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COLLECTION
OF
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VOL. XC.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

IN ONE VOLUME.



ROBERT BURNS.

THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF
ROBERT BURNS.

WITH THE LIFE AND PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.



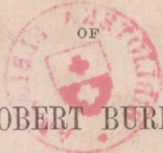
BERNARD BUCHNITZ

1845.



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BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ
1845.

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LIFE

OF

ROBERT BURNS.

But, ah! what poet now shall tread
Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,
Since he, the sweetest bard, is dead,
That ever breath'd the soothing strain?

LET not men of reflection think it a superfluous labour to trace the rise and progress of a character like Robert Burns. Born in the condition of a peasant, he rose by the force of his own mind into distinction and influence; and in his works he has exhibited what are so rarely found, the charms of original genius. With a deep knowledge of the human heart, his poetry exhibits high powers of imagination: it displays, and as it were embalms, the peculiar manners of his country; and it may be considered as a monument, not to his name only, but to the expiring genius of an ancient and once independent nation.

Robert Burns was born in Ayrshire, on the 29th of January, 1759, in a house within a few hundred yards of Alloway Church, which his poem of "Tam o' Shanter" has rendered immortal. The incidents of the poet's life, down to 1787, were communicated by Burns himself to the celebrated Dr. Moore, the author of *Zeluco*, &c. After some preliminary remarks, the poet says: — "My father was of the north of Scotland, the son of a farmer, and was thrown by early misfortunes on the world at large; where, after many years' wanderings and sojournings, he picked up a pretty large quantity of observation and experience, to which I am indebted for most of my pretensions to wisdom. For the first

six or seven years of my life, my father was gardener to a worthy gentleman of small estate in the neighbourhood of Ayr. Had he continued in that station, I must have marched off to be one of the little underlings, about a farm-house, but it was his dearest wish and prayer to have it in his power to keep his children under his own eye till they could discern between good and evil; so, with the assistance of his generous master, my father ventured on a small farm on his estate.

“In my infant and boyish days, I owed much to an old woman who resided in the family, remarkable for her ignorance, credulity, and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths; apparitions, cantraips, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of poetry; but had so strong an effect on my imagination, that to this hour, in my nocturnal rambles, I sometimes keep a sharp look out in suspicious places: and though nobody can be more sceptical than I am in such matters, yet it often takes an effort of philosophy to shake off these idle terrors. The earliest composition that I recollect taking pleasure in was ‘The Vision of Mirza,’ and a hymn of Addison’s, beginning, ‘How are thy servants bless’d, O Lord!’ The two first books I ever read in private, and which gave me more pleasure than any two books I ever read since, were ‘The Life of Hannibal,’ and ‘The History of Sir William Wallace.’ Hannibal gave my young ideas such a turn, that I used to strut in raptures up and down after the recruiting drum and bagpipe, and wish myself tall enough to be a soldier; while the story of Wallace poured a Scottish prejudice into my veins, which will boil along there till the flood-gates of life shut in eternal rest.

“My vicinity to Ayr was of some advantage to me. My social disposition, when not checked by some modifications of spirited pride, was, like our catechism definition of infinitude, without bounds or limits. I formed several connexions with other youngers who possessed superior advantages, the youngling actors, who were busy in the rehearsal of parts in which they

were shortly to appear on the stage of life, where, alas! I was destined to drudge behind the scenes. It is not commonly at this green age that our young gentry have a just sense of the immense distance between them and their ragged play-fellows. It takes a few dashes into the world, to give the young great man that proper, decent, unnoticing disregard for the poor, insignificant, stupid devils, the mechanics and peasantry around him, who were perhaps born in the same village. My young superiors never insulted the clouterly appearance of my plough-boy carcass, the two extremes of which were often exposed to all the inclemencies of the seasons. They would give me stray volumes of books: among them, even then, I could pick up some observations; and one, whose heart I am sure not even the Munny Begum scenes have tainted, helped me to a little French. Parting with these, my young friends and benefactors, as they occasionally went off for the East or West Indies, was often to me a sore affliction; but I was soon called to more serious evils. My father's generous master died; the farm proved a ruinous bargain; and, to clench the misfortune, we fell into the hands of a factor, who sat for the picture I have drawn of one in my 'Tale of Twa Dogs.' My father was advanced in life when he married; I was the eldest of seven children; and he, worn out by early hardships, was unfit for labour. My father's spirit was soon irritated, but not easily broken. There was a freedom in his lease in two years more; and, to weather these two years, we retrenched our expenses. We lived very poorly: I was a dexterous ploughman for my age; and the next eldest to me was a brother (Gilbert) who could drive the plough very well, and help me to thrash the corn.

“This kind of life — the cheerless gloom of a hermit, with the unceasing moil of a galley-slave, brought me to my sixteenth year: a little before which period I first committed the sin of rhyme. You know our country custom of coupling a man and woman together as partners in the labours of harvest. In my fifteenth autumn my partner was a bewitching creature, a year younger than myself. My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language; but you know the Scottish idiom — she was a bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass. In short, she

altogether, unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion, which, in spite of acid disappointment, gin-horse prudence, and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys, our dearest blessing here below! Among her other love-inspiring qualities, she sang sweetly; and it was her favourite reel to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme. I was not so presumptuous as to imagine that I could make verses like printed ones, composed by men who had Greek and Latin; but my girl sang a song, which was said to be composed by a small country laird's son, on one of his father's maids, with whom he was in love, and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he; for, excepting that he could smear sheep, and cast peats, his father living in the moorlands, he had no more scholar-craft than myself.

“Thus with me began love and poetry, which at times have been my only, and till within the last twelve months, have been my highest enjoyment. My father struggled on till he reached the freedom in his lease, when he entered on a larger farm, about ten miles farther in the country. The nature of the bargain he made was such as to throw a little money into his hands at the commencement of his lease; otherwise the affair would have been impracticable. For four years we lived comfortably here; but a difference commencing between him and his landlord as to terms, after three years' tossing and whirling in the vortex of litigation, my father was just saved from the horrors of a gaol by a consumption, which, after two years' promises, kindly stepped in, and carried him away to 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.'

“It is during the time that we lived on this farm that my little story is most eventful. I was, at the beginning of this period, perhaps the most ungainly, awkward boy in the parish; no *solitaire* was less acquainted with the ways of the world. What I knew of ancient story was gathered from Salmon's and Guthrie's geographical grammars; and the ideas I had formed of modern manners, of literature, and criticism, I got from the 'Spectator.' These, with Pope's Works, some plays of Shakspeare, and a few other works, had formed the whole of my reading. The

collection of songs was my *vade mecum*. I pored over them driving my cart, or walking to labour, song by song, verse by verse, carefully noting the true, tender, or sublime, from affectation and fustian.

“In my seventeenth year, to give my manners a brush, I went to a country dancing school. My father had an unaccountable antipathy against these meetings; and my going was, what to this moment I repent, in opposition to his wishes. My father, as I said before, was subject to strong passions; from that instance of disobedience in me, he took a sort of dislike to me, which I believe was one cause of the dissipation which marked my succeeding years. The great misfortune of my life was to want an aim. I had felt early some stirrings of ambition, but they were the blind gropings of Homer’s Cyclops round the walls of his cave. I saw my father’s situation entailed on me perpetual labour. The only two openings by which I could enter the temple of Fortune, was the gate of niggardly economy, or the path of little chicaning bargain-making. The first is so contracted an aperture, I never could squeeze myself into it; the last I always hated — there was contamination in the very entrance! Thus abandoned of aim or view in life, with a strong appetite for sociability, as well from native hilarity, as from a pride of observation and remark; a constitutional melancholy or hypochondriasm, that made me fly solitude; add to these incentives to social life, my reputation for bookish knowledge, a certain wild logical talent, and a strength of thought something like the rudiments of good sense; and it will not seem surprising that I was generally a welcome guest where I visited, or any great wonder that, always where two or three met together, there was I among them. At the plough, scythe, or reap-hook, I feared no competitor, and thus I set absolute want at defiance; and as I never cared farther for my labours than while I was in actual exercise, I spent the evenings in the way after my own heart.

“Another circumstance in my life, which made some alteration in my mind and manners, was that I spent my nineteenth summer on a smuggling coast, a good distance from home, at a noted school, to learn mensuration, surveying, dialing, &c., in

which I made a pretty good progress. Here, though I learned to fill my glass, yet I went on with a high hand with my geometry till the sun entered Virgo, when a charming *fillette*, who lived next door to the school, overset my trigonometry, and sent me off at a tangent from the sphere of my studies. I, however, struggled on with my *sines* and *co-sines* for a few days more; but stepping into the garden one charming noon to take the sun's altitude, there I met my angel,

‘Like Proserpine, gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower.’

“It was in vain to think of doing any more good at school. The remaining week I stayed, I did nothing but craze the faculties of my soul about her, or steal out to meet her; and the two last nights of my stay in the country, had sleep been a mortal sin, the image of this modest and innocent girl had kept me guiltless.

“I returned home very considerably improved. I had seen human nature in a new phasis; and I engaged several of my schoolfellows to keep up a literary correspondence with me. This improved me in composition. I had met with a collection of letters by the wits of Queen Anne's reign, and I pored over them most devoutly; I kept copies of any of my own letters that pleased me; and a comparison between them and the composition of most of my correspondents flattered my vanity.

“My life flowed on much in the same course till my twenty-third year. *Vive l'amour, et vive la bagatelle*, were my sole principles of action. Poesy was still a darling walk for my mind; but it was only indulged in according to the humour of the hour. I had usually half a dozen or more pieces in hand; I took up one or other, as it suited the momentary tone of the mind, and dismissed the work as it bordered on fatigue. My passions, when once lighted up, raged like so many devils till they got vent in rhyme; and then the conning over my verses, like a spell, soothed all into quiet!

“My twenty-third year was to me an important era. Partly through whim, and partly that I wished to set about doing

something in life, I joined a flax-dresser in a neighbouring town (Irvine) to learn his trade. This was an unlucky affair. My *****; and, to finish the whole, as we were giving a welcoming carousal to the new year, the shop took fire, and burnt to ashes, and I was left, like a true poet, not worth a sixpence.

“I was obliged to give up this scheme: the clouds of misfortune were gathering thick round my father’s head; and what was worst of all, he was visibly far gone in a consumption. When my father died, his all went among the hell-hounds that growl in the kennel of justice; but we made a shift to collect a little money in the family amongst us, with which, to keep us together, my brother and I took a neighbouring farm. My brother wanted my hair-brained imagination, as well as my social and amorous madness; but, in good sense, and every sober qualification, he was far my superior.

“I entered on this farm with a full resolution, ‘Come, go to, I will be wise!’ I read farming books; I calculated crops; I attended markets; and, in short, in spite of ‘the devil, and the world, and the flesh,’ I believe I should have been a wise man; but the first year, from unfortunately buying bad seed, — the second, from a late harvest, — we lost half our crops. This upset all my wisdom, and I returned, ‘like the dog to his vomit, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire.’

“I now began to be known in the neighbourhood as a maker of rhymes. The first of my poetic offspring that saw the light was a burlesque lamentation on a quarrel between two reverend Calvinists, both of them *dramatis personæ* in my ‘Holy Fair.’ I had a notion myself, that the piece had some merit; but to prevent the worst, I gave a copy of it to a friend who was very fond of such things, and told him that I could not guess who was the author of it, but that I thought it pretty clever. With a certain description of the clergy, as well as laity, it met with a roar of applause. ‘Holy Willie’s Prayer’ next made its appearance, and alarmed the kirk-session so much, that they held several meetings to look over their spiritual artillery, if haply any of it might be pointed

against profane rhymers. I gave up my part of the farm to my brother; in truth it was only nominally mine; and made what little preparation was in my power for Jamaica. But, before leaving my native country for ever, I resolved to publish my poems. I weighed my productions as impartially as was in my power: I thought they had merit; and it was a delicious idea that I should be called a clever fellow, even though it should never reach my ears. I can truly say, that *pauvre inconnu* as I then was, I had pretty nearly as high an idea of myself and of my works as I have at this moment, when the public has decided in their favour. It ever was my opinion, that the mistakes and blunders, both in a rational and religious point of view, of which we see thousands daily guilty, are owing to their ignorance of themselves. To know myself, had been all along my constant study. I weighed myself alone; I balanced myself with others; I watched every means of information, to see how much ground I occupied as a man and as a poet; I studied assiduously Nature's design in my formation; where the lights and shades in my character were intended. I was pretty confident my poems would meet with some applause; but, at the worst, the roar of the Atlantic would deafen the voice of censure, and the novelty of West Indian scenes make me forget neglect. I threw off six hundred copies, of which I had got subscriptions for about three hundred and fifty. My vanity was highly gratified by the reception I met with from the public; and besides I pocketed, all expenses deducted, nearly twenty pounds. This sum came very seasonably, as I was thinking of indenting myself, for want of money, to procure my passage. As soon as I was master of nine guineas, the price of wafting me to the torrid zone, I took a steerage passage in the first ship that was to sail from the Clyde; for

‘Hungry ruin had me in the wind.’

“I had been for some days skulking from covert to covert, under all the terrors of a gaol; as some ill-advised people had uncoupled the merciless pack of the law at my heels. I had taken the last farewell of my friends; my chest was on the road to Greenock; I had composed the last song I should ever measure in

Caledonia, 'The gloomy night was gathering fast,' when a letter from Dr. Blacklock, to a friend of mine, overthrew all my schemes, by opening new prospects to my poetic ambition. His opinion that I should meet with encouragement in Edinburgh for a second edition fired me so much, that away I posted for that city, without a single acquaintance, or a single letter of introduction. The baneful star, that had so long shed its blasting influence in my zenith, for once made a revolution to the Nadir; and a kind Providence placed me under the patronage of one of the noblest of men, the Earl of Glencairn.

"I need relate no farther. At Edinburgh I was in a new world; I mingled among many classes of men, but all of them new to me, and I was all attention to catch the character and 'the manners living as they rise.'"

From the men of letters, in general, his reception was particularly flattering. He was an acceptable guest in the gayest and most elevated circles, and frequently received from female beauty and elegance those attentions above all others most grateful to him; and by the new edition of his poems, Burns acquired a sum of money that enabled him not only to partake of the pleasures of Edinburgh, but to gratify a desire he had long entertained, of visiting those parts of his native country most attractive by their beauty or their grandeur.

Having spent three weeks in exploring the interesting scenery of the border districts, Burns crossed over into Northumberland. He visited Alnwick Castle; the old castle of Warksworth; Morpeth, and Newcastle. In this town he spent two days, and then proceeded to the south-west by Hexham and Wardrue, to Carlisle. After spending a day at Carlisle he returned into Scotland by way of Annan.

From Annan, Burns proceeded to Dumfries, and thence through Sanquhar, to Mossgiel, near Mauchline, in Ayrshire, where he arrived after a long absence of six busy and eventful months. It will easily be conceived with what pleasure and pride he was received by his mother, his brother, and sisters. He had left them poor, and comparatively friendless, he returned

to them high in public estimation, and easy in his circumstances.

Having remained with them a few days, he proceeded again to Edinburgh, and immediately set out on a journey to the Highlands.

The different journeys already mentioned did not, however, satisfy the curiosity of Burns. He again set out from Edinburgh, on a more extended tour to the Highlands, in company with Mr. Nicol, with whom he had contracted a particular intimacy, which lasted during the remainder of his life.

Our travellers passed through the heart of the Highlands, stretched northwards about ten miles beyond Inverness, and returned by the shore of the German Sea to Edinburgh. In the course of this tour, they visited a number of remarkable scenes, and the imagination of Burns was constantly excited by the wild and sublime scenery through which he passed.

Burns remained at Edinburgh during the greater part of the winter, 1787—8, and again entered into the society and dissipation of that metropolis.

On settling with his publisher, Mr. Creech, he found himself master of nearly five hundred pounds, after discharging all his expenses. Two hundred pounds he immediately advanced to his brother Gilbert. With the remainder of this sum, and some farther eventual profits from his poems, he determined on settling himself for life in the occupation of agriculture, and took the farm of Ellisland, on the banks of the river Nith. Having been previously recommended to the Board of Excise, his name had been put on the list of candidates for the humble office of a gauger, or exciseman; and he immediately applied to acquiring the information necessary for filling that office, when the honourable Board might judge it proper to employ him.

His fame naturally drew upon him the attention of his neighbours, and he soon formed a general acquaintance in the district in which he lived. The public voice had now pronounced on the subject of his talents; the reception he had met with in Edinburgh had given him the currency which fashion bestows; he had sur-

mounted the prejudices arising from his humble birth, and he was received at the table of the gentlemen of Nithsdale with welcome, with kindness, and even with respect.

Unfortunately he had for several years looked to an office in the Excise as a certain means of livelihood, should his other expectations fail. He now applied to be employed; and he was appointed to be exciseman of the district in which he lived. His farm was, after this, in a great measure, abandoned to servants, while he betook himself to the duties of his new appointment.

Having acquitted himself to the satisfaction of the Board, he had been appointed to a new district, the emoluments of which rose to about seventy pounds per annum. Hoping to support himself and family on his humble income till promotion should reach him, he disposed of his stock and of his crop on Ellisland by public auction, and removed to a small house which he had taken in Dumfries, about the end of the year 1791.

From October, 1795, to the January following, an accidental complaint confined him to his house. This was followed by an attack of rheumatism, which confined him about a week. His appetite now began to fail; his hand shook, and his voice faltered on any exertion or emotion. His pulse became weaker and more rapid, and pain in the larger joints, and in the hands and the feet, deprived him of the enjoyment of refreshing sleep. He, however, repaired to Brow, to try the effects of sea-bathing, and, though it relieved his rheumatic pains, those pains were succeeded by a new attack of fever, and he was brought back to his own house on the 18th of July, 1796. He remained for three days in a state of feebleness, accompanied by occasional delirium, and expired on the 21st of July, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. He was interred with military honours, not only by the Dumfries volunteers, of which he was a member, but by the Fencible infantry, and a regiment of Cinque Port cavalry, then quartered in Dumfries, and his remains were followed to the grave by nearly ten thousand persons. Burns was within two inches of six feet in height, with a robust, yet agile frame. His conversation was rich in wit and humour, and occasionally dis-

played profound thought and reflections equally serious and sensible, for no one possessed a finer discrimination between right and wrong. "To accumulate all that has been said of Burns," says Mr. Lockhart, "even by men like himself, of the first order, would fill a volume;" and Mr. Campbell observes of Burns, "that viewing him merely as a poet, there is scarcely another regret connected with his name, than that his productions, with all their merit, fall short of the talents which he possessed."

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POEMS OF BURNS.

WINTER.

A DIRGE.

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

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

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

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

As Mailie, an' her lambs thegither,
Were ae day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,
An' owre she warsl'd in the ditch:
There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
When Hughoc he cam doytin by.
Wi' glowrin' e'en an' lifted han's,
Poor Hughoc like a statue stan's;
He saw her days were near-hand ended,
But, waes my heart! he could na mend it!
He gaped wide, but naething spak —
At length poor Mailie silence brak.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Now, honest Hughoc, dinna fail
 To tell my master a' my tale;

An' bid him burn this cursed tether,
An', for thy pains, thou 'se get my blather."

This said, poor Mailie turn 'd her head,
And clos'd her een among the dead.

EPISTLE TO DAVIE.

A BROTHER POET.

January, 1784.

WHILE winds frae off Ben Lomond blaw,
And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,

 And hing us owre the ingle,
I set me down to pass the time,
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,

 In hamely westlin jingle.
While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
Ben to the chimla lug,

I grudge a wee the great folks' gift,
That live sae bien an' snug:

 I tent less, and want less
 Their roomy fire-side;

 But hanker and canker
 To see their cursed pride.

It's hardly in a body's pow'r
To keep, at times, frae being sour,
 To see how things are shar'd;
How best o' chiels are whiles in want,
While coofs on countless thousands rant,
 And ken na how to wair 't;

But, Davie, lad, ne'er fash your head,
 Tho' we hae little gear,

We're fit to win our daily bread,
As lang 's we 're hale and fier:

 " Mair spier na, nor fear na,"
 Auld age ne'er mind a feg,

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

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

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

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

It's no in titles nor in rank:
It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
To purchase peace and rest:
It's no in makin' muckle mair;
It's no in books; it's no in lear;
To make us truly blest;

If happiness hae not her seat
 And centre in the breast,
 We may be wise, or rich, or great,
 But never can be blest:
 Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
 Could make us happy lang:
 The heart ay 's the part ay
 That makes us right or wrang.

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

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

But tent me, Davie, ace o' hearts!
 (To say aught less wad wrang the cartes,
 And flatt'ry I detest,)

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

There's a' the pleasures o' the heart,
 The lover an' the frien';

Ye hae your Meg, your dearest part,
 And I my darling Jean!

It warms me, it charms me,
 To mention but her name:

It heats me, it beets me,
 And sets me a' on flame!

O, all ye pow'rs who rule above!

O Thou, whose very self art love!

Thou know'st my words sincere!

The life-blood streaming thro' my heart,

Or my more dear immortal part,

Is not more fondly dear!

When heart-corroding care and grief

Deprive my soul of rest,

Her dear idea brings relief

And solace to my breast.

Thou Being, All-seeing,

O hear my fervent pray'r!

Still take her, and make her

Thy most peculiar care!

All hail! ye tender feelings dear!

The smile of love, the friendly tear,

The sympathetic glow!

Long since, this world's thorny ways

Had number'd out my weary days,

Had it not been for you!

Fate still has blest me with a friend,

In every care and ill;

And oft a more endearing band,
 A tie more tender still.
 It lightens, it brightens
 The tenebrific scene,
 To meet with, and greet with
 My Davie or my Jean!

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

SECOND EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

A BROTHER POET.

AULD NEIBOR,

I'M three times, doubly, o'er your debtor,
 For your auld-farrant frien'ly letter;
 Tho' I maun say 't, I doubt ye flatter,
 Ye speak sae fair,
 For my pair, silly, rhymin' clatter
 Some less maun sair.

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle;
 Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle,
 To cheer you thro' the weary widdle
 O' war'ly cares,

Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
 Your auld, grey hairs.

But DAVIE, lad, I'm rede ye're glaikit;
 I'm tauld the Muse ye hae negleckit;
 An' gif it's sae, ye sud be licket
 Until ye fyke;

Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faiket,
 Be hain't wha like.

For me, I'm on Parnassus' brink,
 Rivin' the words to gar them clink;
 Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi' drink,
 Wi' jads or masons;
 An' whyles, but aye owre late, I think
 Braw sober lessons.

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
 Commen' me to the Bardie clan;
 Except it be some idle plan
 O' rhymin' clink,
 The devil-haet, that I sud ban
 They ever think.

Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin',
 Nae cares to gie us joy or grievin';
 But just the pouchie put the nieve in,
 An' while ought's there,
 Then, hiltie, skiltie, we gae scrievin',
 An' fash nae mair.

Leeze me on rhyme! its aye a treasure,
 My chief, amaist, my only pleasure,
 At hame, a-fiel', at wark, or leisure,
 The Muse, poor hizzie!

Tho' rough an' raploch be her measure,
 She's seldom lazy.

Haud to the Muse, my dainty Davie:
 The warl' may play you mony a shavie;
 But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye,
 Tho' e'er sae puir,
 Na, even though limp'in' wi' the spavie
 Frae door to door.

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL.

“O Prince! O Chief of many throned Pow’rs,
That led th’ embattled Seraphim to war!” —

MILTON.

O THOU! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha in yon cavern grim and sootie,
Closed under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches!

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

Great is thy power, an’ great thy fame;
Far kenn’d and noted is thy name:
An’ tho’ yon lowin heugh’s thy hame,
Thou travels far:
An’, faith! thou ’s neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor scaur.

Whyles, ranging like a roaring lion,
For prey, a’ holes an’ corners tryin’;
Whyles on the strong-wing’d tempest flyin’
Tirlin the kirks;
Whyles, in the human bosom pryin’,
Unseen thou lurks.

I’ve heard my reverend Grannie say,
In lanely glens ye like to stray;
Or where auld ruin’d castles, gray,
Nod to the moon,
Ye fright the nightly wand’rer’s way
Wi’ eldritch croon.

When twilight did my Grannie summon,
 To say her prayers, douce, honest woman!
 Aft yont the dyke she 's heard you bummin',

Wi' eerie drone;

Or, rustlin, thro' the boortries comin',

Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
 The stars shot down wi' sklentint' light,
 Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright

Ayont the lough;

Ye, like a rash-bush, stood in sight,

Wi' waving sough.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
 Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,
 When wi' an eldritch, stoor quaick — quaick —

Amang the springs,

Awa ye squatter'd, like a drake,

On whistling wings.

Let warlocks grim, an' wither'd hags,
 Tell how wi' you, on ragweed nags,
 They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags,

Wi' wicked speed;

And in kirk-yards renew their leagues

Owre howkit dead.

Thence countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
 May plunge an' plunge the kirk in vain:
 For, oh! the yellow treasure 's taen

By witching skill;

An' dawtit, twal-pint hawkie's gaen

As yell 's the bill.

Thence mystic knots mak great abuse
 On young guidmen, fond, keen, an' crouse;
 When the best wark-lume i' the house,

By cantrip wit,

Is instant made no worth a louse,
Just at the bit.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
An' float the jinglin icy-board,
Then water-kelpies haunt the foord,
By your direction;
An' 'nighted trav'lers are allur'd
To their destruction.

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

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

Lang syne, in Eden's bonnie yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
An' all the soul of love they shar'd,
The raptur'd hour,
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry sward,
In shady bow'r:

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

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
Wi' reekit duds, an' reestit gizz,

Ye did present your smoutie phiz
 'Mang better folk,
 An' sklented on the man of Uzz
 Your spitefu' joke?
 An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,
 An' brak him out o' house an' hall,
 While scabs an' botches did him gall,
 Wi' bitter claw,
 And lows'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked scawl,
 Was warst ava?

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

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

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

TO A HAGGIS.

FAIR fa' your honest, sonsie face,
 Great chieftain o' the puddin'-race!
 Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
 Painch, tripe, or thairm:

Weel are ye wordy of a grace
As lang 's my arm.

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

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

Then horn for horn they stretch an' strive,
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,
'T ill all their weel-swallow'd kytes belyve
Are bent like drums;
Then auld guid man, maist like to rive,
Bethankit hums.

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

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

But mark the rustic, haggis-fed,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,

Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
 He'll mak it whissle;
 An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,
 Like taps o' thrissle.

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

THE JOLLY BEGGARS.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVO.

WHEN iyart leaves bestrew the yird,
 Or wavering like the bauckie-bird,
 Bedim cauld Boreas' blast;
 When hailstones drive wi' bitter skyte,
 And infant frosts begin to bite,
 In hoary cranreuch drest;
 Ae night at e'en a merry core
 O' randie, gangrel bodies,
 In Pooisie Nansie's held the splore,
 To drink their orra duddies:
 Wi' quaffing and laughing,
 They ranted and they sang;
 Wi' jumping and thumping,
 The vera girdle rang.

First, neist the fire, in auld red rags,
 Ane sat, weel brac'd wi' mealy bags,
 And knapsack a' in order;
 His doxy lay within his arm,
 Wi' usquebae an' blankets warm —
 She blinket on her sodger:

An' ay he gied the tozie drab
 The tither skelpin' kiss,
 While she held up her greedy gab
 Just like an aumos dish.
 Ilk smack still, did crack still,
 Just like a cadger's whup,
 Then staggering and swaggering
 He roar'd this ditty up —

AIR.

Tune — *Soldier's Joy.*

I am a son of Mars, who have been in many wars,
 And show my cuts and scars wherever I come;
 This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
 When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.
 Lal de daudle, &c.

My 'prenticeship I past where my leader breath'd his last,
 When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram;
 I serv'd out my trade when the gallant game was play'd,
 And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the drum.
 Lal de daudle, &c.

I lastly was with Curtis, among the floating batt'ries,
 And there I left for witness an arm and a limb;
 Yet let my country need me, with Elliot to head me,
 I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum.
 Lal de daudle, &c.

And now tho' I must beg with a wooden arm and leg,
 And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,
 I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle, and my callet,
 As when I us'd in scarlet to follow a drum.
 Lal de daudle, &c.

What tho' with hoary locks, I must stand the winter shocks,
 Beneath the woods and rocks oftentimes for a home,
 When the tother bag I sell, and the tother bottle tell,
 I could meet a troop of hell at the sound of a drum.
 Lal de daudle, &c.

RECITATIVO.

He ended; and the kebars sheuk
 Aboon the chorus roar;
 While frightened rattons backward leuk,
 And seek the benmost bore;
 A fairy fiddler frae the neuk,
 He skirl'd out Encore!
 But up arose the martial chuck,
 And laid the loud uproar.

AIR.

Tune — *Soldier Laddie.*

I once was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,
 And still my delight is in proper young men;
 Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie,
 No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,
 To rattle the thundering drum was his trade;
 His leg was so tight, and his cheek was so ruddy,
 Transported I was with my sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch,
 The sword I forsook for the sake of the church;
 He ventur'd the soul, and I risk'd the body,
 'T was then I prov'd false to my sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified sot,
 The regiment at large for a husband I got;
 From the gilded spontoon to the life I was ready,
 I asked no more but a sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

But the peace it reduc'd me to beg in despair,
 Till I met my old boy at a Cunningham fair;
 His rags regimental they flutter'd so gaudy,
 My heart it rejoic'd at a sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.



And now I have liv'd — I know not how long,
 And still I can join in a cup or a song;
 But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady,
 Here 's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Poor Merry Andrew in the neuk,
 Sat guzzling wi' a tinkler hizzie;
 They mind't na wha the chorus teuk,
 Between themselves they were sae busy;
 At length wi' drink and courting dizzy,
 He stoiter'd up an' made a face;
 Then turn'd, an' laid a smack on Grizzle,
 Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace.

AIR.

Tune. — *Auld Sir Symon.*

Sir Wisdom 's a fool when he 's fou,
 Sir Knave is a fool in a session;
 He 's there but a 'prentice I trow,
 But I am a fool by profession.
 My grannie she bought me a beuk,
 And I held awa to the school;
 I fear I my talent misteuk,
 But what will ye hae of a fool?
 For drink I would venture my neck,
 A hizzie 's the half o' my craft,
 But what could ye other expect,
 Of ane that 's avowedly daft?
 I ance was ty'd up like a stirk,
 For civilly swearing and quaffing;
 I ance was abus'd in the kirk,
 For touzling a lass i' my daffin.
 Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport,
 Let naebody name wi' a jeer:
 There 's ev'n, I'm tauld, i' the Court
 A Tumbler ca'd the Premier.

Observ'd ye yon reverend lad
 Mak' faces to tickle the mob?
 He rails at our mountebank squad —
 It's rivalship just i' the job.
 And now my conclusion I'll tell,
 For faith I'm confoundedly dry;
 The chief that's a fool for himsel',
 Gude L—d! he's far dafter than I.

RECITATIVO.

Then neist outspak a raucle carlin,
 Wha ken't, fu' weel to cleek the sterling,
 For monie a pursie she had hookit,
 And had in monie a well been doukit.
 Her dove had been a Highland laddie,
 But weary fa' the waefu' woodie!
 Wi' sighs and sobs she thus began
 To wail her braw John Highlandman.

AIR.

Tune — *O an ye were dead, gudeman.*
 A Highland lad my love was born,
 The Lalland laws he held in scorn;
 But he still was faithfu' to his clan,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.

CHORUS.

Sing, hey my braw John Highlandman!
 Sing, ho my braw John Highlandman!
 There's not a lad in a' the lan'
 Was match for my John Highlandman.

With his philibeg an' tartan plaid,
 An' guid claymore down by his side,
 The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.
 Sing, hey, &c.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,
 An' liv'd like lords and ladies gay;

For a Lalland face he feared nane,
 My gallant brow John Highlandman.
 Sing, hey, &c.

They banish'd him beyond the sea,
 But, ere the bud was on the tree,
 Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
 Embracing my John Highlandman.
 Sing, hey, &c.

But, oh! they catch'd him at the last,
 And bound him in a dungeon fast;
 My curse upon them every one,
 They 've hang'd my brow John Highlandman.
 Sing, hey, &c.

And now a widow, I must mourn
 The pleasures that will ne'er return;
 Nae comfort but a hearty can,
 When I think on John Highlandman.
 Sing, hey, &c.

RECITATIVO.

A pigmy scraper, wi' his fiddle,
 Wha us'd at trysts and fairs to driddle,
 Her strappan limb and gaucy middle,
 (He reach'd nae higher,)
 Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle,
 An' blawn't on fire.

Wi' hand on haunch, an' upward e'e,
 He croon'd his gamut, one, two, three,
 Then in an Arioso key,
 The wee Apollo,
 Set off wi' Allegretto glee
 His giga solo.

AIR.

Tune. — *Whistle o'er the lave o't.*
 Let me ryke up to dight that tear,
 And go wi' me and be my dear,

And then your ev'ry care and fear
 May whistle ower the lave o't.

CHORUS.

I am a fiddler to my trade,
 And a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,
 The sweetest still to wife or maid,
 Was whistle owre the lave o't.

At kirns and weddings we'se be there,
 And O! sae nicely's we will fare;
 We'll bouse about till Daddie Care.
 Sings whistle owre the lave o't.

I am, &c.

Sae merrily the banes we'll pyke,
 And sun oursels about the dyke,
 And at our leisure, when ye like,
 We'll whistle owre the lave o't.

I am, &c.

But bless me wi' your heav'n o' charms,
 And while I kittle hair on thairms,
 Hunger, cauld, and a' sic harms,
 May whistle owre the lave o't.

I am, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Her charms had struck a sturdy caird,
 As weel as poor gut-scraper;
 He taks the fiddler by the beard,
 And draws a roosty rapier —

He swoor by a' was swearing worth,
 To speet him like a pliver,
 Unless he wad from that time forth
 Relinquish her for ever.

Wi' ghastrly e'e, poor tweedle-dee
 Upon his hunkers bended,
 And pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face,
 And sae the quarrel ended.

But tho' his little heart did grieve
 When round the tinkler press'd her,
 He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve,
 When thus the caird address'd her:

AIR.

Tune. — *Clout the caudron.*

My bonny lass, I work in brass,
 A tinkler is my station:
 I've travell'd round all Christian ground,
 In this my occupation.
 I've ta'en the gold, I've been enroll'd
 In many a noble squadron:
 But vain they search'd, when off I march'd
 To go and clout the caudron.
 I've ta'en the gold, &c.

Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,
 Wi' a' his noise and cap'rin',
 And tak' a share wi' those that bear
 The budget and the apron.
 And by that stoup, my faith and houp,
 An' by that dear Kilbagie,
 If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,
 May I ne'er weet my craigie.
 An' by that stoup, &c.

RECITATIVO.

The caird prevail'd — th' unblushing fair
 In his embraces sunk,
 Partly wi' love, o'ercome sae sair,
 An' partly she was drunk.
 Sir Violino, with an air
 That show'd a man of spunk,
 Wish'd unison between the pair,
 An' made the bottle clunk
 To their health that night.

But urchin Cupid shot a shaft,
 That play'd a dame a shavie,
 The fiddler rak'd her fore and aft,
 Behint the chicken cavie.
 Her lord, a wight o' Homer's craft,
 Tho' limping wi' the spavie,
 He hirpl'd up, and lap like daft,
 And shor'd them Dainty Davie
 O' boot that night.

He was a care-defying blade
 As ever Bacchus listed,
 Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,
 His heart she ever miss'd it.
 He had nae wish but — to be glad,
 Nor want but — when he thirsted;
 He hated nought but — to be sad,
 And thus the muse suggested
 His sang that night.

AIR.

Tune. — *For a' that, an' a' that.*

I am a bard of no regard,
 Wi' gentle folks, an' a' that:
 But Homer-like, the glowran byke,
 Frae town to town I draw that.

CHORUS.

For a' that, an' a' that,
 An' twice as muckle's a' that;
 I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
 I've wife enough for a' that.

I never drank the Muses' stank,
 Castalia's burn, an' a' that;
 But there it streams, and richly reams,
 My Helicon I ca' that.

For a' that, &c.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
 Their humble slave, an' a' that;
 But lordly will, I hold it still
 A mortal sin to thraw that.

For a' that, &c.

In raptures sweet, this hour we meet,
 Wi' mutual love, an' a' that:
 But for how lang the flee may stang,
 Let inclination law that.

For a' that. &c.

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,
 They've ta'en me in, an' a' that;
 But clear your decks, and here 's the sex!
 I like the jads for a' that.

CHORUS.

For a' that, an' a' that,
 An' twice as muckle 's a' that;
 My dearest bluid, to do them guid,
 They're welcome till 't for a' that.

RECITATIVO.

So sang the bard — and Nansie's wa's
 Shook wi' a thunder of applause,
 Re-echo'd from each mouth;
 They toom'd their pocks, an' pawn'd their duds,
 They scarcely left to co'er their fuds,
 To quench their lowan drouth.
 Then owre again, the jovial thrang,
 The poet did request,
 To loose his pack an' wale a sang,
 A ballad o' the best;
 He, rising, rejoicing,
 Between his twa Deborahs,
 Looks round him, an' found them
 Impatient for the chorus.

AIR.

Tune. — *Jolly Mortals, fill your Glasses.*

See! the smoking bowl before us,
 Mark our jovial ragged ring!
 Round and round take up the chorus,
 And in raptures let us sing.

CHORUS.

A fig for those by law protected!
 Liberty's a glorious feast!
 Courts for cowards were erected,
 Churches built to please the priest.

What is title? what is treasure?
 What is reputation's care?
 If we lead a life of pleasure,
 'T is no matter how or where!

A fig, &c.

With the ready trick and fable,
 Round we wander all the day;
 And at night, in barn or stable,
 Hug our doxies on the hay.

A fig, &c.

Does the train-attended carriage
 Thro' the country lighter rove?
 Does the sober bed of marriage
 Witness brighter scenes of love?

A fig, &c.

Life is all a variorum,
 We regard not how it goes;
 Let them cant about decorum
 Who have characters to lose.

A fig, &c.

Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets!
 Here's to all the wandering train!
 Here's our ragged brats and callets!
 One and all cry out — Amen!

A fig for those by law protected!
 Liberty's a glorious feast!
 Courts for cowards were erected,
 Churches built to please the priest.

DEATH AND DOCTOR HORNBOOK.

A TRUE STORY.

SOME books are lies frae end to end,
 And some great lies were never penn'd:
 Ev'n ministers, they ha'e been kenn'd,
 In holy rapture,
 A rousing whid, at times, to vend,
 And nail 't wi Scripture.

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

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

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

I was come round about the hill,
 And todlin' down on Willie's mill,

"Weel, weel!" says I, "a bargain be't;
 Come, gies your hand, an' sae we're gree't;
 We'll ease our shanks an' tak a seat,
 Come, gies your news;
 This while ye hae been mony a gate,
 At mony a house."

"Ay, ay!" quo' he, an' shook his head,
 "It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed
 Sin' I began to nick the thread,
 An' choke the breath:
 Folk maun do something for their bread,
 An' sae maun Death.

"Sax thousand years are near hand fled
 Sin' I was to the butchering bred,
 An' mony a scheme in vain's been laid,
 To stap or scar me;
 Till ane Hornbook's ta'en up the trade,
 An' faith, he'll waur me.

"Ye ken Jock Hornbook i' the Clachan,
 Deil mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan.
 He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan
 An' ither chaps,
 The weans hand out their fingers laughin'
 And pouk my hips.

"See, here's a scythe, and there's a dart,
 They hae pierc'd mony a gallant heart;
 But Doctor Hornbook, wi' his art
 And cursed skill,
 Has made them baith no worth a —,
 Damn'd haet they'll kill.

"'T was but yestreen, nae farther gaen
 I threw a noble throw at ane;
 Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain;
 But-deil-ma-care,

It just play'd dirl on the bane,
But did nae mair.

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

“I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
I near-hand cowpit wi' my hurry,
But yet the bauld Apothecary
Withstood the shock;
I might as weel hae try'd a quarry
O' hard whin rock.

“Ev'n them he canna get attended,
Although their face he ne'er had kenn'd it,
Just — in a kail-blade, and send it,
As soon 's he smelis 't,
Baith their disease, and what will mend it,
At once he tells 't.

“And then a' doctor's saws and whittles,
Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles,
A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles
He 's sure to hae:
Their Latin names as fast he rattles
As A B C.

“Calces o' fossils, earths, and trees;
True sal-marinum o' the seas;
The farina of beans and pease,
He has 't in plenty;
Aqua-fortis, what you please,
He can content ye.

“Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,
Urinus spiritus of capons;

Or mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
 Distill'd *per se*;
 Sal-alkali o' midge-tail clippings,
 And mony mae."

"Waes me for Johnny Ged's Hole now,"
 Quo' I, "If that thae news be true!
 His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,
 Sae white and bonnie,
 Nae doubt they 'll rive it wi' the plaw;
 They 'll ruin Johnnie!"

The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh,
 And says, "Ye need na yoke the pleugh,
 Kirk-yards will soon be till'd eneugh,
 Tak ye nae fear:
 They 'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a sheugh
 In twa-three year.

"Whare I kill'd ane a fair strae death,
 By loss o' blood or want of breath,
 This night I'm free to tak my aith,
 That Hornbook's skill
 Has clad a score i' their last claith,
 By drap an' pill.

"An honest wabster to his trade,
 Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel-bred,
 Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
 When it was sair;
 The wife slade cannie to her bed,
 But ne'er spak mair.

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

“A bonnie lass, ye kenn’d her name,
 Some ill-brewn drink had hov’d her wame:
 She trusts hersel’, to hide the shame,
 In Hornbook’s care;
 Horn sent her aff to her lang hame,
 To hide it there.

“That’s just a swatch o’ Hornbook’s way;
 Thus goes he on from day to day,
 Thus does he poison, kill, an’ slay,
 An’ s weel paid for ’t;
 Yes stops me o’ my lawfu’ prey,
 Wi’ his damn’d dirt:

“But, hark! I’ll tell you of a plot,
 Tho’ dinna ye be speaking o’t;
 I’ll nail the self-conceited sot,
 As dead’s a herrin’
 Neist time we meet, I’ll wad a groat,
 He gets his fairin’!”

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

HOLY WILLIE’S PRAYER.

O THOU, wha in the heavens dost dwell,
 Wha, as it pleases best thyself,
 Sends ane to heaven, and ten to hell,
 A’ for thy glory,
 And no for ony guid or ill
 They’ve done afore thee!

I bless and praise thy matchless might,
 Whan thousands thou hast left in night,

That I am here, afore thy sight,
 For gifts an' grace,
 A burnin' an' a shinin' light
 To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,
 That I should get sic exaltation?
 I, wha deserve sic just damnation,
 For broken laws,
 Five thousand years 'fore my creation,
 Thro' Adam's cause.

When frae my mither's womb I fell,
 Thou might hae plung'd me into hell,
 To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,
 In burnin' lake,
 Whare damnd devils roar and yell,
 Chain'd to a stake.

Yet I am here a chosen sample;
 To show thy grace is great and ample;
 I'm here a pillar in thy temple,
 Strong as a rock,
 A guide, a buckler, an example,
 To a' thy flock.

[O L—d, thou kens what zeal I bear,
 When drinkers drink, and swearers swear,
 And singing there, and dancing here,
 Wi' great and sma';
 For I am keepit by thy fear,
 Free frae them a'.]

But yet, O L—d! confess I must,
 At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust;
 And sometimes, too, wi' worldly trust,
 Vile self gets in;
 But thou remembers we are dust,
 Defil'd in sin.

