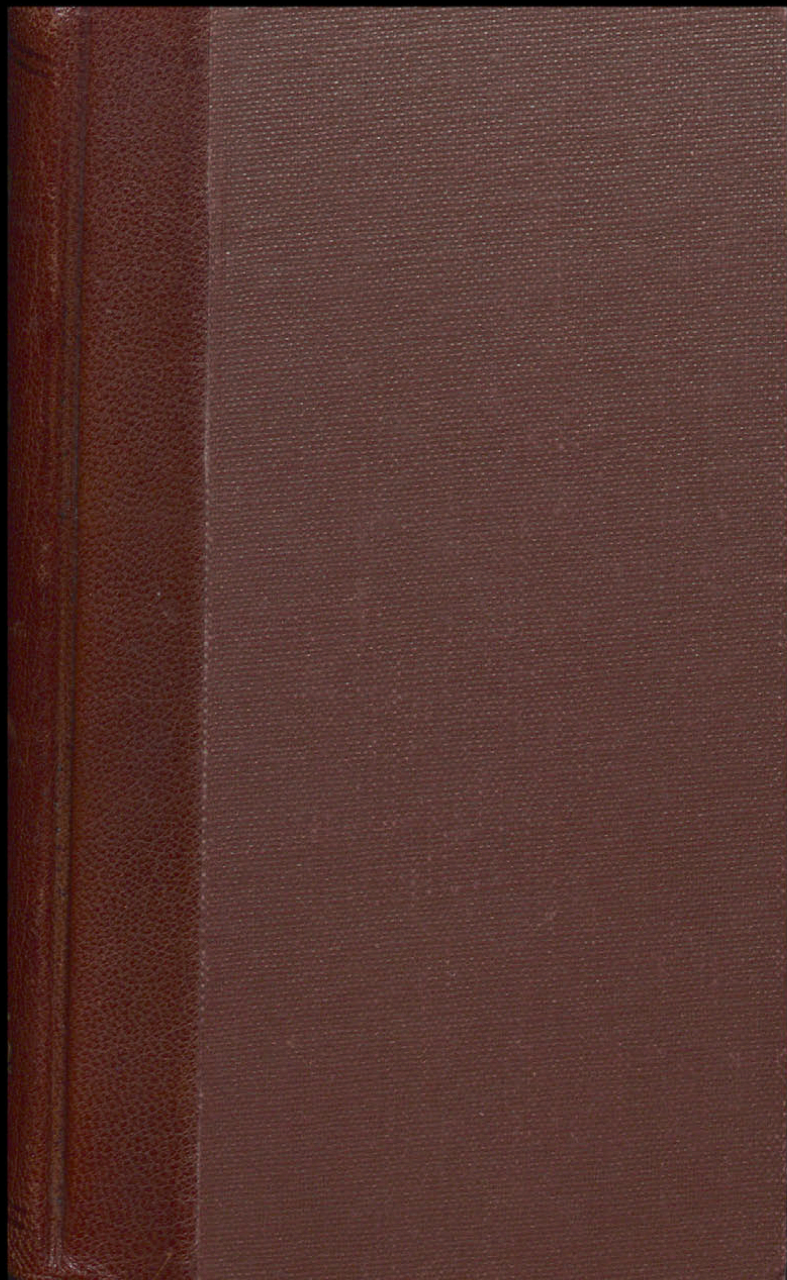


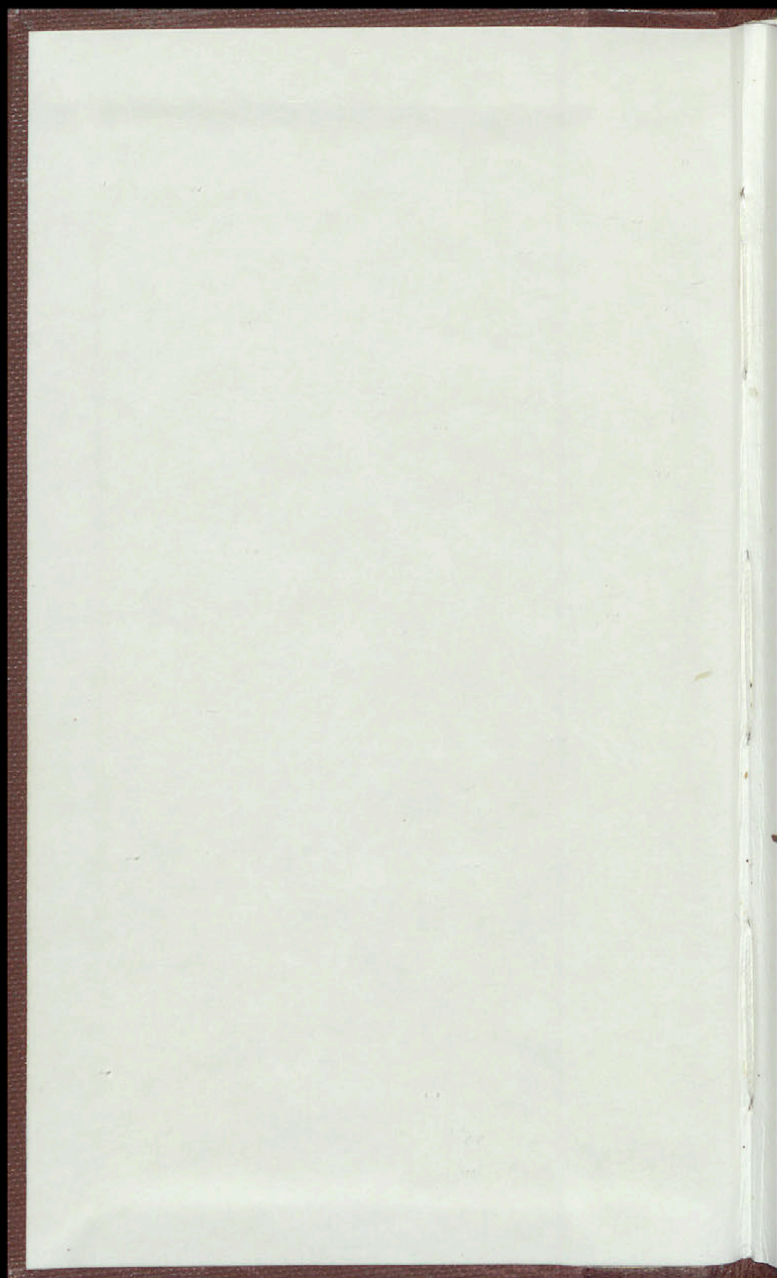
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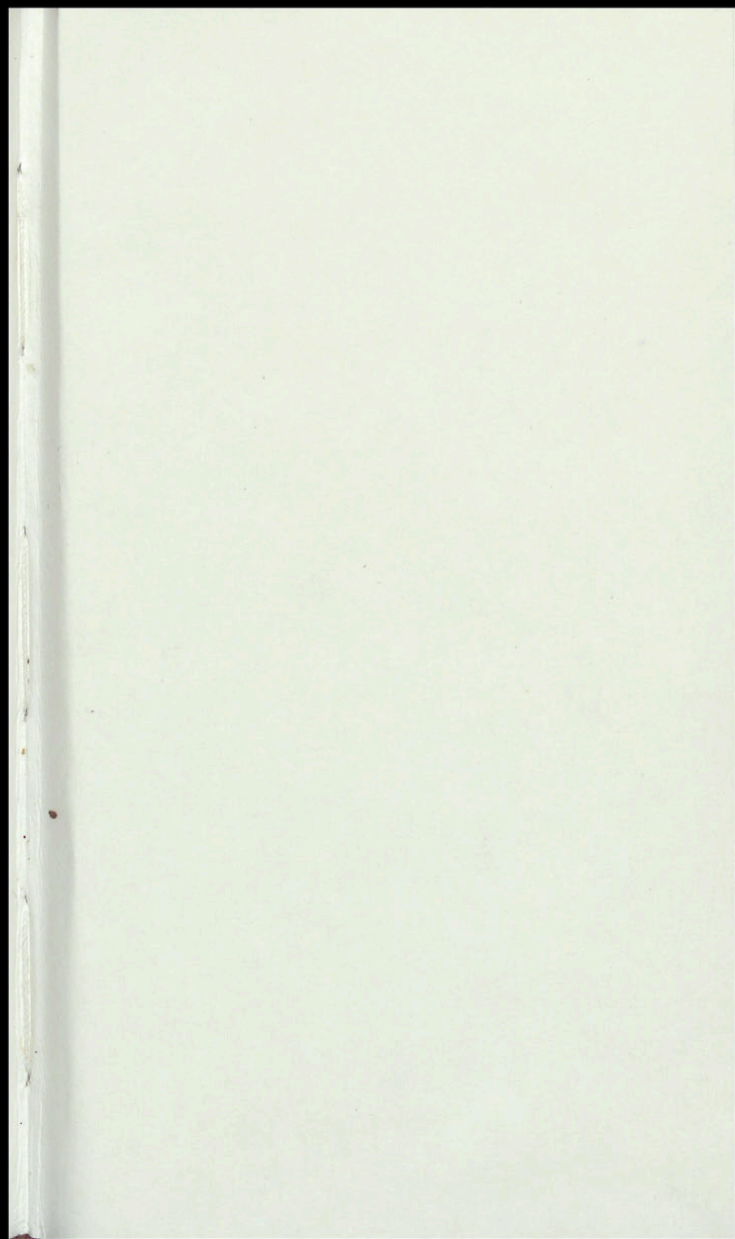
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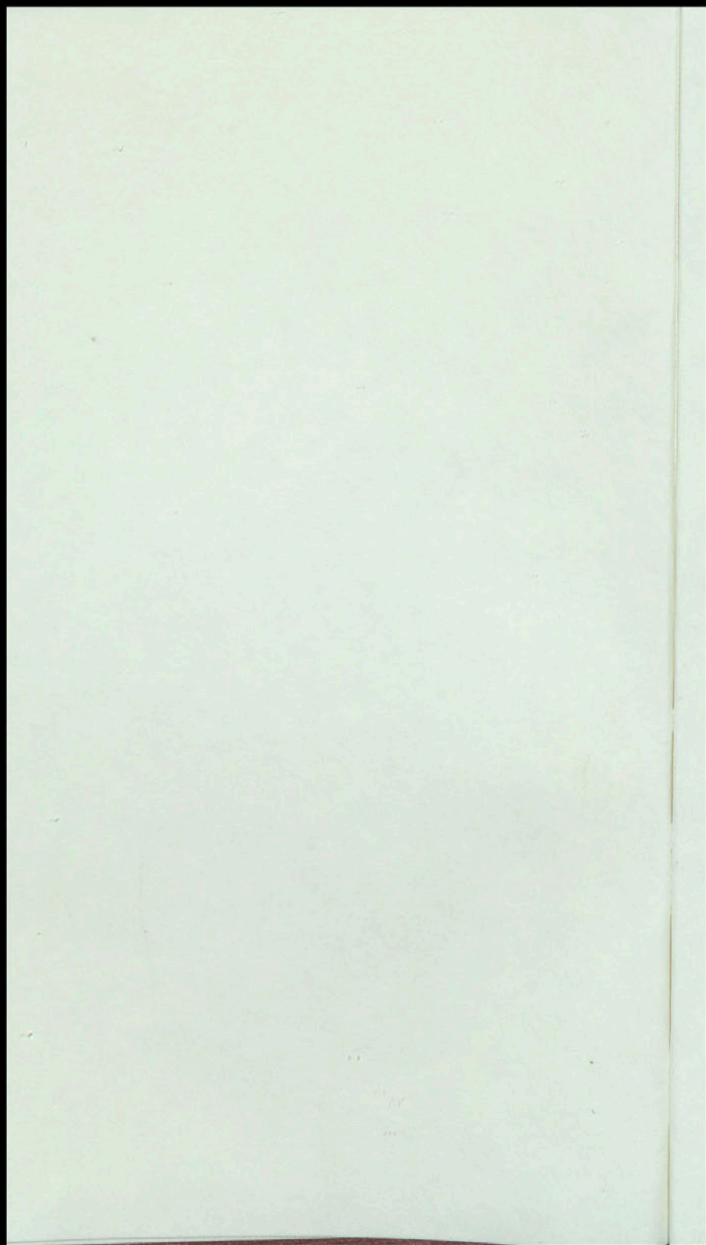
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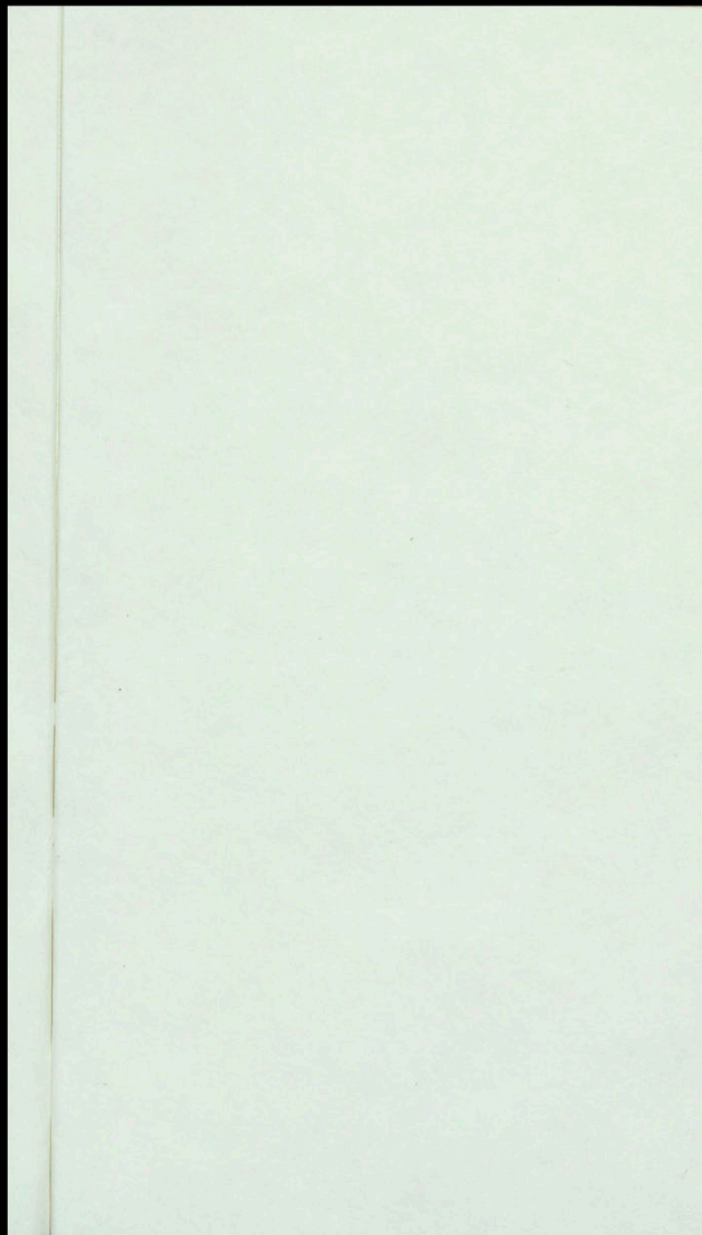
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ROBERT BURNS.

P O E M S,

Henry
William CHIEFLY IN THE *Milligan*
Book (Henry) 182.

SCOTTISH DIALECT.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

B E L F A S T :

PRINTED AND SOLD BY JAMES MAGEE,
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M,DCC,LXXXVII.

SCOTTISH DIALECT.

BY JOHN GIBSON.

DEDICATION.

TO THE
NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN
OF THE
CALEDONIAN HUNT.

MY LORDS, AND GENTLEMEN.

*A SCOTTISH Bard, proud of the name,
and whose highest ambition is to sing in
his Country's service, where shall he so
properly look for patronage as to the illustrious
Names of his native Land; those
who bear the honours and inherit the vir-*

ruer of their Ancestors?—The Poetic Genius of my Country found me as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the plough; and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my natal Soil, in my native tongue: I tuned my wild, artless notes, as she inspired.—She whispered me to come to this ancient metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my Songs under your honoured protection: I now obey her dictates.

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual stile of dedication, to thank you for past favours; that path is so hackneyed by prostituted Learning, that honest Rusticity is ashamed of it.—Nor do I present this Address with the venal soul of a servile Author, looking for a continuation of those favours: I was bred to the Plough, and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottish name with

you, my illustrious Countrymen; and to tell the world that I glory in the title.—I come to congratulate my Country, that the blood of her ancient heroes still runs uncontaminated; and that from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth, and liberty.—In the last place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the Great Fountain of Honour, the Monarch of the Universe, for your welfare and happiness.

When you go forth to waken the Echoes, in the ancient and favourite amusement of your Forefathers, may Pleasure ever be of your party; and may Social-joy await your return! When harrassed in courts or camps with the jussings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured Worth attend your return to your native Seats; and may Domestic Happiness, with a smiling welcome, meet you at your gates! May Corruption shrink at your kindling indignant

*glance ; and may tyranny in the Ruler and
licentiousness in the People equally find
you an inexorable foe !*

I have the honour to be,

*With the sincerest gratitude and high-
est respect,*

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

Your most devoted humble servant,

ROBERT BURNS.

EDINBURGH,
April 4. 1787.

*Extract from the LOUNGER, No. 97,
lately published in Edinburgh.*

“ ROBERT BURNS, an *Ayrshire* Ploughman, whose Poems were some time ago published in a country town in the West of Scotland, with no other ambition, it would seem, than to circulate among the inhabitants of the county where he was born, to obtain a little fame from those who had heard of his talents—It is to be hoped, I do not assume too much, if I endeavour to place him in a higher point of view; to call for a verdict of his country on the merit of his works, and to claim for him those honours which their excellencies appears to deserve.

“ In mentioning the circumstance of his humble station, I mean not to rest his pretensions solely on that title, or to

urge the merits of his poetry when considered in relation to the lowness of his birth, and the little opportunity of improvement which his education could afford : These particulars, indeed, might excite our wonder at his productions ; but his poetry, considered abstractedly, and without the apologies arising from his situation, seems fully entitled to command our feelings, and to obtain our applause.

“ It is not my intention to point out the various beauties interspersed in the following poems ; the candid and discerning reader will easily perceive, with what uncommon penetration and sagacity this Heaven-taught Ploughman, from his humble and unlettered station, has looked upon men and manners.

“ BURNS possesses the spirit as well as the fancy of a poet. That honest pride and independance of soul, which are sometimes the Muse’s only dower, break forth on every occasion in his works. It

may be, then, I shall wrong his feelings, while I indulge my own, in calling the attention of the public to his situation and circumstances. That condition, humble as it was, in which he found content, and wooed the Muse, might not have been deemed uncomfortable; but grief and misfortune have reached him there; and one or two of his poems hint, what I have learned from some of his countrymen, that he has been obliged to form the resolution of leaving his native land, to seek under a West-Indian climate, that shelter and support which Scotland has denied him. But I trust means may be found to prevent this resolution from taking place; and that I do my country no more than justice, when I suppose her ready to stretch out her hand to cherish and retain this native poet, whose "*wood-notes wild*," possesses so much excellence.

“To repair the wrongs of suffering or neglected merit; to call forth genius

from the obscurity in which it had pined indignant, and place it where it may profit or delight the World; these are exertions which give to wealth an enviable superiority; to greatness and to patronage a laudable pride”.

Robt Burns, a hard biting
 but high-hearted peasant of
 Ayrshire, was born 1759
 and died in 1796 A.E. 37-

The admiring world
 has named him & his genius
 has celebrated his
 memory by a national festival
 & called his Country after
 him — "the Land of Burns"

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P O E M S,

CHIEFLY

S C O T T I S H.

T H E

T W A D O G S,

A

T A L E.

T W A S in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name of *Auld King Coil*,
Upon a bonie day in June,
When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa Dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him *Cæsar*,
Was keepit for his Honor's pleasure ;

His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
 Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs,
 But whalpit some place far abroad,
 Whare sailors gang to fish for Cod.

His locked, letter'd, braw brass collar
 Shew'd him the gentleman and scholar;
 But though he was o' high degree,
 The sient a pride na pride had he,
 But wad hae spent an hour careffin,
 Ev'n wi' a tinkler-gipsy's messin:
 At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
 Nea tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie,
 But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
 An' stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

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

He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke,
 As ever lap a sheugh or dike.
 His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
 Ay gat him friends in ilka place;
 His breast was white, his touzie back
 Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;

* Cuchullin's dog in Ossian's *Fiangal*.

His gaucie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung owre his hurdies wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
An' unco pack an' thick thegither ;
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd an' snowkit ;
Whyles mice and moudieworts they howkit ;
Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion,
An' worry'd ither in diversion ;
Till tir'd at last wi' mony a farce,
They fat them down upon their a—
An' there began a lang digression
About the *lords o' the creation*.

C Æ S A R.

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 kain, an' a' his stents ;
He rises when he likes himsel ;
His flunkies answer at the bell ;
He ca's his coach ; he ca's his horse ;
He draws a bonie filken purse
As lang's my tail, whare, thro' the steeks,
The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.

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

L U A T H.

