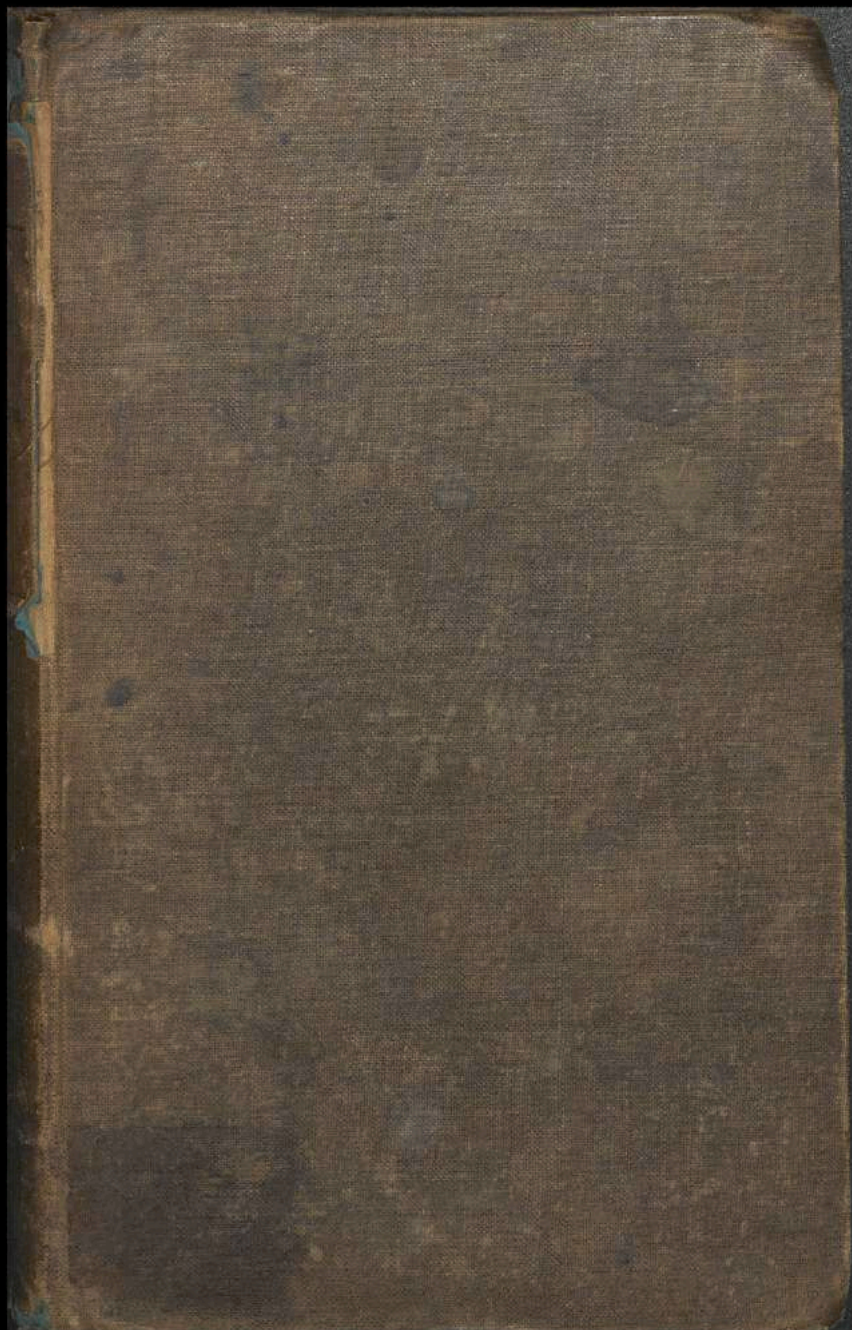


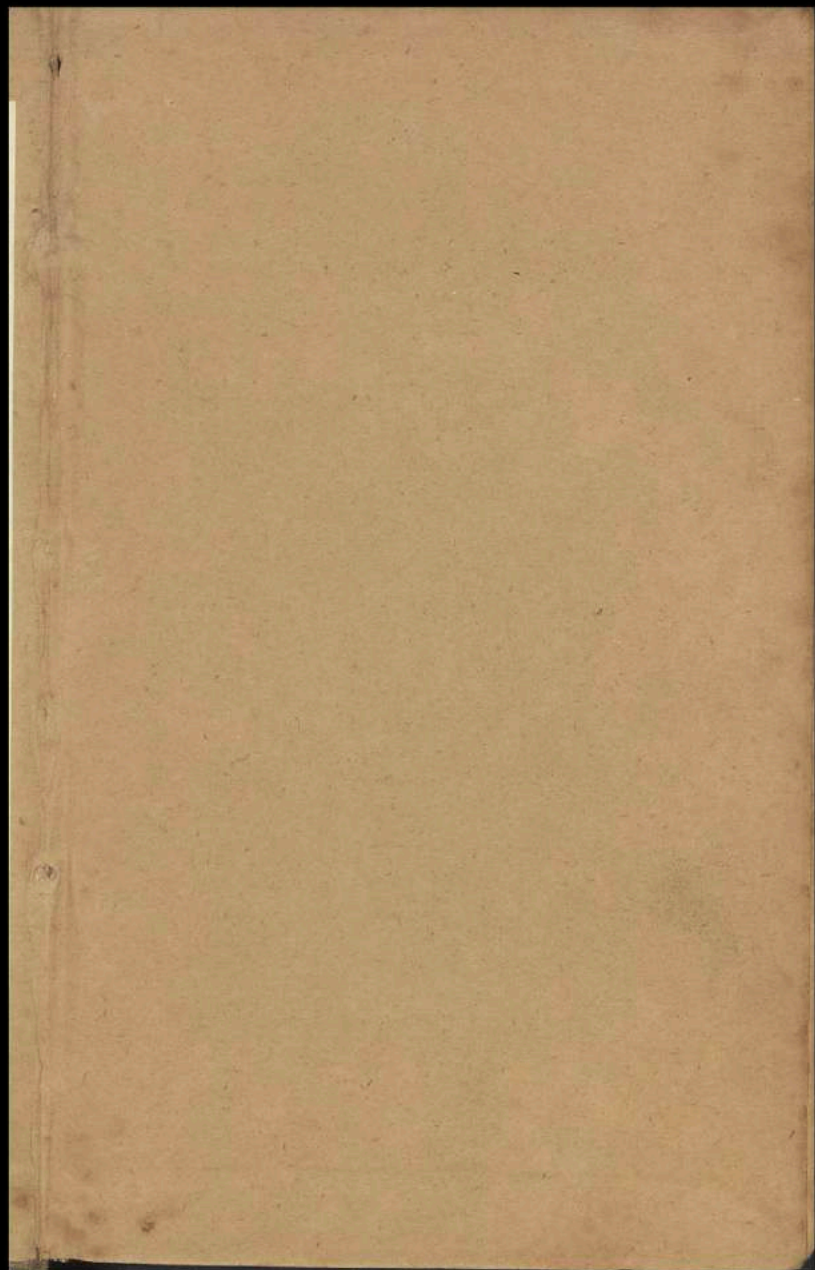
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POEMS
AND
WOOD CUTS
BY BEWTON
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VOL. II.
—
108.

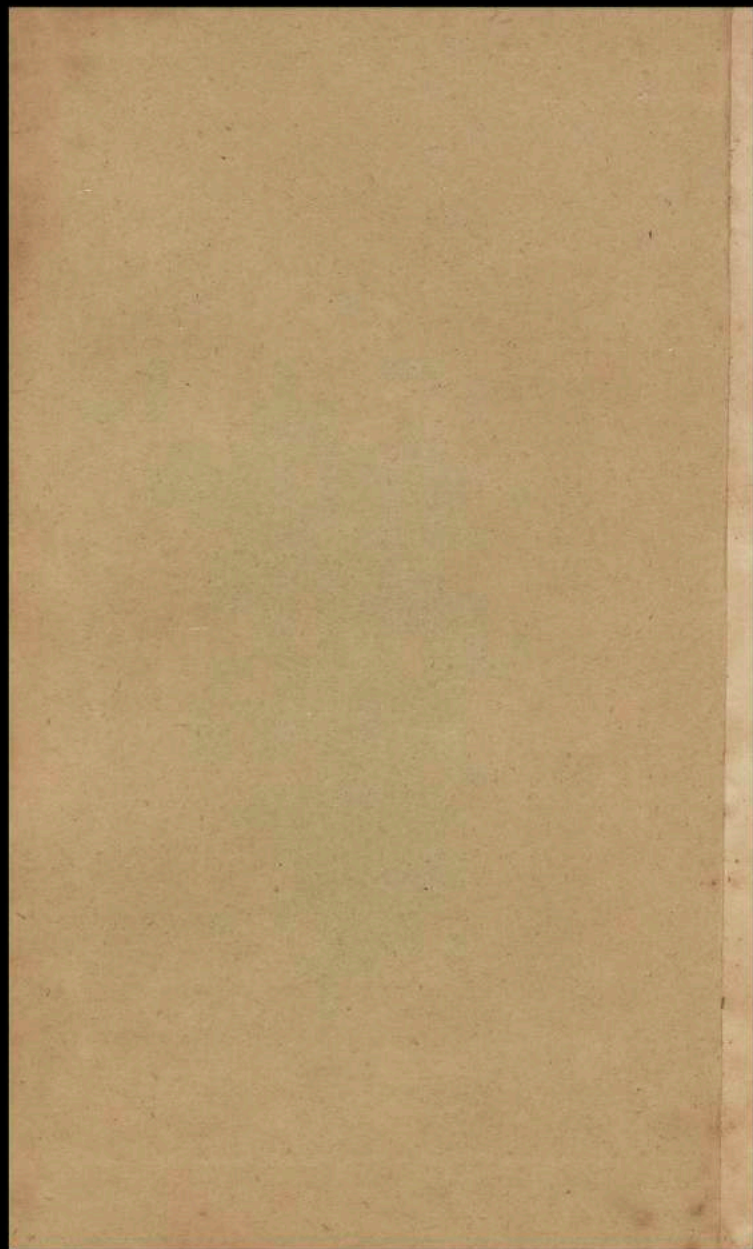


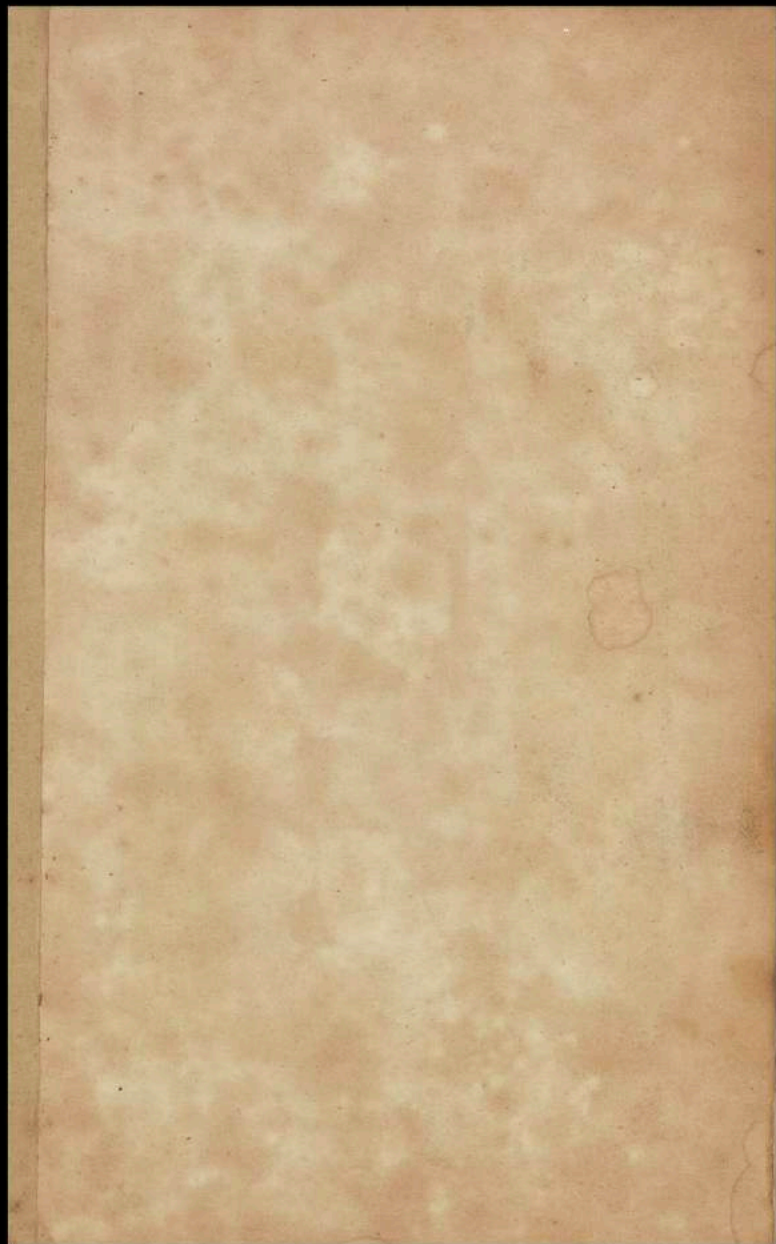
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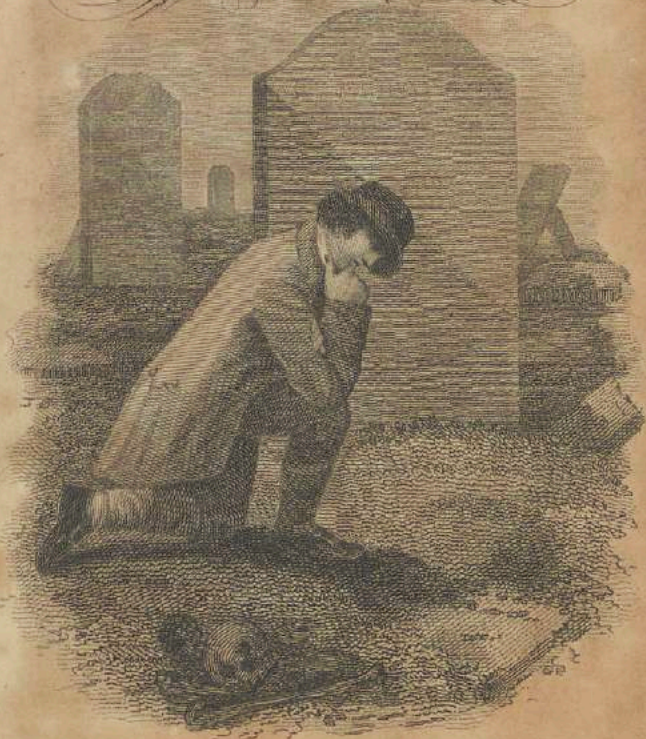


FRONTISPIECE



*This monument o'er the top o' Schar's tomb,
In every eye has your death doom.*

C. W. S.
POETICAL WORKS
OF
Robert Ferguson
with his Life



Engraving in Wood by Bewick,

Vol. II.

London Printed by W. Darton.

1542

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Sandie and Willie.



Small, faint text or a signature, possibly a date or a name, located to the right of the watermark.



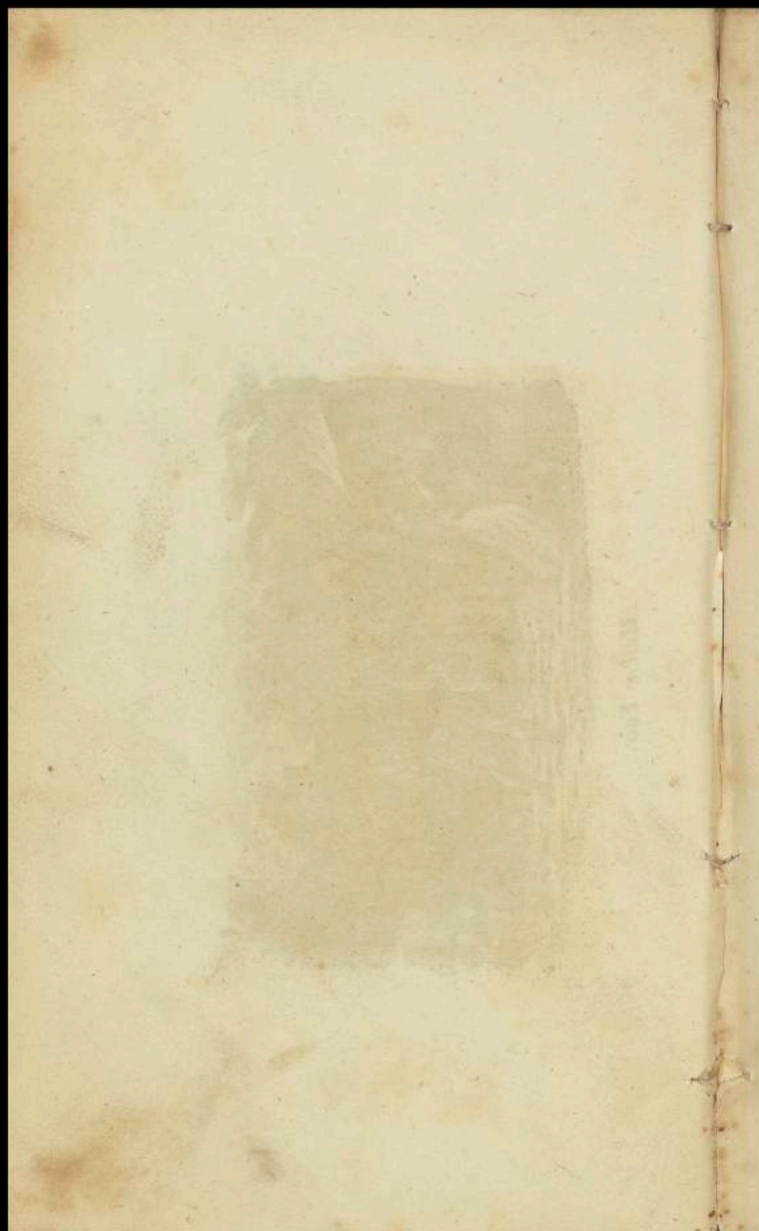
Callers Oysters.

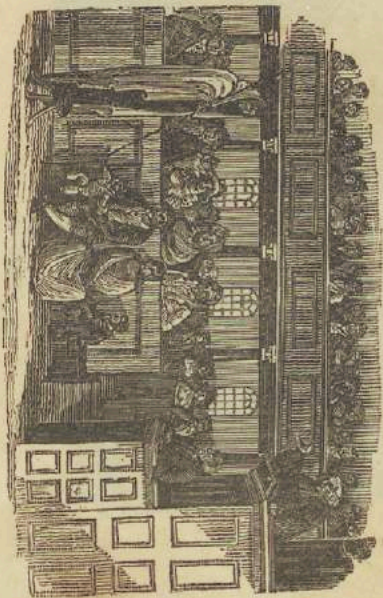


1840



Hallow Fair.

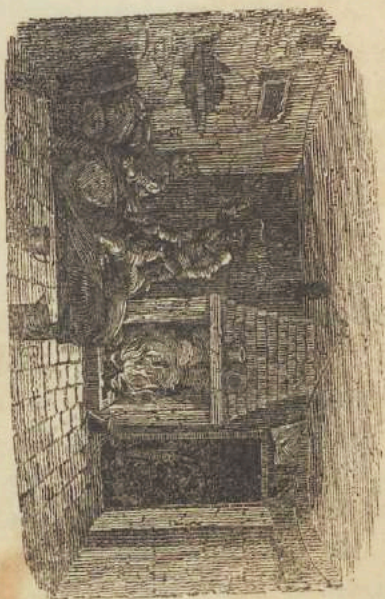


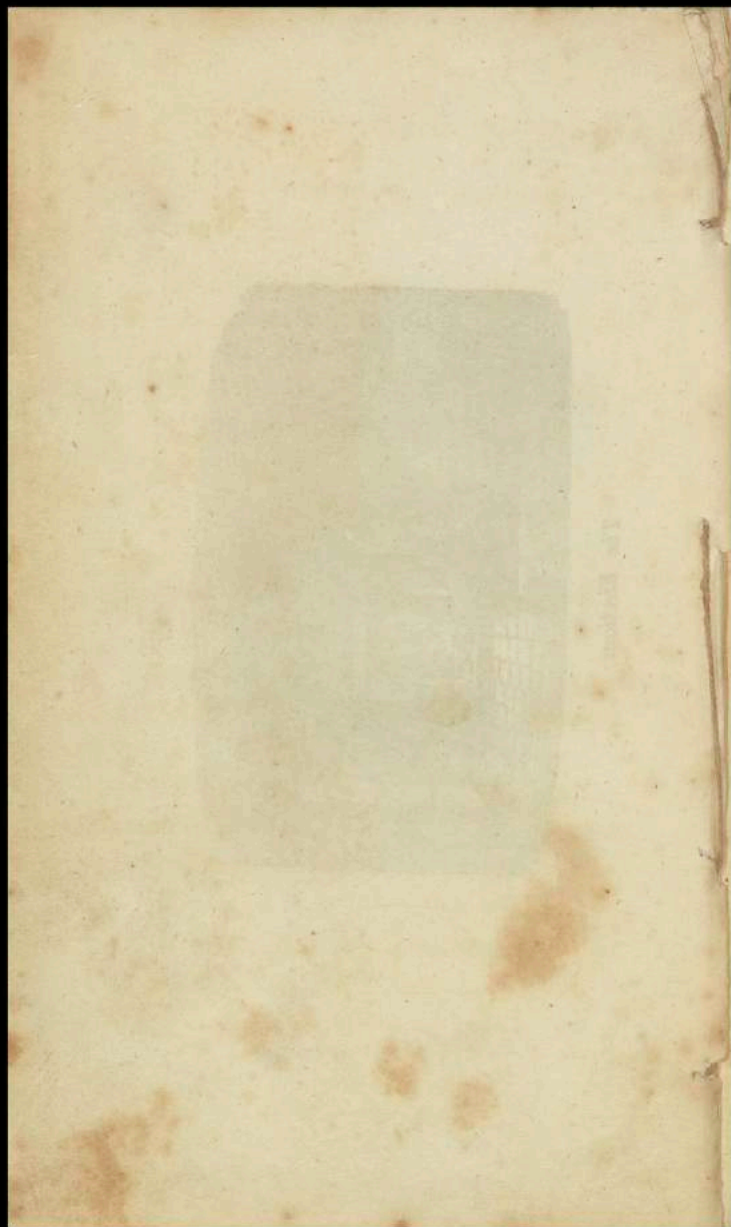


The Farmer's Ingle.

1875

The Election.





TO THE POETICAL WORKS OF
AN ECLOGUE
SCOTS POEMS.

AN ECLOGUE.

'T WAS e'ning when the speckled gowdspink
sang,
When new-fa'en dew in blobs o' chrystal hang;
Then *Will* and *Sandie* thought they'd wrought
enough,
And loos'd their sair toil'd owsen frae the pleugh:
Before they ca'd their cattle to the town,
The lads to draw their breath e'en sat them down:
To the stiff sturdy aik they lean'd their backs,
While honest *Sandie* thus began the cracks.

 AN ECLOGUE.

SANDIE.

Ance I could hear the laverock's shrill-tun'd
 throat,

And listen to the clatt'ring gowdspink's note ;
 Ance I could whistle cantily as they,
 To owsen as they till'd my raggit clay ;
 But now I wou'd as lieve maist lend my lugs
 To tuneless puddocks croaking i' the bogs ;
 I sigh at hame, a-field am dowie too,
 To sowf a tune I'll never crook my mou.

WILLIE.

Foul fa' me gif your bridal had na been
 Nae langer bygane than sin' Hallow-e'en,
 I cou'd hae tell'd you but a warlock's art,
 That some daft lightlyin' quean had stown your
 heart ;
 Our beasties here will tak their e'ening pluck,
 An' now sin' Jock's gane hame the byres to muck,

AN ECLOGUE.

Fain would I houp my friend will be inclin'd
To gie me a' the secrets o' his mind :
Heh ! Sandie, lad, what dool's come owre ye now,
That you to whistle ne'er will crook your mou ?

SANDIE.

Ah ! Willie, Willie, I may date my wae
Frac what beted me on my bridal day ;
Sair may I rue the hour in which our hands
Were knit thegither in the haly bands ;
Sin that I thrive sae ill, in troth I fancy,
Some fiend or fairy, nae sae very chancy,
Has driven me, by pauky wiles uncommon,
To wed this flytin fury of a woman.

WILLIE.

Ah ! Sandie, aften hae I heard you tell,
Among the lasses a' she bure the bell ;

AN ECLOGUE.

And say, the modest glances o' her e'en
 Far dang the brightest beauties o' the green,
 You ca'd her ay sae innocent, sae young,
 I thought she kent na how to use her tongue.

SANDIE.

Before I married her, I'll tak my aith,
 Her tongue was never louder than her breath ;
 But now it's turn'd sae souple and sae bauld,
 That Job himsel could scarcely thole the scauld.

WILLIE.

Let her yelp on, be you as calm's a mouse,
 Nor let your whisht be heard into the house ;
 Do what she can, or be as loud's she please,
 Ne'er mind her flytes, but set your heart at ease,
 Sit down and blaw your pipe, nor faush your thumb,
 An' there's my hand she'll tire, and soon sing dumb ;

AN ECLOGUE.

Sooner shou'd Winter's cauld confine the sea,
 An' let the sma'est o' our burns rin free;
 Sooner at Yule-day shall the birk be drest,
 Or birds in sapless busses big their nest,
 Before a tonguey woman's noisy plea
 Should ever be a cause to danton me.

SANDIE.

Weel cou'd I this abide, but oh! I fear
 I'll soon be twin'd o' a' my warldly gear;
 My kirstaff now stands gizzen'd at the door,
 My cheese-rack toom that ne'er was toom before;
 My kye may now rin rowtin to the hill,
 And on the naked yird their milkness spill;
 She seenil lays her hand upo' a turn,
 Neglects the kebbuck, and forgets the kirn;
 I vow my hair-mould milk would poison dogs,
 As it stands lapper'd in the dirty cogs.