[O L—d! yestreen, thou kens, wi' Meg —
 Thy pardon I sincerely beg,
 O may it ne'er be a livin' plague
 To my dishonour,
 And I'll ne'er lift a lawless leg
 Again upon her.]

Besides, I farther maun avow,
 Wi' Lizzie's lass, three times I trow —
 But, L—d, that Friday I was fou',
 When I came near her,
 Or else, thou kens, thy servant true
 Wad ne'er hae steer'd her.

Maybe thou lets this fleshly thorn
 Beset thy servant e'en and morn,
 Lest he owre high and proud should turn,
 'Cause he 's sae gifted;
 If sae, thy han' maun e'en be borne,
 Until thou lift it.

L—d, bless thy chosen in this place,
 For here thou hast a chosen race:
 But G—d confound their stubborn face,
 And blast their name,
 Will bring thy elders to disgrace
 And public shame.

L—d, mind Gawn Hamilton's deserts,
 He drinks, and swears, and plays at cartes,
 Yet has sae mony takin' arts,
 Wi' grant and sma',
 Frae G—d's ain priests the people's hearts
 He steals awa'.

An' whan we chasten'd him therefore,
 Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,
 As set the warld in a roar
 O' laughin' at us; —

Curse thou his basket and his store,
Kail and potatoes.

L—d, hear my earnest cry and pray'r,
Against the presbyt'ry of Ayr;
Thy strong right hand, L—d, mak' it bare
Upo' their heads,
L—d, weigh it down, and dinna spare,
For their misdeeds.

O L—d my G—d, that glib-tongu'd Aiken,
My very heart and saul are quakin',
To think how we stood groanin', shakin',
And swat wi' dread,
While Auld wi' hinging lip gaed snakin',
And hid his head.

L—d, in the day of vengeance try him,
L—d, visit them wha did employ him,
And pass not in thy mercy by 'em,
Nor hear their pray'r;
But for thy people's sake destroy 'em,
And dinna spare.

But, L—d, remember me and mine,
Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,
That I for gear and grace may shine,
Excell'd by nane,
An' a' the glory shall be thine,
Amen, Amen!

THE INVENTORY.

IN ANSWER TO A MANDATE BY THE SURVYOR OF TAXES.

SIR, as your mandate did request,
I send you here a faithfu' list,
O' gudes an' gear, an' a' my graith,
To which I'm clear to gi'e my aith.

Imprimis, then, for carriage cattle,
 I ha'e four brutes o' gallant mettle,
 As ever drew afore a pettle.
 My lan'-afore 's a gude auld *has-been*,
 An' wight an' wilfu' a' his day's been.
 My lan'-ahin's a weel gaun fillie,
 That aft has borne me hame frae Killie,
 An' your auld burro' mony a time,
 In days when riding was nae crime —
 But ance, whan in my wooing pride,
 I, like a blockhead boost to ride,
 The wilfu' creature sae I pat to,
 (L — d pardon a' my sins, an' that too!)
 I play'd my fillie sic a shavie,
 She 's a' bedevil'd wi' the spavie.
 My fur ahin's a wordy beast,
 As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd.
 The fourth's a Highland Donald hastie,
 A d — n'd red-wud Kilburnie blastie!
 Forbye a cowte, o' cowte's the wale,
 As ever ran afore a tail:
 If he be spar'd to be a beast,
 He'll draw me fifteen pun' at least. —

Wheel carriages I ha'e but few,
 Three carts, an' twa are feckly new;
 An auld wheel-barrow, mair for token,
 Ae leg an' baith the trams are broken;
 I made a poker o' the spin'le,
 An' my auld mither brunt the trin'le.

For men, I've three mischievous boys,
 Run-de'ils for rantin' an' for noise;
 A gaudsman ane, a thrasher t'other.
 Wee Davoc hauds the nowte in fother.
 I rule them, as I ought, discreetly,
 An' aften labour them completely;
 An' ay on Sundays duly, nightly,
 I on the question targe them tightly,

Till, faith, wee Davoc's turn'd sae gleg,
 Tho' scarcely langer than my leg,
 He'll screed you aff Effectual Calling,
 As fast as ony in the dwelling. —

I've nane in female servan' station,
 (L — d keep me ay frae a' temptation!)
 I ha'e nae wife, and that my bliss is,
 An' ye ha'e laid nae tax on misses;
 An' then, if kirk folks dinna clutch me,
 I ken the devils darena touch me.
 Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contended,
 Heav'n sent me ane mair than I wanted.
 My sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess,
 She stares the daddy in her face,
 Enough of ought ye like but grace;
 But her, my bonnie sweet wee lady,
 I've paid enough for her already,
 An' gin ye tax her or her mither,
 B' the L — d! ye'se get them a' thegither.

And now, remember, Mr. Aiken,
 Nae kind of licence out I'm takin';
 Frae this time forth, I do declare,
 I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair;
 Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle,
 Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle;
 My travel a' on foot I'll shank it,
 I've sturdy bearers, Gude be thankit.
 The kirk and you may tak' you that,
 It puts but little in your pat;
 Sae dinna put me in your buke;
 Nor for my ten white shillings luke.

This list wi' my ain hand I've wrote it,
 The day and date as under noted;
 Then know all ye whom it concerns,

Subscripsi huic

ROBERT BURNS.

THE HOLY FAIR.

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

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

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

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, "Sweet lass,
 I think ye seem to ken me;
 I'm sure I've seen that bonnie face,
 But yet I canna name ye."
 Quo' she, an' laughin' as she spak,
 An' taks me by the hands,

“Ye, for my sake, hae gi'en the feck,
Of a' the ten commands

A screed some day.

“My name is Fun — your cronie dear,
The nearest friend ye hae;

An' this is Superstition here,

An' that 's Hypocrisy.

I 'm gaun to Mauchline holy fair,

To spend an hour in daffin':

Gin ye 'll go there, yon runkl'd pair,

We will get famous laughin'

At them this day.”

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

I 'll get my Sunday's sark on,

An' meet you on the holy spot;

Faith, we'se hae fine remarkin'!”

Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,

An' soon I made me ready;

For roads were clad, frae side to side,

Wi' monie a wearie body,

In droves that day.

Here farmers gash, in ridin' graith;

Gaed hoddin' by their cotters;

There, swankies young, in braw braid-claith,

Are springin' owre the gutters;

The lasses, skelpin' barefit, thrang,

In silks an' scarlets glitter;

Wi' sweet-milk cheese, in monie a whang,

An' farls, bak'd wi' butter,

Fu' crump that day.

When by the plate we set our nose,

Weel heaped up wi' ha' pence,

A greedy glow'r black bonnet throws,

An' we maun draw our tippence.

Then in we go to see the show,

On ev'ry side they 're gath'rin',

Some carrying dails, some chairs an' stools,
 An' some are busy bleth'rin'
 Right loud that day.

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
 An' screen our countra gentry,
 There, Racer Jess, and twa-three wh-res,
 Are blinkin' at the entry.
 Here sits a raw of tittlin' jades,
 Wi' heaving breast an' bare neck,
 An' there a batch o' wabster lads,
 Blackguarding frae Kilmarnock,
 For fun this day.

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

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

Now a' the congregation o'er
 Is silent expectation:
 For Moodie speels the holy door,
 Wi' tidings o' damnation.
 Should Hornie, as in ancient days,
 'Mang sons o' God present him,

The vera sight o' Moodie's face,
 To 's ain het hame had sent him
 Wi' fright that day.

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

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

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

In guid time comes an antidote
 Against sic poison'd nostrum;
 For Peebles, frae the water-fit,
 Ascends the holy rostrum;
 See, up he 's got the word o' God,
 An' meek an' mim has view'd it,

While Common-Sense has ta'en the road,
 An' aff, an' up the Cowgate,
 Fast, fast, that day.

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

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

Leeze me on drink! it gi'es us mair
 Than either school or college:
 It kindles wit, it waukens lair,
 It pangs us fou o' knowledge.
 Be 't whiskey gill, or penny wheep,
 Or ony stronger potion,
 It never fails, on drinking deep,
 To kittle up our notion
 By night or day.

The lads an' lasses, blythely bent,
 To mind baith saul an' body,
 Sit round the table, weel content,
 An' steer about the toddy.
 On this ane 's dress, an' that ane 's leuk,
 They 're making observations;

While some are cozie i' the neuk,
 An' formin' assignations
 To meet some day.

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

A vast, unbottom'd, boundless pit,
 Fill'd fu' o' lowin' brunstane,
 Wha's ragin' flame, an' scorchin' heat,
 Wad melt the hardest whun-stane!
 The half asleep start up wi' fear,
 An' think they hear it roarin',
 When presently it does appear
 'T was but some neibor snorin.
 Asleep that day.

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

In comes a gaucie, gash guidwife,
 An' sits down by the fire,
 Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife;
 The lasses they are shyer.
 The auld guidmen, about the grace,
 Frae side to side they bother,

Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
 An' gi'es them 't like a tether,
 Fu' lang that day.

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

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

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

THE ORDINATION.

“For sense they little owe to frugal heav'n —
To please the mob they hide the little giv'n.”

KILMARNOCK wabsters fidge an' claw,
An' pour your creeshie nations;
An' ye wha leather rax an' draw,
Of a' denominations,
Swith to the Laigh Kirk, ane an' a',
An' there tak up your stations;
Then aff to Begbie's in a raw,
An' pour divine libations
For joy this day.

Curst Common-Sense, that imp o' hell,
Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder;
But Oliphant aft made her yell,
An' Russell sair misca'd her;
This day Mackinlay taks the flail,
And he 's the boy will blaud her!
He 'll clap a shangan on her tail,
An' set the bairns to daud her
Wi' dirt this day.

Mak haste an' turn king David owre,
An' lilt wi' holy clangor;
O' double verse come gie us four,
An' skirl up the Bangor:
This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure,
Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,
For Heresy is in her pow'r,
And gloriously she 'll whang her
Wi' pith this day.

Come, let a proper text be read,
An' touch it aff wi' vigour,
How graceless Ham leugh at his dad,
Which made Canaan a nigger;

Or Phineas drove the murdering blade,
 Wi' wh-re-aborring rigour;
 Or Zipporah, the scauldin' jade,
 Was like a bluidy tiger
 I' th' inn that day.

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

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

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

Lang Patronage, wi' rod o' airn,
 Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin',

As lately Fenwick, sair forfairn,
 Has proven to its ruin:
 Our patron, honest man! Glencairn,
 He saw mischief was brewin';
 And, like a godly elect bairn,
 He's wal'd us out a true ane,
 And sound this day.

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

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

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

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

O, happy day! rejoice, rejoice!
 Come bouse about the porter!
 Morality's demure decoys
 Shall here nae mair find quarter:
 Mackinlay, Russell, are the boys,
 That Heresy can torture:
 They 'll gie her on a rape a hoise,
 And cove her measure shorter
 By th' head some day.

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

HALLOWEEN.

UPON that night, when fairies light
 On Cassilis Downans dance,
 Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
 On sprightly coursers prance;

Or for Colean the route is ta'en,
 Beneath the moon's pale beams;
 There, up the cove, to stray an' rove,
 Among the rocks an' streams
 To sport that night.

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

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

Then, first and foremost, thro' the kail,
 Their stocks * maun a' be sought ance;

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

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

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

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

The auld guidwife's weel-hoarded nits **
 Are round an' round divided,

* They go to the barn-yard and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of oats. If the third stalk wants the top-pickle, that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will come to the marriage-bed any thing but a maid. — R. B.

** Burning the nuts is a famous charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire, and, accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be. — R. B.

An' monie lads' an' lasses' fates
 Are there that night decided:
 Some kindle, couthie, side by side,
 An' burn thegither trimly;
 Some start awa wi' saucy pride,
 And jump out-owre the chimlie
 Fu' high that night.

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

Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail runt,
 Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie;
 An' Mallie, nae doubt, took the drunt,
 To be compar'd to Willie;
 Mall's nit lap out wi' pridefu' fling,
 An' her ain fit it brunt it;
 While Willie lap, an' swoor, by jing,
 'T was just the way he wanted
 To be that night.

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

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

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

Wee Jenny to her grannie says,
 "Will ye go wi' me, grannie?
 I'll eat the apple** at the glass,
 I gat frae uncle Johnnie:"
 She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
 In wrath she was sae vap'rin',
 She notic't na, an aizle brunt
 Her braw new worsset apron
 Out thro' that night.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
 In dreadfu' desperation!
 An' young an' auld came rinnin' out,
 To hear the sad narration:
 He swoor 't was hilchin Jean M'Craw,
 Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
 'Till, stop! she trotted thro' them a';
 An' wha was it but grumphie
 Asteer that night!

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

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

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

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

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

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
 As thro' the glen it wimpl't;
 Whiles round a rocky scaur it strays;
 Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
 Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
 Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
 Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
 Below the spreading hazel,
 Unseen that night.

Among the brachens, on the brae,
 Between her an' the moon,
 The deil, or else an outler quey,
 Gat up an' gae a croon:
 Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool!
 Near Lav'rock-height she jumpit;
 But mist a fit, an' in the pool
 Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,
 Wi' a plunge that night.

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

* You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south running spring or rivulet, where "three lairds' lands meet," and dip your left shirt-sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake: and, some time near midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it. — R. B.

** Take three dishes; put clean water in one, foul water in another, leave the third empty: blindfold a person, and lead him to the hearth

And ev'ry time great care is ta'en,
 To see them duly changed:
 Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
 Sin' Mar's-year did desire,
 Because he gat the toom-dish thrice,
 He heav'd them on the fire
 In wrath that night.

Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks,
 I wat they did na weary;
 An' unco' tales, an' funny jokes,
 Their sports were cheap an' cheery;
 Till butter'd so'ns,* wi' fragrant lunt,
 Set a' their gabs a-steerin';
 Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
 They parted aff careerin'
 Fu' blythe that night.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A DIRGE.

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

where the dishes are ranged; he (or she) dips the left hand: if by chance in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the bar of matrimony a maid; if in the foul, a widow; if in the empty dish, it foretels, with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated three times, and every time the the arrangement of the dishes is altered. — R. B.

* Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the Halloween supper. — R. B.

“ Young stranger , whither wand’rest thou ? ”

Began the rev’rend sage ;

“ Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain ,

Or youthful pleasure’s rage ?

Or haply , prest with cares and woes ,

Too soon thou hast began

To wander forth , with me , to mourn

The miseries of man .

“ The sun that overhangs yon moors ,

Out-spreading far and wide ,

Where hundreds labour to support

A haughty lordling’s pride :

I’ve seen yon weary winter-sun

Twice forty times return ,

And ev’ry time has added proofs

That man was made to mourn .

“ O man ! while in thy early years ,

How prodigal of time !

Mis-spending all thy precious hours ,

Thy glorious youthful prime !

Alternate follies take the sway ;

Licentious passions burn ;

Which tenfold force gives nature’s law ,

That man was made to mourn .

“ Look not alone on youthful prime ,

Or manhood’s active might ;

Man then is useful to his kind ,

Supported is his right :

But see him on the edge of life ,

With cares and sorrows worn ;

Then age and want — oh ! ill-match’d pair ! —

Show man was made to mourn .

“ A few seem favourites of fate ,

In pleasure’s lap carest ;

Yet, think not all the rich and great
 Are likewise truly blest.
 But, oh! what crowds in ev'ry land
 Are wretched and forlorn!
 Thro' weary life this lesson learn —
 That man was made to mourn.

“Many and sharp the num'rous ills
 Inwoven with our frame!
 More pointed still we make ourselves,
 Regret, remorse, and shame!
 And man, whose heav'n-erected face
 The smiles of love adorn,
 Man's inhumanity to man
 Makes countless thousands mourn!

“See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
 So abject, mean, and vile,
 Who begs a brother of the earth
 To give him leave to toil;
 And see his lordly fellow-worm
 The poor petition spurn,
 Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
 And helpless offspring mourn.

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

“Yet, let not this too much, my son,
 Disturb thy youthful breast;
 This partial view of human-kind
 Is surely not the last!

The poor, oppressed, honest man,
 Had never, sure, been born,
 Had there not been some recompense
 To comfort those that mourn!

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

EPISTLE TO JOHN GOUDIE, KILMARNOCK,

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS ESSAYS.

O GOUDIE! terror of the Whigs,
 Dread of black coats and rev’rend wigs,
 Sour Bigotry, on her last legs,
 Girnin’, looks back,
 Wishin’ the ten Egyptian plagues
 Wad seize you quick.

Poor gapin’, glowrin’ Superstition,
 Waes me! she ’s in a sad condition;
 Fie! bring Black-Jock, her state physician,
 To see her w-t-r:
 Alas! there ’s ground o’ great suspicion
 She ’ll ne’er get better.

Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple,
 But now she ’s got an unco ripple;
 Haste, gie her name up i’ the chapel,
 Nigh unto death;
 See, how she fetches at the thrapple,
 An’ gasps for breath!

Enthusiasm's past redemption,
 Gaen in a galloping consumption,
 Not a' the quacks, wi' a' their gumption,

Will ever mend her.

Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption
 Death soon will end her.

'T is you and Taylor are the chief
 Wha are to blame for this mischief,
 But gin the Lord's ain folks gat leave,
 A toom tar-barrel,
 An' twa red peats wad send relief,
 An' end the quarrel.

EPISTLE TO THE REV. JOHN M' MATH.

Sept. 17th, 1785.

WHILE at the stook the shearers cow'r
 To shun the bitter blaudin' show'r,
 Or in gulravage rinnin' scow'r

To pass the time,

To you I dedicate the hour

In idle rhyme.

My musie, tir'd wi' mony a sonnet
 On gown, an' ban, an' douse black bonnet,
 Is grown right eerie now she 's done it,
 Lest they should blame her,
 An' rouse their holy thunder on it
 And anathem her.

I own 't was rash, an' rather hardy,
 That I, a simple, country bardie,
 Shou'd meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy,
 Wha, if they ken me,
 Can easy, wi' a single wordie,
 Lowse h-ll upon me.

But I gae mad at their grimaces,
 Their sighin', cantin', grace-proud faces,
 Their three-mile prayers, an hauf-mile graces,
 Their raxin' conscience,
 Whase greed, revenge, and pride disgraces
 Waur nor their nonsense.

There 's Gawn, misca't waur than a beast,
 Wha has mair honour in his breast
 Than mony scores as guid 's the priest
 Wha sae abus't him.
 An' may a bard no crack his jest
 What way they 've use't him?

See him, the poor man's friend in need,
 The gentleman in word an' deed,
 An' shall his fame an' honour bleed
 By worthless skellums,
 An' not a muse erect her head
 To cove the bhellums?

O, Pope, had I thy satire's darts,
 To gie the rascals their deserts,
 I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts,
 An' tell aloud,
 Their jugglin' hocus-pocus arts,
 To cheat the crowd.

God knows, I'm no the thing I shou'd be,
 Nor am I even the thing I cou'd be,
 But twenty times, I rather wou'd be
 An atheist clean
 Than under gospel colours hid be,
 Just for a screen.

An honest man may like a glass,
 An honest man may like a lass,
 But mean revenge, an' malice fause
 He 'll still disdain,

An' then cry zeal for gospel laws,
 Like some we ken.

They take religion in their mouth;
 They talk o' mercy, grace, an' truth,
 For what? — to gie their malice skouth
 On some puir wight,
 An' hunt him down, o'er right, an' ruth,
 To ruin straight.

All hail, Religion! maid divine!
 Pardon a muse sae mean as mine,
 Who, in her rough imperfect line,
 Thus daurs to name thee;
 To stigmatize false friends of thine
 Can ne'er defame thee.

Tho' blotch't an' foul wi' mony a stain,
 An' far unworthy of thy train,
 With trembling voice I tune my strain
 To join with those
 Who boldly daur thy cause maintain
 In spite o' foes:

In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs,
 In spite o' undermining jobs,
 In spite o' dark banditti stabs
 At worth an' merit,
 By scoundrels, even wi' holy robes,
 But hellish spirit.

O Ayr! my dear, my native ground,
 Within thy presbyterial bound,
 A candid lib'ral band is found
 Of public teachers,
 As men, as Christians too, renown'd,
 An' manly preachers.

Sir, in that circle you are nam'd;
 Sir, in that circle you are fam'd;

An' some, by whom your doctrine's blam'd
 (Which gies you honour)
 Ev'n, Sir, by them your heart's esteem'd,
 An' winning manner.

Pardon this freedom I have ta'en,
 An' if impertinent I've been,
 Impute it not, good Sir, in aue
 Whase heart ne'er wrang'd ye,
 But to his utmost would befriend
 Ought that belang'd t'ye.

TO A MOUSE,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SCOTCH DRINK.

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

SOLOMON'S PROVERB, xxxi. 6, 7.

LET other poets raise a fracas
 'Bout vines, an' wines, an' dru'ken Bacchus,
 An' crabbit names an' stories wrack us,
 An' grate our lug,
 I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us
 In glass or jug.

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

Let husky wheat the haughs adorn,
 An' aits set up their awnie horn,
 An' pease an' beans, at e'en or morn,
 Perfume the plain,
 Leeze me on thee, John Barleycorn,
 Thou king o' grain!

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

Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin';
 Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin'

When heavy dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin';
 But, oil'd by thee,
 The wheels o' life gae down-hill, scrievin'
 Wi' rattlin' glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear;
 Thou cheers the heart o' drooping Care;
 Thou strings the nerves o' Labour sair,
 At 's weary toil;
 Thou even brightens dark Despair
 Wi' gloomy smile.

Aft, clad in massy, siller weed,
 Wi' gentles thou erects thy head;
 Yet humbly kind in time o' need,
 The poor man 's wine,
 His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
 Thou kitchens fine.

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

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

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

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

When skirlin' weanies see the light,
 Thou maks the gossips clatter bright,
 How fumblin' cuifs their dearies slight;
 Wae worth the name!
 Nae howdie gets a social night,
 Or plack frae them.

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

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

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

Ye Scots, wha wish auld Scotland well!
 Ye chief, to you my tale I tell,
 Poor plackless devils like mysel'!
 It sets you ill,

Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,
Or foreign gill.

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

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

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

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

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

THE AUTHOR'S EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER
 TO THE
 SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES
 IN THE
 HOUSE OF COMMONS.

YE Irish lords, ye knights an' squires,
 Wha represent our brughs an' shires,
 An' doucely manage our affairs
 In Parliament,
 To you a simple Bardie's prayers
 Are humbly sent.

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

Tell them wha hae the chief direction,
 Scotland an' me's in great affliction,
 E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction
 On aqua-vitæ;
 An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
 An' move their pity.

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

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

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

Paint Scotland greeting owre her thrissle,
 Her mutchkin stoup as toom's a whissle ;
 An' d-mn'd excisemen in a bussle,
 Seizin' a stell,
 Triumphant crushin't like a mussel
 Or lampit shell.

Then on the tither hand present her,
 A blackguard smuggler, right behint her,
 An' cheek-for-chow a chuffie vintner,
 Colleaguin join,
 Picking her pouch as bare as winter
 Of a' kind coin.

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

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

God bless your honours, can ye see 't,
 The kind, auld, cantie carlin greet,
 An' no get warmly to your feet,
 An' gar them hear it,

An' tell them wi' a patriot heat,
Ye winna bear it?

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

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

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

Thee, Sodger Hugh, my watchman stented,
If bardies e'er are represented;
I ken if that your sword were wanted,
Ye'd lend your hand:
But when there's ought to say anent it,
Ye're at a stand.

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

This while she's been in crankous mood,
Her lost militia fir'd her bluid;

(Deil na they never mair do guid,)
 Play'd her that pliskie!
 A' now she 's like to rin red-wud
 About her whiskey.

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

For G—d's sake, Sirs! then speak her fair,
 An' straik her cannie wi' the hair,
 An' to the muckle House repair,
 Wi' instant speed,
 An strive, wi' a' your wit and lear,
 To get remead.

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

Tell you guid bluid o' auld Boconnock's
 I 'll be his debt twa mashlum bonnocks,
 An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's,
 Nine times a-week,
 If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks,
 Wad kindly seek.

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

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

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

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

POSTSCRIPT.

LET half-stary'd slaves in warmer skies
 See future wines , rich clust'ring , rise ;
 Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies ,
 But blythe and frisky ,
 She eyes her free-born , martial boys ,
 Tak' aff their whiskey.

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

Their gun's a burthen on their shouter ;
 They downa bid the stink o' pouter ;
 Their bauldest thought 's a hank'ring swither
 To stan' or rin,
 Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throu'ther,
 To save their skin.

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

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

Sages their solemn een may steek,
 An' raise a philosophic reek,
 An' physically causes seek,
 In clime an' season ;
 But tell me whiskey's name in Greek,
 I'll tell the reason.

Scotland, my auld, respected mither !
 Tho' whiles ye moistify your leather,
 Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather,
 Ye tine your dam ;
 Freedom and whiskey gang thegither ! —
 Tak aff your dram !

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

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

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

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

Encircled in her clasping arms,
 How have the raptur'd moments flown!
 How have I wish'd for fortune's charms,
 For her dear sake, and her's alone!
 And must I think it? — is she gone,
 My secret heart's exulting boast?

And does she heedless hear my groan?
 And is she ever, ever lost?

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

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

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

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

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

Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set!
 Scenes never, never, to return!
 Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
 Again I feel, again I burn!
 From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn,
 Life's weary vale I'll wander through;
 And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
 A faithless woman's broken vow.

DESPONDENCY.

AN ODE.

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

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

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

Than I, no lonely hermit plac'd
 Where never human footstep trac'd,
 Less fit to play the part;
 The lucky moment to improve,
 And just to stop, and just to move,
 With self-respecting art:
 But, ah! those pleasures, loves, and joys
 Which I too keenly taste,

The solitary can despise,
 Can want, and yet be blest!
 He needs not, he heeds not,
 Or human love or hate,
 Whilst I here must cry here
 At perfidy ingrate!

Oh! enviable, early days,
 When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
 To care, to guilt unknown!
 How ill exchange'd for riper times,
 To feel the follies, or the crimes,
 Of others, or my own!
 Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
 Like linnets in the bush,
 Ye little know the ills ye court,
 When manhood is your wish!
 The losses, the crosses,
 That active man engage!
 The fears all, the tears all,
 Of dim declining age!

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;
 A strappan youth; ho taks the mother's eye;
 Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill-ta'en;
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But blate an' laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave;
 Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
 O heart-felt raptures! — bliss beyond compare!
 I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
 And sage experience bids me this declare —
 "If Heaven a draught of heav'nly pleasure spare,
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 'T is when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
 In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale."

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

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
 The healsome parritch, chief of Scotia's food:
 The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:
 The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
 An' aft he 's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;
 The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
 How 't was a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

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

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
 Perhaps "Dundee's" wild-warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name;
 Or noble "Elgin" beets the heav'n-ward flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
 Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;
 The tickl'd ear no heart-felt raptures raise;
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
 How Abram was the friend of GOD on high;
 Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny:
 Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
 Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.
 Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
 How HE, who bore in Heav'n the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay his head:
 How his first followers and servants sped,
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
 How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
 And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heav'n's command.
 Then kneeling down, to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING!
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
 Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'
 That thus they all shall meet in future days:
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear;
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.
 Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of method, and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide
 Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
 The Pow'r, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole:
 But, haply, in some cottage far apart,
 May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul;
 And in His book of life the inmates poor enrol.

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

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

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

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

THE FIRST PSALM.

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

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

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

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

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

THE FIRST SIX VERSES OF THE NINETIETH PSALM.

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

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

Before the mountains heav'd their heads
Beneath Thy forming hand,
Before this pond'rous globe itself,
Arose at thy command;

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

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

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

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

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

ODE TO RUIN.

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

Tho' thick'ning and black'ning,
Round my devoted head.

And thou grim pow'r, by life abhorr'd,
While life a pleasure can afford,

Oh! hear a wretch's prayer!

No more I shrink appall'd, afraid;

I court, I beg thy friendly aid

To close this scene of care!

When shall my soul, in silent peace,

Resign life's joyless day;

My weary heart its throbbings cease,

Cold mould'ring in the clay?

No fear more, no tear more,

To stain my lifeless face;

Enclasped, and grasped

Within thy cold embrace!

A PRAYER

UNDER THE PRESSURE OF VIOLENT ANGUISH.

O THOU Great Being! what thou art

Surpasses me to know:

Yet sure I am, that known to Thee

Are all thy works below.

Thy creature here before Thee stands,

All wretched and distress;

Yet sure those ills that wring my soul

Obeys Thy high behest.

Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act

From cruelty or wrath!

O, free my weary eyes from tears,

Or close them fast in death!

But, if I must afflicted be,

To suit some wise design;

Then man my soul with firm resolves,

To bear and not repine!

A PRAYER

IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

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

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

Thou know'st that Thou hast form'd me
 With passions wild and strong;
 And list'ning to their witching voice
 Has often led me wrong.

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

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

STANZAS,

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

WHY am I loth to leave this earthly scene?
 Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
 Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between:
 Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms.

Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
 Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
 For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms:
 I tremble to approach an angry God,
 And justly smart beneath His sin-avenging rod.

Fain would I say, "Forgive my foul offence!"
 Fain promise never more to disobey;
 But should my Author health again dispense,
 Again I might desert fair virtue's way:
 Again in folly's path might go astray;
 Again exalt the brute and sink the man;
 Then how should I for Heav'nly mercy pray,
 Who act so counter Heav'nly mercy's plan?
 Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran?
 O Thou great Governor of all below!
 If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
 Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
 Or still the tumult of the raging sea:
 With that controuling pow'r assist ev'n me,
 Those headlong furious passions to confine
 For all unfit I feel my pow'rs to be,
 To rule their torrent in th' allowed line;
 O, aid me with Thy help, Omnipotence Divine!

STANZAS

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH IN APRIL 1786.

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

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

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

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

TO A LOUSE,

ON SEEING ONE ON A LADY'S BONNET, AT CHURCH.

HA! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie!

Your impudence protects you sairly:

I canna say but ye strunt rarely,

Owre gauze and lace;

Tho' faith, I fear, ye dine but sparely

On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin', blastit wonner,

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

How dare ye set your fit upon her,

Sae fine a lady!

Gae somewhere else, and seek your dinner

On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle;

There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle

Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle,

In shoals and nations;

Whare horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle
Your thick plantations.

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

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

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

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

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

VERSES TO JOHN RANKINE,

ON HIS WRITING TO THE POET, THAT A GIRL IN THAT PART OF
THE COUNTRY WAS WITH CHILD BY HIM.

I AM a keeper of the law
In some sma' points, altho' not a';
Some people tell me gin I fa',
Ae way or ither,
The breaking of ae point, tho' sma',
Breaks a' thegither.

I hae been in for't ance or twice,
And winna say o'er far for thrice!
Yet never met with that surprise
That broke my rest,
But now a rumour's like to rise,
A whaup 's i' the nest.

THE POET'S WELCOME TO HIS ILLEGITIMATE CHILD.

Thou's welcome, wean! mischanter fa' me,
If ough of thee, or of thy mammy,
Shall ever danton me, or awe me,
My sweet wee lady,
Or if I blush when thou shalt ca'me
Tit-ta or daddy.

Wee image of my bonnie Betty,
I, fatherly, will kiss and daut thee,
As dear an' near my heart I set thee
Wi' as guid will,
As a' the priests had seen me get thee
That 's out o' h-ll.

What tho' they ca'me fornicator,
An' tease my name in kintra clatter:

The mair they talk I 'm kenn'd the better,
 E'en let them clash!
 An auld wife's tongue 's a feckless matter
 To gie ane fash.

Sweet fruit o' monie a merry dint,
 My funny toil is now a' tint,
 Sin' thou came to the warld asklent,
 Which fools may scoff at;
 In my last plack thy part's be in't —
 The better half o't.

And if thou be what I wad hae thee,
 And tak the counsel I shall gie thee,
 A lovin' father I 'll be to thee,
 If thou be spar'd:
 Thro' a' thy childish years I 'll e'e thee,
 An' think't weel war'd.

Gude grant that thou may aye inherit
 Thy mither's person, grace, and merit,
 An' thy poor worthless daddy's spirit,
 Without his failin's,
 'T will please me mair to hear and see 't,
 Than stockit mailens.

LETTER TO JAMES TAIT,

OF GLENCONNER.

AULD comrade dear, and brither sinner,
 How's a' the folk about Glenconner?
 How do ye this blae eastlin win',
 That 's like to blaw a body blin'?
 For me, my faculties are frozen,
 My dearest member nearly dozen'.
 I've sent you here, by Johnnie Simson,
 Twa sage philosophers to glimpse on!

Reid, wi' his sympathetic feeling,
 An' Smith, to common sense appealing.
 Philosophers have fought an' wrangled,
 An' meikle Greek an' Latin mangled,
 Till wi' their logic-jargon tir'd,
 An' in the depth of science mir'd,
 To common sense they now appeal,
 What wives an' wabsters see and feel.
 But, hark ye, frien'! I charge you strictly,
 Peruse them, an' return them quickly,
 For now I'm grown sea cursed douce
 I pray an' ponder but the house,
 My shins, my lane, I there sit roastin',
 Perusing Bunyan, Brown, an' Boston;
 Till by an' by, if I haud on,
 I'll grunt a real gospel-groan:
 Already I begin to try it,
 To cast my e'en up like a pyet,
 When by the gun she tumbles o'er,
 Flutt'ring an' gasping in her gore:
 Sae shortly you shall see me bright,
 A burning an' a shining light.

My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen,
 The ace an' wale of honest men:
 When bending down wi' auld grey hairs,
 Beneath the load of years and cares,
 May He who made him still support him,
 An' views beyond the grave comfort him.
 His worthy fam'ly, far and near,
 God bless them a' wi' grace and gear!

My auld schoolfellow, preacher Willie,
 The manly tar, my mason Billie,
 An' Auchenbay, I wish him joy;
 If he's a parent, lass or boy;
 May he be dad, and Meg the mither,
 Just five-and-forty years thegither!

An' no forgetting wabster Charlie,
 I'm tauld he offers very fairly.
 An' L—d, remember singing Sannock,
 Wi' hale-breeks, saxpence, an' a bannock.
 An' next my auld acquaintance, Nancy,
 Since she is fitted to her fancy;
 An her kind stars hae airted till her
 A good chiel wi' a pickle siller.
 My kindest, best respects I sen' it,
 To cousin Kate an' sister Janet;
 Tell them, frae me, wi' chiels be cautious,
 For, faith, they 'll aiblins fin' them fashious:
 To grant a heart is fairly civil,
 But to grant a maidenhead 's the devil. —
 An' lastly, Jamie, for yoursel,
 May guardian angels tak' a spell,
 An' steer you seven miles south o' hell:
 But first, before you see heav'n's glory,
 May ye get monie a merry story,
 Monie a laugh, and monie a drink,
 And aye enough o' needfu' clink.
 Now fare ye weel, an' joy be wi' you,
 For my sake this I beg it o' you,
 Assist poor Simson a' ye can,
 Ye 'll fin' him just an honest man:
 Sae I conclude, and quat my chanter;
 Your's, saint or sinner,

ROB THE RANTER.

ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD.

SWEET flow'ret, pledge o' meikle love,
 And ward o' mony a pray'r,
 What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
 Sae helpless, sweet, and fair!

November hirples o'er the lea,
 Chill, on thy lovely form;
 And gane, alas! the shelt'ring tree
 Should shield the frae thee storm.

May He who gives the rain to pour,
 And wings the blast to blaw,
 Protect thee frae the driving show'r,
 The bitter frost and snaw!

May He, the friend of woe and want,
 Who heals life's various stounds,
 Protect and guard the mother-plant,
 And heal her cruel wounds!

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
 Fair on the summer-morn:
 Now feebly bends she in the blast,
 Unshelter'd and forlorn.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
 Unscath'd by ruffian hand!
 And from thee many a parent stem,
 Arise to deck our land!

“These stanzas,” says Burns in his memoranda, “were composed on the birth of a posthumous child, born in peculiar circumstances of family distress.” A father was carried to the grave a few months before his only son was born; almost a type of what happened at no distant date in the Poet's own household. Not only are the chief circumstances of the case applicable, but the very words which he used in expressing the woe of another give an image of what was suffered in Burns'-street, in July, 1796.

“The sheltering tree was removed in both cases, and tender flowerets exposed to the storm. I shall never forget the time when Burns's boys appeared in the streets of Dumfries, in mourning for their father's death. All eyes were turned in sympathy on them — their weepers, as the bands of white cambric on their coat-cuffs were called, and their forlorn and wondering looks, live in more memories than mine.”

CUNNINGHAM.

TO MISS CRUIKSHANKS,

A VERY YOUNG LADY.

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A BOOK, PRESENTED TO HER
BY THE AUTHOR.

BEAUTEOUS rose-bud, young and gay,
 Blooming in thy early May,
 Never may'st thou, lovely flow'r,
 Chilly shrink in sleety show'r!
 Never Boreas' hoary path,
 Never Eurus' pois'nous breath,
 Never baleful stellar lights,
 Taint thee with untimely blights!
 Never, never reptile thief
 Riot on thy virgin leaf!
 Nor even Sol too fiercely view,
 Thy bosom blushing still with dew!
 May'st thou long, sweet crimson gem,
 Richly deck thy native stem:
 Till some ev'ning, sober, calm,
 Dropping dews, and breathing balm,
 While all around the woodland rings,
 And ev'ry bird thy requiem sings;
 Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,
 Shed thy dying honours round,
 And resign to parent earth
 The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.

A PRAYER,

LEFT, BY THE AUTHOR, AT A REVEREND FRIEND'S HOUSE, IN
THE ROOM WHERE HE SLEPT.

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

The hoary sire — the mortal stroke,
 Long, long, be pleased to spare!
 To bless his filial little flock,
 And show what good men are.
 She, who her lovely offspring eyes
 With tender hopes and fears,
 O, bless her with a mother's joys,
 But spare a mother's tears!
 Their hope — their stay — their darling youth,
 In manhood's dawning blush —
 Bless him, thou GOD of love and truth
 Up to a parent's wish!
 The beauteous, seraph sister-band,
 With earnest tears I pray,
 Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand —
 Guide Thou their steps away!
 When soon or late they reach that coast,
 O'er life's rough ocean driv'n,
 May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
 A family in Heav'n!

ANSWER TO A POETICAL EPISTLE,

SENT TO THE AUTHOR BY A TAILOR.

WHAT ails ye now, ye lousie b—h,
 To thresh my back at sic a pitch?
 Losh, man! hae mercy wi' your natch,
 Your bodkin's bauld,
 I didna suffer ha'f sae much
 Frae Daddie Auld.

What tho' at times when I grow crouse,
 I gie the dames a random pouse,
 Is that enough for you to souse
 Your servant sae?

Gae mind your seam, ye prick-the-louse,
An' jag-the-flae.

King David, o' poetic brief,
Wrought 'mang the lasses sic mischief
As fill'd his after life wi' grief,
An' bluidy rants,
An' yet he 's rank'd among the chief
O' lang-syne saunts.

And maybe, Tam, for a' my cants,
My wicked rhymes, an' drucken rants,
I'll gie auld cloven Clooty's haunts
An unco slip yet.

An' snugly sit among the saunts
At Davie's hip yet.

But fegs, the Session says I maun
Gae fa' upon anither plan,
Than garrin' lasses cowp the cran
Clean heels owre body,
And sairly thole their mither's ban
Afore the howdy.

This leads me on, to tell for sport,
How I did wi' the Session sort, —
Auld Clinkum at the inner port
Cry'd three times — "Robin!
Come hither, lad, an' answer for 't,
Ye 're blamed for jobbin'."

Wi' pinch I pat a Sunday's face on,
An' snoov'd awa' before the Session;
I made an open fair confession —
I scorn'd to lie;
An' syne Mess John, beyond expression,
Fell foul o' me.

* * * *

REMORSE.

A FRAGMENT.

OF all the numerous ills that hurt our peace,
 That press the soul, or wring the mind with anguish,
 Beyond comparison, the worst are those
 That to our folly or our guilt we owe.
 In every other circumstance, the mind
 Has this to say — “It was no deed of mine;”
 But when, to all the evil of misfortune,
 This sting is added — “Blame thy foolish self,”
 Or, worsèr far, the pangs of keen remorse —
 The torturing, gnawing consciousness of guilt —
 Of guilt, perhaps, where we’ve involved others,
 The young, the innocent, who fondly lo’ed us,
 Nay, more — that very love their cause of ruin!
 Oh, burning hell! in all thy store of torments,
 There’s not a keener lash!
 Lives there a man so firm, who, while his heart
 Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime,
 Can reason down its agonizing throbs;
 And, after proper purpose of amendment,
 Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace?
 Oh, happy, happy, enviable man!
 Oh, glorious magnanimity of soul!

THE TWA DOGS.

A TALK.

‘T WAS in that place, o’ Scotland’s isle,
 That bears the name o’ Auld King Coil,
 Upon a bonnie day in June,
 When wearing thro’ the afternoon,
 Twa dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
 Forgather’d ance upon a time.

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

His locked, letter'd, braw brass collar
 Shew'd him the gentleman and scholar;
 But tho' he was o' high degree,
 The fient a pride — nae pride had he;
 But wad hae spent an hour caressin',
 Even wi' a tinkler-gypsey's messin'.
 At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
 Nae tawted tyke, tho' ee'r sae duddie,
 But he wad stan 't, as glad to see him,
 And stroan 't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

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

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

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither.
 An' unco pack an' thick thegither;
 Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd an' snowkit,
 Whyles mice an' moudieworts they howkit;

Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion,
 An' worry'd ither in diversion;
 Until wi' daffin weary grown,
 Upon a knowe they sat them down
 And there began a lang digression
 About the lords o' the creation.

CÆSAR.

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

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

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

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they're fash't eneugh;
 A cotter howkin' in a sheugh,

Wi' dirty stanes biggin' a dyke,
 Baring a quarry, an' sic like;
 Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains,
 A smytrie o' wee duddie weans,
 An' nought but his han' darg, to keep
 Them right an' tight in thack an' rape.

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

CÆSAR.

But then, to see how ye 're negleckit,
 How huff'd, and cuff'd, and disrespeckit!
 L—d, man, our gentry care as little
 For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle;
 They gang as saucy by poor folk
 As I wad by a stinkin' brock.
 I've notic'd, on our Laird's court-day;
 An' mony a time my heart's been wae,
 Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
 How they maun thole a factor's snash:
 He 'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear;
 He 'll apprehend them, poind their gear;
 While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
 An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble!

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

LUATH.

They 're no sae wretched's ane wad think;
 Tho' constantly on poortith's brink.

They 're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
The view o't gies them little fright.

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

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives;
The prattling things are just their pride,
That sweetens a' their fire-side;
An' whyles twalpennie worth o' nappy
Can mak' the bodies unco happy;
They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the Kirk and State affairs:
They 'll talk o' patronage an' priests,
Wi' kindling fury in their breasts;
Or tell what new taxation's comin',
An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on.

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

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

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

CÆSAR.

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

There, at Vienna or Versailles,
 He rives his father's auld entails;
 Or by Madrid he takes the route,
 To thrum guitars, an' fecht wi' nowte;
 Or down Italian vista startles,
 Wh-re-hunting amang groves o' myrtles;
 Then houses drumly German water,
 To mak' himsel' look fair and fatter,
 An' clear the consequential sorrows,
 Love-gifts of Carnival signoras.
 For Britain's guid! — for her destruction!
 Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction!

LUATH.

Hech man! dear Sirs! is that the gate
 They waste sae mony a brow estate!

Are we sae foughten an' harass'd
For gear to gang that gate at last!

