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THE POEMS OF ROBERT BURNS.
Robert Burns
HIS edition of the "Poems" of Burns is printed from the last Aldine edition, carefully revised; all the copyright pieces, which belong to the proprietors of that edition exclusively, are included in this; they consist of some entire poems, several additional stanzas, and numerous important variations, which were printed from MSS. in the handwriting of Burns himself, collected at considerable expense by the late Mr. Pickering.

Both in this, and in the corresponding volume of the "Songs" of Burns, the editor has strictly adhered to the poet's own text, in preference to the plan of some recent editors, who, by modernizing the dialect and orthography of these unrivalled poems, have impaired much of their genuine raciness and vigour.
POEMS,
CHIEFLY SCOTTISH.

THE TWA DOGS.

A TALE.

Was in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' Auld King Coil,
Upon a bonie day in June,
When wearing through the afternoon,
Twa dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
Foregather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cæsar,
Was keepit 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 though he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride na pride had he;
But wad hae spent an hour caressin,
THE POEMS

Ev'n wi' a tinkler-gipsey's messin.
At kirk or market, mill or smiddle,
Nae tawted tyke, though e'er sae duddie,
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
And stroan't on stanes and hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,
A rhyming, ranting, roving billie,
Wha for his friend and comrade had him,
And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him,
After some dog in Highland sang,*
Was made lang syne, Lord knows how lang!
He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke,
As ever lap a sheugh or dike.
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
Ay gat him friends in ilka place;
His breast was white, his touzie back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
His gawcie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung owre his hurdles wi' a swirl.

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

CAESAR.

I've aften wonder'd, honest Luath,
What sort o' life poor dogs like you have;

* Cuchullin's dog in Ossian's Fingal. R. B.
An' when the gentry's life I saw, 
What way poor bodies liv'd ava. 
   Our Laird gets in his racked rents, 
His coals, his kain, an' a' his stents: 
He rises when he likes himsel; 
His flunkies answer at the bell; 
He ca's his coach; he ca's his horse; 
He draws a bonie, silken purse 
As lang's my tail, whare through the steeks, 
The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks. 
   Frae morn to e'en its nought but toiling, 
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling; 
An' though the gentry first are stechin, 
Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their pechan 
Wi' sauce, ragouts, and 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 it's past my comprehension. 

Luath. 

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they're fash't enough; 
A cotter howkin in a sheugh, 
Wi' dirty stanes biggin a dyke, 
Baring a quarry, and sic-like, 
Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains, 
A snytrie o' wee duddie weans, 
An' nought but his han' darg, to keep 
Them right au' 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 and hunger;
But, how it comes, I never kend yet,
They’re maistly wonderfu’ contented;
An’ bairldy chiels, an’ clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CAESAR.

But then to see how ye’re negleekit,
How huff’d, an’ cuff’d, an’ disrespeckit!
Lord, man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an’ sic cattle,
They gang as saucy by poor folk,
As I wad by a stinking brock.
I’ve notic’d, on our Laird’s court-day,
An’ mony a time my heart’s been wae,
Poor tenant bodies, scant o’ cash,
How they maun thole a factor’s smash:
He’ll stamp an’ threaten, curse and swear,
He’ll apprehend them, poind their gear;
While they maun stan’, wi’ aspect humble,
An’ hear it a’, an’ fear and 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:
Though 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’ though fatigu’d wi’ close employment,
A blink o’ rest’s a sweet enjoyment.
OF BURNS.

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.

And 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 and priests,
Wit' kindling fury i' their breasts;
Or tell what new taxation's comin,
And ferlie at the folk in Lon'on.

As bleak-fac'd Hallowmass 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 wins;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
The luntin pipe, an sneeshin mill,
Are handed round wi' right guid will;
The cantie auld folks crackin crouse,
The young anes rantin through 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 folk,
Are riven out baith root an' 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 maybe, in a frolic daft,
To Hague or Calais takes a waft,
To make a tour, an' tak a whirl,
To learn bon ton an' see the worl'.

There at Vienna or Versailles,
He rives his father's auld entailis;
Or by Madrid he takes the rout,
To thrum guitars, an' fecht wi' nowt;
Or down Italian vista startles,
Whore-hunting amang groves o' myrtles:
Then houses drumly German water,
To make 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 braw estate!
Are we sae foughten an' harass'd
For gear to gang that gate at last?
OF BURNS.

O would they stay aback frae courts,  
An' please themsels wi' countra sports,  
It wad for ev'ry ane be better,  
The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cotter!  
For thae frank, 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 folks' life's a life o' pleasure?  
Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them,  
The vera thought o't needna fear them.

CÆSAR.

Lord, man, were ye but whyles whare I am,  
The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.  
It's true, they needna starve or sweat,  
Through 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 make enow themsels to vex them;  
An' ay the less they hae to sturt them,  
In like proportion, less will hurt them.

A country fellow at the plough,  
His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh;  
A country girl at her wheel,  
Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel:  
But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst,
Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst.
They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy;
Though deil haet ails them, yet uneasy:
Their days insipid, dull, an' tasteless,
Their nights unquiet, lang, an' restless;
An' ev'n their sports, their balls an' races,
Their galloping through 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 an' whoring,
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 ony unhang'd blackguard.
There's some exceptions, man an' woman;
But this is Gentry's life in common.

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

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

Solomon's Proverbs, xxxi. 6, 7.

ET other poets raise a fracas
'Bout vines, an' wines, an' drunken 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 through wimplin worms thou jink,
Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink,
In glorious faem,
Inspire me, till I lisp an' wink,
To sing thy name!

Let husky Wheat the haughs adorn,
An' Aits set up their awnie horn,
An' Pease an' Beans at een or morn,
Perfume the plain,
Leeze me on thee, John Barleycorn,
Thou King o' grain!
On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
In souple sones, 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';
Though 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.
OF BURNS.

That merry night we get the corn in,
O sweetly, then, thou reams the horn in!
Or reekin on a New-year mornin
    In cog or bicker,
An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,
    An' 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 chiel,
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 fumbling cuifs their dearies slight,
    Wae worth the name!
Nae Howdie gets a social night,
    Or plack frae them.

When neebors anger at a plea,
And 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, drunken hash,
O' half his days;
An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
To her warst faes.

Ye Scots, wha wish auld Scotland well,
Ye chief, to you my tale I tell,
Poor plackless devils like mysel'
It sets you ill,
Wi' bitter, deathfu' 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' Whisky punch
Wi' honest men!

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

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 Whisky stells their prize!
Haud up thy han', Deil! ance, twice, thrice!
    There, seize the blinkers!
An' bake them up in brunstane pies
    For poor damn'd drinkers.

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

AUTHOR'S EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER*

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE AND HONOURABLE

THE SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES IN THE

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

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

Parody on Milton.

E Irish Lords, ye Knights and 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 a—
     Low i' the dust,
An' scriechen out prosaic verse,
     An' like to brust!

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

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

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 greetin owre her thrissle;
Her mutchkin stoup as toom's a whissle:
An' damn'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,
    Colleaguing join,
Picking her pouch as bare as Winter
    Of a' kind coin.
Is there, that bears the name o' Scot,
But feels his heart's bluid rising hot,
To see his poor auld Mither's pot
    Thus dung in staves,
An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat
    By gallows knaves?

Alas! I'm but a nameless wight,
Trode i' the mire out o' 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' with rhetoric clause on clause
    To mak harangues;
Then echo through 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 damn'd auldfarran,
    Dundas his name.

* Sir Adam Ferguson.  R. B.
† The Duke of Montrose.  R. B.
OF BURNS.

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

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 reckin 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!)
An' now she's like to rin red-wud
    About her Whisky.

An' Lord, 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 God 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.

THE POEMS

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

Tell yon guid bluid o' auld Boconnock's
I'll be his debt twa mashlum bonnocks,
An' drink his health in auld Nanse 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 botch 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,
Though 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,

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

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

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

POSTSCRIPT.

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

What though their Phœbus 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 burden on their shouther;  
They downa bide the stink o' powther;  
Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither  
To stan' or rin,  
Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' trowther,  
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 whisky's name in Greek,
    I'll tell the reason.

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

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

Hypocrisy à-la-mode.

UPON a simmer Sunday morn,
When Nature’s face is fair,
I walked forth to view the corn,
An’ snuff the caller air.
The risin 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 glower’d abroad,
To see a scene sae gay,
Three Hizzies, early at the road,
Cam skelpin up the way.
Twa had manteels o’ dolefu’ black,
But ane wi’ lyart lining;
The third, that gaed a wee a-back,
Was in the fashion shinin
Fu’ gay that day.

* Holy Fair is a common phrase in the West of Scotland for a sacramental occasion. R. B.
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 lambie,  
An' wi' a curcha 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 bonie face,  
    But yet I canna name ye."
Quo' she, an' laughing as she spak,  
    An' taks me by the hauns,  
"Ye, for my sake, hae gi'en the feck  
    Of a' the ten commauns  
        A screed some day.

"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 runkld 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!"
OF BURNS.

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 bodie,
   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 carryin' 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, an' twa-three whores,
   Are blinkin at the entry.
Here sits a raw o' 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 reposed on the chair-back,
    He sweetly does compose him;
Which, by degrees, slips round her neck,
    An's loof upon her bosom
    Unkend that day.

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 how 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 an' gestures,
O 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 an' rest nae langer:
For a' the real judges rise,
They cannâa 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 an' reason?
His English style, an' gesture fine,
Are a' clean out o' season.
Like Socrates or Antonine,
Or some auld pagan Heathen,
The moral man he does define,
But ne'er a word o' faith in
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.
The Poems

Wee Miller, neist, the Guard relieves,
An' Orthodoxy-raibles,
Though in his heart he weel believes,
An' thinks it auld wives' fables:
But, faith! the birkie wants a Manse,
So, cannilie he hums them;
Although his carnal wit an' sense
Like hafflins-wise o'ercomes him
    At times that day.

Now, butt an' ben, the Change-house fills,
Wi' yill-caup commentators:
Here's crying out for bakes an' gills,
An' 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 whisky 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.
OF BURNS.

On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leuk,

They're makin observations;
While some are cozie i' the neuk,

An' formin assignations

To meet some day.

But now the Lord'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 fou 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,

'Twas but some neebor 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' dismist:

How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups,

Amang the furms and benches

* Shakespeare's Hamlet. R B.
THE POEMS

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,
    Frac side to side they bother,
Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
    An' gie's 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' ances yourself
    How bonnie lads ye wanted,
An' dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,
    Let lasses be affronted
    On sic a day!

Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattling tow,
    Begins to jow an' 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.
OF BURNS.

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

DEATH AND DOCTOR HORNBOOK.

A TRUE STORY.

OME books are lies frae end to end,
And some great lies were never penn'd:
Ev'n Ministers they hae been kenn'd,
In holy rapture,
Great lies and nonsense baith to vend,
And nailt wi' Scripture.

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

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

The rising moon began to glower
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,
Setting my staff, wi' a' my skill,
    To keep me sicker;
Though leeward whyles, against my will,
    I took a bicker.

I there wi' Something did forgather,
That pat me in an eerie swither;
An' awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther,
    Clear-dangling, hang:
A three-taed leister on the ither
    Lay, large an' lang.

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
The queerest shape that e'er I saw,
For fient a wame it had ava,
    And then its shanks,
They were as thin, as sharp an' sma'
    As cheeks o' branks.

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

* This renounter happened in seed-time, 1785.  R. B.
It seem’d to mak a kind o’ stan’,
But naething spak;
At length, says I, “Friend, whare ye gaun,
Will ye go back?”

It spak right howe—“My name is Death,
But be na fley’d.”—Quoth I, “Guid faith,
Ye’re maybe come to stap my breath :
But tent me, billie:
I red ye weel, tak care o’ skaith,
See, there’s a gully!”

“Gudeman,” quo’ he, “put up your whittle,
I’m no design’d to try its mettle;
But if I did, I wad be kittle
To be mislear’d,
I wadna mind it, no that spittle
Out-owre my beard.”

