithing, O' Saunts; tak that, ye lea'e them naething, To ken them by,

Frae ony unregenerate Heathen, Like you or I.

I've fent you here, fome rhymin ware, A' that I bargain'd for, an' mair; Sae when ye hae an hour to fpare, I will expect,

Yon Sang * ye'll fen't, wi' cannie care, And no neglect.

Tho' faith, fma' heart hae I to fing!

My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing:

D d 2

^{*} A Song he had promifed the Author.

I've play'd myfel a bonie fpring,

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 Paitrick to the grun',
A bonie hen,
And, as the twilight was begun,
Thought nane wad ken.

The poor, wee thing was little burt;

I ftraiket 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 fic a hen had got a shot; I was fuspected for the plot; I scorn'd to lie; So gat the whifsle o' my groat,

An' pay't the fee.

But by my gun, o' guns the wale,
An' by my pouther an' my hail,
An' by my hen, an' by her tail,
I vow an' fwear!
The Game shall Pay, owre moor an' dail,
For this, niest year.

As foon's the clockin-time is by,

An' the wee powts begun to cry,

L—d, I'fe hae fportin by an' by,

For my gowd guinea;

Tho' I fhould herd the buck/kin kye

For't, in Virginia!

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

It pits me ay as mad's a hare; So I can rhyme nor write nae mair; But pennyworths again is fair,

When time's expedient: Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,

Your most obedient.



S

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' sma' persuasion she agreed,
'To see me thro' the barley.

II.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,

The moon was shining clearly;

I set her down, wi' right good will,

Amang the rigs o' barley:

I 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.

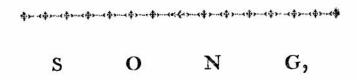
I lock'd her in my fond embrace;
Her heart was beating rarely:
My bleffings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley!
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that night so clearly!
She ay shall bless that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

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 pleafures e'er I faw,
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.



COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

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

I.

OW 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 foaring 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 fway,

Tyrannic man's dominion;

The Sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,

The flutt'ring, gory pinion!

IV.

But PEGGY dear, the evining'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 fweetly talk,
Till the filent moon shine clearly;
I'll grasp thy waist, and fondly prest,
Swear how I love thee dearly:
Not vernal show'rs to budding slow'rs,
Not Autumn to the Farmer,
So dear can be, as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely Charmer!

S O N G

Tune, Gilderoy.

I.

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!

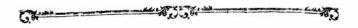
But the latest throb that leaves my heart,

While Death stands victor by,

That throb, ELIZA, is thy part,

And thine that latest figh!

E e 2



THE FAREWELL.

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

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 focial joy!

Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,

Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba',

With melting heart, and brimful eye,

I'll mind you still, tho' far awa.

II.

Oft have I met your focial Band,
And spent the chearful, 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 lyes a man a woman rul'd, The devil rul'd the woman.

EPIGRAM ON SAID OCCASION.

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

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

ANOTHER.

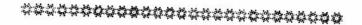
One Queen Artemifa, as old stories tell, When depriv'd of her husband she loved so well, In respect for the love and affection he'd show'd her,

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 expence.



EPITAPHS.

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

Here Sowter **** in Death does fleep;
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 stains, Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend! Here lie the loving Husband's dear remains, Thetender 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
fide. *'

FOR R. A. Efq;

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. Efq;

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

^{*} Goldsmith.



A BARD'S EPITAPH.

Is there a whim-inspir'd fool,

Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,

Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,

Let him draw near;

And o'er this grassy heap sing dool,

And drap a tear.

Is there a Bard of rustic song, Who, noteless, steals the crouds among, That weekly this area throng,

O, pass not by!
But with a frater-feeling strong,
Here, heave a sigh.

Is there a man whose judgment clear, Can others teach the course to steer, Yet runs, himself, life's mad career, Wild as the wave, Here pause—and thro' the starting tear, Survey this grave.

The poor Inhabitant below

Was quick to learn and wife to know,

And keenly felt the friendly glow,

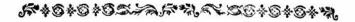
And fofter flame;

But thoughtless follies laid him low,

And stain'd his name!

Reader attend—whether thy foul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low purfuit,
Know, prudent, cautious, felf-controul
Is Wisdom's root.

FINIS.



GLOSSARY.

Words that are univerfally 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

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
Ase, ashes
Ava, at all, of all
Awn, the beard of oats, &c.

В

BAIRAN, baring Banie, bony

Bawl'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 Blastet, worthless Blather, the bladder Blink, a glance, an amorous leer, a short space of time Blype, a shred of cloth, &c. Boost, behoved Brash, a sudden illness Brat, a worn shred of Cloth Brainge, to draw unfteadily

Braxie, a morkin sheep Brogue, an affront Breef, an invulnerable charm Breastet, 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 Itane, cope Itone Cairds, tinkers Cairn, a loofe heap of stones Chuffie, fat-faced Collie, a general and fometimes a particular name for country curs Cog, or coggie, a fmall wooden dish without handles Cootie, a pretty large wooden Crack, conversation, to converie Crank, a harsh, grating sound Crankous, fretting, peevish Croon, a hollow, continued moan Crowl, to creep Crouchie, crook-backed Cranreuch, the hoar frost Curpan, the crupper Cummock, a short staff

 \mathbf{D}

AUD, the noise of one falling flat, a large piece of bread, &c.