O would they stay aback frae Courts,
An' please themsel's wi' countra sports,
It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cotter!
For thae frank', rantin', ramblin' billies,
Fient haet o' them 's ill-hearted fellows;
Except for breakin' o' their timmer,
Or speakin' lightly o' their limmer,
Or shootin' o' a hare or moor-cock,
The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk.

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

CÆSAR.

L—d, man, were ye but whyles whare I am,
The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.
It 's true they needna starve nor sweat,
Thro' winter's cauld, or simmer's heat;
They've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes:
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themsel's to vex them;
An' aye the less they hae to sturt them,
In like proportion, less will hurt them.

A country fellow at the pleugh,
His acres till'd, he 's right enough;
A country girl at her wheel,
Her dizzen's done, she 's unco weel:
But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst,
Wi' ev'ndown want o' wark are curst.

They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy;
 Tho' deil haet ails them, yet uneasy;
 Their days insipid, dull, an' tasteless;
 Their nights unquiet, lang, an' restless;
 An' e'en their sports, their balls an' races,
 Their galloping thro' public places,
 There 's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art,
 The joy can scarcely reach the heart.

The men cast out in party matches,
 Then sowther a' in deep debauches;
 Ae night, they 're mad wi' drink and wh-ring,
 Niest day their life is past enduring.

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

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

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

EDINA! Scotia's darling seat!

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

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

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

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

There, watching high the least alarms,
 Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar;

Like some bold vet'ran, grey in arms,
 And mark'd with many a seamy scar:
 The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
 Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,
 Have oft withstood assailing war,
 And oft repell'd th' invader's shock.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
 I view that noble, stately dome,
 Where Scotia's kings of other years,
 Fam'd heroes! had their royal home:
 Alas, how chang'd the times to come!
 Their royal name low in the dust!
 Their hapless race wild-wand'ring roam!
 Tho' rigid law cries out, 't was just!

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

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

“I enclose you two poems,” says the Poet to William Chalmers, “which I have carded and spun since I passed Glenbuck. One blank in the Address to Edinburgh, ‘Fair B—,’ is the heavenly Miss Burnet, daughter of Lord Monboddo, at whose house I have

But Burns, my Lord — guid G-d! I doited!
 My knees on ane anither knoited,
 As faltering I gaed ben!

I sidling shelter'd in a neuk,
 An' at his lordship steal't a look,
 Like some portentous omen;

Except good sense an' social glee,
 An' (what surpris'd me) modesty,
 I marked nought uncommon.

I watch'd the symptoms o' the great,
 The gentle pride, the lordly state,
 The arrogant assuming;
 The sient a pride, nae pride had he,
 Nor sauce, nor state, that I could see,
 Mair than an honest ploughman.

Then from his Lordship I shall learn
 Henceforth to meet, with unconcern,
 One rank as weel's another;
 Nae honest, worthy man need care,
 To meet wi' noble, youthful DAER,
 For he but meets a brother.

VERSES TO AN OLD SWEETHEART,

AFTER HER MARRIAGE.

WRITTEN

ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A COPY OF HIS POEMS, PRESENTED TO
 THE LADY.

ONCE fondly lov'd, and still remember'd dear;
 Sweet early object of my youthful vows!
 Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere, —
 Friendship! 't is all cold duty now allows.

And when you read the simple, artless rhymes,
 One friendly sigh for him — he asks no more, —
 Who distant burns in flaming torrid climes,
 Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar.

TO MISS LOGAN,

WITH BEATTIE'S POEMS AS A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

Jan. 1, 1787.

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

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

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

THE AMERICAN WAR.

A FRAGMENT.

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

Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes,
 I wat he was na slaw, man!
 Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn,
 And Carleton did ca', man:
 But yet, what-reck, he, at Quebec,
 Montgomery-like did fa', man:

Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
Amang his en' mies a', man.

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

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

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

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

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

Behind the throne then Grenville's gone,
 A secret word or twa, man;
 While sleet Dundas arous'd the class,
 Be-north the Roman wa', man:
 An' Chatham's wraith, in heav'nly graith,
 (Inspired Bardies saw, man;)
 Wi' kindling eyes cry'd 'Willie, rise!
 'Would I hae fear'd them a', man!'

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

* * * * *

March, 1787.

TO CLARINDA.

ON THE POET'S LEAVING EDINBURGH.

CLARINDA, mistress of my soul,
 The measur'd time is run!
 The wretch beneath the dreary pole,
 So marks his latest sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night
 Shall poor Sylvander hie; —

Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,
The sun of all his joy?

We part — but, by these precious drops
That fill thy lovely eyes!
No other light shall guide my steps
Till thy bright beams arise.

She, the fair sun of all her sex,
Has blest my glorious day,
And shall a glimmering planet fix
My worship to its ray?

VERSES

WRITTEN UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF FERGUSSON, THE POET, IN A
COPY OF THAT AUTHOR'S WORKS PRESENTED TO A YOUNG LADY IN
EDINBURGH, MARCH 19TH, 1787.

CURSE ON ungrateful man, that can be pleas'd,
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure!
O thou, my elder brother in misfortune,
By far my elder brother in the muses,
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate!
Why is the bard unpitied by the world,
Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures?

TO THE GUIDWIFE OF WAUCHOPE HOUSE,

[MRS. SCOTT, OF WAUCHOPE.]

GUIDWIFE,
I MIND it weel, in early date,
When I was beardless, young, and blate,
An' first could thresh the barn
Or haud a yokin' at the pleugh;
An' tho' forfoughten sair enough,
Yet unco proud to learn:

When first amang the yellow corn
 A man I reckon'd was,
 An' wi' the lave ilk merry morn
 Could rank my rig and lass,
 Still shearing, and clearing,
 The tither stoked raw,
 Wi' claivers, an' haivers,
 Wearing the day awa.

Ev'n then, a wish (I mind its pow'r),
 A wish, that to my latest hour
 Shall strongly heave my breast —
 That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
 Some usefu' plan or beuk could make,
 Or sing a sang at least.

The rough bur-thistle, spreading wide
 Amang the bearded bear,
 I turn'd the weeding-heuk aside,
 An' spar'd the symbol dear:
 No nation, no station,
 My envy e'er could raise,
 A Scot still, but blot still,
 I knew nae higher praise.

But still the elements o' sang
 In formless jumble, right an' wrang,
 Wild floated in my brain;
 'Till on that hairst I said before,
 My partner in the merry core,
 She rous'd the forming strain:
 I see her yet, the sonsie quean,
 That lighted up my jingle,
 Her witching smile, her pauky een
 That gart my heart-strings tingle!
 I fired, inspired,
 At every kindling keek,
 But bashing, and dashing,
 I feared aye to speak.

Health to the sex! ilk guid chiel says,
 Wi' merry dance in winter-days,
 An' we to share in common:
 The gust o' joy, the balm of woe,
 The saul o' life, the heav'n below,
 Is rapture-giving woman.
 Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name,
 Be mindfu' o' your mither:
 She, honest woman, may think shame
 That ye're connected with her,
 Ye're wae men, ye're nae men
 That slight the lovely dears;
 To shame ye, disclaim ye,
 Ilk honest birkie swears.

For you, no bred to barn and byre,
 Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,
 Thanks to you for your line:
 The marled plaid ye kindly spare
 By me should gratefully be ware;
 'Twad please me to the Nine.
 I'd be mair vauntie o' my hap,
 Douce hingin' owre my curple,
 Than ony ermine ever lap,
 Or proud imperial purple.
 Fareweel then, lang heal then,
 An' plenty be your fa':
 May losses and crosses
 Ne'er at your hallan ca'.

March 1787.

EPISTLE TO WILLIAM CREECH.

WRITTEN AT SELKIRK.

AULD chuckie Reekie's* sair distrest,
 Down droops her ance weel-burnisht crest,
 Nae joy her bonnie buskit nest
 Can yield ava,
 * Edinburgh.

Her darling bird that she lo'es best,
Willie's awa!

O Willie was a witty wight,
And had o' things an unco slight;
Auld Reekie aye he keepit tight,
An' trig an' braw:
But now they 'll busk her like a fright,
Willie's awa!

The stiffest o' them a' he bow'd;
The bauldest o' them a' he cow'd;
They durst nae mair than he allow'd,
That was a law:
We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd,
Willie's awa!

Now gawkies, tawpies, gowks, and fools,
Frae colleges and boarding-schools,
May spout like simmer puddock-stools
In glen or shaw;
He wha could brush them down to mools,
Willie's awa!

The brethren o' the Commerce-Chaumer
May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour;
He was a dictionar and grammar
Amang them a';
I fear they 'll now mak mony a stammer
Willie's awa!

Nae mair we see his levee door
Philosophers and poets pour,
And toothy critics by the score
In bloody raw!

The adjutant o' a' the core,
Willie's awa!

Now worthy Gregory's Latin face,
Tytler's and Greenfield's modest grace;

Mackenzie, Stewart, sic a brace
 As Rome ne'er saw;
 They a' maun meet some ither place,
 Willie's awa!

Poor Burns — e'en Scotch drink canna quicken,
 He cheeps like some bewilder'd chicken,
 Scar'd frae its minnie and the cleekin
 By hoodie-craw;
 Grief's gi'en his heart an unco kickin',
 Willie's awa!

Now ev'ry sour-mou'd girnin' blellum,
 And Calvin's fock, are fit to fell him;
 And self-conceited critic skellum
 His quill may draw;
 He wha could brawlie ward their bellum,
 Willie's awa!

Up wimpling stately Tweed I've sped,
 And Eden scenes on chrystal Jed,
 And Ettrick banks now roaring red,
 While tempests blaw;
 But every joy and pleasure's fled,
 Willie's awa!

May I be slander's common speech;
 A text for infamy to preach;
 And lastly, streekit out to bleach
 In winter snaw;
 When I forget thee, Willie Creech,
 Tho' far awa!

May never wicked fortune touzle him!
 May never wicked men bamboozle him!
 Until a pow as auld's Methusalem
 He canty claw!
 Then to the blessed New Jerusalem,
 Fleet wing awa!

POETICAL ADDRESS

TO

MR. WILLIAM TYTLER,

WITH A PRESENT OF THE BARD'S PICTURE.

Edinburgh, 1787.

REVERED defender of beauteous Stuart,
 Of Stuart, a name once respected, —
 A name which to love was the mark of a true heart,
 But now 't is despis'd and neglected.
 Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my eye,
 Let no one misdeem me disloyal;
 A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh,
 Still more, if that wand'rer were royal.
 My fathers that name have rever'd on a throne;
 My fathers have fallen to right it;
 Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
 That name should he scoffingly slight it.
 Still in prayers for King George I most heartily join,
 The Queen, and the rest of the gentry,
 Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine;
 Their title's avow'd by my country.
 But why of this epocha make such a fuss,
That gave us the Hanover stem;
If bringing them over was lucky for us,
I'm sure 't was as lucky for them.
 But, loyalty, truce! we're on dangerous ground,
 Who knows how the fashions may alter?
 The doctrine to-day that is loyalty sound,
 To-morrow may bring us a halter.
 I send you a trifle, a head of a bard,
 A trifle scarce worthy your care:
 But accept it, good Sir, as a mark of regard,
 Sincere as a saint's dying prayer.

Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye,
 And ushers the long dreary night;
 But you, like the star that athwart gilds the sky,
 Your course to the latest is bright.

WRITTEN IN FRIARS-CARSE HERMITAGE,

ON NITHSIDE.

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

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

As Youth and Love, with sprightly dance,
 Beneath thy morning-star advance,
 Pleasure, with her siren air,
 May delude the thoughtless pair;
 Let Prudence bless Enjoyment's cup,
 Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up.
 As thy day grows warm and high,
 Life's meridian flaming nigh,
 Dost thou spurn the humble vale?
 Life's proud summits would'st thou scale?
 Check thy climbing step, elate,
 Evils lurk in felon wait:
 Dangers, eagle-pinion'd, bold,
 Soar around each cliffy hold,
 While cheerful Peace, with linnet song,
 Chants the lowly dells among.

As the shades of ev'ning close,
 Beck'ning thee to long repose;

As Life itself becomes disease,
 Seek the chimney-neuk of ease,
 There, ruminatè with sober thought;
 On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought;
 And teach the sportive younkers round,
 Saws of experience, sage and sound.
 Say, man's true, genuine estimate,
 The grand criterion of his fate,
 Is not — Art thou high or low?
 Did thy fortune ebb or flow?
 Wast thou cottager or king?
 Peer or peasant? — no such thing!
 Did many talents gild thy span?
 Or frugal nature grudge thee one?
 Tell them, and press it on their mind,
 As thou thyself must shortly find,
 The smile or frown of awful Heav'n,
 To Virtue or to Vice is giv'n.
 Say, "To be just, and kind, and wise,
 There solid Self-enjoyment lies;
 That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
 Lead to the wretched, vile, and base."

Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
 To the bed of lasting sleep;
 Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
 Night, where dawn shall never break.
 'Till future life — future no more, }
 To light and joy the good restore, }
 To light and joy unknown before! }

Stranger, go! Heav'n be thy guide!
 Quoth the beadsman of Nith-side.

TO CAPTAIN RIDDEL,
OF GLENRIDDEL.

EXTEMPORE LINES ON RETURNING A NEWSPAPER.

Ellisland, Monday Evening.

YOUR news and review, Sir, I've read through and through, Sir,
With little admiring or blaming;
The papers are barren of home-news or foreign,
No murders or rapes worth the naming.

Our friends, the reviewers, those chippers and hewers,
Are judges of mortar and stone, Sir;
But of *meet or unmeet* in a *fabric complete*,
I boldly pronounce they are none, Sir.

My goose-quill too rude is to tell all your goodness
Bestow'd on your servant, the Poet;
Would to God I had one like a beam of the sun,
And then all the world, Sir, should know it!

A MOTHER'S LAMENT,

FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON.

FATE gave the word, the arrow sped,
And pierc'd my darling's heart;
And with him all the joys are fled
Life can to me impart.
By cruel hands the sapling drops,
In dust dishonour'd laid:
So fell the pride of all my hopes,
My age's future shade.

The mother-linnet in the brake
Bewails her ravish'd young;
So I, for my lost darling's sake,
Lament the live-day long.

Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,
 Now, fond, I bare my breast,
 O, do thou kindly lay me low
 With him I love, at rest!

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTH-ACHE,

WRITTEN WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS GRIEVOUSLY TORMENTED BY THAT
 DISORDER.

My curse upon thy venom'd stang,
 That shoots my tortur'd gums alang;
 And thro' my lugs gies mony a twang,
 Wi' gnawing vengeance;
 Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
 Like raking engines!

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
 Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squeezes;
 Our neighbours' sympathy may ease us,
 Wi' pitying moan;
 But thee — thou hell o' a' diseases.
 Aye mocks our groan!

Adown my beard the slavers trickle!
 I kick the wee stools o'er the mickle,
 As round the fire the giglets keckle,
 To see me loup;
 While, raving mad, I wish a heckle
 Were in their doup.

O' a' the num'rous human dools,
 Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty-stools,
 Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools,
 Sad sight to see!

The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools,
 Thou bear'st the gree.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
 Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell,

And ranked plagues their numbers tell,
 In dreadfu' raw,
 Thou, Tooth-ache, surely bear'st the bell,
 Amang them a'!

O thou grim mischief-making chiel,
 That gars the notes of discord squeel,
 'Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
 In gore a shoe-thick; —
 Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
 A towmond's Tooth-ache!

SKETCH INSCRIBED TO THE RT. HON. C. I. FOX.

How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite;
 How virtue and vice blend their black and their white;
 How genius, th' illustrious father of fiction,
 Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction —
 I sing: if these mortals, the critics, should bustle,
 I care not, not I — let the critics go whistle!

But now for a patron, whose name and whose glory
 At once may illustrate and honour my story.

Thou first of our orators, first of our wits;
 Yet whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky hits;
 With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong,
 No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong;
 With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
 No man with the half of 'em e'er went quite right; —
 A sorry, poor misbegot son of the muses,
 For using thy name offers fifty excuses.

Good L—d, what is man! for as simple he looks,
 Do but try to develope his hooks and his crooks;
 With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil;
 All in all he 's a problem must puzzle the devil.

On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labours,
 That, like th' old Hebrew walking-switch, eats up its neighbours;
 Mankind are his show-box — a friend, would you know him?
 Pull the string, ruling passion the picture will shew him.
 What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,
 One trifling particular, truth, should have miss'd him;
 For, spite of his fine theoretic positions,
 Mankind is a science defies definitions.

Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,
 And think human nature they truly describe;
 Have you found this, or t'other? there's more in the wind,
 As by one drunken fellow his comrades you'll find.
 But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan,
 In the make of that wonderful creature, call'd man.
 No two virtues, whatever relation they claim,
 Nor even two different shades of the same,
 Though like as was ever twin brother to brother,
 Possessing the one shall imply you've the other.

[The following lines are now restored to the text from the original MS. in the hand-writing of the Poet.]

This "Sketch" was not printed in any edition of the Poet's works, revised by himself. For these lines we are indebted to the beautiful edition of the Poetic Works of Burns, published by Mr. Pickering in 3 Vols. London, 1839.]

In a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, dated Ellisland, 4th April, 1789, the Poet says, "I have a poetic whim in my head, which I at present dedicate, or rather inscribe, to the Right Hon. Charles James Fox; but how long that fancy may hold, I cannot say. A few of the first lines I have just rough sketched."

But truce with abstraction, and truce with a muse,
 Whose rhymes you'll perhaps, Sir, ne'er deign to peruse:
 Will you leave your justings, your jars, and your quarrels,
 Contending with Billy for proud-nodding laurels.

My much honour'd patron, believe your poor Poet,
 Your courage much more than your prudence you show it;
 In vain with Squire Billy for laurels you struggle,
 He'll have them by fair trade, if not, he will smuggle:
 Not cabinets even of Kings would conceal 'em,
 He'd up the back-stairs, and by G— he would steal 'em.
 Then feats like Squire Billy's you ne'er can achieve 'em,
 It is not, outdo him, the task is, out-thieve him.]

EPISTLE TO DR. BLACKLOCK,

IN ANSWER TO A LETTER.

Ellisland, 21st Oct. 1789.

Wow, but your letter made me vauntie!
 And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie!
 I kenn'd it still your wee bit jauntie
 Wad bring ye to:
 Lord send you ay as weel's I want ye,
 And then ye'll do.

The ill-thief blaw the Heron south!
 And never drink be near his drooth!
 He tauld mysel' by word o' mouth,
 He'd tak' my letter;
 I lippen'd to the chiel in trouth,
 And bade nae better.

But aiblins honest Master Heron,
 Had at the time some dainty fair one,
 To ware his theologic care on,
 And holy study;
 And tir'd o' sauls to waste his lear on,
 E'en tried the body.

But what d'ye think, my trusty fier,
 I'm turn'd a gauger — Peace be here!
 Parnassian queans, I fear, I fear,
 Ye'll now disdain me!

And then my fifty pounds a year
Will little gain me.

Ye glaikit, gleesome, dainty damies,
Wha, by Castalia's wimplin' streamies,
Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies,
Ye ken, ye ken,
That strang necessity supreme is
'Mang sons o' men.

I hae a wife and twa wee laddies,
They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies;
Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is —
I need na vaunt,
But I'll sned besoms — thraw saugh woodies,
Before they want.

Lord, help me thro' this world o' care!
I'm weary sick o't late and air!
Not but I hae a richer share
Than mony ithers;
But why should ae man better fare,
And a' men brithers?

Come, firm Resolve, take thou the van,
Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man!
And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
A lady fair:
Wha does the utmost that he can,
Will whyles do mair.

But to conclude my silly rhyme,
(I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time,))
To make a happy fire-side clime
To weans and wife;
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

My compliments to sister Beckie;
And eke the same to honest Lucky,

I wat she is a dainty chuckie,
 As e'er tread clay!
 And gratefully, my guid auld cockie,
 I'm yours for ay,

ROBERT BURNS.

DELIA.

AN ODE.

FAIR the face of orient day,
 Fair the tints of op'ning rose;
 But fairer still my Delia dawns,
 More lovely far her beauty blows.

Sweet the lark's wild-warbled lay,
 Sweet the tinkling rill to hear;
 But, Delia, more delightful still,
 Steal thine accents on mine ear.

The flower-enamour'd busy bee,
 The rosy banquet loves to sip;
 Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
 To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip; —

But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
 Let me, no vagrant insect, rove!
 O, let me steal one liquid kiss!
 For, oh! my soul is parch'd with love!

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES, ON NEW YEARS-DAY
 EVENING.

No song nor dance I bring from yon great city
 That queen's it o'er our taste — the more's the pity:
 Tho', by-the-bye, abroad why will you roam?
 Good sense and taste are natives here at home:
 But not for panegyric I appear,
 I come to wish you all a good new-year!

Old Father Time deputes me here before ye,
 Not for to preach, but tell his simple story:
 The sage grave ancient cough'd, and bade me say,
 "You're one year older this important day."
 If wiser, too — he hinted some suggestion,
 But 't would be rude, you know, to ask the question;
 And with a would-be roguish leer and wink,
 He bade me on you press this one word — "think!"

Ye sprightly youths, quite flushed with hope and spirit,
 Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,
 To you the dotard has a deal to say,
 In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way!
 He bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,
 That the first blow is ever half the battle;
 That tho' some by the skirt may try to snatch him,
 Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him;
 That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,
 You may do miracles by persevering.

Last, tho' not least in love, ye faithful fair,
 Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care!
 To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled brow,
 And humbly begs you'll mind the important now!
 To crown your happiness he asks your leave,
 And offers bliss to give and to receive.

For our sincere, tho' haply weak, endeavours,
 With grateful pride we own your many favours;
 And howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it,
 Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it.

NEW YEAR'S DAY. — A SKETCH.

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

THIS day, Time winds th' exhausted chain,
 To run the twelvemonth's length again:
 I see the old, bald-pated fellow,
 With ardent eyes, complexion sallow,

Adjust the unimpair'd machine,
To wheel the equal, dull routine.

The absent lover, minor heir,
In vain assail him with their prayer;
Deaf, as my friend, he sees them press,
Nor makes the hour one moment less.
Will you (the Major's with the hounds,
The happy tenants share his rounds;
Coila's fair Rachel's care to-day,
And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray)
From housewife cares a minute borrow —
— That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow —
And join with me a-moralizing,
This day's propitious to be wise in.

First, what did yesternight deliver?
"Another year is gone for ever!"
And what is this day's strong suggestion?
"The passing moment's all we rest on!"
Rest on — for what? what do we here?
Or why regard the passing year?
Will Time, amus'd with proverb'd lore,
Add to our date one minute more?
A few days may — a few years must —
Repose us in the silent dust.
Then is it wise to damp our bliss?
Yes — all such reasonings are amiss!
The voice of Nature loudly cries,
And many a message from the skies,
That something in us never dies:
That on this frail, uncertain state,
Hang matters of eternal weight:
That future life, in worlds unknown,
Must take its hue from this alone;
Whether as Heavenly glory bright,
Or dark as Misery's woeful night. —

Since then, my honour'd, first of friends,
 On this poor being all depends,
 Let us th' important *now* employ,
 And live as those who never die. —

Tho' you, with days and honours crown'd,
 Witness that filial circle round,
 (A sight, life's sorrows to repulse,
 A sight, pale Envy to convulse,)
 Others now claim your chief regard;
 Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

LINES

WRITTEN TO A GENTLEMAN

WHO HAD SENT HIM A NEWSPAPER, AND OFFERED TO CONTINUE
 FREE OF EXPENSE.

KIND Sir, I've read your paper through,
 And, faith, to me 't was really new!
 How guess'd ye, Sir, what maist I wanted?
 This mony a day I've grain'd and gaunted
 To ken what French mischief was brewin';
 Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin';
 That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,
 If Venus yet had got his nose off;
 Or how the collieshangie works
 Atween the Russians and the Turks;
 Or if the Swede, before he halt,
 Would play anither Charles the Twalt:
 If Denmark, any body spak o't;
 Or Poland, wha had now the tack o't;
 How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin';
 How libbet Italy was singin';
 If Spaniards, Portuguese, or Swiss,
 Were sayin' or takin' aught amiss:
 Or how our merry lads at hame,
 In Britain's Court, kept up the game:

How royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him!
 Was managing St. Stephen's quorum;
 If sleekit Chatham Will was livin',
 Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in;
 How daddie Burke the plea was cookin',
 If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin';
 How cesses, stents, and fees were rax'd,
 Or if bare a—s yet were tax'd;
 The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,
 Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera girls;
 If that daft buckie, Geordie Wales,
 Was threshin' still at hizzies' tails;
 Or if he was grown oughtlins douser,
 And no a perfect kintra cooser. —
 A' this and mair I never heard of;
 And but for you I might despair'd of.
 So gratefu', back your news I send you,
 And pray, a' guid things may attend you!

Ellisland, Monday Morning, 1790.

ON
 CAPTAIN GROSE'S
 PEREGRINATIONS THROUGH SCOTLAND,
 COLLECTING THE
 ANTIQUITIES OF THAT KINGDOM.

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
 Frae Maidenkirke to Johnny Groat's;
 If there 's a hole in a' your coats,
 I rede you tent it:
 A chiel 's amang you takin' notes,
 And, faith, he'll prent it!
 If in your bounds ye chance to light
 Upon a fine, fat, fodgeg wight,
 O' stature short, but genius bright,
 That's he, mark weel, —

And wow! he has an unco slight
O' cauk and keel.

By some auld, houlet-haunted biggin,
Or kirk deserted by its riggin',
It's ten to one ye'll find him snug in
Some eldritch part,
Wi' deils, they say, L—d save 's! colleaguin
At some black art. —

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chaumer,
Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamour,
And you deep read in hell's black grammar,
Warlocks and witches;
Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
Ye midnight b— —es!

It's tauld he was a sodger bred,
And ane wad rather fa'n than fled;
But now he's quat the spurtle-blade
And dog-skin wallet,
And ta'en th — Antiquarian trade,
I think they call it.

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets:
Rusty airn caps and jinglin' jackets,
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
A towmount guid;
And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
Afore the flood.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder;
Auld Tubal-Cain's fire-shool and fender;
That which distinguished the gender
O' Balaam's ass;
A broom-stick o' the witch o' Endor,
Weel shod wi' brass.

Forbye, he'll shape you aff, fu' gleg,
The cut of Adam's philibeg:

The knife that nicket Abel's craig
 He 'll prove you fully
 It was a faulding jocteleg,
 Or lang-kail gully. —

But wad ye see him in his glee,
 For meikle glee and fun has he,
 Then set him down, and twa or three
 Guid fellows wi' him;
 And port, O port! shine thou a wee,
 And then we 'll see him!

Now, by the powers o' verse and prose!
 Thou art a dainty chiel, O Grose! —
 Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
 They sair misca' thee;
 I'd take the rascal by the nose,
 What say, Shame fa' thee!

 LINES

WRITTEN IN A WRAPPER,
 ENCLOSING

A LETTER TO CAPTAIN GROSE.

KEN ye ought o' Captain Grose?
 Igo and ago,
 If he 's amang his friends or foes?
 Iram, coram, dago.

Is he south or is he north?
 Igo and ago.

Or drowned in the river Forth?
 Iram, coram, dago.

Is he slain by Highlan' bodies!
 Igo and ago,
 And eaten like a wether-haggis?
 Iram, coram, dago.

Is he to Abram's bosom gane?
 Igo and ago,
 Or haudin' Sarah by the wame?
 Iram, coram, dago.

Where'er he be, the L—d be near him.
 Igo and ago,
 As for the deil, he daur na steer him!
 Iram, coram, dago.

But please transmit the enclosed letter,
 Igo and ago,
 Which will oblige your humble debtor,
 Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye hae auld stanes in store,
 Igo and ago,
 The very stanes that Adam bore,
 Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye get in glad possession,
 Igo and ago,
 The coins o' Satan's coronation!
 Iram, coram, dago.

TAM O' SHANTER,

A TALE.

"Of brownyis and of bogilis full is this buke."

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
 An' drouthy neebors neebors meet,
 As market-days are wearin' late,
 An' folk begin to tak' the gate;
 While we sit bousing at the nappy,
 An' gettin' fou an' unco happy,
 We think na on the lang Scots miles,
 The mosses, waters, slaps, an' styles,
 That lie between us an' our hame,
 Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,

Gath'rin' her brows like gath'rin' storm,
Nursin' her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayrae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men an' bonny lasses.)

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum,
A bletherin', blusterin', drucken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was na sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roarin' fou on;
That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
She prophesy'd that, late or soon,
Thou wad be found deep drown'd in Doon!
Or catch'd wi' warlocks i' the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd, sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: — Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
An' at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou' for weeks thegither!
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;
An' aye the ale was growing better:

The landlady and Tam grew gracious;
 Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious;
 The Souter tauld his queerest stories;
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
 The storm without might rair and rustle—
 Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
 E'en drown'd himsel among the nappy!
 As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
 The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
 Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed!
 Or like the snowfall in the river,
 A moment white — then melts for ever;
 Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
 Evanishing amid the storm. —
 Nae man can tether time or tide; —
 The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
 That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
 That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
 An' sic a night he tak's the road in
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 't wad blawn its last;
 The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
 The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
 Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:
 That night, a child might understand,
 The De'il had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg,
 A better never lifted leg,

Tam skelpit on thro' dub an' mire,
 Despising wind, an' rain, an' fire;
 Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet;
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
 Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
 Lest bogles catch him unawares;
 Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
 Whare ghaists an' houlets nightly cry. —

By this time he was cross the foord,
 Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
 An' past the birks an' meikle stane,
 Whare drucken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
 An' thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,
 Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
 An' near the thorn, aboon the well,
 Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel. —
 Before him Doon pours a' his floods;
 The doublin' storm roars thro' the woods;
 The lightnings flash frae pole to pole;
 Near and more near the thunders roll;
 When, glimmerin' thro' the groanin' trees,
 Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
 Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancin'
 An' loud resounded mirth an' dancin'. —

Inspirin' bold John Barleycorn!
 What dangers thou can'st mak us scorn!
 Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
 Wi' usquabae we'll face the Devil! —
 The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
 Fair play, he car'd na de'ils a boddle.
 But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
 'Till, by the heel an' hand admonish'd,
 She ventur'd forward on the light;
 An', wow! Tam saw an unco sight!
 Warlocks an' witches in a dance;
 Nae cotillon brent new frac France,

But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, an' reels,
 Put life an' mettle i' their heels:
 At winnock-bunker i' the east,
 There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
 A towzie tyke, black, grim, an' large,
 To gie them music was his charge;
 He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl. —
 Coffins stood round, like open presses;
 That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
 And by some dev'lish cantraip slight
 Each in its cauld hand held a light, —
 By which heroic Tam was able
 To note upon the haly table,
 A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
 Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
 A thief, new-cuttet frae a rape,
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
 Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted,
 Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;
 A garter, which a babe had strangled;
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
 The grey hairs yet stack to the heft:
 [Three lawyers' tongues turn'd inside out,
 Wi' lies seam'd, like a beggar's clout:
 And priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck,
 Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk.]
 Wi' mair o' horrible an' awfu',
 Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, an' curious,
 The mirth an' fun grew fast an' furious:
 The piper loud an' louder blew,
 The dancers quick an' quicker flew;
 They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
 'Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,

An' coost her duddies to the wark,
An' linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam! O Tam! had thae been queans
A' plump an' strappin', i' their teens;
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen!
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them aff my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld an' droll,
Rigwoodie hags, wad spean a foal,
Lowpin' an' flingin' on a cummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie
"There was ae winsome wench an' walie,"
That night enlisted in the core,
(Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore;
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
An' perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
An' shook baith meikle corn an' bear,
An' kept the country-side in fear.)
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
That, while a lassie, she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, an' she was vauntie. —

Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend Grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('t was a' her riches),
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cour,
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
To sing how Nannie lap an' flang,
(A souple jade she was, an' strang,)

An' how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
 An' thought his very een enrich'd;
 Ev'n Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
 An' hotch'd an' blew wi' might an' main:
 'Till first ae caper, syne anither,
 Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
 An' roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
 An' in an instant a' was dark:
 An' scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
 When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
 When plunderin' herds assail their byke,
 As open pussie's mortal foes,
 When, pop! she starts before their nose;
 As eager runs the market-crowd,
 When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
 So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
 Wi' mony an eldritch screech an' hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou 'lt get thy fairin'!
 In hell they 'll roast thee like a herrin'!
 In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!
 Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
 An' win the key-stane of the brig;
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,
 A running stream they darena cross;
 But ere the key-stane she could make
 The fient a tail she had to shake!
 For Nannie, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
 An' flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle —
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,
 But left behind her ain grey tail:
 The carlin claut her by the rump,
 An' left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
 Ilk man and mother's son, take heed:
 Whane'er to drink you are inclin'd,
 Or cutty-sarks run i' your mind,
 Think! ye may buy the joys o'er dear —
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

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

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

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

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
 Where happy I hae been;
 Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,
 As blythe lay down at e'en:
 And I'm the sov'reign of Scotland,
 And mony a traitor there;
 Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
 And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman! —
 My sister and my fae,
 Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword
 That thro' thy soul shall gae!
 The weeping blood in woman's breast
 Was never known to thee;
 Nor the balm that draps on wounds of woe
 Frae woman's pitying e'e.

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

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

THE WHISTLE.

I SING of a whistle, a whistle of worth,
 I sing of a whistle, the pride of the North,
 Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king,
 And long with this whistle all Scotland shall ring.

Old Loda, still rueing the arm of Fingal,
 The god of the bottle sends down from his hall —
 “This whistle’s your challenge — to Scotland get o’er,
 And drink them to hell, Sir, or ne’er see me more!”

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
 What champions ventur’d, what champions fell;
 The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
 And blew on the whistle his requiem shrill.

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur,
 Unmatch’d at the bottle, unconquer’d in war,
 He drank his poor godship as deep as the sea,
 No tide of the Baltic e’er drunker than he.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gain’d;
 Which now in his house has for ages remain’d;
 Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,
 The jovial contest again have renew’d.

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of flaw;
 Craigarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law;
 And trusty Glenriddel, so skill’d in old coins;
 And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines.

Craigarroch began, with a tongue smooth asoil,
 Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil;
 Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,
 And once more, in claret, try which was the man.

“By the gods of the ancients!” Glenriddel replies,
 “Before I surrender so glorious a prize,
 I’ll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More,
 And bumper his horn with him twenty times o’er.”

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,
 But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe — or his friend,
 Said, toss down the whistle, the prize of the field,
 And, knee-deep in claret, he 'd die ere he 'd yield.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
 So noted for drowning of sorrow and care;
 But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame,
 Than the sense, wit, and taste, of a sweet lovely dame.

A bard was selected to witness the fray,
 And tell future ages the feats of the day;
 A bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
 And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been.

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
 And ev'ry new cork is a new spring of joy;
 In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
 And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.

Gay pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er;
 Bright Phœbus ne'er witness'd so joyous a core,
 And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
 Till Cynthia hinted he 'd see them next morn.

Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the night,
 When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
 Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
 And swore 't was the way that their ancestors did.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,
 No longer the warfare, ungodly, would wage;
 A high-ruling Elder to wallow in wine!
 He left the foul business to folks less divine.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end;
 But who can with fate and quart-bumpers contend?
 Though fate said — a hero shall perish in light;
 So up rose bright Phœbus — and down fell the knight.

Next up rose our bard, like a prophet in drink:
 "Craigdarroch, thou 'lt soar when creation shall sink!

But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,
Come — one bottle more — and have at the sublime!

“Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce,
Shall heroes and patriots ever produce:
So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay;
The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!”

L A M E N T

F O R

JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,
By fits the sun's departing beam
Look'd on the fading yellow woods
That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream:
Beneath a craigy steep, a bard,
Laden with years and meikle pain,
In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
Whom death had all untimely ta'en.

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years;
His locks were bleached white with time,
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears;
And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
And as he tun'd his doleful sang,
The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,
To echo bore the notes alang: —

“Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing
The reliques of the vernal quire!
Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
The honours of the aged year!
A few short months, and glad and gay,
Again ye 'll charm the ear and e'e;
But nocht in all revolving time
Can gladness bring again to me.

"I am a bending aged tree,
 That long has stood the wind and rain;
 But now has come a cruel blast,
 And my last hold of earth is gane:
 Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring;
 Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom;
 But I maun lie before the storm,
 And ithers plant them in my room.

"I ve seen sae mony changefu' years,
 On earth I am a stranger grown;
 I wander in the ways of men,
 Alike unknowing and unknown:
 Unheard, unpitied, unreliev'd,
 I bear alane my lade o' care,
 For silent, low, on beds of dust,
 Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

"And last (the sum of a' my griefs!)
 My noble master lies in clay;
 The flow'r amang our barons bold,
 His country's pride — his country's stay —
 In weary being now I pine,
 For a' the life of life is dead,
 And hope has left my aged ken,
 On forward wing for ever fled.

"Awake thy last sad voice, my harp!
 The voice of woe and wild despair;
 Awake! resound thy latest lay —
 Then sleep in silence evermair!
 And thou, my last, best, only friend,
 That fillest an untimely tomb,
 Accept this tribute from the bard
 Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom.

"In poverty's low barren vale
 Thick mists, obscure, involv'd me round;

Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
 Nae ray of fame was to be found:
 Thou found'st me, like the morning sun,
 That melts the fogs in limpid air,
 The friendless bard and rustic song
 Became alike thy fostering care.

“Oh! why has worth so short a date?
 While villains ripen grey with time;
 Must thou, the noble, gen'rous, great,
 Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime!
 Why did I live to see that day?
 A day to me so full of woe! —
 Oh! had I met the mortal shaft
 Which laid my benefactor low!

“The bridegroom may forget the bride
 Was made his wedded wife yestreen:
 The monarch may forget the crown
 That on his head an hour has been;
 The mother may forget the child
 That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
 But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
 And a' that thou hast done for me!”

LINES SENT TO
 SIR JOHN WHITEFOORD, BART.

OF
 WHITEFOORD;
 WITH THE FOREGOING POEM.

THOU, who thy honour as thy God rever'st,
 Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly fear'st,
 To thee this votive offering I impart,
 The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
 The friend thou valued'st, I, the patron, loved;
 His worth, his honour, all the world approv'd.
 We'll mourn till we, too, go as he has gone,
 And tread the dreary path to that dark world unknown.

ADDRESS

TO

THE SHADE OF THOMSON,

ON

CROWNING HIS BUST, AT EDNAM ROXBURGH-SHIRE, WITH BAYS.

WHILE virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
 Unfolds her tender mantle green,
 Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
 Or tunes Eolian strains between:

While Summer, with a matron grace,
 Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
 Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
 The progress of the spiky blade:

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
 By Tweed erects his aged head,
 And sees, with self-approving mind,
 Each creature on his bounty fed:

While maniac Winter rages o'er
 The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
 Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
 Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows:

So long, sweet Poet of the year!
 Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;
 While Scotia, with exulting tear,
 Proclaims that Thomson was her son.

THIRD EPISTLE

TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ.,

OF

FINTRAY.

LATE crippled'd of an arm, and now a leg,
 About to beg a pass for leave to beg:
 Dull, listless, teas'd, dejected, and deprest
 (Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest);

Will generous Graham list to his Poet's wail?
 (It soothes poor misery, heark'ning to her tale,)
 And hear him curse the light he first survey'd,
 And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade?

Thou, Nature! partial Nature! I arraign;
 Of thy caprice maternal I complain.
 The lion and the bull thy care have found,
 One shakes the forests, and one spurns the ground:
 Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
 Th' envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell;
 Thy minions, kings defend, control, devour,
 In all th' omnipotence of rule and power;
 Foxes and statesmen subtle wiles ensure;
 The cit and polecat stink, and are secure;
 Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
 The priest and hedgehog in their robes are snug;
 Ev'n silly woman has her warlike arts,
 Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts.

But, oh! thou bitter step-mother and hard,
 To thy poor, fenceless, naked child — the Bard!
 A thing unteachable in worldly skill,
 And half an idiot, too, more helpless still;
 No heels to bear him from the op'ning dun;
 No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun;
 No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
 And those, alas! not Amalthea's horn:
 No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur,
 Clad in rich dullness' comfortable fur; —
 In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
 He bears th' unbroken blast from ev'ry side:
 Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart,
 And scorpion critics cureless venom dart.

Critics! — appall'd I venture on the name,
 Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame:
 Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes!
 He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose.

His heart by causeless, wanton malice wrung,
 By blockheads' daring into madness stung;
 His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
 By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear:
 Foil'd, bleeding, tortur'd, in th' unequal strife,
 The hapless poet flounders on through life;
 'Till, fled each hope that once his bosom fir'd,
 And fled each muse that glorious once inspir'd,
 Low sunk in squalid unprotected age,
 Dead, even resentment, for his injur'd page,
 He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's rage. }

So, by some hedge, the gen'rous steed deceas'd,
 For half-starv'd snarling curs a dainty feast,
 By toil and famine wore to skin and bone,
 Lies senseless of each tugging bitch's son.

Oh dulness! portion of the truly blest!
 Calm shelter'd haven of eternal rest!
 Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
 Of fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.
 If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
 With sober selfish ease they sip it up:
 Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
 They only wonder "some folks" do not starve,
 The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
 And thinks the mallard a sad worthless dog.
 When disappointment snaps the clue of hope,
 And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope,
 With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
 And just conclude that "fools are fortune's care."
 So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
 Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

Not so the idle muses' mad-cap train,
 Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain;
 In equanimity they never dwell,
 By turns in soaring heav'n, or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, fate, relentless and severe,
 With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear!
 Already one strong-hold of hope is lost,
 Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust;
 (Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
 And left us darkling in a world of tears :)
 Oh! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish pray'r! —
 Fintray, my other stay, long bless and spare!
 Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown;
 And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
 May bliss domestic smooth his private path;
 Give energy to life; and soothe his latest breath,
 With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!

SKETCH OF A CHARACTER.

A LITTLE, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight,
 And still his precious self his dear delight:
 Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets,
 Better than e'er the fairest she he meets:
 A man of fashion, too, he made his tour,
 Learn'd *vive la bagatelle, et vive l'amour!*
 So travell'd monkies their grimace improve,
 Polish their grin, nay, sigh for ladies' love.
 Much specious lore, but little understood;
 Veneering oft outshines the solid wood:
 His solid sense — by inches you must tell,
 But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell;
 His meddling vanity, a busy fiend,
 Still making work his selfish craft must mend.

FOURTH EPISTLE
TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ.,
OF
FINTRAY.

I CALL no goddess to inspire my strains,
A fabled muse may suit a bard that feigns;
Friend of my life! my ardent spirit burns,
And all the tribute of my heart returns,
For boons accorded, goodness ever new,
The gift still dearer, as the giver, you.
Thou orb of day! thou other paler light!
And all the other sparkling stars of night;
If aught that giver from my mind efface;
If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace;
Then roll to me along your wandering spheres,
Only to number out a villain's years!

A VISION.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care;
The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot along the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant-echoing glens reply.
The stream, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whose distant roaring swells and fa's.
The cauld blue north was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing, eerie din:

Athort the lift they start and shift,
 Like fortune's favours, tint as win.
 By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,
 And, by the moonbeam, shook to see
 A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
 Attir'd as minstrels wont to be.
 Had I a statue been o' stane,
 His daring look had daunted me;
 And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,
 The sacred posie — "Liberty!"
 And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
 Might rous'd the slumb'ring dead to hear:
 But, oh! it was a tale of woe,
 As ever met a Briton's ear!
 He sang wi' joy this former day,
 He, weeping, wail'd his latter times;
 But what he said it was nae play, —
 I winna ventur't in my rhymes.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENEILLE ON HER
BENEFIT NIGHT.