AN ECLOGUE.

Before the seed I sell'd my ferra cow,
 An' wi' the profit coft a stane o' woo':
 I thought, by priggin, that she might hae spun;
 A plaidie, light, to screen me frae the sun;
 But tho' the siller's scant, the cleedin dear,
 She has na ca'd about a wheel this year.
 Last ouk but ane I was frae hame a day,
 Buying a thrave or twa o' bedding strae:
 O' ilka thing the woman had her will,
 Had fouth o' meal to bake, and hens to kill:
 But hyn' awa' to Edinbrough scour'd she
 To get a making o' her fav'rite tea;
 And 'cause I left her na the weary clink,
 She pawn'd the very trunchers frae my bink.

WILLIE.

Her tea! ah! wae betide sic costly gear,
 Or them that evex wad the price o't spear,

AN ECLOGUE.

Sin my auld gutcher first the warld knew,
 Fouk had na fund the Indies whare it grew.
 I mind mysel, it's nae sae lang sin' syne,
 Whan Auntie Marion did her stamack tync,
 That Davs our gard'ner came frae Apple-bog,
 An' gae her tea to tak by way o' drog.

SANDIE.

Whan ilka herd for cauld his fingers rubs,
 An' cakes o' ice are seen upo' the dubs ;
 At morning, whan frae pleugh or fauld I come,
 I'll see a bra' reek rising frae my lum,
 An aiblin's think to get a rantin blaze,
 To fley the frost awa', and toast my taes ;
 But whan I shoot my nose in, ten to ane
 If I weelfardly see my ane hearthstane ;
 She round the ingle wi' her gimmers sits,
 Crammin their gabbies wi' her nicest bits,
 While the gudeman out-by maun fill his crap
 Frae the milk coggie, or the parritch cap.

AN ECLOGUE.

WILLIE.

Sandie, gif this were ony common plea,
I shou'd the lealest o' my counsel gie ;
But make or meddle betwixt man an' wife,
Is what I never did in a' my life.
It's wearing on now to the tail o' May,
An' just between the beer-seed and the hay ;
As lang's an orra morning may be spar'd,
Stap your wa's east the haugh, an' tell the laird ;
For he's a man weel vers'd in a' the laws,
Kens baith their outs and ins, their cracks an' flaws,
An' ay right gleg, whan things are out o' joint,
At sattlin' o' a nice or kittle point.
But yonder's Jock, he'll ca' your owsen hame,
And tak thir tidings to your thrawart dame,
That ye're away ae peacefu' meal to prie,
An' tak your supper kail or sow'ns wi' me.

AN ECLOGUE,

*To the Memory of DR. WILLIAM WILKIE, late
Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Uni-
versity of St. Andrews.*

GEORDIE AND DAVIE.

GEORDIE.

BLAW saft my reed, and kindly, to my maen,
Weel may ye thole a saft and dowie strain.
Nae mair to you shall shepherds, in a ring,
Wi' blithness skip, or lasses lilt and sing ;
Sic sorrow now maun sadden ilka e'e ;
And ilka waefu' shepherd grieve wi' me.

DAVIE.

Wharefore begin a sad and dowie strain,
Or banish liltin frae the Fifan plain ?
Tho' Simmer's gane, and we na langer view
The blades o' claver wat wi' pearls o' dew ;
Cauld Winter's bleakest blasts we'll eithly cour,
Our elden's driven, and our hairst is owre ;

TO THE MEMORY OF DR. WILLIAM WILKIE.

Our rucks, fu' thick, are stackit i' the yard ;
 For the Yule-feast a sauit mart's prepar'd ;
 The ingle-nook supplies the simmer fields,
 And aft as mony gleefu' moments yields.
 Swith, man ! fling a' your sleepy springs awa,
 And on your canty whistle gie's a blaw :
 Blithness, I trow, maun lighten ilka e'e ;
 And ilka canty callant sing like me.

GEORDIE.

Na, na ! a canty spring wad now impart
 Just threefauld sorrow to my heavy heart.
 Thof to the weet my ripen'd aits had fa'en,
 Or shake-winds owre my rigs wi' pith had blawn ;
 To this I could hae said, " I carena by,"
 Nor fund occasion now my cheeks to dry.
 Crosses like thae, or lack o' world's gear,
 Are naething, when we tyne a friend that's dear.
 Ah ! waes me for you, Willie ! mony a day
 Did I wi' you on yon broom-thackit brae

TO THE MEMORY OF DR. WILLIAM WILKIE.

Hound aff my sheep, and let them careless gang
 To hearken to your cheery tale or sang ;—
 Sangs that, for ay, on Caledonia's strand,
 Shall sit the foremost 'mang her tunefu' band.

I dreamt, yestreen, his deadly wraith I saw
 Gang by my een, as white's the driven snaw ;
 My collie, Ringie, youf'd and youl'd a' night ;
 Cour'd and crap nar me, in an unco fright :
 I waken'd, fley'd, and shook baith lith and lim'
 A cauldness took me, and my sight grew dim ;
 I kent that it forsake approaching wae,
 Whan my poor doggie was disturbit sae.
 Nae sooner did the day begin to dawn,
 Than I beyont the knowe fu' speedy ran,
 Whare I was keppit wi' the heavy tale
 That sets ilk dowie sangster to bewail.

DAVIE.

And wha on Fifan bents can weel refuse :
 To gie the tear o' tribute to his Muse ?—

TO THE MEMORY OF DR. WILLIAM WILKIE.

Fareweel ilk cheery spring, ilk canty note,
 Be daffin and ilk idle play forgot ;
 Bring ilka herd the mournfu', mournfu' boughs,
 Rosemary sad, and ever dreary yews ;
 Thae lat be steepit i' the saut, saut tear,
 To weet wi' hallow'd draps his sacred bier,
 Whase sangs will ay in Scotland be rever'd,
 While slow-gawn owsen turn the flow'ry swaird ;
 While bonnie-lammie's lick the dews of spring,
 While gaudsmen whistle, or while birdies sing.

GEORDIE.

'Twas na for weel-tim'd verse or sangs alane,
 He bure the bell frae ilka shepherd swain.
 Nature to him had gi'en a kindly lore,
 Deep, a' her mystic ferlies to explore :
 For a' her secret workings he could gie
 Reasons that wi' her principles agree.
 Ye saw, yoursel, how weel his mailin thrave ;
 Ay better faugh'd and snodit than the lave :

~~~~~  
 TO THE MEMORY OF DR. WILLIAM WILKIE.  
 ~~~~~

Lang had the thistles and the dockans been
 In use to wag their taps upo' the green,
 Whare now his bonny rigs delight the view,
 And thrivin hedges drink the caller dew (1).

DAVIE.

They tell me, Geordie! he had sic a gift,
 That scarce a starnie blinkit frae the lift,
 But he wad some auld warld name for't find,
 As gart him keep it freshly in his mind.
 For this, some ca'd him an uncanny wight:
 The clash gaed round, "he had the second sight;"
 A tale that never fail'd to be the pride
 O' grannies spinnin at the ingle-side.

GEORDIE.

But now he's gane; and Fame, that, whan alive,
 Secnil lats ony o' her votaries thrive,
 Will frae his shinin name a' motes withdraw,
 And on her loudest trump his praises blaw.

TO THE MEMORY OF DR. WILLIAM WILKIE.

Lang may his sacred banes untroubled rest !
 Lang may his truff in gowans gay be drest !
 Scholars and bards unheard of yet shall come,
 And stamp memorials on his grassy tomb,
 Which in yon ancient kirk-yard shall remain,
 Fam'd as the urn that hauds the Mantuan swain.



ELEGY

ON THE

DEATH OF MR. DAVID GREGORY,

*Late Professor of Mathematics in the University
of St. Andrew's.*

NOW mourn, ye college masters a'!

An' frae your een a tear let fa',

Fam'd GREGORY death has ta'en awa'

Without remead;

The skaith ye've met wi's nae that sma',

Sin' Gregory's dead.

The students too will miss him sair,

To school them weel his eident care,

Now they may mourn for ever mair,

They hae great need;

They'll hip the maist feck o' their lear,

Sin' Gregory's dead.

ELEGY ON MR. DAVID GREGORY.

He could, by Euclid, prove lang syne
 A ganging point compos'd a line;
 By numbers too he cou'd divine,
 When he did read,
 That three times three just made up nine;
 But now he's dead.

In Algebra weel skill'd he was,
 An' kent fu' weel proportion's laws;
 He cou'd mak clear baith B's and A's
 Wi' his lang head;
 Rin owre surd roots, but cracks or flaws;
 But now he's dead.

Weel vers'd was he in architecture,
 An' kent the nature o' the sector,
 Upo' baith globes he weel cou'd lecture,
 An' gar's tak heed:
 O' geometry he was the Hector;
 But now he's dead.

ELEGY ON MR. DAVID GREGORY.

Sae weel's he'd fley the students a',
Whan they were skelpin at the ba' :
They took leg-bail, and ran awa'
 Wi' pith and speed:
We winna get a sport sae braw,
 Sin' Gregory's dead.

Great 'casion hae we a' to weep,
And clead our skins in mourning deep,
For Gregory death will fairly keep,
 To tak his nap :
He'll till the resurrection sleep,
 As sound's a tap.



THE
DAFT DAYS.

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

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

=====

THE DAFT DAYS.

=====

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

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

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


~~~~~  
 THE DAFT DAYS.  
 ~~~~~

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

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

Fiddlers ! your pins in temper fix,
 And roset weel your fiddle-sticks ;
 But banish vile Italian tricks
 Frae out your quorum ;
 Nor fortes wi' pianos mix ;—
 Gie's Tullochgorum.

 THE DAFT DAYS.

For nought can cheer the heart sae weel,
 As can a canty Highland reel ;
 It even vivifies the heel

To skip and dance :

Lifeless is he wha canna feel

Its influence.

Let mirth abound ; let social cheer

Invest the dawnin o' the year ;

Let blithsome Innocence appear,

To crown our joy :

Nor Envy, wi' sarcastic sneer,

Our bliss destroy.

And thou, great god of *Aquavite* !

Wha sways the empire o' this city ;—

Whan fou, we're sometimes capernoity ;—

Be thou prepar'd

To hedge us frae that black banditti,

The City Guard.

THE
KING'S BIRTH-DAY

IN EDINBURGH.

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

~~~~~  
POLEMO-MIDDINIA.
~~~~~

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

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

THE KING'S BIRTH-DAY IN EDINBURGH.

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

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

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



-----  
 THE KING'S BIRTH-DAY IN EDINBURGH.  
 -----

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

Right seldom am I gien to bannin,  
 But, by my saul, ye was a cannon,  
 Cou'd hit a man, had he been stannin  
                                   In shire o' Fife  
 Sax lang Scots miles ayont Clackmannan,  
                                   An' tak his life.

The hills in terror wad cry out,  
 And echo to thy dinsome rout ;  
 The herds wad gather in their nowt,  
                                   That glowr'd wi' wonder,  
 Hafflins afraid to bide thereout  
                                   To hear thy thunder.

## THE KING'S BIRTH-DAY IN EDINBURGH.

Sing likewise, Muse, how blue-gown bodies,  
Like scar-craws new ta'en down frae woodies,  
Come here to cast their clouted duddies,

And get their pay:  
Than them what magistrate mair proud is  
On king's birth-day?

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

O soldiers! for your ain dear sakes,  
For Scotland's, *alias* Land of Cakes,  
Gie not her bairns sic deadly pakes,  
Nor be sae rude,

## THE KING'S BIRTH-DAY IN EDINBURGH.

Wi' firelock or Lochaber ax,  
As spill their blude.

Now round and round the serpents whiz,  
Wi' hissing wrath and angry phiz;  
Sometimes they catch a gentle gizz,  
Alake the day!  
And singe, wi' hair-devouring bizz,  
Its curls away.

Shou'd th' owner patiently keek round,  
To view the nature of his wound,  
Dead pussie, draggled through the pond,  
Taks him a lounder,  
Which lays his honour on the ground  
As flat's a flounder.

The Muse maun also now implore  
Auld wives to steek ilk hole and bore;

## THE KING'S BIRTH-DAY IN EDINBURGH.

If baudrons slip but to the door,

I fear, I fear,

She'll no lang shank upon all four

This time o' year.

Next day each hero tells his news

O' crackit crowns and broken brows,

And deeds that here forbid the Muse

Her theme to swell,

Or time mair precious abuse

Their crimes to tell.

She'll rather to the fields resort,

Whare music gars the day seem short,

Whare doggies play, and lammies sport

On gowany braes,

Whare peerless Fancy hauds her court,

And tunes her lays.



CALLER OYSTERS.

~~~~~  
*Happy the man, who, free from care and strife
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A splendid shilling. He nor hears with pain
New oyster's cry'd, nor sighs for cheerful ale.*

PHILLIPS.

~~~~~  
**O'** a' the waters that can hobble,  
A fishing yole, or sa'mon coble,  
And can reward the fisher's trouble,  
Or south or north,  
There's nane sae spacious and sae noble,  
As Firth o' Forth.

In her the skate and codlin sail ;  
The eel, fu' supple, wags her tail ;  
Wi' herrin, fleuk, and mackarel,  
And whytens dainty :

## CALLER OYSTERS.

Their spindleshanks the labsters trail,  
Wi' partans plenty.

Auld Reikie's sons blithe faces wear ;  
September's merry month is near,  
That brings in Neptune's caller cheer,  
New oysters fresh ;  
The halesomest and nicest gear  
O' fish or flesh.

O! then we needna gie a plack  
For dand'ring mountebank or quack,  
Wha o' their drogs sae bauldly crack,  
An' spread sic notions,  
As gar their feckless patients tak  
Their stinking potions.

Come, prie, frail-man! for gin thou'rt sick,  
The oyster is a rare cathartic,

## CALLER OYSTERS.

As ever doctor patient gart lick,  
                                    To cure his ails ;  
Whether you hae the head or heart-ake,  
                                    It ay prevails.

Ye tipplers, open a' your poses :  
Ye, wha are fash'd wi' plouky noses,  
Fling o'er your craig sufficient doses ;  
                                    You'll thole a hunder,  
To fleg awa your simmer roses,  
                                    And naething under.

Whan big as burns the gutters rin,  
Gin ye hae catcht a droukit skin,  
To lucky Middlemist's loup in,  
                                    And sit fu' snug  
Owre oysters and a dram o' gin,  
                                    Or haddock lug.

## CALLER OYSTERS.

Whan auld Saunt Giles, at eight o'clock,  
Gars merchant lowns their shoppies lock,  
There we adjourn wi' hearty fouk  
    To birl our bodles,  
And get wharewi' to crack our joke,  
    And clear our noddles.

When Phœbus did his winnocks steek,  
How aften at that ingle cheek  
Did I my frosty fingers beek,  
    And prie good fare?  
I trow there was nae hame to seek,  
    Whan steghin there.

While glaikit fools, owre rife o' cash  
Pamper their wames wi' fousom trash,  
I think a chiel may gayly pass,  
    He's na ill bodden,  
That gusts his gab wi' oyster sauce,  
    An hen weel sodden.



## CALLER OYSTERS.

At Musselbrough, and eke Newhaven,  
The fisher wives will get top livin  
Whan lads gang out on Sunday's even  
    To treat their joes,  
And tak o' fat pandores a prievm,  
    Or mussel brose.

Then, sometimes, ere they flit their doup,  
They'll aiblins a' their siller coup  
For liquor clear, frae cutty stoup,  
    To weet their wizzen,  
And swallow owre a dainty soup,  
    For fear they gizzen.

A' ye wha canna stand sae sicker,  
Whan twice ye've toom'd the big-ars'd bicker,  
Mix caller oysters wi' your liquor,  
    And I'm your debtor,  
If greedy priest or drowthy vicar  
    Will thole it better.

BRAID CLAITH.

---

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

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

~~~~~  
BRAID CLAITH.
~~~~~

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

On Sabbath-days the barber spark,  
Whan he has done wi' scrapin wark,  
Wi' siller broachie in his sark,  
Gangs trigly, faith!  
Or to the meadow, or the park,  
In gude Braid Claith.

Weel might ye trow, to see them there,  
That they to shave your haffits bare,  
Or curl and sleek a pickle hair,  
Wad be right laith,  
Whan pacing wi' a gawsy air  
In gude Braid Claith.

~~~~~  
 BRAID CLAITH.
 ~~~~~

If ony mettl'd stirrah green  
 Fôr favour frae a lady's een,  
 He maunna care for being seen  
     Before he sheath  
 His body in a scabbard clean  
     O' gude Braid Claith.

For, gin he come wi' coat thread-bare,  
 A feg for him she winna care,  
 But crook her bonny mou' fu' sair,  
     And scald him baith.  
 Wooers should ay their travel spare  
     Without Braid Claith.

Braid Claith lends fouk an unco heese  
 Maks mony kail-worms butterflies,  
 Gies mony a doctor his degrees  
     For little skaith:  
 In short, you may be what you please  
     Wi' gude Braid Claith.



## BRAID CLAITH.

For thof ye had as wise a snout on  
As Shakespeare or Sir Isaac Newton,  
Your judgment fouk wad hae a doubt on,  
I'll tak my aith,  
Till they cou'd see ye wi' a suit on  
O' gude Braid Claith.



ELEGY

ON THE

DEATH OF SCOTS MUSIC.

~~~~~  
*Mark it Cæsario ; it is old and plain,
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with
bones,
Do use to chant it.*

SHAKESPEARE'S TWELFTH NIGHT.

~~~~~  
**O**N Scotia's plains, in days of yore,  
Whan lads and lasses tartan wore,  
Soft Music rang on ilka shore,  
In hamely weed ;  
But Harmony is now no more,  
And Music dead.







~~~~~  
 ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF SCOTS MUSIC.
 ~~~~~

Ilk carline now may grunt and grane,  
 Ilk bonny lassie mak great mane,  
 Since he's awa', I trow there's nae

Can fill his stead ;

The blithest sangster on the plain !

Alake, he's dead.

Now foreign sonnets bear the gree,  
 And crabbed queer variety  
 Of sounds fresh sprung frae Italy,

A bastard breed !

Unlike that saft-tongu'd melody

Which now lies dead.

Cou'd lav'rocks at the dawning day,  
 Cou'd linties chirring frae the spray,  
 Or todling burns that smoothly play

O'er gowden bed,

Compare wi' Birks of Invermay ?

But now they're dead.

## ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF SCOTS MUSIC.

O Scotland! that could aince afford  
To bang the pith of Roman sword,  
Winna your sons, wi' joint accord,  
To battle speed?  
And fight till Music be restor'd,  
Which now lies dead.



HALLOW-FAIR.

AT Hallowmas, whan' nights grow lang,  
And starnies shine fu' clear,  
Whan fouk, the nippin' cauld to bang,  
Their winter hap-warms wear,  
Near Edinbrough a fair there hauds,  
I wat there's nane whase name is,  
For strappin dames an' sturdy lads,  
An' cap an' stoup, mair famous  
Than it that day.

Upo' the tap o' ilka lum  
The sun began to keek,  
And bade the trig-made maidens come  
A sightly joe to seek  
At Hallow-fair, whare browsters rare  
Keep gude ale on the gantries,  
An' dinna scrimp ye o' a skair  
O' kebbucks frae their pantries,  
Fu' saut that day.

## HALLOW FAIR.

Here country John, in bannet blue,  
And eke his sunday's claes on,  
Rins after Meg wi' rokelay new,  
And sappy kisses lay on :  
She'll tauntin' say, " Ye silly coof !  
" Be o' your gab mair sparin' ;"  
He'll tak the hint, and criesh her loof  
Wi' what will buy her fairin',  
To chow that day.

Here chapmen billies tak their stand,  
And shaw their bonny wallies ;  
Wow ! but they lie fu' gleg aff hand  
To trick the silly fallows :  
Heh, sirs ! what cairds and tinklers come,  
An' ne'er-do-weel horse-coupers,  
An' spae-wives, fenzying to be dumb,  
Wi' a' siclike landloupers,  
To thrive that day !



~~~~~  
 HALLOW FAIR.
 ~~~~~

Here Sawney cries, frae Aberdeen,

“ Come ye to me fa need ;

“ The brawest shanks that e'er were seen

“ I'll sell ye cheap an' gude :

“ I wyt they are as proddy hose

“ As come frae weyr or leem :

“ Here, tak a rug, and shaw's your pose ;

Forseeth, my ain's but teem

And light this day.”

Ye wives, ás ye gang through the fair,

O mak your bargains hooly !

O' a' thir wylie louns beware,

Or, fegs ! they will ye spulzie.

For, fairnyear, Meg Thamson got,

Frae thir mischievous villains,

A scaw'd bit o' a penny note,

That lost a score o' shillins

To her that day.

## HALLOW FAIR.

The dinlin drums alarm our cars ;  
The serjeant screechs fu' loud,  
“ A' gentlemen and volunteers  
“ That wish your country gude,  
“ Come here to me, and I sall gie  
“ Twa guineas and a crown ;  
“ A bowl o' punch, that, like the sea,  
“ Will soom a lang dragoon  
“ Wi' ease this day.”

Without, the cuissars prance an' nicker,  
An' owre the lea-rig scud ;  
In tents, the carles bend the bicker,  
And rant and roar like wud.  
Then there's sic yellowchin an' din,  
Wi' wives an' wee-anes gabblin,  
That ane might trow they were a-kin  
To a' the tongues at Babylon,  
Confus'd that day.

## HALLOW FAIR.

Whan Phæbus ligs in Thetis' lap,  
 Auld Reikie gies them shelter,  
 Whare cadgily they kiss the cap,  
 An' ca't round helter-skelter.  
 Jock Bell gaed furth to play his freaks;  
 Great cause he had to rue it;  
 For frae a stark Lochaber ax  
 He gat a clamihewit  
 Fu' sair that night.

"Ohon! (quo' he), I'd rather be  
 "By sword or bagnet stickit,  
 "Than hae my crown or body wi'  
 "Sic deadly weapons nickit."  
 Wi' that he gat anither straik  
 Mair weighty than before,  
 That gart his feckless body aik,  
 An' spew the reckin gore  
 Fu' red that night.

## HALLOW FAIR.

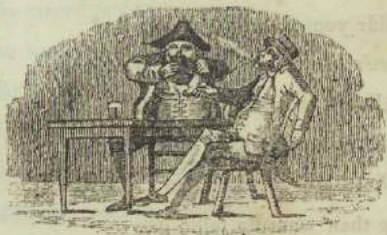
He pechin on the cawsey lay,  
O' kicks and cuffs weel sair'd ;  
A Highland aith the sergeant gae,  
" She maun pe see our guard."  
Out spak the weirlike corporal,  
" Bring in ta drucken sot :"  
They trail'd him ben, and by my saul,  
He paid his drucken groat  
For that neist day.

Gude fouk, as ye come frae the fair,  
Bide yont frae this black squad ;  
There's nae sic savages elsewhere  
Allow'd to wear cockade.  
Than the strong lion's hungry maw,  
Or tusk o' Russian bear,  
Frae their wanruly fellin paw  
Mair cause ye hae to fear  
Your death that day.



## HALLOW FAIR.

A wee soup drink does unco weel,  
To haud the heart aboon ;  
It's gude, as lang's a canny chiel  
Can stand steeve in his shoon.  
But gin a birkie's owre weel sair'd,  
It gars him aften stammer  
To pley that bring him to the guard,  
And eke the council-chaumir  
Wi' shame that day,



ODE

TO THE BEE.

HERDS! blithesome tune your canty reeds,  
And welcome to the gowany meads  
The pride o' a' the insect thrang,  
A stranger to the green sae lang.  
Unfauld ilk buss, and ilka brier,  
The bounties o' the gleesome year,  
To Him whase voice delights the spring;  
Whase soughs the safest slumbers bring.

The trees in simmer cleedin drest,  
The hillocks in their greenest vest,  
The brawest flow'rs rejoic'd we see  
Disclose their sweets, and ca' on thee,  
Blithely to skim on wanton wing  
Thro' a' the fairy haunts o' Spring.

---

 ODE TO THE BEE.
 

---

Whan fields hae gat their dewy gift,  
 An' dawnin breaks upo' the lift,  
 Then gang your wa's thro' hight and howe,  
 Seek caller haugh or sunny knowe,  
 Or ivy craig, or burn-bank brae,  
 Whare industry shall bid you gae,  
 For hieey, or for waxen store,  
 To ding sad poortith frae the door.

Cou'd feckless creature, man, be wise,  
 The simmer o' his life to prize,  
 In winter he might fend fu' bauld,  
 His eild unkend to nippin cauld;  
 Yet thir, alas! are antrin fouk,  
 Wha lade their scape wi' winter stock.  
 Auld age maist feckly glowrs right dour  
 Upo' the ailings o' the poor,  
 Wha houp for nae comforting, save  
 That dowie, dismal house, the grave.

## ODE TO THE BEE.

Then, feeble man, be wise ; tak tent  
How Industry can fetch content :  
Behold the bees whare'er they wing,  
Or thro' the bonny bowers o' Spring,  
Whare vi'lets or whare roses blaw,  
And siller dew-drops nightly fa',  
Or whan on open bent they're seen,  
On hether hill or thistle green ;  
The hiney's still as sweet that flows  
Frae thistle cauld, or kendlin rose.

Frae this the human race may learn  
Reflection's hiney'd draps to earn,  
Whether they tramp life's thorny way,--  
Or thro' the sunny vineyard stray.

Instructive bee ! attend me still ;  
Owre a' my labours sey your skill :  
For thee shall hineysuckles rise,



## ODE TO THE BEE.

Wi' ladin to your busy thighs,  
And ilka shrub surround my cell,  
Whareon ye like to hum and dwell :  
My trees in bourachs owre my ground  
Shall fend ye frae ilk blast o' wind :  
Nor e'er shall herd, wi' ruthless spike,  
Delve out the treasures frae your bike,  
But in my fence be safe, and free  
To live, and work, and sing, like me.