Daut, to carefs, to fondle Daimen, now and then, feldom Daurk, a day's labour Deleeret, delirious

Dead-fweer, very loath, averse Dowie, crazy and dull Donsie, unlucky, dangerous Doylte, stupisted, 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 pushas abull, ram, &c. Duds, rags of clothes

E

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

F

 $\mathbf{F}^{ ext{A'}}$, fall, lot Fawfont, decent, orderly Faem, foam Fatt'rels, ribband ends, &c. Ferlie, a wonder, to wonder; alfo a term of contempt Fecht, to fight Fetch, to stop suddenly in the draught, and then come on too hastily Fier, found, healthy Fittie lan', the near horse of the hindmost pair in the plough Flunkies, livery fervants Fley, to frighten Fleesh, fleece Flifk, to fret at the yoke

Flichter, to flutter Forbears, ancestors Forby, besides Forjesket, jaded Fow, full, drunk; a bushel, &c. Freath, froath Fuss, to blow intermittedly Fyle, to dirty, to foil

G

G ASH, wife, fagacious, talkative; to converse Gate, or gaet, way, manner, practice Gab, the mouth; to speak boldly Gawfie, jolly, large Geck, to tofs the head in pride or wantonness Gizz, a wig Gilpey, a young girl Glaizie, imooth, glittering Glunch, a frown; to irown Glint, to peep Grushie, of thick, stout growth Gruntle, the vilage; a grunting noile Groufeme, leathformely grim

H

AL, or hald, hold, biding place
Hath, a term of contempt
Haverel, a quarter-wit
Haurl, to drag, to peel
Hain, to fave, to fpare
Heugh, a crag, a coal-pit
Hecht, to forebode
Hiflie, dry, chapt, barren
Howe, hollow
Hofte or Hoaft, to cough
Howk, to dig
Hoddan, the motion of a fage

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

1

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

J

JAUK, to dally at work Jouk, to stoop Jocteleg, a kind of knife Jundie, to justle

K

AE, a daw
Ket, a hairy, ragged
fleece of wool
Kiutle, to cuddle, to carefs, to
fondle
Kiaugh, carking anxiety
Kirfen, to christen

L

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

M

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

N

Nieve, the fift

O

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

P

Pack, intimate, familiar Pang, to cram Painch, the paunch Paughty, proud, faucy Pattle or pettle, the ploughstaff Peghan, the crop of fowls, the Romach

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

Q UAT, quit, did quit Quaikin, quaking

R

AMFEEZL'D, over-K fpent Rasp or rape, a rope Raucle, stout, clever Raible, to repeat by rote Ram-stam, thoughtless Raught, did reach Reeffet, shrivelled Reeft, to be reflive Reck, to take heed Rede, counfel, to counfel Ripp, a handful of unthreshed corn, &c. Rief, reaving Rifk, to make a noise like the breaking of finall roots with the plough Rowt, to bellow Roupet, hoarfe Runkle, a wrinkle Rockin, a meeting on a winter evening

S

S AIR, fore
Saunt, a faint
Scrimp, feant; to flint
Scriegh, to cry fhrilly
Scrieve, to run fmoothly and
fwiftly
Screed, to tear

Scawl, a Scold Sconner, to loath Sheen, bright Shaw, a little wood; to fhow Shaver, a humorous chievous wag Skirl, a shrill cry Sklent, to flant, to fib mettlesome, fiery, Skiegh, proud Slype, to fall over like a wet Smeddum, powder of any kind Smytrie, a numerous collection of fmall individuals Snick-drawing, trick-contriv-Snash, abusive language Sowther, to cement, to folder Splore, a ramble Spunkie, fiery; will o' wifp Spairge, to fourt about like water or mire, to foil 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 horfe Swith, get away Syne, fince, ago, then

т

T APETLESS, unthinking Tawie, that handles quietly Tawted, or tawtet, matted together Taet, a small quantity Tarrow, to murmur at one's allowance
Thowless, slack, pithless
Thack an' raep, all kinds of necessaries, particularly clothes
Thowe, thaw
Tirl, to knock gently, to uncover
Toyte, to walk like old age

W

Trafhtrie, trafh

TAUKET, thickened as fullers do cloth Water-kelpies, a fort of mifchievous spirits that are faid to haunt fords, &c. Water-brose, brose made simply of meal and water Wauble, to fwing Wair, to lay out, to fpend Whaizle, to wheez Whisk, to sweep Wintle, a wavering, fwinging motion Wiel, a fmall 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

Y

YELL, dry, fpoken of 2

cow
Ye, is frequently used for the
fingular
Young-guidman, 2 new married man