WHILE Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things,
 The fate of empires and the fall of kings;
 While quacks of state must each produce his plan,
 And even children lisp the Rights of Man;
 Amid this mighty fuss, just let me mention,
 The Rights of Woman merit some attention.
 First, in the sexes' intermix'd connexion,
 One sacred Right of Woman is, protection.
 The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,
 Helpless, must fall before the blasts of fate,
 Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely form,
 Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.

Our second Right — but needless, here is caution,
 To keep that right inviolate's the fashion,
 Each man of sense has it so full before him,
 He 'd die before he 'd wrong it — 't is decorum. —
 There was, indeed, in far less polish'd days,
 A time, when rough, rude man had naughty ways;
 Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,
 Nay, even thus invade a lady's quiet! —

Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled;
 Now, well-bred men — and ye are all well-bred!
 Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)
 Such conduct, neither spirit, wit, nor manners.

For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,
 That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest,
 Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostration
 Most humbly own — 't is dear, dear admiration!
 In that blest sphere alone we live and move;
 There taste that life of life — immortal love. —
 Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,
 'Gainst such a host what flinty savage dares —
 When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,
 Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms?

But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,
 With bloody armaments and revolutions!
 Let Majesty your first attention summon,
 Ah! çà ira! **THE MAJESTY OF WOMAN!**

POEM ON PASTORAL POETRY.

HAIL, Poesie! thou nymph reserv'd!
 In chase o' thee, what crowds hae swerv'd
 Frae common sense, or sunk enerv'd
 'Mang heaps o' clavers;
 And och! owre aft thy joes hae starv'd,
 Mid a' thy favours!

Say, lassie, why thy train amang,
While loud the trump's heroic clang,
And sock or buskin skelp along

To death or marriage;

Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang
But wi' miscarriage?

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives;
Eschylus' pen Will Shakspeare drives;
Wee Pope, the knurlin, 'till him rives
Horatian fame;

In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
Even Sappho's flame.

But thee, Theocritus, wha matches?
They're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches;
Squire Pope but busks his skinklin' patches
O' heathen tatters:

I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,
That ape their betters.

In this braw age o' wit and lear,
Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair
Blaw sweetly in its native air
And rural grace;

And wi' the far-fam'd Grecian share
A rival place?

Yes! there is ane; a Scottish callan —
There's ane; come forrit, honest Allan!
Thou need na jouk behind the hallan,
A chiel sae clever;

The teeth o' time may gnaw Tantallan,
But thou's for ever!

Thou paints auld nature to the nines,
In thy sweet Caledonian lines;
Nae gowden stream thro' myrtles twines,
Where Philomel,

While nightly breezes sweep the vines ,
Her griefs will tell !

In gowany glens thy burnie strays ,
Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes ;
Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes ,
Wi' hawthorns grey ,
Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
At close o' day.

Thy rural loves are nature's sel' ;
Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell ;
Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell
O' witchin' love ;
That charm that can the strongest quell ,
The sternest move.

LIBERTY ,

A FRAGMENT.

THEE, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,
Thee, famed for martial deed and sacred song,
To thee I turn with swimming eyes ;
Where is that soul of Freedom fled ?
Immingled with the mighty dead !
Beneath the hallow'd turf where Wallace lies !
Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death !
Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep ;
Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,
Nor give the coward secret breath.
Is this the power in Freedom's war,
That wont to bid the battle rage ?
Behold that eye which shot immortal hate ,
Crushing the despot's proudest bearing,
That arm which, nerv'd with thundering fate,
Brav'd usurpation's boldest daring !
One quench'd in darkness, like the sinking star,
And one the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age.

TRAGIC FRAGMENT.

ALL devil as I am, a damned wretch,
 A harden'd, stubborn, unrepenting villain,
 Still my heart melts at human wretchedness;
 And with sincere, tho' unavailing, sighs,
 I view the helpless children of distress.
 With tears indignant I behold th' oppressor
 Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction,
 Whose unsubmitting heart was all his crime.
 Even you, ye helpless crew, I pity you;
 Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity;
 Ye poor, despis'd, abandon'd, vagabonds,
 Whom Vice, as usual, has turn'd o'er to Ruin.
 — Oh, but for kind, tho' ill-requited, friends,
 I had been driven forth like you forlorn,
 The most detested, worthless wretch among you!
 O injur'd God! thy goodness has endow'd me
 With talents passing most of my compeers,
 Which I in just proportion have abus'd
 As far surpassing other common villains,
 As Thou in natural parts hadst given me more.

VERSES
TO MISS GRAHAM, OF FINTRAY.

WITH A PRESENT OF SONGS.

HERE, where the Scottish muse immortal lives
 In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd,
 Accept the gift;— tho' humble he who gives,
 Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.
 So may no ruffian feeling in thy breast,
 Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among!
 But Peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
 Or Love, ecstatic, wake his seraph song!

Or Pity's notes, in luxury of tears,
 As modest Want the tale of woe reveals;
 While conscious Virtue all the strain endears,
 And heaven-born Piety her sanction seals.

THOUGH FICKLE FORTUNE HAS DECEIVED ME.

Though fickle fortune has deceived me,
 She promis'd fair and perform'd but ill;
 Of mistress, friends, and wealth bereav'd me,
 Yet I bear a heart shall support me still.

I'll act with prudence as far's I'm able,
 But, if success I must never find,
 Then come misfortune, I bid thee welcome,
 I'll meet thee with an undaunted mind. —

THE VOWELS.

A TALE.

'T WAS where the birch and sounding thong are ply'd,
 The noisy domicile of pedant pride;
 Where ignorance her dark'ning vapour throws,
 And cruelty directs the thick'ning blows;
 Upon a time, Sir Abece the great,
 In all his pedagogic powers elate,
 His awful chair of state resolves to mount;
 And call the trembling Vowels to account,
 First enter'd A, a grave, broad, solemn wight,
 But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight!
 His twisted head look'd backward on his way,
 And flagrant from the scourge, he grunted *ai!*
 Reluctant, E stalk'd in; with piteous race
 The jostling tears ran down his honest face!
 That name, that well-worn name, and all his own,
 Pale he surrenders at the tyrant's throne!

The Pedant stifles keen the Roman sound
 Not all his mongrel diphthongs can compound;
 And next, the title following close behind,
 He to the nameless, ghastly wretch assign'd.

The cobweb'd Gothic dome resounded, Y!
 In sullen vengeance, I, disdain'd reply:
 The pedant swung his felon cudgel round,
 And knock'd the groaning vowel to the ground!

In rueful apprehension enter'd O,
 The wailing minstrel of despairing woe;
 Th' Inquisitor of Spain the most expert,
 Might there have learnt new mysteries of his art:
 So grim, deform'd, with horrors entering U,
 His dearest friend and brother scarcely knew!

As trembling U stood staring all aghast,
 The pedant in his left hand clutch'd him fast,
 In helpless infants' tears he dipp'd his rights,
 Baptiz'd him *eu*, and kick'd him from his sight.

ON SENSIBILITY.

T O

MY DEAR AND MUCH HONOURED FRIEND, MRS. DUNLOP, OF DUNLOP.

SENSIBILLITY, how charming,
 Thou, my friend, canst truly tell:
 But distress, with horrors arming,
 Thou hast also known too well!

Fairest flower, behold the lily,
 Blooming in the sunny ray:
 Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
 See it prostrate on the clay.

Hear the wood-lark charm the forest,
 Toiling o'er his little joys:
 Hapless bird! a prey the surest,
 To each pirate of the skies.

Dearly bought, the hidden treasure
 Finer feelings can bestow;
 Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
 Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

LINES

SENT TO A GENTLEMAN WHOM HE HAD OFFENDED.

THE friend whom wild from wisdom's way,
 The fumes of wine infuriate send;
 (Not moony madness more astray;)
 Who but deplores that hapless friend?
 Mine was th' insensate frenzied part!
 Ah! why should I such scenes outlive!
 Scenes so abhorrent to my heart!
 'T is thine to pity and forgive.

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT-NIGHT.

December 4, 1795, at the Theatre, Dumfries.

STILL anxious to secure your partial favour,
 And not less anxious, sure, this night than ever,
 A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,
 'T would vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better;
 So sought a Poet, roosted near the skies,
 Told him I came to feast my curious eyes;
 Said nothing like his works was ever printed;
 And last, my Prologue-business slyly hinted.

“Ma'am, let me tell you;” quoth my man of rhymes,
 “I know your bent — these are no laughing times:
 Can you — but, Miss, I own I have my fears, —
 Dissolve in pause — and sentimental tears,
 With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence,
 Rouse from his sluggish slumbers, fell Repentance;

Paint Vengeance, as he takes his horrid stand,
 Waving on high the desolating brand,
 Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land?"

I could no more — askance the creature eyeing,
 D'ye think, said I, this face was made for crying?
 I'll laugh, that's poz — nay more, the world shall know it;
 And so, your servant! gloomy Master Poet!

Firm as my creed, Sirs, 't is my fix'd belief,
 That Misery's another word for Grief;
 I also think — so may I be a bride!
 That so much laughter, so much life enjoy'd.

Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
 Still under bleak Misfortune's blasting eye;
 Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive —
 To make three guineas do the work of five:
 Laugh in Misfortune's face — the beldam witch!
 Say, you 'll be merry, tho' you can't be rich.

Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,
 Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove;
 Who, as the boughs all temptingly project,
 Measur'd in desperate thought — a rope — thy neck —
 Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,
 Peerest to meditate the healing leap:
 Would'st thou be cur'd, thy silly, moping elf
 Laugh at her follies — laugh e'en at thyself:
 Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,
 And love a kinder — that's your grand specific.

To sum up all, be merry, I advise;
 And as we're merry, may we still be wise!

TO CHLORIS.

'T is Friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend,
 Nor thou the gift refuse,
 Nor with unwilling ear attend
 The moralizing muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
 Must bid the world adieu,
 (A world 'gainst peace in constant arms)
 To join the friendly few.

Since, thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
 Chill came the tempest's lower;
 (And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
 Did nip a fairer flower.)

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more,
 Still much is left behind;
 Still nobler wealth hast thou in store —
 The comforts of the mind!

Thine is the self-approving glow,
 On conscious honour's part;
 And, dearest gift of heaven below,
 Thine friendship's truest heart.

The joys refin'd of sense and taste,
 With every muse to rove:
 And doubly were the poet blest,
 These joys could he improve.

P O E M,

ADDRESSED TO MR. MITCHELL,

COLLECTOR OF EXCISE,

DUMFRIES, 1796.

FRIEND of the Poet, tried and leal,
 Wha, wanting thee, might beg or steal;

TO MISS JESSY LEWARS,

DUMFRIES,

WITH A PRESENT OF BOOKS.

THINE be the volumes, Jessy fair,
 And with them take the Poet's prayer; —
 That fate may in her fairest page,
 With every kindest, best presage
 Of future bliss, enrol thy name;
 With native worth, and spotless fame,
 And wakeful caution still aware
 Of ill — but chief, man's felon snare.
 All blameless joys on earth we find,
 And all the treasures of the mind —
 These be thy guardian and reward;
 So prays thy faithful friend, The Bard.

POEM ON LIFE

ADDRESSED

TO COLONEL DE PEYSTER,

DUMFRIES, 1796.

MY honour'd Colonel, deep I feel
 Your interest in the Poet's weal:
 Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel
 The steep Parnassus,
 Surrounded thus by bolus, pill,
 And potion glasses.
 Oh what a canty warld were it,
 Would pain, and care, and sickness spare it;
 And fortune favour worth and merit
 As they deserve,
 (And aye a rowth, roast beef and claret;
 Syne, wha wad starve?)
 Dame Life, tho' fiction out may trick her,
 And in paste gems and fripp'ry deck her;

Oh! flick'ring, feeble, and unsicker
 I've found her still,
 Aye wav'ring like the willow-wicker,
 'Tween good and ill.

Then that curst carmagnole, auld Satan,
 Watches, like baudrons by a rattan,
 Our sinfu' saul to get a claut on
 Wi' felon ire;
 Syne, whip! his tail ye 'll ne'er cast saut on —
 He's aff like fire.

Ah Nick! ah Nick! it is na fair,
 First shewing us the tempting ware,
 Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare,
 To put as daft;
 Syne weave, unseen, the spider snare
 O' hell's damn'd waft.

Poor man, the flie aft bizzes bye,
 And aft as chance he comes thee nigh,
 Thy auld damn'd elbow yeuks wi' joy,
 And hellish pleasure,
 Already in thy fancy's eye,
 Thy sicker treasure!

Soon, heels-o'er-gowdie! in he gangs,
 And like a sheep-head on a tangs,
 Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs
 And murd'ring wrestle,
 As, dangling in the wind, he hangs
 A gibbet's tassel.

But lest you think I am uncivil,
 To plague you with this draunting drivel,
 Abjuring a' intentions evil,
 I quat my pen:
 The Lord preserve us frae the devil!
 Amen! Amen!

TO A KISS.

HUMID seal of soft affections,
 Tend'rest pledge of future bliss,
 Dearest tie of young connections
 Love's first snow-drop, virgin kiss.

Speaking silence, dumb confession,
 Passion's birth, and infants' play,
 Dove-like fondness, chaste concession,
 Glowing dawn of brighter day.

Sorrowing joy, adieu's last action,
 When ling'ring lips no more must join;
 What words can ever speak affection
 So thrilling and sincere as thine!

EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, &c.

ON THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O YE whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
 Draw near with pious rev'rence, and attend!
 Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
 The tender father and the gen'rous friend.

The pitying heart that felt for human woe;
 The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride;
 The friend of man, to vice alone a foe;
 "For ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side."

ON ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.

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

A FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, *dear friend!* may guid luck hit you,
 And, 'mang her favourites admit you!
 If e'er Detraction shone to smit you,
 May nane believe him!
 And ony De'il that thinks to get you,
 Good Lord deceive him.

THE HENPECK'D HUSBAND.

CURS'd be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
 The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife!
 Who has no will but by her high permission;
 Who has not sixpence but in her possession;
 Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell;
 Who dreads a curtain-lecture worse than hell!
 Were such the wife had fallen to my part,
 I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart;
 I'd charm her with the magic of a switch,
 I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse b—.

A GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

O THOU, who kindly dost provide
 For every creature's want!
 We bless thee, God of Nature wide,
 For all thy goodness lent:
 And, if it please thee, Heav'nly Guide,
 May never worse be sent;
 But, whether granted, or deny'd,
 Lord, bless us with content! —

Amen.

A BOTTLE AND AN HONEST FRIEND.

HERE 's a bottle and an honest friend !
What wad you wish for mair, man ?
Wha kens, before his life may end,
What his share may be of care, man ?

Then catch the moments as they fly,
And use them as ye ought, man :
Believe me, happiness is shy,
And comes not aye when sought, man.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

MY HANDSOME NELL.

O, ONCE I lov'd a bonnie lass,
Ay, and I love her still;
And, whilst that virtue warms my breast,
I'll love my handsome Nell.

Fal lal de ral, &c.

As bonnie lasses I hae seen,
And mony full as braw;
But for a modest, gracefu' mien,
The like I never saw.

A bonnie lass, I will confess,
Is pleasant to the e'e,
But without some better qualities,
She's no a lass for me.

But Nelly's looks are blithe and sweet,
And what is best of a' —
Her reputation is complete,
And fair without a flaw.

She dresses aye sae clean and neat,
Baith decent and genteel:
An' then there's something in her gait
Gars ony dress look weel.

A gaudy dress and gentle air
May slightly touch the heart;
But it's innocence and modesty
That polishes the dart.

'T is this in Nelly pleases me,
 'T is this enchants my soul!
 For absolutely in my breast
 She reigns without control.
 Fal lal de ral, &c.

LUCKLESS FORTUNE.

O RAGING fortune's withering blast
 Has laid my leaf full low, O!
 O raging fortune's withering blast
 Has laid my leaf full low, O!
 My stem was fair, my bud was green,
 My blossom sweet did blow, O;
 The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild,
 And made my branches grow, O.
 But luckless fortune's northern storms
 Laid a' my blossoms low, O;
 But luckless fortune's northern storms
 Laid a' my blossoms low, O.

I DREAM'D I LAY WHERE FLOWERS WERE SPRINGING.

I DREAM'D I lay where flowers were springing,
 Gaily in the sunny beam;
 List'ning to the wild birds singing,
 By a falling, crystal stream;
 Straight the sky grew black and daring;
 Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave;
 Trees with aged arms were warring,
 O'er the swelling, drumlie wave.
 Such was my life's deceitful morning,
 Such the pleasures I enjoy'd;

But lang or noon, loud tempests storming,
 A' my flow'ry bliss destroy'd.
 Tho' fickle fortune has deceiv'd me,
 (She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill;)
 Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me,
 I bear a heart shall support me still.

O TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

CHORUS.

O TIBBIE, I hae seen the day,
 Ye wad na been sae shy;
 For laik o' gear ye lightly me,
 But, trowth, I care na by.

YESTREEN I met you on the moor,
 Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure;
 Ye geck at me because I 'm poor,
 But fient a hair care I.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
 Because ye hae the name o' clink,
 That ye can please me at a wink,
 Whene'er ye like to try.

But sorrow tak him that 's sae mean,
 Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
 Wha follows ony saucy quean
 That looks sae proud and high.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,
 If that he want the yellow dirt,
 Ye 'll cast your head anither airt,
 And answer him fu' dry.

But if he hae the name o' gear,
 Ye 'll fasten to him like a brier,
 Tho' hardly he, for sense or lear
 Be better than the kye.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice,
 Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice:
 The deil a ane wad spier your price,
 Were ye as poor as I.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
 I would nae gie her in her sark,
 For thee, wi' a' thy thousan' mark!
 Ye need na look sae high.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

A BALLAD.

THERE were three kings into the east,
 Three kings both great and high;
 An' they ha'e swore a solemn oath
 John Barleycorn should die.

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

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

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

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

His colour sicken'd more and more,
 He faded into age;

And then his enemies began
 To shew their deadly rage.
 They 've ta'en a weapon, long and sharp,
 And cut him by the knee:
 Then tied him fast upon a cart,
 Like a rogue for forgerie.
 They laid him down upon his back,
 And cudgell'd him full sore;
 They hung him up before the storm,
 And turn'd him o'er and o'er.
 They filled up a darksome pit
 With water to the brim;
 They heaved in John Barleycorn,
 There let him sink or swim.
 They laid him out upon the floor,
 To work him farther woe.
 And still, as signs of life appear'd,
 They toss'd him to and fro,
 They wasted o'er a scorching flame
 The marrow of his bones;
 But a miller us'd him worst of all —
 He crush'd him 'tween two stones.
 And they ha'e ta'en his very heart's blood,
 And drank it round and round;
 And still the more and more they drank,
 Their joy did more abound.
 John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
 Of noble enterprise;
 For if you do but taste his blood,
 'T will make your courage rise.
 'T will make a man forget his woe;
 'T will heighten all his joy:
 'T will make the widow's heart to sing
 Tho' the tear were in her eye.

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

THE RIGS O' BARLEY.

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

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
 The moon was shining clearly;
 I set her down, wi' right good will,
 Among the rigs o' barley:
 I ken't her heart was a' my ain,
 I lov'd her most sincerely:
 I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
 Among the rigs o' barley.

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

I hae been blithe wi' comrades dear;
 I hae been merry drinkin'!
 I hae been joyfu' gath'rin' gear;
 I hae been happy thinkin':

But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
 Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
 That happy night was worth them a',
 Among the rigs o' barley.

CHORUS.

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

MONTGOMERY'S PEGGY.

ALTHO' my bed were in yon muir,
 Among the heather, in my plaidie,
 Yet happy, happy would I be,
 Had I my dear Montgomery's Peggy.

When o'er the hill beat sturly storms,
 And winter nights were dark and rainy;
 I'd seek some dell, and in my arms
 I'd shelter dear Montgomery's Peggy.

Were I a baron proud and high,
 And horse and servants waiting ready,
 Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me,
 The sharin't wi' Montgomery's Peggy.

THE MAUCLINE LADY.

WHEN first I came to Stewart Kyle,
 My mind it was na steady;
 Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade,
 A mistress still I had aye;
 But when I came roun' by Mauchline town,
 Not dreadin' ony body,
 My heart was caught, before I thought,
 And by a Mauchline lady.

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

NÆ gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,
 Shall ever be my muse's care:
 Their titles a' are empty show;
 Gie me my Highland Lassie, O.

Within the glen sae bushy, O,
 Aboon the plains sae rushy, O,
 I set me down wi' right good will,
 To sing my Highland Lassie, O.

Oh, were yon hills and valleys mine,
 Yon palace and yon gardens fine!
 The world then the love should know
 I bear my Highland Lassie, O.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
 And I maun cross the raging sea!
 But while my crimson currents flow,
 I'll love my Highland Lassie, O.

Altho' through foreign climes I range,
 I know her heart will never change,
 For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
 My faithful Highland Lassie, O.

For her I'll dare the billow's roar,
 For her I'll trace the distant shore,
 That Indian wealth may lustre throw
 Around my Highland Lassie, O.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
 By sacred truth and honour's band!
 'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
 I'm thine, my Highland Lassie, O!

Fareweel the glen sae bushy, O!
 Fareweel the plain sae rushy, O!
 To other lands I now must go,
 To sing my Highland Lassie, O!

PEGGY.

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

The partridge loves the fruitful fells;
 The plover loves the mountains;
 The woodcock haunts the lonely dells;
 The soaring hern the fountains:
 Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves
 The path of man, to shun it;
 The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
 The spreading thorn the linnet.

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

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

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
 Till the silent moon shine clearly;

I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
 Swear how I love thee dearly :
 Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
 Not autumn to the farmer,
 So dear can be, as thou to me,
 My fair, my lovely charmer!

O THAT I HAD NE'ER BEEN MARRIED.

O THAT I had ne'er been married,
 I wad never had nae care;
 Now I've gotten wife and bairns,
 An' they cry crowdie ever mair.
 Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
 Three times crowdie in a day,
 Gin ye crowdie ony mair,
 Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.

Waefu' want and hunger fley me,
 Glowrin' by the hallan en';
 Sair I fecht them at the door,
 But aye I'm eerie they come ben.
 Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
 Three times crowdie in a day;
 Gin ye crowdie ony mair,
 Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.

THE RANTIN' DOG THE DADDIE O'T.

O WHA my babie-clouts will buy?
 O wha will tent me when I cry?
 Wha will kiss me where I lie? —
 The rantin' dog the daddie o't.
 O wha will own he did the fau't?
 O wha will buy the groanin' maut?

O wha will tell me how to ca't? —
The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

When I mount the creepie chair,
Wha will sit beside me there?
Gie me Rob, I'll seek nae mair,
The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

Wha will crack to me my lane?
Wha will mak me fidgin' fain?
Wha will kiss me o'er again? —
The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

MY HEART WAS ANCE AS BLITHE AND FREE.

My heart was ance as blythe and free
As simmer days were lang,
But a bonnie, westlin weaver lad
Has gart me change my sang.
To the weavers gin ye go, fair maids,
To the weavers gin ye go;
I rede you right gang ne'er at night,
To the weavers gin ye go.

My mither sent me to the town,
To warp a plaiden wab;
But the weary, weary warpin o't
Has gart me sigh and sab.

A bonnie, westlin weaver lad
Sat working at his loom;
He took my heart as wi' a net,
In every knot and thrum.

I sat beside my warpin-wheel,
And aye I ca'd it roun';
But every shot and every knock,
My heart it gae a stoun

The moon was sinking in the west
 Wi' visage pale and wan,
 As my bonnie westlin weaver lad
 Convoy'd me thro' the glen.

But what was said, or what was done,
 Shame fa' me gin I tell;
 But, oh! I fear the kintra soon
 Will ken as weel's mysel.
 To the weavers gin ye go, fair maids,
 To the weavers gin ye go;
 I rede you right gang ne'er at night,
 To the weavers gin ye go.

MY NANNIE, O.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A FRAGMENT.

ONE night as I did wander,
 When corn begins to shoot,
 I sat me down, to ponder,
 Upon an auld tree root:
 Auld Ayr ran by before me,
 And bicker'd to the seas;
 A cushat crowded o'er me,
 That echo'd thro' the braes.

O WHY THE DEUCE SHOULD I REPINE.

O WHY the deuce should I repine,
 An' be an ill foreboder?
 I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine —
 I'll go and be a sodger.
 I gat some gear wi' meikle care,
 I held it weel thegither;
 But now it's gane, and something mair —
 I'll go and be a sodger.

ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST.

CHORUS.

ROBIN shure in hairst,
 I shure wi' him;
 Fient a heuk had I,
 Yet I stack by him.

 I gaed up to Dunse,
 To warp a wab' o' plaiden;
 At his daddie's yett,
 Wha met me but Robin?

 Was na Robin bauld,
 Though I was a cotter,
 Play'd me sic a trick,
 And me the ells's dochter?

 Robin promis'd me
 A' my winter vittle;
 Fient haet he had but three
 Goose feathers and a whittle.
 Robin Shure, &c.

SWEETEST MAY.

SWEETEST May, let love inspire thee;
 Take a heart which he desires thee;
 As thy constant slave regard it;
 For its faith and truth reward it.

 Proof o' shot to birth or money,
 Not the wealthy, but the bonnie;
 Not high-born, but noble-minded,
 In love's silken band can bind it!

BONNIE PEGGY ALISON.

CHORUS.

I 'LL kiss thee yet, yet,
 An' I'll kiss thee o'er again;
 An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
 My bonnie Peggy Alison!

Ilk care and fear, when thou art near,
 I ever mair defy them, O;
 Young kings upon their hansel throne
 Are nae sae blest as I am, O!

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
 I clasp my countless treasure, O,
 I seek nae mair o' Heaven to share,
 Than sic a moment's pleasure, O!

And by thy een, sae bonnie blue,
 I swear I'm thine for ever, O! —
 And on thy lips I seal my vow,
 And break it shall I never, O!
 I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
 An' I'll kiss thee o'er again;
 An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
 My bonnie Peggy Alison!

GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O!

A FRAGMENT.

CHORUS.

GREEN grow the rashes, O!
 Green grow the rashes, O!
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
 Are spent among the lasses, O.
 There 's nought but care on ev'ry han',
 In every hour that passes, O:
 What signifies the life o' man,
 An' 'twere na for the lasses, O?

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

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
 My arms about my dearie, O:
 An' warl'y cares, an' warl'y men,
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:
 The wisest man the warl' e'er saw
 He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O:
 Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
 An' then she made the lasses, O.
 Green grow the rashes, O!
 Green grow the rashes, O!
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
 Are spent among the lasses, O.

MY JEAN!

Tho' cruel fate should bid us part,
 Far as the pole and line,
 Her dear idea round my heart
 Should tenderly entwine.
 Tho' mountains rise, and deserts howl,
 And oceans roar between;
 Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,
 I still would love my Jean.

ROBIN.

THERE was a lad was born in Kyle,
 But what' n a day o' what' n a style
 I doubt it's hardly worth the while

To be sae nice wi' Robin.

Robin was a rovin' boy,

Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin';

Robin was a rovin' boy,

Rantin' rovin' Robin!

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
 Was five and twenty days begun,
 'T was then a blast o' Janwar win'
 Blew hansel in on Robin.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
 Quo' she, wha lives will see the proof,
 This waly boy will be nae coof —

I think we'll ca' him Robin.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
 But aye a heart aboon them a';
 He'll be a credit 'till us a',
 We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

But, sure as three times three mak nine,
 I see, by ilka score and line,
 This chap will dearly like our kin',
 So leeze me on thee, Robin.

Guid faith, quo' she, I doubt ye gar,
 The bonnie lasses lie aspar,
 But twenty fauts ye may hae waur,
 So blessin's on thee, Robin!

Robin was a rovin' boy,

Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin';

Robin was a rovin' boy,

Rantin' rovin' Robin!

HER FLOWING LOCKS.

HER flowing locks, the raven's wing,
 Adown her neck and bosom hing;
 How sweet unto that breast to cling,
 And round that neck entwine her!

Her lips are roses wat wi' dew,
 O, what a feast her bonnie mou'!
 Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,
 A crimson still diviner.

MAUCHLINE BELLES.

O LEAVE novels, ye Mauchline belles!
 Ye 're safer at your spinning-wheel;
 Such witching books are baited hooks
 For rakish rooks — like Rob Mossgiel.

Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons,
 They make your youthful fancies reel;
 They heat your veins, and fire your brains,
 And then ye 're prey for Rob Mossgiel.

Beware a tongue that 's smoothly hung,
 A heart that warmly seems to feel;
 That feeling heart but acts a part —
 'T is rakish art in Rob Mossgiel.

The frank address, the soft caress,
 Are worse than poison'd darts of steel;
 The frank address, and politesse,
 Are all finesse in Rob Mossgiel.

THE BELLES OF MAUCHLINE.

IN Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles,
 The pride o' the place and its neighbourhood a';

Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess,
In Lon'on or Paris they 'd gotten it a' :

Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland 's divine,
Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw;
There 's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton,
But Armour 's the jewel for me o' them a'.

HUNTING SONG.

THE heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn,
Our lads gaed a-hunting ae day at the dawn,
O'er moors and o'er mosses, and mony a glen,
At length they discover'd a bonnie moor-hen.

I rede you beware at the hunting, young men;
I rede you beware at the hunting, young men;
Tak' some on the wing, and some as they spring,
But cannily steal on a bonnie moor-hen.

Sweet brushing the dew from the brown heather bells,
Her colours betray'd her on yon mossy fells;
Her plumage outlustr'd the pride o' the spring,
And O! as she wantoned gay on the wing.

Auld Phœbus himsel', as he peep'd o'er the hill,
In spite, at her plumage he tried his skill;
He levell'd his rays where she bask'd on the brae —
His rays were outshone, and but mark'd where she lay.

They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill,
The best of our lads, wi' the best o' their skill;
But still as the fairest she sat in their sight,
Then, whirr! she was over, a mile at a flight.

I rede you beware at the hunting, young men;
I rede you beware at the hunting, young men;
Tak' some on the wing, and some as they spring,
But cannily steal on a bonnie moor-hen.

YOUNG PEGGY.

YOUNG Peggy blooms our bonniest lass,
Her blush is like the morning,
The rosy dawn, the springing grass,
With pearly gems adorning:
Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
That gild the passing shower,
And glitter o'er the crystal streams,
And cheer each fresh'ning flower.

Her lips, more than the cherries bright,
A richer dye has grac'd them;
They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,
And sweetly tempt to taste them;
Her smile is, like the evening, mild,
When feather'd tribes are courting,
And little lambkins wanton wild,
In playful bands disporting.

Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
Such sweetness would relent her;
As blooming Spring unbends the brow
Of surly, savage Winter.

Detraction's eye no aim can gain,
Her winning powers to lessen;
And spiteful Envy grins in vain,
The poison'd tooth to fasten.

Ye Powers of Honour, Love, and Truth
From every ill defend her;
Inspire the highly-favour'd youth
The destinies intend her;
Still fan the sweet connubial flame,
Responsive in each bosom;
And bless the dear parental name
With many a filial blossom.

THE CURE FOR ALL CARE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

A STANZA ADDED IN A MASON LODGE.

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

ELIZA.

FROM thee, Eliza, I must go,
 And from my native shore;
 The cruel Fates between us throw
 A boundless ocean's roar:
 But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
 Between my love and me,
 They never, never can divide
 My heart and soul from thee!
 Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
 The maid that I adore!
 A boding voice is in mine ear,
 We part to meet no more!
 The latest throb that leaves my heart,
 While death stands victor by,
 That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
 And thine that latest sigh!

THE SONS OF OLD KILLIE.

YE sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie,
 To follow the noble vocation;
 Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another
 To sit in that honoured station.
 I've little to say, but only to pray,
 As praying 's the ton of your fashion;
 A prayer from the muse you well may excuse,
 'T is seldom her favourite passion.
 Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide,
 Who marked each element's border;
 Who formed this frame with beneficent aim,
 Whose sovereign statute is order;
 Within this dear mansion may wayward contention
 Or withered envy ne'er enter;
 May secrecy round be the mystical bound,
 And brotherly love be the centre!

MENIE.

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

The sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,
 And owre the moorlands whistles shrill;
 Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step,
 I meet him on the dewy hill.

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

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
 And raging bend the naked tree;
 Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
 When nature all is sad like me!

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

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

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

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

May freedom, harmony, and love,
 Unite you in the grand design,
 Beneath th' Omniscient eye above,
 The glorious Architect Divine!
 That you may keep th' unerring line,
 Still rising by the plummet's law,
 Till order bright completely shine,
 Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

And You farewell! whose merits claim,
 Justly, that highest badge to wear!
 Heav'n bless your honor'd, noble name,
 To masonry and Scotia dear!
 A last request permit me here,
 When yearly ye assemble a',
 One round — I ask it with a tear,
 To him, the Bard that 's far awa'.

MARY.

POWERS celestial! whose protection
 Ever guards the virtuous fair,
 While in distant climes I wander,
 Let my Mary be your care;
 Let her form sae fair and faultless,
 Fair and faultless as your own,
 Let my Mary's kindred spirit
 Draw your choicest influence down.
 Make the gales you waft around her
 Soft and peaceful as her breast;
 Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
 Soothe her bosom into rest:
 Guardian angels! O protect her,
 When in distant lands I roam;
 To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
 Make her bosom still my home!

THE LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE.

'T WAS even — the dewy fields were green,
 On every blade the pearls hang,
 The zephyrs wanton'd round the bean,
 And bore its fragrant sweets along:
 In ev'ry glen the mavis sang,
 All nature listening seem'd the while,

Except where greenwood echoes rang,
 Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
 My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy,
 When musing in a lonely glade,
 A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy;
 Her look was like the morning's eye,
 Her air like nature's vernal smile,
 Perfection whisper'd, passing by,
 Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!

Fair is the morn in flow'ry May,
 And sweet is night in autumn mild;
 When roving thro' the garden gay,
 Or wand'ring in the lonely wild:
 But Woman, Nature's darling child!
 There all her charms she does compile;
 Ev'n there her other works are foil'd
 By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

O! had she been a country maid,
 And I the happy country swain,
 Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
 That ever rose on Scotland's plain:
 Thro' weary winter's wind and rain,
 With joy, with rapture, I would toil;
 And nightly to my bosom strain
 The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle!

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
 Where fame and honours lofty shine;
 And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
 Or downward seek the Indian mine;
 Give me the cot below the pine,
 To tent the flocks, or till the soil,
 And every day have joys divine
 With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

THE BONNIE BANKS OF AYR.

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

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

'T is not the surging billow's roar,
'T is not that fatal, deadly shore;
Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear!
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

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

THE JOYFUL WIDOWER.

I MARRIED with a scolding wife,
 The fourteenth of November;
 She made me weary of my life,
 By one unruly member.
 Long did I bear the heavy yoke,
 And many griefs attended;
 But, to my comfort be it spoke,
 Now, now her life is ended.

We liv'd full one-and-twenty years,
 A man and wife together;
 At length from me her course she steer'd,
 And gone I know not whither:
 Would I could guess, I do profess,
 I speak, and do not flatter,
 Of all the women in the world,
 I never could come at her.

Her body is bestowed well,
 A handsome grave does hide her;
 But sure her soul is not in hell,
 The deil could ne'er abide her.
 I rather think she is aloft,
 And imitating thunder;
 For why, — methinks I hear her voice
 Tearing the clouds asunder.

COME DOWN THE BACK STAIRS.

CHORUS.

O WHISTLE, and I'll come
 To you, my lad;
 O whistle, and I'll come
 To you, my lad;
 Tho' father and mither
 Should baith gae mad,
 O whistle, and I'll come
 To you, my lad.

COME down the back stairs,
 When ye come to court me;
 Come down the back stairs
 When ye come to court me,
 Come down the back stairs,
 And let naebody see,
 And come as ye were na
 Coming to me.

I 'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

I AM my mammy's ae bairn,
 Wi' unco folk I weary, Sir;
 And lying in a man's bed,
 I'm fle'y'd wad mak me eerie, Sir.
 I'm o'er young to marry yet;
 I'm o'er young to marry yet;
 I'm o'er young — 't wad be a sin
 To tak me frae my mammy yet.

My mammy coft me a new gown,
 The kirk maun hae the gracing o't;
 Were I to lie wi' you, kind Sir,
 I'm fear'd ye'd spoil the lacing o't.

Hallowmas is come and gane,
 The nights are lang in winter, Sir;
 An' you an' I, in ae bed,
 In trowth I dare na venture, Sir.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind,
 Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, Sir;
 But if ye come this gate again,
 I'll aulder be gin simmer, Sir.
 I'm o'er young to marry yet;
 I'm o'er young to marry yet;
 I'm o'er young — 't wad be a sin
 To tak me frae my mammy yet.

DAMON AND SYLVIA.

YON wand'ring rill, that marks the hill:
 And glances o'er the brae, Sir,
 Slides by a bower where mony a flower,
 Sheds fragrance on the day, Sir.

There Damon lay, with Sylvia gay,
 To love they thought nae crime, Sir;
 The wild-birds sang; the echoes rang,
 While Damon's heart beat time, Sir.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

CHORUS.

BONNIE lassie, will ye go,
 Will ye go, will ye go;
 Bonnie lassie, will ye go
 To the birks of Aberfeldy?

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
 And o'er the crystal streamlet plays;
 Come, let us spend the lightsome days
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
 The little birdies blithely sing,
 Or lightly flit on wanton wing
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

The braes ascend, like lofty wa's,
 The foaming stream deep-roaring fa's,
 O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
 White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
 And rising, weets wi' misty showers
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
 Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
 Will ye go, will ye go;
 Bonnie lassie, will ye go
 To the birks of Aberfeldy?

MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong
 The wretch's destinie!
 Macpherson's time will not be long
 On yonder gallows-tree.

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
 Sae dauntingly gaed he;
 He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
 Below the gallows-tree.

Oh! what is death but parting breath?—
 On mony a bloody plain
 I've dar'd his face, and in this place
 I scorn him yet again!

Untie these bands from off my hands,
 And bring to me my sword!
 And there's no a man in all Scotland
 But I'll brave him at a word.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife;
 I die by treacherie;
 It burns my heart I must depart,
 And not avenged be.

Now farewell light — thou sunshine bright,
 And all beneath the sky!

May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
Below the gallows-tree.

BRAW LADS OF GALLA WATER.

CHORUS.

BRAW, braw lads of Galla Water;
O braw lads of Galla Water:
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love thro' the water.

SAE fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
Sae bonny blue her een, my dearie;
Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
The mair I kiss she's aye my dearie.

O'er yon bank and o'er yon brae,
O'er yon moss among the heather;
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love thro' the water.

Down among the broom, the broom,
Down among the broom, my dearie.
The lassie lost a silken snood,
That cost her mony a blirt and bleary.

Braw, braw lads of Galla Water;
O braw lads of Galla Water:
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love thro' the water.

STAY MY CHARMER.

STAY, my charmer, can you leave me?
 Cruel, cruel to deceive me!
 Well you know how much you grieve me;
 Cruel charmer, can you go?
 Cruel charmer, can you go?
 By my love so ill requited;
 By the faith you fondly plighted;
 By the pangs of lovers slighted;
 Do not, do not leave me so!
 Do not, do not leave me so!

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

THICKEST night, o'erhang my dwelling!
 Howling tempests, o'er me rave!
 Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
 Still surround my lonely cave!
 Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
 Busy haunts of base mankind,
 Western breezes softly blowing,
 Suit not my distracted mind.
 In the cause of right engaged,
 Wrongs injurious to redress,
 Honour's war we strongly waged,
 But the heavens denied success.
 [Farewell, fleeting, fickle treasure,
 'Tween Misfortune and Folly shar'd!
 Farewell Peace, and farewell Pleasure!
 Farewell, flattering man's regard!]
 Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
 Not a hope that dare attend,
 The wide world is all before us —
 But a world without a friend!

MY HOGGIE.

WHAT will I do gin my hoggie die?

My joy, my pride, my hoggie!

My only beast, I had nae mae,

And vow but I was vogie!

The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld,

Me and my faithfu' doggie;

We heard nought but the roaring linn,

Amang the braes sae scroggie;

But the houlet cry'd frae the castle wa',

The blitter frae the hoggie,

The tod reply'd upon the hill,

I trembl'd for my hoggie.

When day did daw, and cocks did crow,

The morning it was foggie;

An' unco tyke lap o'er the dyke,

And maist has kill'd my hoggie.

HER DADDIE FORBAD.

HER daddie forbad, her minnie forbad;

Forbidden she wadna be:

She wadna trow't the browst she brew'd

Wad taste sae bitterlie.

The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John

Beguil'd the bonnie lassie, &c.

A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf,

And thretty guid shillin's and three;

A vera gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter,

The lass with the bonnie black e'e.

The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John

Beguil'd the bonnie lassie, &c.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

CHORUS.

Up in the morning 's no for me,
 Up in the morning early;
 When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
 I 'm sure it 's winter fairly.

Cold blaws the wind frae east to west,
 The drift is driving sairly;
 Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast,
 I 'm sure it's winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn
 A' day they fare but sparely;
 And lang 's the night frae e'en to morn—
 I 'm sure it's winter fairly.

Up in the morning 's no for me,
 Up in the morning early;
 When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
 I 'm sure it 's winter fairly.

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

Loud blaw the frosty breezes,
 The snaw the mountains cover;
 Like winter on me seizes,
 Since my young Highland Rover
 Far wanders nations over.

Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
 May Heaven be his warden;
 Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
 And bonnie Castle-Gordon!

The trees now naked groaning,
 Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,
 The birdies dowie moaning,
 Shall a' be blithely singing,
 And every flower be springing.

Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
 When by his mighty warden
 My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
 And bonnie Castle-Gordon.

HEY, THE DUSTY MILLER.

HEY, the dusty miller,
 And his dusty coat;
 He will win a shilling,
 Or he spend a groat.
 Dusty was the coat,
 Dusty was the colour,
 Dusty was the kiss
 I got frae the miller.

Hey, the dusty miller,
 And his dusty sack;
 Leeze me on the calling
 Fills the dusty peck.
 Fills the dusty peck,
 Brings the dusty siller;
 I wad gie my coatie
 For the dusty miller.

BONNIE PEG.

As I came in by our gate end,
 As day was waxin' weary,
 O wha came tripping down the street,
 But bonnie Peg, my dearie!
 Her air sae sweet, and shape complete,
 Wi' nae proportion wanting,
 The Queen of Love did never move
 Wi' motion mair enchanting.

Wi' linked hands, we took the sands
 Adown yon winding river;
 And, oh! that hour and broomy bow'r,
 Can I forget it ever? —

THERE WAS A LASS.

THERE was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,
 And she held o'er the moors to spin;
 There was a lad that follow'd her,
 They ca'd him Duncan Davison.
 The moor was driegh, and Meg was skiegh,
 Her favour Duncan could na win;
 For wi' the roke she wad him knock,
 And aye she shook the temper-pin.

As o'er the moor they lightly foor,
 A burn was clear, a glen was green,
 Upon the banks they eas'd their shanks,
 And aye she set the wheel between:
 But Duncan swore a haly aith,
 That Meg should be a bride the morn,
 Then Meg took up her spinnin' graith,
 And flang them a' out o'er the burn.

We 'll big a house — a wee, wee house,
 And we will live like king and queen,
 Sae blythe and merry we will be
 When ye set by the wheel at e'en.
 A man may drink and no be drunk;
 A man may fight and no be slain;
 A man may kiss a bonnie lass,
 And aye be welcome back again.

THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.