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

An' when they meet wi' fair disasters,
 Like losf o' health or want o' maisters,
 Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
 An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger :
 But how it comes, I never kend yet,
 They're maistly wonderfu' contented ;

An' buirdly chiels, an' clever hizzies,
 Are bred in sic a way as this is.

C Æ S A R.

But then, to see how ye'es negleckit,
 How huff'd, an' cuff'd, an' disrespeckit!
 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 stinking brock.

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

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

L U A T H.

They're no sae wretched's ane wad think;
 Tho' constantly on poortith's brink,
 They're sae accustom'd wi' the fight,
 They view o't gies them little fright.

Then chance and fortune are sae guided,
 They'r ay in lefs 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 gruffie weans an' faithfu' wives;
 The prattling things are just their pride,
 That sweetens a' their fire-side.

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

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

That merry day the year begins,
 They bar the door on frosty wins;

The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
 An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
 The luntin pipe, an' sneeshin mill,
 Are handed round wi' right guid will;
 The cantie auld folks crackin crouse,
 The young anes ranting thro' the house—
 My heart has been fae fain to see them,
 That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Sill it's owre true that ye hae said,
 Sic game is now owre aften play'd;
 There's monie a creditable stock
 O' decent, honest, 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 ablins thrang a parliamentin,
 For Britain's guid his faul indentin—

C Æ S A R.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it;
 For Britain's guid! guid faith! I doubt it.
 Say, rather, gaun as *Premiers* lead him,
 An' saying *aye* or *no*'s they bid him:
 At Operas an' Plays parading,
 Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading:
 Or maybe, in a frolic daft,
 To *Hague* or *Calais* taks a waft,

To mak a tour an' tak a whirl,
To learn *bon ton* an' see the worl'.

There, at *Vienna* or *Verfailles*,
He rives his father's auld entails;
Or by *Madrid* he taks the rout,
To thrum guittars an' fecht wi' nowt;
Or down Italian *Vista* stables,
Wh-re-hunting amang groves o' myrtles:
Then boufes drumlie German water,
To mak himsel look fair and fatter,
An' clear the consequential sorrows,
Love-gifts of Carnival Signioras.

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

L U A T H.

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

O would they stay aback frae courts,
An' please themsel wi' countra sports,
It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cotter!
For thae frank, rantin, ramblin billies,
Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows;
Except for breakin o' their timmer,
Or speakin lightly o' their Limmer,

Or shootin o' a hare or moorcock,
The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, maffer *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.

C Æ S A R.

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

It's true, they need na starve or sweat,
Thro' Winter's cauld, or Simmer's heat;
They've nae fair wark to craze their banes,
An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes;
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themselves to vex them;
An' ay the less they hae to flurt them,
In like proportion, less will hurt them.

A country fellow at the pleugh,
His acre's till'd, he's right enough;
A country girl at her wheel,
Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel;
But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warit,
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, and restless.

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

The Men cast out in party-matches,
 Then fowther a' in deep debauches.
 Ae night, they're mad wi' drink an' wh-ring,
 Nienst day their life is past enduring.

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

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

By this, the fun was out o' sight,
 An' darker gloamin brought the night :

The *bum-clock* humm'd wi' lazy drone,
 The kye stood rowtin i' the loan;
 When up they gat an' shook their lugs,
 Rejoic'd they were na *men*, but *dogs*;
 An' each took aff his feveral way,
 Resolv'd to meet some ither day.

SCOTCH DRINK.

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

SOLOMON'S PROVERBS, xxxi. 6. 7.

LET other Poets raise a fracas
 'Bout vines, an' wines, an' druken *Bacchus*,
 An' crabbit names an' stories wrack us,
 An' grate our lug,
 I sing the juice *Scotch beer* can mak us,
 In glafs or jug.

O thou, my *Muse* ! guid auld *Scotch Drink* !
 Whether thro' wimplin worms thou jink,
 Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink,
 In glorious faem,
 Inspire me, till I lisp an' wink,
 To sing thy name !

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

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

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

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

Aft, clad in maffy, filler weed,
 Wi' Gentles thou erects thy heed;

Yet humbly kind, in time o' need,
 The poor man's wine;
 His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
 Thou kitchens fine.

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

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

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

Nea mercy, then, for airn or steel;
 The brawnie, bainie, ploughman chiel.
 Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel
 The strong forehammer,

Till block an' studdie ring an' reel
 Wi' dinfome clamour.

When skirlin weanies see the light,
 Thou maks the gossips clatter bright,
 How fumbling Cuifs their Dearies flight,
 Wea worth the name!
 Nae Howdie gets a social night,
 Or plack frae them.

When neebors anger at a plea,
 An' juist as wud as wud can be,
 How eafy can the *barley-brie*
 Cement the quarrel!
 It's aye the cheapeft Lawyer's fee
 To taste the barrel.

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

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

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

May gravels round his blather wrench,
 An' gouts torment him, inch by inch,
 Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
 O' four disdain,
 Out owre a glafs 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 a——!

Thee *Ferintosh!* O sadly lost!
 Scotland lament frae coast to coast!
 Now colic-grips, an' barkin hoast,
 May kill us a';
 For loyal Forbes' charter'd hoast
 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, trice !

There, feize the blinkers !
An' bake them up in brunstane pies

For poor d—n'd drinkers.

Fortune, if thou'll but gie me fill

Hale breeks, a scone, an' *wibisky 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 Honourable and Honourable, 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 broughs an' shires,
An' doucely manage our affairs
In Parliament,
To you a fimple Bardie's pray'rs
Are humbly sent.

Alas! my roupet Muse is hearfe!
Your Honors hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,
To see her sittin on her a—
Low i' the dust,
An' scriechen out profaic verse,
An' like to bruff!

* This was wrote before the Act anent the Scotch Distilleries, of session 1786; for which Scotland and the Author return their most grateful thanks.

Tell them whae hae the chief direction,
Scotland an' *me's* in great affliction,
 E'er fin' they laid that curst restriction
 On *Aquavitae* ;
 An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
 An' move their pity.

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

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

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

Paint *Scotland* greetin owre her thribsle ;
 Her mutchkin-stoup as toom's a whiflsle ;

An' d-mn'd Excisemen in a busle,
 Seizin a *Stell*,
 Triumphant crushin't like a muffle
 Or lampit shell

Then on the tither hand present her,
 A blackguard Smuggler, right behint her,
 An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie Vintner,
 Colleguing 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 risin' hot,
 To see his poor auld Mither's *pot*,
 Thus dung in staves,
 An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat
 By gallows knaves?

Alas! I'm but a nameless wight,
 Trode i' the mire out o' fight!
 But could I like *Montgomerie's* fight,
 Or gab like *Boswell*,
 There's some fark-necks I wad draw tight,
 An' tie 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' pause,
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 fe warran;
Thee, aith-detesting, chaffe *Kilkerran*;
An' that glib-gabbet Highland Baron,
The Laird o' *Graham*;
An' ane, a chap that's d-mn'd auldfarran,
Dundas his name.

Erskine, a spunkie Norland billie;
True *Campbells*, *Frederick* an' *Ilay*;
An' *Livistone*, the bauld *Sir Willie*;
An' monie 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 reekin whittle,
Anither fang.

An' drink his health in auld *Nanse Tinnock's**
 Nine times a-week,
 If he some scheme, like tea an' winnock's,
 Wad kindly seek.

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

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

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

God bless your Honors, a' your days,
 Wi' sowps o' kail an' brats o' claife,

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

In spite o' a' the thievish kaes
 That haunt St *Jamie's* !
 Your humble Bardie sings an' prays
 While *Rab* his name is.

POSTSCRIPT.

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

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

Their gun's a burden on their shoulder !
 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' throwther,
To save their skin.

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

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

Sages their solemn een may steek,
An' raise a philosophic reek,
An' physically caufes feek,
In clime an' season,
But tell me *Whisky's* name in Greek,
I'll tell the reason.

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

T H E
H O L Y F A I R*.

*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.

U P O N a simmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair,
I walked forth to view the corn,
An' snuff the caller air.
The rising sun, owre *Galston* muirs,
Wi' glorious light was glintin ;
The hares were hirplin down the furs,
The lav'rocks they were chantin
Fu' sweet that day.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, ' Sweet lass,
 ' I think ye seem to ken me ;
 ' I'm sure I've seen that bonie face,
 ' But yet I canna name ye.'
 Quo' she, an' laughin as she spak,
 An' taks me by the hauns,
 ' Ye, for my sake, hae gi'en the feck
 ' Of a' the ten commauns
 ' A screed some day.

V.

' My name is *Fun*—your cronie dear,
 ' The neareft friend ye hae ;
 ' An' this is *Superftition* here,
 ' An' that's *Hypocrify*.
 ' I'm gaun to ***** *Holy fair*,
 ' To spend an hour in daffin :
 ' Gin ye'll go there, yon runkl'd pair,
 ' We will get famous laughin
 ' At them this day.'

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

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

IX.

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
 An' screen our countra Gentry,
 There, *racer Jess*, an' twa-three wh—res,
 Are blinkin at the entry.
 Here sits a raw o' titling jads,
 Wi' heaving breast an' bare neck;
 An' there, a batch o' wabster lads,
 Blackguarding frae K*****ck,
 Fo: *fun* this day.

X.

Here, some are thinkin on their fins,
 An' some upo' their claes;
 Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins,
 Anither fighs an' prays:
 On this hand, sits a Chosen swatch,
 Wi' screw'd-up, grace proud faces;
 On that, a set o' Chaps, at watch,
 Thrang winkin on the lasses
 To chairs that day.

XI.

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

Unkend that day.

XII.

Now a' the congregation o'er
 Is silent expectation ;
 For ***** speels the holy door,
 Wi' tidings o' d-mn-t-n.
 Should *Hornie*, as in ancient days,
 'Mang sons o' G— present him,
 The vera sight o' *****'s face,
 To's ain het hame had sent him

Wi' fright that day.

XIII.

Hear how he clears the points o' Faith
 Wi' rattlin an' thumpin !
 Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
 He's stam-pin, an' he's jumpin !
 His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd-up snout,
 His eldritch squeel and gestures,
 O how they fire the heart devout,
 Like cantharidian plasters,

On sic a day !

XIV.

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

XV.

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

XVI.

In guid time comes an antidote
 Against sic poison'd nostrum ;
 For ***** , frae the water-fit,
 Ascends the holy rostrum :
 See, up he's got the word o' G—,
 An' meek an' mim has view'd it,
 While *Common-Sense* has ta'en the road,
 An' aff, an' up the *Cowgate**
 Fast, fast that day.

* A street so call'd, which faces the *tent* in ———.

XVII.

Wee ***** nieft, the Guard relieves,
 An' Orthodoxy raibles,
 Tho' in his heart he weel believes,
 An' thinks it auld wives' fables :
 But faith ! the birkie wants a Manfé,
 So, cannillie he hums them ;
 Altho' his carnal wit an' fenfe
 Like hafflins-wife o'ercomes him

At times that day.

XVIII.

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

O' wrath that day.

XIX.

Leeze me on Drink ! it gi'es us mair
 Than either School or Collège :
 It kindles Wit, it waukens Lair,
 It pangs us fou o' Knowledge.
 Be't whisky gill or penny wheep,
 Or ony stronger potion,
 It never fails, on drinkin deep,
 To kittle up our notion,

By night or day.

XX.

The lads an' lassies, blythely bent
 To mind baith faul an' body,
 Sit round the table, weel content,
 An' steer 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' formin assignations

To meet some day.

XXI.

But now the L——'s ain trumpet touts,
 Till a' the hills are rairin,
 An' echos back return the shouts;
 Black ***** is na sparin:
 His piercing words, like Highlan fwords,
 Divide the joints an' marrow;
 His talk o' H-ll, whare devils dwell,
 Our vera 'Sauls does harrow*

Wi' fright that day!

XXII.

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

* Shakespeare's Hamlet.

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

XXIV.

In comes a gaucie, gath 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 fide to fide they bother,
 Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
 An' gi'es them't, like a tether,
 Fu' lang that day.

XXV.

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

XXVI.

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

For crack that day.

XXVII.

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

D E A T H

A N D

DOCTOR HORNBOOK.

TRUE STORY.

SOME books are lies frae end to end,
 And some great lies were never penn'd;
 Ev'n Ministers they hae been kenn'd,
 In holy rapture, some o' them
 Great lies and nonsense baith to vend,
 And nail't wi' Scripture:

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

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

The rising Moon began to glow,
 The distant *Gumnock* hills out-owre ;
 To count her horns, wi' a' my pow'r,
 I fet mysel ;

But whether she had three or four,

I cou'd na tell,
 I was come round about the hill,

And todlin down on *Willie's mill*,

Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
 To keep me ficker ;

Tho' leeward whyles, against my will,

I took a bicker.

I there wi' *Something* does forgather,

That pat me in an eerie swither ;

An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouter,

Clear-dangling, hang ;

A three-tae'd leister on the ither

Lay, large an' lang.

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,

The queerest shape that e'er I saw,

For sient a wame it had ava,

And then its shanks,

They were as thin, as sharp an' sma',

As cheeks o' branks.

' Guid-een,' quo' I ; ' Friend ! hae ye been mawin,
 When ither folk are busy sawin* ?'

* This rencounter happened in seed-time 1785.

It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan',

But naething spak;

At length, says I, ' Friend, whare ye gaun,

' Will ye go back?'

It spak right howe—' My name is *Death*,

' But be na' fley'd.'—Quoth I, ' Guid faith,

' Ye're maybe come to flap my breath;

' But tent me, billie;

' I red ye weel, tak care o' skaith,

' See, there's a gully!'

' Gudeman,' quo' he, ' put up your whittle,

' I'm no design'd to try its mettle;

' But if I did, I wad be kittle

' To be misfear'd,

' I wad na' mind it, no that ipittle

' Out-owre my beard.'

' Weel, weel!' says I, ' a bargain be't;

' Come, gies your hand, an' fac we're gree't;

' We'll eate our shanks an' tak a feat,

' Come, gies your news!

' This while * ye hae been mony a gate,

' At mony a house.'

' Ay, ay?' quo' he, an' shook his head,

' It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed.

* An epidemical fever was then raging in that country.

- ‘ Sin’ I began to nick the thread,
 ‘ An’ choke the breath ;
 ‘ Folk maun do something for their bread,
 ‘ An’ fae maun *Death*.
- ‘ Sax thousand years are near hand fled
 ‘ Sin’ I was to the butching bred,
 ‘ And mony a scheme in vain’s been laid,
 ‘ To stap or scar me ;
 ‘ Till ane Hornbook’s * ta’en up the trade,
 ‘ And faith, he’ll waur me.
- ‘ Ye ken *Jock Hornbook* i’ the Clachan,
 ‘ Deil mak his king’s-hood in a spleuchan !
 ‘ He’s grown fae weel acquaint wi’ *Buchan*†,
 ‘ And ither chaps,
 ‘ The weans haud out their fingers laughin,
 ‘ And pouk my hips.
- ‘ See, here’s a scythe, and there’s a dart,
 ‘ They hae pierc’d mony a gallant heart ;
 ‘ But Doctor *Hornbook*, wi’ his art
 ‘ And curfed skill,
 ‘ Has made them baith no worth a f—t,
 ‘ D--n’d haet they’ll kill !

* This gentleman, Dr. Hornbook, is, professionally, a brother of the sovereign Order of the Ferula; but, by intuition and inspiration, is at once an Apothecary, Surgeon, and Physician.

† *Buchan’s Domestic Medicine*.

- 'Twas but yestreen, nae farther gaen,
 I threw a noble throw at ane;
 Wi' lefs, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain;
 ' But deil-ma-care!
 ' It just play'd dirl on the bane,
 ' But did nae mair
 ' *Hornbook* was by, wi' ready art,
 ' And had fae fortify'd the part,
 ' That when I looked to my dart,
 ' It was fae blunt,
 ' Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart
 ' Of a kail-runt.
 ' I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
 ' I nearhand cowpit wi' my hurry,
 ' But yet the bauld *Apothecary*
 ' Withstood the shock;
 ' I might as weel hae try'd a quarry
 ' O' hard wish-rock,
 ' E'en them he canna get attended,
 ' Altho' their face he ne'er had kend it,
 ' Just sh— in a kail-blade and fend it,
 ' As soon's he smells 't,
 ' Baith their disease, and what will mend it,
 ' At once he tells 't.
 ' And then a' doctor's saws and whittles,
 ' Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles,

- ' A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles,
 ' He's fure to hae ;
 ' Their Latin names as fast he rattles
 ' As A B C.
 ' Calces o' fossils, earths, and trees ;
 ' True Sal-marinum o' the seas ;
 ' The Farina of beans and pease,
 ' He has't in plenty ;
 ' Aqua-fontis, what you please,
 ' He can content ye.
 ' Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,
 ' Urinus Spiritus of capons ;
 ' Or Mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
 ' Distill'd *per se* ;
 ' Sal-alkali o' Midge-tail clippings,
 ' And mony mae.*
 ' Waes me for *Johnny Ged's-Hole* * now,
 Quoth I, ' if that thae news be true !
 ' His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,
 ' Sae white an' bonie,
 ' Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plew ;
 ' They'll ruin *Johnie* !
 The creature grain'd an' eldritch laugh,
 And says, ' Ye needna yoke the pleugh,
 ' Kirk-yards will soon be till'd enough,
 ' Tak ye nae fear :

* The grave-digger.

- ' They'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a sheugh,
 ' In twa-three year.
- ' Whare I kill'd ane, a fair frae-death,
 ' By losf o' blood, or want o' breath,
 ' This night I'un free to tak my aith,
 ' That *Hornbook's* skill
 ' Has clad a score i' their laft claith,
 ' By drap and pill.
- ' An honest Wabfter to his trade,
 ' Whafe wife's twa nieves were scarce weel-bred,
 ' Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
 ' When it was fair;
 ' The wife flade cannie to her bed,
 ' But ne'er fpak mair.
- ' A countra Laird had ta'en the batts,
 ' Or some curmurring in his guts,
 ' His only fon for *Hornbook* fets,
 ' And pays him well,
 ' The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets,
 ' Was Laird himfel.
- ' A bonie lafs, ye kend her name,
 ' Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame,
 ' She trusts herself, to hide the fhame,
 ' In *Hornbook's* care;
 ' *Horn* sent her aff to her lang hame,
 ' To hide it there.

- That's just a swatch o' *Hornbook's* way,
- Thus goes he on from day to-day,
- Thus does he poison, kill, an' slay,
 ' An's weel pay'd for't;
- Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey,
 ' Wi' his d-mn'd dirt!

- But hark! I'll tell you of a plot,
- Tho' dinna ye be speakin o't;
- I'll nail the self-conceited Sot,
 ' As dead's a herrin:
- Nienst time we meet, I'll wad a groat,
 ' He gets his fairin!

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

T H E

B R I G S O F A Y R.

A P O E M.

*Inscribed to J. B*****, Esq. AYR.*

THE simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
 Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough;
 The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
 Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn
 bush,
 The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
 Or deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild-whistling o'er the
 hill;
 Shall he, nurs't in the Peasant's lowly shed,
 To hardy Independence bravely bred,
 By early Poverty to hardship steel'd,
 And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's field,
 Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
 The servile, mercenary Swifts of rhymes?
 Or labour hard the panegyric close,
 With all the venal soul of dedicating Prose?

No! though his artless strains he rudely sings,
 And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,
 He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,
 Fame, honest Fame, his great, his dear reward,
 Still, if some Patron's gen'rous care he trace,
 Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace;
 When B***** befriends his humble name,
 And hands the rustic Stranger up to fame,
 With heart-felt throes his grateful bosom swells,
 The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter-hap,
 And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap;
 Potatoe-bings are snugged up frae skaith
 Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath;
 The Bees, rejoicing o'er their summer-toils,
 Unnumber'd buds and flow'rs' delicious spoils,
 Seal'd up with frugal care in massive, waxen piles,
 Are doom'd by Man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
 The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone reek:
 The thund'ring guns are heard on ev'ry side,
 The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide;
 The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,
 Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie:
 (What warm, poetic heart but inly bleeds,
 And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)
 Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs;
 Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,

Except perhaps the Robin's whistling glee,
 Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree :
 The hoary morns precede the funny days,
 Mild, calm, serene, wide-spreads the noon-tide
 blaze,
 While thick the gossamour waves wanton in the
 rays.

'Twas in that season, when a simple Bard,
 Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,
 Ae night, within the ancient brugh of *Ayr*,
 By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care,
 He left his bed, and took his wayward rout,
 And down by *Simpson's* * wheel'd the left about :
 (Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,
 To witness what I after shall narrate ;
 Or whether, wrapt in meditation high,
 He wander'd out he knew not where nor why)
 The drowsy *Dungeon-clock* † had number'd two,
 And *Wallace-Tow'r* † had sworn the fact was true :
 The tide-swoln *Firth*, with fullen-founding roar,
 Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore :
 All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e ;
 The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree :
 The chilly Frost, beneath the silver beam,
 Crept, gently-crufting, o'er the glittering stream. —

* A noted tavern at the *Auld Brig* end.

† The two steeples.