Like thee, by Fancy wing'd, the Muse  
Scuds ear' an' heartsome owre the dews,  
Fu' vogie, an' fou blithe to crap  
The winsome flowers frae Nature's lap,  
Twinin her livin garlands there,  
That lyart Time can ne'er impair.

ON SEEING.

A

BUTTERFLY IN THE STREET.

DAFT gowk, in macaroni dress,  
Are ye come here to shaw your face,  
Bowden wi' pride o' simmer gloss,  
To cast a dash at Reikie's cross ;  
An' glowr at mony a twa-legg'd creature,  
Flees, braw by art, tho' worms by nature ?

Like country laird in city cleeding,  
Ye're come to town to lear' good breeding ;  
To bring ilk darling toast and fashion  
In vogue among the flee creation,  
That they, like buskit belles an' beaux,  
May crook their mou' fu' sour at those

## ON SEEING A BUTTERFLY IN THE STREET.

Whase weird is still to creep, alas !  
 Unnotic'd 'mang the humble grass ;  
 While you, wi' wings new buskit trim,  
 Can far frae yird an' reptiles skin ;  
 Newfangle grown wi' new-got form,  
 You soar aboon your mither worm.

Kind Nature lent but for a day  
 Her wings to mak ye sprush and gay ;  
 In her habuliments a while  
 Ye may your former sell beguile,  
 And ding awa' th vexing thought  
 O' hourly dwinin' into nought,  
 By beengin' to your foppish brithers,  
 Black corbies dress'd in peacock's feathers ;  
 Like thee they dander here an' there,  
 Whan Simmer's blinks are warm an' fair,  
 An' lo'e to snuff the healthy balm,  
 Whan E'enin' spreads her wing sae calm ;

~~~~~  
 ON SEEING A BUTTERFLY IN THE STREET.
 ~~~~~

But whan she girns an' glowrs sae dour  
 Frae Borean houff in angry show'r,  
 Like thee they scour frae street or field,  
 An' hap them in a lyther bield;  
 For they were never made to dree  
 The adverse gloom o' Fortune's e'e,  
 Nor ever pried life's pinin' woes,  
 Nor pu'd the prickles wi' the rose.

Poor Butterfly! thy case I mourn,  
 To green kail-yard an' fruits return:  
 How could you troke the mavis' note  
 For "penny pies all-pipin' hot?"  
 Can lintie's music be compar'd  
 Wi' gruntles frae the City Guard?  
 Or can our flow'rs, at ten hour's bell,  
 The gowan or the spink excel?

Now shou'd our sclates wi' hailstaines ring,  
 What cabbage-fauld wad screen your wing;



## ON SEEING A BUTTERFLY IN THE STREET.

Say, fluttering fairy ! wert thy hap  
To light beneath braw Nanny's cap,  
Wad she, proud butterfly o' May !  
In pity let you skaithless gae ?  
The furies glancing frae her een  
Wad rug your wings o' siller sheen,  
That, wae for thee ! far, far outvy  
Her Paris artist's finest dye ;  
Then a' your bonny spraings wad fall,  
An' you a worm be left to crawl.

To sic mishanter rins the laird  
Wha quits his ha'-house and kail-yard,  
Grows politician, scours to court,  
Whare he's the laughing-stock and sport  
O' Ministers, wha jeer an' jibe,  
An' heese his hopes wi' thought o' bribe,  
Till in the end they flae him bare,  
Leave him to poortith, an' to care.

~~~~~  
ON SEEING A BUTTERFLY IN THE STREET.
~~~~~

Their fleetchin' words owre late he sees,  
He trudges hame, repines, an' dies.

Sic be their fa' wha dirk their ben  
In blackest business nae their ain ;  
An' may they scad their lips fu' leal,  
That dip their spoons in ither's kail.



## TO THE GOWDSPINK.

FRAE fields where Spring her sweets has blawn  
Wi' caller verdure owre the lawn,  
The Gowdspink comes in new attire,  
The brawest 'mang the whistling choir,  
That, ere the sun can clear his een,  
Wi' glib notes sane the Simmer's green.

Sure Nature herried mony a tree,  
For sprains and bonny spats to thee:  
Nae mair the rainbow can impart  
Sic glowin ferlies o' her art,  
Whase pencil wrought its freaks at will  
On thee, the sey-piece o' her skill.  
Nae mair thro' straths in Simmer dight  
We seek the rose to bless our sight;  
Or bid the bonny wa'-flowers sprout  
On yonder ruin's lofty snout.

## ODE TO THE GOWDSPINK.

Thy shinin garments far outstrip  
The cherries upo' Hebe's lip,  
And fool the tints that Nature chose  
To busk and paint the crimson rose.

'Mang men, wae's-heart! we aften find  
The brawest drest want peace o' mind,  
While he that gangs wi' ragged coat  
Is weel contentit wi' his lot.  
Whan wand wi' glewy birdlime's set,  
To steal far aff your dautit mate,  
Blyth wad ye change your cleeding gay  
In lieu of lav'rock's sober gray.  
In vain thro' woods you sair may ban  
The envious treachery of man,  
That wi' your gowden glister ta'en,  
Still hunts you on the Simmer's plain,  
And traps you 'mang the sudden fa's  
O' Winter's dreary, dreepin snaws.



ODE TO THE GOWDSPINK.

---

---

Now steekit frae the gowany field,  
Frae ilka fav'rite houff and bield ;  
But mergh, alas ! to disengage  
Your bonny buik frae fettering cage,  
Your free-born bosom beats in vain  
For darling liberty again.  
In window hung, how aft we see  
Thee keek around at warblers free,  
That carol saft, and sweetly sing  
Wi' a' the blythness o' the Spring ?  
Like Tantalus they hing you here  
To spy the glories o' the year :  
And tho' you're at the burnie's brink,  
They douna suffer you to drink.

Ah, Liberty ! thou bonny dame,  
How wildly wanton is thy stream  
Round whilk the birdies a' rejoice,  
An hail you wi' a gratefu' voice.

~~~~~  
 ODE TO THE GOWDSPINK
 ~~~~~

The Gowdspink chatters joyous here,  
 And courts wi' gleesome sangs his peer :  
 The mavis frae the new-bloom'd thorn  
 Begins his lauds at carest morn ;  
 And herd lowns loupin o'er the grass,  
 Need far less fleetchin to their lass,  
 Than paughty damsels bred at courts,  
 Wha thraw their mou's, and tak the dorts ;  
 But, reft of thee, fient flee we care  
 For a' that life ahint can spare.  
 The Gowdspink, that sae lang has kend  
 Thy happy sweets (his wonted friend),  
 Her sad confinement ill can brook  
 In some dark chaumer's dowie nook ;  
 Tho' Mary's hand his nebb supplies,  
 Unkend to hunger's painfu' cries,  
 Ev'n beauty canna cheer the heart  
 Frae life, frae liberty apart ;  
 For now we tyne its wonted lay,  
 Sae lightsome, sweet, sae blythly gay

ODE TO THE GOWDSPINK.  

---

Thus Fortune aft a curse can gie,  
To wyle us far frae liberty ;  
Then tent her syren smiles wha list,  
I'll ne'er envy your girnel's grist ;  
For whan fair Freedom smiles nae mair,  
Care I for life ; Shame fa' the hair ;  
A field o'ergrown wi' rankest stubble,  
The essence o' a paltry bubble.



CALLER WATER.

WHEN father *Adie* first pat spade in  
The bonny yard o' ancient Eden,  
His amry had nae liquor laid in  
To fire his mou'  
Nor did he thole his wife's upbraidin'  
For being fou'.

A caller burn o' siller sheen,  
Ran cannily out-owre the green,  
And whan our gutcher's drouth had been  
To bide right sair,  
He loutit down and drank bedeen  
A dainty skair.

His bairns had a' before the flood  
A langer tack o' flesh and blood,  
And on mair pithy shanks they stood  
Than Noah's line.  
Wha still hae been a feckless brood  
Wi' drinking wise.





## CALLER WATER.

But we'll hae nae sic clitter-clatter;  
And briefly to expound the matter,  
It shall be ca'd guid Caller Water,  
Than whilk I trow,  
Few drugs in doctor's shops are better  
For me or you.

Tho' joints be stiff as ony rung,  
Your pith wi' pain be sairly dung,  
Be you in Caller Water flung  
Out o'er the lugs  
'Twill mak ye souple, swack and young,  
Withouten drugs.

Tho' cholic or the heart-scad tease us,  
Or ony inward dwaam should seize us,  
It masters a' sic fell diseases,  
That wad ye spulzie,  
And brings them to a canny crisis  
Wi' little tulzie.

CALLER WATER.

Wer't na for it the bonny lasses  
 Wad glow'r nae mair in keeking glasses,  
 An' soon tine dint o' a' the graces  
     That aft convey  
 In gleefu' looks an' bonny faces,  
     To catch our een.

The fairest then might die a maid,  
 An' Cupid quit his shooting trade,  
 For wha thro' clarty masquerade  
     Cou'd then discover,  
 Whether the features under shade  
     Were worth a lover?

As Simmer rains bring Simmer flowers,  
 An' leaves to clead the birken bowers,  
 Sae beauty gets by caller showers,  
     Sae rich a bloom,  
 As for estate, or heavy dowers,  
     Aft stands in room.

~~~~~  
CALLER WATER.
~~~~~

What maks Auld Reikie's dames sae fair ?

It cannot be the halesome air,

But caller burn, beyond compare,

The best o' ony,

That gars them a' sic graces skair,

An' blink sae bonny.

On May-day, in a fairy ring,

We've seen them round St Anthon's spring,

Frae grass the caller dew-draps wring

To weet their een,

And water clear as crystal spring,

To synd them clean.

O may they still pursue the way,

To look sae feat, sae clean, sae gay !

Then shall their beauties glance like May,

And, like her, be

The Goddess of the vocal spray,

The Muse, and me.



THE SITTING OF THE SESSION.

PHŒBUS, sair cow'd wi' Simmer's high,  
Cours near the yird wi' blinkin light ;  
Cauld shaw the haughs, nae mair bedight  
                    Wi' Simmer's claes,  
Which heese the heart o' dowie wight  
                    That thro' them gaes.

Weel loes me o' you, Business ! now ;  
For ye'll weet mony a drouthy mou,  
That's lang a geyzenin gane for you,  
                    Withouten fill  
O' dribbles frae the gude brown cow,  
                    Or Highland gill.

The Court o' Session, weel wat I,  
Pits ilk chiel's whittle i' the pye ;  
Can criesh the slaw-gaun wheels whan dry,  
                    Till Session's done ;

THE SITTING OF THE SESSION.

Tho' they'll gie mony a cheep and cry,

Or twalt o' June.

Ye benders a', that dwell in joot,

You'll tak your liquor clean cap out;

Synd your mouse-wabs wi' reamin stout,

While ye hae cash,

And gar your cares a' tak the rout,

And thumb ne'er fash.

Rob Gibb's grey giz, new-frizzled fine,

Will white as ony snaw-ba' shine;

Weel does he loe the lawen coin,

Whan dossied down

For whisky gills, or dribs o' wine,

In cauld forenoon.

Bar-keepers, now, at outer door,

Tak tent as fouk gang back and fore;

THE SITTING OF THE SESSION.

The fient ane there but pays his score ;  
 Nane wins toll-frice ;  
 Tho' ye've a cause the House before,  
 Or agent be.

Gin ony, here, wi' canker knocks,  
 And has na lows'd his siller pocks,  
 Ye needna think to flectch or cox ;—

“ Come, shaw's your gear :—

“ Ae scabbit yowe spoils twenty flocks :—

“ Ye's no be here.”

Now, at the door they'll raise a plea :—

Crack on, my lads ; for flytin's free ;

For gin ye shou'd tongue-tacket be,

The mair's the pity,

When scauldin but and ben we see,

*Pendente lite.*

## THE SITTING OF THE SESSION.

The lawyers' shelves, and printers' presses,

Grain unco sair wi' weighty cases ;

The clerk in toil his pleasure places,

To thrive bedeen :

At five hours' bell scribes shaw their faces,

And rake their een.

The country fook to lawyers crook :—

“ Ah, weels me o' your bonny buik !

“ The benmost part o' my kist-nook

“ I'll-ripe for thee,

“ And willin ware my hindmost rook

“ For my decree.”

But Law's a draw-well unco deep,

Withouten rim fook out to keep ;

A donnart chiel, whan drunk, may dreep

Fu' sleely in,

But finds the gate baith stey and steep,

Ere out he win.



THE

RIISING OF THE SESSION.

**T**O a' men livin be it kend,  
The Session now is at an end :  
Writers, your finger-nebbs unbend,  
                                  And quat the pen,  
Till time, wi' lyart pow shall send  
                                  Bliithe June again.

Tir'd o' the law and a' its phrases,  
The wylie writers, rich as Cræsus,  
Hurl frae the town in hackney chaises,  
                                  For country cheer :  
The powney that in spring-time grazes  
                                  Thrives a' the year.

Ye lawyers, bid fareweel to lies,  
Fareweel to din ;—fareweel to fees :—

THE RISING OF THE SESSION.

The canny hours o' rest may please,  
                                   Instead o' siller :  
 Hain'd mu'ter hauds the mill at ease,  
                                   And fends the miller.

Blithe may they be wha wanton play  
 In Fortune's bouny blinkin ray,  
 Fu' weel can they ding dool away,  
                                   Wi' comrades couthy,  
 And never dree a hungert day,  
                                   Or e'enin drouthy.

Ohon the day ! for him that's laid  
 In dowie poortith's cauldribe shade ;  
 Aiblins owre honest for his trade,  
                                   He racks his wits,  
 How he may get his buik weel clad,  
                                   And fill his guts.

---

 THE RISING OF THE SESSION.
 

---

The farmers' sons, as yap as sparrows,  
 Are glad, I trow, to flee the barras,  
 And whistle to the pleugh and harrows

At barley seed :

What writer wadna gang as far as  
 He could for bread.

After their yokin, I wat weel  
 They'll stoo the kebbuck to the heel ;  
 Eith can the pleugh-stilts gar a chiel  
 Be unco vogie,  
 Clean to lick aff his crowdy-meal,  
 And scart his cogie.

Now mony a fallow's dung adrift  
 To a' the blasts beneath the lift ;  
 And tho' their stamack's aft in tift,  
 In vacance time,  
 Yet seem'd do they ken the rift  
 O' stappit wame.

~~~~~  
 THE RISING OF THE SESSION.
 ~~~~~

Now gin a notar shou'd be wanted,  
 You'll find the pillars gayly planted;  
 For little thing protests are granted  
     Upo' a bill,  
 And weightiest matters covenanted  
     For half a gill,

Nae body taks a mornin drib  
 O' Holland gin frae Robin Gibb;  
 And tho' a dram to Rob's mair sib  
     Than is his wife,  
 He maun tak time to daut his Rib,  
     Till siller's rife.

This vacance is a heavy doom  
 On Indian Peter's coffee-room,  
 For a' his china pigs are toom;  
     Nor do we see  
 In wine the sucker biskets soom  
     As light's a flee.





LEITH RACES.

IN July month, ae bonny morn  
When Nature's rokelay green  
Was spread owre ilka rig o' corn,  
To charm our rovin een ;  
Glowrin about, I saw a quean,  
The fairest 'neath the lift :  
Her een were o' the siller sheen ;  
Her skin, like snawy drift.

Sae white that day.

Quo' she, " I ferly unco sair,  
" That ye sud musin gae ;  
" Ye wha hae sung o' Hallow-fair,  
" Her Winter's pranks, and play ;  
" Whan on Leith-sands the racers rare  
" Wi' Jocky louns are met,  
" Their orra pennies there to ware,  
" And drown themsels in debt

Fu' deep that day."

## LEITH RACES.

And wha are ye, my winsome dear,

That taks the gate sae early ?

Whare do ye win, gin ane may spier ;

For I right meikle ferly,

That sic braw buskit laughin lass

Thir bonny blinks shou'd gie,

And loup, like Hebe, owre the grass,

As wanton, and as free

Frae dool this day ?

“ I dwell amang the caller springs

“ That weet the Land o' Cakes,

“ And aften tune my canty strings

“ At bridals and late-wakes.

“ They ca' me MIRTH :—I ne'er was kend

“ To grumble or look sour ;

“ But blithe wad be a lift to lend,

“ Gif ye wad sey my power,

And pith, this day.”

## LEITH RACES.

A bargain be't ; and by my fegs !  
 Gif ye will be my mate,  
 Wi' you I'll screw the cheery pegs ;  
 Ye shanna find me blate :  
 We'll reel and ramble thro' the sands,  
 And jeer wi' a' we meet ;  
 Nor hip the daft and gleesome bands  
 That fill Edina's street  
 Sae thrang this day.

Ere servant-maids had wont to rise  
 To seethe the breakfast kettle,  
 Ilk dame her brawest ribbons tries,  
 To put her on her mettle,  
 Wi' wiles some silly chiel to trap,  
 (And troth he's fain to get her) ;  
 But she'll crawl kniefly in his crap,  
 When, wow ! he canna flit her  
 Frae hame that day.



## LEITH RACES.

Now, mony a scaw'd and bare-ars'd loun  
 Rise early to their wark :  
 Enough to fley a muckle town,  
 Wi' dinsome squeel and bark.  
 " Here is the true and faithfu' list  
 " O' Noblemen and Horses ;  
 " Their eild, their weight, their height, their grist,  
 " That rin for plates or purses,  
 " Fu' fleet this day."

To whisky plouks that brunt for ouks  
 On town-guard sodgers' faces,  
 Their barber bauld his whittle crooks  
 And scrapes them for the races.  
 Their stumps, erst used to philibegs,  
 Are dight in spatterdashes,  
 Whase barkent hides scarce fend their legs  
 Frae wet and weary slashes  
 O' dirt that day.

## LEITH RACES.

"Come, hafe a care (the Captain cries),  
 "On guns your bagnets thraw;  
 "Now mind your manual exercise,  
 "And marsh down raw by raw."  
 And as they march, he'll glowr about,  
 'Tent a' their cuts and scars:  
 'Mang them fell mony a gawsy snout  
 Has gusht in birth-day wars,  
 Wi' blude that day.

Her nainsel maun be carefu' now,  
 Nor maun she be mislear'd,  
 Sin baxter lads hae seal'd a vow,  
 To skelp and clout the guard.  
 I'm sure Auld Reikie kens o' nane  
 That wad be sorry at it,  
 Tho' they should dearly pay the kain,  
 And get their tails weel sautit,  
 And sair, thir days.

## LEITH RACES.

The tinkler billies i' the Bow,  
 Are now less cident clinkin ;  
 As lang's their pith or siller dow,  
 They're daffin and they're drinkin.  
 Bedown Leith Walk, what burrachis reel,  
 O' ilka trade and station,  
 That gar their wives and childer feel  
 Toom wames, for their libation  
 O' drink thir days !

The browster wives thegither harl  
 A' trash that they can fa' on ;  
 They rake the grunds o' ilka barrel,  
 To profit by the lawen :  
 For weel wat they, a skin leal het  
 For drinkin needs nae hire ;  
 At drumly gear they tak nae pet ;  
 Foul water slockens fire,  
 And drouth, thir days.

## LEITH RACES.

They say, ill ale has been the dead  
 O' mony a bearded loun:  
 Then dinna gape like gleds, wi' greed,  
 To sweel hale bickers down.  
 Gin Lord send mony ane the morn,  
 They'll ban fu' sair the time  
 That e'er they toutit aff the horn,  
 Which wambles thro' their wame  
 Wi' pain that day.

The Buchan bodies, thro' the beach,  
 Their bunch of Findrams cry;  
 And skirl out bauld, in Norlan speech,  
 "Guid speldins;—fa will buy?"  
 And, by my saul, they're nae wrang gear  
 To gust a stirrah's mou;  
 Weel staw'd wi' them, he'll never spier  
 The price o' being fu'  
 Wi' drink that day.



## LEITH RACES.

Now wylie wights at rowly-powl,  
 And flingin o' the dice,  
 Here brak the banes o' mony a soul  
 Wi' fa's upo' the ice.  
 At first the gate seems fair and straught;  
 Sae they haud fairly till her:  
 But, wow! in spite o' a' their maught,  
 They're rookit o' their siller,  
 And gowd, thir days.

Around, whare'er ye fling your een,  
 The haiks, like wind, are scourin:  
 Some chaises honest fock contain;  
 And some hae mony a whore in.  
 Wi' rose and lily, red and white,  
 They gie themsels sic fit airs;  
 Like Dian, they will seem perfite;  
 But it's nae gowd that glitters  
 Wi' them thir days.

## LEITH RACES.

The Lion here, wi' open paw,  
 May cleek in mony hunder,  
 Wha geck at Scotland and her law,  
 His wylie talons under :  
 For, ken, tho' Jamie's laws are auld,  
 (Thanks to the wise recorder !)  
 His Lion yet roars loud and bauld,  
 To haud the Whigs in order,  
 Sae prime this day.

To town-guard drum of clangor clear,  
 Baith men and steeds are raingit :  
 Some liveries red or yellow wear ;  
 And some are tartan spraingit.  
 And now the red,—the blue e'en now,  
 Bids fairest for the market ;  
 But, ere the sport be done, I trow,  
 Their skins are gayly yarkit,  
 And peel'd, this days.

## LEITH RACES.

Siclike in Robinhood debates,  
 Whan two chieles hae a pingle :  
 E'en now, some coulie gets his aits,  
 And dirt wi' words they mingle ;  
 Till up louns he, wi' diction fu',  
 There's lang and dreech contestin ;  
 For now they're near the point in view ;—  
 Now, ten miles frae the question  
 In hand that night.

The races owre, they hale the dools  
 Wi' drink o' a kin-kind ;  
 Great feck gae hirpling hame, like fools ;  
 The cripple lead the blind.  
 May ne'er the canker o' the drink  
 Mak our bauld spirits thrawart,  
 'Case we get wherewitha' to wink  
 Wi' een as blue's a blawart,  
 Wi' straits thir days!

THE  
FARMER'S INGLE.

*Et multo in primis hilarans convivio Baccho,  
Ante focum, si frigus erit.*

VIRG. BUC.

WHAN gloamin grey out-owre the welkin keeks;  
Whan Batic ca's his owsen to the byre ;  
Whan Thrasher John, sair dung, his barn-door  
steeks,  
And lusty lasses at the dightin tire ;  
What bangs fu' leal the e'enings coming cauld,  
And gars snaw-tappit Winter freeze in vain ;  
Gars dowie mortals look baith blithe and bauld,  
Nor fley'd wi' a' the poortith o' the plain ;  
Begin, my Muse ! and chant in hamely strain.



=====

THE FARMER'S INGLE

=====

Frae the big stack, weel winnow't on the hill,  
 Wi' divots theekit frae the weet and drift ;  
 Sods, peats, and heathery trufs the chimley fill,  
 And gar their thickening sneek salute the lift.  
 The gudeman, new come hame, is blithe to find,  
 Whan he out-owre the hallan flings his een,  
 That ilka turn is handled to his mind ;  
 That a' his housie looks sae cosh and clean ;  
 For cleanly house loes he, tho' e'er sae mean.

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

~~~~~  
 THE FARMER'S INGLE.
 ~~~~~

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

On sicken food has mony a doughty deed  
 By Caledonia's ancestors been done ;  
 By this did mony o wight fu' weirlike bleed  
 In brulzies frae the dawn to set o' sun.  
 'Twas this that braced their gardies stiff' and  
 strang ;  
 That bent the deadly yew in ancient days ;  
 Laid Denmark's daring sons on yird along ;

---

 THE FARMER'S INGLE.
 

---

Gar'd Scottish thistles bang the Roman bays ;  
 For near our crest their heads they doughtna raise.

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

The fient a cheep's among the bairnies now ;  
 For a' their anger's wi' their hunger gane :  
 Ay maun the childer, wi' a fastin mou',  
 Grumble and greet, and mak an unco mane.  
 In rangles round, before the ingle's lowe,  
 Frae Gudame's mouth auld-warld tales they  
 hear,

THE FARMER'S INGLE.

O' warlocks loupin round the wirrikow :  
 O' ghaists that win in glen and kirkyard drear,  
 Whilk touzles a' their tap, and gars them shake  
 wi' fear!

For weel she trows that fiends and fairies be  
 Sent frae the deil to fletch us to our ill ;  
 That kye hae tint their milk wi' evil e'e ;  
 And corn been scowder'd on the glowin kll.  
 O mock na this, my friends ! but rather mourn,  
 Ye in life's bravest spring wi' reason clear ;  
 Wi' eild our idle fancies a' return,  
 And dim our dolefu' days wi' bairnly fear ;  
 The mind's ay cradled whan the grave is near.

Yet thrift, industrious, bides her latest days,  
 Tho' age her sair-dow'd front wi' runcles wave ;  
 Yet frae the russet lap the spindle plays ;  
 Her c'emin stent reels she as weel's the lave.



---

 THE FARMER'S INGLE.
 

---

On some feast-day, the wee things, buskit braw,  
 Shall heeze her heart up wi' a silent joy,  
 Fu' cadgie that her head was up, and saw  
 Her ain spun cleedin on a darling boy ;  
 Careless tho' death should mak the feast her foy.

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

Frae him the lads their mornin counsel tak ;  
 What stacks he wants to thrash ; what rigs to  
 till ;

~~~~~  
 THE FARMER'S INGLE.
 ~~~~~

How big a birn maun lie on Bassie's back,  
 For meal and mu'ter to the thirlin mill.  
 Neist, the gudewife her hirelin damsels bids  
 Glowr thro' the byre, and see the hawkies bound;  
 Tak tent, 'case Crummy tak her wonted tids,  
 And ca' the laiglen's treasure on the ground,  
 Whilk spills a kebbuck nice, or yellow pound.

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

Peace to the husbandman and a' his tribe,  
 Whase care fells a' our wants frae year to year!

THE FARMER'S INGLE.  
-----

Lang may his sock and cou'ter turn the glybe,  
And banks o' corn bend down wi' laded ear!  
May Scotia's simmers ay look gay and green;  
Her yellow har'sts frae scowry blasts decreed!  
May a' her tenants sit fu' snug and bien,  
Frae the hard grip o' ails, and poortith freed;  
And a lang lasting train o' peacefu' hours suc-  
ceed!