How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,
 With green-spreading bushes, and flowers blooming fair!
 But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon
 Was once a sweet bud, on the braes of the Ayr.
 Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
 In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew!
 And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
 That steals on the evening each leaf to renew.

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
 With chill hoary wing, as ye usher the dawn!
 And far be thou distant, thou reptile, that seizes
 The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn!
 Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
 And England, triumphant, display her proud rose:
 A fairer than either adorns the green valleys,
 Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

LANDLADY, COUNT THE LAWIN.

LANDLADY, count the lawin,
 The day is near the dawin;
 Ye're a' blind drunk, boys,
 And I'm but jolly fou.
 Hey tutti, taity,
 How tutti, taiti —
 Wha's fou now?

Cog an' ye were aye fou,
 Cog an' ye were aye fou,
 I wad sit and sing to you,
 If ye were aye fou.

Weel may ye a' be!
 Ill may we never see!

God bless the king, boys,
And the companie!

Hey tutti, taiti,
How tutti, taiti —
Wha's fou now?

RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

RAVING winds around her blowing,
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing,
By a river hoarsely roaring,
Isabella stray'd deploring: —
“Farewell hours that late did measure
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure;
Hail thou gloomy night of sorrow;
Cheerless night, that knows no morrow!

“O'er the past too fondly wandering,
On the hopeless future pondering;
Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
Fell despair my fancy seizes.
Life, thou soul of every blessing,
Load to misery most distressing,
O how gladly I'd resign thee,
And to dark oblivion join thee!”

HOW LANG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

How lang and dreary is the night,
When I am frae my dearie!
I sleepless lie frae e'en to morn,
Tho' I were ne'er sae weary.
I sleepless lie frae e'en to morn,
Tho' I were ne'er sae weary.
When I think on the happy days
I spent wi' you, my dearie,

And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie!

And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie!

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
As ye were wae and weary!

It was na sae ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie.

It was na sae ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie.

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

MUSING on the roaring ocean,
Which divides my love and me;
Wearying Heaven in warm devotion,
For his weal where'er he be.

Hope and fear's alternate billow
Yielding, late to nature's law,
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow
Talk of him that 's far awa.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me;
Downy sleep, the curtain draw;
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that 's far awa!

BLITHE WAS SHE.

CHORUS.

BLITHE, blithe, and merry was she,
 Blithe was she but and ben:
 Blithe by the banks of Ern,
 And blithe in Glenturit glen.

BY Auchtertyre grows the aik,
 On Yarrow banks the birken shaw;
 But Phemie was a bonnier lass
 Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.

Her looks were like a flow'r in May,
 Her smile was like a simmer morn;
 She tripped by the banks of Ern,
 As light 's a bird upon a thorn.

Her bonnie face it was as meek
 As ony lamb upon a lea;
 The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet,
 As was the blink o' Phemie's ee.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
 And o'er the Lowlands I hae been;
 But Phemie was the blithest lass
 That ever trod the dewy green.

Blithe, blithe, and merry was she,
 Blithe was she but and ben;
 Blithe by the banks of Ern,
 And blithe in Glenturit glen.

TO DAUNTON ME.

THE blude red rose at Yule may blaw
 The simmer lilies bloom in snaw,
 The frost may freeze the deepest sea;
 But an auld man shall never daunton me.

To daunton me, and me so young,
 Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue,
 That is the thing you ne'er shall see;
 For an auld man shall never daunton me.

For a' his meal and a' his maut,
 For a' his fresh beef and his saut,
 For a' his gold and white monie,
 An auld man shall never daunton me.

His gear may buy him kye and yowes,
 His gear may buy him glens and knowes;
 But me he shall not buy nor fee,
 For an auld man shall never daunton me.

He hirples twa-fauld as he dow,
 Wi' his toothless gab and his auld beld pow,
 And the rain dreeps down frae his red bleer'd e'e —
 That auld man shall never daunton me.

To daunton me, and me sae young,
 Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue,
 That is the thing you ne'er shall see;
 For an auld man shall never daunton me.

COME BOAT ME O'ER TO CHARLIE.

COME boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
 Come boat me o'er to Charlie;
 I'll gie John Ross another bawbee,
 To boat me o'er to Charlie.

We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea,
 We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
 Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
 And live or die wi' Charlie.

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,
 Tho' some there be abhor him;
 But O, to see auld Nick gaun hame,
 And Charlie's faes before him!

I swear and vow by moon and stars,
 And sun that shines so early,
 If I had twenty thousand lives,
 I'd die as aft for Charlie.

We'll o'er the water, and o'er the sea,
 We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
 Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
 And live or die wi' Charlie!

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
 Adown a corn-enclosed hawk,
 Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
 All on a dewy morning.
 Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
 In a' its crimson glory spread
 And drooping rich the dewy head,
 It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest
 A little linnnet fondly prest,
 The dew sat chilly on her breast
 Sae early in the morning.
 She soon shall see her tender brood,
 The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
 Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
 Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair!
 On trembling string, or vocal air,
 Shall sweetly pay the tender care
 That tends thy early morning.
 So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
 Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
 And bless the parent's evening ray
 That watch'd thy early morning.

RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE.

O RATTLIN', roarin' Willie,
 O, he held to the fair,
 An' for to sell his fiddle,
 An buy some other ware;
 But parting wi' his fiddle,
 The saut tear blin't his e'e;
 And rattlin', roarin' Willie,
 Ye 're welcome hame to me!

O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
 O sell your fiddle sae fine;
 O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
 And buy a pint o' wine!
 If I should sell my fiddle,
 The warl' would think I was mad;
 For mony a rantin' day,
 My fiddle and I hae had.

As I cam by Crochallan,
 I cannily keekit ben —
 Rattlin', roarin' Willie
 Was sitting at yon board en';
 Sitting at yon board en',
 And amang guid companie;
 Rattlin', roarin' Willie,
 Ye 're welcome hame to me!

BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS.

WHERE, braving angry winter's storms,
 The lofty Ochels rise,
 Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
 First blest my wondering eyes;
 As one who by some savage stream,
 A lonely gem surveys,

Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam,
 With art's most polish'd blaze.
 Blest be the wild sequester'd shade,
 And blest the day and hour,
 Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
 When first I felt their pow'r!
 The tyrant death, with grim controul,
 May seize my fleeting breath;
 But tearing Peggy from my soul
 Must be a stronger death.

TIBBIE DUNBAR.

O, WILT thou go wi' me,
 Sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
 O, wilt thou go wi' me,
 Sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
 Wilt thou ride on a horse,
 Or be drawn in a car,
 Or walk by my side,
 Or sweet Tibbie Dunbar?

I care na thy daddie,
 His lands and his money,
 I care na thy kin,
 Sae high and sae lordly:
 But say thou wilt hae me
 For better for waur —
 And come in thy coatie,
 Sweet Tibbie Dunbar!

STREAMS THAT GLIDE IN ORIENT PLAINS.

STREAMS that glide in orient plains,
 Never bound by winter's chains!
 Glowing here on golden sands,

There commix'd with foulest stains
 From tyranny's empurpled bands.
 These, their richly-gleaming waves,
 I leave to tyrants and their slaves;
 Give me the stream that sweetly laves
 The banks by Castle Gordon.

Spicy forests, ever gay,
 Shading from the burning ray,
 Hapless wretches sold to toil,
 Or the ruthless native's way,
 Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil
 Woods that ever verdant wave,
 I leave the tyrant and the slave,
 Give me the groves that lofty brave
 The storms, by Castle Gordon.

Wildly here without controul,
 Nature reigns and rules the whole;
 In that sober pensive mood,
 Dearest to the feeling soul,
 She plants the forest, pours the flood:
 Life's poor day I'll musing rave,
 And find at night a sheltering cave,
 Where waters flow and wild woods wave,
 By bonnie Castle Gordon.

MY HARRY WAS A GALLANT GAY.

My Harry was a gallant gay,
 Fu' stately strode he on the plain;
 But now he's banish'd far away,
 I'll never see him back again.

O for him back again!

O for him back again!

I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land,
 For Highland Harry back again

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
 I wander dowie up the glen;
 I set me down and greet my fill,
 And aye I wish him back again.

O were some villains hangit high,
 And ilka body had their ain!
 Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
 My Highland Harry back again.

Or for him back again!
 O for him back again!
 I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land
 For Highland Harry back again.

THE TAILOR.

THE tailor fell thro' the bed, thimbles an' a',
 The tailor fell thro' the bed, thimbles an' a';
 The blankets were thin, and the sheets they were sma',
 The tailor fell thro' the bed, thimbles an' a'.

The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill,
 The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill;
 The weather was cauld, and the lassie lay still,
 She thought that a tailor could do her nae ill.

Gie me the groat again, canny young man;
 Gie me the groat again, canny young man;
 The day it is short, and the night it is lang,
 The dearest siller that ever I wan!

There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane;
 There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane;
 There's some that are dowie, I trow wad be fain
 To see the bit tailor come skippin' again.

SIMMER 'S A PLEASANT TIME.

SIMMER 's a pleasant time,
 Flow'rs of ev'ry colour;
 The water rins o'er the heugh,
 And I long for my true lover.

Ay waukin O,
 Waukin still and wearie:
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinking on my dearie.

When I sleep I dream,
 When I wauk I'm eerie;
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinking on my dearie.

Lanely night comes on,
 A' the lave are sleepin';
 I think on my bonnie lad,
 And I bleer my een with greetin'.

Ay waukin O,
 Waukin still and wearie;
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinking on my dearie.

BEWARE O' BONNIE ANN.

YE gallants bright, I rede ye right,
 Beware o' bonnie Ann;
 Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
 Your heart she will trepan.
 Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
 Her skin is like the swan;
 Sae jimplly lac'd her genty waist,
 That sweetly ye might span.
 Youth, grace, and love, attendant move,
 And pleasure leads the van:

In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
 They wait on bonnie Ann.
 The captive bands may chain the hands,
 But love enslaves the man;
 Ye gallants braw, I rede you a',
 Beware o' bonnie Ann!

WHEN ROSY MAY COMES IN WI' FLOWERS.

WHEN rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
 To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers,
 Then busy, busy, are his hours —
 The gardener wi' his paidle.

The crystal waters gently fa';
 The merry birds are lovers a';
 The scented breezes round him blaw —
 The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

When purple morning starts the hare
 To steal upon her early fare,
 Then thro' the dews he maun repair —
 The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

When day, expiring in the west,
 The curtain draws of nature's rest,
 He flies to her arms he lo'es the best —
 The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

BLOOMING NELLY.

ON a bank of flowers, in a summer day,
 For summer lightly drest,
 The youthful blooming Nelly lay,
 With love and sleep opprest;
 When Willie, wand'ring thro' the wood,
 Who for her favour oft had sued,
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
 And trembled where he stood.

Her closed eyes, like weapons sheath'd,
 Were seal'd in soft repose;
 Her lips, still as she fragrant breath'd,
 It richer dy'd the rose.
 The springing lilies sweetly prest,
 Wild — wanton, kiss'd her rival breast;
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd —
 His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes, light waving in the breeze,
 Her tender limbs embrace!
 Her lovely form, her native ease,
 All harmony and grace!
 Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
 A faltering, ardent kiss he stole;
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
 And sigh'd his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake,
 On fear-inspired wings,
 So Nelly, starting, half-awake,
 Away affrighted springs:
 But Willie follow'd — as he should,
 He overtook her in the wood;
 He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
 Forgiving all and good.

THE DAY RETURNS.

THE day returns, my bosom burns,
 The blissful day we twa did meet,
 Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
 Ne'er summer-sun was half sae sweet.
 Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
 And crosses o'er the sultry line;
 Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
 Heaven gave me more — it made thee mine!

While day and night can bring delight,
 Or nature aught of pleasure give,
 While joys above my mind can move,
 For thee, and thee alone, I live!
 When that grim foe of life below
 Comes in between to make us part,
 The iron hand that breaks our band
 It breaks my bliss — it breaks my heart.

MY LOVE SHE 'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

My love she 's but a lassie yet,
 My love she 's but a lassie yet;
 We 'll let her stand a year or twa,
 She 'll no be half sae saucy yet.
 I rue the day I sought her, O,
 I rue the day I sought her, O;
 Wha gets her need na say she 's woo'd,
 But he may say he 's bought her, O!
 Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
 Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet;
 Gae seek for pleasure where ye will,
 But here I never miss'd it yet.
 We 're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
 We 're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
 The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
 An' could na preach for thinkin' o't.

JAMIE, COME TRY ME.

CHORUS.

JAMIE, come try me,
 Jamie, come try me,
 If thou would win my love,
 Jamie, come try me.

If thou should ask my love,
 Could I deny thee?

If thou would win my love,
 Jamie, come try me.

If thou should kiss me, love,
 Wha could espy thee?

If thou wad be my love,
 Jamie, come try me.

Jamie, come try me,

Jamie, come try me;

If thou would win my love,

Jamie, come try me.

MY BONNIE MARY.

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
 An' fill it in a silver tassie;
 That I may drink, before I go,
 A service to my bonnie lassie;
 The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith;
 Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry;
 The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
 And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
 The glittering spears are ranked ready;
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,
 The battle closes thick and bloody;
 But it's not the roar o' sea or shore
 Wad make me langer wish to tarry;
 Nor shout o' war that's heard afar —
 It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

THE LAZY MIST.

THE lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
 Concealing the course of the dark winding rill;
 How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear!
 As autumn to winter resigns the pale year.
 The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
 And all the gay foppery of summer is flown:
 Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
 How quick time is flying, how keen fate pursues!
 How long I have liv'd— but how much liv'd in vain!
 How little of life's scanty span may remain!
 What aspects, old Time, in his progress, has worn!
 What ties, cruel fate in my bosom has torn!
 How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd!
 And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd!
 This life 's not worth having with all it can give —
 For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

THE CAPTAIN'S LADY.

CHORUS.

O MOUNT and go,
 Mount and make you ready;
 O mount and go,
 And be the Captain's Lady.

WHEN the drums do beat,
 And the cannons rattle,
 Thou shall sit in state,
 And see thy love in battle.

When the vanquish'd foe
 Sues for peace and quiet,
 To the shades we'll go,
 And in love enjoy it.

O mount and go,
 Mount and make you ready;
 O mount and go,
 And be the Captain's Lady.

WEE WILLIE GRAY.

WEE Willie Gray, and his leather wallet;
 Peel a willow-wand to be him boots and jacket:
 The rose upon the brier will be him trouse and doublet,
 The rose upon the brier will be him trouse and doublet.

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet;
 Twice a lily flower will be him sark and cravat:
 Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet,
 Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet.

O GUID ALE COMES.

CHORUS.

O GUID ale comes, and guid ale goes,
 Guid ale gars me sell my hose,
 Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon,
 Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

I HAD sax owsen in a pleugh,
 They drew a' weel eneugh,
 I sell'd them a' just ane by ane;
 Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

Guid ale hauds me bare and busy,
 Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie,
 Stand i' the stoll when I hae done,
 Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

O guid ale comes, and guid ale goes,
 Guid ale gars me sell my hose,
 Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon,
 Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLOW.

OF a' the airts the wind can blow,
 I dearly like the west,
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best:
 There wild-woods grow, and rivers row,
 And mony a hill between;
 But day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet and fair:
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
 I hear her charm the air:
 There's not a bonnie flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green,
 There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

Upon the banks o' flowing Clyde
 The lasses busk them braw;
 But when their best they hae put on,
 My Jeannie dings them a':
 In hamely weeds she far exceeds
 The fairest o' the town;
 Baith sage and gay confess it sae,
 Tho' drest in russet gown.

The gamesome lamb, that sucks its dam,
 Mair harmless canna be;
 She has nae faut (if sic ye ca't,)
 Except her love for me;
 The sparkling dew, o' clearest hue,
 Is like her shining een:
 In shape and air nane can compare
 Wi' my sweet lovely Jean.

O blaw ye westlin winds, blaw saft
 Among the leafy trees,

Wi' balmy gale, frae hill and dale
 Bring hame the laden bees;
 And bring the lassie back to me
 That's aye sae neat and clean;
 Ae smile o' her wad banish care,
 Sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs and vows among the knowes
 Hae passed atween us twa!
 How fond to meet, how wae to part,
 That night she gaed awa!
 The powers aboon can only ken,
 To whom the heart is seen,
 That nane can be sae dear to me
 As my sweet lovely Jean!

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

FIRST when Maggy was my care,
 Heaven, I thought, was in her air;
 Now we're married — spier nae mair —
 Whistle o'er the lave o't. —
 Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
 Bonnie Meg was nature's child;
 Wiser men than me's beguil'd —
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
 How we love, and how we 'gree,
 I care na by how few may see;
 Whistle o'er the lave o't. —
 Wha I wish were maggot's meat,
 Dish'd up in her winding sheet,
 I could write — but Meg maun see't —
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.

THE BANKS OF DEE.

To thee, lov'd Dee, thy gladsome plains,
 Where late wi' careless thought I rang'd,
 Though prest wi' care, and sunk in woe,
 To thee, I bring a heart unchang'd.

I love thee, Dee, thy banks and braes,
Tho' there Remembrance wake the tear;
 For there he rov'd that brake my heart
 Yet to that heart still fondly dear.

O, WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL.

O, WERE I on Parnassus' hill!
 Or had of Helicon my fill;
 That I might catch poetic skill
 To sing how dear I love thee.
 But Nith maun be my muse's well,
 My muse maun be thy bonnie sel';
 On Corsincon I'll glow'r and spell,
 And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet muse, inspire my lay!
 For a' the lee-lang simmer's day
 I cou'dna sing, I coud'na say,
 How much, how dear, I love thee.
 I see thee dancing o'er the green,
 Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
 Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een —
 By heaven and earth I love thee!

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
 The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;
 And aye I muse and sing thy name —

I only live to love thee.
 Tho' I were doom'd to wander on
 Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
 Till my last weary sand was run;
 Till then — and then I'd love thee.

O WERE MY LOVE YON LILAC FAIR.

O WERE my love yon lilac fair,
 Wi' purple blossoms to the spring;
 And I a bird to shelter there,
 When wearied on my little wing.

How I wad mourn, when it was torn,
 By autumn wild, and winter rude!
 But I wad sing, on wanton wing,
 When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

O gin my love were yon red rose,
 That grows upon the castle wa',
 And I mysel' a drap o' dew,
 Into her bonnie breast to fa'!

O! there beyond expression blest,
 I'd feast on beauty a' the night;
 Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
 Till fley'd awa' by Phœbus' light!

THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.

THERE'S a youth in this city,
 It were a great pity
 That he frae our lasses shou'd wander awa';
 For he's bonnie an' braw,
 Weel favour'd witha',
 And his hair has a natural buckle an' a'.
 His coot is the hue
 Of his bonnet sae blue:
 His fecket is white as the new driven snaw;
 His hose they are blae,
 And his shoon like the slae,
 And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'.
 For beauty and fortune
 The laddie's been courtin';
 Weel-featured, weel-tocher'd, weel-mounted, and braw,

But chiefly the siller,
 That gars him gang till her,
 The pennie's the jewel that beautifies a'.
 There's Meg wi' the mailen
 That fain wad a haen him;
 And Susie, whose daddy was laird o' the ha';
 There's lang-tocher'd Nancy
 Maist fetters his fancy —
 But the laddie's dear sel' he lo'es dearest of a'.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
 My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe —
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
 Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
 The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
 Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods;
 Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
 My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
 My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe —
 My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

JOHN Anderson, my jo, John,
 When we were first acquaint;
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent;

But now your brow is beld, John,
 Your locks are like the snaw;
 But blessings on your frosty pow;
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither;
 And mony a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither:
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we 'll go;
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

O MERRY HAE I BEEN TEETHIN' A HECKLE.

O MERRY hae I been teethin' a heckle,
 And merry hae I been shapin' a spoon;
 And merry hae I been cloutin' a kettle,
 And kissin' my Katie when a' was done.
 O a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer,
 An' a' the lang day I whistle and sing,
 A' the lang night I cuddle my kimmer,
 An' a' the lang night am as happy 's a king.

Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins,
 O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave:
 Blest be the hour she cool'd in her linnens,
 And blythe be the bird that sings on her grave!
 Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie,
 An' come to my arms and kiss me again!
 Drunken or sober, here's to thee Katie!
 And blest be the day I did it again.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
 The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea,
 Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
 But nature sicken'd on the e'e.
 Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
 Hersel in beauty's bloom the while,
 And ay the wild-wood echoes rang,
 Fareweel the Braes o' Ballochmyle!

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
 Again ye 'll flourish fresh and fair;
 Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
 Again ye 'll charm the vocal air.
 But here, alas! for me nae mair
 Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile;
 Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,
 Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle!

LAMENT.

WRITTEN AT A TIME WHEN THE POET WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE
 SCOTLAND.

O'ER the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone mountain straying,
 Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave,
 What woes wring my heart while intently surveying
 The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave!
 Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wail,
 Ere ye toss me afar from my lov'd native shore;
 Where the flow'r which bloom'd sweetest in Coila's green vale,
 The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more!
 No more by the banks of the streamlet we 'll wander,
 And smile at the moon's rippled face in the wave;
 No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her,
 For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her grave.

No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast,
 I haste with the storm to a far-distant shore;
 Where unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest,
 And joy shall revisit my bosom no more.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear 'st thou the groans that rend his breast?
 That sacred hour can I forget?
 Can I forget the hallowed grove,
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,
 To live one day of parting love?
 Eternity will not efface
 Those records dear of transports past;
 Thy image at our last embrace;
 Ah! little thought we 't was our last!
 Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
 Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene;
 The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on every spray —
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west,
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.
 Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care!
 Time but th' impression stronger makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest!
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear 'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR.

“O CAM ye here the fight to shun,
 Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?
 Or were ye at the Sherra-muir?
 And did the battle see, man?”
 I saw the battle sair and tough,
 And reekin'-red ran mony a sheugh,
 My heart, for fear, gaed sough for sough,
 To hear the thuds, and see the cluds,
 O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
 Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

The red-coat lads, wi' black cockauds,
 To meet them were na slaw, man;
 They rush'd and push'd, and blude outgush'd,
 And mony a bouk did fa', man;
 The great Argyle led on his files,
 I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles:
 They hack'd and hash'd, while broadswords clash'd,
 And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,
 'Till fey men died awa, man.

But had ye seen the philibegs,
 And skyrin tartan trews, man;
 When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs
 And covenant true blues, man;
 In lines extended lang and large,
 When baignets o'erpower'd the targe,
 And thousands hasten'd to the charge,

Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath
 Drew blades o' death, 'till, out o' breath,
 They fled like frightened doos, man.

“O how deil, Tam, can that be true?
 The chace gaed frae the north, man;
 I saw mysel they did pursue
 The horsemen back to Forth, man;
 And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,
 They took the brig wi' a' their might,
 And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight;”
 But, cursed lot! the gates were shut;
 And mony a huntit, poor red-coat,
 For fear amaist did swarf, man!

“My sister Kate cam up the gate
 Wi' crowdie unto me, man;
 She swore she saw some rebels run
 Frae Perth unto Dundee, man:
 Their left-hand general had nae skill,
 The Angus lads had nae good will
 That day their neebors' blude to spill;
 For fear by foes, that they should lose
 Their cogs o' brose, they scar'd at blows,
 And hameward fast did flee, man.”

They've lost some gallant gentlemen,
 Among the Highland clans, man;
 “I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,”
 Or in his en'mies' hands, man:
 Now wad ye sing this double fight,
 Some fell for wrang, and some for right;
 And mony bade the warld guid-night:
 Say pell, and mell, wi' muskets' knell,
 How Tories fell, and Whigs to hell
 Flew off in frightened bands, man.

YOUNG JOCKEY.

YOUNG Jockey was the blythest lad

In a' our town or here awa :

Fu' blythe he whistled at the gaud,

Fu' lightly danced he in the ha'.

He roos'd my een, sae bonnie blue,

He roos'd my waist sae genty sma',

And aye my heart came to my mou'

When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,

Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw;

And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain,

When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'.

An' aye the night comes round again,

When in his arms he taks me a',

An' aye he vows he'll be my ain,

As lang's he has a breath to draw.

O, WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

O, WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,

And Rob and Allan cam to see;

Three blither hearts, that lee lang night,

Ye wad na find in Christendie.

CHORUS.

We are na fou, we're nae that fou,

But just a drappie in our e'e;

The cock may craw, the day may daw,

And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,

Three merry boys, I trow, are we;

And mony a night we've merry been,

And mony mae we hope to be!

It is the moon — I ken her horn,
 That's blinkin in the lift sae hie;
 She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
 But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
 A cuckold, coward loon is he!
 Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
 He is the king amang us three!
 We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
 But just a drappie in our e'e;
 The cock may crawl, the day may daw,
 And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

THE BATTLE OF KILLIECRANKIE.

Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?
 Where hae ye been sae brankie, O?
 O, whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?
 Cam ye by Killiecrankie, O?
 An' ye had been whare I hae been,
 Ye wad na been so cantie, O;
 An' ye had seen what I hae seen,
 On the braes of Killiecrankie, O.

I fought at land, I fought at sea;
 At hame I fought my auntie, O;
 But I met the Devil an' Dundee,
 On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
 The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,
 An' Clavers got a clankie, O;
 Or I had fed an Athole gled,
 On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

THE BLUE-EYED LASS.

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen
 A gate, I fear, I dearly rue;
 I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
 Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.
 'T was not her golden ringlets bright;
 Her lips, like roses, wet wi' dew,
 Her heaving bosom, lily-white —
 It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd;
 She charm'd my soul — I wist na how;
 And ay the stound, the deadly wound,
 Came frae her een sae bonnie blue.
 But spare to speak, and spare to speed;
 She 'll aiblins listen to my vow:
 Should she refuse, I 'll lay my dead
 To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

THE BANKS OF NITH.

THE Thames flows proudly to the sea,
 Where royal cities stately stand:
 But sweeter flows the Nith, to me,
 Where Cummins ance had high command:
 When shall I see that honour'd land,
 That winding stream I love so dear!
 Must wayward fortune's adverse hand
 For ever, ever keep me here?
 How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
 Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom!
 How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,
 Where lambkins wanton thro' the broom!
 Tho' wandering, now, must be my doom,
 Far from thy bonnie banks and braes,
 May there my latest hours consume,
 Among the friends of early days!

TAM GLEN.

My heart is a-breaking, dear Tittie!
 Some counsel unto me come len',
 To anger them a' is a pity,
 But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking, wi' sic a brow fallow,
 In poortith I might mak a fen';
 What care I in riches to wallow,
 If I mauna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie the laird o' Drumeller,
 "Guid day to you, brute!" he comes ben;
 He brags and he blows o' his siller,
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
 And bids me beware o' young men;
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
 He'll gie me guid hunder marks ten:
 But, if it's ordain'd I maun take him,
 O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the Valentine's dealing,
 My heart to my mou' gied a sten;
 For thrice I drew ane without failing,
 And thrice it was written — Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I lay waukin
 My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
 His likeness cam up the house staukin,
 And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear Tittie! don't tarry —
 I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
 Gif ye will advise me to marry
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE.

FRAE the friends and land I love,
 Driv'n by fortune's felly spite,
 Frae my best belov'd I rove,
 Never mair to taste delight;
 Never mair maun hope to find
 Ease frae toil, relief frae care:
 When remembrance wracks the mind,
 Pleasures but unveil despair.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
 Desert ilka blooming shore,
 Till the fates, nae mair severe,
 Friendship, love, and peace restore;
 Till Revenge, wi' laurell'd head,
 Bring our banish'd hame again;
 And ilka loyal bonnie lad
 Cross the seas and win his ain.

COCK UP YOUR BEAVER.

WHEN first my brave Johnnie lad
 Came to this town,
 He had a blue bonnet
 That wanted the crown;
 But now he has gotten
 A hat and a feather, —
 Hey, brave Johnnie lad,
 Cock up your beaver!

Cock up your beaver,
 And cock it fu' sprush,
 We'll over the border
 And gie them a brush;
 There's somebody there
 We'll teach better behaviour —
 Hey, brave Johnnie lad,
 Cock up your beaver!

MY TOCHER 'S THE JEWEL.

O MEIKLE thinks my luve o' my beauty,
 And meikle thinks my luve o' my kin;
 But little thinks my luve I ken brawlie
 My tocher 's the jewel has charms for him.
 It 's a' for the apple he 'll nourish the tree;
 It 's a' for the hiney he 'll cherish the bee;
 My laddie 's sae meikle in luve wi' the siller
 He canna hae luve to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luve 's an airt-penny,
 My tocher 's the bargain ye wad buy;
 But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin,
 Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
 Ye 're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
 Ye 're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,
 Ye 'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
 And ye 'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

GUIDWIFE COUNT THE LAWIN.

GANE is the day, and mirk 's the night,
 But we 'll ne'er stray for fau't o' light,
 For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
 And blude-red wine's the rising sun.

Then guidwife count the lawin,
 The lawin, the lawin,
 Then guidwife count the lawin,
 And bring a coggie mair!

There 's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
 And semple-folk maun fecht and fen';
 But here we 're a' in ae accord,
 For ilka man that 's drunk 's a lord.

My coggie is a haly pool,
 That heals the wounds o' care and dool;

And pleasure is a wanton trout,
An' ye drink but deep ye'll find him out.

Then gudewife count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin;
Then gudewife count the lawin,
And bring a coggie mair!

**THERE 'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES
HAME.**

By yon castle wa', at the close of the day,
I heard a man sing, tho' his head it was grey;
And as he was singing, the tears fast down came,
There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

The church is in ruins, the state is in jars;
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars;
We darena weel say't, tho' we ken wha's to blame —
There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame!

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yerd.
It brak the sweetheart of my faithfu' auld dame —
There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burthen that bows me down,
Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;
But till my last moments my words are the same —
There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame!

THE BONNIE LAD THAT 'S FAR AWA.

O how can I be blythe and glad,
Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
Is o'er the hills and far awa?
When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
Is o'er the hills and far awa?

It's no the frosty winter wind,
 It's no the driving drift and snaw;

But aye the tear comes in my e'e,
 To think on him that's far awa.

But aye the tear comes in my e'e,
 To think on him that's far awa.

My father pat me frae his door,
 My friends they hae disown'd me a',

But I hae ane will tak' my part,
 The bonnie lad that's far awa.

But I hae ane will tak' my part, —
 The bonnie lad that's far awa.

A pair o' gloves he bought for me,
 And silken snoods he gae me twa;

And I will wear them for his sake,
 The bonnie lad that's far awa.

And I will wear them for his sake, —
 The bonnie lad that's far awa.

O weary winter soon will pass,
 And spring will clead the birken-shaw;

And my young babie will be born,
 And he'll be hame that's far awa.

And my young babie will be born,
 And he'll be hame that's far awa.

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.

I do confess thou art sae fair,
 I wad been o'er the lugs in luvè,
 Had I na found the slightest prayer
 That lips could speak thy heart could muve.

I do confess thee sweet, but find
 Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets,
 Thy favours are the silly wind,
 That kisses ilka thing it meets.

See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
 Amang its native briers sae coy;
 How sune it tines its scent and hue
 When pu'd and worn a common toy!
 Sic fate, ere lang, shall thee betide,
 Tho' thou may gaily bloom awhile;
 Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside
 Like ony common weed and vile.

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

Yon wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
 That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,
 Where the grouse lead their coveys thro' the heather to feed,
 And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.
 Where the grouse lead their coveys thro' the heather to feed,
 And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.

Not Gowrie's rich valleys, nor Forth's sunny shores,
 To me hae the charms o' yon wild, mossy moors;
 For there, by a lanely, sequester'd clear stream,
 Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.
 For there, by a lanely, sequester'd clear stream,
 Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,
 Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath;
 For there, wi' my lassie, the day-lang I rove,
 While o'er us, unheeded, flee the swift hours o' love.
 For there, wi' my lassie, the day-lang I rove,
 While o'er us, unheeded, flee the swift hours o' love.

She is not the fairest, altho' she is fair;
 O' nice education but sma' is her share;
 Her parentage humble as humble can be;
 But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.
 Her parentage humble as humble can be,
 But I lo'e the dear lassie, because she lo'es me.

To beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
 In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs?
 And when wit and refinement hae polish'd her darts,
 They dazzle our een as they flee to our hearts.

And when wit and refinement hae polish'd her darts,
 They dazzle our een, as they flee to our hearts.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond sparkling e'e,
 Has lustre outshining the diamond to me;

And the heart-beating love, as I'm clasp'd in her arms,
 O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms!

And the heart-beating love, as I'm clasp'd in her arms,
 O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms!

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNIE FACE.

It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face,
 Nor shape, that I admire,
 Altho' thy beauty and thy grace
 Might weel awake desire.
 Something, in ilka part o' thee,
 To praise, to love, I find;
 But, dear as is thy form to me,
 Still dearer is thy mind.

Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae,
 Nor stronger in my breast,
 Than if I canna mak thee sae,
 At least to see thee blest.
 Content am I, if heaven shall give
 But happiness to thee:
 And, as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
 For thee I'd bear to die.

O SAW YE MY DEARIE.

O SAW ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
 O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
 She 's down in the yard, she 's kissin' the laird,
 She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab.
 O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab!
 O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab!
 Whate'er thou hast done, be it late, be it soon,
 Thou 's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab.
 What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
 What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
 She lets thee to wit, that she has thee forgot,
 And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.
 O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab!
 O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab!
 As light as the air, as fause as thou 's fair,
 Thou 's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab.

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER-DOOR?

WHA is that at my bower door?
 O, wha is it but Findlay?
 Then gae yere gate, ye'se nae be here! —
 Indeed, maun I, quo' Findlay.
 What mak ye sae like a thief?
 O come and see, quo' Findlay;
 Before the morn ye 'll work mischief —
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
 Gif I rise and let you in? —
 Let me in, quo' Findlay;
 Ye 'll keep me waukin wi' your din —
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
 In my bower if ye should stay?
 Let me stay, quo' Findlay;

I fear ye 'll bide till break o' day —
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
 Here this night if ye remain; —
 I 'll remain, quo' Findlay.
 I dread ye 'll ken the gate again; —
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
 What may pass within this bower, —
 Let it pass, quo' Findlay;
 Ye maun conceal till your last hour! —
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO.

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
 What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
 Bad luck on the pennie that tempted my minnie
 To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'!
 Bad luck on the pennie, &c.

He 's always compleenin' frae mornin' to e'enin',
 He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang;
 He 's doyl't and he 's dozin', his bluid it is frozen,
 O, dreary 's the night wi' a crazy auld man!
 He 's doyl't and he 's dozin', &c.

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
 I never can please him, do a' that I can;
 He 's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows:
 O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!
 He 's peevish and jealous, &c.

My auld auntie Katie upon me taks pity,
 I 'll do my endeavour to follow her plan!
 I 'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break him,
 And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.
 I 'll cross him, and wrack him, &c.

 THE BONNIE WEE THING.

BONNIE wee thing, cannie wee thing,
 Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,
 Lest my jewel I should tine.
 Wishfully I look and languish
 In that bonnie face o' thine;
 And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
 Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
 In ae constellation shine;
 To adore thee is my duty,
 Goddess o' this soul o' mine!

BONNIE wee thing, cannie wee thing,
 Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,
 Lest my jewel I should tine!

THE TITHER MORN.

THE tither morn,
 When I forlorn,
 Aneath an aik sat moaning,
 I did na trow
 I'd see my Jo,
 Beside me, gain the gloaming.
 But he sae trig
 Lap o'er the rig,
 And dawtingly did cheer me,
 When I, what reck,
 Did least expec'
 To see my lad sae near me.
 His bonnet he,
 A thought ajee,
 Cock'd sprush when first he clasp'd me;

And I, I wat,
 Wi' fainness grat,
 While in his grips he press'd me.
 Deil tak' the war!
 I late and air
 Hae wish'd since Jock departed;
 But now as glad
 I 'm wi' my lad
 As short syne broken-hearted.
 Fu' aft at e'en
 Wi' dancing keen,
 When a' were blythe and merry,
 I car'd na by,
 Sae sad was I
 In absence o' my dearie.
 But, praise be blest,
 My mind's at rest,
 I 'm happy wi' my Johnny;
 At kirk and fair,
 I 'se ay be there,
 And be as canty's ony.

Æ FOND KISS.

Æ fond kiss, and then we sever;
 Æ fareweel, and then, for ever!
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I 'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I 'll wage thee.
 Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
 While the star of hope she leaves him?
 Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
 Dark despair around benights me.
 I 'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
 Naething could resist my Nancy;
 But to see her was to love her;
 Love but her, and love for ever. —

Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
 Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
 Never met — or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.
 Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
 Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
 Ae fareweel, alas! for ever!
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

LOVELY DAVIES.

O how shall I, unskillfu', try
 The poet's occupation,
 The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,
 That whispers inspiration?
 Even they maun dare an effort mair
 Than aught they ever gave us,
 Or they rehearse, in equal verse,
 The charms o' lovely Davies.
 Each eye it cheers, when she appears,
 Like Phœbus in the morning,
 When past the show'r, and every flower
 The garden is adorning.
 As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore,
 When winter-bound the wave is;
 Sae droops our heart when we maun part
 Frae charming, lovely Davies.
 Her smile's a gift, frae 'boon the lift,
 That maks us mair than princes;
 A sceptred hand, a king's command,
 Is in her darting glances:

The man in arms, 'gainst female charms,
 Even he her willing slave is;
 He hugs his chain, and owns the reign
 Of conquering, lovely Davies.

My muse to dream of such a theme,
 Her feeble pow'rs surrender;
 The eagle's gaze alone surveys
 The sun's meridian splendour:
 I wad in vain essay the strain,
 The deed too daring brave is;
 I'll drap the lyre, and mute, admire
 The charms o' lovely Davies.

I HAE A WIFE O' MY AIN.

I HAE a wife o' my ain —
 I'll partake wi' naebody;
 I'll tak cuckold frae nane,
 I'll gie cuckold to naebody.
 I hae a penny to spend,
 There — thanks to naebody
 I hae naething to lend —
 I'll borrow frae naebody.

I am naebody's lord —
 I'll be slave to naebody;
 I hae a guid braid sword,
 I'll tak dunts frae naebody
 I'll be merry and free,
 I'll be sad for naebody;
 If naebody care for me,
 I'll care for naebody.

O, FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY, TAM!

CHORUS.

AN O, for ane-and-twenty, Tam!

 An hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam!

I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,

 An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

THEY snool me sair, and haud me down,

 And gar me look like bluntie, Tam;

But three short years will soon wheel roun' —

 And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,

 Was left me by my auntie, Tam;

At kith or kin I need na spier,

 An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,

 Tho' I mysel' hae plenty, Tam;

But hear'st thou, laddie — there's my loof —

 I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam.

AN O, for ane-and-twenty, Tam!

 An hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam!

I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,

 An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

O, KENMURE'S ON AND AWA.

O KENMURE's on and awa, Willie!

 O Kenmure's on and awa!

And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord

 That ever Galloway saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie!

 Success to Kenmure's band;

There's no a heart that fears a Whig,

 That rides by Kenmure's hand.

Here 's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie!
 Here 's Kenmure's health in wine;
 There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
 Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie!
 O Kenmure's lads are men;
 Their hearts and swords are metal true —
 And that their faes shall ken.

They 'll live or die wi' fame, Willie!
 They 'll live or die wi' fame;
 But soon wi' sounding victorie,
 May Kenmure's lord come hame!

Here 's him that 's far awa, Willie!
 Here 's him that 's far awa!
 And here 's the flower that I lo'e best —
 The rose that 's like the snaw!

MY COLLIER LADDIE.

O **WHARE** live ye, my bonnie lass?
 An' tell me what they ca' ye?
 My name, she says, is Mistress Jean,
 And I follow the Collier Laddie.

My name, she says, is Mistress Jean,
 And I follow the Collier Laddie.

O see you not yon hills and dales,
 The sun shines on sae brawlie!
 They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,
 Gin ye 'll leave your Collier Laddie.
 They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,
 Gin ye 'll leave your Collier Laddie.

And ye shall gang in gay attire,
 Weel buskit up sae gaudy;
 And ane to wait at every hand,
 Gin ye 'll leave your Collier Laddie.

And ane to wait at every hand,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie.

Tho' ye had a' the sun shines on,
And the earth conceals sae lowly;
I wad turn my back on you and it a',
And embrace my Collier Laddie.

I wad turn my back on you and it a',
And embrace my Collier Laddie.

I can win my five pennies a day,
And spen 't at night fu' brawlie;
And mak my bed in the Collier's neuk,
And lie down wi' my Collier Laddie.
And mak my bed in the Collier's neuk,
And lie down wi' my Collier Laddie.

Luve for luve is the bargain for me,
Tho' the wee cot-house should haud me;
And the world before me to win my bread,
And fair fa' my Collier Laddie.
And the world before me to win my bread,
And fair fa' my Collier Laddie.

NITHSDALE'S WELCOME HAME.

THE noble Maxwells and the powers,
Are coming o'er the border,
And they'll gae big Terreagle's towers,
An' set them a' in order.

And they declare Terreagle's fair,
For their abode they chuse it;
There's no a heart in a' the land
But 's lighter at the news o't.

Tho' stars in skies may disappear,
And angry tempests gather;
The happy hour may soon be near
That brings us pleasant weather:

The weary night o' care and grief
 May hae a joyfu' morrow;
 So dawning day has brought relief —
 Fareweel our night o' sorrow!

LINES ON A MERRY PLOUGHMAN.

As I was a wand'ring ae morning in spring
 I heard a merry ploughman sae sweetly to sing;
 And as he was singin' thae words he did say,
 There 's nae life like the Ploughman in the month o' sweet May. —
 The lav'rock in the morning she 'll rise frae her nest,
 And mount to the air wi' the dew on her breast;
 And wi' the merry Ploughman she 'll whistle and sing;
 And at night she 'll return to her nest back again.

AS I WAS A-WAND'RING.

As I was a-wand'ring ae midsummer e'enin',
 The pipers and youngsters were makin' their game;
 Amang them I spied my faithless fause lover,
 Which bled a' the wound o' my dolour again.
 Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' him:
 I may be distress'd, but I winna complain;
 I'll flatter my fancy I may get anither,
 My heart it shall never be broken for ane.
 I couldna get sleeping till dawin for greetin',
 The tears trickl'd down like the hail and the rain:
 Had I na got greetin', my heart wad a broken,
 For, oh! luvè forsaken 's a tormenting pain!
 Although he has left me for greed o' the siller,
 I dinna envy him the gains he can win;
 I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow
 Than ever hae acted sae faithless to him.

Weel, since he he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' him,
 I may be distress'd, but I winna complain;
 I'll flatter my fancy I may get anither,
 My heart it shall never be broken for ane.

BESS AND HER SPINNING-WHEEL.

O LEEZE me on my spinning-wheel,
 And leeze me on my rock and reel;
 Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
 And haps me fiel and warm at e'en!
 I'll set me down and sing and spin,
 While laigh descends the simmer sun,
 Blest wi' content, and milk and meal —
 O leeze me on my spinning-wheel!

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
 And meet below my theekit cot;
 The scented birk and hawthorn white,
 Across the pool their arms unite,
 Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
 And little fishes' caller rest:
 The sun blinks kindly in the biel',
 Where blithe I turn my spinning-wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
 And echo cons the doolfu' tale;
 The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
 Delighted, rival ither's lays:
 The craik amang the clover hay,
 The pairtick whirrin o'er the ley,
 The swallow jinkin round my shiel,
 Amuse me at my spinning-wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
 Aboon distress, below envy,
 O wha wad leave this humble state,
 For a' the pride of a' the great?

Amid their flaring, idle toys,
 Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
 Can they the peace and pleasure feel
 Of Bessy at her spinning-wheel?