When, lo! on either hand the list'ning Bard,
 The clanging fugh of whistling wings is heard;
 Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,
 Swift as the *Gos* * drives on the wheeling hare;
 Ane on th' *Auld Brig* his airy shape uprears,
 The ither flutters o'er the *rising piers*:
 Our warlock Rhymer instantly descry'd
 The Sprites that owre the *Brigs of Ayr* preside.
 (That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
 And ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk;
 Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,
 And ev'n the vera deils they brawly ken them).
Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Piëtish race,
 The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face:
 He seem'd as he wi' Time had warftl'd lang,
 Yet, teughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
New Brig was buskit in a braw, new coat,
 That he, at *Lon'on*, frae ane *Adams* got;
 In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead,
 Wi' virls an' whirlygigums at the head.
 The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,
 Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch;
 It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e,
 And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he!
 Wi' thievelefs sneer to see his modish mien,
 He, down the water, gies him this guideen——

* The *gof-hawk*, or *falcon*.

A U L D B R I G.

I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep-shank,
 Ance ye were streekit owre frae bank to bank!
 But gin ye be a Brig as auld as me,
 Tho' faith, that date, I doubt, ye'll never see;
 There'll be, if that day come, I'll wad a boddle,
 Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle.

N E W B R I G.

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

A U L D B R I G.

Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
 This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide;
 And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm fair forfairn,
 I'll be a *Brig* when ye're a shapeless cairn!
 As yet ye little ken about the matter,
 But twa-three winters will inform ye better.

* A noted ford, just above the Auld Brig.

When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains
 Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains ;
 When from the hills where springs the brawling *Coil*,
 Or stately *Lugar's* mossy fountains boil,
 Or where the *Greenock* winds his moorland course,
 Or haunted *Garpal** draws his feeble source,
 Arous'd by blustering winds an' spotting thowes,
 In mony a torrent down the snaw-broo rowes ;
 While crashing Ice, borne on the roaring speat,
 Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate ;
 And from *Glenbuck†*, down to the *Ratton-key‡*,
 Auld *Ayr* is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea ;
 Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise !
 And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies.
 A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
 That Architecture's noble art is lost !

NEW BRIG.

Fine *architecture*, trowth, I needs must say't o't !
 The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't !
 Gaunt, ghastly, ghast-alluring edifices,
 Hanging with threat'ning jut like precipices ;

* The banks of *Garpal Water* is one of the few places in the West of Scotland where those fancy-scaring beings, known by the name of *Ghaisls*, still continue pertinaciously to inhabit.

† The source of the river of *Ayr*.

‡ A small landing-place above the large key.

O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
 Supporting roofs, fantastic, stony groves :
 Windows and doors in nameless sculptures dress,
 With order, symmetry, or taste unblest ;
 Forms like some bedlam Statuary's dream,
 The craz'd creations of misguided whim ;
 Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
 And still the *second dread command* be free,
 Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea. }
 Mansions that would disgrace the building-taste
 Of any mason reptile, bird, or beast ;
 Fit only for a doited Monkish race,
 Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace,
 Or Cuifs of later times, wha held the notion,
 That fullen gloom was Sterling true devotion :
 Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection,
 And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection !

A U L D B R I G.

O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealings,
 Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings !
 Ye worthy *Proveses*, an' mony a *Bailie*,
 Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay ;
 Ye dainty *Deacons*, an' ye douce *Conveeners*,
 To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners ;
 Ye godly *Councils*, wha hae blest this town ;
 Ye godly *Bretbren* o' the sacred gown,
 Wha meekly gae your *hurdies* to the *smilers* ;
 And (what would now be strange) ye godly *Writers* :

A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo,
 Were ye but here, what would ye say or do!
 How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
 To see each melancholy alteration;
 And, agonising, curse the time and place
 When ye begat the base, degen'rate race!
 Nae langer Rev'rend Men, their country's glory,
 In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid story:
 Nae langer thrifty Citizens, au' douce,
 Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house;
 But staunrel, corky-headed, graceless Gentry,
 The herryment and ruin of the country;
 Men, three-parts made by Taylors and by Barbers,
 Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d—d *new Brigs*
 and *Harbours!*

N E W B R I G.

Now haud you there! for faith ye've said enough,
 And muckle mair than ye can mak to through.
 As for your Priesthood, I shall say but little,
Corbies and *Clergy* are a shot right kittle:
 But, under favour o' your langer beard,
 Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd;
 To liken them to your auld-warld squad,
 I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
 In *Ayr*, Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle
 To mouth 'A Citizen,' a term o' scandal:
 Nae mair the Council waddles dowe the street,
 In all the pomp of ignorant conceit;

Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' raisins,
 Or gather'd lib'ral views in Bonds and Seifins.
 If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
 Had shor'd them with a glimmer of his lamp,
 And would to Common-sense for once betray'd them,
 Plain, dull Stupidity slept kindly in to aid them.

What farther clishmaclaver might been said,
 What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,
 No man can tell ; but, all before their fight,
 A fairy train appear'd in order bright :
 Adown the glittering stream they featly danc'd ;
 Bright to the moon their various drestes glanc'd :
 They footed o'er the wat'ry glafs so neat,
 The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet :
 While arts of Minstrelsy among them rung,
 And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties fung.

O had *M'Lauchlan**, thairm-inspiring Sage,
 Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
 When thro' his dear *Strathspeys* they bore with-
 Highland rage ;
 Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
 The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares ;
 How would his Highland lug been nobler fir'd,
 And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch in-
 spir'd !

* A well-known performer of Scottish music on the violin.

No guefs could tell what instrument appear'd,
 But all the foul of Muffic's felf was heard ;
 Harmonious concert rung in every part,
 While fimple melody pour'd moving on the heart.

The Genius of the Stream in front appears,
 A venerable Chief advanc'd in years ;
 His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
 His manly leg with garter tangle bound.
 Next came the lovelieft pair in all the ring,
 Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring ;
 Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy,
 And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye :
 All-chearing Plenty, with her flowing horn,
 Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn ;
 Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary-show,
 By Hofpitality with cloudlefs brow,
 Next follow'd Courage with his martial ftride,
 From where the *Feal* wild-woody coverts hide :
 Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
 A female form, came from the tow'rs of *Stair* :
 Learning and Worth in equal meafures trode,
 From fimple *Catrine*, their long lov'd abode :
 Laft, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazle wreath,
 To ruftic Agriculture did bequeath
 The broken, iron instruments of Death,
 At fight of whom our Sprites forgot their kindling
 wrath.

O R D I N A T I O N.

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

I.

K***** Wabsters, fidge an' claw,
An' pour your creeshie nations ;
An' ye wha leather rax an' draw,
Of a' denominations ;
Swith to the *Laigh Kirk*, ane an' a,
An' there tak up your stations ;
Then aff to *B-gb--'s* in a raw,
An' pour divine libations

For joy this day.

II.

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

Wi' dirt this day.

* Alluding to a scoffing ballad which was made on the admission of the late Reverend and worthy Mr. L——— to the *Laigh Kirk*.

III.

Mak haste an' turn King David owre,

An' lilt wi' holy clangor ;

O' double verse come gie us four,

An' skirl up the Bangor :

This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure,

Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,

For Heresy is in her pow'r,

And gloriously she'll whang her

Wi' pith this day.

IV.

Come, let a proper text be read,

An' touch it aff wi' vigour,

How graceless *Ham** leugh at his Dad,

Which made *Canaan* a niger ;

Or *Pbineas* † drove the murdering blade,

Wi' wh-re-aborring rigour ;

Or *Zipporah* ‡, the scauldin jad,

Was like a bluidy tiger

I' th' inn that day.

V.

There, try his mettle on the creed,

And bind him down wi' caution,

That *Stipend* is a carnal weed

He takes but for the fashion ;

* Genesis, ch. ix. vers. 22.

† Numbers, ch. xxv. vers. 8.

‡ Exodus, ch. iv. vers. 25.

And gie him o'er the flock, to feed,
 And punish each transgression ;
 Especial, *rams* that cros the breed,
 Gie them sufficient threshin,
 Spare them nae day,

VI.

Now auld K*****, cock thy tail,
 An' tofs thy horns fu' canty ;
 Nae mair thou'lt rowte out-owre the dale,
 Because thy pasture's scanty :
 For lapfu's large o' *gospel-kail*
 Shall fill thy crib in plenty,
 An' *runts* o' *grace* the pick an' wale,
 No gi'en by way o' dainty,
 But ilka day.

VII.

Nae mair by *Babel's streams* we'll weep,
 To think upon our *Zion* ;
 And hing our fiddles up to sleep,
 Like baby-clouts a-dryin :
 Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep,
 And o'er the thairms be tryin ;
 Oh, rare ! to see our elbucks wheep,
 And a' like lamb-tails flyin
 Fu' fast this day !

VIII.

Lang, *Patronage*, wi' rod o' airn,
 Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin,
 As lately *F-nw-ck*, fair forfairn,
 Has proven to its ruin :

Our Patron, honest man ! *Gl*———,
 He saw mischief was brewin ;
 And like a godly, elect bairn,
 He's wal'd us out a true ane,
 And found this day.

IX

Now R***** harangue nae mair,
 But steek your gab for ever ;
 Or try the wicked town of A—,
 For there they'll think you clever ;
 Or, nae reflection on your lear,
 Ye may commence a Shaver ;
 Or to the *N-th-rt-n* repair,
 And turn a carpet-weaver
 Aff-hand this day.

X

M***** and you were just a match,
 We never had sic twa drones ;
 Auld *Hornje* did the *Laigh Kirk* watch,
 Just like a winkin baudrons ;
 And ay he catch'd the tither wretch,
 To fry them in his caudrons ;
 But now his Honor maun detach,
 Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons,
 Fast, fast this day.

XII

See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes,
 She's swingein thro' the city !
 Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays !
 I vow it's unco pretty :

There, Learning, with his Greekish face,
 Grunts out some Latin ditty ;
 And Common Sense is gaun, she says,
 To mak to *Jamie Beattie*

Her plaint this day.

XII.

But there's Morality himsel,
 Embracing all opinions ;
 Hear, how he gies the tither yell,
 Between his twa companions !
 See, how she peels the skin an' fell,
 As ane were peelin onions !
 Now there, they're packed aff to h-ll,
 And banish'd our dominions,

Henceforth this day.

XIII.

O happy day ! rejoice, rejoice !
 Come bouse about the porter !
 Morality's demure decoys
 Shall here nae mair find quarter :
 M'*****, R*****, are the boys
 That Herefy can torture ;
 They'll gie her on a rape a hoyse,
 And cove her measure shorter

By th' head some day.

XIV.

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,
 And here's, for a conclusion,

To ev'ry *New-light* * mother's son,
 From this time forth, Confusion:
 If mair they deave us wi' their din,
 Or Patronage intrusion,
 We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin,
 We'll rin. them aff in fufion
 Like oil, some day.

* *New-light* is a cant-phrafe, in the West of Scotland, for those religious opinions which Dr Taylor of Norwich has defended so strenuously.

T H E

C A L F.

To the Rev. Mr. ———, on his text, MALACHI,
 ch. iv. vers. 2. ' And they shall go forth, and
 ' grow up, like CALVES of the stall.'

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

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

But, if the Lover's raptur'd hour,
 Shall ever be your lot,
 Forbid it, ev'ry heav'nly Power,
 You e'er should be a *Stot!*

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

And, in your lug, most reverend J——,
 To hear you roar and rowte,
 Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
 To rank among the *Norwte*.

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

A D D R E S S

T O T H E

D E I L.

O Prince! O Chief of many throned Pow'rs,
That led th' embattl'd Seraphim to war——

MILTON.

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

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

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

Awa ye squatter'd like a drake,
On whistling wings.

Let *warlocks* grim, an' wither'd *bags*,
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 howkit dead.

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

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

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
An' float the jinglin icy-boord,
Then, *Water-kelpies* haunt the foord,
By your direction,
An' nighted Trav'lers are allur'd
To their destruction.

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

An' how you gat him i' your thrall,
 An' brak him out o' houfe and hal',
 While scabs an' botches did him gall,
 Wi' bitter claw,
 And lows'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked Scawl,
 Was warft ava ?

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

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

* Vide MILTON, Book VI.

But, fare you weel, auld *Nickie-ben!*

O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!

Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—

Still hae a *flake*—

I'm wae to think upo' yon den,

Ev'n for your *flake!*

T H E
DEATH AND DYING WORDS
O F

P O O R M A I L I E,

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE.

An Unco Mournfu' Tale.

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

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* filence brak,

' O thou, whafe lamentable face
Appears to mourn my woefu' case!

* Neibor herd-callen.

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, hid him never tie them mair
Wi' wicked frings 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 and packs of woo'!

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

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

' An' may they never learn the gaets
Of ither vile, wanrestfu' *pets*!
To sink thro' flaps, an' reave an' steal,
At stacks o' pease, or flocks o' kail.
So may they, like their great Forbears,
For monie a year come thro' the sheers:

So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
An' bairns greet for them when they're dead.

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

' An' neist my *yorwie*, filly thing,
Gude keep thee frae a tether string!
O, may thou ne'er forgather up
Wi' ony blafitt, moorland toop;
But ay keep mind to moop and mell
Wi' sheep o' credit like thy fel!

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

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

This said, poor *Mailie* turn'd her head,
An' clos'd her een amang the dead!

POOR MAILIES', ELEGY.

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,
 Wi' faut tears trickling down your nose;
 Our Bardie's fate is at a clofe,

Past a' remead!

The last sad cape-stone of his woes;

Poor Mailie's dead.

Its no the los' o' war's gear,
 That cou'd fae bitter draw the tear,
 Or mak our Bardie, dowie, wear

The mourning weed:

He's lost a friend and neebor dear,

In *Mailie* dead.

Thro' a' the toun 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 cam nigh him,

Than *Mailie* dead.

I wat she was a sheep o' fense,
 An' could behave herfel wi' mense:
 I'll say't, she never brak a fence,

Thro' thievish greed.

Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the Spence

Sin' *Mailie's* dead.

T O

J. S * * * * .

*Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Swee'tner of Life, and folder of Society!
I owe thee much——*

BLAIR.

DEAR S****, -the sleeest, paukie thief,
That e'er attempted stealth or rief,
Ye surely hae some warlock-breef

Owre human hearts ;
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
Against your arts.

For me, I swear by fun an' moon,
And ev'ry star that blinks aboon,
Ye've coft me twenty pair o' shoon
Just gaun to see you ;
And ev'ry ither pair that's done,
Mair ta'en 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*.

E

Just now I've taen the fit o' rhyme,
 My barmie noddle's working prime,
 My fancy yerket up sublime

Wi' hafty fummon :

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 contra 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 ruffet 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 asklent,
 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 better,
 ' Far seen in *Greek*, deep men o' letters,

Where pleasure is the Magic Wand,
 That, wielded right,
 Makes Hours like Minutes, hand in hand,
 Dance by fu' light.

The magic-wand then let us wield;
 For, ance that five-an'-forty's speeld,
 See, crazy, weary, joyless Eild,
 Wi' wrinkl'd face,
 Comes hoftin, hirplin 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' social noise;
 An' fareweel dear, deluding *woman*,
 The joy of joys!

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

We wander there, we wander here,
 We eye the rose upon the brier,
 Unmindful that the thorn is near,
 Among the leaves;

And tho' the puny wound appear,
Short while it grieves.

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

With steady aim, some Fortune chafe ;
Keen Hope does ev'ry finew brace ;
Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race,
And feize the prey :
Then canie, in some cozie place,
They clofe the *day*.

And others, like your humble fervan',
Poor wights ! nae rules nor roads obfervin ;
To right or left, eternal fwervin,
They zig-zag on ;
Till curft with age, obfcure an' ftarvin,
They aften groan.

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

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 honour ;
' And yill an' whisky gie to Cairds,
Until they sconner.

' A Title, *Dempster* merits it ;
' A garter gie to *Willie Pitt* ;
' Gie Wealth to some be-ledger'd Cit,
' In cent. per cent. ;
' But give me real, Sterling Wit,
' And I'm content.

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

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

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

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

Ye are sae *grave*, nae doubt ye're *wife* ;
 Nae ferly tho' ye do despise
 The hairum-fcairum, ram stam boys,
 The rattling squad :
 I see ye upward cast your eyes—
 Ye ken the road—

A

D R E A M.

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

But surely Dreams were ne'er indicted Treason..

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

I.

GUID-MORNIN to your *Majesty!*

May Heaven augment your blisses,

On ev'ry new *Birth-day* ye see,

A humble Bardie wishes !

My Bardship here at your Levee,

On sic a day as this is,

Is sure an uncouth fight to see,

Among the *Birth-day* dresse

Sae fine this day.

II.

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

III.

For me ! before a Monarch's face,
 Ev'n *there* I winna flatter ;
 For neither Pension, Post, nor Place,
 Am I your humble debtor :
 So, nae reflection on *Your Grace*,
 Your Kingship to bespatter ;
 There's monie war been o' the Race,
 And aiblins ane been better
 Than You this day.

IV.

'Tis very true, my sovereign King,
 My skill may weel be doubted :
 But Facts are cheels that winna ding,
 An' downa be disputed :
 Your Royal Nest, beneath Your wing,
 Is e'en right rest and clouted,
 And now the third part of the string,
 An' lefs, will gang about it,
 Than did ae day.

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

Adieu, my *Liege*! — may Freedom geck
 Beneath your high protection;
 An' may Ye rax Corruption's neck,
 And gie her for dissection!
 But sin' 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 bonny Bairntime Heav'n has lent,
 Still higher may they heeze Ye
 In blifs, till Fate some day is sent
 For ever to releafe 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 *Cow*'s been known
 To mak a noble *Aiver* ;
 Sae ye may doucely fill a Throne,
 For a' their clish-ma-claver :
 There *Him** at *Agincourt* wha shone,
 Few better were or braver ;
 And yet, wi' funny, queer *Sir John* †
 He was an unco shaver,
 For monie a day.

XII.

For you, right rev'rend *O*— — — *g*,
 Nane sets the *lawn-sleeve* sweeter,
 Altho' a ribban at your lug
 Wad been a drefs completer :
 As ye difown yon paughty dog
 That bears the Keys o' Peter,
 Then, swith ! an' get a wife to hug,
 Or, troth ! ye'll stain the Mitre
 Some luckless day.

XIII.

Young, royal *Tarry Brecks*, 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,

* King Henry.

† Sir John Falstaff. See Shakespeare.

* Alluding to the News-paper account of a certain Royal Sailor's amour.

Your hymeneral charter,
 Then heave aboard your grapple airn,
 An large upo' her quarter
 Come full that day.

XIV.

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

XV.

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

T H E

V I S I O N.

DUAN FIRST*.

THE sun had clos'd the winter day,
 The Curlers quat their roaring play,
 An' hunger'd Maukin ta'en her way
 To kail-yards green,
 While faithless snaws ilk step betray
 Whare she has been.

The Thresher's weary *flinging-tree*
 The lee-lang day had tired me;
 And when the day had clos'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.

* *Duan*, a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digressive Poem. See his *Cath-Loda*, vol. 2. of M' Pherison's Translation.

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

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

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

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

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 thone Art's lofty boast,
 The lordly dome.

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

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

By stately tow'r, or palace fair,
 Or ruins pendent in the air,

Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,
 To hand him on,
 Where many a Patriot-name on high
 And Hero shone.

D U A N S E C O N D.

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 !
 ' Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
 ' Thus poorly low!
 ' I come to give thee such reward
 ' As we bestow.
- ' Know, the great *Genius* of this Land
 ' Has many a light, aerial band,
 ' Who, all beneath his high command,
 ' Harmoniously,
 ' As Arts or Arms they understand,
 ' Their labours ply.
- ' They *Scotia's* Race among them share ;
 ' Some fire the Soldier on to dare ;

- ' Some rouse the Patriot up to bare
 ' Corruption's heart :
 ' Some teach the Bard, a darling cre,
 ' The tuneful art.
- ' 'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
 ' They ardent, kindling spirits pour ;
 ' Or, mid the venal Senate's roar,
 ' They, fightless, stand,
 ' To mend the honest Patriot-lore,
 ' And grace the hand.
- ' And when the Bard, or hoary Sage,
 ' Charm or instruct the future age,
 ' They bind the wild Poetic rage
 ' In energy,
 ' Or point the inconclusive page
 ' Full on the eye.
- ' Hence, *Fullarton*, the brave and young,
 ' Hence, *Dempster's* zeal-inspired tongue ;
 ' Hence, sweet harmonious *Beattie* sung
 ' His " Minstrel lays ;"
 ' Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
 ' The *Sceptic's* bays.
- ' To lower orders are assign'd
 ' The humbler ranks of Human-kind,
 ' The rustic Bard, the lab'ring Hind,
 ' The Artisan ;

- ‘ All chuse, as various they’re inclin’d,
 ‘ The various man,
 ‘ When yellow waves the heavy grain,
 ‘ The threat’ning storm, some, strongly, rein;
 ‘ Some teach to meliorate the plain
 ‘ With tillage-skill;
 ‘ And some instruct the Shepherd-train,
 ‘ Blythe, o’er the hill.
 ‘ Some hint the Lover’s harmless wile;
 ‘ Some grace the Maiden’s artless smile;
 ‘ Some soothe the Lab’rer’s weary toil,
 ‘ For humble gains,
 ‘ And make his cottage-scenes beguile
 ‘ His cares and pains.
 ‘ Some, bounded to a district-space,
 ‘ Explore at large Man’s infant race,
 ‘ To mark the embryotic trace
 ‘ Of *rustic Bard*;
 ‘ And careful note each op’ning grace,
 ‘ A guide and guard.
 ‘ *Of these am I—Coila* my name;
 ‘ And this district as mine I claim,
 ‘ Where once the *Campbells*, chiefs of fame,
 ‘ Held ruling pow’r:
 ‘ I mark’d thy embryo-tuneful flame,
 ‘ Thy natal hour.