“Weel, weel!” says I, “a bargain be’t;
Come, gie’s your hand, an’ sae we’re gree’t;
We’ll ease our shanks an’ tak a seat,
Come, gie’s 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.

* An epidemical fever was then raging in that country.
R. B.
THE POEMS

"Sax thousand years are near-hand fled,
Sin' I was to the butching 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 well 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 pierced mony a gallant heart;
But Doctor Hornbook, wi' his art
And cursed skill,
Has made them baith no worth a f—t,
Damn'd haet they'll kill.

"Twas 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,

* This gentleman, Dr. Hornbook, is, professionally, a
  brother of the sovereign order of the Ferula; but, by intuition and inspiration, is at once an Apothecary, Surgeon, and
  Physician.  R. B.
† Buchan's Domestic Medicine.  R. B.
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.

"E'en them he canna get attended,
Although their face he ne'er had kend it,
Just —— in a kail-blade, and send it,
As soon's he smells't,
Baith their disease, and what will mend it,
At once he tells't.

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

"Calces o' fossils, earths, and trees;
True Sal-marinin o' the seas;
The Farina of beans and pease,
He has't in plenty;
Aqua-fontis, what you please,
He can content ye.

"Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,
Urinus Spiritus of capons;
Or Mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,  
    Distill'd *per se*;  
Sal-alkali o' Midge-tail clippings,  
    And mony mae."

"Waes me for Johnny Ged's Hole* now,"  
Quoth I, "if that thae news be true!  
His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,  
    Sae white and bonie,  
Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plew;  
    They'll ruin Johnie!"

The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh,  
And says, "Ye needna yoke the pleugh,  
Kirk-yards will soon be till'd 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 o' breath,  
This night I'm free to tak my aith,  
    That Hornbook's skill  
Has clad a score i' their last claith,  
    By drap and pill.

"An honest Webster 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."

* The grave-digger. R. B.
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 bonie lass, ye ken 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 pay’d for’t;
Yet stops me o’ my lawfu’ prey,
Wi’ his damn’d dirt.

"But, hark! I’ll tell you of a plot,
Though dinna ye be speaking o’ t;
I’ll nail the self-conceited Sot
As dead’s a herrin:
Niest 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.
THE BRIGS OF AYR.
A POEM.
INSCRIBED TO JOHN BALLANTYNE, ESQ., AYR.

HE simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
Learning his tuneful trade from every bough;
The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush;
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush;
The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
Or deep-toned plovers, grey, wild-whistling o'er the hill;
Shall he, nurst in the Peasant's lowly shed,
To hardy independence bravely bred,
By early poverty to hardship steeled,
And trained to arms in stern Misfortune's field;
Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes?
Or labour hard the panegyric close,
With all the venal soul of dedicating prose?
No! though his artless strains he rudely sings,
And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,
He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,
Fame, honest Fame, his great, his dear reward.
Still, if some Patron's generous care he trace,
Skilled in the secret to bestow with grace;
When Ballantyne befriends his humble name,
And hands the rustic Stranger up to Fame,
OF BURNS.

With heartfelt throes his grateful bosom swells,
The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter hap,
And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap;
Potatoe-bings are snugged up frae skaith
O' coming Winter's biting, frosty breath;
The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils,
Unnumbered buds an' flowers, delicious spoils,
Sealed up with frugal care in massive waxen piles,
Are doomed by Man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone reek:
The thundering guns are heard on every side,
The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide;
The feathered field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,
Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie:
(What warm, poetic heart, but inly bleeds,
And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)
Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs;
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
Except perhaps the Robin's whistling glee,
Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree:
The hoary morus precede the sunny days,
Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noontide blaze,
While thick the gossamour waves wanton in the rays.

'Twas in that season; when a simple Bard,
Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,
Ae night, within the ancient brugh of Ayr,
By whim inspired, or haply prest wi' care,
He left his bed and took his wayward rout,
And down by Simpson's* wheeled the left about:

* A noted tavern at the Auld Brig end. R. B.
THE POEMS

(Whether impelled by all-directing Fate,
To witness what I after shall narrate;
Or whether, rapt in meditation high,
He wander'd out he knew not where nor why:)
The drowsy Dungeon clock* had numbered two,
And Wallace Tower* had sworn the fact was true:
The tide-swoln Firth, wi' sullen-sounding roar,
Through the still night dashed hoarse along the shore:
All else was hushed as Nature's closed e'e;
The silent moon shone high o'er tower and tree:
The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
Crept, gently-crusting, owre the glittering stream.—
When, lo! on either hand the list'ning Bard,
The clanging sugh of whistling wings is heard;
Two dusky forms dart through the midnight air,
Swift as the gos† drives on the wheeling hare;
Ane on th' Auld Brig his airy shape uprears,
The ither flutters o'er the rising piers:
Our warlock Rhymer instantly descried
The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside.
(That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
And ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk;
Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,
And ev'n the vera deils they brawly ken them.)
Auld Brig appeared o' ancient Pictish race,
The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face:
He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang,
Yet, toughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
New Brig was buskit in a braw new coat,
That he, at Lon'on, frae a'ne Adams got;
In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead,
Wi' virls an' whirlygigums at the head.

* The two steeplees. R. B.
† The Gos-hawk, or Falcon. R. B.
The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,
Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch;
It chanced his new-come neebor took his e'e,
And e'en a vexed and angry heart had he!
Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
He, down the water, gies him this guid-e'en:—

**AULD BRIG.**

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

**NEW BRIG.**

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

**AULD BRIG.**

Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide;
And though wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn,
I'll be a Brig, when ye're a shapeless cairn!
As yet ye little ken about the matter,

* A noted ford, just above the Auld Brig.  R. B.
But twa-three winters will inform ye better.  
When heavy, dark, continued, a'—day rains,  
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;  
When from the hills where springs the brawling Coil,  
Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil,  
Or where the Greenock winds his moorland course,  
Or haunted Garjal* draw his feeble source,  
Aroused by blust'ring winds an' spotting thowes,  
In mony a torrent down his swan-broo rowes;  
While crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat,  
Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate;  
And from Glenbuck,† down to the Rattoon-key,‡  
Auld Ayr is just one lengthened, tumbling sea;  
Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise!  
And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies.  
A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,  
That Architecture's noble art is lost  

**NEW BRIG.**  

Fine Architecture, trowth, I needs must say't o't!  
The Lord be thankit that we've tint the gate o't!  
Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices,  
Hanging with threat'ning jut, like precipices:  
O'erarching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,  
Supporting roofs fantastic, stony groves:  
Windows and doors in nameless sculptures drest,  
With order, symmetry, or taste unblest;  
Forms like some bedlam statuary's dream,  
The crazed creations of misguided whim;  

* The banks of Garjal Water is one of the few places in the West of Scotland, where those fancy-scaring beings, known by the name of Ghaists, still continue pertinaciously to inhabit.  R. B.  
† The source of the river Ayr.  R. B.  
‡ A small landing-place above the large key.  R. B.
OF BURNS.

Forms might be worshipped on the bended knee,
And still the second dread command be free,
Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea.
Mansions that would disgrace the building taste
Of any mason reptile, bird, or beast;
Fit only for a doited monkish race,
Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace,
Or cuifs of later times, wha held the notion,
That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion;
Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection,
And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection!

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear-remembered, ancient yealins,
Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings!
Ye worthy Proveses, an' mony a Bailie,
Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay;
Ye dainty Deacons, an' ye douce Conveeners,
To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners!
Ye godly Councils wha hae blest this town;
Ye godly Brethren o' the sacred gown,
Wha meekly gie your hurdies to the smitters;
And (what would now be strange) ye godly Writers:
A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo,
Were ye but here, what would ye say or do!
How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
To see each melancholy alteration;
And agonizing, curse the time and place
When ye begat the base, degen'rate race!
Nae langer Rev'rend Men, their country's glory,
In plain, braid Scots hold forth a plain, braid story;
Nae langer thrifty Citizens, an' douce,
Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house;
But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless Gentry,
The herryment and ruin of the country;
Men, three parts made by tailors and by barbers,
Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on damned new
Brigs and Harbours!

NEW BRIG.

Now haud you there! for faith ye've said enough,
And muckle mair than ye can mak to through;
As for your Priesthood, I shall say but little,
Corbies and Clergy are a shot right kittle:
But under favour o' your langer beard,
Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spared:
To liken them to your auld-warl squad,
I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
In Ayr, wag-wits nae mair can have a handle
To mouth "a Citizen," a term o' scandal:
Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,
In all the pomp of ignorant conceit;
Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' raisins,
Or gathered lib'ral views in bonds and seisins.
If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
Had shored them wi' a glimmer of his lamp,
And would to Common-sense for once betrayed them,
Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.

What farther clishmaclaver might been said,
What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,
No man can tell; but all before their sight
A fairy train appeared in order bright:
Adown the glittering stream they featly danced;
Bright to the moon their various dresses glanced:
They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet:
While arts of Minstræsly among them rung,
OF BURNS.

And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties sung,
O had McLauchlan,* thairm-inspiring sage,
Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
When through his dear strathspeys they bore with
Highland rage,
Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
The lover's raptured joys or bleeding cares;
How would his Highland lug been nobler fired,
And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch in-
spired!
No guess could tell what instrument appeared,
But all the soul of Music's self was heard;
Harmonious concert rung in every part,
While simple melody poured moving on the heart.

The Genius of the Stream in front appears,
A venerable Chief, advanced in years;
His hoary head with water-lilies crowned,
His manly leg with garter-tangle bound.
Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring:
Then, crowned with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy,
And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye:
All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,
Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn;
Then Winter's time-bleached locks did hoary show,
By Hospitality with cloudless brow;
Next followed Courage with his martial stride,
From where the Feal† wild-woody coverts hide;
Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
A Female form, came from the tow'rs of Stair:‡

* A well-known performer of Scottish music on the violin. R. B.
† A small stream which runs near Coilsfield.
‡ Stair then belonged to Mrs. Stewart, who is the female alluded to.
Learning and Worth in equal measures trode
From simple Catrine,* their long-loved abode:
Last, white-robed Peace, crowned with a hazel
wreath,
To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
The broken iron instruments of death:
At sight of whom our Sprites forgat their kindling
wrath.

THE ORDINATION.

For sense they little owe to frugal Heaven—
To please the mob, they hide the little given.

ILMARNOCK Wabsters, fidge and 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' Russel sair misca'd her;

A beautiful little place, the retreat of Professor Dugald
Stewart.
† Alluding to a scoffing ballad which was made on the ad-
mission of the late Reverend and worthy Mr. L[indsay] to
the Laigh Kirk. R. B.
This day M’Kinlay taks the flail,
An’ he’s the boy will blaud her!
He’ll clap a shangan on her tail,
An’ set the bairns to daud her
Wi’ dirt this day.

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,
An’ gloriously she’ll whang her
Wi’ pith this day.

Come, let a proper text be read,
An’ touch it off wi’ vigour,
How graceless Ham* leugh at his dad,
Which made Canaan a nigger:
Or Phineas† drove the murdering blade,
Wi’ whore-abhorring rigour;
Or Zipporah,‡ wi’ scauldin jad,
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 takes but for the fashion;
An’ gie him o’er the flock, to feed,
And punish each transgression;

* Genesis ix. 22.  R. B.  † Numbers xxv. 8.  R. B.
‡ Exodus iv. 2.  R. B.
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 an' wale,
No gie'n by way o' dainty,
But ilka day.

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

Lang, Patronage, wi' rod o' aird,
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 hear,
   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 Honor maun detach,
   Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons,
   Fast, fast this day.

See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes
   She's swingin through the city;
Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays!
   I vow it's unco pretty!
There, Learning, with his Greekish face,
   Grunts out some Latin ditty;
And Common Sense is gone, 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 packèd aff to hell,
An' banish'd oun' dominions,
Henceforth this day.

O happy day! rejoice, rejoice,
Come hause about the porter!
Morality's demure decoys
Shall here nae mair find quarter:
McKinlay, Russel, are the boys
That Heresy can torture;
They'll gie her on a rape a hovse,
And cowe 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 wi' 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.