O LUVE WILL VENTURE IN.

O LUVE will venture in
 Where it daurna weel be seen;
 O luve will venture in
 Where wisdom aince has been;
 But I will down yon river rove,
 Among the wood sae green —
 And a' to pu' a posie
 To my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu',
 The firstling of the year;
 And I will pu' the pink,
 The emblem o' my dear;
 For she's the pink o' womankind,
 And blooms without a peer —
 And a' to be a posie
 To my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose,
 When Phœbus peeps in view,
 For it's like a baumy kiss
 O' her sweet, bonnie mou';
 The hyacinth's for constancy,
 Wi' its unchanging blue —
 And a' to be a posie
 To my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure,
 And the lily it is fair,
 And in her lovely bosom
 I'll place the lily there;

The daisy's for simplicity,
 And unaffected air —
 And a' to be a posie
 To my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu',
 Wi' its locks o' siller gray,
 Where, like an aged man,
 It stands at break of day.
 But the songster's nest within the bush
 I winna tak away —
 And a' to be a posie
 To my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu',
 When the ev'ning star is near,
 And the diamond draps o' dew
 Shall be her een sae clear;
 The violet's for modesty,
 Which weel she fa's to wear —
 And a' to be a posie
 To my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round,
 Wi' the silken band of love,
 And I'll place it in her breast,
 And I'll swear, by a' above,
 That to my latest draught o' life
 The band shall ne'er remove —
 And this will be a posie
 To my ain dear May.

COUNTRIE LASSIE.

IN simmer, when the hay was mawn,
 And corn wavy'd green in ilka field,
 While claver blooms white o'er the lea
 And roses blaw in ilka bield;

Blithe Bessie in the milking shiel,
 Says — I'll be wed, come o't what will;
 Out spak a dame in wrinkled eild —
 O' guid advisement comes nae ill.

It's ye hae woovers mony ane,
 And, lassie, ye're but young, ye ken;
 Then wait a wee, and cannie wale,
 A routhie but, a routhie ben:
 There's Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen,
 Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;
 Tak this frae me, my bonnie hen,
 It's plenty beets the luvver's fire.

For Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen,
 I dinna care a single flie;
 He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
 He has nae luvve to spare for me:
 But blithe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,
 And weel I wat he lo'es me dear:
 Ae blink o' him I wad na gie
 For Buskie-glen and a' his gear.

O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught;
 The canniest gate, the strife is sair:
 But ay fu' han't is fechtin best,
 An hungry care's an unco care:
 But some will spend, and some will spare,
 An' wilfu' folk maun hae their will;
 Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
 Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.

O, gear will buy me rigs o' land,
 And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
 But the tender heart o' leesome luvve,
 The gowd and siller canna buy;
 We may be poor — Robie and I,
 Light is the burden luvve lays on;
 Content and luvve bring peace and joy —
 What mair hae queens upon a throne?

FAIR ELIZA.

TURN again, thou fair Eliza,
 Ae kind blink before we part,
 Rue on thy despairing lover!
 Canst thou break his faithfu' heart?
 Turn again, thou fair Eliza;
 If to love thy heart denies,
 For pity hide the cruel sentence
 Under friendship's kind disguise!
 Thee, dear maid, hae I offended?
 The offence is loving thee:
 Canst thou wreck his peace for ever
 Wha for thine wad gladly die?
 While the life beats in my bosom,
 Thou shalt mix in ilka throe;
 Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
 Ae sweet smile on me bestow.
 Not the bee upon the blossom,
 In the pride o' sunny noon;
 Not the little sporting fairy,
 All beneath the simmer moon;
 Not the poet, in the moment
 Fancy lightens in his e'e,
 Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
 That thy presence gies to me.

YE JACOBITES BY NAME.

YE jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear;
 Ye jacobites by name, give an ear;
 Ye jacobites by name,
 Your fautes I will proclaim,
 Your doctrines I maun blame —
 You shall hear.

What is right, and what is wrang, by the law, by the law?

What is right, and what is wrang, by the law?

What is right, and what is wrang?

A short sword, and a lang,

A weak arm, and a strang

For to draw.

What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar, fam'd afar?

What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar?

What makes heroic strife?

To whet th' assassin's knife,

Or hunt a parent's life

Wi' bluidie war.

Then let your schemes alone, in the state, in the state;

Then let your schemes alone in the state;

Then let your schemes alone,

Adore the rising sun,

And leave a man undone

To his fate.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,

How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;

How can ye chant, ye little birds,

And I sae weary, fu' o' care!

Thou 'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,

That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:

Thou minds me o' departed joys,

Departed — never to return!

Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,

To see the rose and woodbine twine;

And ilka bird sang o' its luvè,

And fondly sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,

Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;

And my fause luvè stole my rose,

But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

WILLIE Wastle dwalt on Tweed,
 The spot they ca'd it Linkum-doddie,
 Willie was a wabster guid,
 Cou'd stown a clue wi' onie bodie:
 He had a wife was dour and din,
 O Tinkler Maidgie was her mither;
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad nae gie a button for her.

She has an e'e — she has but ane,
 The cat has twa the very colour;
 Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
 A clapper-tongue wad deave a miller;
 A whiskin' beard about her mou',
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither —
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad nae gie a button for her.

She's bow hough'd, she's hem shinn'd,
 Ae limp'in' leg, a hand-breed shorter;
 She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
 To balance fair in ilka quarter:
 She has a hump upon her breast,
 The twin o' that upon her shouther —
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad nae gie a button for her.

Auld baudrans by the ingle sits,
 An' wi' her loof her face a-washin';
 But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;
 Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
 Her face wad fyle the Logan-Water —
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gie a button for her.

LADY MARY ANN.

O, LADY Mary Ann
 Looks o'er the castle wa',
 She saw three bonnie boys
 Playing at the ba';
 The youngest he was
 The flower among them a' —
 My bonnie laddie's young,
 But he's growin' yet.

O father! O father!
 An ye think it fit,
 We'll send him a year
 To the college yet:
 We'll sew a green ribbon
 Round about his hat,
 And that will let them ken
 He's to marry yet.

Lady Mary Ann
 Was a flower i' the dew,
 Sweet was its smell,
 And bonnie was its hue;
 And the langer it blossom'd
 The sweeter it grew;
 For the lily in the bud
 Will be bonnier yet.

Young Charlie Cochrane
 Was the sprout of an aik;
 Bonnie and bloomin'
 And straught was its make:
 The sun took delight
 To shine for its sake,
 And it will be the brag
 O' the forest yet.

The simmer is gane
 When the leaves they were green,

And the days are awa
 That we hae seen ;
 But far better days
 I trust will come again,
 For my bonnie laddie 's young,
 But he 's growin' yet.

FAREWHEEL TO A' OUR SCOTTISH FAME.

FAREWHEEL to' a our Scottish fame,
 Fareweel our ancient glory !
 Fareweel even to the Scottish name,
 Sae fam'd in martial story !
 Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands,
 And Tweed rins to the ocean,
 To mark where England's province stands —
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !
 What force or guile could not subdue,
 Thro' many warlike ages,
 Is wrought now by a coward few,
 For hireling traitors' wages.
 The English steel we could disdain,
 Secure in valour's station ;
 But English gold has been our bane —
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !
 O would, or I had seen the day
 That treason thus could sell us,
 My auld grey head had lien in clay,
 Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace !
 But pith and power, till my last hour,
 I'll mak this declaration ;
 We 're bought and sold for English gold —
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

JOCKEY 'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS.

JOCKEY 's ta'en the parting kiss,
 O'er the mountains he is gane;
 And with him is a' my bliss,
 Nought but griefs with me remain.
 Spare my luve, ye winds that blaw,
 Plashy sleet and beating rain!
 Spare my luve, thou feathery snaw,
 Drifting o'er the frozen plain!
 When the shades of evening creep
 O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,
 Sound and safely may he sleep,
 Sweetly blithe his waukening be!
 He will think on her he loves,
 Fondly he 'll repeat her name;
 For where'er he distant roves,
 Jockey's heart is still at hame.

LADY ONLIE.

A' THE lads o' Thornie-bank,
 When they gae to the shore o' Bucky,
 They 'll step in an' tak' a pint
 Wi' Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!
 Lady Onlie, honest Lucky,
 Brews guid ale at shore o' Bucky;
 I wish her sale for her guid ale,
 The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.
 Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean,
 I wat she is a dainty chucky;
 And cheerlie blinks the ingle-gleed
 Of Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!
 Lady Onlie, honest Lucky,
 Brews guid ale at shore o' Bucky;
 I wish her sale for her guid ale,
 The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
 The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale;
 The hawthorn trees blow, in the dew of the morning,
 And wild scattered cowslips bedeck the green dale:
 But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
 While the lingering moments are number'd by care?

No flow'rs gaily springing, nor birds sweetly singing,
 Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice,
 A king, and a father, to place on his throne?
 His right are these hills, and his right are these valleys,
 Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find none:
 But 't is not my sufferings thus wretched, — forlorn,
 My brave gallant friends! 't is your ruin I mourn;

Your deeds prov'd so loyal in hot-blooded trial —
 Alas! can I make you no sweeter return?

WAR SONG.

Scene — A field of battle. Time of the day, evening. The wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following song:

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
 Now gay with the broad setting sun!
 Farewell loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties!
 Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe!
 Go, frighten the coward and slave!
 Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
 No terrors hast thou to the brave!

Thou strik'st the dull peasant, — he sinks in the dark,
 Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name; —
 Thou strik'st the young hero — a glorious mark!
 He falls in the blaze of his fame!

In the field of proud honour — our swords in our hands,
 Our king and our country to save —
 While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
 Oh! who would not die with the brave!

AFTON WATER.

Flow gently, sweet Afton! among the green braes,
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream —
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den;
 Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear —
 I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton! thy neighbouring hills,
 Far mark'd with the courses of clear winding rills;
 There daily I wander as noon rises high,
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow!
 There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,
 The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides!
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides!
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
 As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave!

Flow gently, sweet Afton! among thy green braes,
 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays!
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream —
 Flow gently, sweet Afton! disturb not her dream.

SMILING SPRING COMES IN REJOICING.

THE smiling spring comes in rejoicing,
 And surly winter grimly flies;
 Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
 And bonnie blue are the sunny skies;
 Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
 The ev'ning gilds the ocean's swell;
 All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
 And I rejoice in my bonnie Bell.
 The flowery spring leads sunny summer,
 And yellow autumn presses near,
 Then in his turn comes gloomy winter,
 Till smiling spring again appear.
 Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
 Old Time and Nature their changes tell,
 But never ranging, still unchanging,
 I adore my bonnie Bell.

THE CARLES OF DYSART.

UP wi' the carles o' Dysart
 And the lads o' Buckhaven,
 And the kimmers o' Largo,
 And the lasses o' Leven.

Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
 For we hae mickle ado;
 Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
 For we hae mickle ado.

We hae tales to tell,
 And we hae sangs to sing;
 We hae pennies to spend,
 And we hae pints to bring.
 We'll live a' our days,
 And them that come behin',
 Let them do the like,
 And spend the gear they win.

Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
 For we hae mickle ado;
 Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
 For we hae mickle ado.

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

WHERE Cart rins rowin' to the sea,
 By mony a flow'r and spreading tree,
 There lives a lad, the lad for me,

He is a gallant weaver.

Oh, I had wooers aught or nine,
 They gied me rings and ribbons fine;
 And I was fear'd my heart would tine,
 And I gied it to the weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band,
 To gie the lad that has the land;
 But to my heart I'll add my hand,

And gie it to the weaver.

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers;
 While bees delight in op'ning flowers;
 While corn grows green in simmer showers,
 I'll love my gallant weaver.

THE DEUK'S DANG O'ER MY DADDIE, O.

THE bairns gat out wi' an unco shout,
 The deuk's dang o'er my daddie, O!
 The fient ma care, quo' the feirie auld wife,
 He was but a paidlin body, O!
 He paidles out, an' he paidles in,
 An' he paidles late an' early, O!
 Thae seven lang years I hae lien by his side,
 An' he is but a fusionless carlie, O!

O, haud your tongue, my feirie auld wife,
 O, haud your tongue now, Nansie, O!

I've seen the day, and sae hae ye,
 Ye wadna been sae donsie, O!
 I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose,
 And cuddled me late and early, O;
 But downa do's come o'er me now
 And, oh! I feel it sairly, O!

SHE 'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

SHE 's fair and fause that causes my smart,
 I lo'ed her meikle and lang;
 She 's broken her vow, she 's broken my heart,
 And I may e'en gae hang.
 A coof cam in wi' routh o' gear,
 And I hae tint my dearest dear;
 But woman is but warld's gear,
 Sae let the bonnie lassie gang.
 Whae'er ye be that woman love,
 To this be never blind,
 Nae ferlie 't is tho' fickle she prove,
 A woman, has 't by kind.
 O woman, lovely woman fair!
 An angel form's fa'n to thy share,
 'T wad been o'er meikle to gien thee mair —
 I mean an angel mind.

THE DEIL'S AWA WI' TH' EXCISEMAN.

THE deil cam' fiddling thro' the town
 And danced awa wi' th' Exciseman,
 And ilka wife cries — "Auld Mahoun,
 I wish you luck o' the prize, man!"
 The deil 's awa, the deil 's awa,
 The deil 's awa wi' th' Exciseman;
 He 's danc'd awa, he 's danc'd awa,
 He 's danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman!

We'll mak our maut, we'll brew our drink,
 We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man;
 And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil,
 That danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
 There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
 But the ae best dance e'er cam to the land
 Was — the deil's awa wi' the Exciseman.

The deil's awa, the deil's awa,
 The deil's awa wi' th' Exciseman:
 He's danc'd awa, he's danc'd awa,
 He's danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman.

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

THE lovely lass o' Inverness
 Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
 For e'en and morn she cries, alas!
 And aye the saut tear blin's her e'e:
 Drumossie moor — Drumossie day —
 A waefu' day it was to me!
 For there I lost my father dear,
 My father dear, and brethren three.
 Their winding sheet the bluidy clay,
 Their graves are growing green to see:
 And by them lies the dearest lad
 That ever blest a woman's e'e!
 Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
 A bluidy man I trow thou be;
 For mony a heart thou hast made sair
 That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.

A RED, RED ROSE.

O, MY love's like a red, red rose,
 That's newly sprung in June:

O, my luvè 's like the melodie
 That 's sweetly play'd in tune.
 As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
 So deep in luvè am I:
 And I will luvè thee still, my dear,
 'Till a' the seas gang dry.
 'Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
 I will luvè thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.
 And fare thee weel, my only luvè!
 And fare thee weel a-while!
 And I will come again, my luvè,
 Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

JEANNIE'S BOSOM.

LOUIS, what reck I by thee,
 Or Geordie on his ocean?
 Dyor, beggar loons to me —
 I reign in Jeannie's bosom.
 Let her crown my love her law,
 And in her breast enthrone me:
 King and nations — swith, awa!
 Reif randies, I disown ye!

HAD I THE WYTE SHE BADE ME.

HAD I the wyte, had I the wyte,
 Had I the wyte she bade me;
 She watch'd me by the hie-gate side,
 And up the loan she shaw'd me;
 And when I wadna venture in,
 A coward loon she ca'd me;
 Had kirk and state been in the gate
 I lighted when she bade me.

Sae craftilie she took me ben,
 And bade me make nae clatter;
 "For our ramgunshoch, glum guidman
 Is o'er ayont the water:"

Whae'er shall say I wanted grace,
 When I did kiss and dawte her,
 Let him be planted in my place,
 Syne say I was a fautor.

Could I for shame, could I for shame,
 Could I for shame refus'd her?
 And wadna manhood been to blame
 Had I unkindly us'd her?
 He claw'd her wi' the ripplin-kame,
 And blae and bluidy bruise'd her;
 When sic a husband was frae hame
 What wife but wad excus'd her?

I dighted aye her een sae blue,
 And bann'd the cruel randy;
 And weel I wat her willing mou'
 Was e'en like sugar-candy.
 At gloamin-shot it was I trow,
 I lighted on the Monday;
 But I cam thro' the Tysday's dew,
 To wanton Willie's brandy.

COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

COMING through the rye, poor body,
 Coming through the rye,
 She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
 Coming through the rye.

Oh Jenny's a' wat, poor body,
 Jenny's seldom dry;
 She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
 Coming through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body —
 Coming through the rye,
 Gin a body kiss a body —
 Need a body cry?

Gin a body meet a body
 Coming through the glen,
 Gin a body kiss a body —
 Need the world ken?

Oh Jenny's a' wat, poor body;
 Jenny's seldom dry;
 She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
 Coming through the rye.

THE WINTER IT IS PAST.

THE winter it is past, and the summer's come at last,
 And the little birds sing on ev'ry tree;
 Now every thing is glad, while I am very sad,
 Since my true love is parted from me.

The rose upon the brier, by the waters running clear,
 May have charms for the linnet or the bee;
 Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,
 But my true love is parted from me.

My love is like the sun, in the firmament does run,
 For ever is constant and true;
 But his is like the moon, that wanders up and down,
 And is every month changing a new.

All you that are in love, and cannot it remove,
 I pity the pains you endure:
 For experience makes me know that your hearts are full o' woe,
 A woe that no mortal can cure.

YOUNG JAMIE, PRIDE OF A' THE PLAIN.

YOUNG Jamie, pride of a' the plain,
 Sae gallant and sae gay a swain,
 Thro' a' our lasses he did rove,
 And reign'd resistless king of love;
 But now wi' sighs and starting tears,
 He strays among the woods and briers;
 Or in the glens and rocky caves,
 His sad complaining dowie raves.

I wha sae late did range and rove,
 And chang'd with every moon my love,
 I little thought the time was near
 Repentance I should buy sae dear:
 The slighted maids my torments see,
 And laugh at a' the pangs I dree;
 While she, my cruel, scornfu' Fair,
 Forbids me e'er to see her mair!

OUT OVER THE FORTH.

OUT over the Forth I look to the north,
 But what is the north and its Highlands to me?
 The south nor the east gie ease to my breast,
 The far foreign land, or the wild-rolling sea.

But I look to the west, when I gae to rest,
 That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be;
 For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,
 The lad that is dear to my babie and me.

THE LASS OF ECCLEFECHAN.

GAT ye me, O gat ye me,
 O gat ye me wi' naething?
 Rock and reel, and spinnin' wheel,
 A mickle quarter basin.

Bye attour, my gutcher has
 A hich house and a laigh ane,
 A' for bye, my bonnie sel',
 The toss of Ecclefechan.

 O haud your tongue now, Luckie Laing,
 O haud your tongue and jauner;
 I held the gate till you I met,
 Syne I began to wander:
 I tint my whistle and my sang,
 I tint my peace and pleasure;
 But your green graff, now, Luckie Laing,
 Wad airt me to my treasure.

THE COOPER O' CUDDIE.

THE cooper o' Cuddie cam' here awa;
 He ca'd the girrs out owre us a' —
 And our gude-wife has gotten a ca'
 That anger'd the silly guid-man, O.

 We 'll hide the cooper behind the door,
 Behind the door, behind the door,
 We 'll hide the cooper behind the door,
 And cover him under a mawn, O.

 He sought them out, he sought them in,
 Wi', deil hae her! and, deil hae him!
 But the body he was sae doited and blin',
 He wist na where he was gaun, O.

 They cooper'd at e'en, they cooper'd at morn,
 'Till our guid-man has gotten the scorn;
 On ilka brow she 's planted a horn,
 And swears that there they shall stan', O.

 We 'll hide the cooper behind the door,
 Behind the door, behind the door;
 We 'll hide the cooper behind the door,
 And cover him under a mawn, O.

FOR THE SAKE OF SOMEBODY.

My heart is sair — I dare na tell —

My heart is sair for Somebody;

I could wake a winter night

For the sake o' Somebody.

Oh-hon! for Somebody!

Oh-hey! for Somebody!

I could range the world around,

For the sake o' Somebody!

Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love,

O, sweetly smile on Somebody!

Frae ilka danger keep him free,

And send me safe my Somebody.

Oh-hon! for Somebody!

Oh-hey! for Somebody!

I wad do — what wad I not?

For the sake o' Somebody!

THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED TO ME.

WHEN Januar' wind was blawing cauld,

As to the north I took my way.

The mirksome night did me enfauld,

I knew na where to lodge till day.

By my good luck a maid I met,

Just in the middle o' my care;

And kindly she did me invite

To walk into a chamber fair.

I bow'd fu' low, unto this maid,

And thank'd her for her courtesie;

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,

And bade her mak a bed for me.

She made the bed baith large and wide,

Wi' twa white hands she spread it down;

She put the cup to her rosy lips,
And drank, "Young man, now sleep ye soun'."

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,
And frae my chamber went wi' speed;
But I call'd her quickly back again
To lay some mair below my head.

A cod she laid below my head,
And served me wi' due respect;
And, to salute her wi' a kiss,
I put my arms about her neck.

"Haud off your hands, young man," she says,
"And dinna sae uncivil be:
Gif ye hae onie love for me,
O wrang na my virginitie!"

Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
Her teeth were like the ivorie;
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
The lass that made the bed to me.

Her bosom was the driven snaw,
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see;
Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,
The lass that made the bed to me.

I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
And aye she wist na what to say,
I laid her between me and the wa' —
The lassie thought na lang till day.

Upon the morrow when we rase,
I thank'd her for her courtesie;
But aye she blush'd, and aye she sigh'd,
And said, "Alas! ye've ruin'd me."

I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne,
While the tear stood twinkling in her e'e;
I said, "My lassie, dinna cry,
For ye aye shall mak the bed to me."

She took her mither's Holland sheets,
 And made them a' in sarks to me:
 Blythe and merry may she be,
 The lass that made the bed to me.

The bonnie lass made the bed to me,
 The braw lass made the bed to me;
 I'll ne'er forget, till the day I die,
 The lass that made the bed to me!

SAE FAR AWA.

O, SAD and heavy should I part,
 But for her sake sae far awa;
 Unknowing what my way may thwart,
 My native land sae far awa.
 Thou that of a' things Maker art,
 That form'd this Fair sae far awa,
 Gie body strength, then I'll ne'er start
 At this my way sae far awa.

How true is love to pure desert,
 So love to her, sae far awa:
 And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,
 While, oh! she is sae far awa.
 Nane other love, nane other dart,
 I feel but her's, sae far awa;
 But fairer never touch'd a heart
 Than her's, the Fair sae far awa.

THE MIRK NIGHT O' DECEMBER.

O MAY, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet
 As the mirk night o' December,
 For sparkling was the rosy wine,
 And private was the chamber:

And dear was she, I dare na name,
 But I will aye remember.
 And dear was she I dare na name,
 But I will aye remember.

And here 's to them, that, like oursel,
 Can push about the jorum;
 And here 's to them that wish us weel,
 May a' that 's guid watch o'er them!
 And here 's to them, we dare na tell,
 The dearest o' the quorum.
 And here 's to them, we dare na tell,
 The dearest o' the quorum!

LOVELY POLLY STEWART.

O LOVELY Polly Stewart!
 O charming Polly Stewart!
 There 's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
 That 's half sae fair as thou art.
 The flower it blows, it fades and fa's,
 And art can ne'er renew it;
 But worth and truth eternal youth
 Will gi'e to Polly Stewart.

May he whose arms shall fauld thy charms,
 Possess a leal and true heart;
 To him be given to ken the heaven
 He grasps in Polly Stewart.
 O lovely Polly Stewart!
 O charming Polly Stewart!
 There 's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
 That 's half so sweet as thou art.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE bonniest lad that e'er I saw,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Wore a plaid, and was fu' braw,
 Bonnie Highland laddie.
 On his head a bonnet blue,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
 His royal heart was firm and true,
 Bonnie Highland laddie.
 Trumpets sound, and cannons roar,
 Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie;
 And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,
 Bonnie Lawland lassie.
 Glory, honour, now invite,
 Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
 For freedom and my king to fight,
 Bonnie Lawland lassie.
 The sun a backward course shall take,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
 Ere aught thy manly courage shake,
 Bonnie Highland laddie.
 Go! for yoursel procure renown,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
 And for your lawful king, his crown,
 Bonnie Highland laddie.

ANNA, THY CHARMS.

ANNA, thy charms my bosom fire,
 And 'press my soul with care;
 But, ah! how bootless to admire,
 When fated to despair!
 Yet in thy presence, lovely fair,
 To hope may be forgiv'n;
 For sure 't were impious to despair,
 So much in sight of Heav'n.

CASSILLIS' BANKS.

Now bank an' brae are claith'd in green,
 An' scatter'd cowslips sweetly spring;
 By Girvan's fairy-haunted stream
 The birdies flit on wanton wing.
 To Cassillis' banks when e'ning fa's,
 There wi' my Mary let me flee,
 There catch her ilka glance of love,
 The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e!

The chield wha boasts o' warld's walth
 Is aften laird o' meikle care;
 But Mary she is a' mine ain —
 Ah! fortune canna gie me mair!
 Then let me range by Cassillis' banks,
 Wi' her, the lassie dear to me,
 And catch her ilka glance o' love,
 The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e!

BANNOCKS O' BARLEY.

Bannocks o' bear meal,
 Bannocks o' barley;
 Here 's to the Highlandman's
 Bannocks o' barley.
 Wha in a brulzie,
 Will first cry a parley?
 Never the lads wi'
 The bannocks o' barley!

Bannocks o' bear meal,
 Bannocks o' barley;
 Here 's to the Highlandman's
 Bannocks o' barley!
 Wha in his wae-days
 Were loyal to Charlie?
 Wha but the lads wi'
 The bannocks o' barley?

HEE BALOU.

HEE balou! my sweet wee Donald,
 Picture o' the great Clanronald;
 Brawlie kens our wanton chief
 Wha got my young Highland thief.

Leeze me on thy bonnie craigie
 An' thou live, thou 'll steal a naigie:
 Travel the country thro' and thro',
 And bring hame a Carlisle cow.

Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the border,
 Weel, my babie, may thou funder:
 Herry the louns o' the laigh countrie,
 Syne to the Highlands hame to me.

WAE IS MY HEART.

WAE is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e;
 Lang, lang, joy 's been a stranger to me:
 Forsaken and friendless, my burden I bear,
 And the sweet voice o' pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

Love, thou hast pleasures, and deep hae I lov'd:
 Love, thou hast sorrows, and sair hae I prov'd;
 But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
 I can feel by its throbbings will soon be at rest.

O, if I were, where happy I hae been,
 Down by yon stream, and yon bonnie castle-green;
 For there he is wand'ring, and musing on me,
 Wha wad soon dry the tear frae his Phillis's e'e.

HERE 'S HIS HEALTH IN WATER.

ALTHO' my back be at the wa',
 And tho' he be the fautor;
 Altho' my back be at the wa',
 Yet, here 's his health in water!

O! wae gae by his wanton sides,
 Sae brawlie 's he could flatter;
 Till for his sake I 'm slighted sair,
 And dree the kintra clatter.
 But tho' my back be at the wa',
 And tho' he be the fautor;
 But tho' my back be at the wa',
 Yet, here 's his health in water!

MY PEGGY'S FACE.

My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,
 The frost of hermit age might warm;
 My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,
 Might charm the first of human kind.
 I love my Peggy's angel air,
 Her face so truly, heav'nly fair,
 Her native grace so void of art,
 But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
 The kindling lustre of an eye;
 Who but owns their magic sway!
 Who but knows they all decay!
 The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
 The gen'rous purpose, nobly dear,
 The gentle look, that rage disarms —
 These are all immortal charms.

GLOOMY DECEMBER.

ANCE mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December!
 Ance mair I hail thee, wi' sorrow and care;
 Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
 Parting wi' Nancy, oh! ne'er to meet mair.

Fond lovers' parting is sweet painful pleasure,
 Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;
 But the dire feeling, oh farewell for ever!
 Is anguish unmingl'd, and agony pure.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
 'Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown,
 Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
 Since my last hope and last comfort is gone!
 Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
 Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
 For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
 Parting wi' Nancy, oh! ne'er to meet mair.

MY LADY'S GOWN, THERE 'S GAIRS UPON 'T.

CHORUS.

My lady's gown, there 's gairs upon 't,
 And gowden flowers sae rare upon 't;
 But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
 My lord thinks meikle mair upon 't.

My lord a-hunting he is gane,
 But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane;
 By Colin's cottage lies his game,
 If Colin's Jenny be at hame.

My lady's white, my lady's red,
 And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude;
 But her ten-pund lands o' tocher guid
 Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.

Out o'er yon muir, out o'er yon moss,
 Whare gor-cocks thro' the heather pass,
 There wons auld Colin's bonnie lass,
 A lily in a wilderness.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
 Like music-notes o' lovers' hymns:

The diamond dew in her een sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.

My lady's dink, my lady's drest,
The flower and fancy o' the west;
But the lassie that a man lo'es best,
O that 's the lass to mak' him blest.

My lady's gown, there 's gairs upon 't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon 't;
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My lord thinks meikle mair upon 't.

AMANG THE TREES WHERE HUMMING BEES.

AMANG the trees, where humming bees
At buds and flowers were hinging, O,
Auld Caledon drew out her drone,
And to her pipe was singing, O;
'T was pibroch, sang, strathspey, or reels,
She dirl'd them aff fu' clearly, O,
When there cam a yell o' foreign squeels,
That dang her tapsalteerie, O.

Their capon craws and queer ha ha's,
They made our lugs grow eerie, O;
The hungry bike did scrape and pike,
'Till we were wae and weary, O;
But a royal ghaist wha ance was cas'd
A prisoner aughteen year awa,
He fir'd a fiddler in the north
That dang them tapsalteerie, O.

 THE GOWDEN LOCKS OF ANNA.

YESTREEN I had a pint o' wine,
 A place where body saw na';
 Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
 The gowden locks of Anna.
 The hungry Jew in wilderness,
 Rejoicing o'er his manna,
 Was naething to my hinny bliss
 Upon the lips of Anna.
 Ye monarchs tak' the east and west,
 Frae Indus to Savannah!
 Gi'e me within my straining grasp
 The melting form of Anna.
 There I'll despise imperial charms,
 An empress or sultana,
 While dying raptures in her arms
 I give and take with Anna!
 Awa', thou flaunting god o' day!
 Awa', thou pale Diana!
 Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray,
 When I'm to meet my Anna.
 Come, in thy raven plumage, night!
 Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a';
 And bring an angel pen to write
 My transports wi' my Anna!

 POSTSCRIPT.

The Kirk and State may join, and tell
 To do such things I maunna:
 The Kirk and State may gae to h—ll,
 And I'll gae to my Anna.
 She is the sunshine o' my e'e, —
 To live but her I canna;
 Had I on earth but wishes three,
 The first should be my Anna.

HERE 'S TO THY HEALTH, MY BONNIE LASS.

HERE 's to thy health, my bonnie lass,

Guid night, and joy be wi' thee;

I'll come nae mair to thy bower-door,

To tell thee that I lo'e thee.

O dinna think, my pretty pink,

But I can live without thee:

I vow and swear, I dinna care,

How lang ye look about ye.

Thou'rt aye sae free informing me

Thou hast nae mind to marry;

I'll be as free informing thee

Nae time hae I to tarry.

I ken thy friends try ilka means

Frae wedlock to delay thee;

Depending on some higher chance —

But fortune may betray thee.

I ken they scorn my low estate,

But that does never grieve me;

But I'm as free as any he,

Sma' siller will relieve me.

I'll count my health my greatest wealth,

Sae long as I'll enjoy it:

I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,

As lang's I get employment.

But far off fowls hae feathers fair,

And aye until ye try them:

Tho' they seem fair, still have a care,

They may prove waur than I am.

But at twal at night, when the moon shines bright,

My dear, I'll come and see thee;

For the man that lo'es his mistress weel

Nae travel makes him weary.

O STEER HER UP.

O STEER her up and haud her gaun —

Her mither's at the mill, jo;

An' gin she winna tak' a man,

E'en let her tak' her will, jo :

First shore her wi' a kindly kiss,

And ca' anither gill, jo,

And gin she tak' the thing amiss,

E'en let her flyte her fill, jo.

O steer her up, and be na blate,

An' gin she tak' it ill, jo,

Then lea'e the lassie till her fate,

And time nae langer spill, jo :

Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute,

But think upon it still, jo;

That gin the lassie winna do't,

Ye 'll fin' anither will, jo.

O AYE MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.

O AYE my wife she dang me,

An' aft my wife did bang me,

If ye gie a woman a' her will,

Gude faith, she 'll soon o'er-gang ye.

On peace and rest my mind was bent,

And fool I was I married;

But never honest man's intent

As cursedly miscarried.

Some sairie comfort still at last,

When a' their days are done, man;

My pains o' hell on earth are past,

I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man.

O aye my wife she dang me,

And aft my wife did bang me,

If ye gie a woman a' her will,

Gude faith, she 'll soon o'er-gang ye.

OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

OH, wert thou in the cauld blast
 On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
 My plaidie to the angry airt,
 I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee:
 Or did misfortune's bitter storms
 Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
 Thy bield should be my bosom,
 To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
 Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare,
 The desert were a paradise,
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there:
 Or were I monarch o' the globe,
 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
 The brightest jewel in my crown
 Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

O WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME.

O WHA is she that lo'es me,
 And has my heart a-keeping?
 O sweet is she that lo'es me,
 As dews o' simmer weeping,
 In tears the rose-buds steeping!

CHORUS.

O that 's the lassie o' my heart,
 My lassie ever dearer;
 O that 's the queen of womankind,
 And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie,
 In grace and beauty charming,
 That e'en thy chosen lassie,

Erewhile thy breast sae warming,
 Had ne'er sic powers alarming,
 O that 's, &c.

If thou hadst heard her talking,
 And thy attentions plighted,
 That ilka body talking,
 But her by thee is slighted,
 And thou art all delighted;
 O that 's, &c.

If thou hast met this fair one;
 When frae her thou hast parted,
 If every other fair one,
 But her, thou hast deserted,
 And thou art broken-hearted;

O that 's the lassie o' my heart,
 My lassie ever dearer;
 O that 's the queen o' womankind,
 And ne'er a ane to peer her.

CALEDONIA.

THERE was once a day — but all Time then was young —
 That brave Caledonia, the chief of her line,
 From some of your northern deities sprung,
 (Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine?)
 From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,
 To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would:
 Her heav'nly relations there fixed her reign,
 And pledg'd her their godheads to warrant it good.

A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,
 The pride of her kindred the heroine grew:
 Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore,
 "Whoe'er shall provoke thee th' encounter shall rue!"
 With tillage or pasture at times she would sport
 To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn;

But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort,
 Her darling amusement the hounds and the horn.
 Long quiet she reign'd; till thitherward steers
 A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand:
 Repeated, successive, for many long years,
 They darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the land:
 Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,
 They 'd conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside;
 She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly —
 The daring invaders they fled or they died.
 The fell Harpy-raven took wing from the north,
 The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the shore!
 The wild Scandinavian boar issu'd forth
 To wanton in carnage, and wallow in gore;
 O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd,
 No arts could appease them, no arms could repel;
 But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,
 As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell.
 The Cameleon-savage disturb'd her repose,
 With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife;
 Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose,
 And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life:
 The Anglian lion, the terror of France,
 Oft prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver flood:
 But, taught by the bright Caledonian lance,
 He learned to fear in his own native wood.
 Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free,
 Her bright course of glory for ever shall run:
 For brave Caledonia immortal must be;
 I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun:
 Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll choose,
 The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base;
 But brave Caledonia's the hypothenuse;
 Then, ergo, she'll match them and match them always.

O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

O LAY thy loof in mine, lass,
 In mine, lass, in mine, lass;
 And swear on thy white hand, lass,
 That thou wilt be my ain.

A slave to love's unbounded sway,
 He aft has wrought me meikle wae;
 But now he is my deadly fae,
 Unless thou be my ain.

There's monie a lass has broke my rest,
 That for a blink I hae lo'ed best;
 But thou art queen within my breast,
 For ever to remain.

O lay thy loof in mine, lass,
 In mine, lass, in mine, lass;
 And swear on thy white hand, lass,
 That thou wilt be my ain.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWA.

HERE's a health to them that's awa,
 Here's a health to them that's awa;
 And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
 May never guid luck be their fa'!
 It's guid to be merry and wise,
 It's guid to be honest and true,
 It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
 And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
 Here's a health to them that's awa,
 Here's a health to Charlie the chief of the clan,
 Altho' that his band be but sma'.
 May liberty meet wi' success!
 May prudence protect her frae evil!
 May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
 And wander their way to the devil!

Here 's a health to them that 's awa,
 Here 's a health to them that 's awa;
 Here 's a health to Tammie the Norland laddie,
 That lives at the lug o' the law!
 Here 's freedom to him that wad read,
 Here 's freedom to him that wad write!
 There 's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard
 But they wham the truth wad indite.

Here 's a health to them that 's awa,
 Here 's a health to them that 's awa,
 Here 's Chieftain M'Leod, a chieftain worth gowd,
 Tho' bred amang mountains o' snaw!
 Here 's a health to them that 's awa,
 Here 's a health to them that 's awa;
 And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
 May never guid luck be their fa'!

MEG O' THE MILL.

O ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten,
 An' ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten?
 A braw new naig wi' the tail o' a rottan,
 And that 's what Meg o' the mill has gotten.
 O ken ye what Meg o' the mill lo'es dearly,
 An' ken ye what Meg o' the mill lo'es dearly?
 A dram o' guid strunt in a morning early,
 And that 's what Meg o' the mill lo'es dearly.
 O ken ye how Meg o' the mill was married,
 And ken ye how Meg o' the mill was married?
 The priest he was oxt'er'd, the clerk he was carried,
 And that 's how Meg o' the mill was married.
 O ken ye how Meg o' the mill was bedded,
 An' ken ye how Meg o' the mill was bedded?
 The groom gat sae fou, he fell twa-fauld beside it,
 And that 's how Meg o' the mill was bedded.

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
 Then let the louns beware, Sir;
 There's wooden walls upon our seas,
 And volunteers on shore, Sir.
 The Nith shall rin to Corsincon,
 The Criffel sink in Solway,
 Ere we permit a foreign foe
 On British ground to rally!

We'll ne'er permit a foreign foe
 On British ground to rally.

O let us not, like snarling curs,
 In wrangling be divided;
 Till, slap! come in an unco loun,
 And wi' a rung decide it.
 Be Britain still to Britain true,
 Amang oursels united;
 For never but by British hands
 Maun British wrangs be righted!
 For ne'er, &c.

The kettle o' the kirk and state,
 Perhaps a clout may fail in't;
 But deil a foreign tinkler loun
 Shall ever ca' a nail in't.
 Our fathers' bluid the kettle bought;
 And wha wad dare to spoil it?
 By heavens! the sacrilegious dog
 Shall fuel be to boil it!
 By Heavens, &c.

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
 And the wretch, his true-sworn brother,
 Wha would set the mob aboon the throne,
 May they be damn'd together!

Wha will not sing, "God save the King,"
 Shall hang as high 's the steeple;
 But while we sing, "God save the King,"
 We 'll ne'er forget the People.
 But while we sing, &c.

THE WINTER OF LIFE.

BUT lately seen in gladsome green,
 The woods rejoic'd the day;
 Thro' gentle showers the laughing flowers
 In double pride were gay:
 But now our joys are fled
 On winter blasts awa!
 Yet maiden May, in rich array,
 Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow, nae kindly thowe,
 Shall melt the snaws of age;
 My trunk of eild, but buss or bield,
 Sinks in Time's wintry rage.
 Oh! age has weary days,
 And nights o' sleepless pain!
 Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,
 Why com'st thou not again?

TO MARY.

COULD aught of song declare my pains,
 Could artful numbers move thee,
 The muse should tell, in labour'd strains,
 O Mary, how I love thee!
 They who but feign a wounded heart
 May teach the lyre to languish;
 But what avails the pride of art,
 When wastes the soul with anguish?

Then let the sudden bursting sigh
 The heart-felt pang discover;
 And in the keen, yet tender, eye,
 O read th' imploring lover.
 For well I know thy gentle mind
 Disdains art's gay disguising;
 Beyond what fancy e'er refin'd,
 The voice of nature prizing.

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

OH! I am come to the low countrie,
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
 Without a penny in my purse,
 To buy a meal to me.

It was na sae in the Highland hills,
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
 Nae woman in the country wide
 Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye,
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
 Feeding on yon hills so high,
 And giving milk to me.

And there I had three score o' yowes,
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
 Skipping on yon bonnie knowes,
 And casting woo' to me.

I was the happiest of a' the clan,
 Sair, sair may I repine;
 For Donald was the brawest man,
 And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie Steuart cam' at last,
 Sae far to set us free;
 My Donald's arm was wanted then
 For Scotland and for me.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell,
 Right to the wrang did yield:
 My Donald and his Country fell
 Upon Culloden-field.

Ochon, O, Donald, Oh!
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
 Nae woman in the world wide
 Sae wretched now as me.

BONNIE PEG-A-RAMSAY.

CAULD is the e'enin' blast
 O' Boreas o'er the pool,
 And dawin' it is dreary
 When birks are bare at Yule.

O cauld blaws the e'enin' blast
 When bitter bites the frost,
 And in the mirk and dreary drift
 The hills and glens are lost.

Ne'er sae murky blew the night
 That drifted o'er the hill,
 But bonnie Peg-a-Ramsay
 Gat grist to her mill.

THERE WAS A BONNIE LASS.

AN UNFINISHED SKETCH.

THERE was a bonnie lass,
 And a bonnie, bonnie lass,
 And she lo'ed her bonnie laddie dear,
 Till war's loud alarms
 Tore her laddie frae her arms,
 Wi' mony a sigh and a tear.

Over sea, over shore,
 Where the cannons loudly roar,
 He still was a stranger to fear;
 And nocht could him quail,
 Or his bosom assail,
 But the bonnie lass he lo'ed sae dear.

MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O.

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star
 Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo;
 And owsen frae the furrow'd field
 Return sae dowf and weary, O;
 Down by the burn, where scented birks
 Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo;
 I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O!

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
 I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O;
 If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
 My ain kind dearie, O!
 Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,
 And I were ne'er sae wearie, O,
 I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O!

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
 To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
 At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
 Along the burn to steer, my jo;
 Gie me the hour o' gloamin grey,
 It maks my heart sae cheery O,
 To meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O!

WILL YOU GO TO THE INDIES, MY MARY?

TO MARY CAMPBELL.

WILL ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore?

Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across th' Atlantic's roar?

O sweet grows the lime and the orange,
And the apple on the pine;
But a' the charms o' the Indies
Can never equal thine.

I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,
I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true;
And sae may the Heavens forget me,
When I forget my vow!

O plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your lily-white hand;
O plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,
In mutual affection to join;
And curst be the cause that shall part us!
The hour and the moment o' time!

MY WIFE 'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

SHE is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer;
Aneist my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonnie wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The world's wrack we share o't,
 The warstle and the care o't;
 Wi' her I'll blythly bear it,
 And think my lot divine.

BONNIE LESLEY.

O SAW ye bonnie Lesley,
 As she gaed o'er the border?
 She's gane, like Alexander,
 To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
 And love but her for ever;
 For Nature made her what she is,
 And never made anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
 Thy subjects we, before thee:
 Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
 The hearts o' men adore thee.

The Deil he could na scaith thee,
 Nor aught that wad belang thee;
 He'd look into thy bonnie face,
 And say, "I canna wrang thee."

The powers aboon will tent thee;
 Misfortune sha' na steer thee:
 Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,
 That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
 Return to Caledonie!
 That we may brag we hae a lass
 There's nane again sae bonnie.

HIGHLAND MARY.