- ' With future hope, I oft would gaze,
 ' Fond, on thy little early ways,
 ' Thy rudely-caroll'd, chiming phrase,
 ' In uncouth rhymes,
 ' Fir'd at the simple, artless lays
 ' Of other times.
- ' I saw thee seek the founding shore,
 ' Delighted with the dashing roar;
 ' Or when the North his fleecy store
 ' Drove thro' the sky,
 ' I saw grim Nature's visage hoar
 ' Struck thy young eye.
- ' Or when the deep green-mantl'd Earth
 ' Warm cherish'd ev'ry flow'ret's birth,
 ' And joy and music pouring forth
 ' In ev'ry grove,
 ' I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth
 ' With boundless love.
- ' When ripen'd fields, and azure skies,
 ' Call'd forth the Reaper's rustling noise,
 ' I saw thee leave their ev'ning joys,
 ' And lonely stalk,
 ' To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
 ' In pensive walk.

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

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

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

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

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

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

' To give my counsels all in one,
 ' Thy tuneful flame still careful fan ;
 ' Preserve *the dignity of Man*,
 ' With Soul erect ;
 ' And trust, the *Universal Plan*
 ' Will all protect.

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

A D D R E S S
 TO THE
 U N C O · G U I D,
 OR THE
 R I G I D L Y R I G H T E O U S.

My Son, these Maxims make a rule.

And lump them ay together ;

The Rigid Righteous is a fool,

The Rigid Wife anither :

The cleanest corn that e'er was dight

May hae some pyles o' caw in ;

So ne'er a fellow-creature slight

For random fits o' daffin.

SOLOMON.—Ecclef. ch. vii. versè 1

I.

O Y E wha are fae guid yoursel,

Sae pious and sae holy,

Ye've nought to do but mark and tell

Your Neebours' fauts and folly !

Whafe life is like a weel-gaun mill,

Supply'd wi' store o' water,

The heapet happer's ebbing still,

And still the clap plays clatter.

II.

Hear me, ye venerable Core,
 As counsel for poor mortals,
 That frequent pass dounce Wisdom's door
 For glakit Folly's portals ;
 I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
 Would here propone defences,
 Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
 Their failings and mischances.

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

See Social Life and Glee fit down,
 All joyous and unthinking,
 Till, quite transnugrify'd, they're grown
 Debauchery and Drinking:
 O would they stay to calculate
 Th' eternal consequences;
 Or your more dreaded h-ll to state,
 Damnation of expences!

VI.

Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames,
 Ty'd up in godly laces,
 Before ye gie poor *Frailty* names,
 Suppose a change o' cafes;
 A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug,
 A treacherous inclination——
 But, let me whisper i' your lug,
 Ye're ablins nae temptation.

VII.

Then gently scan your brother Man,
 Still gentler sifter Woman;
 Tho' they may gang a-kennin wrang,
 To step aside is human:
 One point must still be greatly dark,
 The moving *Why* they do it;
 And just as lamely can ye mark,
 How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the Heart, 'tis *He* alone

Decidedly can try us,

He knows each chord its various tone,

Each spring its various bias :

Then at the balance let's be mute,

We never can adjust it ;

What's done we partly may compute,

But know not what's *resisted*.

T A M S A M S O N'S*
E L E G Y.

An honest man's the noblest work of God--

POPE.

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

K***** lang may grunt an' grain,
An' sigh an' sob, an' greet her lane,
An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, an' wean,
In mourning weed;
To Death she's dearly pay'd the kane,
Tam Samson's dead!

* When this worthy old Sportsman went out last muir-fowl season, he supposed it was to be, in Offian's phrase 'the last of his fields;' and expressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the muirs. On this hint the Author composed his Elegy and Epitaph.

† A certain Preacher, a great favourite with the Million. *Vide* the ORDINATION, p. 54.

‡ Another Preacher, an equal favourite with the Few, who was at that time ailing. For him see also the ORDINATION, stanza IX.

The Brethren o' the mystic *level*
 May hing their head in wofu' bevel,
 While by their nose the tears will revel,
 Like ony bead;
 Death's gien the Lodge an unco devel,
 Tam Samfon's dead!

When Winter muffles up his cloak,
 And binds the mire like a rock;
 When to the loughs the Curlers flock,
 Wi' gleesome spied,
 Wha will they station at the *cock*,
 Tam Samfon's dead!

He was the king o' a' the Core,
 To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,
 Or up the rink like *Jebu*-roar,
 In time o' need;
 But now he Lags on Death's *bog-score*,
 Tam Samfon's dead!

Now safe the stately Sawmont fail,
 And Trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,
 And Eels weel kend for souple tail,
 And Geds for greed,
 Since dark in Death's *fish-creel* we wail
 Tam Samfon dead!

Rejoice, ye birring Patricks a';
 Ye cootie Moorcocks, croufely craw;

Ye Maukins, coek your fud fu' braw,
 Withoutten dread;
 Your mortal Fae is now awa',
 Tam Samfon's dead!

That woefu' morn be ever mourn'd
 Saw him in shootin graih adorn'd,
 While pointers round impatient burn'd,
 Frae couples freed;
 But Och! he gaed and ne'er return'd!
 Tam Samfon's dead!

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

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

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
 He reel'd his wonted bottle-fwager,
 But yet he drew the mortal trigger,
 Wi' weel-aim'd heed;

' L—d, fivel' he cry'd, an' owre did stagger;
 Tam Samfon's dead !

Ilk hoary Hunter mourn'd a brither ;
 Ilk Sportsman-youth bemoan'd a father ;
 Yon auld gray fane, among the hether,
 Marks out his head,
 Whare *Burns* has wrote, in rhyming blether,
 Tam Samfon's dead !

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

Heav'n rest his foul, whare'er he be !
 Is th' wish o' mony mae than me :
 He had twa fauts, or maybe three,
 Yet what remead ?
 Ae social, honest man want we :
 Tam Samfon's dead !

THE EPITAPH.

Tam Samson's weel-worn clay here lies,
 Ye canting Zealots, spare him!
 If Honest Worth in Heaven rise,
 Ye'll mend or ye win near him.

P E R C O N T R A.

Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly
 Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' *Killie**;
 Tell ev'ry social honest billie
 To cease his grievin',
 For yet, unskait'h'd by Death's gleg gullie,
Tam Samson's livin'!

* *Killie* is a phrase the country-folks sometimes use for the name of a certain town in the West.

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

H A L L O W E E N*.

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

GOLDSMITH.

I.

U P O N that night, when Fairies light,
 On *Cassilis Downans* † dance,
 Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
 On sprightly coursfers prance;
 Or for *Colean* the rout is ta'en,
 Beneath the moon's pale beams;
 There, up the *Cove* ‡, to fray an' rove,
 Among the rocks an' streams
 To sport that night.

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

† Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis.

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

II.

Among the bonie, winding banks,
 Where *Doon* rins, wimplin, clear,
 Where *BRUCE* * aince 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' had their *Halloween*
 Fu' blythe that night.

III.

The lassies 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 lassies hearts gang startin,
 Whyles fast at night.

IV.

Then, first an' foremost, thro' the kail,
 Their *stocks* † maun a' be saught aince ;

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

† The first ceremony of Halloween is, pulling each a *Stock*, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand,

They steek their een, an' grape an' wale,
 For muckle anes, an' fraught anes.
 Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
 An' wander'd thro' the *Bow-kail*,
 An' pou't, for want o' better shift,
 A *runt* was like a fow-tail,
 Sae bow't that night.

IV.

Then, fraught or crooked, yird or nane,
 They roar an' cry a' thro' ther;
 The vera wee-things, toddlin, 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 lie that night.

VI.

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

with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with: its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their Spells—the husband or wife. If any *yird*, or earth, stick to the root, that is *tocher*, or fortune; and the taste of the *custoc*, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the *runts*, are placed somewhere above the head of the door; and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house, are, according to the priority of placing the *runts*, the names in question.

* They go to the barn-yard, and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of Oats. If the third stalk wants the top-

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 kiutlin i' the Fause-house *
 Wi' him that night.

VII.

The auld Gaidwife's weel-hoordet *nits* †
 Are round an' round divided,
 An' monie lads an' lasses fates
 Are there that night decided;
 Some kindle, couthie, side by side;
 An' *burn* thegither trimly;
 Some start awa, wi' saucy pride,
 An' jump out-owre the chimlie
 Fu' high that night.

pickle, that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will come to the marriage-bed any thing but a Maid.

* When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green or wet, the stack-builder, by means of old timber, &c. makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is fairest exposed to the wind: this he calls a *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.

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

IX.

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

X.

Nell had the Faufe-houfe in her min',
 She pits herfel an' Rob in;
 In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
 Till white in afe they're sobbin:
 Nell's heart was dancin at the view;
 She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't;

Rob, frownlins, prie'd her bonny mou,
Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,

Unseen that night.

XI.

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

She thro' the yard the neareft taks,
An' to the kiln she goes then,
An' darklins grapit for the bauks,
And in the *blue-clue* * throws then,

Right fear't that night.

XII.

An' ay she win't, an' ay she swat,

I wat she made nae jaukin ;
Till something held within the pat,
Guid L—d ! but she was quaukin !

But whether 'twas the Deil himsel,

Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',
Or whether it was Andrew Bell,

She did na wait on talkin

To spier that night.

* 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, something will hold the thread: demand, *who holds?* i. e. who holds? and answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the Christian and Surname of your future Spouse.

XIII.

Wee Jenny to her Graunie fays,

“ Will ye go wi’ me, Graunie ?

‘ 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 worset apron

Out thro’ that night.

XIV.

“ Ye little Skelpie-limmer’s face !

‘ I daur you try fic sportin,

‘ As seek the foul Thief ony place,

‘ For him to spae your fortune :

‘ Nae doubt but ye may get a *fight* !

‘ Great cause ye hae to fear it ;

‘ For monie a ane has gotten a fright,

‘ An’ liv’d an’ di’d deleeret,

‘ On sic a night.

XV.

‘ Ae Hairst afore the Sherra-moor,

‘ I mind’t as weel’s yestreen,

‘ I was a gilpey then, I’m sure

‘ I was na past fyfteen :

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

' The Simmer had been cauld an' wat

' An' stuf was unco green;

' An' ay a rantin kirm we gat,

' An' juist on *Halloween*

' It fell that night.

XVI.

Our Stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen,

' A clever, sturdy fallow;

' His Sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,

' That liv'd in Achmacalla :

' He gat *hemp-feed* *, I mind it weel,

' An' he made unco light o't;

' But monie a day was *by himsel*,

' He was fae fairly frightened

That vera night."

XVII.

Then up gat fechtin Jamie Fleck,

An' he swoor by his conscience;

That he could *saw hemp-feed*, a peck;

For it was a' but nonsense :

The auld guidman raught down the pock,

An' out a handfu' gied him;

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

Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk,
 Some time when nae ane see'd him,
 An' try't that night,

XVIII.

He marches thro' among the stacks,
 Tho' he was something sturtin ;
 The *graip* he for a *barrow* taks,
 An' hauls at his curpin :
 And ev'ry now an' then, he says,
 " Hemp-feed I saw thee,
 An' her that is to be my las,
 ' Come after me an' draw thee
 ' As fast that night."

XIX.

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

XX.

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

He swoor 'twas hilchin Jean M'Crow,
 Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
 Till stop! she trotted thro' them a';
 An' wha was it but *Grumphia*

Afteer that night!

XXI.

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

That vara night.

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 :

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

A ratton rattl'd up the wa',
 An' she cry'd, L—d preserve her!
 An' ran thro' midden-hole an'a',
 And pray'd wi' zeal an' fervour,
 Fu' fast that night.

XXIII.

They hoy't out Will, wi' fair advice;
 They hecht him some fine braw ane;
 It chanc'd the *Stack* he *faddom't thrice**,
 Was timmer-propt for thrawin:
 He taks a swirlie, auld moss-oak,
 For some black, groufome Carlin;
 An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke,
 Till skin in blypes cam haulin
 Aff's nieves that night.

XXIV.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
 As kantie as a kittlin;
 But, Och! that night, amang the shaws,
 She got a fearfu' settlin!
 She thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,
 An' owre the hill gaed scrievin,

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

Whare *three Lairds' lands 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 ;
 Whyles round a rocky scar it strays ;
 Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't ;
 Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
 Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle ;
 Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
 Below the spreading 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' gie a croon :
 Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool ;
 Near lav'rock-height she jumpit,
 But mist a fit an' in the Pool
 Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,

Wi' a plunge that night.

* You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south-running spring or rivulet, where "three Lairds' lands meet," and dip your left shirt sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake; and, 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.

XXVII.

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

XXVIII.

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

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

† Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the *Halloween Supper*.

T H E

A U L D F A R M E R ' S

NEW-YEAR MORNING SALUTATION

T O H I S

A U L D M A R E , M A G G I E ,

*On giving her the accustomed Ripp of Corn to hanfel
in the New-Year.*

AGUID *New-year* I wish thee, Maggie!

Hae, there's a *ripp* to thy auld baggie:

Tho' thou's howe-backit, now, an' knaggie,

I've seen the day

Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie

Out-owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff, an' crazy,

An' thy auld hide as white's a daifie,

I've seen thee dappl't, sleek an' glaizie,

A bonie gray:

He should been tight that daur't to *raise* 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 flank
 Like onie bird.

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

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

That day, ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,
 When ye bure hame my bonie *Bride* :
 An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride,
 Wi' maiden air !
Kyle-Stewart I could bragged wide,
 For sic a pair.

'Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hoble,
 An' wintle like a saumont-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' skriegh,
 An' tak the road !
 Town's-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 *Brooses* thou had ne'er a fellow,
 For pith an' speed ;
 But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow,
 Whare'er thou gaed.

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

Thou was a noble *Fittie-lan'*,
 As e'er in tug or tow was drawn !
 Aft thee an' I, in aught hours gaun,
 On guid March-weather,

Hae turn'd sax rood beside our han',
For days thegither.

Thou never braindg't, an' fetch't, an' fliskit,
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,
An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket,
Wi' pith an' power,
Till spritty knowes wad rair't an' risket,
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 reestit ;
The steyst brae thou wad hae fac't it ;
Thou never lap, an' sten't, an' breastit,
Then flood to blaw ;
But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
Thou snoov't awa.

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

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

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

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

T H E
C O T T E R'S
S A T U R D A Y N I G H T.

I N S C R I B E D T O R. A****, Esq;

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

G R A Y.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

At length his lonely Cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;
 Th' expectant *wee-things*, toddlin, stacher through
 To meet their Dad, wi' sichterin noise and glee.
 His wee-bit ingle blinkin bonillie,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty *Wife's* smile,
 The lispin infant, prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,
 And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

IV.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drappin in,
 At service out amang the Farmers roun' ;
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
 A cannie errand to a neebor town :
 Their eldest hope, their *Jenny*, woman-grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, Love sparkling in her e'e,
 Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
 Or deposite her fair-won penny-fee,
 To help her Parents dear, if they in hardship be.

V.

With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
 And each for other's welfare kindly spiers :
 The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet ;
 Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears.
 The Parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;
 Anticipation forward points the view ;
 The *Mother*, wi' her needle and her sheers,
 Gars auld claes look amais't a weel's the new ;
 The *Father* mixes a' wi' admonition due.

VI.

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

VII.

But hark ! a rap comes gently to the door,
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the fame,
 Tells how a neebor iad came o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
 The wily *Mother* sees the conticious flame
 Sparkle in *Jenny's* e'e, and flush her cheek,
 With heart-struck, anxious care, enquires his name,

While *Jenny* hafflins is afraid to speak ;
 Weel pleas'd the Mother hears, it's nae wild, worth-
 less Rake.

VIII.

With kindly welcome, *Jenny* brings him ben ;
 A strappan youth ; he takes the Mother's eye ;
 Blythe *Jenny* sees the visit's no ill ta'en ;
 The Father cracks o' horsfes, pleughs, and kye.
 The Youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But blate an' laithfu', scarce can weel behave ;
 The Mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the Youth sae bashfu' and sa grave ;
 Weel-pleas'd to think her *bairn's* respected like the
 lave.

IX.

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

X.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
 A Wretch ! a Villain ! lost to love and truth !
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,

Betray sweet *Fenny's* unsuspecting youth?
 Curse on his perjurd arts! dissembling smooth!
 Are Honour, Virtue, Conscience, all exil'd?
 Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth,
 Points to the Parents fondling o'er their Child?
 Then paints the ruin'd Maid, and their distraction
 wild!

XI.

But now the Supper crowns their simple board,
 The healſome *Porritch*, chief of *Scotia's* food:
 The ſoup their only *Hawkie* does afford,
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:
 The Dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck fell,
 And aft he's preſt, and aft he ca's it guid;
 The frugal Wife, garrulous, will tell,
 How 'twas a towmond auld ſin' Lint was i' the bell.

XII.

The chearfu' Supper done, wi' ſerious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
 The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
 The big *ba'-Bible*, ance his Father's pride:
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aſide,
 His lyart haſſets wearing thin and bare;
 Thoſe ſtrains that once did ſweet in *Zion* glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care;
 ' *And let us worſhip GOD!*' he ſays with ſolemn air.

XIII.

They chant their artleſs notes in ſimple guiſe;
 They tune their hearts, by far the nobleſt aim:
 Perhaps *Dundee's* wild-warbling meaſures riſe,

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

XIV.

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

XV.

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

XVI.

Then kneeling down to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL
KING,

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

XVII.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the *heart*!
The *Power*, incens'd, the Pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole,
But haply in some *Cottage* far apart,
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the Soul;
And in His *Book of Life* the Inmates poor enroll.

XVIII.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling Cottagers retire to rest:
The Parent-pair their *secret homage* pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
That *He* who fills the raven's clam'rous nest,

* Pope's Windsor Forest.

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* pre-
 side.

XIX.

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

XX.

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

XXI.

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

aged 26 years when he wrote
this poem on the Madse!

T O A

M O U S E

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

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

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

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beaftie, thou maun live!
A daimen-icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request;

I'll get a bleffin wi' the lave,
An' never mis't!

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

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary Winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crath! the cruel *coulter* past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' fibble,
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 fleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!

But, *Moufie*, thou art no thy lane,
In proving *foresight* may be vain:
The best-laid schemes o' *Mice* an' *Men*
Gang aft a-gley,
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 !

A

WINTER NIGHT.

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

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN biting *Boreas*, fell and doure,
Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r ;
When *Phæbus* gies a short-liv'd glow'r,
Far south the list,
Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r,
Or whirling drift.

Ae night the storm the steeples rocked,
Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked,
While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-choked,
Wild-eddying swirl,
Or thro' the mining outlet bocked,
Down headlong hurl.

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

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

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

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

“ Blow, blow, ye Winds, with heavier gust !
 * And freeze, thou bitter biting Frost !

- * Descend, ye chilly, smothering Snows !
 * Not all your rage, as now, united shows
 ' More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
 ' Vengeful malice, unrepenting,
 * Than heaven-illumin'd Man on brother
 ' Man bestows !
 ' See stern Oppression's iron grip,
 ' Or mad Ambition's gory hand,
 ' Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
 ' Woe, Want, and Murder o'er a land !
 ' Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,
 ' Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
 * How pamper'd Luxury, Flatt'ry by her side,
 ' The parasite empoisoning her ear,
 ' With all the servile wretches in the rear,
 * Looks o'er proud Property, extended wide ;
 ' And eyes the simple, rustic Hind,
 ' Whose toil upholds the glitt'ring show,
 ' A creature of another kind,
 ' Some coarser substance unrefin'd,
 * Plac'd for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below !

 * Where, where is Love's fond tender throe,
 ' With lordly Honor's lofty brow,
 ' The pow'rs you proudly own ?
 ' Is there, beneath Love's noble name,
 ' Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
 ' To bless himself alone !

' Mark Maiden-innocence a prey
 ' To love pretending snares,
 ' Th's boasted Honor turns away,
 ' Shunning soft Pity's rising sway,
 ' Regardless of the tears and unavailing pray'rs!
 ' Perhaps, this hour, in Mis'ry's squalid nest,
 ' She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
 ' And with a Mother's fears shrinks at the rocking
 ' blast!

' Oh, ye! who, sunk in beds of down,
 ' Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
 ' Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
 ' Whom friends and fortune quite disown!
 ' Ill-satisfy'd, keen Nature's clam'rous call,
 ' Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
 ' While thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall,
 ' Chill, o'er his slumbers, piles the drift heap!
 ' Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
 ' Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine!
 ' Guilt, erring Man, relenting view!
 ' But shall thy legal rage pursue
 ' The Wretch, already crushed low
 ' By cruel Fortune's undeserved blow?
 ' Affliction's sons are brothers in distress;
 ' A Brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!"