THE  
ELECTION.

*Nunc est bibendum, et bendere Bickerum magnum:  
Cavete Town-Guardum, D——l G—dd—m  
ataque C—pb—m.*

**R**EJOICE, ye Burghers! ane and a';  
Lang look't for's come at last:  
Sair were your backs held to the wa',  
Wi' poortith and wi' fast.  
Now ye may clap your wings and craw,  
And gayly busk ilk feather,  
For deacon cocks hae pass'd a law,  
To rax and weet your leather  
Wi' drink thir days.

Haste, Epps! quo' John, and bring my giz;  
Tak tent ye dinna't spulzie:  
Last night the barber gae't a friz,  
And strakit it wi' ulzie.



---

 THE ELECTION.
 

---

Hae done your parritch, lassie Liz!

Gie me my sark and gravat;

I se he as braw's the deacon is,

Whan he taks affidavit

O' faith the day.

“Whare's Johnny gaun (cries neebour Bess),

“That he's sae gayly bodin,

“Wi' new-kam'd wig, weel syndet face,

“Silk hose, for hamely hodin?”

“Our Johnny's nae sma drink, you'll guess;

“He's trig as ony muircock,

“And forth to mak a deacon, lass;

“He downa speak to poor fouk

“Like us the day.”

The coat, ben-by i' the kist-nook,

That's been this towmonth swarmin,

Is brought aince mair thereout to look,

To fleg awa the vermin.

---

 THE ELECTION.
 

---

Menzies o' moths and flaes are shook,  
 And i' the floor they howder,  
 Till, in a birn, beneath the crook,  
 They're singit wi' a scowder  
                                             To death that day.

The canty cobler quats his sta',  
 His roset and his lingans;  
 His buik has dree'd a sair, sair fa',  
 Frae meals o' bread and ingans.  
 Now he's a pow o' wit and law,  
 And taunts at soles and heels;  
 To Walker's he can rin awa,  
 There whang his creams and jeels  
                                             Wi' life that day.

The lads, in order tak their seat;  
 (The deil may claw the clungest!)  
 They stech and connach sae the meat,  
 Their teeth mak mair than tongue haste.

---

 THE ELECTION.
 

---

Their claes sae cleanly tight and feat,  
 And eke their craw-black beavers,  
 Like masters mows hae fund the gate  
 To tassels teugh wi slavers  
 Fu' lang that day.

The dinner done,—for brandy strang  
 They cry, to weet their thrapple;  
 To gar the stamack bide the bang,  
 Nor wi' its ladin grapple.  
 The grace is said;—it's nae owre lang:—  
 The claret reams in bells;—  
 Quo' Deacon, "Let the toast round gang:  
 "Come, Here's our Noble Sels  
 "Weel met the day!"

Weels me o' drink, quo cooper Will,  
 My barrel has been geiz'd ay,  
 And has na gotten sic a fill,  
 Sin fou on Hansel-Teysday:

## THE ELECTION.

But maks na ; now it's got a sweel ;

Ae gird I shanna cast, lad !

Or, else, I wish the horned deil

May Will wi' kittle cast dad

To h-ll the day !

The magistrates fu' wylie are ;

Their lamps are gayly blinkin ;

But they might as lieve burn elsewhere,

Whan fouk's blind-fou' wi' drinkin.

Our Deacon wadna ca' a chair ;

The foul ane durst him na-say !

He took shanks-naig ; but, fient may care ;

He arslins kiss'd the cawsey

Wi' bir that night.

Weel loes me o' you, souter Jock !

For tricks ye buit be tryin :

Whan grapin for his ain bed-stock,

He fa's whare Will's wife's lyin,



---

 THE ELECTION.
 

---

Will, comin hame wi' ither fouk,  
 He saw Jock there before him ;  
 Wi' maister laiglen, like a brock,  
 He did wi' stink maist smoor him,  
 Fu' strang that night.

Then wi' a souple leathern whang  
 He gart them fidge and girn ay :—  
 " Faith, chiel ! ye's no for naething gang,  
 " Gin ye maun reel my pirny."  
 Syne, wi' a muckle elshin lang  
 He brodit Maggie's hurdies ;  
 And 'cause he thought her i' the wrang,  
 There pass'd nae bonnie wordies  
 'Tween them that night.

Now, had some laird his lady fand  
 In sic unseemly courses,  
 It might hae lows'd the haly band,  
 Wi' law-suits and divorces :

~~~~~  
 THE ELECTION.
 ~~~~~

But the niest day, they a' shook hands,  
 And ilka crack did sowder,  
 While Meg for drink her apron pawns,  
 For a' the gudeman cow'd her  
 Whan fou' last night.

Glowr round the cawsey, up and down,  
 What mobbing and what plotting !  
 Here politicians bribe a lown  
 Against his saul for voting.  
 The gowd that inlakes half a crown  
 Thir blades lug out to try them,  
 They pouch the gowd, nor fash the town  
 For weights and scales to weigh them.  
 Exact that day.

Then Deacons at the counsel stent  
 To get themsel's presentit :  
 For towmonths twa their saul is lent,  
 For the town's gude indentit :

---

 THE ELECTION.
 

---

Lang's their debating thereanent,  
 About protests they're bauthrin ;  
 While Sandy Fife, to mak content,  
 On bells plays, "Clout the Caudron,"  
 To them that day.

Ye lowns that troke in doctor's stuff,  
 You'll now hae unco slaisters ;  
 Whan windy blaws their stamacks puff,  
 They'll need baith pills and plaisters :  
 For tho' e'en-now they look richt bluff,  
 Sic drinks, ere hillocks meet,  
 Will hap some deacons in a truff,  
 Ingrow'd i' the lang leet  
 O' death yon night.



TO THE

TRON-KIRK BELL.

---

WANWORDY, crazy, dinsome thing,  
As e'er was fram'd to jow or ring,  
What gar'd them sic in steeple hing  
                    They ken themsel',  
But weel wat I they cou'dna bring  
                    Waur sounds frae h-ll.

What deil are ye? that I shou'd bann,  
Your neither kin to pat nor pan,  
Nor ulzie pig, nor maister cann,  
                    But weel may gie  
Mair pleasure to the ear o' man  
                    Than stroke o' thee.





TO THE TRON-KIRK BELL.

For whan I've toom'd the meikle cap,  
And fain wad fa' owre in a nap,  
Troth I cou'd dose as soun's a tap,  
Wer't na' for thee,  
That gies the tither weary chap  
To waken me.

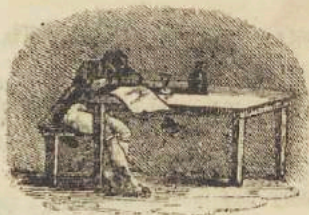
I dreamt ae night I saw Auld Nick ;  
Quo' he, " This bell o' mine's a trick,  
" A wylie piece o' politic,  
" A cummin snare  
" To trap fouk in a cloven stick,  
" Ere they're aware.

" As lang's my dautit bell lings there,  
" A' body at the kirk will skair ;  
" Quo' they, gif he that preaches there  
" Like it can wound,  
" We dinna care a single hair  
" For joyfu' sound."

~~~~~  
 TO THE TRON-KIRK BELL.
 ~~~~~

If magistrates wi' me wad gree,  
 For ay tongue-tackit shou'd you be ;  
 Nor fleg wi' anti-melody  
                   Sic honest fouk,  
 Whase lugs were never made to dree  
                   Thy dolefu' shock,

But, far frae thee the bailies dwell,  
 Or they wad scunner at thy knell ;  
 Gie the Foul Thief his riven bell,  
                   And then, I trow,  
 The by-word hauds, " The deil himsel  
                   " Has got his due."



MUTUAL COMPLAINT

OF PLAINSTANES AND CAUSEY.

*In their Mother Tongue.*

SIN' Merlin laid Auld Réikie's causey,  
And made her o' his wark right saucy,  
The spacious-street and gude plainstanes  
Were never kend to crack but anes,  
Which happen'd on the hinder night,  
Whan Fraser's (2) ulzie tint its light;  
O' Highland sentries nane were waukin,  
To hear their cronies glibly taukin;  
For them this wonder might hae rotten,  
And, like night robb'ry, been forgotten,  
Hádna a cadie, wi' his lanthorn,  
Been gleg enough to hear them bant'rin,  
Wha cam to me neist mornin' early,  
To gie me tidings o' this ferly.



---

 THE MUTUAL COMPLAINT.
 

---

Ye tauntin louns, trow this nae joke,  
 For anes the ass o' Balaam spoke,  
 Better than lawyers do, forsooth,  
 For it spak naething but the truth!  
 Whether they follow its example,  
 You'll ken best whan you hear the sample.

## PLAINSTANES.

My friend, thir hunder years and mair  
 We've been forfoughen late and ear',  
 In sunshine, and in weety weather,  
 Our thrawart lot we bure thegither.  
 I never growl'd, but was content  
 Whan ilk ane had an equal stent,  
 But now to flyte I'se een be bauld,  
 When I'm wi' sic a grievance thrall'd;  
 How haps it, say, that mealy bakers,  
 Hair-kaimers, creeshy gizy-makers,  
 Shou'd a' get leave to waste their powders  
 Upo' my beaux and ladies' shoulders?

---

 THE MUTUAL COMPLAINT.
 

---

My travellers are fley'd to deid  
 Wi' creels wanchancy, heap'd wi' bread,  
 Frae whilk hing down uncanny nicksticks,  
 That aften gie the maidens sic licks,  
 As mak them blithe to skreen their faces,  
 Wi' hats and muckle maun bon-graces,  
 And cheat the lads that fain wad see  
 The glances o' a pauky e'e,  
 Or gie their loves a wylie wink,  
 That erst might lend their hearts a clink!  
 Speak, was I made to dree the lading  
 O' Gallic chairmen's heavy treadin,  
 Wha in my tender buke bore holes  
 Wi' waefu' tacketts i' the soals  
 O' broggs, whilk on my body tramp,  
 And woud like death at ilka clamp?  
 CAUSEY.  
 Weel crackit, friend!—It aft hauds true,  
 'Bout naething fook mak maist ado.

---

 THE MUTUAL COMPLAINT.
 

---

Weel ken ye tho' ye doughtna tell,  
 I pay the sairest kain mysel,  
 Owre me, ilk day, big waggons rumble,  
 And a' my fabric birze and jumble.  
 Owre me the muckle horses gallop,  
 Eneugh to rub my very saul up ;  
 And coachmen never trow they're sinnin',  
 While down the street their wheels are spinnin'.  
 Like thee, do I not bide the brunt  
 O' Highland chairmens' heavy dunt ?  
 Yet I hae never thought o' breathing  
 Complaint, or makin din for naething.

## PLAINSTANES.

Haud sae, and let me get a word in ;  
 Your back's best fitted for the burden :  
 And I can eithly tell you why,  
 Ye're doughtier by far than I :  
 For whinstanes houkit free the craigs,  
 May thole the prancin feet o' naigs,

THE MUTUAL COMPLAINT.

Nor ever fear uncanny hotches  
 Frae clumsy carts or hackney coaches ;  
 While I, a weak and feckless creature,  
 Am moulded by a safer nature.  
 Wi' mason's chissel dighted neat,  
 To gar me look baith clean and feat,  
 I scarce can bear a sairer thump  
 Than comes frae sole o' shoe or pump,  
 I grant, indeed, that now and then,  
 Yield to a paten's pith I maun :  
 But paten's though they're aften plenty,  
 Are ay laid down wi' feet fou' tenty ;  
 And strokes frae ladies, tho' they're teazin,  
 I freely maun avow are pleasin.  
     For what use was I made, I wonder ?  
 It was nae tamely to chap under  
 The weight o' ilka codroch chiel,  
 That does my skin to targets peel.  
 But gin I guess aright, my trade is  
 To fend frao skaith the bonny ladies ;



---

 THE MUTUAL COMPLAINT.
 

---

To keep the bairnies free frae harms  
 Whan airin i' their nurses' arms;  
 To be a safe and canny bield  
 For growin youth or droopin cild.

Tak then frae me the heavy load  
 O' burden-bearers heavy shod ;  
 Or, by my troth, the gude auld town sall  
 Hae this affair before the Council.

## CAUSEY.

I dinna care a single jot ;  
 Tho' summon'd by a shelly-coat ;  
 Sae lealy I'll propone defences,  
 As get ye flung for my expences.  
 Your libel I'll impugn *verbatim*,  
 And hae a *magnum damnum datum* :  
 For, tho' frae Arthur's Seat I sprang,  
 And am in constitution strang,  
 Wad it na fret the hardest stane

~~~~~  
 THE MUTUAL COMPLAINT.
 ~~~~~

Beneath the Luckenbooths to grane?  
 Tho' magistrates the Cross discard,  
 It maks na, whan they leave the Guard,—  
 A lumbbersome and stinkin biggin,  
 That rides the sairest on my riggin.  
 Poor me o'er meikle do ye blame,  
 For tradesmen trampin on your wame;  
 Yet a' your advocates, and braw fouk,  
 Come still to me 'twixt ane and twa o'Clock,  
 And never yet were kent to range  
 At Charlie's Statue or Exchange.  
 Then, tak your beaux and macaronies;  
 Gie me trades' fouk, and country Johnnies;  
 The deil's in't gin ye dinna sign  
 Your sentiments conjunct wi' mine.

## PLAINSTANES.

Gin we twa cou'd be as auldfarrant,  
 As gar the Council gie a warrant,

=====

THE MUTUAL COMPLAINT.

=====

Ilk loun rebellious to tak,  
 Wha walks not i' the proper track,  
 And o' three shillins Scottish suck him ;  
 Or in the water-hole sair douk him ;  
 This might assist the poor's collection,  
 And gie baith parties satisfaction.

## CAWSEY.

But first, I think, it will be good,  
 To bring it to the Robinhood, (3)  
 Where we sall hae the question stated,  
 And keen and crabbitly debated,—  
 Whether the provost and the bailies,  
 For the town's gude whase daily toil is,  
 Shou'd listen to our joint petitions,  
 And see obtemper'd the conditions.

## PLAINSTANES.

Content am I.—But east the gate is  
 The Sun, wha taks his leave o' Thetis,

## THE MUTUAL COMPLAINT.

And comes to wauken honest fouk,  
That gang to wark at sax o'Clock.  
It sets us to be dumb a while,  
And let our words gie place to toil.





## A DRINK ECLOGUE.

LANDLADY, BRANDY, AND WHISKY.

---

ON auld worm-eaten skelf, in cellar dunk,  
Whare hearty benders synd their drouthy trunk,  
Twa chappin bottles, bang'd wi' liquor fu',  
Brandy the tane,—the tither Whisky blue,—  
Grew canker'd ; for the twa were het within,  
And het-skinn'd fouk to flytin soon begin.  
The Frenchman fizz'd, and first wad foot the field,  
While paughty Scotsman scorn'd to beenge or  
yield.

### BRANDY.

Black be your fa', ye cotter loun mislear'd !  
Blawn by the Porters, Chairmen, City Guard :  
Hae ye nae breedin, that you cock your nose  
Against my sweetly-gusted cordial dose ?  
I've been near pawky courts, and, aften there,  
Hae ca'd hysterics frae the dowie fair ;

~~~~~  
 A DRINK ECLOGUE.
 ~~~~~

And courtiers aft gaed greenin for my smack,  
 To gar them bauldly glowr, and gashly crack.  
 The priest, to bang mishanters black, and cares,  
 Has sought me in his closet for his prayers.  
 What tid then taks the fates, that they can thole  
 Thrawart to fix me i' this weary hole,  
 Sair fash'd wi' din, wi' darkness, and wi' stinks,  
 Whare cheery day-light thro' the mirk ne'er blinks?

~~~~~  
 WHISKY.
 ~~~~~

But ye maun be content, and maunna rue  
 Tho' erst ye've bizz'd in bonny madam's mou.  
 Wi' thoughts like thae, your heart may sairly dunt,  
 The warld's now chang'd; it's nae like use and  
 wont:  
 For here, wae's me! there's nouthor lord nor laird  
 Comes to get heartscad frae their stamack skair'd,  
 Nae mair your courtier louns will shaw their face;  
 For they glowr eery at a friend's disgrace.

.....  
 A DRINK ECLOGUE.  
 .....

But heese your heart up:—Whan at court you hear  
 The patriot's thrapple wat wi' reamin beer;  
 Whan chairman, weary wi' his daily gain,  
 Can synd his whistle wi' the clear Champaign;  
 Be hopefu', for the time will soon row round,  
 Whan you'll nae langer dwell beneath the ground.

## BRANDY.

Wanwordy gowk! did I sae aften shine  
 Wi' gowden glister thro' the crystal fine,  
 To thole your taunts, that seenil hae been seen—  
 Awa frae luggie, quegh, or truncher treein;  
 Gif honour wad but let, a challenge shou'd  
 Twine ye o' Highland tongue and Highland blude;  
 Wi' cards like thee I scorn to file my thumb;  
 For gentle spirits gentle breeding doom.

## WHISKY.

Truly, I think it right you get your alms,  
 Your high heart humbled amang common drains:

## A DRINK ECLOGUE.

Braw days for you, whan fools, newfangle fain,  
 Like ither countries better than their ain ;  
 For there ye never saw sic chancy days,  
 Sic balls, assemblies, operas, or plays ;  
 Hame-o'er langsyne you hae been blythe to pack  
 Your a' upon a sarkless soldier's back ;  
 For you thir lads, as weel-lear'd travellers tell,  
 Had sell'd their sarks, gin sarks they had to sell.

But Worth gets poortith an' black burning shame,  
 To draunt and drivel out a life at hame.  
 Alake ! the byword's owr weel kent throughout,  
 " Prophets at hame are held in nae repute ;"  
 Sae fair'st wi' me, tho' I can heat the skin,  
 And set the saul upo' a merry pin,  
 Yet I am hameil ; there's the sour mischance !  
 I'm na frae Turkey, Italy, or France ;  
 For now our gentle's gabs are grown sae nice,  
 At thee they tout, and never speer my price :



---

 A DRINK ECLOGUE.
 

---

Witness—for thee they height their tenants rent,  
 And fill their lands wi' poortith, discontent ;  
 Gar them o'er seas for cheaper mailins hunt,  
 And leave their ain as bare's the Cairney mount.

## BRANDY.

Tho' lairds tak toothfu's o' my warming sap,  
 This dwines not tenants' gear, nor cows their crap ;  
 For love to you there's mony a tenant gaes  
 Bare-ars'd and barefoot o'er the highland braes :  
 For you nae mair the thrifty gudewife sees  
 Her lasses kirn, or birze the dainty cheese ;  
 Crummie nae mair for Jenny's hand will crune,  
 Wi' milkness dreeping frae her teats adown :  
 For you owr ear the ox his fate partakes,  
 And fa's a victim to the bluidy ax.

## WHISKY.

Wha is't that gars the greedy bankers prieve  
 The maiden's tocher, but the maiden's leave :

~~~~~  
 A DRINK ECLOGUE,
 ~~~~~

By you whan spulzied o' her charming pose,  
 She tholes in turn the taunt o' cauldribe joes,  
 Wi' skelps like this fouk sit but seenil down  
 To wether-gammon, or howtowdy brown;  
 Sair dung wi' dule, and fley'd for coming debt,  
 They gar their mou'-bits wi' their incomes mett,  
 Content enough gif they hae wherewithal  
 Scrimply to tack their body and their saul.

## BRANDY.

Frae some poor poet, o'er as poor a pot,  
 Ye've lear'd to crack sae crouse, ye haveril Scot,  
 Or burgher politician, that embrues  
 His tongue in thee, and reads the claiiking news:  
 But waes heart for you! that for ay maun dwell  
 In poet's garret, or in chairman's cell,  
 While I shall yet on bein-clad tables stand,  
 Boudin wi' a' the daintiths o' the land.

138 THE POETICAL WORKS OF

~~~~~  
A DRINK ECLOGUE.
~~~~~

WHISKY.

Troth I hae been ere now the poet's flame,  
And heez'd his sangs to mony blithesome theme.  
Wha was't gar'd ALLIE's chaunter chirm fu' clear,  
Life to the saul, and music to the ear?  
Nae stream but kens, and can repeat the lay,  
To shepherds streekit on the simmer-brae,  
Wha to their whistle wi' the lav'rock bang,  
To waukin flocks the rural fields amang.

BRANDY.

But here's the browster-wife, and she can tell  
Wha's won the day, and wha shou'd bear the bell:  
Hae done your din, an' let her judgment join  
In final verdict 'twixt your plea and mine.

LANDLADY.

In days o' yore, I cou'd my living prize,  
Nor fash'd wi'-dolefu' gaugers or excise;

## A DRINK ECLOGUE.

But now-a-days we're blithe to lear the thrift  
 Our heads 'boon license and excise to lift;  
 Inlakes o' Brandy we can soon supply  
 By Whisky tinctur'd wi' the saffron's dye.

Will you your breeding threep, ye mongrel loun!  
 Frae hame-bred liquor dyed to colour brown?  
 So flunky braw, whan drest in maister's claise,  
 Struts to Auld Reikie's cross on sunny days,  
 Some auld comrade, aiblins out o' place,  
 The vain upstart shaws his meagre face;  
 Sumbaz'd he louns frae sight, and jooks his ken,  
 'd to be seen among the tassel'd train.





LINES,

To the PRINCIPAL and PROFESSORS of the University of St. Andrews, on their superb Treatise to DR SAMUEL JOHNSON.

ST ANDREW'S town may look right gawsy,  
Nae grass will grow up' her cawsey,  
Nor wa' flowers o' a yellow dye,  
Glowr dowie owre her ruins high,  
Sin' Samy's head, weel pang'd wi' lear,  
Has seen the *Alma Mater* there.  
Regents! my winsome billy boys!  
'Bout him you've made an unco noise;  
Nae doubt, for him your bells wad clink,  
To find him upon Eden's brink;  
And a' things nicely set in order,  
Wad keep him on the Fifau border.  
I'se warrant, now, frae France and Spain  
Baith cooks and scullions mony ane,  
Wad gar the pats and kettles tingle  
Around the college kitchen ingle,

---

 LINES, &c.
 

---

To fleg frae a' your craigs the roup,  
 Wi' reekin het and crieshy soup :  
 And snails and puddocks mony hunder  
 Wad beekin lie the hearthstane under ;  
 Wi' roast and boil'd, and a' kinkind,  
 To heat the body, cool the mind.

But hear, my lads ! gin I'd been there,  
 How I'd hae trimm'd the bill o' fare !  
 For ne'er sic surly wight as he  
 Had met wi' sic respect frae me.  
 Mind ye what Sam, the lyin loun !  
 Has in his Dictionar laid down ?  
 That aits, in England, are a feaste  
 To cow and horse, and sicken beast ;  
 While, in Scots ground, this growth was common  
 To gust the gab o' man and woman ;  
 Tak tent, ye Regents ! then, and hear  
 My list o' gudely hameil gear ;

---

 LINES, &c.
 

---

Sic as hae aften rax'd the wyme  
 O' blyther fallows mony a time ;  
 Mair hardy, souple, steeve, and swank,  
 Than ever stood on Samy's shank.

*Imprimis*, then, a haggis fat,  
 Weel tottled in a seything pat,  
 Wi' spice and ingans weel ca'd thro',  
 Had help'd to gust the stirral's mou,  
 And plac'd itsel in truncher clean  
 Before the gilpy's glowrin e'en.

*Secundo*, then, a gude sheep's head,  
 Whase hide was singit, never flea'd,  
 And four black trotters clad wi' girsle,  
 Bedown his throat had learn'd to hirsle,  
 What think ye, niest o' gude fat brose,  
 To clag his ribs, a dainty dose ?  
 And white and bluidy puddings routh,  
 To gar the Doctor skirl, " O Drouth ! "

---

 LINES, &c.
 

---

Whan he could never houp to merit  
 A cordial glass o' reamin claret,  
 But thraw his nose, and birze, and pegh,  
 Owre the contents o' sma' ale quegh.  
 Then, let his wisdom girn and snarl  
 O'er a weel-tostit girdle farl,  
 And learn, that, maugre o' his wyme,  
 I'll bairns are ay best heard at hame.

Drummond, lang syne, o' Hawthornden,  
 The wyliest and best o' men,  
 Has gien you dishes ane or mae,  
 That wad hae gar'd his grinders play,  
 Not to "Roast Beef (4)," old England's life!  
 But to the Auld "East nook o' Fife (5),"  
 Where Craillian crafts cou'd weel hae gien  
 Skate-rumples to hae clear'd his een;  
 Then, niest, whan Samy's heart was faintin,  
 He lang'd for skate to mak him wanton.



.....  
 LINES, &c.  
 .....

Ah, willawins for Scotland now !  
 Whan she maun stap ilk birky's mou  
 Wi' eistacks, grown as 'twere in pet  
 In foreign land, or greenhouse het,  
 Whan cog o' brose, and cutty spoon,  
 Is a' your cottar childers' boon,  
 Wha thro' the week, till sunday's speal,  
 Toil for pease-clods and gude lang kail.

Devall then, Sirs, and never send  
 For daintiths to regale a friend ;  
 Or, like a torch at baith ends burnin,  
 Your house will soon grow mirk and mournin !

What's this I hear some cynic say (6) ?—  
 Robin, ye loun ! its nae fair play ;  
 Is their nae ither subject rife  
 To clap your thumb upon but Fife ?  
 Gie owre, young man ! you'll meet your cornin,  
 Than caption waur, or charge o' hornin ;

~~~~~  
LINES, &c.
~~~~~

Some canker'd, surly, sour-mou'd carlin,  
Bred near the abbey o' Dumfarline,  
Your shoulders yet may gie a lounder  
And be o' verse the mal-confounder.

Come on, ye blades ! but e'er ye tulzie,  
Or hack our flesh wi' sword or gullie,  
Ne'er shaw your teeth, nor look like stink,  
Nor owre an empty bicker blink :  
What weets the wizen and the wyme,  
Will mend your prose, and heal my rhyme.