* New Light is a cant phrase in the West of Scotland, for those religious opinions which Dr. Taylor of Norwich has so strenuously defended. R. B.
THE CALF.

TO THE REV. MR. JAMES STEVEN, ON HIS TEXT,
MALACHI, CH. IV. VER. 2.

And ye shall go forth, and grow up, like calves of the stall."

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

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

But, if the lover's raptured hour
   Shall ever be your lot,
Forbid it, ev'ry heavenly Power,
   You e'er should be a stot!

Though, when some kind, connubial dear,
   Your but-and-ben adorns,
The like has been that you may wear
   A noble head of horns.

And, in your lug, most reverend James.
   To hear you roar and rowte,
Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
   To rank amang the nowte.
And when ye're number'd wi' the dead,
Below a grassy hillock,
Wi' justice they may mark your head—
"Here lies a famous bullock!"

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL.

O Prince! O Chief of many throned Powers,
That led th' embattled Seraphim to war.

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

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

Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame;
Far kend an' noted is thy name;
An' though 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 roarin 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 Graunie say,
In lanely glens ye like to stray;
Or where auld, ruin'd castles, gray,
    Nod to the moon,
Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way,
    Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my Graunie summon,
To say her pray'rs, douce, honest woman!
Aft yont the dyke she's heard you bummin,
    Wi' eerie drone;
Or, rustlin, through the boortrees comin,
    Wi' heavy groan.

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

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
Each 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.
THE POEMS

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

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

An' aft your moss-traversing Spunkies
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is:
The bleezin, curst, mischievous monkies
Delude his eyes,
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
Ne'er mair to rise.
When mason's 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 honie 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 swaird,
   In shady bow'r:

Then you, ye auld, snie-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' blotches did him gall,
   Wi' bitter claw,
An' lows'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked Scawl,
   Was warst ava?
THE POEMS

But a' your doings to rehearse,
Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce,
Sin' that day Michael* did you pierce,
    Down to this time,
Wad dung 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 honr 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!

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

AN UNCO MOURNFU' TALE.

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;

* Vide Milton, Book vi. R. B.
OF BURNS.

There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
When Hughoc* he came doyting by.
   Wi' glowrin een, and 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, an' grow
To scores o' lambs, an' packs o' woo'!
  "Tell him, he was a Master kin',
An' ay was guid to me an' mine;
An' now my dying charge I gie him,
My helpless lambs, I trust them wi' him.
  "O, bid him save their harmless lives,
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' ripps o' corn.
  "An' may they never learn the gaets
Of ither vile wanrestfu' pets!
* A neibor herd-callan.  R. B.
To slink through 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 through the sheers;
So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
An' bairns greet for them when they're dead.

"My poor toop-lamb, my son an' heir,
O, bid him breed him up wi' care!
An', if he live to be a beast,
To pit some havins in his breast!
An' warn him, what I winna name,
To stay content wi' yowes at hame;
An' no to rin an' wear 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' only 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,
An' clos'd her een amang the dead!
POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

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

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

Through a' the toun she trotted by him;
A lang half-mile she could descry him;
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
    She ran wi' speed:
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him,
    Than Mailie dead.

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
An' could behave hersel wi' mense;
I'll say' t, she never brak a fence,
    Through thievish greed.
Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the spence
    Sin' Mailie's dead.
Or, if he wanders up the Howe,
Her living image in her yowe,
Comes bleating to him, owre theknowe,
   For bits o' bread;
An' down the briny pearls rowe
   For Mailie dead.

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

Wae worth the man wha first did shape
That vile, wanchancie thing—a rape!
It mak's guid fellows gie an' gape,
   Wi' chokin dread;
An' Robin's bonnet wave wi' erape,
   For Mailie dead.

O, a' ye Bards on bonie Doon!
An' wha on Ayr your chauters tune!
Come, join the melancholious croon
   O' Robin's reed!
His heart will never get aboon!
   His Mailie's dead!
TO JAMES SMITH.

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

EAR Smith, the slee'est, paukie thief,
That e'er attempted stealth or rief,
Ye surely hae some warlock-breef
Owre human hearts;
For ne'er a bosom yet wasrief
Against your arts.

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

That auld, capricious earlin, Nature,
To mak amends for scrimpit stature,
She's turn'd you off, a human creature
On her first plan,
And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature,
She's wrote, "The Man."

Just now I've taen the fit o' rhyme,
My barmie noodle's working prime,
My fancie yerkit up sublime
Wi' hasty summon:
Hae ye a leisure moment's time
To hear what's comin?
Some rhyme, a neebor's name to lash;
Some rhyme (vain thought!) for needfu' cash;
Some rhyme to court the countra clash,
An' raise a din;
For me, an aim I never fash;
I rhyme for fun.

The star that rules my luckless lot,
Has fated me the russet coat,
An' damn'd my fortune to the groat;
But, in requit,
Has blest me wi' a random shot
O' countra wit.

This while my notion's taen a sklen,
To try my fate in guid, black prent;
But still the mair I'm that way bent,
Something cries, "Hoolie!
I red you, honest man, tak tent!
Ye'll shaw your folly.

"There's ither poets, much your betters,
Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters,
Hae thought they had insur'd their debtors,
A' future ages;
Now moths deform in shapeless tatters,
Their unknown pages."

Then farewell hopes o' laurel-boughs,
To garland my poetic brows!
Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs
Are whistling thrang,
An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
My rustic sang.
I'll wander on, wi' tentless heed
How never-halting moments speed,
Till fate shall snap the brittle thread;
    Then, all unknown,
I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead,
    Forgot and gone!

But why o' Death begin a tale?
Just now we're living, sound an' hale;
Then top and maintop crowd the sail,
    Heave Care o'er side!
And large, before Enjoyment's gale,
    Let's tak the tide.

This life, sae far's I understand,
Is a' enchanted fairy-land,
Where pleasure is the magic wand,
    That, wielded right,
Maks hours like minutes, hand in hand,
    Dance by fu' light.

The magic-wand then let us wield;
For, ance that five-an'-forty's speel'd,
See, crazy, weary, joyless Eild,
    Wi' wrinkl'd face,
Comes hostin, hirplin owre the field,
    Wi' creepin pace.

When ance life's day draws near the gloamin,
Then fareweel vacant careless roamin;
An' fareweel chearfu' tankards foamin,
    An' social noise;
An' fareweel dear deluding woman,
    The joy of joys!
O Life! how pleasant in thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like school-boys, at th' expected warning,
To joy and play.

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

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

With steady aim, some Fortune chase;
Keen Hope does ev'ry sinew brace;
Through fair, through foul, they urge the race,
And seize the prey:
Then cannie, in some cozie place,
They close the day.

And others, like your humble servan',
Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin,
To right or left, eternal swervin,
They zig-zag on;
Till curst with age, obscure an' starvin,
They aften groan.
OF BURNS.

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

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

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

" A title, Dempster merits it;
A garter gie to Willie Pitt;
Gie wealth to some be-ledger'd cit,
   In cent per cent;
But gie me real, sterling Wit,
   And I'm content.

" While Ye are pleas'd to keep me hale,
I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal,
Be't water-brose, or muslin-kail,
   Wi' cheerfu' face,
As lang's the Muses dinna fail
   To say the grace."
An anxious e'e I never throws
Behint my lug, or by my nose;
I jonk beneath Misfortune's blows
    As weel's I may;
Sworn foe to Sorrow, Care, and Prose,
    I rhyme away.

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

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

Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye're wise;
Nae ferly though ye do despise
The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys,
    The rattling squad:
I see you upward cast your eyes—
    Ye ken the road.—

Whilst I—but I shall haud me there—
Wi' you I'll scarce gang ony where—
Then, Jamie, I shall say nae mair,
    But quat my sang,
Content with You to mak a pair,
    Whare'er I gang.
A DREAM.

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

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

UID-MORNIN to your Majesty!  
May Heaven augment your blisses,  
On ev'ry new birth-day ye see;  
A humble Poet wishes!

My Bardship here, at your levee,  
On sic a day as this is,  
Is sure an uncouth sight to see,  
Amang thae birth-day dresses  
Sae fine this day.

I see ye're complimented thrang,  
By many a lord an' lady;  
"God save the King!" 's a cuckoo sang  
That's unco easy said ay;

The Poets, too, a venal gang,  
Wi' rhymes weel turn'd and ready,  
Wad gar ye trow ye ne'er do wrang,  
But ay unerring steady,  
On sic a day.

For me! before a Monarch's face,  
Ev'n there I winna flatter;
For neither pension, post, nor place,
   Am I your humble debtor:
So, nae reflection on your Grace,
   Your Kingship to bespatter;
There's monie waur been o' the race,
   And aiblins ane been better
   Than you this day.

'Tis very true, my sovereign King,
   My skill may weel be doubted:
But facts are cheels that winna ding,
   An' downa be disputed:
Your royal nest, beneath your wing,
   Is e'en right reft an' clouted,
And now the third part of the string,
   An' less, will gang about it
   Than did ae day.

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

And now ye've gien auld Britain peace,
   Her broken shins to plaister;
Your sair taxation does her fleece,
   Till she has scarce a tester;
For me, thank God, my life's a lease,
   Nae bargain wearing faster,
OF BURNS.

Or, faith! I fear, that wi' the geese,
I shortly boost to pasture
I' the craft some day.

I'm no mistrusting Willie Pitt,
When taxes he enlarges,
(An' Will's a true guid fallow's get,
A name not envy spairges,)
That he intends to pay your debt,
An' lessen a' your charges;
But, God's sake! let nae saving-fit
Abridge your bonie barges
An' boats this day.

Adieu, my Liege! may freedom geck
Beneath your high protection;
An' may you rax Corruption's neck,
Au' gie her for dissection!
But since I'm here, I'll no neglect,
In loyal, true affection,
To pay your Queen, with due respect,
My fealty an' subjection
This great birth-day.

Hail, Majesty most Excellent!
While nobles strive to please ye,
Will ye accept a compliment
A simple Poet gies ye?
Thae bonny bairntime, Heav'n has lent,
Still higher may they heeze ye
In bliss, till Fate some day is sent
For ever to release ye
Frae care that day.
For you, young Potentate o' Wales,
I tell your Highness fairly,
Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
I'm tauld ye're driving rarely;
But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
An' curse your folly sairly,
That e'er ye brak Diana's pales
Or rattl'd dice wi' Charlie
By night or day.

Yet aft a ragged cowt's been known
To mak a noble aiver;
Sae, ye may doucey fill a throne,
For a' their clish-ma-claver:
There, Him* at Agincourt wha shone,
Few better were or braver;
An' yet, wi' funny, queer Sir John,†
He was an unco shaver
For monie a day.

For you, right rev'rend Osnaburg,
Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter,
Although a ribbon at your lug
Wad been a dress completer:
As ye disown yon paughty dog
That bears the Keys of Peter,
Then swith! an' get a wife to hug,
Or, trouth! ye'll stain the Mitre
Some luckless day.

Young, royal Tarry Breeks, I learn,
Ye've lately come athwart her;

* King Henry V. R. B.
† Sir John Falstaff: vide Shakespeare. R. B.
A glorious galley,* stem and stern,
   Weel rigg'd for Venus' barter;
But first hang out, that she'll discern
   Your hymeneal charter,
Then heave aboard your grapple airn,
   An', large upon her quarter,
   Come full that day.

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

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

* Alluding to the newspaper account of a certain Royal
Sailor's amour. R. B.
THE VISION.

DUAN FIRST. *

The sun had closed the winter day,
The Curlers quat their roarin play,
An' hunger'd Maukin taen her way
To kail-yards green,
While faithless snaws ilk step betray
Whare she has been,

The thresher's weary flingin-tree
The lee-lang day had tired me;
And whan the day had closed his e'e,
   Far i' the west,
Ben i' the spence, right pensivelie,
   I gaed to rest.

There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,
I sat and eyed the spewing reek,
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek,
   The auld clay biggin;
An' heard the restless rattons squeak
   About the riggin.

All in this mottle, misty clime,
I backward mused on wasted time,
How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
   An' done nae thing.
But stringin blethers up in rhyme,
   For fools to sing.