I heard nae mair, for *Chanticleer*
 Shook off the pouthery snaw,

And hail'd the morning with a cheer,
A cottage-rousing crew.
But deep this truth impress'd my mind—
Thro' all his works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God.

E P I S T L E

T O

D A V I E,

A

BROTHER POET.

January—

I.

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

II.

It's hardly in a body's pow'r,
 To keep, at times, frae being four,
 To see how things are shar'd ;
 How best o' chieles are whyles in want,
 Wile Coofs on countless thousands rant,
 And ken na how to wair't ;
 But *Davie*, lad, ne'er fash your head,
 Tho' we hae little gear,
 We're fit to win our daily bread,
 As lang's we're hale and fier :
 " Mair spier na, nor fear na" * ,
 Auld age ne'er mind a feg ;
 The last o't, the worst o't,
 Is only but to beg.

III.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
 When banes are craz'd, and bluid is thin,
 Is, doubtless, great distrefs !
 Yet then content could make us blest ;
 Ev'n then, sometimes, we'd snatch a taste
 O' 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 :
 An' mind still you'll find still
 A comfort that's nae sma' ;
 Nae mair then we'll care then,
 Nae farther we can fa'.

H

* *Ramsay*.

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 Daifies 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, we'll time till't,

An' 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 mak us truly blest :

If Happiness hae not her seat

And centre in the breast,

We may be wise, or rich, or great,

But never can be blest :

Nae treasures nor pleasures

Could make us happy lang ;

The *heart* ay's the part ay

That makes us right or wrang.

VI.

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
 Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry,
 Wi' never ceasing toil ;
 Think ye are we less blest than they,
 Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
 As hardly worth their while ?
 Alas ! how aft, in haughty mood,
 God's creatures they oppress !
 Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,
 They riot in excess !
 Baith careless and fearless
 Of either Heaven or Hell ;
 Esteeming, and deeming
 It's 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 Misfortunes come,
 I here wha sit hae met wi' some,
 An's thankfu' for them yet.
 They gie the wit o' Age to Youth ;
 They let us ken oursel ;
 They make us see the naked truth,
 The *real* guid and ill.
 Tho' losses and crosses
 Be lessons right severe,
 There's wit there, ye'll get there,
 Ye'll find nae other where.

VIII.

But tent me, *Davie*, Ace o' Hearts!
 (To say aught less wad' wrang the cartes,
 And flatt'ry I detest)
 This life has joys for you and I,
 And joys that riches ne'er could buy,
 And joys the very best!
 There's a' the *Pleasures o' the Heart*,
 The Lover an' 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 you 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, All-seeing,
 O hear my fervent pray'r!
 Still take her, and make her
Thy most peculiar care!

X.

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

XI.

O, how that *name* inspires my style !
 The words come skelpin, rank and file,
 Amaist before I ken !
 The ready measure rins as fine,
 As Phœbus and the famous Nine
 Were glowrin owre my pen.
 My spaviet *Pegasus* will limp,
 Till ance he's fairly het ;
 And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,
 And rin an unco fit :
 But least then the beast then
 Should rue this hasty ride,
 I'll light now, and dight now
 His sweaty, wizen'd hide.

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!*

HOMER.

I.

O THOU pale Orb, that silent shines,
While care-untroubled mortals sleep!
Thou seest a Wretch, who inly pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep!
With Woe I nightly vigils keep,
Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam;
And mourn, in lamentation deep,
How *life* and *love* are all a dream!

II.

I joyless view thy rays adorn
 The faintly marked, distant hill:
 I joyless view thy trembling horn,
 Reflected in the gurgling rill.
 My fondly-fluttering heart, be still!
 Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease!
 Ah! must the agonizing thrill
 For ever bar returning Peace!

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

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

My toil-beat nerves, and tear-won eye,
 Keep watchings with the nightly thief:
 Or if I slumber, Fancy, chief,
 Reigns, haggard-wild, in fore affright :
 Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief
 From such a horror-breathing night.

IX.

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

X.

Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set!
 Scenes, never, never to return!
 Scenes, if in 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.

D E S P O N D E N C Y.

A N

O D E.

I.

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

II.

Happy! ye sons of Busy-life,
 Who, equal to the bustling strife,
 No other view regard!
 Ev'n when the wish'd *end's* deny'd,
 Yet while the busy *means* are ply'd,
 They bring their own reward:

Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
 Unfitted with an *aim*,
 Meet ev'ry sad returning night,
 And joyless morn the same.
 You, bustling and justling,
 Forget each grief and pain,
 I, listless, yet restless,
 Find ev'ry prospect vain.

III.

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

IV.

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

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

V.

Oh! enviable, early days,
 When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
 To Care, to Guilt unknown,
 How ill exchange'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*!

VI

Than I no lonely Hermit's
 Where never human footsteps tread
 Let it to pay the part
 The just moment to improve
 And try to stop, and try to move
 With self-reliance and

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

D I R G E.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

The Sun that overhangs yon moors;

Out-spreading far and wide,

Where hundreds labour to support

A haughty lordling's pride ;

I've seen yon weary winter-sun

Twice forty times return ;

And ev'ry time has added proofs,

That Man was made to mourn.

IV.

O Man ! while in thy early years,

How prodigal of time !

Mispending all thy precious hours,

Thy glorious, youthful prime !

Alternate Follies take the sway ;

Licentious Passions burn ;

Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,

That Man was made to mourn.

V.

Look not alone on youthful Prime,

Or Manhood's active might ;

Man then is useful to his kind,

Supported is his right :

But see him on the edge of life,

With Cares and Sorrows worn,

Then Age and Want, Oh ! ill match'd pair !

Show Man was made to mourn.

VI.

A few seem favourites of Fate,

In Pleasure's lap carest ;

Yet, think not all the Rich and Great
Are likewise truly blest.

But, Oh! what crouds in ev'ry land,
All wretched and forlorn,
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
That Man was made to mourn,

VII.

Many and sharp the num'rous Ills

Inwoven with our frame!

More pointed still we make ourselves,

Regret, Remorse, and Shame!

And Man, whose heav'n-erected face

The smiles of love adorn,

Man's inhumanity to Man

Makes countless thousands mourn!

VIII.

See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,

So abject, mean, and vile,

Who begs a brother of the earth

To give him leave to toil;

And see his lordly *fellow-worm*

The poor petition spurn,

Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife

And helpless offspring mourn.

IX.

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,

By Nature's law design'd,

Why was an independent wish

E'er planted in my mind?

If not, why am I subject to
 His cruelty, or scorn?
 Or why has Man the will and pow'r
 To make his fellow mourn?

X.

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

XI.

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

W I N T E R.

D I R G E.

I.

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

II.

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

* Dr Young.

III.

Thou *Pow'r Supreme*, whose mighty Scheme
 These woes of mine fulfill, *W I W*
 Here, firm, I rest, they *must* be best,
 Because they are *Tby Will* !
 Then all I want (Oh, do thou grant
 This one request of mine !)
 Since to *enjoy* Thou dost deny, *I D*
 Assist me to *resign* !

THE WINDY WOLF
 And his and rain does howl ;
 Of the stormy North
 The blinding feet and howl ;
 While standing brown the burn comes down
 And tears the bark to shreds
 And his and howl in every
 And his the heartless day
 The twoping blast the sky's
 The joyless in day
 Let others tear to me
 I ban all the birds of May
 The Tempest's howl, it catches my soul
 My gulls it seems to join
 The leafless trees my fancy please
 Their late rephases mind

P R A Y E R

IN THE

P R O S P E C T O F D E A T H .

I.

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

II.

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

III.

Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me
 With Passions wild and strong ;
 And list'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.

S T A N Z A S
 ON THE SAME OCCASION.

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

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

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

Lying at a Reverend Friend's house, one night, the Author left the following Verses in the room where he slept:—

I.

O THOU dread Pow'r, who reign'st above,
 I know Thou wilt me hear ;
 When for this scene of peace and love,
 I make my pray'r sincere.

II.

The hoary Sire—the mortal stroke,
 Long, long be pleas'd to spare ;
 To bless his little filial flock,
 And show what good men are.

III.

She, who her lovely Offspring eyes
 With tender hopes and fears,
 O bless her with a Mother's joys,
 But spare a Mother's tears !

IV.

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
 In manhood's dawning blush ;
 Bless him, Thou God of love and truth,
 Up to a Parent's wish

V.

The beauteous, seraph Sister-band

With earnest tears I pray,

Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand,

Guide Thou their steps alway.

VI.

When soon or late they reach that coast,

O'er life's rough ocean driven,

May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,

A Family in Heaven!

T H E

F I R S T P S A L M.

T H E man, in life where-ever plac'd
 Hath happinefs in ftore,
 Who walks not in the wicked's way,
 Nor learns their guilty lore !

Nor from the feat of scornful Pride
 Cafts forth his eyes abroad,
 But with humility and awe
 Still walks before his GOD.

That man fhall flourish like the trees
 Which by the ftreamlets grow ;
 The fruitful top is fpread on high,
 And firm the root below.

But he whose bloffom buds in guilt
 Shall to the ground be caft,
 And like the rootlefs ftubble toft,
 Before the fweeping blaft.

For why ? that GOD the good adore
 Hath giv'n them peace and reft,
 But hath decreed that wicked men
 Shall ne'er be truly bleft.

A

P R A Y E R,

Under the Pressure of Violent Anguish.

O THOU great Being! what Thou art,
 Surpasses me to know:
 Yet sure I am, that known to Thee
 Are all Thy works below.

Thy creature here before Thee stands,
 All wretched and distressed;
 Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
 Obey Thy high behest.

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

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

THE
FIRST SIX VERSES
OF THE
NINETEENTH PSALM.

O THOU, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race!

Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place!

Before the mountains heav'd their heads
Beneath Thy forming hand,
Before this ponderous globe itself
Arose at Thy command:

That Pow'r which rais'd, and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same.

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

Thou giv'st the word ; Thy creature, man,
 Is to existence brought ;
 Again Thou say'st, ' Ye sons of men,
 ' Return ye into naught !'

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

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

TO A

MOUNTAIN DAISY,

*On turning one down with the Plough in
April 1786.*

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

Alas! its no thy neebor sweet
The bonie *Lark*, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weat!
Wi' spreckl'd breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling East.

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 *stibble-field*,
 Unseen, alane.

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

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

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

Such fate to *suffering Worth* is giv'n,
 Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,

By human pride or cunning driv'n
 To Mis'ry's brink,
 Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but *Heav'n*,
 He, ruin'd, sink !

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

T O

R U I N.

I.

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

II.

And thou grim Pow'r, by Life abhorr'd,
 While Life a *pleasure* can afford,

Oh! hear a wretch's pray'r!
 No more I shrink appall'd, afraid;
 I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
 To close this scene of care!
 When shall my soul, in silent peace,
 Resign Life's *joyless* day?
 My weary heart it's 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!

M I S S L—,

With BEATTIE'S POEMS for a New-Year's Gift.

Jan. 1. 1787.

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

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

Our Sex with guile, and faithless love,
 Is charg'd, perhaps, too true;
 But may, dear Maid, each Lover prove
 An *Edwin* still to you.

E P I S T L E

TO A

YOUNG FRIEND.

May—1786.

I.

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
 A Something to have sent you,
 Tho' it should serve nae ither end
 Than just a kind *memento*;
 But how the subject theme may gang,
 Let time and chance determine;
 Perhaps it may turn out a Sang;
 Perhaps, turn out a Sermon.

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

The sacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love,
 Luxuriantly indulge it ;

But never tempt th' *illicit rose*,
 Tho' naething should divulge it:
 I wave the quantum o' the sin;
 The hazard of concealing;
 But Och! it hardens a' within,
 And petrifies the feeling!

VII.

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

VIII.

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

IX.

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

Yet ne'er with Wits prophane to range,
 Be complaisance extended;
 An Atheist-laugh's a poor exchange
 For Deity offended!

X.

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

XI.

Adieu, dear, amiable Youth!
 Your heart can ne'er be wanting!
 May Prudence, Fortitude, and Truth,
 Erect your brow undaunting!
 In Ploughman's phrase, 'God send you speed,'
 Still daily to grow wiser;
 And may ye better reckon the *rede*,
 Than e'er did th' Adviser!

O N A

SCOTCH BARD,

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

A' YE wha live by fowps o' drink,
 A' ye wha live by cranbo-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 rantin 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 lassies weel may wifs him,
 And in their dear *petitions* place him:
 The widows, wives, an' a' may blefs him,
 Wi' teartu' 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 fyke an' fumble,
 'Twad been nae plea ;
 But he was gleg as onie wumble,
 That's owre the Sea !

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

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

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

He ne'er was gien to great misguiding,
 Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in ;

Wi' him it ne'er was *under biding* ;
 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 Deil,
 That's owre the Sea.

Fareweel, my *rhyme-composing billie* !
 Your native foil was right ill-willie ;
 But may ye flourish like a lily,
 Now bonielie !
 I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie,
 'Tho' owre the Sea !

T O A

H A G G I S.

FAIR fa' your honest, sonfie face,
 Great Chieftan o' the Puddin' race!
 Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
 Painch, tripe, or thairm:
 Weel are ye wordy o' a grace
 As lang's my arm.

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

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

Then, horn for horn they stretch an' strive,
 Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,

A
D E D I C A T I O N
T O

O * * * * H * * * * * * * , Esq;

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

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

The Poet, some guid Angel help him,
 Or else, I fear, some ill ane skelp him !
 He may do weel for a' he's done yet,
 But only—he's no juist 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 juist—nae better than he shou'd be,

I readily and freely grant,
 He downa see a poor man want ;
 What's no his ain, he winna tak it ;
 What ance he says, he winna break it ;
 Ought he can lend he'll no refus't,
 Till aft his guidnets 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, sinfu', corrupt Nature :
 Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
 'Mang black Gentoos, and Pagan Turks,
 Or hunters wild on *Ponotaxi*,
 Wha never heard of Orth-d-xy.

That he's the poor man's friend in need,
 The *Gentleman* in word and deed,
 It's no thro' terror of D-mn-t--n;
 It's just a carnal inclination.

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 taks the door;
 Be to the Poor like onie whunstone;
 And haud their noses to the grunstone;
 Ply ev'ry art o' *legal* thieving;
 No matter—stick to *sound* believing.

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

O ye wha leave the springs o' *C-lo-n*,
 For *gunlie dubs* of your ain delvin!
 Ye sons of Heresy and Error,
 Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror!

When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
 And in the fire throws the sheath ;
 When Ruin, with his sweeping *besom*,
 Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him ;
 While o'er the *Harp* pale Mis'ry 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 cros me,
 My readers still are sure to lose me.

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

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

' May ne'er Misfortune's gowling bark,
 ' Howl thro' the dwelling o' the *Clerk* !
 ' May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart,
 ' For that same gen'rous spirit smart !
 ' May K*****'s, far-honour'd name
 ' Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
 ' Till H*****'s, at least a diz'n,
 ' Are frae their nuptial labors rifen :
 ' Five bonie Lasses round their table,
 ' And sev'n braw Fellows, stout an' able,
 ' To serve their King an' Country weel,
 ' By word, or pen, or pointed steel !
 ' May Health and Peace, with mutual rays,
 ' Shine on the ev'ning o' his days !
 ' Till his wee, curlie *John's* ier.oe,
 ' When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
 ' The last, sad, mournful rites bestow !'

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

But if (which Pow'rs above prevent)
 That iron-hearted Carl, *Want*,
 Attended, in his grim advances,
 By sad mistakes, and black mischances,

While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
 Make you as poor a dog as I am,
 Your *humble servant* then no more;
 For who would humbly serve the Poor?
 But, by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n!
 While recollection's pow'r is giv'n,
 If, in the vale of humble life,
 The victim sad of Fortune's strife,
 I, thro' the tender-gushing tear,
 Should recognise my *Master dear*,
 If friendless, low, we meet together,
 Then, Sir, your hand—my *Friend and Brother!*

T O A

L O U S E,

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

HA! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie!

Your impudence protects you fairlie :

I canna say but ye strut rarely

Owre gauze and lace ;

Tho' faith, I fear, ye dine but sparely

On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin, blastit wonner,

Detested, shunn'd, by faunt an' sinner,

How daur ye set your fit upon her,

Sae fine a Lady !

Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner,

On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle ;

There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle

Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle,

In shoals and nations ;

Whare *horn* nor *bane* ne'er daur unsettle

Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' fight,
 Below the fatt'rels, snug and tight;
 Na faith ye yet! ye'll no be right
 Till ye've got on it,
 The vera tapmoff, tow'ring height
 O' *Mifs's bonnet*.

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

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

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

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us !

It wad frae monie a blunder free us
An' foolish notion :
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n Devotion !

A D D R E S S

T O

E D I N B U R G H.

I.

EDINA! *Scotia's* darling seat!
 All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
 Where once beneath a Monarch's feet
 Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs!
 From marking wildly-scatt' red flow'rs,
 As on the banks of *Ayr* I stray'd,
 And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
 I shelter in thy honor'd shade.

II.

Here Wealth still swells the golden tide,
 As busy Trade his labours plies;
 There Architecture's noble pride
 Bids elegance and splendor rise:
 Here Justice, from her native skies,
 High wields her balance and her rod;
 There Learning, with his eagle eyes,
 Seeks Science in her coy abode.

K 3

III.

Thy Sons, *Edina*, social, kind,
 With open arms the Stranger hail ;
 Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind,
 Above the narrow, rural vale :
 Attentive still to Sorrow's wail,
 Or modest Merit's silent claim ;
 And never may their sources fail !
 And never envy blot their name !

IV.

Thy Daughters bright thy walks adorn,
 Gay as the gilded summer sky,
 Sweet as the dewy, milk-white thorn,
 Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy !
 Fair B—— strikes th' adoring eye,
 Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine ;
 I see the *Sire of Love* on high,
 And own his work indeed divine !

V.

There, watching high the least alarms,
 Thy rough, rude Fortrefs gleams afar ;
 Like some bold Vet'ran, gray in arms,
 And mark'd with many a seamy scar :
 The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
 Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,
 Have oft withstood assailing War,
 And oft repell'd th' Invader's thock.

VI.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
 I view that noble, stately Dome,

Where *Scotia's* kings of other years,
 Fam'd heroes! had their royal home :
 Alas, how chang'd the times to come!
 Their royal Name low in the dust!
 Their hapless Race wild-wand'ring roam!
 Tho' rigid Law cries out, 'twas just!

VII.

Wild beats my heart, to trace your steps,
 Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
 Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
 Old *Scotia's* bloody lion bore :
 Ev'n *I* who sing in rustic lore,
 Haply *my Sires* have left their shed,
 And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar,
 Bold-following where your Fathers led!

VIII.

Edina! *Scotia's* darling seat!
 All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
 Where once, beneath a Monarch's feet,
 Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs!
 From marking wildly-scatt'red flow'rs,
 As on the banks of *Ayr* I stray'd,
 And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
 I shelter in thy honor'd shade.

E P I S T L E

T O

J. L * * * * K,

AN OLD SCOTCH BARD.

April 1, 1785.

W H I L E briers an' woodbines budding green,
An' Pairicks sraichin loud at e'en,
And morning Pouffie whiddin seen,
Inspire my Muse,
This freedom, in an *unknown* frien',
I pray excuse.

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

There was ae *sang*, among the rest,
 Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
 That some kind husband had address
 To some sweet wife;
 It thrill'd the heart-frings thro' the breast,
 A' to the life.

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

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

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

Then up I gat, an' swoor an aith,
 Tho' I should pawn my pleugh an' graith,

Ye'd better taen up spades and shools,
Or knappin-hammers.

A fet o' dull, conceited Hafhes,
Confuse their brains in College-classes!
They gang in Stirks, and come out Asses,
Plain truth to speak;
An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek!

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

O for a spunk o' Allan's glee,
Or Ferguson's, the bauld an' flee,
Or dricht L*****k's, my friend to be,
If I can hit it!
That would be *lear* enough 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'lle no infist;
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 wifh me well,
 They sometimes roose me;
 Tho' I maun own, as monie still
 As far abuse me.

There's ae *wee faut* they whiles lay to me,
 I like the 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 *Mauchline Fair*,
 I should be proud to meet you there;
 We'se gie ae night's discharge to care,
 If we forgather,
 An' hae a swap o' *rhymin-ware*
 Wi' ane anither.

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

Awa ye selfish, warly race,
 Wha think that havins, sense, an' grace,

Ev'n love an' friendship, should give place,
 To *catch-the-plack!*
 I dinna like to see your face,
 Nor hear your crack.

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

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

Her dowff excuses pat me mad ;
 ‘ Conscience,’ says I, ‘ ye thowless jad !
 ‘ I’ll write, an’ that a hearty blaud,
 ‘ This vera night,
 ‘ So dinna ye affront your trade,
 ‘ But rhyme it right.

‘ Shall bauld L*****k, the king o’ hearts,
 ‘ Tho’ mankind were a pack o’ cartes,
 ‘ Roofe you sae weel for your deserts,
 ‘ In terms sae friendly,
 ‘ Yet ye’ll neglect to shaw your parts
 ‘ An’ thank him kindly !”

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

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

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

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

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

Do ye envy the city *Gent*,
 Behind a kift to lie an' sklent,
 Or purse-proud, big wi' cent. per cent.
 An' muckle wame,
 In some bit Brugh to represent
 A *Bailie's* name?