ELEGY

ON JOHN HOGG,

*Porter to the University of St. Andrew's.*

DEATH! what's ado? the deil be licket,  
Or wi' your stang you ne'er had pricket,  
Or our auld *Alma Mater* tricket,  
O' poor John Hogg,  
And trail'd him ben thro' your mark wicket,  
As dead's a log.

Now ilka glaikit scholar loun  
May dander wae wi' duddy gown;  
Kate Kennedy (7) to dowie crune  
May mourn and clink,  
And steeples o' Saunt Andrew's Town  
To yird may sink.

Sin' Pauly Tam (9), wi' canker'd snout,  
First held the students in about,

---

 ELEGY ON JOHN HOGG.
 

---

To wear their claes as black as soot,  
                           They ne'er had reason,  
 Till Death John's haffit gae a clout,  
                           Sae out o' season.

Whan Regents met at common schools,  
 He taught auld Tam to hale the dools,  
 And eident to row right the bowls,  
                           Like ony emmack ;  
 He kept us a' within the rules  
                           Strict academic.

Heh ! wha will tell the students now  
 To meet the Pauly cheek for chow,  
 Whan he, like frightsome wirrikow,  
                           Had wont to rail,  
 And set our stamacks in a low,  
                           Or we turn'd tair ?

Ah, Johnny ! aften did I grumble  
 Frae cozy bed fu' ear' to tumble,



---

 ELEGY ON JOHN HOGG.
 

---

Whan art and part I'd been in some ill,  
                                 Troth, I was swear;  
 His words they broodit like a wumill,  
                                 Frae ear to ear.

Whan I had been fu' laith to rise,  
 John then begude to moralize:  
 "The tither nap, the sluggard cries,  
                                 " And turns him round:  
 "Sae spak auld Solomon the wise,  
                                 " Divine profound!"

Nae dominie, or wise Mess John,  
 Was better lear'd in Solomon;  
 He cited proverbs, one by one,  
                                 Ilk vice to tame;  
 He gar'd ilk sinner sigh and groan,  
                                 And fear hell's flame.

"I hae nae meikle skill, (quo' he),  
 "In what you ca' philosophy;

---

 ELEGY ON JOHN HOGG.
 

---

“ It tells that baith the earth and sea

“ Rin round about :

“ Either the bible tells a lie,

“ Or ye’re a’ out.

“ It’s i’ the Psalms o’ David writ,

“ That this wide warld ne’er shou’d flit,

“ But on the waters coshly sit

“ Fu’ steeve and lasting :

“ And was na he a head o’ wit

“ At sic contestin ?”

On e’enings cauld wi’ glee we’d trudge

To heat our shins in Johnny’s lodge ;

The deil aye thought his bum to budge

Wi’ siller on us :

To claw het pints we’d never grudge

O’ *mblicationis*.

Say, ye red gowns ! that aften here

Hae toasted Cakes to Katie’s beer,

## ELEGY ON JOHN HOGG.

Gin e'er thir days hae had their peer,  
     Sae blyth, sae daft !  
 You'll ne'er again in life's career  
     Sit half sae saft.

Wi' haffit locks sae smooth and sleek,  
 John look'd like ony ancient Greek :  
 He was a Naz'rene a' the week,  
     And doughtna tell out  
 A bawbee Scots to scrape his cheek  
     Till Sunday fell out.

For John ay loo'd to turn the pence,  
 Thought poortith was a great offence :  
 " What recks tho' ye ken mood and tense ?  
     " A hungry wyme  
 " For gow'd wad wi' them baith dispense  
     " At ony time.

" Ye ken what ills maun ay befall  
 " The chiel that will be prodigal ;

## ELEGY ON JOHN HOGG.

“Whan wasted to the very spaul

“He turns his tusk,

For want o' comfort to his saul

“O hungry husk.”

Ye royit loons! just do as he'd do;

For mony braw green shaw an' meadow

He's left to cheer his dowy widow,

His winsome Kate,

That to him prov'd a canny she-dow,

Baith ear' and late.





THE GHAISTS:

A KIRK YARD ECOLOGUE.

~~~~~  
*Did you not say in good ANN's day,
And vow and did protest, Sir,
That when Hanover should come o'er
We surely should be blest, Sir?*

AN AULD SANG MADE NEW AGAIN.

~~~~~  
**W**HARE the braid planes in dowy murmurs wave  
Their ancient taps out owre the cauld-clad grave,  
Whare Geordie Girdwood (9), mony a lang spun day,  
Houkit for gentlest banes the humblest clay,  
'Twa sheeted ghaists, sae grisly and sae wan.  
'Mang lanely tombs their douff discourse began.

WATSON.

Cauld blaws the nippin north wi' angry seugh,  
And showers his hailstanes frae the Castle Cleugh,  
O'er the Grayfriars, whare, at mirkest hour,  
Bogles and spectres wont to tak their tour,

---

 THE GHAISTS.
 

---

Harlin the pows and shanks to hidden cairns,  
 Among the hemlocks wild, and sun-burnt fairns :  
 But nane the night, save you and I, hae come  
 Frae the drear mansions o' the midnight tomb.  
 Now whan the dawnin's near, whan cock maun craw,  
 And wi' his angry bougil gar's withdraw,  
 Ayont the Kirk we'll stap, and there tak bield,  
 While the black hours our nightly freedom yield.

## HERIOT.

I'm weel content : but, binna cassen down,  
 Nor trow the cock will ca' ye-hame o'er soon ;  
 For, tho' the eastern lift betakens day,  
 Changing her rokelay black for mantle gray,  
 Nae weirlike bird our knell of parting rings,  
 Nor sheds the caller moisture frae his wings,  
 Nature has chang'd her course ; the birds o' day  
 Dossin' in silence on the bendin spray,  
 While howlets round the craigs at noontide flee,  
 And bluidy hawks sit singin on the tree.

## THE GHAISTS.

Ah, Caledon! the land I since held dear ;  
 Sair main mak I for thy destruction near :  
 And thou, Edina ! aince my dear abode,  
 Whan royal Jamie sway'd the sov'reign rod,  
 In thae blest days, weel did I think bestow'd  
 To blaw thy poortith by wi' heaps o' gowd ;  
 To mak thee sonsy seem wi' mony a gift,  
 And gar thy stately turrets speel the lift.  
 In vain did Danish Jones, wi' gimcrack pains,  
 In Gothic sculpture fret the pliant stanes ;  
 In vain did he affix my statue here,  
 Brawly to busk wi' flowers ilk coming year.  
 My towers are sunk ; my lands are barren now ;  
 My fame, my honour, like my flow'rs, maun dow.

## WATSON.

Sure, Major Weir, or some sic warlock wight,  
 Has flung beguillin glamour owre your sight ;  
 Or else some kittle cantrip thrown, I ween,  
 Has bound in mirlygoes my ain twa een :

~~~~~  
 THE GHAISTS.
 ~~~~~

If ever aught frae sense cou'd be believ'd  
 (And seemil hae my senses been deceiv'd),  
 This moment owre the tap o' Adam's tomb,  
 Fu' easy can I see your chiefest dome.  
 Nae corbie fleecin there, nor croupin craws,  
 Seem to forspeak the ruin o' thy ha's ;  
 But a' your towers in wonted order stand,  
 Steeve as the rocks that hem our native land.

## HERIOT.

Think na I vent my well-a-day in vain :  
 Kent ye the cause, ye sure wad join my mane.  
 Black be the day, that e'er to England's ground  
 Scotland was eikit by the Union's bond !  
 For mony a menzie o' destructive ills  
 The country now maun brook frae mortmain bills --  
 That void our test'ments, and can freely gie  
 Sic will and scoup to the ordain'd trustee,  
 That he may tir our stateliest riggins bare ;  
 Nor acres, houses, woods, nor fishings spare.



---

 THE GHAISTS.
 

---

Till he can lend the stouterin state a lift,  
 Wi' gowd in gowpins, as a grassum gift ;  
 In lieu o' whilk, we maun be weel content  
 To tine the capital for *three per cent.*  
 A doughty sum indeed ; whan, now-a-days,  
 They raise provisions as the stents they raise,  
 Yoke hard the poor, and lat the rich chields be  
 Pamper'd at ease by ither's industry.

Hale interest for my fund can scantly now  
 Cleed a' my callants' backs, and stap their mou<sup>o</sup>.  
 How maun their wymes wi' sairest hunger slack,  
 Their duds in targets flaff upon their back,  
 Whan they are doom'd to keep a lasting Lent,  
 Starving for England's weel, at *three per cent.*

## WATSON.

Auld Reikie then may bless the gowden times,  
 Whan honesty and poortith baith are crimes.

~~~~~  
 THE GHAISTS.
 ~~~~~

She little ken'd, whan you and I endow'd  
 Our hospitals for back-gaun burghers' gude,  
 That e'er our siller or our lands shou'd bring  
 A gude bien livin to a back-gaun king ;  
 Wha, thanks to Ministry ! is grown sae wise,  
 He downa-chew the bitter cud o' vice :  
 For gin, frae Castlehill to Netherbow,  
 Wad honest houses bawdy-houses grow,  
 The Crown wad never spier the price o' sin,  
 Nor hinder younkers to the deil to rin ;  
 But, gif some mortal grien for pious fame,  
 And leave the poor man's prayer to sane his name,  
 His gear maun a' be scatter'd by the claws  
 O' ruthless, ravenous, and harpy laws.  
 Yet, shou'd I think, although the bill tak place,  
 The council winna lack sae meikle grace  
 As lat your heritage at wanworth gang,  
 Or the succeeding generations wrang  
 O' braw bein maintenance, and walth o' lear,  
 Whilk else had drappit to their children's skair :

THE GHAISTS.

For mony a deep, and mony a rare engine  
 Hae sprung frae Heriot's Wark, and sprung frae mins

HERIOT.

I find, my friend! that ye but little ken,  
 There's e'en now on the earth a set o' men,  
 Wha, if they get their private pouches lin'd,  
 Gie na a winnlestrae for a' mankind.  
 They'll sell their country, flaethair conscience bare,  
 To gar the weigh-bauk turn a single hair.  
 The Government need only bait the line  
 Wi' the prevailin' flee—the bowden coin!  
 Then our executors, and wise trustees,  
 Will sell them fishes in forbidden seas:  
 Upo' their dwinin' country girm in sport;  
 Laugh in their sleeve, and get a place at court.

WATSON.

Ere that day come, I'll 'mang our spirits pick  
 Some ghaist that trokes and conjures wi' Auld Nick,

---

 THE GHAISTS.
 

---

To gar the wind wi' rougher rumbles blaw,  
 And weightier thuds than ever mortal saw :  
 Fireflaught and hail, wi' tenfald fury's fires,  
 Shall lay yird-laigh Edina's airy spires :  
 Tweed shall rin rowtin down his banks out owre,  
 Till Scotland's out o' reach o' England's power ;  
 Upo' the briny Borean jaws to float,  
 And mourn in dowie seughs her dowie lot.

## HERIOT.

Yonder's the tomb of wise Mackenzie fam'd,  
 Whase laws rebellious bigotry reclaim'd ;  
 Freed the hale land o' covenantin fools,  
 Wha erst hae fash'd us wi' unnumber'd dools.  
 Till night, we'll tak the swaird aboon our pows,  
 And then, whan she her ebon chariot rows,  
 We'll travel to the van't wi' stealin stap,  
 And wauk Mackenzie frae his quiet nap ;  
 Tell him our ails, that he, wi' wonted skill,  
 May fleg the schemers o' the Mortmain Bill (10).



EPISTLE TO

MR ROBERT FERGUSSON.

IS Allan risen frae the dead,  
Wha aft has tun'd the aiten reed,  
And by the Muses was decreed  
To grace the thistle?

Na:—Fergusson's come in his stead.

To blaw the whistle.

In troth, my callant! I'm sae fain  
To read your sonsy, canty strain;  
You write sic easy style, and plain,  
And words sae bonny,  
Nae Southern loun dare you disdain,  
Or cry, "Fy on ye!"

Whae'er has at auld Reikie been,  
And King's birth-days' exploits has seep,

## EPISTLE TO MR ROBERT FERGUSSON.

Maun own that ye hae gien a keen  
And true description ;  
Nor say, ye've at Parnassus been,  
To form a fiction.

Hale be your heart, ye canty chield !  
May ye ne'er want a gude warm bield,  
And sic gude cakes as Scotland yield,  
And ilka dainty  
That grows or feeds upon her field,  
And whisky plenty.

But ye, perhaps, thirst mair for fame  
Than a' the gude things I can name ;  
And then, ye will be sair to blame  
My gude intention,  
For that ye needna gae frae hame,  
You've sic pretension.

EPISTLE TO MR ROBERT FERGUSSON.

Sae soft and sweet your verses jingle,  
And your auld words sae meetly mingle,  
'Twill gar baith married fock and single

To roose your lays :

Whan we forgather round the ingle,

We'll chaunt your praise.

Whan I again Auld Reikie see,  
And can forgather, lad ! wi' thee,  
Then we, wi' muckle mirth and glee,

Shall tak a gill,

And o' your caller oysters we

Shall eat our fill.

If sic a thing shall you betide,  
To Berwick town to tak a ride,  
I'se tak ye up Tweed's bonny side,

Before ye settle,

And shaw you there the fisher's pride,

A sa'mon kettle.

## EPISTLE TO MR ROBERT FERGUSSON.

There lads and lasses do convene  
To feast and dance upo' the green ;  
And there sic bravery may be seen,  
As will confound ye,  
And gar you glowr out baith your een  
At a' around ye.

To see sae mony bosoms bare,  
And sic huge puddings i' their hair,  
And some o' them wi' nacting mair  
Upo' their tete ;  
Yea, some wi' mutches that might scare  
Craws frae their meat.

I ne'er appear'd before in print,  
But, for your sake, wad fain be in't ;  
E'en that I might my wishes hint,  
That you'd write mair :  
For sure your head-piece is a mint  
Whare wit's nae rare.



EPISTLE TO MR ROBERT FERGUSSON.

Sonse fa' me ! gif I hadna lure,  
I cou'd command ilk Muse as sure,  
Than hae a chariot at the door,  
To wait upo' me ;  
Tho', poet-like, I'm but a poor  
Mid-Louthian Johnny.

J. S.

*Berwick, August 31st, 1773.*



ANSWER

TO

MR J. S's EPISTLE.

---

I TROW, my mettled Louthian lathie!  
Auldfarran birky I maun ca' thee;  
For whan in gude black print I saw thee,  
Wi' souple gab,  
I skirl'd fu' loud, "Oh wae befa' thee!  
"But thou'rt a daub."

Awa, ye wylie fleetchin fallow!  
The rose shall grow like gowan yellow,  
Before I turn sae toom and shallow,  
And void o' fusion,  
As a' your butter'd words to swallow  
In vain delusion.

Ye mak my Muse a dautit pet;  
But gin she cou'd like Allan's met,

ANSWER TO MR J. S'S EPISTLE.

Or couthy cracks and hamely get  
                                   Upo' her carritch,  
 Eithly wad I be in your debt  
                                   A pint o' parritch.

At times, whan she may lowse her pack,  
 I'll grant that she can find a knack  
 To gar auld-warld wordies clack  
                                   In hamespun rhyme,  
 While ilk ane at his billy's back  
                                   Keeps gude Scots time.

But she maun e'en be glad to jook,  
 And play teet-bo frae nook to nook,  
 Or blush as gin she had the yook  
                                   Upo' her skin,  
 Whan Ramsay or whan Pennycuick  
                                   Their liltis begin.

At mornin ear', or late at e'enin,  
 Gin ye sud hap to come and see ane,

## ANSWER TO MR J. S'S EPISTLE.

Nor niggard wife, nor greetin wee ane,  
 Within my cloister,  
 Can challenge you and me frae pricin  
 A caller oyster.

Heh, lad ! it wad be news indeed,  
 Were I to ride to bonny Tweed,  
 Wha ne'er laid gammon owre a steed  
 Beyont Lusterick ;  
 And auld shanks-naig wad tire, I dread,  
 To pace to Berwick.

You crack weel o' your lasses there ;  
 Their glancing een, and bisket bare ;  
 But, thof this town be smeekit sair,  
 I'll wad a farden,  
 Than our's there's nane mare fat and fair,  
 Cravin your pardon.

Gin heaven shou'd gie the earth a drink,  
 And afterhend a sunny blink,



## ANSWER TO MR J. S.'S EPISTLE.

Gin ye were here, I'm sure you'd think  
 It worth your notice,  
 To see them dubs and gutters jink  
 Wi' kiltit coaties:

And frae ilk corner o' the nation,  
 We've lasses eke o' recreation,  
 Wha at close-mou's tak up their station  
 By ten o'clock.—  
 The Lord deliver frae temptation  
 A' honest fouk!

Thir queans are ay upo' the catch  
 For pursie, pocket-book, or watch,  
 And can sae glib their leesins hatch,  
 That you'll agree,  
 Ye canna eithly meet their match  
 'Tween you and me.

For this gude sample o' your skill,  
 I'm restin you a pint o' yill,

## ANSWER TO MR J. S'S EPISTLE.

By an attour a Highland gill

O' *Aquavitæ* ;

The which to come and sock at will,

I here invite ye.

Tho' jillet Fortune scoul and quarrel,

And keep me frae a bien beef barrel,

As lang's I've twopence i' the warl'

I'll ay be vockie

To part a fadge o girdle farl

Wi' Louthian Jockie.

Fareweel, my cock ! lang may you thrive,

Weel happit in a cozy hive ;

And that your saul may never dive

To Acheron,

I'll wish, as lang's I can subscribe

ROB. FERGUSSON.

TO  
MY AULD BREEKS.

---

NOW gae your wa's.—Tho' ance as gude  
As ever happit flesh and blude,  
Yet part we maun.—The case sae hard is  
Among the writers and the bardies,  
That lang they'll bruik the auld I trow,  
Or neebours cry, "Weel bruik the news!"  
Still makin tight wi' tither steek;  
The tither hole, the tither eik,  
To bang the bir o' Winter's anger,  
And haud the hurdies out o' langer.

Siclike some weary wight will fill  
His kyte wi' drogs frae doctor's bill,  
Thinkin to tack the tither year  
To life, and look baith hale and fier;  
Till, at the lang-run, Death dirks in,  
To birze his saul ayont his skin.

~~~~~  
TO MY AULD BREEKS.
~~~~~

You needna wag your duds o' clouts,  
Nor fa' into your dorty pouts,  
To think that erst you've hain'd my tail  
Frae wind and weet, frae snaw and hail,  
And for reward, whan bauld and hummil,  
Frae garret high to dree a tumble.  
For you I car'd, as lang's ye dow'd  
Be lin'd wi' siller or wi' gowd:  
Now to befriend, it wad be folly,  
Your raggit hide and pouches holey ;  
For wha but kens a poet's placks  
Get mony weary flaws and cracks,  
And canna thole to hae them tint,  
As he sae seenil sees the mint ?  
Yet round the world keek and see,  
That ithers fare as ill as thee ;  
For weel we loe the chiel we think  
Can get us tick, or gie us drink,  
Till o' his purse we've seen the bottom,  
Then we despise, and hae forgot him.



TO MY AULD BREEKS.

---

---

Yet gratefu' hearts, to mak amends,  
Will ay be sorry for their friends,  
And I for thee—As mony a time  
Wi' you I've speel'd the braes o' rhyme,  
Whare for the time the Muse ne'er cares  
For siller, or sic guilefu' wares,  
Wi' whilk we drumly grow, and crabbit,  
Dour, capernoited, thrawin gabbit,  
And brither, sister, friend, and fae,  
Without remeid o' kindred, slae.

You've seen me round the bickers reel  
Wi' heart as hale as temper'd steel,  
And face sae open, free, and blithe,  
Nor thought that sorrow there cou'd kyth ;  
But the niest moment this was lost,  
Like gowan in December's frost.

Cou'd prick-the-louse but be sae handy  
As mak the breeks and claise to stand ay,

---

 TO MY AULD BREEKS.
 

---

Thro' thick and thin wi' you I'd dash on,  
 Nor mind the folly o' the fashion :  
 But, heh ! the times' *vicissitudo*  
 Gars ither breeks decay as you do.  
 Thae macaronies, braw and windy,  
 Maun fail—*Sic transit gloria mundi !*

Now speed you to some madam's chaumer,  
 That but and ben rings dule and clamour,  
 Ask her, in kindness, if she seeks  
 In hidling ways to wear the breeks ?  
 Safe you may dwell, tho' mould and motty,  
 Beneath the veil o' under coatie,  
 For this mair fauts nor yours can screen  
 Frae lover's quickest sense, his een.

Or if some bard, in lucky times,  
 Shou'd profit meikle by his rhymes,  
 And pace awa, wi' smirky face,  
 In siller or in gowden lace,

## TO MY AULD BREEKS.

Glowr in his face, like spectre gaunt ;  
Remind him o' his former want ;  
To cow his daffin and his pleasure,  
And gar him live within the measure.

So Philip, it is said, who wou'd ring  
Owre Macedon, a just and gude king,  
Fearing that power might plume his feather,  
And bid him stretch beyond the tether,  
Ilk mornin to his lug wad ca'  
A tiny servant o' his ha',  
To tell him to improve his span ;  
For Phillip was, like him, a Man.



AULD REIKIE.

---

AULD Reikie ! wale o' ilka town  
That Scotland kens beneath the moon ;  
Whare couthy chields at e'ening meet  
Their bizzin craigs and mou's to weet ;  
And blithely gar auld Care gae by  
Wi' blinkin and wi' bleerin eye.  
Owre lang frae thee the Muse has been  
Sae frisky on the Simmer's green,  
Whan flowers and gowans went to glent  
In bonny blinks upo' the bent :  
But now the leaves o' yellow dye,  
Peel'd frae the branches quickly fly ;  
And now frae nouter bush nor brier  
The spreckled mavis greets your ear ;  
Nor bonny blackbird skims and roves  
To seek his love in yonder groves.  
Then, Reikie, welcome ! thou canst charm,  
Unfleggit by the year's alarm.



---

 AULD REIKIE.
 

---

Not Boreas, that sae snelly blows,  
 Dare here pap in his angry nose,  
 Thanks to our dabs, whase biggin stands  
 A shelter to surrounding lands !

Now Morn, with bonny purple smiles,  
 Kisses the air-cock o' Saunt Giles ;  
 Rakin their een, the servant lasses  
 Early begin their lies and clashes.  
 Ilk tells her friend of saddest distress,  
 That still she bruiks frae scoulin' mistress ;  
 And wi' her joe in turnpike stair,  
 She'll rather snuff the stinkin air,  
 As be subjected to her tongue,  
 Whan justly censur'd i' the wrong.

On stair, wi' tub or pat in hand,  
 The barefoot housemaids loe to stand,  
 That antrin fock may ken how snell  
 Auld Reikie will at mornin smell :

.....  
 AULD REIKIE.  
 .....

Then, with an inundation big as  
 The burn that 'neath the Nor' Loch brig is,  
 They kindly shower Edina's roses,  
 To quicken and regale our noses.  
 Now some for this, wi' Satire's leese,  
 Hae gien auld Edinbrough a creesh :  
 But, without scourin nought is sweet ;  
 The mornin smells that hail our street,  
 Prepare, and gently lead the way  
 To Simmer canty, braw, and gay.  
 Edina's sons mair eithly share  
 Her spices and her dainties rare,  
 Than he that's never yet been call'd  
 Aff frac his plaidie or his fauld.

Now stairhead critics, senseless fools !  
 Censure their aim, and pride their rules,  
 In Luckenbooths, wi' glowrin eye,  
 Their neebours sma'est faults descry.

## AULD REIKIE.

If ony loun shou'd dander there,  
 O' awkward gait, and foreign air,  
 They trace his steps, till they can tell  
 His pedigree as weel's himsel.

Whan Phœbus blinks wi' warmer ray,  
 And schools at noon-day get the play,  
 Then bus'ness, weighty bus'ness, comes ;  
 The trader glows ; he doubts, he hums.  
 The lawyers eke to cross repair,  
 Their wigs to shaw, and toss an air ;  
 While busy agent closely plies,  
 And a' his kittle cases tries.

Now night, that's cunzied chief for fun,  
 Is wi' her usual rites begun ;  
 Thro' ilka gate the torches blaze,  
 And globes send out their blinkin rays,  
 The usefu' cadie plies in street,  
 To-bide the profits o' his feet ;

## AULD REIKIE.

For, by thir lads Auld Reikie's fouk  
 Ken but a sample o' the stock  
 O' thieves, that nightly wad oppress,  
 And mak baith goods and gear the less.  
 Near him the lazy chairman stands,  
 And wats na how to turn his hands,  
 Till some daft birky, rantin fou,  
 Has matters somewhere else to do;  
 The chairman willing gies his light  
 To deeds o' darkness and o' night.

It's never saxpence for a lift  
 That gars thir lads wi' fu'ness rift;  
 For they wi' better gear are paid,  
 And whores and culls support their trade.

Near some lamp-post, wi' dowie face,  
 Wi' heavy een, and sour grimace,  
 Stands she, that beauty lang had kend;  
 Whoredom her trade, and vice her end.



~~~~~  
 AULD REIKIE.
 ~~~~~

But, see whare now she wins her bread  
 By that which Nature ne'er decreed ;  
 And vicious ditties sings to please  
 Fell Dissipation's votaries.  
 Whane'er we reputation lose,  
 Fair Chastity's transparent gloss !  
 Redemption seenil kens the name ;  
 But a's black misery, and shame.

Frae joyous tavern, reelin drunk,  
 Wi' fiery phiz, and een half sunk,  
 Behold the bruiser, fae to a'  
 That in the reek o' gardies fa' !  
 Close by his side, a feckless race  
 O' macaronies shaw their face,  
 And think, they're free frae skaith or harm,  
 While pith befriends their leader's arm :  
 Yet fearfu' aften o' their maught,  
 They quit the glory o' the faught

---

 AULD REIKIE.
 