* Duán, a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digressive Poem. See his Cath-Loda, vol. ii. of M'Pherson's translation. R. B.
Had I to guid advice but harkit,
I might, by this, hae led a market,
Or strutted in a bank, and clarkit
    My cash-account;
While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarkit,
    Is a' th' amount.

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

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

Ye need na doubt, I held my whisht;
The infant aith, half-formed, was crusht;
I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht
    In some wild glen:
When sweet, like modest worth, she blusht,
    And stepped ben.

Green, slender, leaf-clad holly-boughs
Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows,
I took her for some Scottish Muse,
    By that same token;
And come to stop these reckless vows,
    Would soon been broken.
A "hair-brained, sentimental trace,"
Was strongly marked in her face;
A wildly-witty, rustic grace
Shone full upon her;
Her eye, ev'n turned on empty space,
Beamed keen with honour.

Down flowed her robe, a tartan sheen;
Till half a leg was scrimpily seen;
And such a leg! my bonie Jean
Could only peer it!
Sae straight, sae taper, tight, and clean,
Nane else came near it.

Her mantle large, of greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew;
Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, threw
A lustre grand;
And seemed, to my astonished view,
A well known land.

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

Here, Doon poured down his far-fetched floods;
There, well-fed Irwine stately thuds:
Auld hermit Ayr staw through his woods,
On to the shore;
And many a lesser torrent seuds,
With seeming roar.
OF BURNS.

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

By stately tower or palace fair,
Or ruins pendent in the air,
Bold stems of Heroes, here and there,
    I could discern;
Some seemed to muse, some seemed to dare,
    With feature stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,
To see a Race* heroic wheel,
And brandish round the deep-dyed steel
    In sturdy blows;
While back-recoiling seemed to reel
    Their Suthron foes.

His COUNTRY'S SAVIOUR,† mark him well!
Bold Richardton's‡ heroic swell;
The Chief on Sark§ who glorious fell,
    In high command;
And he whom ruthless fates expel
    His native land.

* The Wallaces.  R. B.
† William Wallace.  R. B.
‡ Adam Wallace, of Richardton, cousin of the immortal preserver of Scottish independence.  R. B.
§ Wallace, Laird of Craigie, who was second in command, under Douglas Earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought anno 1448. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct and intrepid valour of the gallant Laird of Craigie, who died of his wounds after the action.  R. B.
THE POEMS

There, where a sceptred Pictish shade*
Stalked round his ashes lowly laid,
I marked a martial Race, pourtrayed
In colours strong;
Bold, soldier-featured, undismayed
They strode along.

Through many a wild, romantic grove,†
Near many a hermit-fancied cove,
(Fit haunts for Friendship or for Love
In musing mood,)
An aged Judge, I saw him rove,
Dispensing good.

With deep-struck reverential awe‡
The learned Sire and Son I saw,
To Nature’s God and Nature’s law
They gave their lore,
This, all its source and end to draw,
That, to adore.

Brydone’s brave Ward§ I well could spy,
Beneath old Scotia’s smiling eye;
Who called on Fame, low standing by,
To hand him on,
Where many a Patriot name on high,
And Hero shone.

* Coils, King of the Picts, from whom the district of Kyle is said to take its name, lies buried, as tradition says, near the family-seat of the Montgomeries of Coilsfield, where his burial-place is still shown. R. B.
† Barskimming, the seat of the Lord Justice Clerk [Mil ler]. R. B.
‡ Catrine, the seat of the late Doctor, and present Professor Stewart. R. B.
§ Colonel Fullarton R. B.
DUAN SECOND.

With musing-deep, astonished stare,
I viewed the heavenly-seeming Fair;
A whispering throb did witness bear,
Of kindred sweet,
When with an elder Sister's air
She did me greet,

"All hail! my own inspired Bard!
In me thy native Muse regard!
Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
Thus poorly low!
I come to give thee such reward
As we bestow.

"Know, the great Genius of this land
Has many a light, aerial band,
Who all beneath his high command,
Harmoniously,
As arts or arms they understand,
Their labours ply.

"They Scotia's Race among them share;
Some fire the Soldier on to dare;
Some rouse the Patriot up to bare
Corruption's heart:
Some teach the Bard, a darling care,
The tuneful art.

"'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
They, ardent, kindling spirits pour;
Or, 'mid the venal Senate's roar,
They, sightless, stand,
To mend the honest Patriot lore,
And grace the hand.
"And when the Bard, or hoary Sage, 
Charm or instruct the future age, 
They bind the wild, poetic rage 
In energy, 
Or point the inconclusive page 
Full on the eye.

"Hence, Fullarton, the brave and young; 
Hence, Dempster's zeal-inspired tongue; 
Hence, sweet harmonious Beattie sung 
His 'Minstrel lays;'
Or tore, with noble ardour stung, 
The Sceptic's bays.

"To lower orders are assigned 
The humbler ranks of human-kind, 
The rustic Bard, the labouring Hind, 
The Artisan; 
All chuse, as various they're inclined, 
The various man.

"When yellow waves the heavy grain, 
The threatening storm some, strongly, rein; 
Some teach to meliorate the plain 
With tillage-skill; 
And some instruct the Shepherd-train, 
Blythe o'er the hill.

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

"Of these am I—Coila my name;  
And this district as mine I claim,  
Where once the Campbells, chiefs of fame,  
    Held ruling power:  
I marked thy embryo-tuneful flame,  
    Thy natal hour.

"With future hope, I oft would gaze,  
Fond, on thy little early ways,  
Thy rudely-carolled, chiming phrase,  
    In uncouth rhymes,  
Fired at the simple, artless lays  
    Of other times.

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

"Or when the deep green-mantled Earth  
Warm-cherished every floweret's birth,  
And joy and music pouring forth  
    In ev'ry grove,  
I saw thee eye the general mirth  
    With boundless love.
"When ripened fields, and azure skies,
Called forth the Reaper's rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their ev'ning joys,
And lonely stalk,
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
In pensive walk.

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

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

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

"Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
To paint with Thomson's landscape glow;
Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
With Shenstone's art;
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
Warm on the heart."
"Yet, all beneath the unrivalled rose,
The lowly daisy sweetly blows;
Though large the forest's monarch throws
  His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows
  Adown the glade.

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

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

"And wear thou this"—she solemn said,
And bound the Holly round my head:
The polished leaves, and berries red,
  Did rustling play;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
  In light away.
ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID, OR THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

My son, these maxims make a rule,  
And lump them aye thegither;  
The Rigid Righteous is a fool,  
The Rigid Wise anither:  
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight  
May hae some pyles o' caff in;  
So ne'er a fellow-creature slight  
For random fits o' daffin.  

SOLOMON, Eccles. vii. 16.

YE wha are sae guid yoursels,  
Sae pious and sae holy,  
Ye've nought to do but mark an' tell  
Your Neebour's fauts an' folly!  
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,  
Supply'd wi' store o' water,  
The heapet happen's ebbing still,  
And still the clap plays clatter.

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

Ye see your state wi' their's compar'd,  
And shudder at the niffer,  
But cast a moment's fair regard,  
What maks the mighty differ?
OF BURNS.

Discount what scant occasion gave
That purity ye pride in,
And (what's a'ft mair than a' the lave)
Your better art o' hiding.

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

See Social Life and Glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transmogrify'd, they're grown
Debauchery and Drinking:
O would they stay to calculate
Th' eternal consequences;
Or, your more dreaded hell to state,
Damnation of expenses!

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

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

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
    Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord its various tone,
    Each spring its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
    We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
    But know not what's resisted.

TAM SAMSON'S ELEGY.*
An honest man's the noblest work of God.—Pope.

AS auld Kilmarnock seen the Deil?
    Or great M'Kinlay † thrawn his heel?
Or Robertson ‡ again grown weel,
    To preach an' read?
"Na, waur than a'!" cries ilka chiel,
    "Tam Samson's dead!"

* When this worthy old sportsman went out last mnr-fowl season, he supposed it was to be, in Ossian's phrase, "the last of his fields," and expressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the muirs. On this hint the author composed his Elegy and Epitaph. R. B.
† A certain preacher, a great favourite with the million. Vide the Ordination, stanza ii. R. B.
‡ Another Preacher, an equal favourite with the few, who was at that time ailing. For him, see also the Ordination, stanza ix. R. B.
Kilmarnock lang may grunt an' grane,  
An' sigh, an' sab, an' greet her lane,  
An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, an' wean,  
In mourning weed;  
To Death, she's dearly paid the kane,  
Tam Samson's dead!

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

When winter muffles up his cloak,  
And binds the mire like a rock;  
When to the loughs the Curlers flock  
Wi' gleesome speed,  
Wha will they station at the cock?—  
Tam Samson's dead.

He was the king of a' the Core,  
To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,  
Or up the rink like Jehu roar  
In time o' need;  
But now he lags on Death's hog-score,  
Tam Samson's dead!

Now safe the stately Sawmont sail,  
And Trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,  
And Eels weel ken'd for souple tail,  
And Geds for greed,  
Since dark in Death's fish-creel we wail  
Tam Samson dead!
Rejoice, ye birring Paitricks a';
Ye cootie Moorcocks, crousely craw;
Ye Maukins, cock your fud fu' braw,
'Withouten dread;
Your mortal Fae is now awa',
Tam Samson's dead!

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

In vain auld age his body batters;
In vain the gout his ankles fetters;
In vain the burns came down like waters,
An acre braid!
Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin, clatters,
"Tam Samson's dead!"

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

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
He reel'd his wounted bottle-swagger,
But yet he drew the mortal trigger
Wi' weel-aim'd heed;
"Lord, five!" he cry'd, an' owre did stagger:
Tam Samson's dead!
OF BURNS.

Ilk hoary hunter mourn’d a brither;
Ilk sportsman youth bemoan’d a father;
Yon auld gray stane, amang the heather,
   Marks out his head.
Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyming blether,
   Tam Samson’s dead!

There, low he lies, in lasting rest;
Perhaps upon his mould’ring breast
Some spitefu’ muirfowl bigs her nest,
   To hatch and breed;
Alas! nae mair he’ll them molest!
   Tam Samson’s dead!

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

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

THE EPITAPH.

Tam Samson’s weel-worn clay here lies,
   Ye canting zealots, spare him!
If honest worth in heaven rise,
   Ye’ll mend or ye win near him.
PER CONTRA.

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

HALLOWEEN.†

The following Poem will, by many readers, be well enough understood; but for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, notes are added, to give some account of the principal charms and spells of that night, so big with prophecy to the peasantry in the west of Scotland. The passion of prying into futurity makes a striking part of the history of human nature, in its rude state, in all ages and nations; and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind, if any such should honour the Author with a perusal, to see the remains of it, among the more unenlightened in our own. R. B.

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

GOLDSMITH.

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

* Killie is a phrase the country-folks sometimes use for the name of a certain town in the west [Kilmarnock]. R. B.
† Halloween is thought to be a night when witches, devils, and other mischief-making beings are all abroad on their
OF BURNS.

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

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

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
   Whyles fast at night.

baneful, midnight errands; particularly those aërial people, the fairies, are said, on that night, to hold a grand anniver-
sary.  R. B.-
† Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neigh-
borhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis.  R. B
* A noted cavern near Colean-house, called the Cove of Colean; which, as well as Cassilis Downans, is famed in country story for being a favourite haunt of fairies.  R. B.
† The famous family of that name, the ancestors of Robert, the great deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick.  R. B.
Then, first an' foremost, through the kail,
Their stocks* maun a' be sught an'ce;
They steek their een, an' grape an' wale,
For muckle anes, an' straught anes.
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
An' wander'd through the bow-kail,
An' pow'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, toddliu, rin,
Wi' stocks out-owre their shouther;
An' gif the custock's sweet or sour,
Wi' jocetlegs they taste them;
Syne coziely, aboon the door,
Wi' cannie care, they've plac'd them
To lie that night.

The lasses stav frae 'mang them a'
To pou their stalks o' corn;†

* 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 lit-tle, 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 custoe. 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 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.
OF BURNS.