Or is't the paughty, feudal Thane:
 Wi' ruff'd fark an' glancing cane,

While fordid fons o' Mammon's line
Are dark as night.

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

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

(O *Ferguson*! thy glorious parts
 Ill suited law's dry musty arts!
 My curse upon your whunfane 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 lassies 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,
 Chiels wha their chanters winna hain,
 But tune their lays,
 Till echoes a' resound again
 Her weel-sung praise.

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

Ramsay an' famous *Ferguson*
 Gied *Forth* an' *Tay* a list aboon;

While thro' the braes the cushat croods
With wailfu' cry!

Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me,
When winds rave thro' the naked tree ;
Or frosts on hills of *Ochiltree*
Are hoary gray ;
Or blinding drifts wild furious-fee,
Dark'ning the day!

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

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

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

P O S T S C R I P T.

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

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

* See note page 59.

In thae auld times, they thought the *Moon*,
 Juft like a fark, or pair o' fhoon,
 Wore by degrees, till her laft roon
 Gaed paf't their viewing,
 An' fhortly after fhe was done,
 They gat a new ane.

This paf't for certain, undisputed ;
 It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,
 Till chiefls 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 neuk,
 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' fform'd,
 That beardlefs laddies
 Should think they better were inform'd
 Than their auld daddies.

Frae lefs to mair it gaed to flicks ;
 Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks ;

An' stay ae month amang the *Moons*,
 An' see them right.

Guid obsevation they will gie them ;
 An' when the *auld Moon's* gaun to lea'e them,
 The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them,
 Just i' their pouch,
 An' when the *new-light* billies see them,
 I think they'll crouch!

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

E P I S T L E.

T O

J. R * * * * *

Inclosing some Poems.

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

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

* A certain humorous *dream* of his was then making a noise in the country-side.

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

Think, wicked Sinner, wha ye're skaithing,
 Is just the *Blue-gown* badge an' claithing
 O' Saunts ; tak that, ye lea'e them naithing
 To ken them by,
 Frae ony unregenerate Heathen,
 Like you or I.

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

Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing !
 My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing :
 I've play'd mysel a bonie spring,
 An' danc'd my fill !
 I'd better gaen an' fair't the king,
 At *Bunker's Hill*.

* A *sang* he had promised the Author.

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

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

Some auld, us'd hands had taen a note,
 That sic a hen had got a shot;
 I was suspected for the plot;
 I scorn'd to lie;
 So gat the 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' swear!
 The *Game* shall pay, o'er moor an' dale,
 For this, nieft year.

As soon's the clockin-time is by,
 An' the wee pouts begun to cry,

L—d, I've hae sportin by an' by,
 For my gowd guinea ;
 Tho' I should herd the *buckskin* kye
 For't, in Virginia.

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

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

JOHN BARLEYCORN*.

A

B A L L A D.

I.

THERE was three kings into the east,
 Three kings both great and high,
 And they hae sworn a solemn oath
 John Barleycorn should die.

II.

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

III.

But the chearful Spring came kindly on,
 And show'rs began to fall;

* This is partly composed on the plan of an old song known by the same name.

John Barleycorn got up again,
And fore surpris'd them all.

IV.

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

V.

The sober Autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

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

IX.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,

They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

X.

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

XI.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones ;
But a Miller us'd him worst of all,
He crush'd him 'tween two stones.

XII.

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

XIII.

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

XIV.

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

XV.

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

XI.

XII.

XIII.

XIV.

XV.

A

FRAGMENT.

Tune, GILLICRANKIE.

I.

WHEN *Guildford* good our Pilot stood,
 An' did our hellim thraw, man,
 Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
 Within *America*, man:
 Then up they gat the maskin-pat,
 And in the sea did jaw, man;
 An' did nae less, in full Congress,
 Than quite refuse our law, man,

II.

Then thro' the lakes *Montgomery* takes,
 I wat he was na slaw, man;
 Down *Lowrie's burn* he took a turn,
 And *C-r-l-t-n* did ca', man:
 But yet, whatreck, he, at *Quebeck*,
Montgomery-like did fa', man,
 Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
 Amang his en'mies a', man.

III.

Poor *Tammy G-ge* within a cage
 Was kept at *Boston-ha'*, man ;
 Till *Willie H--e* took o're the knowe
 For *Philadelphia*, man :
 Wi' sword and gun he thought a fin
 Guid Christian bluid to draw, man ;
 But at *New-York*, wi' knife an' fork,
 Sir Loin he hacked fina', man.

IV.

B-rg--ne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
 Till *Frazer* brave did fa', man ;
 Then lost his way, ae misty day,
 In *Saratoga* shaw, man.
C-rnw-ll-s fought as lang's he dought,
 An' did the Buckskins claw, man ;
 But *Cl-nt-n's* glaive frae rust to save
 He hung it to the wa', man.

V.

Then *M-nt-gue*, an' *Guildford* too,
 Began to fear a fa', man ;
 An' *S-ckv-ll-e* doure, wha stood the stoure,
 The German Chief to thraw, man :
 For Paddy *B-rke*, like ony Turk,
 Nae mercy had at a', man ;
 An' *Charlie F-x* threw by the box,
 An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

VI.

Then *R-ck-ngb-m* took up the game ;
 Till Death did on him ca', man ;
 When *Sb-lb-rne* meek held up his cheek,
 Conform to Gospel law, man :
 Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
 They did his measures thraw, man,
 For *N-rib* an' *F-x* united stocks,
 An' bore him to the wa', man.

VII.

Then Clubs an' Hearts were *Charlie's cartes*,
 He swept the stakes awa', man,
 Till the Diamond's Ace, of *Indian race*,
 Led him a fair *faux pas*, man :
 The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
 On *Chatham's Boy* did ca', man ;
 An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew,
 ' Up, Willie, war them a', man !

VIII.

Behind the throne then *Gr-nv-ll's* gone,
 A secret word or twa, man ;
 While flee *D-nd-s* arous'd the class.
 Be-north the Roman wa', man :
 An' *Chatham's* wraith, in heav'nly graith,
 (Inspired bardies saw, man)
 Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, '*Willie*, rise !'
 ' Would I hae fear'd them a', man !'

IX.

But, word an' blow, *N-rtb, F-x, and Co.*
 Gowff'd *Willie* like a ba', man,
 Till *Sutbron* raise, an' cooff their claife
 Behind him in a raw, man :
 An' *Caledon* threw by the drone,
 An' did her whittle draw, man ;
 An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood,
 To mak it guid in law, man.

* * * * *

VII.
 Behind the throne
 A fact word
 In the D-
 The Roman
 An' Ch-
 (In the
 We
 Would I

S O N G.

Tune, *Corn rigs are bonie.*

I.

IT was upon a Lammas night,
 When corn rigs are bonie,
 Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
 I held awa to Annie;
 The time flew by, wi' tentless head,
 Till 'tween the late and early;
 Wi' 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 fet her down, wi' right good will,
 Among the rigs o' barley:
 I ken't her heart was a' my ain;
 I lov'd her most sincerely;
 I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
 Among the rigs o' barley.

III.

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

IV.

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

C H O R U S :

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

S O N G,

COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

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

I.

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

II.

The Partridge loves the fruitful fells ;
 The Plover loves the mountains ;
 The Woodcock haunts the lonely dells ;
 The soaring Hern the fountains :
 Thro' lofty groves the Cushat roves,
 The path of man to shun it ;
 The hazel bush o'erhangs the Thrush,
 The spreading thorn the Linnet.

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

S O N G.

Tune, *My Nanie, O.*

I.

BEHIND yon hills where Stinchar flows,
 Mang moors and mosses many, O,
 The wintry fun the day has clos'd,
 And I'll away to Nanie, O.

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 As spotless as she's bonie, O;
 The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

V.

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

VI.

My riches a's my penny-fee,
 An' I maun guide it' cannie, O;
 But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
 My thoughts are a', my Nanie, O.

VII.

Our auld Guidman delights to view
 His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, O;
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
 An' has nae care but Nanie, O.

VIII.

Come weel come woe, I care na by,
 I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O:
 Nae ither care in life have I,
 But live, an' love my Nanie, O.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

A

FRAGMENT.

CHORUS.

*Green grow the rashes, O ;
 Green grow the rashes, O ;
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
 Are spent among the lasses, O.*

I.

THERE's nought but care on ev'ry han,
 In ev'ry hour that pass'es, O :
 What signifies the life o' man,
 An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.

Green grow, &c.

II.

The warly race may riches chase,
 An' riches still may fly them, O ;
 An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

Green grow, &c.

III.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
 My arms about my Dearie, O;
 An' warly cares, an' warly men,
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!

Green grow, &c.

IV.

For you fae douse, ye sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;
 The wisest Man the warl' saw,
 He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

Green grow, &c.

V.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O:
 Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
 An' then she made the lasses, O.

Green grow, &c.

* * * * *

S O N G.

Tune, *Jockey's Gray Brecks.*

I.

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

C H O R U S *.

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

II.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
In vain to me the vi'lets spring;
In vain to me in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

And maun I still, &c.

* This chorus is part of a song composed by a gentleman in Edinburgh, a particular friend of the Author's.

† *Menie* is the common abbreviation of *Marianna*.

III.

The merry Ploughboy cheers his team,
 Wi' joy the tentie Seedsman stalks,
 But life to me's a weary dream,
 A dream of ane that never wauks.

And maun I still, &c.

IV.

The wanton coot the water skims,
 Among the reeds the ducklings cry,
 The stately swan majestic swims,
 And ev'ry thing is blest but I.

And maun I still, &c.

V.

The Sheep-herd steeks his faulding flap,
 And owre the moorlands whistles shill,
 Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step
 I meet him on the dewy hill.

And maun I still, &c.

VI.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
 Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
 And mounts and sings on fluttering wings,
 A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

And maun I still, &c.

VII.

Come Winter, with thine angry howl,
 And raging bend the naked tree;

Thy gloom will sooth my cheerless foul,
 When nature all is sad like me!

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

M

S O N G.

Tune, *Roslin Castle.*

I.

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

II.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
 By early Winter's ravage torn;
 Across her placid, azure sky,
 She sees the scowling tempest fly:
 Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
 I think upon the stormy wave,
 Where many a danger I must dare,
 Far from the bonie banks of *Ayr*.

III.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
 'Tis not that fatal deadly shore;

Tho' Death in ev'ry shape appear,
 The Wretched have no more to fear:
 But round my heart the ties are bound,
 That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;
 These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
 To leave the bonny banks of *Ayr!*

IV.

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

S O N G.

Tune, GUILDEROY.

I.

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

II.

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

T H E
F A R E W E L L.

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

Tune, *Goodnight and joy be wi' you a'.*

I.

ADIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu!

Dear brothers of the *mystic* tie!
Ye favored, *enlighten'd* Few,

Companions of my social joy!

Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,

Pursuing Fortune's *slid'ry* ba',

With melting heart, and brimful eye,

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

II.

Oft have I met your social Band,

And spent the chearful, festive night;

Oft, honour'd with supreme command,

Prefided 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 blest your honour'd, noble Name,
 To *Masonry* and *Scotia* dear!
 A last request permit me here,
 When yearly ye assemble a',
 One round, I ask it with a tear,
 To him, *the bard that's far awa*.

S O N G.

*Tune, Prepare my dear brethren, to the tavern let's
fly, &c.*

I.

NO Churchman am I for to rail and to write,
No Statesman nor Soldier to plot or to fight,
No sly Man of business contriving a snare,
For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care.

II.

The Peer I don't envy, I give him his bow ;
I scorn not the Peasant, tho' ever so low ;
But a club of good fellows, like those that are
here,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

III.

Here passes the Squire on his brother—his horse ;
There Centum per Centum, the Cit with his purse ;
But see you the Crown how it waves in the air,
There a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care.

IV.

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

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

VI.

'Life's cares they are comforts *'—a maxim laid
 down .

By the Bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the
 black gown ;

And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair ;
 For a big-belly'd bottle's a heaven of a care,

A Stanza added in a Mason Lodge :

Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow ;
 And honours masonic prepare for to throw ;
 May ev'ry true brother of th' Compass and Square
 Have a big-belly'd bottle when pressed with care .

* Young's Night Thoughts.

E P I T A P H S.

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

Here Sowter **** in death does sleep :
 To H-ll, if he's gane thither,
 Satan, gie hie 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'rin b-tch
 Into thy dark dominion !

ON WEE JOHNIÉ.

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 *saul* he ne'er had ony.

FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

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

FOR R. A. Esq.

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

FOR G. H. Esq.

The poor man weeps—here G——n sleeps,
 Whom canting wretches blam'd :
 But with *such as he*, where'er he be,
 May I be sav'd or d——d !

* Goldsmith.

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

F I N I S.

GLOSSARY.

THE *ch* and *gb* have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong *oo*, is commonly spelled *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scotch language, is marked *oo*, or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scotch words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scotch diphthongs, *ae*, always, and *ea* very often, sound like the French *e'* masculine. The Scotch diphthong *ey*, sounds like the Latin *ei*.

A

A's, all
 Aback, away, aloof
 Aboon, above, up
 Abeigh, at a shy distance
 Abreed, in breadth
 Abread, abroad, in sight
 Ae, one
 Aft, o't
 Aiten, often
 Aff, off, *Aff-loof*, unpremeditated
 Afore, before

Agley, off the right line, wrong
 Aiblins, perhaps
 Aits, oats
 Airn, iron
 Aith, an oath
 Ain, own
 Aiver, on old horse
 Aizle, a hot cinder
 Alake, alas
 Alane, alone
 Amang, among
 Amaitt, almost
 An', and, if

N

Ane, one, an
 Ance, once
 Anither, another
 Artfu', artful
 Ase, ashes
 Asteer, abroad, stirring
 Auld, old
 Auld-farran, or auld-far-
 rant, sagacious, cunning,
 prudent
 Aught, eight, possession, as
in a' my aught, in all my
 possession
 Ava, at all
 Awa, away
 Awn, the beard of barley,
 oats, &c.
 Awnie, bearded
 Awfu', awful
 Awkart, aukward
 Ayont, beyond

B

BA', ball
 Bawf'nt, having a white
 stripe down the face
 Barkit, barked
 Barkin, barking
 Baith, both
 Bane, bone
 Bainie, having large bones,
 stout
 Bardie, *diminutive* of bard
 Bauld, bold, *Bauldly*, boldly
 Barefit, bare-footed
 Batch, a crew, a gang
 Buttr, botts
 Bade, endured, did stay
 Bang, an effort
 Bairn, a child,
 Bairnime, a family of chil-
 dren, a brood
 Baudrons, a cat
 Barmie, of, or like barm

Bauk, a cross beam, *Bauken'*,
 the end of a beam
 Bad, did bid
 Baggie, the belly
 Bashfu', bashful
 Baklins-comin, coming back,
 returning
 Be, *to let be*, to give over,
 to cease
 Beuk, a book
 Behint, or behin', behind
 Be't, be it
 Ben, into the *spence* or par-
 lour
 Belyve, by and by,
 Beet, to add fuel to fire
 Beattie, *dimin.* of beast
 Benlmond, a noted mountain
 in Dunbartonshire
 Belly-fu', belly-full
 Bethankit, the grace after
 meat
 Befu', to besfall
 Billie, a brother, a young
 fellow
 Big, to build, *Biggit*, build-
 ed
 Biggin, building, a house
 Bicker, a kind of wooden
 dish, a short race
 Birkie, a clever fellow
 Bing, a heap of grain, po-
 tatoes, &c.
 Bill, a bull
 Bizz, a bustle, to buzz
 Birring, the noise of partridge-
 es, &c. when they spring.
 Bit, crisis, nick of time
 Bien, wealthy, plentiful
 Biel or bield, shelter
 Blastie, blasted
 Blastie, a shrivel'd dwarf, a
 term of contempt
 Blink, a little while, a smil-
 ing look; to look kindly,
 to shine by fits

- Blinker, a term of contempt
 Blinkin, smirking
 Bluid, blood, *Bluidy*, bloody
 Blather, the bladder
 Blaw, to blow, to boast
 Blether, to talk idly; non-
 fense
 Bleth'rin, talking idly
 Blaud, a flat piece of any
 thing; to slap
 Blate, bashful, sheepish
 Bleezin, blazing
 Blessin, blessing
 Blusht, did blush
 Blype, a shred, a large piece
 Bleatin, bleating
 Blue-gown, one of those beg-
 gars who get annually,
 on the King's birth-day,
 a blue cloke or gown with
 a badge
 Bonie, or bony, handsome,
 beautiful
 Bonilie, handsomely, beau-
 tifully
 Bonnock, a kind of thick
 cake of bread
 Bother, to pother
 Bodie, a small old coin
 Boortrie, the shrub elder,
 planted much of old in
 hedges of barn-yards, &c.
 Boord, a board
 Botch, an angry tumour
 Booft, behaved, must needs
 Bow-kail, cabbage
 Bow't, bended, crooked
 Bock, to vomit, to gush in-
 termittently
 Bocked, gush, vomited
 Braw, fine, handsome
 Brawly, or brawlie, very
 well, finely, heartily
 Breakin, breaking
 Brawnie, stout, brawny
 Brie, juice, liquid
 Brash, a sudden illness
- Brunstane, brimstone
 Breeks, breeches
 Brugh, a burgh
 Bruft, to burst
 Brither, a brother
 Braid, broad
 Brats, course clothes, rags
 Breathin, breathing
 Branks, a kind of wooden
 curb for horses
 Brig, a bridge
 Broo, broth, liquid, water
 Brewin, brewing
 Brogue, a hum, a trick
 Brak, broke, made insol-
 vent
 Breef, an invulnerable or ir-
 resistible spell
 Brunt, did burn
 Brae, a declivity, a precipice,
 the slope of a hill
 Brachens, fern
 Broose, a race at country
 weddings who shall first
 reach the bridegroom's
 house on returning from
 church
 Brattle, a short race, hurry,
 fury
 Brairdge, to run rashly for-
 ward
 Brairdg't, reeled forward
 Brisket, the breast, the bo-
 som
 Breastit, did spring up or for-
 ward
 Breastie, *dimin.* of breast
 Braik, a kind of harrow
 Braxie, a morkin sheep, &c.
 Bruilzie, a broil, a combus-
 tion
 Buirdly, stout-made, broad-
 built
 Burn-clock, a humming bee-
 tle that flies in the summer
 evening
 Bummin, humming as bees

Burn, water, a rivulet
 Burnie, *dimin.* of burn
 Burnewin, *i. e.* burn the
wind, a blacksmith
 Bustle, a bustle; to bustle
 But an' ben, the country
 kitchen and parlour
 Buskit, dressed
 Bumrale, to blunder
 Bummler, a blunderer
 Buckskin, an inhabitant of
 Virginia
 But, without
 Bure, did bear
 Byte, a cow-stable
 By himself, lunatic, distract-
 ed

C

CA', to call, to name, to
 drive
 Ca't or ca'd, called, driven,
 calved
 Careffin, careffing
 Cauld, cold
 Cantie or canty, chearful,
 merry
 Caup, a wooden drinking
 vessel
 Carlin, a stout old woman
 Cannie, gentle, mild, dex-
 trous
 Cannilie, dextrously, gently
 Cadie, or caddie, a person, a
 young fellow
 Caller, fresh, found
 Cam, did come
 Canna, cannot
 Carryin, carrying
 Cantharidian, made of can-
 tharides
 Calf-ward, a small inclosure
 for calves
 Cairn, a loose heap of stones
 Caudron, a caldron
 Cantraip, a charm, a spell

Cape-stane, cope-stone, key-
 stone
 Caird, a tinker
 Caff, chaff
 Careerin, chearfully
 Cartes, cards
 Cadger, a carrier
 Callan, a boy
 Chap, a person, a fellow, a
 blow
 Chiel or cheel, a young fel-
 low
 Chow, to chew; *cheek for*
chow, side by side
 Chuffie, fat-faced
 Chantin, chanting
 Chanter, a part of a bagpipe
 Cheep, a chirp; to chirp
 Chokin, choking
 Chearful', chearful
 Chimla or chimlie, a fire
 grate
 Chimla-lug, the fireside
 Cheekit, cheeked
 Chittering, shivering, trem-
 bling
 Clash, an idle tale, the story
 of the day
 Claw, to scratch
 Claife or claes, cloaths
 Cleith, cloth, *claiting*, cloath-
 ing
 Clinkin, jerking, clinking
 Clinkumbell, who rings the
 church bell
 Clachan, a small village a-
 bout a church, a hamlet
 Clisshmaclaver, idle conver-
 sation
 Cloot, the hoof of a cow,
 sheep, &c.
 Clootie, an old name for the
 Devil
 Clips, sheers
 Claut, to clean, to scrape
 Clauted, scraped
 Clarkit, wrote

- Clap, clapper of a mill
 Cleed, to clothe
 Clatter, to tell little idle stories; an idle story
 Clour, a bump or swelling after a blow
 Clock, to hatch; a beetle
 Clockin, hatching
 Collie, a general, and sometimes a particular name for country curs
 Comin, coming
 Countra, country
 Cotter, the inhabitant of a *cot-house* or cottage
 Cood, the cud
 Cog, a wooden dish
 Coggie, *dimin.* of cog
 Cowe, to terrify, to keep under, to lop; a fright, a branch of furze, broom, &c.
 Commaun, command
 Cozie, snug, *cozily*, snugly
 Cowp, to barter, to tumble over; a fall, a gang
 Cowpit, tumbled
 Cove, a cavern
 Cootie, wooden kitchin dish; *also those fowls, whose legs are clad with feathers, are said to be cootie*
 Cooft, did caft
 Cowte, a colt
 Coof, a blockhead, a ninny
 Core, corps, party, clan
 Couthie, kind, loving
 Cookit, appeared and disappeared by fits
 Coble, a fishing boat
 Corn't, fed with oats
 Cowrin, cowering
 Coaxin, wheedling
 COILA, from Kyle, a district of Ayrshire, so called, faith tradition, from Coil or Coilus, a Pictish monarch
- Crack, conversation; to converse
 Crackin, conversing
 Crabbit, crabbed, fretful
 Crouse, chearful, courageous
 Croufly, chearfully, courageously
 Crank, the noise of an ungreased wheel
 Crankous, fretful, *captious*
 Crushin, crushing, crushed, crushed
 Crap, a crop, the top
 Cronie, crony
 Crowdie time, breakfast time
 Crump, hard and brittle, *spoken of bread*
 Croon, a hollow continued moan; to make a noise like the continued roar of a bull, to hum a tune
 Crooning, humming
 Creeshie, greasy
 Craft or croft, a field near a house, *in old husbandry*
 Creel, a basket; *to have one's wits in a creel*, to be craz'd, to be fascinated
 Crow, a crow of a cock, a rook
 Crouchie, crock-backed
 Cranreuch, the hoar frost
 Crambo-clink or crambo jingle, rhymes, doggerel verses
 Crowlin, crawling
 Creepin, creeping
 Crood, or croud, to coo as a dove
 Crunt, a blow on the head with a cudgel
 Cuif, a blockhead, a ninny
 Curchie, a courtely
 Curmurring, murmuring; slight, rumbling noise
 Cwling, a well known game on ice

Curler, a player at ice
 Curpin, the crupper
 Cummock, a short staff with
 a crooked head
 Curlie, curled, whose hair
 falls naturally in ringlets
 Cufhat, the dove or wood
 pigeon.