---

To this same warrior wha led  
 Thae heroes to bright Honour's bed ;  
 And aft the hack o' honour shines  
 In bruisers face wi' broken lines.  
 O' them sad tales he tells anon,  
 Whan ramble and whan fighting's done :  
 And, like Hectorian, ne'er impairs  
 The brag and glory o' his sairs.

Whan feet in dirty gutters plash  
 And fock to wale their fitstaps fash ;  
 At night, the macaroni drunk,  
 In pools and gutters aft-times sunk :  
 Heh ! what a fright he now appears,  
 Whan he his corpse dejected rears !  
 Look at that head, and think if there  
 The pomet slaister'd up his hair !  
 The cheeks observe :—Where now cou'd shine  
 The scancin glories o' carmine ?  
 Ah, legs ! in vain the silk-worm there  
 Display'd to view her eident care :

## AULD REIKIE.

For stink, instead of perfumes, grow,  
 And clarty odours fragrant flow.

Now, some to porter, some to punch—  
 Some to their wife,—and some their wench,—  
 Retire ;—while noisy ten hour's drum  
 Gars a' your trades gae danderin home.

Now, mony a club, jocose and free,  
 Gie a' to merriment and glee :

Wi' sang, and glass, they fley the pow'r  
 O' Care, that wad harass the hour :

For wine and Bacchus still bear down  
 Our thrawart fortune's wildest frown ;

It maks you stark, and bauld, and brave,  
 Even whan descendin to the grave.

Now some in Pandemonium's (11) shade,  
 Resume the gormandizin trade ;

Whare eager looks and glancin een  
 Forespeak a heart and stamack keen.

## AULD REIKIE.

Gang on, my lads ! it's lang sinsyne  
We kent auld Epicurus' line.  
Save you, the board wad cease to rise,  
Bedight wi' daintiths to the skies ;  
And salamanders cease to swill  
The comforts o' a burning gill.

But chief, o' Cape (12) ! we crave thy aid,  
To get our cares and poortith laid.  
Sincerity, and genius true,  
Of knights have ever been the due.  
Mirth, music, porter deepest dyed,  
Are never here to worth denied ;  
And Health, o' happiness the queen,  
Blinks bonny, wi' her smile serene.

Tho' joy maist part Auld Reikie owns,  
Eftsoons she kens sad sorrow's frowns.  
What groupe is yon sae dismaal, grim,  
Wi' horrid aspect, cleedin dim ?



AULD REIKIE.

Says Death, "they're mine ; a dowie crew :  
"To me they'll shortly pay their last adieu."

How come mankind, whan lackin woe,  
In Saulie's face their hearts to show ;  
As if they were a clock, to tell  
That grief in them had rung her bell ?  
Then, what is man ? why a' this phrase ?  
Life's spunk decay'd nae mair can blaze.  
Let sober grief alane declare  
Our fond anxiety and care :  
Nor let the undertakers be  
The only waefu' friends we see.

Come on, my Muse ! and then rehearse  
The gloomiest theme in a' your verse.  
In mornin, whan ane keeks about,  
Fu' blithe, and free frae ail, nae doubt,  
He lippens not to be misled  
Amang the regions o' the dead :

## AULD REIKIE.

But, straight, a painted corpse he sees,  
Lang streekit 'neath its canopies.  
Soon, soon will this his mirth control  
And send damnation to his soul  
Or whan the dead-deal, (awfu' shape !)  
Maks frighted mankind girn and gape,  
Reflection then his reason sours ;  
For the niest dead-deal may be ours.  
Whan Sybil led the Trojan down  
To haggard Pluto's dreary town,  
Shapes waur than thae, I freely ween,  
Cou'd never meet the soldier's een.

If kail sae green, or herbs, delight,  
Edina's street attracts the sight.  
Not Covent-Garden, clad sae braw,  
Mair fouth o' herbs can eithly shaw :  
For mony a yard is here sair sought:  
That kail and cabbage may be bought,

~~~~~  
 AULD REIKIE.
 ~~~~~

And healthfu' sallad, to regale,  
 Whan pamper'd wi' a heavy meal.  
 Glowr up the street in Simmer morn,  
 The birks sae green, and sweet brier thorn,  
 Wi' spraingit flow'rs that scent the gale,  
 Ca' far awa the mornin' smell,  
 (Wi' which our ladies' flow'rpat's fill'd,)  
 And every noxious vapour kill'd.  
 O Nature! canty, blithe, and free,  
 Whare is there keekin-glass like thee?  
 Is there on earth that can compare  
 Wi' Mary's shape, and Mary's air,  
 Save the empurpled speck, that grows  
 In the saft faulds o' yonder rose?  
 How bonny seems the virgin breast,  
 Whan by the lilies here carest,  
 And leaves the mind in doubt to tell  
 Which maist in sweets and hue excel!

Gillespie's snuff should prime the nose  
 O' her that to the market goes,

---

 AULD REIKIE.
 

---

If she wad like to shun the smells  
 That float around frae market cells;  
 Whare wames o' painches' sav'ry scent  
 To nostrils gie great discontent.  
 Now, wha in Albion cou'd expect  
 O' cleanliness sic great neglect?  
 Nae Hottentot, that daily lairs  
 'Mang tripe, and ither clarty wares,  
 Hath ever yet conceiv'd, or seen,  
 Beyond the Line, sic scenes unclean.

On Sunday, here, an alter'd scene  
 O' men and manners meet our een.  
 Ane wad maist trow, some people chose  
 To change their faces wi' their clothes,  
 And fain wad gar ilk neeber think  
 They thirst for goodness, as for drink:  
 But there's an unco dearth o' grace,  
 That has nae mansion but the face,  
 And never can obtain a part



---

 AULD REIKIE.
 

---

In benmost corner o' the heart,  
 Why shou'd religion mak us sad,  
 If good frae Virtue's to be had ?  
 Na : rather gleefu' turn your face ;  
 Forsake hypocrisy, grimace ;  
 And never hae it understood,  
 You fleg mankind frae being good.

In afternoon, a' brawly buskit,  
 The joes and lasses loe to frisk it,  
 Some tak a great delight to place  
 The modest bon-grace owre the face ;  
 Tho' you may see, if so inclin'd,  
 The turnin o' the leg behind.  
 Now, Comely-Garden, and the Park,  
 Refresh them, after forenoon's wark :  
 Newhaven, Leith, or Canonmills,  
 Supply them in their Sunday's Gills ;  
 Whare writers aften spend their pence,  
 To stock their heads wi' drink and sense.

## AULD REIKIE.

While dandering cits delight to stray  
To Castlehill or public way,  
Whare they nae other purpose mean,  
Than that fool cause o' being seen ;  
Let me to Arthur's Seat pursue,  
Whare bonny pastures meet the view ;  
And mony a wild-lorn scene accrues,  
Befitting Willie Shakespeare's Muse.  
If Fancy there wad join the thrang,  
The desert rocks and hills amang,  
To echoes we should lilt and play,  
And gie to mirth the live-lang day.

Or shou'd some canker'd biting shower  
The day and a' her sweets deflower,  
To Holyroodhouse let me stray,  
And gie to musing a' the day ;  
Lamenting what auld Scotland knew,  
Bien days for ever frae her view.  
O Hamilton, for shame ! the Muse  
Wad pay to thee her couthy vows,

## AULD REIKIE.

Gin ye wad tent the humble strain,  
 And gie's our dignity again :  
 For, oh, wae's me ! the thistle springs  
 In domicil o' ancient kings  
 Without a patriot to regret  
 Our palace, and our ancient state.

Bless'd place ! whare debtors daily run,  
 To rid themsels frae jail and dun.  
 Here, tho' sequester'd frae the din  
 That rings Auld Reikie's wa's within :  
 Yet they may tread the sunny braes,  
 And bruik Apollo's cheerie rays :  
 Glowr frae St Anthon's grassy height,  
 Owre vales in Simmer claes hedight ;  
 Nor ever hing their head, I ween,  
 Wi' jealous fear o' being seen.  
 May I, whanever duns come nigh,  
 And shake my garret wi' their cry,  
 Scour here, wi' haste, protection get,  
 To screen mysel frae them and debt :

## AULD REIKIE.

To breathe the bliss o' open sky,  
And Simon Fraser's (13) bolts defy.

Now, gin a loun shou'd hae his claes  
In threadbare autumn o' their days,  
St Mary, broker's guardian saunt,  
Will satisfy ilk ail and want ;  
For mony a hungry writer there  
Dives down at night, wi' cleedin bare,  
And quickly rises to the view  
A gentleman perfyte, and new.  
Ye rich fouk ! look na wi' disdain.  
Upo' this ancient brokage lane,  
For naked poets are supplied  
Wi' what you to their wants denied.

Peace to thy shade, thou wale o' men,  
Drummond ! relief to poortith's pain.  
To thee the greatest bliss we owe,  
And tribute's tear shall gratefu' flow.



---

 AULD REIKIE.
 

---

The sick are cured, the hungry fed,  
 And dreams o' comfort tend their bed.  
 As lang as Forth weets Lothian's shore ;  
 As lang's on Fife her billows roar ;  
 Sae lang shall ilk whase country's dear,  
 To thy remembrance gie a tear.  
 By thee, Auld Reikie thrave and grew,  
 Delightfu' to her childer's view.  
 Nae mair shall Glasgow striplings threap  
 Their city's beauty, and its shape,  
 While our new city spreads around  
 Her bonny wings on fairy ground.

But, Provosts now, that ne'er afford  
 The sma'est dignity to lord,  
 Ne'er care tho' every scheme gae wild  
 That Drummond's sacred hand has cull'd.  
 The spacious brig (14) neglected lies,  
 Tho' plagued wi' pamphlets, dunn'd wi' cries.  
 They heed not, tho' Destruction come  
 To gulp us in her gaunting womb.

---

 AULD REIKIE.
 

---

Oh, shame ! that safety canna claim  
 Protection from a Provost's name ;  
 But hidden danger lies behind,  
 To-torture, and to fleg the mind,  
 I may as weel bid Arthur's Seat  
 To Berwick-Law mak gleg retreat,  
 As think that either will or art  
 Shall get the gate to win their heart :  
 For politics are a' their mark,  
 Bribes latent, and corruption dark.  
 If they can eithly turn the pence,  
 Wi' city's good they will dispense ;  
 Nor care tho' a' her sons were lair'd  
 Ten fathom i' the auld kirkyard.

To sing yet meikle does remain,  
 Undecent for a modest strain ;  
 And, since the poet's daily bread is  
 The favour o' the Muse, or ladies,

## AULD REIKIE.

He downa like to gie offence  
To delicacy's tender sense ;  
Therefore, the stews remain unsung,  
And bawds in silence drap their tongue.

Reikie, fareweel ! I ne'er cou'd part  
Wi' thee, but wi' a dowie heart.  
Aft frae the Fifean coast I've seen  
Thee towering on thy summit green,  
So glowr the saints whan first is given  
A favourite keek o' glore and heaven ;  
On earth nae mair they bend their een.  
But quick assume angelic mien ;  
So I on Fife wad glowr no more,  
But gallop'd to Edina's shore.



HAME CONTENT,

A SATIRE.

*To all whom it may concern.*

SOME fouk, like bees, fu' glegly rin  
To bykes bang'd fu' o' strife and din,  
And thieve and huddle crumb by crumb,  
Till they hae scrap'd the dautit plumb,  
Then crawl fu' crously o' their wark,  
Tell o'er their turners mark by mark,  
Yet darena think to lowse the pose  
To aid their neebours' ails and woes.

Gif gowd can fetter thus the heart,  
And gar us act sae base a part;  
Shall man, a niggard, near-gaun elf!  
Rin to the tether's end for pelf;



---

 HAME CONTENT.
 

---

Learn ilka cunzied scoundrel's trick,  
 Whan a's done sell his saul to Nick :  
 I trow they've cost the purchase dear,  
 That gang sic lengths for warldly gear.

Now when the Dog-day heats begin  
 To birsle and to peel the skin,  
 May I lie streekit at my ease,  
 Beneath the caller shady trees,  
 (Far frae the din o' borrows town),  
 Whare water plays the haughs bedown ;  
 To jouk the Simmer's rigour there,  
 And breathe a while the caller air,  
 'Mang herds, and honest cottar fouk,  
 That till the farm, and feed the flock ;  
 Careless o' mair, wha never fash  
 To lade their kists wi' useless cash,  
 But thank the gods for what they've sent,  
 O' health eneugh, and blithe content,  
 And pith, that helps them to stravaig  
 Owre ilka cleugh, and ilka craig ;

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 HAME CONTENT.
 

---

Unkend to a' the weary granes  
 That aft arise frae gentler banes,  
 On easy-chair that pamper'd lie,  
 Wi' banefu' viands gustit high;  
 And turn, and fauld their weary clay,  
 To rax and gaunt the live-lang day.

Ye sages, tell! was man e'er made  
 To dree this hatefu' sluggard trade,  
 Steekit frae Nature's beauties a'  
 That daily on his presence ca',  
 At hame to girn, and whinge, and pine  
 For favourite dishes, favourite wine!  
 Come, then, shake aff thir sluggish ties,  
 And wi' the bird o' dawning rise!  
 On ilka bank the clouds hae spread  
 Wi' blobs o' dew a pearly bed.  
 Frae faulds nae mair the owsen rout,  
 But to the fattening clover lout,  
 Where they may feed at heart's content,  
 Unyokit frae their Winter's stent.

---

 SAME CONTENT.
 

---

Unyoke, then, man! and hinna sweer  
 To ding a hole in ill-hain'd gear.  
 O think that eild, wi' wylie fit,  
 Is wearing nearer, bit by bit!  
 Gin aince he claws you wi' his paw,  
 What's siller for? fient hae't ava!  
 But gowden playfair, that may please  
 The second sharger till he dies,

Some daft chiel reads, and taks advice;  
 The chaise is yokit in a trice;  
 Awa' drives he, like huntit deil,  
 And scarce tholes time to cool his wheel,  
 Till he's—Lord kens how far awa'!  
 At Italy, or Well o' Spa;  
 Or to Montpelier's safter air:  
 For far aff fowls hae feathers fair.

There rest him weel:—for eith can we  
 Spare mony glaikit gowks like he.

---

 SAME CONTENT.
 

---

They'll tell whare Tiber's waters rise ;  
 What sea receives the drumly prize ;  
 That never wi' their feet hae met  
 The marches o' their ain estate.

The Arno and the Tiber lang  
 Hae run fell clear in Roman sang ;  
 But, save the reverence of schools !  
 They're baith but lifeless, dowie pools.  
 Dought they compare wi' bonny Tweed,  
 As clear as ony lammer-bead ?  
 Or, are their shores mair sweet and gay  
 Than Fortha's haughs' or banks o' Tay ?  
 Tho' there the herds can jink the showers  
 'Mang thrivin vines and myrtle bowers,  
 And blaw the reed to kittle strains,  
 While Echo's tongue commends their pains ;  
 Like ours, they canna warm the heart  
 Wi' simple, saft, bewitchin art,  
 On Leader haughs, and Yarrow braes,  
 Arcadian herds wad tine their lays,



---

 SAME CONTENT.
 

---

To hear the mair melodious sounds,  
That live on our poetic grounds.

Come, Fancy! come, and let us tread  
The Simmer's flowery velvet bed,  
And a' your springs delightfu' lowse  
On Tweeda's banks, or Cowdenknowes;  
That, taen wi' thy enchantin'-sang,  
Our Scottish lads may round ye thrang;  
Sae pleas'd, they'll never fash again  
To court you on Italian plain.  
Soon will they guess, ye only wear  
The simple garb o' Nature here;  
Mair comely far, and fair to sight,  
Whan in her easy cleedin dight,  
Than, in disguise, ye was before  
On Tiber's, or on Arno's shore.

O Banguor (15)! now the hills and dales  
Nae mair gie back thy tender tales.

## =====

## HAME CONTENT.

=====

The birks on Yarrow now deplore,  
Thy mournfu' Muse' has left the shore.  
Near what bright burn, or crystal spring,  
Did you your winsome whistle hing?  
The Muse shall there, wi' watery e'e  
Gie the dunk swaird a tear for thee;  
And Yarrow's genius, dowie dame!  
Shall there forget her blude-stain'd stream,  
On thy sad grave to seek repose,  
Who mourn'd her fate, condol'd her woes.



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## POSTHUMOUS PIECES.

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### JOB, CHAP. III. PARAPHRASED.

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**P**ERISH the fatal day when I was born,  
The night with dreary darkness be forlorn ;  
The loathed, hateful, and lamented night  
When Job, 'twas told, had first perceiv'd the light ;  
Let it be dark, nor let the God on high  
Regard it with the favour of his eye ;  
Let blackest darkness and death's awful shade  
Stain it, and make the trembling earth afraid ;  
Be it not join'd unto the varying year,  
Nor to the fleeting months in swift career.  
Lo ! let the night in solitude's dismay  
Be dumb to joy, and waste in gloom away ;  
On it may twilight stars be never known ;  
Light let it wish for, Lord ! but give it none ;

## JOB, CHAP. III. PARAPHRASED.

Curse it let them who curse the passing day,  
And to the voice of mourning raise the lay;  
Nor ever be the face of dawning seen  
To ope its lustre on the enamel'd green;  
Because it seal'd not up my mother's womb,  
Nor hid from me the sorrows doom'd to come.  
Why have I not from mother's womb expir'd?  
My life resign'd when life was first requir'd?  
Why did supporting knees prevent my death,  
Or suckling breasts sustain my infant breath;  
For now my soul with quiet had been blest,  
With kings and counsellors of earth at rest,  
Who bade the house of desolation rise,  
And awful ruin strike tyrannic eyes,  
Or with the princes unto whom were told  
Rich store of silver and corrupting gold;  
Or, as untimely birth, I had not been  
Like infant who the light hath never seen;  
For there the wicked from their trouble cease,  
And there the weary find their lasting peace;



## JOB, CHAP. III. PARAPHRASED.

There the poor prisoners together rest,  
Nor by the hand of injury oppress ;  
The small and great together mingl'd are,  
And free the servant from his master there ;  
Say, wherefore has an over-bounteous heaven  
Light to the comfortless and wretched given ?  
Why should the troubl'd and oppress'd in soul  
Fret over restless life's unsettled bowl,  
Who long for death, who lists not to their pray'r,  
And dig as for the treasures hid afar ;  
Who with excess of joy are blest and glad,  
Rejoic'd when in the tomb of silence laid ?  
Why then is grateful light bestow'd on man,  
Whose life is darkness, all his days a span ?  
For ere the morn return'd my sighing came,  
My mourning pour'd out as the mountain stream ;  
Wild visag'd fear, with sorrow-mingled eye,  
And wan destruction piteous star'd me nigh ;  
For though no rest nor safety blest my soul,  
New trouble came, new darkness, new controul.

ODE TO HORROR.

○ Thou who with incessant gloom  
Court'st the recess of midnight tomb!  
Admit me of thy mournful throng,  
The scatter'd woods and wilds among;  
If e'er thy discontented ear  
The voice of sympathy can cheer,  
My melancholy bosom's sigh  
Shall to your mournful plaint reply;  
There to the fear-foreboding owl  
The angry Furies hiss and howl;  
Or near the mountain's pendant brow  
Where rush-clad streams in cadent murmurs flow.

EPODE.

Who's he that with imploring eye  
Salutes the rosy dawning sky?  
The cock proclaims the morn in vain,  
His sp'rit to drive to its domain;

---

 ODE TO HORROR.
 

---

For morning light can but return  
 To bid the wretched wail and mourn :  
 Not the bright dawning's purple eye  
 Can cause the frightful vapours fly,  
 Nor sultry Sol's meridian throne  
 Can bid surrounding fears begone ;  
 The gloom of night will still preside,  
 While angry conscience stares on either side.

## STROPHE.

To ease his sore distemper'd head,  
 Sometimes upon the rocky bed  
 Reclin'd he lies, to list the sound  
 Of whispering reed in vale profound.  
 Happy if Morpheus visits there,  
 A while to lull his woe and care ;  
 Send sweeter fancies to his aid,  
 And teach him to be undismay'd ;  
 Yet wretched still, for when no more  
 The gods their opiate balsam pour,

## ODE TO HORROR.

Ah, me! he starts, and views again  
The Libyan monster prance along the plain.

Now from the oozing caves he flies,  
And to the city's tumults hies,  
Thinking to frolic life away,  
Be ever cheerful, ever gay:  
But tho' enwrapt in noise and smoke,  
They ne'er can heal his peace when broke;  
His fears arise, he sighs again  
For solitude on rural plain;  
Even there his wishes all convey  
To bear him to his noise again.  
Thus tortur'd, rack'd, and sore oppress'd,  
He constant hunts, but never finds his rest,

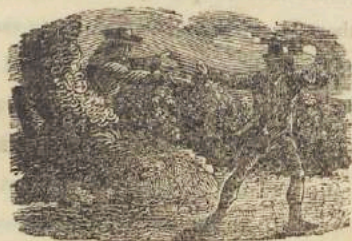
## ANTISTROPHE.

Oh exercise! then healing power,  
The toiling rustic's chiefest dower;  
Be thou with parent virtue join'd  
To quell the tumults of the mind;



## ODE TO HORROR.

Then man as much of joy can share  
From ruffian winter, bleakly bare,  
As from the pure ætherial blaze  
That wantons in the summer rays ;  
The humble cottage then can bring  
Content, the comfort of a king ;  
And gloomy mortals wish no more  
For wealth and idleness to make them poor.



ODE TO

DISAPPOINTMENT.

---

I.

THOU joyless fiend, life's constant foe,  
Malignant source of care and woe,  
Pleasure's abhorr'd controul;  
Her gayest haunts for ever nigh,  
Stern mistress of the secret sigh,  
That swells the murm'ring soul.

II.

Why haunt'st thou me thro' deserts drear?  
With grief-swoln sounds why wound'st my ear,  
Denied to pity's aid?  
Thy visage wan did e'er I woo,  
Or at thy feet in homage bow,  
Or court thy sullen shade?

---

 ODE TO DISAPPOINTMENT.
 

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## III.

Even now enchanted scenes abound,  
 Elysian glories strew the ground,

To lure th' astonish'd eyes;

Now Horrors, Hell, and Furies reign,  
 And desolate the fairy scene

Of all its gay disguise.

## IV.

The passions, at thy urgent call,

Our reasons and our sense enthrall

In frenzy's fetters strong,

And now despair with lurid eye

Doth meagre poverty descry,

Subdu'd by famine long.

## V.

The lover flies the haunts of day,

In gloomy woods and wilds to stray,

There shuns his Jessy's scorn;

ODE TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

Sad sisters of the sighing grove  
 Attune their lyres to hapless love,  
 Dejected and forlorn.

VI.

Yet hope undaunted wears thy chain,  
 And smiles amidst the growing pain,  
 Nor fears thy sad dismay ;

Unaw'd by power her fancy flies  
 From earth's dim orb to purer skies,  
 To realms of endless day,





A DIRGE.

I.

THE waving yew or cypress wreath  
In vain bequeathe the mighty tear ;  
In vain the awful pomp of death  
Attends the sable-shrouded bier.

II.

Since Strephon's virtue's sunk to rest,  
Nor pity's sigh, nor sorrow's strain,  
Nor magic tongue, have e'er confest  
Our wounded bosom's secret pain.

III.

The just, the good, more honours share  
In what the conscious heart bestows,  
Than vice adorn'd with sculptor's care,  
In all the venal pomp of woes.

~~~~~  
 HORACE, ODE XI. LIB. I.
 ~~~~~

IV.

A sad-cy'd mourner at his tomb,  
 Thou, Friendship! pay thy rites divine,  
 And echo thro' the midnight gloom  
 That Strephon's early fall was thine.

~~~~~  
 HORACE,

ODE XI. LIB. I.
 ~~~~~

NE'ER fash your thumb what gods decree  
 To be the weird o' you or me.  
 Nor deal in cautrip's kittle cunning  
 To spier how fast your days are running ;  
 But patient lippen for the best,  
 Nor be in dowy thought opprest,  
 Whether we see mair winters come  
 Than this that spits wi' canker'd foam.

---

 THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.
 

---

Now moisten weel your geyzen'd wa's  
 Wi' couthy friends and hearty blaws;  
 Ne'er let your hope o'erlang your days,  
 For eild and thraldom never stays;  
 The day looks gash, toot aff your horn,  
 Nor care yae strae about the morn.

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 THE
 

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## AUTHOR'S LIFE.

**M**Y life is like the flowing stream  
 That glides where summer's beauties teem,  
 Meets all the riches of the gale  
 That on its watry bosom sail,  
 And wanders 'midst Elysian groves  
 Thro' all the haunts that fancy loves.  
 May I when drooping days decline,  
 And 'gainst those genial streams combine,  
 The winter's sad decay forsake,  
 And centre in my parent lake.

SONG.

---

SINCE brightest beauty soon must fade,  
That in life's spring so long has roll'd,  
And whither in the drooping shade,  
E'er it return to native mould.

Ye virgins, seize the fleeting hour,  
In time catch Cytherea's joy,  
'Ere age your wonted smiles deflower,  
And hopes of love and life annoy.

---

EPIGRAM

*On a Lawyer's desiring one of the Tribe to look  
with respect to a Gibbet.*

---

THE Lawyers may revere that tree  
Where thieves so oft have strung,  
Since, by the Law's most wise decree,  
Her thieves are never hung.



ON THE  
AUTHOR'S INTENTION  
OF GOING TO SEA.

---

**F**ORTUNE and BOB, e'er since his birth,  
Could never yet agree ;  
She fairly kick'd him from the earth,  
To try his fate at sea.

---

EPIGRAM

*Written Extempore, at the desire of a gentleman  
who was rather ill-favoured, but who had a  
beautiful Family of Children.*

---

**SC**—**TT** and his children emblems are  
Of real good and evil ;  
His children are like cherubims,  
But Sc—tt is like the devil.

THE  
VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

*An Elegy on the untimely Death of a Scots Poet.*

BY MR JOHN TAIT.

Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus  
Tam cari capitis? Præcipe lugubres  
Cantus, Melpomene, cui liquidam pater  
Vocem cum cithara dedit.

HOR.