But Rab slips out, an' jinks about,
   Behint the muckle thorn:
He grippet Nelly hard an' fast;
   Loud skirl'd a' the lasses;
But her tap-pickle maist was lost,
   When kiutlin in the fause-house*
           Wi' him that night.

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

Jean slips in twa, wi' tentie e'e:
   Wha 'twas, she wadna tell;
But this is Jock, and this is me,
   She says in to hersel:
He bleez'd owre her, an' she owre him,
   As they wad ne'er mair part;
Till fizz! he started up the lum,
   An' Jean had e'en a sair heart
           To see't that night.

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

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

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

But Merran sat behint their backs,
   Her thoughts on Andrew Bell;
She lea'ees them gashin at their cracks,
   An' slips out by hersel:
She through the yard the nearest taks,
   An' to the kiln she goes then,
An' darklins grapit for the baiks,
   And in the blue-clue* throws then,
   Right fear't 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 hands? i. e., who holds? an answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by
An' aye she win't, an' aye she swat,
I wat she made nae jaukin;
Till something held within the pat,
Guid Lord! but she was quaukin!
But whether 'twas the Deil himsel,
Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',
Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
She didna wait on talkin
To spier that night.

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

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

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

"Our stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen,
    A clever, sturdy fallow;
His sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,
    That liv'd in Auchmacalla;
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."

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 haudfu' gied him;

* 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, came 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.
OF BURNS.

Syne bad him slip frae ’mang the folk,
Sometime when nae ane see’d him,
An’ try’t that night.

He marches through amang the stacks,
Though he was something sturtin;
The graip he for a harrow taks,
An’ haurls at his curpin;
An’ ev’ry now an’ then, he says,
“Hemp-seed, I saw thee,
An’ her that is to be my lass,
Come after me an’ draw thee
As fast this night.”

He whistl’d up Lord Lenox’ march,
To keep his courage cheary;
Although his hair began to arch,
He was sae flèy’d an’ eerie:
Till presently he hears a squeak,
An’ then a grane an’ gruntle;
He by his shouther gae a keek,
An’ tumbl’d wi’ a wintle
Out-owre that night.

He roar’d a horrid murder-shout,
In dreadful desperation!
An’ young an’ auld came rinnin out,
An’ hear the sad narration:
He swoor ’twas hilchin Jean M’Craw,
Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
Till stop! she trotted through them a’
An’ wha was it but Grumphie
Asteer that night!
THE POEMS

Meg fain wad to the barn hae gaen
To winn three wechts o' naething;*
But for to meet the Deil her lane,
She put but little faith in.
She gies the herd a pickle nits,
And twa red-cheekit 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 rattl'd up the wa',
An' she cry'd, Lord preserve her!
An' ran through midden-hole an' a',
An' pray'd wi' zeal an' 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:

* 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.

† Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a Bean-stack, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the
OF BURNS.

He taks a swirlie, auld moss-oak,
   For some black, grousome Carlin;
An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke,
   Till skin in blypes eam haurlin
   Aff's nieves that night.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
   As cantie as a kitlen ;
But Och! that night amang the shaws,
   She got a fearfu' settlin'!
She through the whins, an' by the cairn,
   An' owre the hill gaed serievin,
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 through the glen it wimpl't;
Whyles round a rocky sear it strays;
   Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
   Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle ;
Whyles eokit underneath the braes,
   Below the spreading hazel,
   Unseen that night.

Amang the brachens, on the brae,
   Between her an' the moon,
last time, you will catch in your arms the appearance of your
future conjugal yoke-fellow. R. B.
* 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.
The Deil, or else an outlier 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 huls she plumpit,
   Wi’ a plunge that night.

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
   The luggies three* are ranged;
And ev’ry time great care is taen,
   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;
And unco tales, an’ funnie jokes,
   Their sports were cheap an’ cheary;
Till butter’d So’ns,† wi’ fragrant lunt,
   Set a’ their gabs a-steerin;
Syne, wi’ a social glass o’ strut,
   They parted aff careerin
   Fu’ blythe that night.

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

† Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the Halloween Supper. R. B.
THE JOLLY BEGGARS.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVO.

HEN lyart leaves bestrew the yird,
Or, wavering like the bauckie bird,
    Bedim cauld Boreas’ blast:
When hailstanes 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 Poosie-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, niest the fire, in auld red rags,
Ane sat, weel braced wi' mealy bags,
    And knapsack a' in order;
His doxy lay within his arm,
    Wi' usquebae and blankets warm,
She blinket on her sodger;
    An' aye he gies the tozie drab
The tither skelpin' kiss,
While she held up her greedy gab,
    Just like an aunous dish;  

II
THE POEMS

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 breathed his last,
When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram;
I served out my trade when the gallant game was played,
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 witnesses 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 the drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

And now, though I must beg, with a wooden arm and leg,
And many a tattered rag hanging over my bum,
OF BURNS.

I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle, and my callet,
As when I used in scarlet to follow the drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

What though with hoary locks, I must stand the winter shocks,
Beneath the woods and rocks, oftentimes for a home;
When the t'other bag I sell, and the t'other bottle tell,
I could meet a troop of hell at the sound of the drum.

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, though 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;
THE POEMS

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,
So the sword I forsook for the sake of the church;
He ventured the soul, and I risked the body,
'Twas then I proved 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 spoutoon to the fife I was ready,
I asked no more but a sodger laddie.
    Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

But the peace it reduced me to beg in despair,
Till I met my old boy at a Cunningham fair;
His rags regimental they fluttered so gaudy,
My heart it rejoiced at my sodger laddie.
    Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

And now I have lived—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 bizzy;
At length, wi' drink and courting dizzy,
He stoitered up an' made a face;
Then turn'd, an' laid a smack on Grizzly,
Syne tuned his pipes wi' grave grimace.

AIR.

TUNE—"auld syr 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 quaffin;
I ance was abused i' the kirk,
For towzling a lass i' my daffin.

Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport,
Let naebody name wi' a jeer;
There's even I'm tauld i' the court,
A tumbler ca'd the Premier.
Observed ye, yon reverend lad
Maks 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 chiel that's a fool for himsel',
Gude Lord, he's far dafter than I.

RECITATIVO.

Then niest outspak a raucle carlin,
Wha kent fu' weel to cleek the sterling,
For monie a pursie she had hooked,
And had in monie a well been ducked;
Her dove had been a Highland laddie,
But weary fa' the waefu' woodie!
Wi' sighs an' sob, she thus began
To wail her braw John Highlandman:

AIR.

TUNE—"O, AN' YE WERE DEAD, GUIDMAN."

A Highland lad my love was born,
The Lawlan' 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 no a lad in a' the lan'
Was match for my John Highlandman.
OF BURNS.

With his philibeg an' tartan plaid,
And gude 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,
And lived like lords and ladies gay;
For a Lawlan' face he feared nane,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, &c.

They banished 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 caught him at the last,
And bound him in a dungeon fast;
My curse upon them every ane,
They've hanged my braw John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, &c.

And now a widow, I must mourn
The pleasures that will ne'er return;
No comfort but a hearty can,
When I think on John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, &c.

RECITATIVO.

A pigmy scraper wi' his fiddle,
Wha used at trysts and fairs to driddle,
THE POEMS

Her strappin limb and gaucy middle
(He reach'd nae higher,)
Had hol't his heartie like a riddle,
And blawn't on fire.

Wi' hand on haunch, and upward e'e,
He crooned his gamut, ane, twa, three,
Then, in an Arioso key,
The wee Apollo
Set aff, wi' Allegretto glee,
His giga solo.

AIR.

TUNE—"WHISTLE OWRE THE LAVE O'T."

Let me ryke up to dight that tear,
And go wi' me and be my dear,
And then your every care and fear
May whistle owre the lave o't.

CHORUS.

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

At kirns and weddings we'se be there,
And oh! 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 spit him like a pliver,
Unless he wad from that time forth
   Relinquish her for ever.

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

But though his little heart did grieve
   When round the tinkler prest her,
He feigned to snirtle in his sleeve,
   When thus the caird address'd her:
THE POEMS

AIR.

TUNE—"CLOUT THE CAULDRON."

My bonnie lass, I work in brass,
A tinkler is my station;
I've travelled round all Christian ground
In this my occupation;
I've ta'en the gold, I've been enrolled
In many a noble squadron;
But vain they searched, when off I marched
To go and clout the cauldron.
   I've ta'en the gold, &c.

Despise that shrimp, that withered 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,
   And by that dear Kilbagie,*
If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,
   May I ne'er weet my craigie.
   And by that stoup, &c.

RECITATIVO.

The caird prevail'd—th' unblushing fair
   In his embraces sunk,
Partly wi' love o'ercome sae sair,
   And partly she was drunk.
Sir Violino, with an air
   That show'd a man o' spunk,

* A peculiar sort of Whiskey so called; a great favourite with Poosie-Nansie's clubs.
Wished unison between the pair,
    And made the bottle clunk
      To their health that night.

But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft
    That played a dame a shavie,
The fiddler raked her fore and aft,
    Behint the chicken cavie.
Her lord, a wight o' Homer's craft,
    Though limpin 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,
Though 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, AND A' THAT."

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

For a' that and a' that,
And twice as meikle's a' that;
I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
I've wife eneugh 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 throw 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 ha'e put me daft,
They've ta'en me in, and a' that;
But clear your decks, and "Here's the Sex!"
I like the jads for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
And twice as meikle's a' that,
My dearest bluid, to do them guid,
They're welcome till't, for a' that.
OF BURNS.

RECIATIVO.

So sung the bard—and Nansie's wa's
Shook with a thunder of applause,
Re-echoed from each mouth;
They toomed their pocks, an' pawned 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 lowse 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,
'Tis 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
Through 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, &c.
GUID New-year I wish thee, Maggie,
Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie:
Though thou's howe-backit, now, an' knaggie,
I've seen the day,
Thou could hae gane like onie staggie
Out-owre the lay.

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

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
A filly buirdly, steeve, an' swank,
An' set weel down a shapely shank,
As e'er tread yird;
An' could hae flown out-owre a stank,
Like onie bird.
It's now some nine-an'-twenty year,  
Sin' thou was my guid-father's meere;  
He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,  
   An' fifty mark;  
Though it was sma', 'twas weel-won gear,  
   An' thou was stark.

When first I gaed to woo my Jenny,  
Ye then was trottin wi' your minnie;  
Though ye was trickie, slee, an' funnie,  
   Ye ne'er was donsie;  
But hamely, tawie, quiet, an' cannie,  
   An' unco sonsie.

That day, ye pranced wi' muckle pride,  
When ye bure hame my bonie bride;  
An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride,  
   Wi' maiden air!  
Kyle Stewart I could bragged wide,  
   For sic a pair.

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

When thou an' I were young an' skeigh,  
An' stable-meals at fairs were dreigh,  
How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' skreigh  
   An' tak the road!  
Town's bodies ran, and stood abeigh,  
   An' ca't thee mad.
When thou was corn’t, an’ I was mellow,
We took the road ay like a swallow:
At Brooses thou had ne’er a fellow,
   For pith an’ speed;
But ev’ry tail thou pay’t them hollow,
   Whare’er thou gaed.

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

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

Thou never braindg’t, an’ fech’t, an’ fliskit,
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,
An’ spread abreed thy weel-fill’d brisket,
   Wi’ pith an’ pow’r,
Till spritty knowes wad rair’t and riskit,
   An’ slypet owre.

When frosts lay lang, an’ snaws were deep,
An’ threaten’d labour back to keep,
I gied thy cog a wee-bit heap
   Aboon the timmer;
I ken’d my Maggie wad na sleep
   For that, or simmer.
THE POEMS

In cart or car thou never reestit;
The steyest brae thou wad hae fac’t it;
Thou never lap, an’ sten’t, and breastit,
    Then stood to blaw;
But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
    Thou snoov’t awa.

My pleugh is now thy bairn-time a’:
Four gallant brutes as c’er did draw;
Forbye sax mae, I’ve sell’t awa,
    That thou hast nurst:
They drew me thretteen pund an’ twa,
    The vera warst.