D

DAFT, merry, giddy,
 foolish
 Daffin, merriment, foolish-
 nefs
 Darg or dark, a day's la-
 bour
 Dawd, a large piece
 Daud, to thrash, to abuse
 Dawtit or daudet, fondled,
 careffed
 Dainty, pleasant, good hu-
 moured, agreeable
 Dancin, dancing
 Darklins, darkling
 Daur, to dare, *daur't*, dared
 Dappl't, dappled
 Daimen, rare, now and then;
daimen-icker, an ear of
 corn now and then
 Daddie, a father
 Dearies, *dimin*; of dears
 Dearthfu', dear
 Deil-ma-care! no matter!
 for all that!
 Deave, to deafen
 Devel, a stunning blow
 Deleceret, delirious
 Deservin, deserving
 Delvin, delving
 Describe, to describe
 Disrespecket, disrespected
 Dizen, or diz'n, a dozen
 Dirl, a slight tremulous stroke
 or pain
 Ding, to worst, to push

Dinna, do not
 Dight, to wipe, to clean
 corn from chaff; cleaned
 from chaff.
 Dimpl't, dimpled
 Dizzie, dizzy, giddy
 Doited, stupified, hebetated
 Doylt, stupified, crazed
 Douce, or doule, sober, wife,
 prudent
 Doucely, soberly, prudent-
 ly
 Dorty, faucy, nice
 Dow, am *or* are able to, can
 Downa, am *or* are not able,
 cannot
 Dought, was *or* were able
 Dolefu', doleful
 Doure, stout, durable, stub-
 born, fullen
 Dowie, worn with grief, fa-
 tigue, &c.
 Donse, unlucky
 Dowff, pithless, wanting
 force
 Dool, sorrow; *to sing dool*,
 to lament, to mourn
 Drap, a drop; to drop
 Drapping, dropping
 Drumlie, muddy
 Druken, drunken
 Drouth, thirst, drought
 Drinkin, drinking
 Dryin, drying
 Dleep, to ooze, to drop
 Dreeping, oozing, dropping
 Drift, a drove
 Drunt, pet, four humour
 Dreadfu', dreadful
 Droop-rumpl't that droops
 at the crupper
 Dribble, drizzling, flaver
 Drummock, meal and water
 mixed raw
 Droddum, the breech
 Dub, a small pond
 Duds, rags, clothes

Duddie, ragged
 Dung, worsted, pushed, driven
 Dush, to push *as a ram*, &c.
 Dush, pushed by a ram, ox,
 &c.

E

E'E, the eye, *een*, the eyes
 Eerie, frighted, *dread-*
ing spirits
 E'enin, evening
 Eild, old age
 Elbuck, the elbow
 Eldritch, ghastly, frightful
 En', end
 ENBRUGH, EDINBURGH.
 Eneugh, enough
 Ensuin, ensuing
 Especial, especially
 Eydent, diligent

F

FA', fall, lot; to fall
 Fac, a foe
 Faithfu', faithful
 Fash, trouble, care; to trou-
 ble, to care for
 Fash't, troubled
 Fawfont, decent, seemly
 Faem, foam
 Farl, a cake of bread
 Fairin, a fairing, a present
 Fareweel, farewell
 Fallow, fellow
 Faut, fault
 Faddom't, fathomed
 Fac't, faced
 Fatterels, ribbon ends, &c.
 Fasten-een, Fastens-Even
 Fand, did find
 Pauld, a fold; to fold
 Faulding, folding

Ferlie, or ferly, to wonder;
 a wonder, a term of con-
 tempt
 Fecht, to fight, *fechtin*, fight-
 ing
 Fend, to live comfortably
 Feide, feud, enmity
 Feat, neat, spruce
 Fear't, frighted
 Fearfu', frightful
 Fetch, to pull by fits
 Fetch't, pulled intermitently
 Peg, a fig
 Feckfu', large, brawny,
 stout
 Feckless, puny, weak, silly
 Fell, keen, biting; the flesh
 immediately under the
 skin; a field pretty level
 on the side or top of a
 hill
 Fient, fiend, *a petty oath*
 Fizz, to make a hissing noise
 like fermentation
 Fit, a foot
 Fittie-lan', the near horse of
 the hindmost pair in the
 plough
 Fier, found; healthy; a bro-
 ther, a friend
 Fidge, to fidget
 Fidgin, fidgeting
 Fiisle, to make a rustling
 noise, to fidget; a bustle
 Flatterin', flattering
 Fleg, a kick, a random blow
 Flunkie, a servant in livery
 Flëy, to scare, to frighten
 Pley'd, frighted, scared
 Flyin, flying
 Fleesh, a fleece
 Flingin-tree, a piece of timber
 hung by way of partition
 between two horses in a
 stable, a flail
 Flisk, to fret at the yoke
 Fliskit, fretted

Flichter, to flutter as young
nestlings when their dam
approaches
Flichterin, fluttering
Flinders, shreds, broken pie-
ces
Fleech, to supplicate in a flat-
tering manner
Fleechin, supplicating
Flainen, flannel
Flether, to decoy by fair
words
Fletherin, flattering
Flitter, to vibrate like the
wings of small birds
Flittering, fluttering, vibra-
ting
Forgather, to meet, to en-
counter with
Fou, full, drunk
Foughten, troubled, harassed
Formin, forming
Forbye, besides
Forfain, distressed, worn out,
jaded
Foord, a ford
Foibears, forefathers
Foamin, foaming
Fow, a bushel, &c.
Forgie, to forgive
Forjesket, jaded with fatigue
Frae, from
Freath, froth
Frien', friend
Fu', full
Fur, a furrow
Furm, a form, a bench
Fud, the scut of the hare,
coney, &c.
Fuff, to blow intermitently
Fuff't, did blow
Fannie, full of merriment
Fyle, to foil, to dirty
Fyl't, soiled, dirtied
Fysteen, fifteen
Fyke, trifling cares; to pid-
dle, to be in a fuss about
trifles

G

GAB, the mouth; to
speak boldly or pertly
Gang, to go, to walk
Gash, wife, sagacious, talka-
tive; to converse
Gashin, conversing
Gaucy, jolly, large
Gae, to go, *gaed*, went,
gaen or *gane*, gone, *gaun*,
going
Gaet' or gate, way, manner,
road
Gatherin, gathering
Gar, to make, to force to
Gar't, forced to
Garten, a garter
Geordie, a guinea
Gear, riches, goods of any
kind
Gentles, great folks
Get, a child, a young one
Geck, to toss the head in
wantonness or scorn
Ged, a pike
Gie, to give, *Gied*, gave,
Gi'en, given
Gimmer, a ewe from one to
two years old
Gin, if, against
Gizz, a peiwig
Girn, to grin, to twist the
features in rage, agony,
&c.
Girning, grinning
Gipsy, a young girl
Gillie, *dimin.* of gill
Gistie, *dimin.* of gift
Ghaist, a ghost
Gloamin, the twilight
Glunch, a frown; to frown
Glib-gabbet, that speaks
smoothly and readily
Glint, to peep, *Glinted*, peep-
ed, *Ghintin*, peeping

- Glowr, to stare, to look; a
 stare, a look
 Glowr'd, looked, stared
 Glowrin, staring
 Glaikit, inattentive, foolish
 Gleg, sharp, ready
 Glaizie, glittering, smooth
 like glass
 Gley, a squint; to squint,
Agley, off at a side,
 wrong
 Cowan, the flower of the
 daisy, dandelion, hawk-
 weed, &c.
 Cowk, a cuckoo, a term of
 contempt
 Gowl, to howl
 Gowl'ing, howling
 Gowd, good
 Gowff, the game of golf; to
 strike, *as the bat does the*
ball at golf
 Gowff'd, struck
 Crane or grain, a groan; to
 groan
 Grain'd, groaned
 Graining, groaning
 Grushie, thick, of thriving
 growth
 Great, intimate, familiar
 Grieving, grieving
 Graith, accoutrements, fur-
 niture, dress
 Gruntle, the phiz, a grunting
 noise
 Gracefu', graceful
 Greet, to shed tears, to weep
 Greetin, crying, weeping
 Gree't, agreed
 Graunie, a grandmother
 Cracefu', graceful
 Grape, to grope, *grapit*, gro-
 ped
 Grippet, caught, seized
 Graip, a pronged instrument
 for cleaning stables
 Grumphie, a sow
- Grumph, a grunt; to grunt
 Groufome, loathfomely grim
 Grunstone, a grindstone
 Grozet, a gooseberry
 Grifslc, gristle
 Gratefu', grateful
 Gree, to agree, *to bear the*
gree, to be decidedly victor
 Grun', ground
 Groat, *to get the whistle of*
one's great, to play a losing
 game
 Gude, the SUPREME BEING
 good
 Gusty, tasteful
 Gully, or gullie, a large
 knife
 Guid, good, *Guid-mornin*,
 good morrow, *Guid-eeen*,
 good evening
 Gaidman and *Guidwife*, the
 master and mistress of the
 house, *Young Guidman*, a
 man newly married
 Guidfather, Guidmither, fa-
 ther-in-law and mother-in-
 law
 Gumlie, muddy
- H
- H**A', hall
 Hae, to have
 Haen, had, *the participle*
 Hame, home, *Hameward*,
 homeward
 Hamely, homely, affable
 Han', or haun, hand
 Haith, a petty oath
 Haet, *sient haet*, a petty oath
 of negation, nothing
 Haughs, low-lying rich lands,
 valleys
 Hash, a fot
 Haud, to hold
 Hale, whole, tight, healthy

- Hap-step-an'-lowp, hop, skip,
 and leap.
 Hap, an outer garment, man-
 tle, plaid, &c. to wrap, to
 cover, to hop
 Happing, hopping
 Haffins, nearly half, partly
 Hain, to spare, to save, *hain'd*,
 spared
 Hawkie, a cow, *properly one*
with a white face
 Hal', or hald, an abiding place
 Havins, good manners, de-
 corum, good sense
 Harkit, harkened
 Happer, a hopper
 Hag, a fear or gulf in mof-
 ses and moors
 Haverel, half-witted person;
 half-witted
 Hairft, harvest,
 Haur!, to drag, to peel
 Haurin, peeling
 Haffit, hastened
 Hallan, a particular partition
 wall in a cottage
 Ha' bible, the great bible that
 lies in the hall
 Haffet, the temple, the side of
 the head
 Haggis, a kind of pudding
 boild in the stomach of a
 cow or sheep
 Hech! Oh! strange!
 Hearfe, hoarse
 Het, Hot
 Herfel, herself
 Herrin, a herring
 Herry, to plunder, *most pro-*
perly to plunder bird-nests.
 Herryment, plundering, de-
 vastation
 Heugh, a crag, a coal-pit
 Heeze, to elevate, to raise
 Heather, heath
 Hecht, to foretell something
 that is to be got or given;
 foretold; the thing foretold
 Heapit, heaped
 Herd, to tend flocks, one who
 tends flocks
 Healsome, healthful, whole-
 some
 Hear't, hear it
 Hellim, the rudder or helm
 Himsel, himself
 Hizzie, huffy, a young girl
 Hirpil, to walk crazily, to
 creep, *Hirplin*, creeping
 Hing, to hang
 Hitch, a loop, a knot
 Hilch, to hobble, to halt
 Hilchin, halting
 Histic, dry, chapt, barren
 Hissel, so many cattle as one
 person can attend
 Howk, to dig, *Howkit*, dig-
 ged, *Howkin*, digging
 Howdie, a midwife
 Hoddin, the motion of a
 sage countryman riding on
 a cart hoise
 Hornie, one of the many
 names of the Devil
 Houghmagandie, fornication
 Howe, hollow; a hollow, or
 dell
 Howe-backit, sunk in the
 back, *spoken of a horse*, &c.
 Hove, to heave, to swell
 Hov'd, heaved, swelled
 Hoyse, a pull upwards
 Hoord, a hoard, to hoard
 Hoordet, hoarded
 Hoolie, slowly, leisurely;
Hoolie! take leisure! stop!
 Host, or hoast, to cough,
Hostin, coughing
 Hog-score, a kind of distance
 line, in curling, drawn a-
 cross the *rink*
 Hoy, to urge, *Hoy't*, urged
 Hool, outer skin or case
 Hoyte, to amble crazily

House, *dimin.* of house
 Horn, a spoon made of horn
 Hog-shouther, a kind of horse
 play by juggling with the
 shoulder; to juggle
 Hurdies, the loins, the crup-
 per
 Hughoc, *dimin.* of Hugh

I.

I, In
 Ier-oc, a great grand-
 child
 Icker, an ear of corn
 Ilk or ilka, each, every
 Ill-wilie, ill-natured, mali-
 cious, niggardly
 Indentin, indenting
 Ingle, fire, fire-place
 Ingine, genius, ingenuity
 I'fe, I shall or will
 Ither, other, one another

J

JAD, jade; also a familiar
 term among countryfolks
 for a giddy young girl
 Jaup, a jerk of water; to
 jerk as agitated water
 Jauk, to dally, to trifle
 Jaukin, trifling, dallying
 Jaw, coarse raillery; to pour
 out, to spurt, to jerk, *as*
water
 Jink, to dodge, to turn a
 corner; a sudden turning a
 corner
 Jinkin, dodging
 Jinker, that turns quickly, a
 gay sprightly girl, a wag
 Jimp, to jump; slender in the
 waist, handsome

Jillet, a jilt, a giddy girl
 Jirt, a jerk
 Jinglin, jingling
 Jow, *to jow*, a verb, which
 includes both the swinging
 motion and pealing sound
 of a large bell
 Jouk, to stoop, to bow the
 head
 Jocteleg, a kind of knife
 Jokin, joking
 Joyfu', joyful
 Jundie, to juggle
 Jumpit, did jump
 Jumpin, jumping

K

KAE, a daw
 Kain, fowls, &c. paid
 as rent by a farmer
 Kail, coleworts, a kind of
 broth
 Kail-runt, the stem of the
 colewort
 Kebbuck, a cheese
 Ken, to know, *kend* or *ken't*,
 knew
 Kennin, a small matter
 Keek, a peep; to peep
 Keepit, kept
 Kelpies, a sort of mischievous
 spirits, said to haunt fords
 and ferries at night, espe-
 cially in storms
 Ket, a matted, hairy fleece
 of wool
 Kin', kind
 Kilt, to truss up the cloaths
 Kirn, the harvest supper, a
 churn; to churn
 Kitchen, any thing that eats
 with bread; to serve for
 soup, gravy, &c.
 Kittle, to tickle; ticklish,
 likely

Kittlin, a young cat
King's-hood, a certain part of
the entrails of an ox, &c.

Kin, kindred
Kiutle, to cuddle
Kiutlin, cuddling
Kiaugh, carking anxiety
Kirsen, to christen
Kimmer, a young girl, a gos-
sip

Kist, chest, a shop-counter
Knaggie, like *knags* or points
of rocks

Knappin-hammer, a hammer
for breaking stones

Knowe, a small round hil-
lock

Kye, cows
Kythe, to discover, to show
one's self

KYLE, a district of Ayrshire
Kyte, the belly

L

L AN', land, estate
Lang, long, *to think*
lang, to long, to weary

Lap, did leap
Lampit, a kind of shell-fish

Laverock, the lark
Lambie, *dimin.* of lamb

Laughin, laughing
Lawfu', lawful

Lapfu', lapful
Lagh, low

Lane, lone, *my lane, thy lane,*
&c. myself alone, &c. thy-
self alone, &c.

Lanely, lonely
Lallan, Lowland, *Lallans,*
Scotch dialect

Laggen, the angle between
the side and bottom of a
wooden dish

Lave, the rest, the remainder,
the others

Laith, loath
Laithfu', bashful, sheepish,
Lairing, wading and sinking
in snow, mud, &c.

Laddie, *dimin.* of lad
Lee-lang, live-long

Leuk, a look, to look
Leeze me, a phrase of con-
gratulatory endearment

Lear, *pronounce* lare, learn-
ing

Lea'e, to leave
Leister, a three-pronged dart
for striking fish

Lough, did laugh
Leal, loyal, true, faithful

Lightly, sneeringly, to sneer
at

Limmer, a kept mistress; a
strumpet

Livin, living
Link, to trip along

Linkin, tripping
Limpit, limp'd, hobbled

Linn, a water-fall
Lint, flax, *lint in the bell*, flax
in flower

Lift, the sky,
Lilt, a ballad, a tune; to
sing

Lintwhite, a linnet
Loan, the place of milking

Loof, the palm of the hand
Looves, *plural of loof*

Lowe, a flame; to flame
Lowin, flaming

Lowse, to loose
Lowf'd, loosed

Loot, did let
Loun, a fellow, a ragamuf-
fin, a woman of easy vir-
tue

Lowrie, *abbreviation* of Law-
rence

Lug, the ear, a handle
Lugget having a handle

Luggie, a small wooden dish
with a handle

Lunt, a column of smoke ;
 to smoke
 Luntin, smoking
 Lunch, a large piece of
 cheese, flesh, &c.
 Lum, the chimney
 Lyart, of a mixed colour,
 grey

M

MAE, more
 Maist, most, almost
 Maistly, mostly
 Maun, must
 Mair, more
 Mak, to make, *makin*, mak-
 ing
 Mashlum, mellin, mixed corn
 Manteele, a mantle
 Maw, to mow, *marwin*, mow-
 ing
 Maukin, a hare
 Mallie, Molly
 Mar's year, the rebellion
 A. D. 1715
 Mark, marks, *this and several
 other nouns, which in
 English require an s to
 form the plural, are in
 Scotch like the words sheep,
 deer, the same in both num-
 bers*
 Mask, to mash, *as malt*, &c.
 Maskin-pat, a tea pot
 Mang, among
 Mavis, the thrush
 Mell, to meddle
 Men', to mend
 Messin, a small dog
 Melvie, to soil with meal
 Menſe, good manners, *de-
 corum*
 Menſeleſ, ill-bred, rude, im-
 pudent
 Melancholious, mournful

O

Meere, a mare
 Mither, a mother
 Mixtie-maxtie, confusedly
 mixed
 Mim, prim, affectedly meek
 Mindfu', mindful
 Mislear'd, mischievous, un-
 mannerly
 Misca', to abuse, to call
 names
 Misca'd abused
 Min', mind, remembrance
 Mind't, mind it, resolved,
 intending
 Middin, a dunghill
 Midden-hole, a gutter at the
 bottom of the dunghill
 Minnie, mother, dam
 Misfeuk, mistook
 Morn, the next day, to-mor-
 row
 Moudiewort, a mole
 Mony, or monie, many
 Moistify, to moisten
 Mournfu', mournful
 Moop, to nibble as a sheep
 Mottie, full of motes
 Mou, the mouth
 Mouſie, *dimin.* of mouſe
 Moorlan, of or belonging to
 moors
 Muckle, or meikle, great,
 big, much
 Mutchkin, an English pint
 Muslin-kail, broth composed
 simply of water, shelled
 barley and greens
 Muſie, *dimin.* of muſe
 Myſel, myself