DARK was the night, and silence reign'd o'er all;  
No mirthful sounds urg'd on the ling'ring hour:  
The sheeted ghost stalk'd thro' the stately hall;  
And ev'ry breast confess'd chill Horror's power.

Slumb'ring I lay: I mus'd on human hopes:  
"Vain, vain," I cried, "are all the hopes we  
form!

BY MR JOHN TAIT.

“ When Winter comes, the sweetest flow’ret drops ;  
 “ And oaks themselves must bend before the  
 “ storm.”

While thus I spake, a voice assail’d my ear :  
 ’Twas sad ;—’twas slow ; it fill’d my mind  
 with dread !

“ Forbear,” it cried—thy moral lays forbear :  
 “ Or change the strain, for FERGUSSON is dead !

“ Have we not seen him sporting on these plains ?

“ Have we not heard him strike the MUSE’s lyre ?

“ Have we not felt the magic of his strains,  
 Which often glow’d with Fancy’s warmest fire ?

“ Have we not hop’d these strains would long be  
 heard ?

“ Have we not told how oft they touch’d the  
 soul ?

---

BY MR JOHN TAIT.

---

- “ And has not SCOTIA said, her youthful BARD  
“ Might spread her fame ev’n to the distant pole ?  
“ But vain, alas ! are all the hopes we rais’d ;  
“ Death strikes the blow—they sink—their  
“ reign is o’er ;  
“ And these sweet songs, which we so oft have  
“ prais’d—  
“ These mirthful strains—shall now be heard  
“ no more.  
“ This, this proclaims how vain are all the joys  
“ Which we so ardently wish to attain ;  
“ Since ruthless Fate so oft, so soon destroys  
“ The high-born hopes even of the MUSES’ train.”

I heard no more.—The cock, with clarion shrill,  
Loudly proclaim’d th’ approach of morning near—  
The voice was gone—but yet I heard it still—  
For every note was echo’d back by fear.

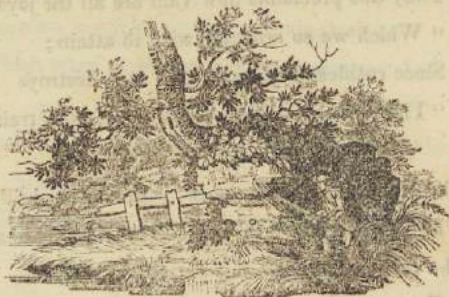


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BY MR JOHN TAIT.

---

“Perhaps,” I cried, “ere yonder rising sun  
“ Shall sink his glories in the western wave ;  
“ Perhaps ere then my race too may be run,  
“ And I myself laid in the silent grave.  
“ Oft then, O mortals ! oft this dreadful truth  
“ Should be proclaim’d—for fate is in the sound—  
“ That Genius, Learning, Health, and vigorous  
“ Youth,  
“ May, in one day, in Death’s cold chains be  
“ bound.”



# NOTES,

## TO VOLUME SECOND.

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NOTE 1, P. 21.

Dr Wilkie had a farm near St. Andrews, on which he made great improvements.

NOTE 2, P. 123. -

The Contractor for the lamps.

NOTE 3, P. 130.

A debating society; afterwards called the Pantheon.

NOTE 4, and 5. P. 143.

Alluding to two tunes under these Titles,

NOTE 6, P. 144.

The Poet alludes to a gentleman in Dunfermline, who sent him a challenge, being highly offended at the concluding reflection in the " Expedition to Fife.

NOTE 7, P. 146.

A bell in the college steeple.

NOTE 9, P. 146.

A name given by the students to one of the Members of the University.

NOTE 9, P. 152.

The late Sexton.

TO VOLUME SECOND.

NOTE 10, p. 159.

This Poem was written about the time a bill was in agitation for vesting the whole funds of Hospitals, and other charities throughout the Kingdom, in Government stock, at three per Cent.

NOTE 11, and 12, p. 184. 185.

Pandemonium and the Cape were two social Clubs.

NOTE 13, p. 193.

Then keeper of the Tolbooth.

NOTE 14, p. 194.

An allusion to the state of the North Bridge after its fall.

NOTE 15, p. 202.

Mr Hamilton of Bangour.



## GLOSSARY.

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

### A.

*A'* all  
*abidin't*, abiding it

*aboon*, above

*Adie*, Adam

*ae*, one

*aff*, off

*a-field*, in the field

*ast*, oft

*asten*, often

*afterhend*, afterwards

*ast-times*, oftentimes

*ahint*, behind

*aiblins*, perhaps

*aik*, an oak, pain

*ails*, or *ailings*, ills

*ain*, own

*airin*, airing

*airths*, ways

*aiten*, oaten

*aith*, an oath

*aits*, oats

*alake*, alas

*alane*, alone

*alang*, along

*amang*, among

*amry*, a cupboard

*an'*, and, if

*ance* or *aince*, once

*ane*, one, an



*anes*, once  
*anither*, another  
*antrin*, different  
*attour*, out-over  
*auld*, old  
*auld farran*, or *auld far-  
 rant*, sagacious, cun-  
 ning, ingenious  
*Auld Nick*, one of the ma-  
 ny names for the devil  
*auld warld*, old world  
*awntie*, dimin. of aunt  
*awa'*, away  
*ayont*, beyond

## B.

*Ba'*, a ball  
*back-gaun*, going back  
*bagnet*, a bayonet  
*bailie*, a magistrate  
*bairn*, a child  
*bairnies*, children  
*bairnly*, childish  
*baith*, both  
*ban*, to swear  
*bane*, a bone

*banefu'*, baneful  
*bang*, an effort, a great  
 number; to conquer  
*bannet*, a bonnet  
*bannin*, swearing  
*bannocks*, bread thicker  
 than cakes, and round  
*ban'rin*, bantering  
*bardie*, dimin. of bard  
*barkent*, when mire, blood,  
 &c. hardens upon any  
 thing like bark  
*barras*, boroughs  
*baudrons*, a cat  
*bauk*, a cross beam  
*bauld*, bold  
*bauldly*, boldly  
*baulhrin*, bustling, flutter-  
 ing  
*bawbee*, a halfpenny  
*beardly*, stout-made, broad  
 built  
*beastie*, dimin. of beast  
*bedeckit*, dressed  
*bedeen*, immediately, in  
 haste

- bedown*, down  
*beck*, to warm  
*beekin*, basking  
*beengin*, cringing  
*befa'*, befall  
*begude*, begun  
*beguillin*, beguiling  
*ben-ty*, into the speace or parlour  
*bendin*, bending  
*benmost*, inmost  
*beted*, befall  
*bewitchin*, bewitching  
*beyont*, beyond  
*bicker*, a kind of wooden dish, a short race  
*bide*, to abide, to suffer  
*biel'd*, shelter  
*bien*, wealthy, plentiful  
*bienly*, wealthy, plentifully  
*big*, to build  
*biggin*, a house; building  
*bike*, or *byke*, a nest of bees  
*billie*, a brother, a young fellow  
*bink*, a shelf  
*binna*, be not  
*bir*, force, flying swiftly with a noise  
*birdie*, dimin. of bird  
*birken*, birchen  
*birkie*, or *birky*, a cleves fellow  
*birks*, birch trees  
*birle*, to drink; common people joining their bodles for purchasing liquor; they call it *birling a bodle*  
*birn*, a burnt mark  
*birste*, to bruise  
*birze*, to bruise  
*biscket*, a biscuit  
*bis'ness*, business  
*bizz*, a hustle; to buzz  
*bizz'd*, buzzed  
*bizzin*, buzzing  
*blate*, bashful, sheepish  
*blaw*, to blow, to boast  
*blawn*, blown  
*bleer-e'd*, having the eyes dim with water or rheum

- bleerin*, blearing  
*bleezin*, blazing  
*blinkin*, the flame rising and falling, as of a lamp when the oil is exhausted  
*blude*, blood  
*blue-gown*, one of those beggars who get annually on the king's birth day, a blue cloak or gown, with a badge  
*bluidy*, bloody  
*bodden*, or *bodin*, or *bowden*, provided, furnished  
*bodle*, one sixth of a penny English  
*bogles*, spirits, hobgoblins  
*bonnie*, or *bonny*, beautiful, handsome  
*borrows*, borough  
*bougil*, the crow of a cock  
*brae*, a declivity, a precipice the slope of a hill  
*braid*, broad  
*brak*, broke  
*brav*, or *bra'*, fine, handsome  
*brawest*, finest in apparel, handsomest  
*brawly*, finely, handsomely  
*breedin*, breeding  
*breeks*, breeches  
*brisket*, or *bisket*, breast, bosom  
*brither*, brother  
*broachie*, dimin. of broach  
*brock*, a badger  
*brodit*, pricked  
*broggs*, a kind of strong shoes  
*brodit*, brooded  
*broom-thackit*, overgrown with broom  
*brose*, a composition of oatmeal and boiled water  
*browster*, brewer  
*bruik*, to endure, to suffer  
*brulzie*, a broil, a combustion  
*brunt*, did burn

*buik*, or *buke*, a book; *bulk*  
*buit*, but

*bumbaz'd*, confused, made  
to look and stare like  
an idiot

*bure*, did bear

*burn*, water, a rivulet

*burnie*, dimin. of *burn*

*burnin*, burning

*busk*, dress

*buskit*, dressed

*buss*, a bush

*busses*, bushes

*but and ben*, the country  
kitchen and parlour

*bygone*, bypast

*byre*, a cow-stable

## C.

*Ca'*, to call, to name, to  
drive

*cabbage-fauld*, a place in  
which cabbage grows

*ca'd*, called, drove

*cadgie*, cheerful

*cadgily*, cheerfully

*cadie*, a person, a young  
fellow

*caird*, or *card*, a tinker  
*cairn*, a loose heap of stones

*callant*, a boy

*caller*, cool, fresh, sound

*can*, came

*canna*, cannot

*cannily*, gently

*canny*, cautious, gentle,  
lucky

*cantily*, merrily, cheerfully

*cantrip*, a charm, a spell

*canty*, merry, cheerful

*cap*, a wooden drinking  
vessel

*capernoity*, whimsical, ill-  
natured

*carefu'*, careful

*carena*, care not

*carle*, an old man

*carlin*, a stout old woman

*carline*, an old woman

*carritch*, catechism

*ca's*, drives

*casen*, cast



- catcht*, caught  
*ca't*, called, driven  
*cauld*, cold  
*cauldness*, coldness  
*cauldriſe*, spiritless, wanting cheerfulness in an address  
*cawsey*, causey  
*chancy*, fortunate  
*chap*, a person, a fellow, a blow  
*chappin*, an ale-measure, or stoup, somewhat less than an English quart  
*chaumer*, or *chaumir*, a chamber  
*chaunter*, a part of a bagpipe  
*cheek for chow*, side by side  
*cheep*, a chirp, to chirp  
*chiel*, or *chield*, a young fellow, a slight and familiar term  
*childer*, children  
*chimley*, the chimney  
*chow*, to chew  
*clacs*, or *claise*, clothes  
*claiking*, gossiping  
*claiith*, cloth  
*claniherwit*, a blow  
*clamp*, a sharp blow or stroke that makes a noise  
*clarty*, dirty, unclean  
*claver*, clover  
*claw*, to scratch  
*cleed*, or *clead*, to clothe  
*cleedin*, cloathing  
*cleek*, to catch as with a hook  
*cleugh*, a den betwixt rocks  
*clink*, money  
*clinkin*, clinking, jerking  
*clitter-clatter*, idle talk  
*clour*, a swelling after a blow  
*clout*, to strike, to mend  
*clouted*, mended  
*coatie*, dimin. of coat  
*coble*, a fishing boat  
*cod*, a pillow  
*coft*, bought

- cog*, a wooden dish  
*cogie*, or *coggie*, dimin. of  
*cog*  
*collie*, a general, and some-  
times a particular name  
for country curs  
*comin*, coming  
*contestin*, contesting  
*contentit*, contented  
*conveen*, to assemble  
*coof*, a blockhead, a ninny  
*corby*, or *corbie*, a raven  
*cornin*, corning  
*cosh*, neat  
*coshly*, neatly  
*cotter*, the inhabitant of a  
cot-house or cottage  
*cou'd*, could  
*couldna*, could not  
*coup*, to barter, to tumble  
over  
*cour*, to crouch  
*cour'd*, crouched  
*couthy*, kind, loving  
*covenantin*, covenanting  
*cow'd*, terrified, kept under  
*cox*, to persuade  
*cozy*, snug  
*crabbit*, crabbed, fretful  
*crabbilly*, peevishly, mo-  
rosely  
*crack*, conversation; to  
converse  
*crackit*, cracked  
*craig*, a crag  
*crammin*, filling  
*crap*, a crop, to creep, to  
top  
*cravin*, craving  
*craw*, the crow of a cock,  
a rook  
*criesh*, or *creesh*, grease  
*crieshy*, greasy  
*crouse*, cheerful, courage-  
ous  
*crously*, boldly  
*crowdy*, a dish made of  
oat-meal  
*crummy*, a cow's name  
*crune*, to make a noise like  
the continued roar of a  
bull or cow

*cuissears*, coursers  
*cunnin*, cunning  
*cunzied*, coined  
*cutty*, short

## D.

*Daffin*, merriment, foolishness  
*dafi*, merry, giddy, foolish  
*daintith*, dainty  
*dander*, to wander to and fro  
*dang*, pushed, driven  
*danton*, to discourage  
*darena*, dare not  
*daub*, a proficient  
*dautit*, fondled, caressed  
*daut*, to caress with tenderness  
*dawnin*, dawning  
*deid*, dead  
*delightfu'* delightful  
*descendin'*, descending  
*deval*, to descend, fall, hurry  
*dew-drop*, a dew-drop

*dictionary*, dictionary  
*dight*, decked, to clean  
*dightin*, cleaning corn from chaff  
*divot*, broad turf  
*dinsome*, noisy  
*dinna*, or *dinna't*, do not  
*ding*, to worst, to push  
*dinlin*, rattling  
*disturbit*, disturbed  
*dockan*, (an herb) the dock  
*doggie*, dimin. of dog  
*doitet*, stupified, hebetated  
*dool*, or *dule*, sorrow, pain  
*dolefu'*, doleful  
*dools*, sorrows  
*donnart*, stupid  
*dorts*, a proud pet  
*dorty*, proud, not to be spoke to, conceited, appearing as disobliged  
*dosin*, dosing  
*douff*, mournful, wanting  
*doughtna*, durst not  
*dought*, could, availed  
*doughtier*, stronger, abler

|                                                                  |                                                                              |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <i>doughty</i> , able, valiant,<br>strong                        | <i>droukit</i> , drenched, wet                                               |
| <i>douk</i> , to put under water                                 | <i>drouth</i> , thirst, drought                                              |
| <i>douna</i> , or <i>downa</i> , do not                          | <i>drowthy</i> , or <i>drouthy</i> , thirsty                                 |
| <i>doup</i> , the backside                                       | <i>drucken</i> , drunken                                                     |
| <i>dour</i> , sullen                                             | <i>drumly</i> , muddy                                                        |
| <i>dom</i> , am or are able                                      | <i>dubs</i> , small puddles of<br>water                                      |
| <i>don'd</i> , inclined                                          | <i>duddies</i> , rags                                                        |
| <i>donie</i> , or <i>domy</i> , worn with<br>grief, fatigue, &c. | <i>duddy</i> , ragged                                                        |
| <i>drap</i> , a drop                                             | <i>duds</i> , rags, cloathes                                                 |
| <i>drappit</i> , dropped                                         | <i>dung</i> , worsted, pushed,<br>driven                                     |
| <i>draunt</i> , to speak slow, af-<br>ter a sighing manner       | <i>dunt</i> , a stroke or blow                                               |
| <i>dreamt</i> , dreamed                                          | <i>dwaam</i> , a sudden pain or<br>sickness                                  |
| <i>dree</i> , to suffer, endure                                  | <i>dwall</i> , dwell                                                         |
| <i>dreech</i> , slow, tedious                                    | <i>dwyin</i> , or <i>dwinin</i> , shrink-<br>ing, losing bulk, decay-<br>ing |
| <i>dree'd</i> , suffered, endured                                |                                                                              |
| <i>drib</i> , a drop                                             |                                                                              |
| <i>dribble</i> , to drizzle                                      |                                                                              |
| <i>dribs</i> , drops                                             |                                                                              |
| <i>dreep</i> , to drop                                           |                                                                              |
| <i>dreepin</i> , dropping                                        |                                                                              |
| <i>drinkin</i> , drinking                                        |                                                                              |
| <i>drog</i> , drug                                               |                                                                              |
| <i>droopin</i> , drooping                                        |                                                                              |

## E.

*Ear'*, early*e'e*, the eye*e'en*, eyes*e'ening*, evening*eident*, diligent



- eery*, frightened, dreading  
   spirits  
*eik*, eke  
*eikit*, joined  
*eith*, easy  
*eithly*, easily  
*eild*, old age  
*elden*, fuel,  
*elshin*, a shoemaker's awl  
*emmack*, an ant  
*enchantin*, enchanting  
*enough*, enough
- F.
- Fa'*, fall  
*fadge*, a spongy sort of  
   bread, in shape of a roll  
*fae*, a foe  
*fa'en*, fallen  
*faintin*, fainting  
*fairin'*, a fairing, a present  
*fairns*, fern  
*faithfu'*, faithful  
*fallow*, fellow,  
*fand*, found  
*farer*, longer, further
- fareweel*, farewell  
*farl*, a cake of bread  
*fash*, or *faush*, trouble,  
   care, to trouble  
*fastin*, fasting  
*faugh'd*, ploughed, and  
   not sowed  
*faught*, fight  
*fauld*, a fold; to fold  
*faut*, a fault  
*fearfu'*, fearful  
*feat*, neat, spruce  
*feck*, a part, quantity  
*feckless*, puny, feeble,  
   weak, silly  
*feckly*, nearly  
*feg*, a fig  
*fellin*, felling  
 *fend*, to defend  
 *fend*, to live comfortably  
*fenzying*, feigning  
*ferlies*, wonders  
*ferly*, a wonder, to wonder  
*ferra*, a cow missing calf  
*fetch*, to pull by fits  
*fient*, fiend, a petty oath

*fier*, sound, healthy ; a  
 brother, a friend  
*finger-nebbs*, finger-ends  
*fireflaught*, a flash of light-  
 ning  
*fit*, foot  
*fitstap*, footstep  
*fizz'd*, whizzed  
*flae*, to strip  
*flae'd*, flayed  
*flaff*, to move up and down  
 as birds with their wings  
*flee*, a fly  
*fleg*, to fright  
*fleein*, flying  
*flectch*, to supplicate in a  
 flattering manner  
*flectchin'*, supplicating  
*fleuk*, a flounder  
*fley*, to scare, to affright  
*fley'd*, affrighted  
*fingin*, throwing  
*flyte*, to scold, to chide  
*flytin*, scolding, chiding,  
*fore*, forward  
*forfoughen*, weary, faint

and out of breath  
*forgather*, to meet, to en-  
 counter  
*forseeth*, forsooth  
*fou'*, or *fu'*, full, drunk  
*fouk*, or *fock*, folk  
*fousom*, fulsome  
*fouth*, abundance, plenty  
*frae*, from  
*friz*, a frizle  
*fuddlin*, drinking  
*fund*, found  
*fu'ness*, fullness  
*furth*, forth

## G

*Ga'*, the gall  
*gab*, the mouth ; to speak  
 boldly or pertly  
*gabbie*, dimin. of *gab* ;  
 mouth  
*gabbil*, of a ready and easy  
 expression  
*gabblin*, prating pertly  
*gae*, to go, give  
*gaed*, went

- gaes*, goes  
*gaet*, gave it  
*gane*, gone  
*gang*, to go, to walk,  
*ganging*, going  
*gangs*, goes  
*gantries*, stands for barrels  
*gar*, to make, to force to  
*gars*, makes, forces  
*gart*, or *gar'd*, caused, forced made  
*gash*, wise, sagacious, talkative; to converse  
*gashly*, wisely  
*gashin*, conversing  
*gal*, got  
*gate*, way, manner, road  
*gaudsman*, a plough boy  
*gaunt*, to yawn  
*gaunting*, yawning  
*gawn*, or *gaun*, going  
*gawsy*, buxom, large  
*gear*, riches, goods of any kind  
*geck*, to toss the head in wantonness or scorn; to mock  
*geyzenin*, thirsting, drying  
*ghaist*, a ghost  
*gie*, to give,  
*gien*, given  
*gies*, gives  
*gilpy*, a roguish boy  
*ginner*, a ewe from one to two years old  
*gin*, if  
*girn*, to grin, to snarl, to twist the features in rage  
*girnel*, a box or barrel in which meal is kept  
*girsle*, gristle  
*gizy-maker*, a maker of periwigs  
*gizz*, a periwig  
*gizzen*, dry  
*gizzen'd*, or *geyz'd*, when the wood of any vessel is shrunk with dryness  
*gluikit*, inattentive, foolish  
*glamour*, juggling. When devils, wizards, or jug-

- glers, deceive the sight,  
they are said to fling  
*glamour* over the eyes  
of the spectator
- glancin*, glancing  
*gleesome*, merry  
*gleesu'*, full of joy  
*glent*, to peep  
*gled*, a glede  
*gleg*, sharp, ready, active  
*glen*, a deep narrow valley  
*gloamin*, the twilight  
*glib*, smooth, easy  
*glore*, glory  
*glowin*, glowing  
*glowr*, to stare, to look ;  
*glowrin*, staring  
*graiith*, dress, accoutre-  
ments, gear  
*grane*, or *grain*, a groan  
to groan  
*granny*, a grandmother  
*grapin*, groping  
*gratefu'*, grateful  
*gravat*, a neckcloth  
*gree*, to agree, *to bear the*
- gree*, to be decidedly  
victor  
*greenin*, longing for  
*greet*, to shed tears, to weep  
*greetin*, weeping  
*griem*, to long for  
*grip*, to hold fast  
*grisly*, gristly  
*growin*, growing  
*grunds*, bottoms  
*grunt*, to cry like a hog  
*gruntle*, a grunting noise  
*gormandizin*, gormandiz-  
ing  
*gowd*, gold  
*gowan*, the flower of the  
daisy, dandelion, hawk-  
weed, &c.  
*gowdspink*, goldfinch  
*gowk*, a cuckoo, a term of  
contempt  
*gowpins*, handsful  
*gudemán*, the master of  
the house  
*gudewife*, the mistress of  
the house



*gudame*, grandmother  
*gude*, the Supreme Being,  
 good  
*gudely*, goodly  
*guidin't*, guiding it  
*guilefu'*, guileful  
*gullie*, a large knife  
*gust*, to taste  
*gustit*, tasted  
*gusts*, tastes  
*gusty*, tasteful  
*gutcher*, grandfather

## H.

*Hadna*, had not  
*hae*, to have, have  
*haet*, *fient hae't*, a petty  
 oath of negation, no-  
 thing  
*hafe*, have  
*haffit*, the side of the head,  
 the temple  
*hafflins*, half, partly  
*haggis*, a kind of pudding  
 made of the lungs and  
 liver of a sheep

*hailstones*, hailstones  
*hain'd*, saved, managed  
 narrowly  
*hair-kaimer*, hair-comber  
*hairst*, or *harst*, harvest  
*hale*, whole, tight,  
*halesome*, wholesome  
*halesomest*, wholesomest  
*hallan*, a partition wall in  
 a cottage  
*Hallow-e'en*, the 31st of  
 October  
*haly*, holy  
*hame*, home  
*hameil*, domestic  
*hamely*, homely, affable  
*hamespun*, homespun  
*hameward*, homeward  
*hap*, an outer garment, to  
 wrap, to cover, happen  
*happit*, covered  
*haps*, perhaps  
*hap-warm*, a covering  
*harl*, to drag  
*hartin*, dragging  
*ha's*, halls.

|                                                          |                                                   |
|----------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------|
| <i>hatefu'</i> , hateful                                 | <i>hiney'd</i> , covered with<br>honey            |
| <i>haud</i> , to hold                                    | <i>hineysuckle</i> , a honeysuckle                |
| <i>hauds</i> , holds                                     | <i>hing</i> , to hang                             |
| <i>haugh</i> , a valley                                  | <i>hirelin</i> , hireling                         |
| <i>haveril</i> , a foolish silly fel-<br>low             | <i>hirpling</i> , creeping                        |
| <i>hawkie</i> , a cow, properly<br>one with a white face | <i>hirsle</i> , to move slowly and<br>tamely      |
| <i>healthfu'</i> , healthful                             | <i>hodin</i> , coarse                             |
| <i>heart-scad</i> , pain at the<br>stomach               | <i>holey</i> , full of holes                      |
| <i>heathery</i> , heathy                                 | <i>hooly</i> , slow                               |
| <i>heese</i> , or <i>heeze</i> , to elevate,<br>to raise | <i>hopefu'</i> , hopeful                          |
| <i>heez'd</i> , elevated                                 | <i>horse-couper</i> , an exchang-<br>er of horses |
| <i>heh</i> , oh! strange                                 | <i>hornin</i> , horning                           |
| <i>herd</i> , to tend flocks, one<br>who tends flocks    | <i>houff</i> , a resort                           |
| <i>herried</i> , plundered                               | <i>houp</i> , hope                                |
| <i>herrin</i> , a herring                                | <i>houkit</i> , digged                            |
| <i>het</i> , hot                                         | <i>housie</i> , dimin. of house                   |
| <i>het-skinn'd</i> , hot-skinned                         | <i>howder</i> , thrown together<br>in confusion   |
| <i>hidling</i> , private                                 | <i>hove</i> , hollow; a hollow<br>or dell         |
| <i>himsel</i> , himself                                  | <i>howdy-towdy</i> , a young hen                  |
| <i>hinder</i> , last                                     | <i>howlet</i> , an owl                            |
| <i>hiney</i> , honey                                     | <i>hummil</i> , wanting horns                     |

*hunder*, a hundred  
*hungert*, hungered  
*huntit*, hunted  
*hurdies*, the loins, the  
 crupper