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

And think na, my auld, trusty servan’,
That now perhaps thou’s less deservin,
An’ thy auld days may end in starvin,
    For my last fou,
A heapit stimpair, I’ll reserve ane
    Laid by for you.

We’ve worn to crazy years thegither;
We’ll toyte about wi’ ane anither;
Wi’ tentie care I’ll flit thy tether
    To some hain’d rig,
Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,
    Wi’ sma’ fatigue.
TO A MOUSE, ON TURNING HER UP IN
HER NEST, WITH THE PLough,
NOVEMBER, 1785.

EE, 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 makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal!

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

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
It's silly wa's the win's are strewin!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
Baith snell an' keen!
Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
   Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel coulter past,
   Out through 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, compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, Och! I backward cast my e'e
   On prospects drear!
An' forward, though I canna see,
   I guess an' fear!
A WINTER NIGHT.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these?—Shakespeare.

When biting Boreas, fell and doure,
Sharp shivers through the leafless bow'r;
When Phebus gies a short-lived glow'r,
Far south the lift,
Dim dark'ning through the flaky show'r,
Or whirling drift.

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

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

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

Ev’n you on murd’ring errands toiled,
Lone from your savage homes exiled,
The blood-stained roost, and sheep-cote spoiled,
       My heart forgets,
While pitiless the tempest wild
       Sore on you beats.

Now Phæbe, in her midnight reign,
Dark muffled, viewed the dreary plain;
Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
       Rose in my soul,
When on my ear this plaintive strain
       Slow, solemn, stole:—

“Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust!
And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost!
Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows!
Not all your rage, as now, united shows
       More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
Vengeful malice, unrepenting,
Than heaven-illumined man on brother-man bestows!

“See stern oppression’s iron grip,
       Or mad ambition’s gory hand,
Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
       Woe, want, and murder o’er a land!
Even in the peaceful rural vale,
Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
How pampered luxury, flattery by her side,
       The parasite empoisoning her ear,
With all the servile wretches in the rear,
Looks o’er proud property, extended wide;
OF BURNS.

And eyes the simple rustic hind,
Whose toil upholds the glittering show,
A creature of another kind,
Some coarser substance, unrefined,
Placed for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below!

"Where, where is love's fond, tender throe,
With lordly honour's lofty brow,
The powers you proudly own?
Is there, beneath love's noble name,
Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim
To bless himself alone!
Mark maiden-innocence a prey
To love-pretending snares,
This boasted honour turns away,
Shunning soft pity's rising sway,
Regardless of the tears, and unavailing prayers!
Perhaps this hour, in misery's squalid nest,
She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
And with a mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast!

"Oh ye! who, sunk in beds of down,
Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
Whom friends and fortune quite disown!
Ill-satisfied keen nature's clamorous call,
Stretched on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
While through the ragged roof and chinky wall,
Chill o'er his slumbers, piles the drifty heap!
Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
Where guilt and poor misfortune pine!
Guilt, erring man, relenting, view!
But shall thy legal rage pursue
THE POEMS

The wretch, already crushed low
By cruel fortune's undeserved blow?
Affliction's sons are brothers in distress,
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!"

I heard nae mair, for Chanticleer
Shook off the pouthery snaw,
And hailed the morning with a cheer,
A cottage-rousing craw.

But deep this truth impressed my mind—
Through all His works abroad,
The heart, benevolent and kind,
The most resembles God.

EPISTLE TO DAVIE, A BROTHER POET.

January, 1784.

WHILE winds frae aff Ben-Lomond blaw,
   And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
   And hing us owre the ingle,
   I set me down, to pass the time,
   And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
In hamely, westlin jingle.
While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
Ben to the chimla lug,
I grudge a wee the great 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.
OF BURNS.

It's hardly in a body's pow'r,
To keep, at times, frae being sour,
   To see how things are shared:
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,
Though 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 crazed, and bluid is thin,
   Is, doubtless, great distress!
Yet then content could mak 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 aye 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 though, like commoners of air,
We wander out, we know not where,
   But either house or hal'?
Yet nature's charms, the hills and woods,
   * Ramsay. R. B.
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 making muckle mair:
It's no in books; it's no in lear,
To mak us truly blest:
If happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest:
Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
Could make us happy lang;
The heart aye's the part aye,
That mak's us right or wrang.

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
Wha drudge and drive through 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's 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 thankful for them yet.
They gie the wit of age to youth;
They let us ken oursel;
They mak us see the naked truth,
The real guid and ill.
   Though 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 ought less wad wrang the cartes,
   And flatter'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 through 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 hand,  
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.

LAMENT,

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

Alas! how oft does Goodness wound itself,
And sweet Affection prove the spring of woe!

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 power, Remembrance, cease!
Ah! must the agonizing thrill
For ever bar returning peace!

No idly-feigned 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 Powers above;
The promised father's tender name:
These were the pledges of my love!

Encircled in her clasping arms
How have the raptured moments flown!
How have I wished 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,
Enraptured more the more enjoyed,
OF BURNS.

Your dear remembrance in my breast,
   My fondly-treasured thoughts employed.
That breast, how dreary now, and void,
   For her too scanty once of room!
Ev'n every ray of hope destroyed,
   And not a wish to gild the gloom!

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

And when my nightly couch I try,
   Sore harassed 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:
Even day, all bitter, brings relief,
   From such a horror-breathing night.

O! thou bright Queen, who o'er the expanse
   Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway!
Oft has thy silent-marking glance
   Observed 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.
THE POEMS

Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set!
Scenes, never, never to return!
Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
Again I feel, again I burn!
From every 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.

OPRESSED with grief, oppressed with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I sit 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 sickening scenes appear!
What sorrows yet may pierce me through,
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!
OF BURNS.

Even when the wished end's denied,
Yet while the busy means are plied,
They bring their own reward:
Whilst I, a hope-abandoned wight,
Unfitted with an aim,
Meet every 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 o'er his newly-gathered fruits,
Beside his crystal 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 Heaven on high,
As wandering, meandering,
He views the solemn sky.

Than I, no lonely hermit placed
Where never human footprint traced,
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 exchanged 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!

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 brac;
And bird and beast in covert rest,
And pass the heartless day.
OF BURNS.

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

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.
INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ. OF AYR.

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

Y loved, my honoured, 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:

* Dr. Young. R. B.
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life’s sequestered scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there,
I ween!

**November** chill blaws loud wi’ angry sigh;
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 hame-ward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th’ expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher through
To meet their dad, wi’ flichterin noise an’ glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonily,
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 roon’;
Some ca’ the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthful bloom, love sparkling in her e’e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,
    Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeigned, brothers and sisters meet,
    An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet;
    Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
    Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
    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, though out o' sight, to jauk or play:
"An' Oh! be sure to fear the Lord alway,
    An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
    Implore His counsel and 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 pleased the mother hears it's nae wild, worth-
    less rake.
Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben;
A strappan youth; he takes the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks of horses, ploughs, 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 pleased 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 Heav'n a draught of heav'nly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'n'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 perjured arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild!

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The healsome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food:
The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood;
The dame brings forth in complimantal 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 'twas 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'nward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays;
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears 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 Heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head:
How His first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven'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.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;

* Pope's Windsor Forest. R. B.
OF BURNS.

But haply, in some cottage far apart,
   May hear, well pleased, 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 Heaven the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
      And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
   For them and for their little ones provide;
   But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
   That makes her loved at home, revered 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 refined!

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, Oh, 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-loved
   Isle.
O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
  That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart;
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
  Or nobly die, the second glories 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!

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A DIRGE.

When chill November's surly blast
  Made fields and forests bare,
One evening, as I wandered forth
  Along the banks of Ayr,
I spied a man, whose aged step
  Seemed weary, worn with care;
His face was furrowed o'er with years,
  And hoary was his hair.

Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?
  Began the reverend 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 every 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 give 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-matched pair!
   Show Man was made to mourn.

A few seem favourites of fate,
   In pleasure's lap caressed;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
   Are likewise truly blest.
But, Oh! what crowds in every land
   All wretched and forlorn—
Through weary life this lesson learn,
   That Man was made to mourn.
THE POEMS

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

See yonder poor, o'erlaboured 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, though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

If I'm designed yon lordling's slave—
By Nature's law designed—
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 power
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!

A PRAYER, IN THE PROSPECT OF
DEATH.

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

If I have wandered 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 formed me
   With passions wild and strong;
And listening 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.
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 Heavenly mercy pray
Who act so counter Heavenly mercy's plan?
Who sin so oft have mourned, yet to temptation ran?

O Thou, great Governor of all below!
If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
OF BURNS.

Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
   And still the tumult of the raging sea:
With that controlling power assist even me,
   Those headlong furious passions to confine,
For all unfit I feel my powers to be,
   To rule their torrent in the allowed line;
O, aid me with Thy help, Omnipotence Divine!

LYING AT A REVEREND FRIEND'S HOUSE

ONE NIGHT, THE AUTHOR LEFT THE FOLLOWING
VERSES IN THE ROOM WHERE HE SLEPT.

THOU dread Power, 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 little filial 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 every hand—
Guide Thou their steps alway.

When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May they rejoice, no wanderer lost,
A family in Heaven!

THE FIRST PSALM.

HE man, in life wherever placed,
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.
OF BURNS.

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

A PRAYER, UNDER THE PRESSURE OF VIOLENT ANGUISH.

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 distrest;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey Thy high behest.

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

But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design;
Then man my soul with firm resolves
To bear and not repine!
THE FIRST SIX VERSES OF THE
NINETIETH PSALM.

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 heaved their heads,
Beneath Thy forming hand,
Before this ponderous globe itself
Arose at Thy command:

That Power which raised 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 flower,
In beauty's pride arrayed;
But long ere night cut down it lies,
All withered and decayed.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,
ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH, IN
APRIL, 1786.

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

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

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
    Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
    Thy tender form.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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-resolved, despairing eye,
   I see each aimed dart;
For one has cut my dearest tie,
   And quivers in my heart.
   Then lowering, and pouring;
   The storm no more I dread;
Though thickening and blackening
   Round my devoted head.

And, thou grim power, by life abhorred,
While life a pleasure can afford,
   Oh! hear a wretch's prayer!
No more I shrink, appalled, 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 throbings cease,
Cold mouldering in the clay?
No fear more, no tear more,
To stain my lifeless face,
Enclasped and grasped
Within thy cold embrace!

TO MISS LOGAN, WITH BEATTIE'S POEMS,
FOR A NEW YEAR'S GIFT, JANUARY 1, 1787.

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

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 charged, perhaps too true;
But may, dear Maid, each lover prove
An Edwin still to you.
EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

May, 1786.

LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
    A something to have sent you,
Though it should serve nae ither end
    Than just a kind memento;
But how the subject-theme may gang,
    Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps, it may turn out a sang,
    Perhaps, turn out a sermon.

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

I'll no say, men are villains a';
    The real, hardened wicked,
Wha hae nae check but human law,
    Are to a few restricked:
But och! mankind are unco weak,
    An' little to be trusted;
If self the wavering balance shake,
    It's rarely right adjusted!
Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
Their fate we should na censure,
For still th' important end of life
They equally may answer,
A man may hae an honest heart,
Though poortith hourly stare him;
A man may tak a neebor's part,
Yet hae nae cash to spare him.

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

The sacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love,
Luxuriantly indulge it;
But never tempt th' illicit rove,
Though naething should divulge it;
I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard o' concealing;
But och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling!

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by ev'ry wile
That's justify'd by honour;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train-attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.
The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip,
To hand the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honour grip,
Let that aye be your border;
Its slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' side-pretences;
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

The great Creator to revere,
Must sure become the creature;
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And ev'n the rigid feature;
Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
Be complaisance extended;
An Atheist-laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended!

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

Adieu, dear, amiable Youth!
Your heart can ne'er be wanting!
May prudence, fortitude, and truth,
Erect your brow undaunting!
In ploughman phrase, "God send you speed,"
Still daily to grow wiser;
And may ye better reck the rede
Than ever did th' Adviser!
ON A SCOTCH BARD, GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

YE wha live by sowps o' drink,
A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,
A' ye wha live an' never think,
Come mourn wi' me!