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie!
 There simmer first unfaulds her robes,
 And there the langest tarry;
 For there I took the last fareweel
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk!
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom!
 As underneath their fragrant shade,
 I clasp'd her to my bosom!
 The golden hours, on angel wings,
 Flew o'er me and my dearie;
 For dear to me, as light and life,
 Was my sweet Highland Mary!

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
 Our parting was fu' tender;
 And, pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore oursels asunder;
 But, oh! fell Death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flower sae early! —
 Now green 's the sod, and cauld 's the clay,
 That wraps my Highland Mary!

Oh pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
 And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance
 That dwelt on me sae kindly!
 And mouldering now in silent dust
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly —
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary!

AULD ROB MORRIS.

THERE's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
 He's the king o' guid fellows and wale of auld men;
 He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,
 And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
 She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;
 As blythe and as artless as lambs on the lea,
 And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But oh! she's an heiress, — auld Robin's a laird,
 And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard;
 A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed;
 The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
 The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane:
 I wander my lane like a night-troubl'd ghaist,
 And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O had she but been of a lower degree,
 I then might hae hop'd she'd hae smil'd upon me!
 O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
 As now my distraction no words can express!

DUNCAN GRAY.

DUNCAN Gray cam' here to woo,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 On blythe yule night when we were fou,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Maggie coost her head fu' high,
 Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
 Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd;

Ha, ha, the wooing o't;

Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,

Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',

Spak' o' lowpin o'er a linn;

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide;

Ha, ha, the wooing o't;

Slighted love is sair to bide;

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,

For a haughty hizzie die?

She may gae to — France for me!

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes let doctors tell;

Ha, ha, the wooing o't;

Meg grew sick — as he grew heal;

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Something in her bosom wrings,

For relief a sigh she brings;

And O, her een, they spak sic things!

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace;

Ha, ha, the wooing o't;

Maggie's was a piteous case;

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan could na be her death,

Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;

Now they're crouse and canty baith;

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

GALLA WATER.

THERE 's braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
 That wander thro' the blooming heather!
 But Yarrow braes nor Ettrick shaws
 Can match the lads o' Galla Water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
 Aboon them a' I lo'e him better;
 And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
 The bonnie lad o' Galla Water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
 And tho' I hae nae meikle tocher;
 Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
 We'll tent our flocks by Galla Water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
 That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
 The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
 O that's the chiefest warld's treasure!

LORD GREGORY.

O MIRK, mirk is this midnight hour,
 And loud the tempest's roar;
 A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tow'r
 Lord Gregory, ope thy door!

An exile frae her father's ha',
 And a' for loving thee;
 At least some pity on me shaw,
 If love it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
 By bonnie Irwin-side,
 Where first I own'd that virgin-love
 I lang, lang had denied?

How aften didst thou pledge and vow
 Thou wad for aye be mine;
 And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,
 It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
 And flinty is thy breast —
 Thou dart of heaven that flashest by,
 O wilt thou give me rest!

Ye mustering thunders from above,
 Your willing victim see!
 But spare, and pardon my fause love,
 His wrangs to heaven and me!

MARY MORISON.

O MARY, at thy window be,
 It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!
 Those smiles and glances let me see
 That make the miser's treasure poor:
 How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
 A weary slave frae sun to sun;
 Could I the rich reward secure,
 The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string,
 The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
 To thee my fancy took its wing,
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
 Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
 And yon the toast of a' the town,
 I sigh'd, and said, amang them a',
 "Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
 Or canst thou break that heart of his
 Whase only faut is loving thee?

If love for love thou wilt na gie,
 At least be pity to me shown;
 A thought ungentle canna be
 The thought o' Mary Morison.

WANDERING WILLIE.

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
 Now tired with wandering, haud awa hame;
 Come to my bosom, my ae only dearie,
 And tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.
 Loud blew the cauld winter winds at our parting;
 It was na the blast brought the tear in my e'e:
 Now welcome the simmer, and welcome my Willie,
 The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.
 Ye hurricanes, rest in the cave o' your slumbers!
 O how your wild horrors a lover alarms!
 Awaken, ye breezes, row gently, ye billows,
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.
 But if he's forgotten his faithfulest Nannie,
 O still flow between us, thou wide roaring main;
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH!

OH, open the door, some pity to show,
 Oh, open the door to me, Oh!
 Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
 Oh, open the door to me, Oh!
 Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
 But caulder thy love for me, Oh!
 The frost that freezes the life at my heart
 Is nought to my pains frae thee, Oh!

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
 And time is setting with me, Oh!
 False friends, false love, farewell! for mair
 I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, Oh!
 She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide;
 She sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh!
 My true love! she cried, and sank down by his side,
 Never to rise again, Oh!

YOUNG JESSIE.

TRUE-hearted was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,
 And fair are the maids on the banks o' the Ayr,
 But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river,
 Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair:
 To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all over;
 To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain;
 Grace, beauty, and elegance, fetter her lover
 And maidenly modesty fixes the chain
 O, fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning,
 And sweet is the lily at evening close;
 But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,
 Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
 Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring;
 Enthron'd in her een he delivers his law
 And still to her charms she alone is a stranger—
 Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'!

THE POOR AND HONEST SODGER.

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
 And gentle peace returning,
 Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
 And mony a widow mourning;
 I left the lines and tented field,
 Where lang I'd been a lodger,

My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor and honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder,
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonny glen
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted:
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom!
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain wad be thy lodger;
I've serv'd my king and country lang —
Take pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier was than ever;
Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never:
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it,
That gallant badge — the dear cockade —
Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd— she reddened like a rose —
 Syne pale like ony lily;
 She sank within my arms, and cried
 Art thou my ain dear Willie?
 By Him who made yon sun and sky —
 By whom true love 's regarded,
 I am the man; and thus may still
 True lovers be rewarded!

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
 And find thee still true-hearted;
 Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
 And mair we'se ne'er be parted.
 Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,
 A mailen plenish'd fairly;
 And come, my faithful sodger lad,
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
 The farmer ploughs the manor;
 But glory is the sodger's prize,
 The sodger's wealth is honour:
 The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
 Nor count him as a stranger;
 Remember he 's his country's stay
 In day and hour of danger.

BLYTHE HAE I BEEN.

BLYTHE hae I been on yon hill,
 As the lambs before me;
 Careless ilka thought and free,
 As the breeze flew o'er me.
 Now nae langer sport and play,
 Mirth or sang can please me;
 Lesley is sae fair and coy,
 Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy is the task,
 Hopeless love declaring:
 Trembling, I dow nocht but glow'r,
 Sighing, dumb, despairing!
 If she winna ease the thraws
 In my bosom swelling;
 Underneath the grass-green sod,
 Soon maun be my dwelling.

LOGAN BRAES.

O LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide
 That day I was my Willie's bride!
 And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,
 Like Logan to the simmer sun.
 But now thy flow'ry banks appear
 Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes!

Again the merry month o' May
 Has made our hills and valleys gay;
 The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
 The bees hum round the breathing flowers:
 Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,
 And evening's tears are tears of joy:
 My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush
 Amang her nestlings sits the thrush;
 Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
 Or wi' his song her cares beguile:
 But I, wi' my sweet nurslings here,
 Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
 Pass widow'd nights, and joyless days,
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O wae upon you, men o' state,
 That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
 As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,
 Sae may it on your heads return!
 How can your flinty hearts enjoy
 The widow's tears, the orphan's cry?
 But soon may peace bring happy days
 And Willie hame to Logan braes!

THERE WAS A LASS, AND SHE WAS FAIR.

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,
 At kirk and market to be seen,
 When a' the fairest maids were met,
 The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.

And aye she wrought her mammie's wark,
 And aye she sang sae merrilie:
 The blithest bird upon the bush
 Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
 That bless the little lintwhite's nest.
 And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
 And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
 The flower and pride of a' the glen;
 And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
 And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
 He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down;
 And, lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
 Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream,
 The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en;
 So trembling, pure, was tender love
 Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
 And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;
 Yet wist na what her ail might be,
 Or what wad mak her weel again.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
 And did na joy blink in her e'e,
 As Robie tauld a tale o' love
 Ae e'enin' on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
 The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
 His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
 And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:

"O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
 O canst thou think to fancy me?
 Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
 And learn to tent the farms wi' me?"

"At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
 Or naething else to trouble thee;
 But stray amang the heather-bells,
 And tent the waving corn wi' me."

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
 She had nae will to say him na:
 At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
 And love was aye between them twa.

PHILLIS THE FAIR.

WHILE larks with little wing
 Fann'd the pure air,
 Tasting the breathing spring,
 Forth I did fare:
 Gay the sun's golden eye
 Peep'd o'er the mountains high;
 Such thy morn! did I cry,
 Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song,
 Glad did I share;
 While yon wild flowers among,
 Chance led me there:
 Sweet to the opening day,
 Rosebuds bent the dewy spray;
 Such thy bloom! did I say,
 Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk
 Doves cooing were;
 I mark'd the cruel hawk
 Caught in a snare:
 So kind may fortune be,
 Such make his destiny!
 He who would injure thee,
 Phillis the fair.

HAD I A CAVE.

HAD I a cave on some wild, distant shore,
 Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar;
 There would I weep my woes,
 There seek my lost repose,
 Till grief my eyes should close,
 Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of womankind, canst thou declare
 All thy fond plighted vows — fleeting as air!
 To thy new lover hie,
 Laugh o'er thy perjury,
 Then in thy bosom try
 What peace is there!

BY ALLAN STREAM.

BY Allan stream I chanc'd to rove
 While Phœbus sank beyond Benledi;
 The winds were whispering through the grove,
 The yellow corn was waving ready:
 I listen'd to a lover's sang,
 And thought on youthfu' pleasures many;
 And aye the wild wood echoes rang —
 O dearly do I love thee, Annie!
 O, happy be the woodbine bower,
 Nae nightly bogle make it eerie;
 Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
 The place and time I met my dearie!
 Her head upon my throbbing breast,
 She, sinking, said "I'm thine for ever!"
 While mony a kiss the seal imprest,
 The sacred vow, — we ne'er should sever.
 The haunt o' spring's the primrose brae,
 The simmer joys the flocks to follow;
 How cheery, thro' her shortening day,
 Is autumn, in her weeds o' yellow!
 But can they melt the glowing heart,
 Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure,
 Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart,
 Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure?

ADOWN WINDING NITH.

ADOWN winding Nith I did wander,
 To mark the sweet flowers as they spring;
 Adown winding Nith I did wander,
 Of Phillis to muse and to sing.
 Awa wi' your belles and your beauties,
 They never wi' her can compare:

Whoever has met wi' my Phillis!
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

The daisy amus'd my fond fancy,
So artless, so simple, so wild;
Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis,
For she is simplicity's child.

The rose-bud 's the blush o' my charmer,
Her sweet balmy lip when 't is prest:
How fair and how pure is the lily,
But fairer and purer her breast!

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie:
Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine,
Its dew-drop o' diamond, her eye.

Her voice is the song of the morning,
That wakes thro' the green-spreading grove,
When Phœbus peeps over the mountains,
On music, and pleasure, and love.

But beauty how frail and how fleeting,
The bloom of a fine summer's day!
While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
Will flourish without a decay.

Awa wi' your belles and your beauties,
They never wi' her can compare:
Whoever has met wi' my Phillis
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

COME, LET ME TAKE THEE.

COME, let me take thee to my breast,
And pledge we ne'er shall sunder;
And I shall spurn as vilest dust
The world's wealth and grandeur:

And do I hear my Jeanie own
 That equal transports move her?
 I ask for dearest life alone
 That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
 I clasp my countless treasure;
 I'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share,
 Than sic a moment's pleasure:
 And by thy een, sae bonnie blue,
 I swear I'm thine for ever!
 And on thy lips I seal my vow,
 And break it shall I never!

DAINTY DAVIE.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
 To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers;
 And now comes in my happy hours,
 To wander wi' my Davie.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
 Dainty Davie, dainty Davie,
 There I'll spend the day wi' you,
 My ain dear dainty Davie.

The crystal waters round us fa',
 The merry birds are lovers a',
 The scented breezes round us blaw,
 A wandering wi' my Davie.

When purple morning starts the hare,
 To steal upon her early fare,
 Then thro' the dews I will repair,
 To meet my faithfu' Davie.

When day, expiring in the west,
 The courtain draws o' nature's rest,
 I flee to his arms I lo'e best,
 And that's my ain dear Davie.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
 Bonnie Davie, dainty Davie,
 There I'll spend the day wi' you,
 My ain dear dainty Davie.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY AT BANNOCKBURN.

SCOTS, wha hae wi' WALLACE bled,
 Scots, wham BRUCE has often led;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to Victorie!

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour;
 See the front o' battle lour;
 See approach proud Edward's pow'r —
 Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor-knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Let him turn and flee!

Wha for SCOTLAND's king and law,
 FREEDOM's sword will strongly draw;
 Free-man stand, or Free-man fa'?'
 Let him follow me!

By Oppression's woes and pains!
 By your sons in servile chains!
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 LIBERTY's in every blow! —
 Let us do, or die!

BEHOLD THE HOUR.

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive;
 Thou goest, thou darling of my heart!
 Sever'd from thee can I survive?
 But fate has will'd, and we must part.
 I'll often greet this surging swell,
 Yon distant isle will often hail:
 "E'en here I took the last farewell;
 There, latest mark'd her vanish'd sail."

Along the solitary shore,
 While flitting sea-fowl round me cry,
 Across the rolling, dashing roar,
 I'll westward turn my wistful eye:
 Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,
 Where now my Nancy's path may be!
 While thro' thy sweets she loves to stray,
 O, tell me, does she muse on me?

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER.

THOU hast left me ever, Jamie!
 Thou hast left me ever;
 Thou hast left me ever, Jamie!
 Thou hast left me ever.
 Aften hast thou vow'd that death
 Only should us sever;
 Now thou 'st left thy lass for aye —
 I maun see thee never, Jamie,
 I'll see thee never!

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie!
 Thou hast me forsaken;
 Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie!
 Thou hast me forsaken.

Thou canst love anither jo,
 While my heart is breaking:
 Soon my weary een I'll close —
 Never mair to waken, Jamie,
 Ne'er mair to waken!

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to min' ?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days o' lang syne ?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We 'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne!

We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine;
 But we 've wandered mony a weary foot,
 Sin auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
 Frae mornin' sun till dine:
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
 Sin auld lang syne.

And here 's a hand, my trusty fiere,
 And gie 's a hand o' thine;
 And we 'll tak a right guid willie-waught,
 For auld lang syne!

And surely ye 'll be your pint-stoup,
 And surely I 'll be mine;
 And we 'll tak 'a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We 'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne!

FAIR JENNY.

WHERE are the joys I have met in the morning,
 That danc'd to the lark's early song?
 Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
 At ev'ning the wild woods among?

No more a-winding the course of yon river,
 And marking sweet flow'rets so fair:
 No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
 But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,
 And grim, surly winter is near?
 No, no! the bees' humming round the gay roses,
 Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide, what I fear to discover,
 Yet long, long too well have I known
 All that has caused this wreck in my bosom
 Is Jenny; fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
 Nor hope dare a comfort bestow:
 Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
 Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

DELUDED SWAIN, THE PLEASURE.

DELUDED swain, the pleasure
 The fickle fair can give thee
 Is but a fairy treasure —
 Thy hopes will soon deceive thee.

The billows on the ocean,
 The breezes idly roaming,
 The clouds' uncertain motion —
 They are but types of woman.

O! art thou not ashamed
 To doat upon a feature?
 If man thou would'st be named,
 Despise the silly creature.

Go, find an honest fellow;
 Good claret set before thee:
 Hold on till thou art mellow,
 And then to bed in glory.

MY LOVELY NANCY.

THINK am I, my faithful fair,
 Thine, my lovely Nancy;
 Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
 Ev'ry roving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,
 There to throb and languish:
 Tho' despair had wrung its core,
 That would heal its anguish.

Take away these rosy lips,
 Rich with balmy treasure;
 Turn away thine eyes of love,
 Lest I die with pleasure.

What is life when wanting love?
 Night without a morning;
 Love 's the cloudless summer sun,
 Nature gay adorning.

HUSBAND, HUSBAND, CEASE YOUR STRIFE

HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
 Nor longer idly rave, Sir;
 Tho' I am your wedded wife,
 Yet I am not your slave, Sir.

"One of two must still obey,
 Nancy, Nancy;
 Is it man, or woman, say,
 My spouse, Nancy?"

If 't is still the lordly word,
 Service and obedience;
 I'll desert my sov'reign lord,
 And so, good b'ye, allegiance!

"Sad will I be, so bereft,
 Nancy, Nancy;
 Yet I'll try to make a shift,
 My spouse, Nancy."

My poor heart then break it must,
 My last hour I'm near it:
 When you lay me in the dust,
 Think, think, how you will bear it.

"I will hope and trust in heaven,
 Nancy, Nancy;
 Strength to bear it will be given,
 My spouse, Nancy."

Well, Sir, from the silent dead,
 Still I'll try to daunt you,
 Ever round your midnight bed
 Horrid sprites shall haunt you.

"I'll wed another, like my dear
 Nancy, Nancy;
 Then all hell will fly for fear,
 My spouse, Nancy."

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

WILT thou be my dearie?
 When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
 Wilt thou let me cheer thee?
 By the treasure of my soul,
 That's the love I bear thee!

I swear and vow that only thou
 Shall ever be my dearie.
 Only thou, I swear and vow,
 Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
 Or, if thou wilt na be my ain,
 Say na thou 't refuse me;
 If it winna, canna be,
 Thou, for thine may choose me,
 Let me, lassie, quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'est me.
 Lassie, let me quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.

HERE IS THE GLEN.

HERE is the glen, and here the bower,
 All underneath the birchen shade;
 The village-bell has told the hour —
 O what can stay my lovely maid?

'T is not Maria's whispering call;
 'T is not the balmy-breathing gale,
 Mixt with some warbler's dying fall,
 The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear!
 So calls the woodlark in the grove,
 His little faithful mate to cheer,
 At once 't is music — and 't is love.

And art thou come? and art thou true?
 O welcome, dear to love and me!
 And let us all our vows renew
 Along the flow'ry banks of Cree.

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

How can my poor heart be glad,
 When absent from my sailor lad.
 How can I the thought forego?
 He's on the seas to meet the foe.
 Let me wander, let me rove,
 Still my heart is with my love:
 Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
 Are with him that's far away.

On the seas and far away,
 On stormy seas and far away;
 Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
 Are aye with him that's far away.

When in summer noon I faint,
 As weary flocks around me pant,
 Haply in this scorching sun
 My sailor's thund'ring at his gun:
 Bullets, spare my only joy!
 Bullets, spare my darling boy!
 Fate do with me what you may —
 Spare but him that's far away!

At the starless midnight hour,
 When winter rules with boundless power;
 As the storms the forest tear,
 And thunders rend the howling air,
 Listening to the doubling roar,
 Surging on the rocky shore,
 All I can — I weep and pray,
 For his weal that's far away.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
 And bid wild war his ravage end,
 Man with brother man to meet,
 And as a brother kindly greet:
 Then may heaven with prosp'rous gales
 Fill my sailor's welcome sails,

To my arms their charge convey —
My dear lad that 's far away.

On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are aye with him that 's far away.

SHE SAYS SHE LO'ES ME BEST OF A'.

Sae flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er-arching
Twa laughing een o' bonnie blue.
Her smiling, sae wyling,
Wad make a wretch forget his woe;
What pleasure, what treasure,
Unto these rosy lips to grow!
Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,
When first her bonnie face I saw;
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion;
Her pretty ankle is a spy,
Betraying fair proportion,
Wad mak a saint forget the sky.
Sae warming, sae charming,
Her faultless form and gracefu' air;
Ilk feature — auld nature
Declar'd that she could do nae mair:
Her's are the willing chains o' love,
By conquering beauty's sovereign law;
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
And gaudy show at sunny noon;

Gie me the lonely valley,
 The dewy eve, and rising moon;
 Fair beaming, and streaming,
 Her silver light the boughs amang;
 While falling, recalling,
 The amorous thrush concludes his sang
 There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
 By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
 And hear my vows o' truth and love,
 And say thou lo'est me best of a'?

SAW YE MY PHELY.

O saw ye my dear, my Phely?
 O saw ye my dear, my Phely?
 She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new love
 She winna come hame to her Willy.
 What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
 What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
 She lets thee to wit that she has thee forgot,
 And for ever disowns thee, her Willy.
 O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
 O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
 As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair —
 Thou's broken the heart o' thy Willy.

LET NOT WOMAN E'ER COMPLAIN.

LET not woman e'er complain
 Of inconstancy in love;
 Let not woman e'er complain
 Fickle man is apt to rove:
 Look abroad through nature's range,
 Nature's mighty law is change;
 Ladies, would it not be strange,
 Man should then a monster prove?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies;
 Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow:
 Sun and moon-but set to rise,
 Round and round the seasons go:
 Why then ask of silly man
 To oppose great nature's plan?
 We'll be constant while we can —
 You can be no more, you know.

THE LOVER'S MORNING SALUTE TO HIS MISTRESS.

SLEEP'ST thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature?
 Rosy morn now lifts his eye,
 Numbering ilka bud which nature
 Waters wi the tears o' joy:
 Now thro' the leafy woods,
 And by the reeking floods,
 Wild nature's tenants, freely, gladly stray;
 The lintwhite in his bower
 Chants o'er the breathing flower;
 The lav'rock to the sky
 Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
 While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.
 Phœbus, gilding the brow o' morning,
 Banishes ilk darksome shade,
 Nature gladdening and adorning;
 Such to me my lovely maid.
 When absent frae my fair,
 The murky shades o' care
 With startless gloom o'er cast my sullen sky,
 But when, in beauty's light,
 She meets my ravish'd sight,
 When thro' my very heart
 Her beaming glories dart —
 'T is then I wake to life, to light, and joy.

THE AULD MAN.

BUT lately seen in gladsome green,
 The woods rejoic'd the day;
 Thro' gentle showers the laughing flowers
 In double pride were gay:
 But now our joys are fled,
 On winter blasts awa!
 Yet maiden May, in rich array,
 Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow, nae kindly thowe
 Shall melt the snaws of age;
 My trunk of eild, but buss or bield,
 Sinks in Time's wintry rage.
 Oh! age has weary days,
 And nights o' sleepless pain!
 Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,
 Why com'st thou not again?

CHLORIS.

MY Chloris, mark how green the groves,
 The primrose banks how fair;
 The balmy gales awake the flowers,
 And wave thy flaxen hair.

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
 And o'er the cottage sings;
 For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
 To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
 In lordly lighted ha':
 The shepherd stops his simple reed,
 Blithe, in the birken shaw.

The princely revel may survey
 Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
 But are their hearts as light as ours,
 Beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd, in the flow'ry glen,
 In shepherd's phrase will woo:
 The courtier tells a finer tale —
 But is his heart as true?

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck
 That spotless breast o' thine:
 The courtier's gems may witness love —
 But 'tis na love like mine.

THE CHARMING MONTH OF MAY.

It was the charming month of May,
 When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay,
 One morning, by the break of day,
 The youthful, charming Chloe;
 From peaceful slumber she arose,
 Girt on her mantle and her hose,
 And o'er the flowery mead she goes,
 The youthful, charming Chloe.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
 Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
 Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
 The youthful, charming Chloe.

The feather'd people you might see,
 Perch'd all around, on every tree,
 In notes of sweetest melody,
 They hail the charming Chloe;
 Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
 The glorious sun began to rise,
 Out-rivall'd by the radiant eyes
 Of youthful, charming Chloe.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
 Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
 Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
 The youthful, charming Chloe.

FAREWELL, THOU STREAM.

FAREWELL, thou stream that winding flows
 Around Eliza's dwelling !
 O mem'ry! spare the cruel throes
 Within my bosom swelling :
 Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
 And yet in secret languish,
 To feel a fire in every vein,
 Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
 I fain my griefs would cover ;
 The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
 Betray the hapless lover.
 I know thou doom'st me to despair,
 Nor wilt, nor can'st, relieve me ;
 But oh, Eliza, hear one prayer —
 For pity's sake forgive me !

The music of thy voice I heard,
 Nor wist while it enslav'd me ;
 I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
 'Till fears no more had sav'd me :
 Th' unwary sailor thus aghast,
 The wheeling torrent viewing ;
 'Mid circling horrors sinks at last
 In overwhelming ruin.

O PHILLY, HAPPY BE THAT DAY.

HE.

O PHILLY, happy be that day,
 When, roving through the gather'd hay,
 My youthfu' heart was stown away,
 And by thy charms, my Philly.

SHE.

O Willy, aye I bless the grove
 Where first I own'd my maiden love,
 Whilst thou dist pledge the Powers above
 To be my ain dear Willy.

HE.

As songsters of the early year
 Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
 So ilka day to me mair dear
 And charming is my Philly.

SHE.

As on the brier the budding rose
 Still richer breathes and fairer blows,
 So in my tender bosom grows
 The love I bear my Willy.

HE.

The milder sun and bluer sky
 That crown my harvest cares wi' joy.
 Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye
 As is a sight o' Philly.

SHE.

The little swallow's wanton wing,
 Tho' wafting o'er the flowery spring,
 Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring
 As meeting o' my Willy.

HE.

The bee that thro' the sunny hour
 Sips nectar in the opening flower,
 Compar'd wi' my delight is poor,
 Upon the lips o' Philly.

SHE.

The woodbine in the dewy weet
 When evening shades in silence meet,
 Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet
 As is a kiss o' Willy.

HE.

Let fortune's wheel at random rin,
 And fools may tyne and knaves may win;
 My thoughts are a' bound up in ane,
 And that 's my ain dear Philly.

SHE.

What 's a' the joys that gowd can gie?
 I care na wealth a single flie;
 The lad I love 's the lad for me,
 And that 's my ain dear Willy.

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
 Whene'er I foregather wi' sorrow and care,
 I gie them a skelp, as they 're creeping along,
 Wi' a cog o' guid swats, and auld Scottish sang.
 I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought;
 But man is a sodger, and life is a faught;
 My mirth and guid humour are coin in my pouch,
 And my freedom 's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.
 A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
 A night o' guid fellowship sowthers it a':
 When at the blithe end o' our journey at last,
 Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?
 Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way;
 Be 't to me, be 't frae me, e'en let the jade gae:
 Come ease, or come travail; come pleasure or pain;
 My warst word is — "Welcome, and welcome again!"

CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS MY KATY?

Is this thy plighted, fond regard,
 Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?
 Is this thy faithful swain's reward —
 An aching, broken heart, my Katy?
 Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
 Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
 Well thou know'st my aching heart —
 And canst thou leave me thus for pity?

Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
 That fickle heart of thine, my Katy!
 Thou may'st find those will love thee dear —
 But not a love like mine, my Katy!
 Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
 Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
 Well thou know'st my aching heart —
 And canst thou leave me thus for pity?

MY NANNIE 'S AWA.

Now in her green mantle blithe nature arrays,
 And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
 While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw;
 But to me it's delightless — my Nannie's awa!
 The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
 And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn;
 They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
 They mind me o' Nannie — and Nannie's awa!
 Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
 The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,
 And thou mellow mavis that hails the night fa',
 Give over for pity — my Nannie's awa!
 Come autumn sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
 And soothe me with tidings o' nature's decay:
 The dark dreary winter, and wild driving snaw,
 Alane can delight me — now Nannie's awa!

IS THERE, FOR HONEST POVERTY.

Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that?
 The coward-slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that!

For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toil's obscure, and a' that;
 The rank is but the guinea-stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that!

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin grey, and a' that;
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man, for a' that!

For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that;
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that!

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd — a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
 Though hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that:

For a' that, and a' that,
 His riband, star, and a' that,
 The man of independent mind
 He looks and laughs at a' that!

A king can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith he mauna fa' that;

For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that,
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Than let us pray that come it may —
 As come it will for a' that —

That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's comin' yet for a' that,
 That man to man, the warld o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that!

CRAIGIE-BURN WOOD.

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigie-burn,
 And blithe awakes the morrow;
 But a' the pride o' spring's return
 Can yield me nocht but sorrow.

I see the flowers and spreading trees,
 I hear the wild birds singing;
 But what a weary wight can please,
 And care his bosom wringing?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
 Yet dare na for your anger;
 But secret love will break my heart,
 If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me,
 If thou shalt love anither,
 When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
 Around my grave they'll wither.

O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING.

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet,
 Or art thou waking, I would wit?
 For love has bound me hand and foot,
 And I would fain be in, jo.

O let me in this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night,

For pity's sake this ae night,
O rise and let me in, jo!

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet:
Tak pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.

The bitter blast that round me blows,
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's:
The cauldness o' thy heart 's the cause
Of a' my grief and pain, jo.

O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
For pity's sake this ae night,
O rise and let me in, jo!

HER ANSWER.

O tell na me o' wind and rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain!
Gae back the gate ye cam again,
I winna let ye in, jo.

I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
And ance for a' this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
Is nocht to what poor she endures,
That 's trusted faithless man, jo.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed;
Let simple maid the lesson read,
The weird may be her ain, jo.

The bird that charm'd his summer-day
Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
Let witless, trusting woman say
How aft her fate 's the same, jo.

I tell you now this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night;
 And ance for a' this ae night;
 I winna let you in, jo!

ADDRESS TO THE WOOD-LARK.

O STAY, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay
 Nor quit for me the trembling spray,
 A hapless lover courts thy lay,
 Thy soothing, fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
 That I may catch thy melting art;
 For surely that wad touch her heart
 Wha kills me wi' disdainin'.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
 And heard thee as the careless wind?
 Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd
 Sic notes o' wo could wauken.

Thou tells o' never-ending care;
 O' speechless grief and dark despair:
 For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!
 Or my poor heart is broken!

CALEDONIA.

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
 Where bright-beaming summers exalt their perfume;
 Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
 Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom:
 Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
 Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen;
 For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
 A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
 And cauld CALEDONIA's blast on the wave;
 Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
 What are they? — The haunt o' the tyrant and slave!
 The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
 The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;
 He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
 Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.

'T WAS NA HER BONNIE BLUE E'E.

'T WAS na her bonnie blue e'e was my ruin;
 Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoing.
 'T was the dear smile when naebody did mind us,
 'T was the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
 Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me!
 But tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever,
 Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
 And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest!
 And thou'rt the angel that never can alter —
 Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.

HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS!

How cruel are the parents
 Who riches only prize,
 And, to the wealthy booby,
 Poor woman sacrifice!
 Meanwhile the hapless daughter
 Has but a choice of strife; —
 To shun a tyrant father's hate,
 Become a wretched wife.

The rav'ning hawk pursuing,
 The trembling dove thus flies,
 To shun impelling ruin
 Awhile her pinion tries;
 Till of escape despairing,
 No shelter or retreat,
 She trusts the ruthless falconer,
 And drops beneath his feet!

MARK YONDER POMP.

MARK yonder pomp of costly fashion,
 Round the wealthy, titled bride:
 But when compar'd with real passion,
 Poor is all that princely pride.
 What are the showy treasures?
 What are the noisy pleasures?
 The gay gaudy glare of vanity and art:
 The polish'd jewel's blaze
 May draw the wond'ring gaze,
 And courtly grandeur bright
 The fancy may delight,
 But never, never can come near the heart.
 But, did you see my dearest Chloris
 In simplicity's array;
 Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
 Shrinking from the gaze of day?
 O then, the heart alarming,
 And all resistless charming,
 In Love's delightful fetters she chains the willing soul!
 Ambition would disown
 The world's imperial crown,
 Even Avarice would deny
 His worshipp'd deity,
 And feel thro' ev'ry vein Love's raptures roll.

THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

I SEE a form, I see a face,
 Ye weel may wi' the fairest place;
 It wants, to me, the witching grace,
 The kind love that 's in her e'e.

O this is no my ain lassie,
 Fair tho' the lassie be;
 O weel ken I my ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her e'e.

She 's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall,
 And lang has had my heart in thrall;
 And aye it charms my very saul,
 The kind love that 's in her e'e.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
 To steal a blink, by a' unseen;
 But gleg as light are lovers' een,
 When kind love is in the e'e.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
 It may escape the learned clerks;
 But weel the watching lover marks
 The kind love that 's in her e'e.

O this is no my ain lassie,
 Fair tho' the lassie be;
 O weel ken I my ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her e'e.

TO MR. CUNNINGHAM.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

Now spring has clad the grove in green,
 And strew'd the lea wi' flowers:
 The furrow'd, waving corn is seen
 Rejoice in fostering showers;
 While ilka thing in nature join
 Their sorrows to forego,

O why thus all alone are mine
 The weary steps of woe?
 The trout within yon wimpling burn
 Glides swift, a silver dart,
 And safe beneath the shady thorn
 Defies the angler's art:
 My life was ance that careless stream,
 That wanton trout was I;
 But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
 Has scorch'd my fountains dry.
 The little flow'ret's peaceful lot,
 In yonder cliff that grows,
 Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
 Nae ruder visit knows,
 Was mine; till love has o'er me past,
 And blighted a' my bloom,
 And now beneath the with'ring blast
 My youth and joy consume.
 The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs,
 And climbs the early sky,
 Winnowing blithe her dewy wings
 In morning's rosy eye;
 As little reekt I sorrow's power,
 Until the flow'ry snare
 O' witching love, in luckless hour,
 Made me the thrall o' care.
 O had my fate been Greenland snows,
 Or Afric's burning zone,
 Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes,
 So Peggy ne'er I'd known!
 The wretch whase doom is, "hope nae mair,"
 What tongue his woes can tell!
 Within whase bosom, save despair,
 Nae kinder spirits dwell.

O BONNY WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

O BONNY was yon rosy brier,
 That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man;
 And bonnie she, and ah, how dear!
 It shaded frae the e'enin sun.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,
 How pure amang the leaves sae green;
 But purer was the lover's vow
 They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
 That crimson rose, how sweet and fair!
 But love is far a sweeter flower
 Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn.
 Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine;
 And I the world, nor wish, nor scorn,
 Its joys and griefs alike resign.

FORLORN MY LOVE, NO COMFORT NEAR.

FORLORN, my love, no comfort near,
 Far, far from thee, I wander here;
 Far, far from thee, the fate severe
 At which I most repine, love.

O wert thou, love, but near me;
 But near, near, near me;
 How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
 And mingle sighs with mine, love!

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
 That blasts each bud of hope and joy;
 And shelter, shade, nor home have I,
 Save in those arms of thine, love.

Cold, alter'd friendship's cruel part,
 To poison fortune's ruthless dart —
 Let me not break thy faithful heart,
 And say that fate is mine, love.

But dreary tho' the moments fleet,
 O let me think we yet shall meet!
 That only ray of solace sweet
 Can on thy Chloris shine, love.

O wert thou, love, but near me;
 But near, near, near me;
 How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
 And mingle sighs with mine, love.

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOER.

LAST May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
 And sair wi' his love he did deave me;
 I said there was naething I hated like men,
 The deuce gae wi'm, to believe, believe me,
 The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me!

He spak o' the darts in my bonnie black een,
 And vow'd for my love he was dying;
 I said he might die when he liked, for Jean,
 The Lord forgie me for lying, for lying.
 The Lord forgie me for lying!

A weel-stocked mailen — himsel' for the laird —
 And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers:
 I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd,
 But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,
 But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye thiuk? in a fortnight or less —
 The deil tak his taste to gae near her!

He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,
 Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could bear her,
 Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

But a' the niest week as I fretted wi' care,
 I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
 And wha but my fine fickle lover was there!
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
 Lest neebors might say I was saucy;
 My wooer he capér'd as he'd been in drink,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
 Gin she had recover'd her hearin',
 And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet,
 But, heavens! how he fell a swearin', a swearin',
 But, heavens! how he fell a swearin'!

He begged, for Gudesake, I wad be his wife,
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;
 Sae, e'en to preserve the poor body his life,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to morrow,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

FRAGMENT. — CHLORIS.

WHY, why tell thy lover,
 Bliss he never must enjoy?
 Why, why undeceive him,
 And give all his hopes the lie?

O why, while fancy, raptur'd, slumbers,
 Chloris, Chloris all the theme,
 Why, why wouldst thou, cruel,
 Wake thy lover from his dream?

HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

Awa wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
 The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms:
 O, gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,
 O, gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher;
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
 The nice yellow guineas for me.

Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows,
 And withers the faster, the faster it grows;
 But the rapturous charm o' the bonnie green knowes,
 Ilk spring they're new deekit wi' bonnie white yowes.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
 The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possest;
 But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,
 The langer ye hae them — the mair they're carest.

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher;
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
 The nice yellow guineas for me.

JESSY.

HERE 's a health to ane I lo'e dear!
 Here 's a health to ane I lo'e dear!
 Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
 And soft as their parting tear — Jessy!
 Altho' thou maun never be mine,
 Altho' even hope is denied;
 'T is sweeter for thee despairing
 Than aught in the world beside — Jessy!

I mourn through the gay, gaudy day,
 As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms;
 But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
 For then I am lock't in thy arms — Jessy!

I guess by the dear angel smile,
 I guess by the love-rolling e'e;
 But why urge the tender confession,
 'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree! — Jessy!

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear!
 Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear!
 Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
 And soft as their parting tear — Jessy!

FAIREST MAID ON DEVON BANKS.

FAIREST maid on Devon banks,
 Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
 Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
 And smile as thou wert wont to do?
 Full well thou know'st I love thee dear!
 Could'st thou to malice lend an ear?
 O! did not love exclaim "Forbear,
 Nor use a faithful lover so."

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,
 Those wonted smiles, O let me share;
 And by thy beauteous self I swear
 No love but thine my heart shall know.
 Fairest maid on Devon banks,
 Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
 Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
 And smile as thou were wont to do?

G L O S S A R Y.

BURNS introduces his Glossary with these directions. "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*."

Abeigh. At a shy distance.

Aboon. Above, up.

Abread. Abroad, in sight, to publish.

Aff-loof. Off-hand, without pre-meditation.

Agley. Off the right line.

Aiblins. Perhaps.

Aik. The oak.

Airt. Quarter of the heaven.

Aith. An oath.

Aits. Oats.

Aiver. An old horse.

Alake. Alas.

Alane. Alone.

Akwart. Awkward, athwart.

Amaist. Almost.

Anent. Over-against, concerning.

Ase. Ashes of wood.

Asklent. Asquint, aslant.

Asteer. Abroad, stirring.

Auld-farran'. Auld farrant, sagacious, prudent, cunning.

Ava. At'all.

Awn. } The beard of barley, oats,
Awnie. } Bearded. [&c.

Ayant. Beyond.

Backets. Ash-boards, as pieces of bucket for removing ashes.

Backlins. Comin', coming back, returning.

Baggie. The belly.

Bainie. Having large bones, stout.

Bairn. A child.

Bairntime. A family of children, a brood.

Ban. To swear.

Bang. To beat, to strive, to excel.

Bannock. Flat, round, soft cake.

Bardie. Diminutive of bard.

Barmie. Of, or like, barm, yeasty.

Batch. A crew, a gang.

Batts. Botts.

Baudrons. A cat.

Bawk. A piece of unploughed land among corn.

- Baws'nt.* Having a white stripe down the face.
- Beets.* Boots.
- Bear.* Barley.
- Beet, beek.* To add fuel to a fire, to bask.
- Beld.* Bald.
- Belyve.* By and by, presently, quickly.
- Ben.* Into the spence or parlour.
- Benmost-bore.* The remotest hole, the innermost recess.
- Beuk.* A book.
- Bicker.* A kind of wooden dish, a short rapid race.
- Bickering.* Careering, hurrying with quarrelsome intent.
- Birnie.* Birnie ground is where thick heath has been burnt.
- Bie, or bield.* Shelter, a sheltered place.
- Bien.* Wealthy, plentiful.
- Big, Biggit.* To build — built.
- Bill.* A bull.
- Billie.* A brother, a young fellow.
- Bing.* A heap of grain, potatoes, &c.
- Birdie-cocks.* Young cocks.
- Birk.* Birch.
- Birkie.* A clever, a forward conceited fellow.
- Birken-shaw.* A small wood.
- Birring.* The noise of partridges when they rise.
- Birses.* Bristles.
- Bit.* Crisis, nick of time, place.
- Bizz.* A bustle, to buzz.
- Blate.* Bashful, sheepish.
- Blather.* Bladder.
- Blaud.* A flat piece of anything, to slap.
- Blaudin-shower.* A heavy driving rain.
- Bleerit.* Bedimmed, eyes hurt with weeping.
- Blellum.* Idle talking fellow.
- Blether.* To talk idly.
- Blinkin'.* Smirking, smiling with the eyes, looking lovingly.
- Blirt and blearie.* Out-burst of grief, with wet eyes.
- Bluntie.* Snivelling.
- Blype.* A shred, a large piece.
- Bobbit.* The obeisance made by a lady.
- Bock, bocked.* To vomit, to gush intermittently, gushed.
- Bodle.* A copper coin.
- Bogie.* A small morass.
- Bogles.* Spirits, hobgoblins.
- Bore.* A hole in a wall, a cranny.
- Boortree.* The shrub elder.
- Boost.* Behoved, must needs, willfulness.
- Botch, blotch.* An angry tumour.
- Bousing.* Drinking.
- Bouk, bowk.* Body.
- Bow-kail.* Cabbage.
- Bow-hought.* Out-knee'd.
- Bowt, bowlt.* Bended, crooked.
- Brachens.* Fern.
- Brae.* A declivity.
- Braik.* An instrument for rough-dressing flax.
- Brainge.* To run rashly forward.
- Brankie.* Gaudy.
- Brash.* A sudden illness.
- Brats.* Coarse clothes, rags, &c.
- Brattle.* A short race, hurry, fury.
- Braw.* Fine, handsome.
- Braxies.* Diseased sheep.
- Brechame.* A horse-collar.
- Breckan.* Fern.
- Breef.* An invulnerable or irresistible spell.
- Brent.* Bright, clear.
- Bree, brie.* Juice, liquid.
- Brig.* A bridge.
- Brunstane.* Brimstone.
- Brisket.* The breast, the bosom.
- Brock.* A badger.
- Brogue.* A hum, a trick.
- Broo.* Broth, liquid, water.
- Broose.* A race at country weddings.