## I.

*I*, in,  
*indentit*, indentured  
*ingan*, an onion  
*ingle*, fire, fire-place  
*ilk*, or *ilka*, each, every  
*I'se*, I shall or will  
*ither*, other  
*itsel*, itself

## J.

*Jarrin*, jarring  
*jibe*, to mock  
*jillet*, a jilt, a giddy girl  
*jink*, to dodge, to turn a  
 corner  
*joe*, a sweetheart  
*jook*, or *jouk*, to stoop, to  
 bow the head  
*joot*, sour or dead liquor

*jow*, means both the swing-  
 ing motion and pealing  
 sound of a large bell  
*joyful*, joyful

## K.

*Kail*, colewort, a kind of  
 broth  
*kail-worm*, a caterpillar  
*kail-yard*, a kitchen garden  
*kain*, fowls, &c. paid as  
 rent by a farmer  
*kam'd*, combed  
*kebbuck*, a cheese  
*keek*, to peep, to look  
*keeking*, looking  
*keekin-glass*, a looking-  
 glass  
*ken*, to know  
*kens*, knows  
*ken't*, or *ken'd*, knew  
*keppit*, met  
*kiltit*, tucked up  
*kin*, kindred, friends  
*kin-kind*, every kind  
*kirk*, a church

- kirk-yard*, church-yard  
*kirn*, the harvest supper,  
 a churn, to churn  
*kirnstaff*, the staff of a  
 churn  
*kist*, chest, a shop counter  
*kist-nook*, corner of a chest  
*kittle*, to tickle, ticklish,  
 lively, difficult  
*knove*, a small round hil-  
 lock  
*kye*, cows  
*kyte*, the belly  
*kyth*, to discover
- L.
- Labster*, a lobster  
*lackin*, lacking  
*ladin*, lading  
*laiglen*, a milking pail with  
 one handle  
*laird*, a landlord  
*lair'd*, sunk in snow or mud  
*laith*, loath  
*lammie*, dimin. of lamb  
*lanely*, lonely
- lang*, long  
*langer*, longer  
*langsyne*, long since  
*lapper'd*, cruddled  
*lassie*, a young girl  
*lat*, let  
*lathie*, a lad  
*laughin*, laughing  
*lave*, the rest, the remain-  
 der, the others  
*laverock*, the lark  
*lamen*, a tavern reckoning  
*leal*, loyal, true, faithful  
*leuly*, loyally, honestly,  
 truly  
*lear*, learning, to learn  
*lear'd*, learnt  
*lea-rig*, grassy ridge  
*leem*, a loom  
*lick*, to whip or beat  
*licket*, whipped  
*lieve*, willingly  
*lightlyin'*, sneering  
*ligs*, lies  
*lilt*, a ballad, a tune, to  
 sing



- pillin*, singing  
*lills*, the holes of a wind instrument of music  
*lim*, limb  
*limp*, to hobble  
*lingans*, thread used by shoemakers  
*lintie*, a linnet  
*lippans*, expects, trusts  
*lith*, a joint  
*livin*, living  
*lo'e*, love, to love  
*loo'd*, loved  
*lounder*, a sound blow  
*loup*, to jump, to leap  
*loupin*, leaping  
*lout*, to bow down, to stoop  
*loutit*, stooped  
*love*, flame  
*lown*, or *loun*, a fellow, a ragamuffin, a woman of easy virtue  
*lows'd*, loosed, let loose  
*lowse*, to loose  
*luggie*, a wooden dish with a handle  
*lugs*, the ears  
*lum*, the chimney  
*lure*, rather  
*lyart*, old, hoary  
*lyin*, lying
- M.
- Mae*, more  
*maen*, or *main*, or *mane*, to moan, to complain  
*mailin*, a farm  
*maist*, most  
*mair*, or *mare*, more  
*maister*, master  
*mak*, to make  
*makin*, making  
*maks*, makes  
*mang*, among  
*marsh*, march  
*maught*, might  
*maukin-mad*, hare-mad  
*maun*, must  
*maunna*, must not, may not  
*mavis*, a thrush  
*man*, to mow

*melith*, a meal  
*menzie*, company of men,  
 assembly, one's followers  
*mirk*, dark  
*mirkest*, darkest  
*mishanter*, misfortune  
*mislear'd*, mischievous, un-  
 mannerly  
*wither*, a mother  
*Mons Meg*, a very large  
 iron cannon in the castle  
 of Edinburgh capable of  
 holding two people  
*mony*, many  
*mornin*, morning  
*mou'*, the mouth  
*mournfu'*, mournful  
*mournin*, mourning  
*muckle*, or *meikle*, big,  
 great  
*muircock*, a moorcock  
*musin*, musing  
*mutch*, a cap  
*mu'ter*, the miller's toll  
*myself*, myself

## N.

*Na*, no, not, nor  
*nae*, no, not, any  
*naebody*, nobody  
*naething*, nothing  
*naig*, a horse  
*nainsel*, myself  
*nane*, none  
*neebour*, a neighbour  
*needna*, need not  
*ne'er-do-weel*, never-do-  
 well  
*neist*, next  
*nicker*, to cry like a horse  
*nickit*, cut, marked  
*nickstick*, a notched stick  
 for keeping a reckoning  
*nippin*, nipping  
*noggan*, a measure contain-  
 ing a quarter of a pint  
*nor'*, north  
*norlan*, of or belonging to  
 the north  
*notar*, an attorney  
*nouther*, neither  
*nowt*, cows, kine

## O.

*O'*, of  
*ohon!* alas!  
*ony*, any  
*orra*, any thing over what  
 is needful  
*o't*, of it  
*ouk*, week  
*oursels*, ourselves.  
*out-by*, at a distance  
*out owre*, over  
*owre*, over, too  
*owsen*, oxen

## P.

*Painfu'*, painful  
*pakes*, chastisement  
*pang'd*, crammed  
*pap*, pop  
*parritch*, oatmeal pudding,  
 a well known Scotch dish  
*partans*, crabs  
*pat*, put; a pot  
*patientfu'*, waiting with  
 patience  
*paughty*, proud, haughty

*pawky*, or *pauky*, without  
 any harm or bad design,  
 witty, cunning  
*peacefu'*, peaceful  
*peats*, turf for firing  
*pechin*, fetching the breath  
 as in an Asthma  
*peg'h*, to pant  
*perfyte*, perfect  
*pet*, silent anger; also one  
 too much caressed  
*philibegs*, short petticoats  
 worn by the Highland-  
 men  
*pibrach*, a highland tune  
*pig*, an earthen pitcher  
*pingle*, to contend, to strive  
*pinin'*, pining  
*pipin'*, smoking, warm  
*pirny*, dimin. of *pirn*, the  
 spool or quill, within the  
 shuttle, which receives  
 the yarn  
*pilh*, strength, might, force  
*plack*, an old Scotch coin,  
 the third part of a Scotcl.

penny, twelve of which  
make an English penny  
*plaidie*, dimin. of plaid  
*plainstances*, flags laid in a  
footpath  
*plaister*, a plaster  
*pleasin*, pleasing  
*pleugh*, a plough  
*pley*, a quarrel  
*plouk*, a pimple  
*plouky*, pimples  
*pock*, a purse  
*pomet*, pomatum  
*poortith*, poverty  
*pouch*, pocket  
*pout*, a poult  
*pow*, the head, the skull  
*powney*, a little horse  
*prancin*, prancing  
*presentit*, presented  
*prevailin*, prevailing  
*pricket*, pricked  
*prie*, to taste  
*pried*, tasted  
*pricin*, tasting  
*prieve*, to prove or taste

*prievin*, proving, tasting  
*priggin*, disputing, cheap-  
ening  
*pu'd*, pulled  
*puddock*, a frog  
*pursie*, dimin. of purse  
*pussie*, a hare or cat

## Q.

*Quat*, to quit  
*quean*, a queen  
*quegh*, to quaff  
*quo'*, quoth

## R.

*Raggit*, ragged  
*raingil*, ranged  
*rakin*, raking  
*rangle*, a range  
*rantin*, ranting  
*raw*, a row  
*rax*, to stretch  
*rax'd*, stretched  
*ream*, cream; to cream  
*reaming*, or *reamin*, brim-  
ful, frothing



*reck*, heed  
*reek*, smoke  
*reekin*, smoking  
*reelin*, reeling  
*reesle*, a blow  
*refreshin*, refreshing  
*remead*, or *remeid*, remedy  
*respeckit*, respected  
*restin*, resting  
*rig*, a ridge  
*riggin*, the top or ridge of  
     a house  
*rin*, to run, to melt  
*rokelay*, a cloak  
*roose*, to praise, to extol  
*roset*, rosin  
*routh*, plenty  
*rovin*, roving  
*ront*, to roar, to bellow  
*rowlin*, lowing  
*ruck*, a rick of hay or corn  
*runkle*, a wrinkle

## S.

*sae*, so  
*saft*, soft

*safter*, softer  
*saftest*, softest  
*sair*, to serve, a sore  
*sair'd*, served  
*sair-dow'd*, sore worn with  
     grief  
*sairer*, sorer  
*sairst*, sorest  
*sairly*, sorely  
*sall*, shall  
*sa'mon*, salmon  
*sang*, a song  
*sangster*, a songster  
*sark*, a shirt  
*sattlin*, settling  
*saul*, soul  
*saunt*, a saint  
*saut*, salt  
*sautit*, salted  
*sax*, six  
*saxpence*, sixpence  
*scabbit*, scabbed  
*scad*, to scald  
*scaldin*, or *scaulding*, scold-  
     ding  
*scantlins*, hardly

- scar-craw*, a scare-crow  
*scart*, to scratch  
*scauld*, to scold  
*scaw'd*, scabbed  
*sclates*, covering of a house  
*scoul*, to scold  
*scoulin*, scolding  
*scoup*, scope  
*scourin*, scouring  
*scowder*, to burn  
*scowder'd*, burnt  
*scowry*, scouring  
*scrapin*, scraping  
*screech*, to scream as a  
   hen, partridge, &c.  
*scrimp*, narrow, straiten-  
   ed, little  
*scrimply*, straitly, narrowly  
*scunner*, to loath  
*seenil*, seldom  
*sell*, self  
*sels*, ourselves  
*seugh*, or *sough*, a sigh,  
   the sound of wind a-  
   mongst trees  
*sey*, to try  
*shanks-naig*, to walk, as,  
   he took *shanks-naig*, he  
   walked on his own legs  
*shanna*, shall not  
*shaw*, to shew, a small  
   wood in a hollow place  
*sheen*, bright, shining  
*shillin*, a shilling  
*shinin*, shining  
*shoon*, shoes  
*shoppies*, dimin. of shops  
*shou'd*, should  
*sib*, a-kin  
*sic*, such  
*sicken*, such  
*sicker*, sure, steady  
*siclike*, like such a thing  
*siller*, silver, money  
*simmer*, summer  
*sin'*, since  
*singin*, singing  
*singit*, singed  
*sinnin*, sinning  
*sinsyne*, since that time  
*skair*, to share  
*skair'd*, shared

- skaith*, to damage, to injure, injury  
*skaithless*, uninjured  
*skelf*, a shelf  
*skelp*, to strike, to slap  
*skelpin*, walking smartly  
*skirl*, to shriek or cry with a shrill voice  
*skir'd*, shrieked  
*skreed*, to tear; a rent  
*slae*, a sloe  
*slaw-gaun*, slow-going  
*slee*, sly  
*sleely*, slyly  
*slocken*, to quench  
*sma'*, small  
*sma'est*, smallest  
*smeeek*, smoke  
*smeeekit*, smoked  
*smirky*, smiling  
*smoor*, to smother  
*snaw*, snow  
*snaw-ba'*, a snow-ball  
*snawy*, snowy  
*snell*, sharp, bitter, smarting, firm  
*snelly*, sharply, bitterly, smartly  
*snodit*, dressed  
*snow-lappit*, covered with snow  
*snugly*, neatly, conveniently  
*sodden*, boiled  
*sodger*, a soldier  
*sonsy*, having sweet engaging looks; lucky, jolly  
*soom*, to swim  
*soun*, sound  
*soup*, a spoonful, a small quantity of any thin liquid  
*souple*, flexible, swift  
*souler*, a shoemaker  
*sowder*, solder; to cement  
*sonf*, to con over a tune  
*sow'ns*, a kind of soured gruel, made of the seeds of oatmeal boiled up till they make an agreeable pudding

- spae*, to prophesy, to divine  
*spae-wife*, a fortune-teller  
*spake*, or *spak*, did speak,  
 spoke  
*sparin'*, sparing  
*spat*, a spot  
*spaul*, a limb  
*spear*, or *spier*, to ask, to  
 inquire  
*speel*, or *speal*, to climb  
*spinnin*, spinning  
*spraingit*, striped of differ-  
 ent colours  
*spraings*, stripes of differ-  
 ent colours  
*spulzie*, to plunder  
*spulzied*, plundered  
*spunk*, a match tipped with  
 brimstone  
*squad*, a crew, a party  
*sta'*, a stall  
*stack*, a rick of hay or corn  
*stamack*, the stomach  
*stane*, a stone  
*stang*, to sting
- stannin*, standing  
*stap*, to stop  
*stappil*, stopped  
*stark*, stout  
*starnies*, the stars  
*stan'd*, surfeited  
*stealin*, stealing  
*stech*, to cram the belly  
*steek*, to shut; a stitch  
*steekit*, shut  
*steepit*, steeped  
*steeve*, firm, compacted  
*steghin*, cramming  
*stent*, stint, a quantity as-  
 signed  
*stey*, steep  
*stickit*, pierced  
*stinkin*, stinking  
*stirrah*, a man  
*stoiter*, to stagger  
*stoiterin*, staggering  
*stoup*, a kind of jug or dish  
 with a handle  
*stown*, stolen  
*strae*, straw  
*straik*, a stroke, to stroke



*straiket*, stroked  
*strailh*, a valley  
*strang*, strong  
*strappin*, tall and handsome  
*straught*, straight  
*stravaig*, to stroll  
*streek*, to stretch  
*streekit*, stretched  
*sud*, should  
*swank*, or *smack*, stately,  
     jolly  
*swaird*, sword  
*swarmin*, swarming  
*sweel*, to swallow  
*sweer*, lazy, slow  
*swith*, get away  
*syndet*, rinsed  
*syne*, since, ago, then

## T.

*Ta'en*, taken  
*taes*, toes  
*tak*, to take  
*taks*, takes  
*tane*, one

*tap*, the top, a top  
*taukin*, talking  
*taunt*, to mock  
*tauntin*, mocking  
*teat*, a small quantity  
*eatzin*, teasing  
*tenfauld*, tenfold  
*tent*, caution; to take heed  
*tenty*, cautious  
*thae*, these  
*thankfu'*, thankful  
*theekit*, thatched  
*thegither*, together  
*themsels*, themselves  
*thereanent*, thereupon  
*thinkin*, thinking  
*thir*, these  
*thirlin*, thrilling, vibrating  
*thof*, though  
*thole*, to suffer, to endure  
*thrang*, a throng; to throng  
*thrapple*, the throat  
*thrave*, did thrive  
*thraw*, to twist, to contradict, to throw  
*thrawin*, throw

- thrawart*, forward, crab-  
 bed, cross  
*threefauld*, threefold  
*threep*, to aver, to allege,  
 to affirm boldly  
*thristle*, a thistle  
*thrivin*, thriving  
*thud*, to make a loud, in-  
 termittent noise  
*tid*, time or tide; proper  
 time  
*tinkler*, a tinker  
*tint*, lost  
*tir*, to uncover a house  
*tither*, the other, another  
*tocher*, portion, dowry  
*todling*, tottering  
*tongue-lackil*, having an  
 impediment of speech  
*tonguey*, talkative, noisy  
*toom*, empty  
*toom'd*, emptied  
*toothfu'*, a small quantity,  
 applied to liquor  
*touzle*, to teaze  
*townmonth*, a year  
*trampin*, trampling  
*treadin*, treading  
*tricket*, tricked  
*trig*, spruce, neat, hand-  
 some  
*trigly*, sprucely, neatly  
*trig-made*, neat-made  
*trock*, exchange  
*troth*, truth, a petty oath  
*truff*, turf  
*truncher*, a trencher  
*tryin*, trying  
*tulzie*, to quarrel  
*tunefu'*, tuneful  
*turnin*, turning  
*twa*, two  
*twa-legg'd*, having two  
 legs  
*twalt*, twelfth  
*tyne*, or *line*, to lose

## U.

- Uncanny*, awkward  
*unco*, strange, very  
*unfauld*, unfold  
*unfleggit*, unfrighted

*unken'd*, unknown  
*unyokit*, unyoked  
*upbraidin*, upbraiding  
*upo'*, upon  
*usefu'*, useful  
*vau't*, a vault  
*vogie*, elevated proud, that  
 boasts or brags of any  
 thing

## W.

*Wad*, would, pledge, wager  
*wadna*, would not  
*vae*, woe  
*waefu'*, woeful  
*waes*, woes, sorrows  
*waesuck*, O the pity  
*wa'-flower*, a wall-flower  
*waken*, *wakin*, or *waukin*,  
 to awake  
*wale*, choice, to choose  
*wallie*, large, beautiful,  
*bonnie wallies*, fine  
 things  
*walth*, wealth  
*wambles*, runs

*wame*, or *wyme*, womb  
*wanchancy*, unlucky  
*wanruly*, unruly  
*wanwordy*, unworthy  
*wanworth*, want of worth  
*warl'*, or *warld*, world  
*wardly*, worldly  
*warlock*, a wizard  
*ware*, to lay out  
*wark*, work  
*wa's*, walls, ways  
*wat*, wet, to know  
*wats*, knows  
*wauk*, wake  
*waur*, worse  
*wauken'd*, or *wakened*,  
 awaked  
*wee*, little  
*wee-anes*, little ones  
*weel*, well  
*weel-tostit*, well-tasted  
*ween*, thought, imagined,  
 supposed  
*wcet*, rain, wetness  
*weety*, rainy  
*weir*, war

- weird*, fate  
*weirlike*, warlike  
*wer't*, were it  
*weyr*, wear  
*wha*, who  
*whae'er*, whoever  
*whan*, when  
*whan'e'er*, whenever  
*whang*, a leathern string,  
 a piece of bread, cheese,  
 &c. to give the strap-  
 pado  
*whang'd*, sliced  
*whare*, where  
*whare'er*, wherever  
*wharefore*, wherefore  
*whareon*, whereon  
*wharewi'*, wherewith  
*whase*, whose  
*wherewitha'*, wherewithal  
*whilk*, which  
*whinge*, whine  
*whinstane*, a whinstone  
*whisht*, silence  
*whumble*, to turn upside  
 down  
*whydens*, small fish  
*wi'*, with  
*wight*, a man or person  
*willin*, willing  
*win*, to get, to winnow  
*winna*, will not  
*winnock*, a window  
*wins*, goes  
*winsome*, gay, hearty,  
 vaunted  
*wirrikow*, a bugbear  
*withouten*, without  
*wizzen*, or *wizen*, throat  
*woo'*, wool  
*woo'd*, courted  
*wordies*, dimin. of words  
*wou'd*, would  
*wow*, an exclamation of  
 pleasure or wonder  
*wraith*, a spirit, a ghost;  
 an apparition exactly  
 like a living person,  
 whose appearance is said  
 to forebode the person's  
 approaching death  
*wrang*, wrong



*wud*, mad  
*wumill*, a wimble  
*wyle*, to beguile  
*wyliest*, slyest  
*wyt*, weight  
*wylie*, cunning  
*wytc*, blame, to blame

## Y.

*Yap*, hungry, having a  
 longing desire for any  
 thing ready  
*yarkit*, jerked, lashed

*yestreen*, yesternight  
*yill*, ale  
*yird*, earth  
*yird-laigh*, as low as earth  
*yokit*, yoked  
*yokin*, yoking, a bout  
*yont*, beyond  
*youk*, the itch  
*yous<sup>d</sup>*, or *yould*, to cry as  
 a dog  
*yoursel*, yourself  
*yowe*, a ewe  
*yule-day*, Christmas day

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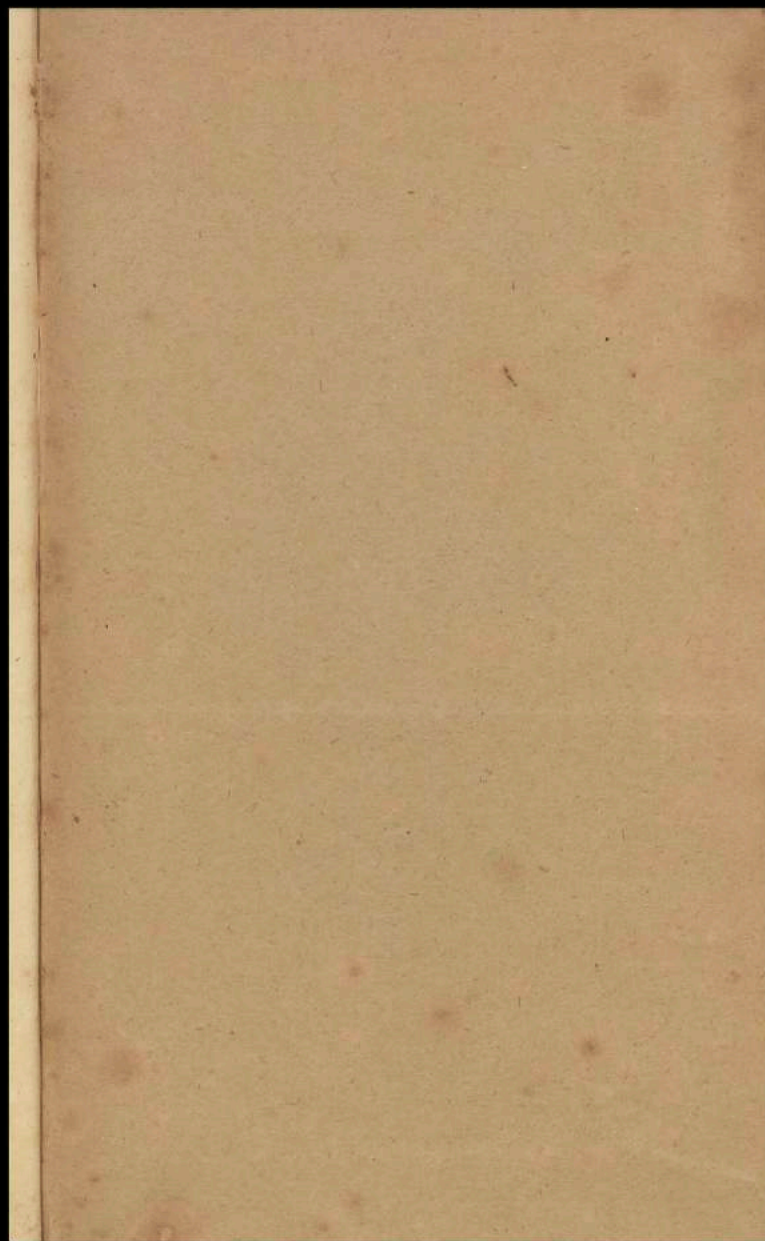
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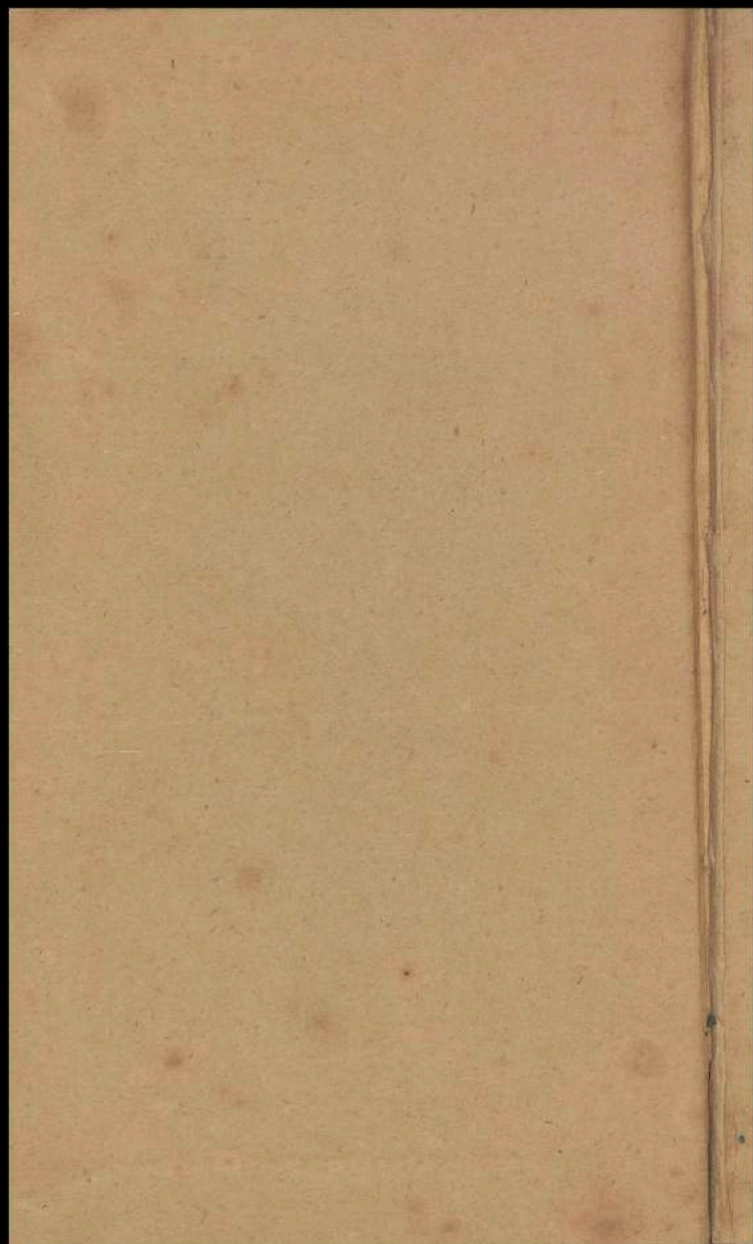
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