Our billie's gien us a' a jink,
An' owre the sea.

Lament him a' ye rantin' core,
Wha dearly like a random-splore,
Nae mair he'll join the merry roar,
In social key;

For now he's taen anither shore,
An' owre the sea!

The bonie lasses weel may wiss him,
And in their dear petitions place him:
The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him,
Wi' tearfu' e'e;

For weel I wat they'll sairly miss him
That's owre the sea!

O Fortune, they hae room to grumble!
Hadst thou taen aff some drowsy bummle,
That can do nought but fyke an' fumble,
'Twad been nae plea;

But he was gleg as ony wumble,
That's owre the sea!
OF BURNS.

Auld, cantie Kyle may weepers wear,
An' stain them wi' the saut, saut tear;
'Twill mak her poor auld heart, I fear,
    In flinders flee;
He was her Laureate monie a year
    That's owre the sea!

He saw misfortune's cauld nor-west
Lang mustering up a bitter blast;
A jillet brak his heart at last,
    Ill may she be!
So, took a berth afore the mast,
    An' owre the sea.

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

He ne'er was gi'en to great misleading,
Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in;
Wi' him it ne'er was under hiding,
    He dealt it free:
The Muse was a' that he took pride in,
    That's owre the sea.

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
An' hap him in a cozie biel;
Ye'll find him ay' a dainty chiel,
    And fu' o' glee:
He wad na wrang'd the vera deil,
    That's owre the sea.
Fareweel, my rhyme-composing billie!
Your native soil was right ill-willie;
But may ye flourish like a lily,
    Now bonnellie!
I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie,
    Though owre the sea!

TO A HAGGIS.

AIR 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 o' a grace
    As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your pin wad help to mend a mill
    In time o' need,
While through 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-reckin, rich!

Then, horn for horn they stretch an' strive,
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,
Till a' their weel-swall'd kytes belyve
Are bent like drums;
Then auld guidman, 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;
Through 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' prayer,
    Gie her a Haggis.
A DEDICATION

TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

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

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

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

The Patron (Sir, ye maun forgie me,
I winna lie, come what will o' me,)
OF BURNS.

On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be,
He's just—nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely grant,
He downa see a poor man want;
What's no his ain he winna tak it,
What ance he says he winna break it;
Aught he can lend he'll no refus't,
Till aft his goodness is abus'd;
And rascals whyles that do him wrang,
Ev'n that, he does na mind it lang:
As master, landlord, husband, father,
He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that;
Nae godly symptom ye can ca' that;
It's naething but a milder feature
Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt nature:
Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
'Mang black Gentooos and pagan Turks,
Or hunters wild on Ponotaxi,
Wha never heard of orthodoxy.
That he's the poor man's friend in need,
The gentleman in word and deed,
It's no through terror of damnation;
It's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain!
Vain is his hope, whose stay and trust is
In moral mercy, truth, and justice!

No—stretch a point to catch a plack;
Abuse a brother to his back;
Steal through a winnock frae a whore,
But point the rake that taks the door:
Be to the poor like onie whunstane,
And haud their noses to the grunstane,
Ply ev'ry art o' legal thieving;
Nae matter, stick to sound believing.

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

O ye wha leave the springs of Calvin,
For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin!
Ye sons of heresy and error,
Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror!
When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
And in the fire throws the sheath;
When Ruin, with his sweeping besom,
Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him:
While o'er the harp pale Misery moans,
And strikes the ever-deepening tones,
Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans!

Your pardon, Sir, for this digression,
I maist forgat my Dedication:
But when divinity comes 'cross me,
My readers still are sure to lose me.

So, Sir, ye see 'twas nae daft vapour,
But I maturely thought it proper,
When a' my works I did review,
To dedicate them, Sir, to You:
Because (ye need na tak it ill)
I thought them something like yoursel.
Then patronize them wi' your favour,
And your petitioner shall ever—
I had amaist said, ever pray:
But that's a word I need na say:
For pravin I hae little skill o't;
I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't;
But I'se repeat each poor man's pray'r,
That kens or hears about you, Sir,—

"May ne'er misfortune's gowling bark
Howl through the dwelling o' the Clerk!
May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart,
For that same gen'rous spirit smart!
May Kennedy's far honoured name
Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
Till Hamiltons, at least a dozen,
Are frae their nuptial labours risen:
Five bonie lasses round their table,
And seven braw fellows, stout an' able,
To serve their King and Country weel,
By word, or pen, or pointed steel!
May health and peace, with mutual rays,
Shine on the evening o' his days;
Till his wee, curlie John's ier-oe,
When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
The last, sad, mournful rites bestow!"

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

But if (which Powers above prevent)
That iron-hearted carl, Want,
Attended in his grim advances,
By sad mistakes, and black mischances,
While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
Make you as poor a dog as I am,
Your humble servant then no more;
For who would humbly serve the poor?
But, by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n!
While recollection's pow'r is given,
If, in the vale of humble life,
The victim sad of fortune's strife,
I, through the tender gushing tear,
Should recognize my Master dear,
If friendless, low, we meet together,
Then, Sir, your hand—my Friend and Brother!

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

A! whare ye gaun, ye crawlin ferlie!
Your impudence protects you sairly:
I canna say but ye strut rarely,
Owre gauze and lace;
Though faith, I fear ye dine but sparingly
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 dare unsettle
   Your thick plantations.

Now haud ye there, ye're out o' sight,
Below the fatt'rills, 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 gray as onie grozet;
O for some rank, mercurial rozet,
   Or fell, red smeddum,
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 wi'ie's flannen 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!
THE POEMS

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

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

DINA! Scotia’s darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and towers,
Where once beneath a monarch’s feet
Sat legislation’s sovereign powers!
From marking wildly-scattered flowers,
As on the banks of Ayr I stray’d,
And singing, lone, the lingering hours,
I shelter in thy honoured shade.

Here wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy trade his labours 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 enlarged, their liberal 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 raptured thrill of joy!
Fair Burnet strikes the adoring eye,
Heaven’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 veteran, gray in arms,
And marked with many a seamy scar:
The ponderous wall and massy bar,
Grim-rising o’er the rugged rock,
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repelled the invader’s shock.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
I view that noble, stately dome,
Where Scotia’s kings of other years,
Famed heroes, had their royal home;
Alas, how changed the times to come!
Their royal name low in the dust!
Their hapless race wild-wandering roam!
Though rigid law cries out, ’twas just!

Wild beats my heart, to trace your steps,
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Through hostile ranks and ruined gaps
Old Scotia’s bloody lion bore:
EPISTLE TO JOHN LAPRAIK, AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD

April 1st, 1785.

WHILE briers an' woodbines budding green,
An' patricks scraichin loud at e'en,
An' morning poussie whiddin seen
Inspire my Muse,
This freedom in an unknown frien'
I pray excuse.

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

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

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

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

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

Then up I gat, an' swoor an aith,
Though I should pawn my pleugh and graith,
Or die a cadger pownie's death,
    At some dyke-back,
A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith
    To hear your crack.
But, first an’ foremost, I should tell,
Amaist as soon as I could spell,
I to the crambo-jingle fell,
          Though rude an’ rough,
Yet crooning to a body’s sel,
          Does weel eneugh.

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

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

What’s a’ your jargon o’ your schools,
Your Latin names for horns an’ stools;
If honest nature made you fools,
          What sairs your grammars?
Ye’d better taen up spades and shools,
          Or knappin-hammers.

A set o’ dull conceited hashes,
Confuse their brains in college classes!
They gang in stirks, and come out asses,
          Plain truth to speak;
An’ syne they think to climb Parnassus
          By dint o’ Greek!
Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire;
Then though I drudge through dub an' mire
    At pleugh or cart,
My Muse, though hamely in attire,
    May touch the heart.

O for a spunk o' Allan's glee,
Or Ferguson's, the bauld and slee,
Or bright Lapraik's, my friend to be,
    If I can hit it!
That would be learn enough for me.
    If I could get it.

Now, Sir, if ye hae friends enow,
Though real friends, I b'lieve, are few,
Yet, if your catalogue be fou,
    I se no insist,
But gif ye want ae friend that's true,
    I'm on your list.

I winna blaw about mysel;
As ill I like my faults to tell;
But friends and folks that wish me well
    They sometimes roose me;
Though I maun own, as monie still
    As far abuse me.

There's ae wee faut they wirlines lay to me,
I like the lasses—Gude forgie me!
For mony a plack they wheedle frae me,
    At dance or fair;
Maybe some ither thing they gie me
    They weel can spare.
But Mauchlin race, or Mauchlin fair,
I should be proud to meet you there;
We'se gie ae night's discharge to care,
    If we forgather,
An' hae a swap o' rhymin-ware
    Wi' anither.

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

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

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

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

April 21st, 1785.

While new-ca'd kye rout at the stake,
An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik,
This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
To own I'm debtor,
To honest-hearted, auld Lapraik,
For his kind letter.

Forjesket sair, with weary legs,
Rattlin the corn out-owre the rigs,
Or dealing through amang the naigs
Their ten-hours' bite,
My awkart Muse sair pleads and begs,
I would na write.

The tapetless, ramfeezl'd hizzie,
She's saft at best, and something lazy,
Quo' she, "Ye ken, we've been sae busy,
This month an' mair,
That trouth my head is grown right dizzie,
An' something sair."

Her dowff excuses pat me mad;
"Conscience," says I, "ye thowless jad!
I'll write, an' that a hearty blaud,
This vera night;
So dinna ye affront your trade,
But rhyme it right.
"Shall bauld Lapraik, the king o' hearts,
Though mankind were a pack o' cartes,
Roose you sae weel for your deserts,
    In terms sae friendly,
Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts,
    An' thank him kindly!"

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

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

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
Though fortune use you hard an' sharp;
Come, kittle up your moorland harp
    Wi' gleesome touch!
Ne'er mind how fortune waft an' warp—
    She's but a bitch.

She's gien me monie a jirt an' fleg,
Sin' I could striddle owre a rig;
But, by the Lord, though I should beg
    Wi' lyart pow,
I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,
    As lang's I dow!
OF BURNS.

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

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

Or is't the naughty, feudal Thane,
Wi' ruff'ld sark an' glancing cane,
Wha thinks himsel na sheep-shank bane,
     But lordly stalks,
While caps and bonnets aff are taen
     As by he walks?

"O Thou wha gies us each guid gift!
Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift,
Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift,
     Through Scotland wide;
Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
     In a' their pride!"

 Were this the charter of our state,
 "On pain o' hell be rich an' great,"
Damnation then would be our fate,
     Beyond remead;
But, thanks to Heav'n! that's no the gaet
     We learn our creed.
For thus the royal mandate ran,
When first the human race began,
"The social, friendly, honest man,
Whate'er he be,
'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,
And none but he!"

O mandate glorious and divine!
The followers of the ragged Nine,
Poor thoughtless devils! yet may shine,
    In glorious light,
While sordid sons of Mammon's line
    Are dark as night.

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

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

OCHILTREE.

GAT your letter, winsome Willie;
Wi' grateful heart I thank you brawlie;
Though I maun say't, I wad be silly,
   An' unco vain,
Should I believe, my coaxin billie,
   Your flatterin strain.

But I'se believe ye kindly meant it,
I sud be laith to think ye hinted
Ironic satire, sidelines sklented,
   On my poor Musie;
Though in sic phraisin terms ye've penn'd it,
   I scarce excuse ye.

My senses wad be in a creel,
Should I but dare a hope to speel,
Wi' Allan or wi' Gilbertfield,
   The braes o' fame;
Or Ferguson, the writer-chiel,
   A deathless name.

(O Ferguson! thy glorious parts
Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts!
My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
   Ye E'nbrugh gentry!
The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes
   Wad stow'd his pantry.)
Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
Or lasses gie my heart a screed,
As whyles they're like to be my dead,
   (O sad disease!)
I kittle up my rustic reed;
   It gies me case.