- Brose.* A kind of pottage.
- Browst.* Ale.
- Bruilzie.* A broil, combustion.
- Buchan-bullers.* The boiling of the sea among the rocks on the coast of Buchan.
- Buckskin.* An inhabitant of Virginia.
- Buff our beef.* Thrash us soundly.
- Bught.* A pen.
- Bughtin-time.* The time of collecting the sheep in the pens to be milked.
- Buirldy.* Stout made, broad built.
- Bum-clock.* The humming beetle.
- Bummin'.* Humming as bees, buzzing.
- Bummle, bumbler.* To blunder—a drone, an idle fellow.
- Bunker.* A window seat.
- Burdies.* Diminutive of birds.
- Burn, burnie.* Water, which is heard as it runs.
- Burnwin'.* Burn the wind, a blacksmith.
- Burr-thistle.* The thistle of Scotland.
- Buskit-nest.* An ornamented residence.
- Buss.* Shelter.
- But, bot.* Without.
- But and ben.* The country kitchen and parlour.
- By himself.* Beside himself.
- Byke.* A wild bee nest.
- Byre.* A cow-house, a sheep-pen.
- Ca', ca't.* { To call, to name, to drive.
 { Called, driven, calved.
- Cadger.* A carrier.
- Cadie, or Caddie.* A young fellow, a public messenger.
- Caller.* Fresh, sound.
- Cannie.* Gentle.
- Cantraip.* A charm, a spell.
- Careerin'.* Moving cheerfully.
- Carl-hemp.* The male stalk of hemp, easily known by its superior strength and stature, and being without seed.
- Carlin.* A stout old woman.
- Cartes.* Cards.
- Caudron.* A cauldron.
- Caup.* A wooden drinking vessel.
- Cavie.* A hen-coop.
- Cesses.* Taxes.
- Chaup.* A stroke, a blow.
- Cheep.* A chirp, to chirp.
- Chiel, or cheul.* A young fellow.
- Chimla-lug.* The fire-side.
- Chittering.* Shivering.
- Chuffie.* Fat-faced.
- Clachan.* A small village about a church.
- Clarkit.* Wrote.
- Clash.* An idle tale.
- Claut.* To clean, to scrape.
- Clavers and havers.* Agreeable nonsense.
- Claw.* To scratch.
- Cleekin.* A brood of chickens, or ducks.
- Cleed, cleads.* To clothe, clothes.
- Cleek.* Hook, snatch.
- Clegs.* The gad flies.
- Clinkin'.* "Jerking, Clinking down," sitting down hastily.
- Clinkum-bell.* The church bell.
- Clips.* Wool-shears.
- Clishmaclaver.* Idle conversation.
- Clock, clocking.* To hatch; hatching.
- Clout.* The hoof of a cow, sheep, &c.
- Cloutie.* A familiar name for the Devil.
- Clour.* A bump, or swelling, after a blow.
- Coaxin'.* Wheedling.
- Coble.* A fishing-boat.
- Cockernony.* A lock of hair tied up on a girl's head, a cap.
- Cod.* A pillow.
- Cog, and Coggie.* A wooden dish.
- Collie.* A general, and sometimes a particular name for country curs.

- Collie-shangie*. A quarrel among dogs, an Irish row.
- Cood*. The cud.
- Coof*. A blockhead, a ninny.
- Cookit*. Appeared and disappeared by fits.
- Cooser, coosser*. A stallion.
- Coost*. Did cast.
- Coot*. The ankle, a species of water-fowl.
- Corbies*. A species of the crow, blood crows
- Cootie*. A wooden kitchen dish.
- Core*. Corps, party, clan.
- Couthie*. Kind, loving.
- Cowe*. To terrify, to keep under, to lop; a fright, a branch of furze, broom, &c.
- Cowp*. To barter, to tumble over.
- Cowte*. A colt.
- Cozie, cozily*. Snug, snugly.
- Crack, crackin'*. Conversation, to converse, to boast.
- Craft, or croft*. A field near a house.
- Craig, craigie*. Neck.
- Craiks*. Cries or calls incessantly, a species of bird.
- Crambo-clink, or crambo-jingle*. doggrel verses.
- Crank*. The noise of an ungreased wheel.
- Crankous*. Fretful, captious.
- Cranreuch*. The hoar-frost.
- Craw*. A crow of a cock, a rook.
- Creel*. A basket.
- Creeshie*. Greasy.
- Creuks*. A disease of horses.
- Crood, or Croud*. To coo as a dove.
- Croon, Crooning*. A hollow and continued moan.
- Crouchie*. Crook-backed.
- Crouse*. Cheerful, courageous.
- Crowdie*. A composition of oatmeal, boiled water and butter.
- Crowlin'*. Crawling, a deformed creeping thing.
- Crummie's nicks*. Marks on the horns of a cow.
- Crump, crumpin'*. Hard and brittle.
- Crunt*. A blow on the head with a cudgel.
- Cuddle*. To clasp and caress.
- Cuif*. A blockhead, a ninny.
- Cummock*. A short staff with a crooked head.
- Curch*. A covering for the head, a kerchief.
- Curchie*. A curtsey, female obeisance.
- Curler*. A player at a game on the ice.
- Curmurring*. Murmuring, a slight rumbling noise.
- Curpin*. The crupper, the rump.
- Curple*. The rear.
- Cushat*. The dove, or wood-pigeon.
- Cutty*. Short.
- Cutty Stool, or Creepie Chair*. The seat of shame, stool of repentance.
- Daddie*. A father.
- Daffin'*. Merriment, foolishness.
- Daft*. Merry, giddy, foolish.
- Daimen*. Rare, now and then.
- Dainty*. Pleasant, good-humoured, rare.
- Dandered*. Wandered.
- Daud*. To thrash, to abuse. *Daudin-showers*, rain urged by wind.
- Daur*. To dare; *Daut*, dared.
- Daurg, or Dawrk*. A day's labour.
- Davoc*. Diminutive of Davie.
- Dawd*. A large piece.
- Dawtit, Dawtet*. Fondled, caressed.
- Deave*. To deafen.
- Deil-ma-care*. No matter, for all that.
- Deuks*. Ducks.
- Dight*. To wipe, to clean corn from chaff.
- Ding*. To worst, to push, to surpass, to excel.

- Dink.* Neat, lady-like.
Dinna. Do not.
Dirl. A slight tremulous stroke or pain.
Distain. Stain.
Dizzen, or *diz'n.* A dozen.
Dochter. Daughter.
Doited. Stupified, silly from age.
Dolt. Stupified, crazed; also a fool.
Donsie. Unlucky, pettish.
Doodle. To dandle.
Dool. Sorrow.
Doo, doos. A dove, doves, pigeons.
Dorty. Saucy, nice.
Douce, or *douse.* Sober, wise, prudent.
Doucely. Soberly, prudently.
Dought. Was or were able.
Doup. Bottom.
Dour and din. Sullen and sallow.
Dow. Am, or are, able, can.
Dowff. Pithless, wanting force.
Dowie. Worn with grief, half asleep.
Downa. Am, or are, not able, cannot.
Doylt. Wearied, stupid.
Dozen. Stupified, the effects of age.
Drab. A young female beggar; to spot, to stain.
Drap, drapping. A drop, dropping.
Draunting. Drawling.
Dreep. To ooze, to drop.
Dreigh. Tedious, lingering.
Dribble. Drizzling, trickling, slaver.
Driddle. The motion of one who tries to dance but moves the middle only.
Drift. A drove, a flight of fowls, snow moved by the wind.
Droddum. The breech.
Drone. Part of a bagpipe, the chanter.
Droop-rumpl't. That droops at the crupper.
Droukit. Wet.
Drouth. Tirst, drought.
Drucken. Drunken.
- Drumlie, drunly.* Muddy.
Drummock, or *Drammock.* Meal and water mixed, raw.
Drun. Pet, sour humour.
Dub. A small pond, a hollow filled with rain water.
Dudds, duddie. Rags, clothes; ragged.
Dung-Dang. Worsted, pushed, stricken.
Dunted. Throbbled, beaten.
Dush, dunsh. To push or butt as a ram.
Dyvor. Bankrupt.
- E'e.* The eye.
E'enin'. The evening.
Eerie. Frighted, haunted, dreading spirits.
Eild. Old age.
Eldritch. Ghastly, frightful, elvish.
En'. End.
Ether-stone. Stone formed by adders, an adder bead.
Ettle. To try, attempt, aim.
Eydent. Diligent.
- Fa', Fa's.* Fall, lot, to fall, fate.
Fa'that. To enjoy, to try, to inherit.
Faddom't. Fathomed.
Faes. Foes.
Faem. Foam of the sea.
Faiket. Forgiven or excused, abated.
Fainness. Gladness.
Fand. Did find.
Farl. A cake of bread.
Fash, fash't. Trouble, care, to trouble, troubled.
Faugh. A single furrow, out of lea, fallow.
Faught. Fight.
Fau'd, fauld'ing. A fold for sheep, to fold; folding.

- Faut.* Fault.
Fawson. Decent, seemly.
Feal. Loyal, stedfast; a field, smooth.
Feat. Neat, clever.
Feck. Number, quantity.
Fecket. An under waistcoat.
Feckfu'. Large, brawny, stout.
Feckless. Puny, weak, silly.
Feg. A fig.
Feide. Feud, enmity.
Fell. Keen, biting; a field pretty level; the side of a hill.
Felly. Relentless.
Fend. To make a shift, to contrive to live.
Ferlie. To wonder.
Fetch, fetch't. To pull by fits.
Fey. Strange.
Fidge. To fidget, fidgeting.
Fidgin'-fain. Tickled with pleasure.
Fiel. Soft, smooth.
Fien-ma-care. The devil may care.
Fier, fiere. Sound, healthy; a brother, a friend.
Fissle. To make a rustling noise.
Fit. Foot.
Fizz. To make a hissing noise.
Flaffen. The motion of rags in the wind.
Flainen. Flannel.
Flang. Threw with violence.
Fleech. To supplicate.
Fleesh. A fleece.
Fleg. A kick, a random blow.
Flether. To decoy by fair words.
Flethrin, fletthers. Flattering words.
Fley. To scare, to frighten.
Flichter. To flutter.
Flinders. Shreds.
Flingin-tree. A piece of timber; a flail.
Flisk. To fret.
Flitter. To vibrate.
Flunkie. A servant in livery.
Flyte, flyting. Scold; scolding.
Foord. A ford.
- Forbears.* Forefathers.
Forbye. Besides.
Forfairn. Distressed, worn out.
Forfoughten. Fatigued.
Forgather. To encounter with.
Forinawed. Worn out.
Forjesket. Jaded with fatigue.
Foher. Fodder.
Fow. Full, drunk.
Fouth. Plenty, or more than enough.
Fow. A measure, a bushel; a pitchfork.
Freath. Froth.
Fud. The scut or tail of the hare, coney, &c.
Fuff, fuff't. To blow; did blow.
Fu-hant. Full-handed.
Funnie. Full of merriment.
Fur. A furrow.
Fur-ahin. The hindmost horse on the right hand when ploughing.
Furder. Further, succeed.
Furm. A form, a bench.
Fyke. Trifling cares.
Fyle. To soil, to dirty.
- Gab.* The mouth.
Gaberlunzie. Wallet-man, or tinker.
Gadsmán. Plough-boy.
Gaet, or gate. Way, manner, road.
Gairs. Parts of a lady's gown.
Gangrel. A wandering person.
Gar. To make, to force to.
Garten. A garter.
Gash. Wise, sagacious, to converse.
Gatty. Failing in body.
Gaucy. Jolly, large, plump.
Gaud and gad. A rod or goad.
Gaudsman. One who drives the horses at the plough.
Gawn. Going.
Gaunted. Yawned, longed.
Gawky, gawkie. Half-witted, foolish, romping.

- Gear.* Riches, goods.
Geck. To toss the head in wantonness or scorn.
Ged. A pike.
Geordie. George; a guinea.
Get and *geat.* A child, a young one.
Ghaist, ghaistis. A ghost.
Giftie. Diminutive of gift.
Giglets. Laughing maidens.
Gillie, gillock. Diminutive of gill.
Gilpey. A half-grown boy or girl.
Gimmer. An ewe two years old.
Gin. If, against.
Gipsey. A young girl.
Girdle. A round iron plate on which oat-cake is fired.
Girn. To grin.
Gizz. A perriwig, the face.
Glaikit. Inattentive.
Glaive. A sword.
Glaizie. Glittering, smooth.
Glaumed. Grasped.
Girran. A potherie girran, a little vigorous animal.
Gled. A hawk.
Gleg. Sharp, ready.
Gleib, Glieb o' lan'. A portion of ground.
Gley. A squint, to squint.
Gleyde. An old horse.
Glib-gabbit. That speaks smoothly.
Glint, Glintin'. To peep, peeping.
Glinted by. Went brightly past.
Gloamin'. The twilight.
Glow'r. Stare, look.
Glum. Displeased.
Gor-cocks. The red game, red cock.
Goavan. Walking as if blind.
Gowan. The flower of the daisy.
Gowd. Gold.
Gowl. To howl.
Gowf. A fool; the game of golf.
Gowk. Term of contempt, a cuckoo.
Grane, or grain. A groan.
Graip. A pronged instrument for cleaning cow-houses.
Graith. Furniture, dress.
Grannie. Grandmother.
Grape. To grope.
Grat. Wept.
Great, grit. Intimate, familiar.
Gree. To agree; to bear the gree, to be decidedly victor; gree't, agreed.
Greet. To shed tears.
Grey-neck-quill. A quill unfit for a pen.
Grien. Longing, desire.
Grieves. Stewards.
Groanin maut. Drink for the cumpers at a lying in.
Groat. To get the whistle of one's goat.
Grousome, or Gruesome. Loathsome, grim.
Grozet, A gooseberry.
Grumph. A grunt, to grunt.
Grumphie. A sow.
Grunstone. A grindstone.
Gruntle. The phiz, the snout.
Grunzie. A mouth which pokes out like that of a pig.
Grushie. Thick, of thriving growth.
Gude auld-has-been. Was once excellent.
Gully, or gullie. A large knife.
Gulravage. Joyous mischief.
Gunlie. Muddy.
Gumption. Discernment, knowledge, talent.
Gusty, gustfu'. Tasteful.
Gut-scraper. A fiddler.
Gutcher. Grandsire.
Ha'. Hall.
Haddin'. House, home.
Haet, fient haet. A petty oath of negation; nothing.
Haffet. The temple, the side of the head.
Haffins. Nearly half, partly.
Hag. A gulf in mosses and moors, moss ground.

- Haggis.* A kind of pudding.
Hain. To spare, to save.
Hairst. Harvest.
Haivers. Nonsense.
Hal', or hald. An abiding place.
Hale, or haill. Whole, tight, healthy.
Hallan. A particular partition wall in a cottage, or a seat of turf at the outside.
Hallowmass. Hallow eve, the 31st of October.
Han' or Haun', Han's breed. Hand; hand's breadth.
Hanks. Thread as it comes from the measuring reel, quantities, &c.
Hansel-throne. Throne when first occupied by a king.
Hap. An outer garment, mantle, plaid.
Harigals. Heart, liver, and lights of an animal.
Happer. A hopper, the hopper of a mill.
Hap-step-an'-loup. Hop — step — and leap.
Harkit. Harkened.
Harn. A very coarse linen.
Hash. A fellow who knows not how to dress nor act with propriety.
Haud. To hold.
Haughs. Low lying, rich lands, valleys.
Haurt. To drag, to pull violently.
Haver-meal. Oatmeal.
Haveril. A half-witted person.
Havins. Good manners, good sense.
Hawkie. A cow.
Heather. Heath.
Hecht. Foretold, the thing foretold, offered.
Hee balou. Words used to soothe a child.
Heels-owre-gowdie. Topsy turvy.
Heeze. To elevate, to rise, to lift.
Hellin. The rudder or helm.
Herd. To tend flocks.
Herry. To plunder.
Hessel. So many cattle as one person can attend.
Heugh. A crag, a ravine; *coal heugh,* a coal pit; *lowin heugh,* a blazing pit.
Hilch, hilchin'. To halt, halting.
Hirple. To walk crazily, to creep.
Histie. Dry, chapt, barren.
Hitcht. A loop, make a knot.
Hizzie. Hussey, a young girl.
Hoddin'-grey. Woollen cloth of a coarse quality.
Hoggie. A two-year old sheep.
Hog-score. A distance line in curling drawn across the rink.
Hog-shouther. A kind of horse play by juggling with the shoulder; to juggle.
Hoodie-craw. A blood crow, corbie.
Hool. Outerskin or case, a nutshell.
Hoolie. Slowly, leisurely.
Hoord. A hoard, to hoard.
Horn. A spoon made of horn.
Host, or hoast. To cough.
Hotch'd. Hitched, turned topsy-turvy.
Houghmagandie. Loose behaviour, fornication.
Hove, hoved. To heave, to swell.
Howdie. A midwife.
Howe. Hollow, a hollow or dell.
Howebackit. Sunk in the back.
Howff. A house of resort.
Howk. To dig.
Howkit. Dugged.
Howlet. An owl.
Hoy, hoy't. To urge, urged.
Hoyse. A pull upwards.
Hoyte. To amble crazily.
Hughoc. Diminutive of Hugh.
Hums and hankers. Mumbles, and seeks to do what he cannot perform.
Hurcheon. A hedgehog.
Hurdies. The loins, the crupper.
Hushion, or hoshen. A cushion.
Huchyalled. To move with a hilch.

- Icker.* An ear of corn.
Ieroe. A great grandchild.
Ilk, or ilka. Each, every.
Ill-willie. Ill-natured, malicious.
Ingie. Genius, ingenuity.
Ingle. Fire, fire-place.
I rede ye. I advise ye.
I'se. I shall, or will.
Ither. Other, one another.
- Jad.* Jade; also a familiar term for a young girl.
Jauk. To dally, to trifle.
Jauner. Talking.
Jaup. A jerk of water.
Jaw. Coarse raillery, to jerk as water.
Jillet. A jilt, a giddy girl.
Jimp. To jump, slender in the waist, handsome.
Jink. To dodge, to turn a corner.
Jirt. A jerk, the emission of water.
Jocteleg. A kind of knife.
Jouk! To stoop, to bow the head, to conceal.
Jow, to jow. The motion and sound of a large bell.
Jundie. To juggle, a push with the elbow.
- Kae.* A daw.
Kail. Colewort, a kind of broth.
Kailrunt. The stem of a colewort.
Kain. Fowls, &c., paid as rent by a farmer.
Kebars. Rafters.
Kebbuck. A cheese.
Keckle. Joyous cry.
Keek. A keek, to peep.
Kelpies. A sort of mischievous water-spirit.
Ken. To know.
Kennin. A small matter.
Kenspeckle. Well known.
Ket, ketty. Matted, a fleece of wool.
- Kiaugh.* Carking, anxiety.
Kilt. To truss up the clothes.
Kimmer. A young girl, a gossip.
Kin'. Kindred, kind.
King's-hood. A certain part of the entrails of an ox.
Kintra, kintrie. Country.
Kirn. The harvest supper, a churn.
Kirsen. To christen, to baptize.
Kist. Chest, a shop counter.
Kith. Kindred.
Kittle. To tickle, ticklish.
Kittling. A young cat.
Kintle, kintleing, or kuiltle. To cuddle, cuddling, fondling.
Knup. To strike or break.
Knurl. Dwarf.
Knurlin. Crooked but strong, knotty.
Knowe. A small round hillock, a knoll.
Kye. Cows.
Kyte. The belly.
Kythe. To discover.
- Labour.* Thrash.
Laggen. The angle between the side and the bottom of a wooden dish.
Laigh. Low.
Lairing, lairie. Wading, in snow, mud, &c.
Laith. Loath, impure.
Luithfu'. Bashful, sheepish.
Lallans. Lowlands.
Lan'-afore. Foremost horse in the plough.
Lan'-ahin'. Hindmost horse in the plough.
Lap. Did leap.
Late and air. Late and early.
Lave. The rest, the others.
Laverock. The lark.
Lawin'. Shot, reckoning, bill.
Lay my dead. Attribute my death.
Lea-rig. Grassy ridge.

- Leal.* Loyal, true, faithful.
Lear. Learning, lore.
Leeze me. A phrase of congratulatory endearment.
Leister. A three-pronged and barbed dart for striking fish.
Libbet. Castrated.
Lick, ticket. Beat, thrashen.
Lift. Sky firmament.
Lightly, lightly. Sneeringly, to sneer at.
Lilt. A ballad, a tune, to sing.
Limmer. A kept mistress, a strumpet.
Limpit. A kind of shell fish.
Link. To trip along.
Linn. A waterfall.
Lint. Flax.
Loan. The place of milking.
Loaning. Lane.
Loof, looves. The palms of the hands.
Loot. Did let.
Loun. A ragamuffin, a woman of easy virtue.
Loup. Jump, leap.
Lowe, lowin'. A flame; flaming.
Lowrie. Lawrence.
Lowse. To loose.
Lug. The ear, a handle.
Lug of the law. At the judgment seat.
Luggie. A small wooden dish with a handle.
Lum. The chimney.
Lunch. A large piece of cheese, meat, &c.
Lunt, lunting. A column of smoke, to smoke, to walk quickly; smoking.
Lyart. Of a mixed colour, grey.
- Maggot's-meat.* Food for the worms.
Mahoun. Satan.
Mailen. A farm.
- Mally.* Molly, Mary.
Mang. Among.
Manse. The house of the parish minister.
Mark, merk. A Scottish coin.
Marled. Party coloured.
Mar's year. The year 1715. Called Mar's year from the Rebellion of Erskine, Earl of Mar.
Martial chuck. The soldier's camp-comrade, female companion.
Mashlum. Mixed corn.
Mask. To mash, as malt, &c., to infuse.
Maukin. A hare.
Maun, mauna. Must, must not.
Maut. Malt.
Mavis. The thrush.
Maw, mawin'. To mow; mowing.
Mawn. A small basket without a handle.
Meere. A mare.
Meikle. Much.
Melder. Corn or grain of any kind, sent to the mill to be ground.
Mell. To be intimate, to meddle.
Melvie. To soil with meal.
Men'. To mend.
Mense. Good manners, decorum.
Merle. The black-bird.
Messin. A small dog.
Midden. A dunghill.
Midden-hole. A gutter at the bottom of a dunghill.
Middin-creeks. Dung-baskets.
Mim. Prim, affectedly meek.
Min'. To remember; mind.
Minawae. Minuet.
Minnie. Mother, dam.
Mirk, mirkest. Dark, darkest.
Misca'. To abuse, to call names.
Mischanter. Accident.
Mislear'd. Mischievous, unmannerly.
Mixtie-maxtie. Mish-mash.
Mons-meg. A large piece of ordnance.

- Mools.* Earth.
Moop. To nibble as a sheep.
Moorlan'. Of, or belonging to, moors.
Mow'. The mouth.
Mouidiwort. A mole.
Muckle, or mickle. Great, big, much.
Muses-stank. Muses-rill, a stank.
Mustin-kail. Broth, composed simply of water, shelled barley, and greens.
Mutchkin. An English pint.
- Naig.* A horse, a nag.
Nappy. Ale, to be tipsy.
Neuk. Nook.
Niest. Next.
Nieve, nief. The fist.
Nievefu'. Handful.
Niffer. An exchange, to exchange, barter.
Niger. A negro.
Nine-tailed cat. A hangman's whip.
Nit. A nut.
Norland. Of, or belonging to, the north.
Nowte. Black cattle.
- Ochels.* The name of mountains in Scotland.
O'ergang. Overbearingness.
O'erlay. An upper cravat.
O'haith! O'faith! An oath.
Or. Is often used for ere, before.
Orra-duddies. Superfluous rags.
Ourie. Drooping, shivering.
Outlers. Outlyers; cattle unhoused.
Ower, owre. Over, too.
Owre-hip. Striking with a fore-hammer by bringing it with a swing over the hip.
Owsen. Oxen.
- Oxtered.* Carried or supported under the arm.
- Pack.* Intimate, familiar; twelve stone of wool.
Paidle, paidlen. To walk with difficulty.
Painch. Paunch.
Paitrick. A partridge.
Pang. To cram.
Parle. Courtship.
Parritch. Oatmeal pudding.
Pat. Did put, a pot.
Pattle, or pettle. A small spade.
Paughty. Proud, haughty.
Pauky, pawkie. Cunning, sly.
Pay't. Paid, beat.
Peat-reek. The smoke of burning turf, whisky.
Pech, pechin'. To fetch the breath shortly.
Pechan. The crop, the stomach.
Pet. A domesticated sheep, &c., a favourite.
Pettle. To cherish.
Philabeg, or philibegs. The kilt; short petticoats.
Pickle. A small quantity, one grain of corn.
Pigmy-scraper. Little fiddler; bad player.
Pint-stoup. A two-quart measure.
Pingle. A small pan for warming children's sops.
Pit. To put.
Plack. An old Scotch coin.
Plackless. Pennyles.
Plew, or pleugh. A plough.
Pliskie. A trick.
Plunrose. Primrose.
Pock. A meal-bag.
Poind. To seize on cattle, or take the goods as the laws of Scotland allow, for rent, &c.
Poortith. Poverty.
Posie. A nosegay, a garland.

- Pou, pou'd, pou't.* To pull, pulled.
Pouk. To pluck.
Poussie. A hare or cat.
Pouse. To pluck with the hand.
Pout. A polt, a chick.
Pouthery, pouter, or powther.
 Fiery, active, like powder.
Pow. The head, the skull.
Preclair. Super-eminent.
Preen. A pin.
Prent. Printing, print.
Prie. To taste.
Prief. Proof.
Prig. To cheapen, to dispute.
Primsie. Demure, precise.
Pund, pund o' tow. Pound, pound
 weight of the refuse of flax.
Pyet. A magpie.
Pyle, a pyle o' caff. A single grain
 of chaff.
Pystle. Epistle.
- Quat.* Quit.
Quak, quakin'. Quack, the cry of
 a duck.
Quech. A drinking cup made of
 wood.
Quey. A cow from one to two years
 old, a heifer.
Quines. Queans.
- Ragweed.* Herb-ragwort.
Raible. To rattle, nonsense.
Rair. To roar.
Raize. To madden, to inflame.
Ramfeezled. Fatigued, overspread.
Rampin'. Raging.
Ramstam. Thoughtless, forward.
Randie. A scolding sturdy beggar,
 a shrew.
Runtin'. Joyous.
Raploch. Properly a coarse cloth,
 but used for coarse.
Rarely. Excellently, very well.
- Rash.* A rush; *rash-buss*, a bush
 of rushes.
Ratton. A rat.
Raucle. Rash, stout, reckless.
Raught. Reached.
Raw. A row.
Rax, rax'd. To stretch; stretched.
Ream. Cream, to cream.
Reamin'. Brimful, frothing.
Reave. Take by force, rove.
Rebute. To repulse, rebuke.
Reck. To heed.
Rede. Counsel, to discourse.
Red-peats. Burning turfs.
Red-wat-shod. Walking in blood
 over the shoe-tops.
Red-wud. Stark mad.
Ree. Half drunk, fuddled; *a ree*
 yaud, a wild horse.
Reestit. Stood restive; withered.
Remead. Remedy.
Reef, rief. Plenty.
Rest. To stand restive.
Rew. To smile, look affectionately.
Rickles. Shocks of corn, stooks.
Riddle. Instrument for purifying
 corn.
Rief-randies. Men who take the
 property of others.
Rig. A ridge.
Rin. To run, to melt.
Rink. The course of the stones, a
 term in curling on ice.
Rip. A handful of unthreshed corn.
Ripples. Pains in the back and
 loins, sounds which usher in death.
Ripplin-kame. Instrument for
 dressing flax.
Riskit. A noise like the tearing of
 roots.
Rockin'. A denomination for a
 friendly visit.
Roke. Distaff.
Roon. A shred, the selvage of
 woollen cloth.
Roose. To praise, to commend.
Roup. A sale by auction.

- Roupet.* Hoarse, as with a cold.
Routh, routhie. Plenty, plentiful.
Row. To wrap, to roll as water.
Rowte, rowtin'. To low, to bellow; lowing.
Rozet. Rosin.
Rumble-gumption. Rough common sense.
Run-deils. Downright devils.
Rung. A cudgel.
Runt. The stem of colewort or cabbage.
Runkled. Wrinkled.
Ruth. A woman's name, sorrow.
Ryke. Reach.
- Sae.* So.
Sair. To serve, a sore; *sairie*, sorrowful; *sair't*, served.
Sark. A shirt.
Sarkit. Provided in shirts.
Saugh. Willow.
Saugh woodies. Withies, made of willows.
Saul. Soul.
Saumont. Salmon.
Saunt. Saint.
Saut, sautit. Salt, salted.
Saw, sawin'. To sow; sowing.
Sax. Six.
Scath. To damage, to injure.
Scaud. To scald.
Scaur. Apt to be scared; a precipitous bank of earth.
Scone. A kind of bread.
Sconner. A loathing, to loath.
Scaich and Scriegh. To scream, as a hen or partridge.
Screed. To tear, a rent.
Scrieve, scribeven. To glide softly.
Scrimp. To scant.
Scroggie. Covered with underwood, bushy.
Sculdudrey. Fornication.
Seed. Saw, did see.
Sell't. Did sell, sold.
- Sen', sent.* To send, sent, or did send.
Shachlet-feet. Ill-shaped.
Shair'd. A shred, a shard.
Shangan. A stick cleft at one end for pulling the tail of a dog, &c.
Shank-it. Walk it; *shanks*, legs.
Shaul. Shallow.
Shaver. A humorous wag, a barber.
Shavie. To do an ill turn.
Shaw. To shew; a small wood in a hollow place.
Sheen. Bright, shining.
Sheep-shank. To think one's self *nae sheep-shank*; to be conceited.
Sherra-muir. Sherriff-muir, the famous battle of, 1715.
Sheugh. A ditch, a trench, a sluice.
Shiel, shealing. A shed, a shepherd's cottage.
Shill. Shriil.
Shog. A shock, a push off at one side.
Shoo. Ill to please, ill to fit.
Shool. A shovel.
Shoon. Shoes.
Shore. To offer, to threaten.
Sicker. Sure, steady.
Sidelins. Sideling, slanting.
Silken-snood. A fillet of silk, a token of virginity.
Sin. A son, since.
Sin syne. Since then.
Skaith. To damage, to injure, injury.
Skeigh. Proud, nice, saucy, mettled.
Skellum. A noisy, reckless fellow.
Skelp. To strike, to slap; to walk with a smart tripping step.
Skelpin, skelpit. Striking, walking rapidly.
Skinklin. Thin, gauzy, a small portion.
Skirl. To cry, to shriek shrilly.
Sklent. Slant, to deviate from truth.
Skouth. Vent, free action.

- Skreigh.* A scream, the first cry uttered by a child.
- Skyte.* A worthless fellow, to slide rapidly off.
- kyrin.* Party coloured.
- Slae.* Sloe.
- Slade.* Did slide.
- Slap.* Agate, a breach in the fence.
- Slidderly.* Slippery.
- Slip-shod.* Smooth shod.
- Sloken.* Quench, slake.
- Slype.* To fall over.
- Smeddum.* Dust, mettle, sense, sagacity.
- Smiddy.* A smithy.
- Smirking.* Good-natured, winking.
- Smoor, smooed.* To smother, smothered.
- Smoutie.* Smutty, obscene.
- Smytrie.* A numerous collection of small individuals.
- Snapper.* Mistake, stumble.
- Snash.* Abuse, Billingsgate, impertinence.
- Snaw, snawie.* Snow, to snow, snowy.
- Sned.* To lop, to cut off.
- Sned-besoms.* To cut brooms.
- Sneeshin.* Snuff.
- Snell and snelly.* Bitter, biting.
- Snick, or sneck.* The latchet of a door.
- Snick-drawing.* Trick contriving.
- Snirt, snirtle.* Concealed laughter.
- Snool.* One whose spirit is broken with oppressive slavery; to submit tamely, to sneak.
- Snoove.* To go smoothly and constantly, to sneak.
- Snowk.* To scent or snuff as a dog.
- Sodger.* A soldier.
- Sonsie.* Lucky, jolly.
- Soom.* To swim.
- Sooth.* Truth, a petty oath.
- Sough.* A sound dying on the ear.
- Souk.* To suck, to drink long and enduringly.
- Souple, soupled.* Flexible, swift; suppled.
- Souther, sowther.* To solder.
- Souter.* A shoemaker.
- Sowens.* A dish made of oatmeal.
- Sowp.* A spoonful, a small quantity of anything liquid.
- Sowth.* To try over a tune with a low whistle.
- Spae.* To prophecy, to divine.
- Spails,* Chips, splinters.
- Spairge.* To clash, to soil, as with mire.
- Spates.* Swollen streams.
- Spaul.* A limb.
- Spaviet.* Having the spavin.
- Speat, spates.* A sweeping torrent after the rain or thaw.
- Speel.* To climb.
- Spence.* The parlour of a farm house or cottage.
- Spier.* To ask, to enquire.
- Spinnin-graith.* Wheel and roke and lint.
- Splatter.* To splutter, a splutter.
- Spleughan.* A tobacco pouch.
- Splore.* A frolic, noise, riot.
- Sprachled.* Scrambled.
- Sprattle.* To scramble.
- Spreckled.* Spotted, speckled.
- Spring.* A quick air in music.
- Sprit, spret.* A tough-rooted plant, something like rushes.
- Spunk.* Fire, mettle, wit, spark.
- Spunkie.* Mettlesome, fiery.
- Spurtle.* A stick used in making oatmeal pudding or porridge.
- Squad.* A crew or party, a squadron.
- Squatter.* To flutter in water.
- Squattle.* To sprawl in the act of hiding.
- Squeel.* A scream, a screech, to scream.
- Stacher.* To stagger.
- Stack.* A rick of corn, hay, peats.
- Staig.* A two year old horse.
- Stahwart.* Stately, strong, stout.

- Stang.* Sting, stung.
Stan't. To stand; *stan't*, did stand.
Stank. A pool of standing water.
Stap. Stop, stave.
Stark. Stout, potent.
Startin. Frighted.
Startle. To run as cattle stung by the gadfly.
Staukin. Stalking.
Staumrel. A blockhead, half-witted.
Staw. Did steal, to surfeit.
Stech, stechin. To cram the belly; cramming.
Steek. To shut, a stitch.
Steer. To molest, to stir.
Steeve. Firm, compacted.
Stell. A still.
Sten. To rear as a horse, to stride, to leap suddenly.
Stents. Tribute.
Stey. Steep; *styeest*, steepest.
Stibble. Stubble.
Stick-an'-stow. Totally, altogether.
Stilt, stilts. A crutch; to limp, to halt; poles for crossing a river.
Stimpart. The eighth part of a Winchester bushel.
Stirk. A cow or bullock a year old.
Stock. A plant of colewort, cabbages.
Stook, stooked. A shock of corn, made into shocks.
Stoor. Sounding hollow and hoarse.
Stot. A young bull, or ox.
Stound. Sudden pang of the heart.
Stoup, or stowp. A kind of high narrow jug or dish with a handle, for holding liquids.
Stoure. Dust.
Stown. Stolen.
Stownlins. By stealth.
Stoyte. The walking of a drunken man.
Strack. Did strike.
Strae. Straw.
Straik. To stroke.
Strappan, strappin'. Tall, handsome, vigorous.
Strath. Low alluvial land, a holm.
Straught. Straight.
Stravagin. Wandering without an aim.
Streek. stretched, to stretch.
Striddle. To straddle.
Stroan. To spout.
Stroup. The spout.
Strunt. Spirituous liquor of any kind.
Studdie. The anvil.
Stuff. Corn or pulse of any kind.
Sturt. Trouble; to molest.
Styme. A glimmer.
Sucker. Sugar.
Sud. Should.
Sugh, or sough. The continued noise of wind or water.
Sumph. A pluckless fellow.
Suthron. Southern.
Swall'd. Swelled.
Swank. Stately, jolly.
Swap. An exchange, to barter.
Swarfed. Swooned.
Swat. Did sweat.
Swatch. A sample.
Swats. Drink, good ale, new ale or wort.
Sweer. Lazy, averse; dead-sweer.
Swoor. Swore, did swear.
Swinge. To beat, to whip.
Swinke. To labour hard.
Swirl. A curve, an eddying blast or pool, a knot in wood.
Swith. Get away.
Swither. To hesitate in choice.
Syebow. A thick-necked onion.
Syne. Since, ago, then.

- Tackets.* Broad-headed nails for the heels of shoes.
- Tae.* A toe.
- Tamtallan.* The name of an old castle or fortress.
- Tangle.* A sea-weed.
- Tap.* The top.
- Tapetless.* Heedless, foolish.
- Targe.* *Targe them tightly*, cross question them severely.
- Tairge.* Target.
- Tarrow.* To murmur at one's allowance.
- Tarry-breeks.* A sailor.
- Tassie.* A small measure for liquor.
- Tauld, or tald.* Told.
- Taupie.* A foolish, thoughtless young person.
- Tauted, or Tautie.* Matted together.
- Tawie.* That allows itself peaceably to be handled.
- Teat.* A small quantity.
- Teeding.* Spreading after the mower.
- Teethless bawtie.* Toothless cur.
- Teethless gab.* A mouth wanting the teeth.
- Ten-hours-bite.* A slight feed to the horse while in the yoke in the forenoon.
- Tent.* A field pulpit, heed, caution.
- Teugh.* Tough.
- Thack.* Thatch; *thack an' rape*, clothing and necessaries.
- Thae, thir.* These.
- Thairms.* Small guts, fiddle strings.
- Theekit.* Thatch'd.
- Thick.* Intimate, familiar.
- Thigger.* Crowding, make a noise; a seeker of alms.
- Thir.* These.
- Thirl, thirled.* To thrill, thrilled, vibrated.
- Thole.* To suffer, to endure.
- Thoue.* A thaw, to thaw.
- Thowless.* Slack, lazy.
- Thrang.* Throng, busy, a crowd.
- Thrapple.* Throat, windpipe.
- Thraw.* To sprain, to twist.
- Threap.* To maintain by dint of assertion.
- Treshin'.* Thrashing; *threshin'-tree*, a flail.
- Thristle.* Thistle.
- Through.* To go on with, to make out.
- Throu'ther.* Confusedly (together).
- Thrum.* Sound of a spinning-wheel in motion.
- Thud.* To make a loud intermittent noise.
- Thummart.* Fougart, pole-cat.
- Thumpit.* Thumped.
- Till't.* To it.
- Timmer.* Timber.
- Tine, or tyne.* To lose; *tint, lost; tint the gate*, lost the way.
- Tinkler.* A tinker.
- Tip.* A ram.
- Tippence.* Two-pence, money.
- Tirl.* To make a slight noise, to uncover.
- Tither.* The other.
- Tittle.* To whisper, to prate idly.
- Tocher.* Marriage portion; *tocher bands*, marriage bonds.
- Tod.* A fox.
- Toddle, toddlin'.* To totter, like the walk of a child.
- Too-fa'.* "Too fa' o' the nycht," when twilight darkens into night; a building added, a lean-to.
- Toom.* Empty.
- Toop.* A ram.
- Tosie.* Warm and ruddy with warmth, good-looking, intoxicating.
- Toss.* A toast.
- Toun.* A hamlet.
- Tout.* The blast of a horn or trumpet.

- Touzles, touzling.* Romping; ruffling the clothes.
Tow. A rope.
Towmond. A twelvemonth.
Towzie. Rough, shaggy.
Toy. A very old fashion of female head-dress.
Toyte. To totter like old age.
Trams. Barrow-trams, the handles of a barrow.
Transmugrifed. Transmigrated, metamorphosed.
Trashtrie. Trash, rubbish.
Trews. Trousers.
Trig. Spruce, neat.
Trimly. Cleverly, excellently, in a seemly manner.
Trinle, trintle. The wheel of a barrow, to roll.
Trinklin. Tricking.
Troggers, troggin. Wandering merchants, goods to truck or dispose of.
Trow. To believe, to trust to.
Tryste, trysts. To make an appointment.
Try't. Tried.
Tug. Raw hide, of which in old time plough traces were frequently made.
Tug or tow. Either in leather or rope.
Tulzie. A quarrel, to fight.
Twa three. A few.
Twad. It would.
Twal. Twelve; *twal pennie worth,* a small quantity.
Twin. To part.
Twistle. Twisting, the art of making a rope.
Tyke. A dog.
Tysday. Tuesday.
- Unco.* Strange, uncouth, prodigious.
Uncos. News.
Unsicker. Uncertain, wavering, unsecure.
Unskaited. Undamaged, unhurt.
Unweeting. Unwittingly, unknowing.
Urchin. A hedge-hog.
- Vap'rin.* Vapouring.
Vauntie. Joyous, delight.
Vera. Very.
Virle. A ring round a column, &c.
Vogie. Vain.
- Wa'.* Wall; *wa's,* walls.
Wabster. A weaver.
Wad. Would, to bet, a bet, a pledge.
Wadset. Land on which money is lent; a mortgage.
Wae. Woe.
Wae'fu'-woodie. Hangman's rope
Waesuck's! Wae's me! Alas! O the pity!
Waft. Woof.
Waifs an' crocks. Stray sheep and old ewes, past breeding.
Wair. To lay out, to expend.
Wale. Choice, to choose.
Walie. Ample, jolly; interjection of distress.
Wame, wame'fu'. The belly; a belly-full.
Wanchansie. Unlucky.
Wanrest, wanrest'fu'. Restless, unrestful.
World's worm. A miser.
Warlock. A wizard; *Warlock-knove,* a knoll where warlocks once held tryste.
Warly. Worldly, eager in amassing wealth.
Warsle, warstle. Wrestle.
Wastrie. Prodigality.
- Unback'd filly.* A young mare hitherto unsaddled.

- Wat.* Wet; *I wat* — *I wot* — I know.
Wat. A man's upper dress.
Water brose. Brose made of meal and water simply.
Wattle. A twig, a wand.
Wauble. To swing, to reel.
Waught. Draught.
Waukin. Waking, watching.
Waukit. Thickened as fullers do cloth.
Waukrife. Not apt to sleep.
Waur, waur't. Worse, worsted.
Wean. A child.
Wearie, or weary. *Mony a weary body*, many a toilsome person.
Weason. Weasand, windpipe.
Weeder-clips. Instrument for removing weeds.
Wee. Little.
Weel. Well; *weelfare*, welfare.
Weet. Rain, wetness; to wet.
Weird. Fate.
We'se. We shall.
Whaizle. To wheeze.
Whalpit. Whelped.
Whang. A leathern thong, a piece of cheese, bread, &c.
What reck. Nevertheless.
WhEEP. To fly nimbly, to jerk; *penny wheep*, small beer.
Whid. The motion of a hare running, but not frightened: a lie.
Whigmeleeries. Whims, fancies, crotchets.
Whingin'. Crying, complaining fretting.
Whirligigums. Useless ornaments.
Whisht. Silence.
Whisk; whisket. To sweep — to lash.
Whiskin' beard. A beard like the whiskers of a cat.
Whistle. A whistle, to whistle.
Whitter. A hearty draught of liquor.
Whittle. A knife.
Whunstane. A whinstone.
Whyles. Whiles, sometimes.
Wick. To strike a stone in an oblique direction — a term in curling.
Wicker. Willow (the smaller sort).
Widdifu. Twisted like a withy — one who merits hanging.
Wiel. A small whirlpool.
Wifie-wifikie. A diminutive name, for wife.
Wight. Stout — enduring.
Willyart-glower. A bewildered, dismayed stare.
Wimple, wimplet. To meander — meandered — to enfold.
Win', win't, wind. To wind, to winnow; winded, as a bottom of yarn.
Win, wons. Live, dwells.
Winnin'-thread. Putting thread into hanks.
Winnock. A window.
Winsome. Hearty, vaunted, gay.
Wintle. A staggering motion; to stagger, to reel.
Winze. A curse, or imprecation.
Wiss. To wish.
Wizened. Hide-bound, dried, shrunk.
Wonner. A wonder.
Woo'. Wool.
Woo. To court, to make love to.
Woodie. A rope; more properly, one of withs or willows.
Wooper-babs. The garter knitted below the knee with a couple of loops.
Wordy. Worthy.
Worset. Worsted.
Wow. An exclamation of pleasure or wonder.
Wrack. To teaze, to vex.
Wud. Wild, mad.
Wumble. A winkle.
Wraith. A spirit, a ghost; also wrath.
Wreeth. A drifted heap of snow.

Wyle. To beguile.
Wyliecoat. A flannel vest.
Wyte. Blame, to blame.

Yeans. Longs much.
Yell. Barren, that gives no milk.
Yerk, Yerkit. To lash, to jerk,
 jerket, lashed.
Yett. A gate.

Yeuks. Itches.
Yill. Ale.
Yin. One.
Yird, yirded. Earth, earthed
 buried.
Yokin'. Yoking.
Yont, ayont. Beyond.
Yirr. Lively.
Yowe. An ewe.
Yowie. Diminutive of Yowe.
Yule. Christmas.

THE END.

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