N

NA, no, not, nor
 Nae, no, not any
 Nane, none
 Naething, or naithing, no-
 thing

Naig, a horse
 Neebor, a neighbour
 Needfu', needful
 Negleckit, neglected
 Neuk, nook
 Niest, next
 Nieve, the fist
 Nievefu', handful
 Niger, a negroe
 Nine tailed cat, a hangman's
 whip
 Niffer, an exchange; to ex-
 change, to barter
 Nit, a nut
 Nowte, black cattle
 Norland, of or belonging to
 the North
 Notic't, noticed
 Nor-west, North-west
 Noteless, unnoticed, un-
 known

O

O' Of
 Observin, observing
 Ony, or onie, any
 Or, *is often used for ere, be-
 fore*
 O't, of it
 Ourie, shivering, drooping
 Oursel, or ourfels, ourselves
 Outler, not housed
 Owre, over, too
 Owre hip, a way of fetching
 a blow with a hammer
 over the arm

P

PACK, intimate, familiar;
 twelve stons of wool
 Painch, paunch
 Parliamentin, at parliament

Parritch, oatmeal pudding, a
 well known Scotch dish
 Pang, to cram
 Paukie, cunning, sly
 Paughty, proud, haughty
 Paitrick, a partridge
 Pat, did put; a pot
 Pay't, paid, beat
 Pattle, or pettle, a plough-
 staff
 Pech, to fetch the breath
 short *as in an asthma*
 Pechan, the crop, the sto-
 mach
 Pettle, to cherish; a plough-
 staff
 Pet, a domesticated sheep,
 &c.
 Peelin, peeling
 Pensivelie, pensively
 Phraife, fair speeches, flattery;
 to flatter
 Phraisin, flattery
 Pit, to put
 Pine, pain, uneasiness
 Pickle, a small quantity
 Platie, *dimin.* of plate
 Plack, an old Scotch coin
 Plackless, pennylefs
 Pliskie, a trick
 Plew, or pleugh, a plough
 Plumpit, did plump
 Placad, a public proclama-
 tion
 Poortith, poverty
 Powther, or pouter, powder
 Pouthery, like powder
 Pouk, to pluck
 Pou, to pull
 Pou't, did pull
 Pouffie, a hare or cat
 Pownie, a little horse
 Pow, the head, the skull
 Pout, a pout, a chicken
 Prayin, praying
 Pridefu', proud, saucy

Proveses, provosts
 Prig, to cheapen, to dispute
 Priggin, cheapening
 Prying, prying
 Prief, proof
 Prent, print
 Propone, to lay down, to propose
 Primfie, demure, precise
 Prie, to taste
 Prie'd, tasted
 Preen, a pin
 Pund, pound, pounds
 Puddin, pudding
 Pyle, *a pyle o' chaff*, a single grain of chaff

Q

QUAT, to quit
 Quak, to quake
 Quakin, quaking
 Quey, a cow from one year to two years old

R

R A M-Peez'l'd, fatigued, overspent
 Rantin, ranting
 Ramblin, rambling
 Raucle, rashi, stout, fearless
 Raw, a row
 Raible, to rattle nonsense
 Rair, ro roar, *rair't*, roared, *rairing*, roaring
 Rax, to stretch
 Rash, a rush, *rash bushes*, a bush of rushes
 Ram-stam, forward, thoughtless
 Rarely, excellent, very well
 Ragweed, the plant ragwort
 Ratton, a rat

Raught, reached
 Raize, to madden, to enflame
 Ree, half drunk, fuddled
 Ream, cream
 Reek, smoke; to smoke, *reekin*, smoking, *reekit*, smoked, smoky
 Receivin, receiving
 Red-wud, stark-mad
 Remead, remedy
 Remarkin, remarking
 Reest, to stand restive
 Reestit, stood restive, flunted, withered
 Reave, to rob
 Requit, requital
 Rest, torn, ragged
 Restricketed, restricted
 Reck, to heed
 Rede, counsel; to counsel
 Refus't, refuse it
 Rin, to run, to melt; *rinnin*, running
 Ridin, riding
 Rip, a handful of unthreshed corn, &c.
 Rink, the course of the stones, *a term in curling*
 Riskit, made a noise like the tearing of roots
 Rig, a ridge
 Rowte, to low, to bellow
 Rowtin, lowing
 Rowth, plenty
 Roupet, hoarse, *as with a cold*
 Rowe, to roll, to wrap
 Row't, rolled, wrapped
 Roamin, roaming
 Rood, *stands likewise for the plural roods*
 Roun', round, in the circle of neighbourhood
 Roofe, to praise, to commend
 Rozet, rozen
 Roon, a shred, a remnant

Rung, a cudgel
 Runkl'd, wrinkled
 Runt, the stem of colewort or
 cabbage
 Rustlin, rustling
 Rhymin, rhyming

S

’S, Is
 Sae, fo
 Sang, a song
 Sair, to serve; fore
 Sairly or fairlie, forely
 Sairt, served
 Saul, foul
 Saunt, a faint
 Sark, a shirt
 Sarkit, provided in shirts
 Sast, soft
 Saw, to sow,
 Sawin, sowing
 Sax, six
 Saut, salt, *sautet*, salted
 Saumont, salmon
 Saugh, the willow
 Scone, a kind of bread
 Scrieve, to glide swiftly along
 Scrieven, gleesomely, swift-
 ly
 Screechin, screeching
 Screed, to tear; a rent
 Scar, to scare
 Scauld, to scold, *scauldin*,
 scolding
 Scawl, a scold
 Scaud, to scauld
 Scaur, apt to be scared
 Scornfu’, scornful
 Scrimp, to scant, *scrimpet*,
 did scant, scanty
 Sconner, a loathing; to lothe
 Scaich, to scream *as a hen*,
patridge, &c.

Scaichin, screaming
 Sel, self, *a body’s sel*, one’s
 self alone
 Sets, *sets aff*, goes away
 See’d, did see
 Settlin, settling, *to get a sett-
 lin*, to be frightened into
 quietness
 Sell’t, did sell
 Seizin, seizing
 Servan’, servant
 Sen’, to send, *sen’t*, send it
 Shaw, to show; a small
 wood in a hollow place
 Sheugh, a ditch, a trench
 Shootin, shooting
 Shouter, the shoulder
 Shoon, shoes
 Sheep-shank, *to think one’s
 self nae sheep-shank*, to be
 conceited
 Shore, to offer, to threaten
 Shor’d, offered
 Shangan, a stick cleft at one
 end for putting the tail
 of a dog, &c. into, by
 way of mischief, or to
 frighten him away
 Shaver, a humorous wag, a
 barber
 Shog, a shock
 Sheen, bright shining
 Sherra-moor, Sherriff-moor,
*the famous battle fought in
 the Rebellion, A. D. 1715.*
 Shool, a shovel
 Shaird, a shred, shard
 Shill, shrill
 Sic, such
 Simmer, summer
 Siller, silver, money
 Sittin, sitting
 Sin’, since
 Sin, a son

- Sicker, sure, steady
 Sinfu', sinful
 Sidelins, fidelong, slanting
 Sinkin, sinking
 Skriegh, a scream; to scream
 Skaith, to damage, to injure;
 injury
 Sklent, slant; to run a-slant
 to deviate from truth
 Sklented, ran or hit in an
 oblique direction
 Sklentim, slanting
 Skelpie-limmer, a technical
 term in female scolding
 Skiegh, proud, nice, high-
 mettled
 Skirl, to shriek, to cry shrilly
 Skirl't, shrieked
 Skirling, shrieking, crying
 Skelp, to strike, to slap; to
 walk with a smart trip-
 ping step; a smart stroke
 Scelpin, slapping, walking
 smartly
 Slaw, slow
 Slae, sloe
 Slap, a gate, a breach in a
 fence
 Slade, did slide
 Slee, fly, *fleeft*, flyest
 Slype, to fall over as a wet
furrow from the plough
 Slypet, fell
 Sleekit, sleek
 Slidery, slippery
 Sma', small
 Smiddy, smithy
 Smytrie, a numerous collec-
 tion of small individuals
 Smoor, to smother, *moor'd*,
 smothered
 Smoutie, smutty, obscene,
 ugly
 Smeddum, dust, powder,
 mettle, sence
 Snaw, snow, to snow
- Snawie, snowy
 Snaw-broo, melted snow
 Snash, abuse, Billingigate
 Sneeshin, snuff, *sneeshin-mill*,
 snuff-box
 Snowk, to scent or snuff as
a dog, horse, &c.
 Snowkit, scented, snuffed
 Snick-drawing, trick-contri-
 ving
 Snick, the latchet of a door
 Snoove, to go smoothly and
 constantly, to sneak
 Snoov't, went smoothly
 Snell, bitter, biting
 Sned, to lop, to cut off
 Snool, one whose spirit is bro-
 ken with oppressive slave-
 ry; to submit tamely, to
 sneak
 Sonfie, having sweet engaging
 looks; lucky, jolly
 Sowther, folder; to folder,
 to cement
 Souple, flexible, swift
 Soom, to swim
 Sowp, a spoonful, a small
 quantity of any thing li-
 quid
 Sootie, footy
 Sobbin, sobbing
 Sowth, to try over a tune
 with a low whistle
 Sooth, truth, a petty oath
 Souter, a shoemaker
 Spaul, a limb
 Speakin, speaking
 Spier, to ask, to enquire
 Spier't, enquired
 Spunk, fire, mettle, wit
 Spunkie, mettlelome, fiery;
 will o' wisp or *ignis fatuus*
 Sportin, sporting
 Spak, did speak
 Springin, springing
 Speel, to climb

- Spleuchan, a tobacco pouch
 Speat, a sweeping torrent
 after rain or thaw
 Spairge, to dash, to foil *as*
 with mire
 Spitefu', spiteful
 Spence, the country par-
 lour
 Spae, to prophecy, to divine
 Sprit, a tough rooted plant
 something like rushes
 Sprittie, full of sprits
 Sprattle, to scramble
 Sparin, sparing
 Spaviet, having the spavin
 Spreckl'd spotted, speckled
 Splore, a frolic, a riot, a
 noise
 Splatter, a splutter; to splut-
 ter
 Spring, a quick air in music,
 a Scotch reel
 Squad, a crew, a party
 Squeel, a scream, a screech,
 to scream
 Squatter, to flutter in water
 as a wild duck, &c.
 Squattle, to sprawl
 Stan', to stand; *stan't*, did
 stand
 Stane, a stone
 Stroan, to spout, to piss
 Stroan't, spouted, pissed
 Stents, tribute, dues of any
 kind
 Steek, to shut; a stitch
 Stech, to cram the belly
 Stechin, cramming
 Startle, to run *as cattle*
 slung by the gadfly
 Steer, to molest, to stir
 Sturt, trouble; to molest
 Sturtin, frightened
 Studdie, an anvil
 Stell, a still
 Stoup or stowp, a kind of
 jug or dish with a handle
 Straik, to stroke, *strait*,
 stroked
 Stampin, stamping
 Stacher, to stagger
 Stap, to stop
 Strae, straw, *to die a fair*
 strae death, to die in bed
 Strack, did strike
 Stack, a rick of corn, hay,
 &c.
 Streek, stretched, to stretch,
 streckit, stretched
 Staumrel, half-witted
 Stoure, dust, *more particular-*
 ly dust in motion
 Stirk, a cow, or bullock a
 year old
 Stot, an ox
 Stoor, sounding hollow,
 strong and hoarie
 Straught, freight
 Stock, a plant of colewort,
 cabbage, &c.
 Starvin, starving
 Stringin, stringing
 Startin, starting
 Staw, did steal; to surfeit
 Stown, stolen
 Stownlins, by stealth
 Stuff, corn, or pulse of any
 kind
 Stibble, stubble, *stibble-rig*,
 the reaper, in harvest, who
 takes the lead
 Strunt, spiritous liquor of any
 kind; to walk sturdily
 Staggie, *dimin.* of stag
 Steeve, firm, compacted
 Stank, a pool of standing
 water
 Staik, stout,
 Stey, steep, *steyest*, steepest

Sten, to rear as an horse
 Sten't, reared
 Stimpart, the eighth part of
 a Winchester bushel
 Strapan, tall and hand-
 some
 Strewin, frewing
 Stilt, a crutch; to halt, to
 limp
 Stockin, stocking
 Stumpie, *dimin.* of stump
 Striddle, to straddle
 Stick an' stow, totally, al-
 together
 Sucker, sugar
 Sugh, the continual rushing
 ing noise of wind or wa-
 ter
 Southron, Southern, an old
 name for the English na-
 tion
 Sud, should
 Swap, an exchange; to
 barter
 Swirl, a curve, an eddying
 blast or pool, a knot in
 wood
 Swirlie, knaggy, full of knots
 Swither, to hesitate in choice;
 an irresolute wavering in
 choice
 Swank, flatly, jolly
 Swankie, or swanker, a tight
 frapping young fellow or
 girl
 Swatch, a sample
 Swith! get away!
 Swinge, to beat, to whip
 Swingein, beating, whipp-
 ing
 Swaird, sword
 Swat, did sweat
 Swervin, fwerving
 Swoor, swore, did swear
 Swall'd, swelled

Sweer, lazy, averse, *dead-
 sweer*, extremely averse
 Sweatin, sweating
 Syne, since, ago, then

T

TAE, a toe, *three tae'd*,
 having three prongs
 Tauted, or tautie, matted
 together, *spoken of hair or
 wool*
 Tak, to take, *takin*, taking
 Tangle, a sea weed
 Tauld, or tald, told
 Tarrow, to murmur at one's
 allowance
 Tarrow't, murmured
 Talkin, talking
 Tawie, that allows itself
 peaceably to be handled,
spoken of a horse, cow, &c.
 Tap, the top
 Taupie, a foolish, thought-
 less young person
 Tapetless, heedless, foolish
 Tapsalteerie, topsy-turvy
 Tarry-breeks, a sailor
 Tent, a field-pulpit, heed,
 caution; to take heed
 Tentie, heedful, cautious
 Tentless, heedless
 Teugh, tough, *teughly*,
 toughly
 Teat, small quantity
 Tearfu', tearful
 Ten hours bite, a slight feed
 to the horses while in the
 yoke in the forenoon
 Thack, thatch, *thack an' rape*,
 cloathing, necessaries
 Thrang, throng, a croud
 Thegither, together
 Thick, intimate, familiar
 Thole, to suffer, to endure

602

- Thae, these
 Thriſſie, thistle,
 Throuther, pell-mell, confusedly
 Thinkin, thinking
 Thumpit, thumped
 Thumpin, thumping
 Thieveleſe, cold, dry, ſpited, *ſpoken of a perſon's demeanour*
 Thowe, a thaw; to thaw
 Thankit, thanked
 Through, to go on with, to make out
 Threſhin, thrashing
 Thairms, ſmall guts, fiddle-ſtrings
 Theſel, themſelves
 Thyſel, thyſelf
 Thud, to make a loud, intermittent noiſe
 Thraw, to ſprain, to twiſt, to contradict
 Thrawn, ſprained, twiſted, contradicted
 Thrawin, twiſting, &c.
 Threteen, thirteen
 Thankfu', thankful
 Thirl, to thrill
 Thirl'd, thrilled, vibrated
 Thouleſe, ſlack, lazy
 Threap, to maintain by dint of aſſertion
 Thir, theſe
 Tither, the other
 Timmer, timber, *Timmer-propt*; propped with timber
 Till't, to it
 Tinkler, a tinker
 Tine, to loſe, *tint*, loſt
 Tippence, two-pence
 Tittle, to whiſper
 Tittling whiſpering
 Tirl, to make a ſlight noiſe, to uncover
 Tirlin, uncovering
 Tip, a ram
 Towzie, rough, ſhaggy
- Toom, empty
 Tout, the blaſt of a horn or trumpet; to blow a horn, &c.
 Tow, a rope
 Toddle, to totter like the walk of a child
 Toddlin, tottering
 Tod, a fox
 Toop, a ram
 Toun, a hamlet, a farm-
 houſe
 Tocher, a marriage portion
 Toyte, to totter like old age
 Towmond, a twelvemonth
 Toy, a very old faſhion of female head-dreſs
 Traſhtrie, traſh
 Trowth, truth, a petty oath
 Tryin, trying
 Trow, to believe
 Tranſmugriſy'd, tranſmigrated, metamorphoſed
 Trig, ſpruce, neat
 Trimly, excellently
 Trottin, trotting
 Trickie, full of tricks
 Try't, tried
 Tunefu', tuneful
 Tug raw hide, *of which, in old times, plough traces were frequently made*
 Tulzie, a quarrel; to quarrel, to fight
 Twa, two
 Twa-three, a few
 T wal, twelve. *T walpennie-worth*, a ſmall quantity, a penny-worth
 Twin, to part
 Twad, it would
 Tyke, a dog

U

UNCOS, news
 Unco, ſtrange, uncouth, very great, prodigious

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Undoing, undoing
 Unkath'd, undamaged, un-
 hurt
 Uncaring, disregarding
 Unkenn'd, unknown
 Upo', upon

V

VAP'RIN, vapouring
 Vera, very
 Viri, a ring round a column,
 &c.

W

WA', wall, *Wa's*, walls
 Wae, woe; sorrow-
 ful
 Wad, would; to bet; a bet,
 a pledge
 Wadna, would not
 Wastrie, prodigality
 Warl, or world, world
 Warly, worldly, eager on
 amassing wealth
 Wark, work
 Wark-lume, a tool to work
 with
 Warst, worst
 Wale, choice; to chuse
 Wal'd, chose, chosen
 Wame, the belly, *Wamefeu'*,
 a bellyfull
 Warran, a warrant; to war-
 rant
 Wabster, a weaver
 Wauken, to awake
 Waefucks! or waes me! alas!
 O the pity!
 Waur, worse; to worst
 Waur't, worsted
 Warlock, a wizzard
 Warstl'd, or warst'd, wrestled
 Wanrestfu, restless

Wat, wet; *I wat*, I wot, I
 know

Wanchancie, unlucky
 Water-brose, *brose* made of
 meal and water simply
 without the addition of
 milk, butter, &c.

Waukit, thickened, *as fullers*
do cloth

Wauble, to swing, to reel
 Wattle, a twig, a wand
 Wair, to lay out, to expend
 Wailie, ample, large, jolly;
 also an interjection of dis-
 tress

Waft, the woof

Wailfu', wailing

Wee, little, *Wee-things*, little
 ones, *Wee-bit*, a small
 matter

Weel, well, *Weelfare*, well-
 fare

Wean, or weanie, a child

Weason, weasand

Wele, we shall

Wearie, or weary, *monie a*
wearie body, many a di-
 ferent person

Weet, rain, wetness

Wha, who

Whafe, whose

Whare, where, *Whare'er*,
 wherever

Whyles, whiles, sometimes

Whistle, a whistle; to whistle

Whang, a leathern string, a
 piece of cheefe, bread, &c.
 to give the strappado

Wheep, to fly nimbly, to
 jerk, *penny wheep*, small
 beer

Whun-stane, a whin-stone

Whirlygigums, useles ornaments

Whigmeleeries, whims, fan-
 cies, crotchets

Whisht! silence! *to hold one's
whisht*, to be silent
Whaizle, to wheeze
Whisk, to sweep, to lash
Whiskit, lashed
Whid, the motion of a hare
running but not frightened,
a lie
Whiddin, running as a hare
or conic
Whitter, a hearty draught of
liquor
Whatreck, nevertheless
Whalpit, whelped
Wi', with
Win', wind, *Win's*, winds
Wimple, to meander
Wimpl't, meandered
Wimplin, waving, meander-
ing
Winna, will not
Winnock, a window
Winkin, winking
Wick, to strike a stone in an
oblique direction, a term
in curling
Withoutten, without
Win, to wind, to winnow
Win't, winded, *as a bottom
of yarn*
Wintle, a staggering motion;
to stagger, to reel
Winze, an oath
Wiel, a small whirlpool
Wise, a diminutive or endear-
ing term for wife
Wizen'd, hide-bound, dried,
shrunken
Wifs, to wish
Winsome, gay, hearty, vaunt-
ed
Waefu', woeful
Wonner, a wonder, a con-
temptuous appellation

Wonderfu', wonderful, won-
derfully
Woo, wool
Wooer-bab, the garter knot-
ted below the knee with a
couple of loops
Worset, worsted
Wordy, worthy
Wrack, to teale, to vex
Wrang, wrong; to wrong
Wreeth, a drifted heap of
snow
Wraith, a spirit, a ghost;
an apparition exactly like
a living person, whose ap-
pearance is said to forbode
the person's approaching
death
Wud, mad, distracted
Wumble, a wimble
Wyte, blame; to blame
Wyliecoat, a flannel vest

Y

YEAR, is used for both
sing. and plur. years
Yell, barren, that gives no
milk
Yerk, to lash, to jerk
Yerkit, jerked, lashed
Yestreen, yesternight
Yealings, born in the same
year, coevals
Ye, this pronoun is frequently
used for *Thou*
Yill, ale
Yird, earth
Yoursel, yourself
Yont, beyond
Youthfu', youthful
Yokin, yoking, a bout
Yowe, a ewe
Yowie, *dimin.* of yowe
Yule, Christmas