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

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

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

Th' Ilissus, Tiber, Thames, an' Seine,
Glide sweet in mony a tunefu' line!
But, Willie, set your fit to mine,
   An' cock your crest,
We'll gar our streams and burnies shine
   Up wi' the best.
OF BURNS.

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

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

O, sweet are Coila's haughs an' woods,
When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
And jinkin' hares, in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy,
While through the braes the cushat croods
Wi' wailfu' cry!

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

O Nature! a' thy shows an' forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!
Whether the summer kindly warms,
Wi' life an' light,
Or winter howls, in gusty storms,
The lang, dark night!
The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,
Adown some trottin burn's meander,
    An' no think lang;
O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder
    A heart-felt sang!

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

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

While Highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes:
While moorlan' herds like guid, fat braxies;
While terra firma, on her axis
    Diurnal turns,
Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
    In Robert Burns.

POSTSCRIPT.

My memory's no worth a preen;
I had amaist forgotten clean,
OF BURNS.

Ye bade me write you what they mean
By this New-Light,
'Bout which our herds sae aft hae been
Maist like to fight.

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

In thae auld times, they thought the moon,
Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon,
Wore by degrees, till her last roon
Gaed past their viewing,
An' shortly after she was done,
They gat a new one.

This passed for certain, undisputed;
It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,
Till chiel gat up and wad confute it,
An' ca'd it wrang;
An' muckle din there was about it,
Baith loud an' lang.

Some herds, weel-learn'd upo' the beuk,
Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk;
For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a neuk,
An' out o' sight,
An' backlins comin, to the leuk,
She grew mair bright.
This was denied, it was affirm'd;  
The herds an' hirsels were alarm'd;  
The rev'rend gray-beards raved and storm'd,  
That beardless laddies
Should think they better were inform'd  
Than their auld daddies.

Frae less to mair, it gaed to sticks;  
Frae words and aiths to clours an' nicks;  
An' monie a fellow gat his licks,  
   Wi hearty crunt;  
An' some, to learn them for their tricks,  
   Were hang'd an' brunt.

This game was play'd in monie lands,  
An' Auld-light caddies bure sic hands,  
That, faith, the youngsters took the sands  
   Wi' nimble shanks,  
The lairds forbade, by strict commands,  
   Sic bluidy pranks.

But New-light herds gat sic a cowe,  
Folk thought them ruined stick-an-stowe,  
Till now amaist on ev'ry knowe  
   Ye'll find ane placed;  
An' some, their New-light fair avow,  
   Just quite barefac'd.

Nae doubt the Auld-light flocks are bleatin;  
Their zealous herds are vex'd an' sweatin;  
Mysel, I've even seen them greetin  
   Wi' girnin spite,  
To hear the moon sae sadly lied on  
   By word an' write.
But shortly they will cowe the louns!  
Some Auld-light herds in neebor towns  
Are mind't, in things they ca' balloons,  
To tak a flight,  
An' stay ae month amang the moons,  
An' see them right.

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

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

EPISTLE TO JOHN RANKINE, ENCLOSING  
SOME POEMS.

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

* A certain humorous dream of his was then making noise in the country-side. R. B.
Ye hae sae monie cracks an’ cants,
And in your wicked, drunken rants,
Ye mak a devil o’ the saunts,
   An’ fill them fou;
And then their failings, flaws, an’ wants,
   Are a’ seen through.

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

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

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

Though, faith, sma’ heart hae I to sing!
My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing!
I’ve play’d mysel a bonie spring,
   An’ dane’d my fill!
I’d better gaen an’ sair’t the king
   At Bunker’s Hill.

* A song he had promised the Author.  R. B.
'Twas ae night, lately, in my fun,
I gaed a roving wi' the gun,
An' brought a paitrick to the grun,
    A bonie hen,
And, as the twilight was begun,
    Thought nane wad ken.

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

Some auld, us'd hands had ta'en a note,
That sic a hen had got a shot;
I was suspected for the plot;
    I scorn'd to lie,
So gat the whissle o' my groat,
    An' pay't the fee.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,
An' by my pouther an' my hail,
An' by my hen, an' by her tail,
    I vow an' swear!
The game shall pay, o'er moor an' dale,
    For this, niest year.

As soon's the clockin-time is by,
An' the wee pouts begun to cry,
Lord, I'se hae sportin' by an' by,
    For my gowd guinea;
Though I should herd the buckskin kye
    For't, in Virginia.
Trowth, they had muckle for to blame!
'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,
But twa-three draps about the wame
Scarce through the feathers;
An' baith a yellow George to claim,
An' thole their blethers!

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

WRITTEN IN FRIARS'-CARSE HERMITAGE,
ON NITH-SIDE.

HOU whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou decked 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 every hour,
Fear not clouds will always lour.
As Youth and Love, with sprightly dance,
Beneath thy morning star advance,
Pleasure with her syren air
May delude the thoughtless pair;
Let Prudence bless Enjoyment's cup,
Then raptured 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 wouldst thou scale?
Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait:
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold,
Soar around each clifly hold,
While cheerful Peace, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dells among.

As the shades of evening close,
Beckoning thee to long repose;
As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-nook of ease.
There ruminate 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?
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 Heaven
To Virtue or to Vice is given.
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to be wretched, vile, and base.

Thus resigned and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep;
THE POEMS

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! Heaven be thy guide!
Quod the Beadsman of Nith-side.

GLENRIDDEL HERMITAGE, JUNE 28th,
1788. FROM THE MS.

HOU whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou decked in silken stole,
Grave these maxims on thy soul.

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost;
Hope not sunshine every hour,
Fear not clouds will always lour.
Happiness is but a name,
Make content and ease thy aim.
Ambition is a meteor gleam,
Fame, an idle restless dream:
Peace, the tenderest flower of spring;
Pleasures, insects on the wing;
Those that sip the dew alone,
Make the butterflies their own;
Those that would the bloom devour,
Crush the locusts, save the flower.
For the future be prepared,
Guard, wherever thou canst guard;
OF BURNS.

But thy utmost duly done,
Welcome what thou canst not shun.
Follies past give thou to air,
Make their consequence thy care:
Keep the name of Man in mind
And dishonour not thy kind.
Reverence, with lowly heart,
Him whose wondrous work thou art:
Keep His goodness still in view,
Thy Trust, and thy Example too.
   Stranger, go! Heaven be thy guide!
Quod the Bedesman of Nithe-side.

ODE, SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
MRS. OSWALD.

WELLER in yon dungeon dark,
Hangman of creation, mark!
Who in widow-weeds appears,
Laden with unhonoured years,
Noosing with care a bursting purse,
Baited with many a deadly curse!

STROPHE.

View the withered beldam’s face—
Can thy keen inspection trace
Aught of humanity’s sweet melting grace?
Note that eye, ’tis rheum o’erflows,
Pity’s flood there never rose.
See those hands, ne'er stretched to save,
   Hands that took—but never gave.
Keeper of Mammon's iron chest,
Lo! there she goes, unpitied and unblest,
She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest!

ANTISTROPHE.

Plunderer of armies, lift thine eyes,
(A while forbear, ye tort'ring fiends)
Seest thou whose step unwilling hither bends?
No fallen angel, hurled from upper skies;
'Tis thy trusty quondam mate,
Doomed to share thy fiery fate,
She, tardy, hell-ward plies.

EPODE.

And are they of no more avail,
Ten thousand glittering pounds a year?
In other worlds can Mammon fail,
Omnipotent as he is here?
O, bitter mockery of the pompous bier,
While down the wretched vital part is driven!
The cave-lodged beggar, with a conscience clear,
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to Heaven.
ELEGY ON CAPT. MATTHEW HENDERSON,
A GENTLEMAN WHO HELD THE PATENT FOR
HIS HONOURS IMMEDIATELY FROM
ALMIGHTY GOD.

But now his radiant course is run,
For Matthew's course was bright;
His soul was like the glorious sun,
A matchless, Heavenly Light.

DEATH! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
The meikle devil wi' a woodie
Haurl thee hame to his black smiddle,
O'er hurcheon hides,
And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie
Wi' thy auld sides!

He's gane, he's gane! he's frae us torn,
The ae best fellow e'er was born!
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn
By wood and wild,
Where, haply, pity strays forlorn,
Frae man exil'd.

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,
That proudly cock your cresting cairns!
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns,
Where echo slumbers!
Come join ye, Nature's sturdiest bairns,
My wailing numbers!
Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens!
Ye haz'ly shaws and briery dens!
Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens,
   Wi' toddlin din,
Or foaming, strang, wi' hasty stens,
   Frae lin to lin.

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lea;
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see;
Ye woodbines hanging bonnilie,
   In scented bow'rs;
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
   The first o' flow'rs.

At dawn, when ev'ry grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at its head,
At ev'n, when beans their fragrance shed,
   I' th' rustling gale,
Ye maukins whiddin through the glade,
   Come join my wail.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood;
Ye grouse that crap the heather bud:
Ye curlews calling through a clud;
   Ye whistling plover;
And mourn, ye whirring paitrick brood;
   He's gane for ever!

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals,
Ye fisher herons, watching eels;
Ye 'duck an' drake, wi' airy wheels
   Circling the lake;
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
   Rair for his sake.
OF BURNS.

Mourn, clam'ring craiks at close o' day,
'Mang fields o' flow'ring claver gay;
And when ye wing your annual way
Frae our cauld shore,
Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay,
Wham we deplore.

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bow'r
In some auld tree, or eldritch tow'r,
What time the moon, wi' silent glow'r,
Sets up her horn,
Wail through the dreary midnight hour
Till waukrife morn!

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains!
Oft have ye heard my canty strains:
But now, what else for me remains
But tales of woe?
And frae my een the drapping rains
Maun ever flow.

Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year!
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear:
Thou, Simmer, while each corny spear
Shoots up its head,
Thy gay, green, flow'ry tresses shear,
For him that's dead!

Thou, Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy sallow mantle tear!
Thou, Winter, hurling through the air
The roaring blast,
Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we've lost!
Mourn him, thou Sun, great source of light!
Mourn, empress of the silent night!
And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,
   My Matthew mourn!
For through your orbs he's ta'en his flight,
   Ne'er to return.

O Henderson! the man! the brother!
And art thou gone, and gone for ever?
And hast thou crossed that unknown river,
   Life's dreary bound?
Like thee, where shall I find another,
   The world around?

Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state!
But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
   Thou man of worth!
And weep thee ae best fellow's fate
   E'er lay in earth.

THE EPITAPH.

Stop, passenger! my story's brief,
   And truth I shall relate, man;
I tell nae common tale o' grief—
   For Matthew was a great man.

If thou uncommon merit hast,
   Yet spurn'd at fortune's door, man;
A look of pity hither cast—
   For Matthew was a poor man.
OF BURNS.

If thou a noble sodger art,
    That passest by this grave, man;
There moulders here a gallant heart—
    For Matthew was a brave man.

If thou o' men, their works and ways,
    Canst throw uncommon light, man;
Here lies wha weel had won thy praise,—
    For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou at friendship's sacred ca'
    Wad life itself resign, man;
The sympathetic tear maun fa'—
    For Matthew was a kind man.

If thou art staunch without a stain,
    Like the unchanging blue, man;
This was a kinsman o' thy ain—
    For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
    And ne'er gude wine did fear, man;
This was thy billie, dam, and sire—
    For Matthew was a queer man.

If ony whiggish whingin sot,
    To blame poor Matthew dare, man;
May dool and sorrow be his lot—
    For Matthew was a rare man.
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-owre 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 laverocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bower,
Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis wild wi’ many 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 through thy soul shall gae:
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee;
Nor th' 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 flowers that deck the spring
Bloom on my peaceful grave!
EPISTLE TO R. GRAHAM, ESQ.

WHEN Nature her great master-piece designed,
And framed her last, best work, the human mind,
Her eye intent on all the mazy plan,
She formed of various parts the various man.
    Then first she calls the useful many forth;
Plain plodding industry, and sober worth;
Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,
And merchandise' whole genus take their birth:
    Each prudent cit a warm existence finds,
And all mechanics' many-aproned kinds.
Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet,
The lead and buoy are needful to the net:
The caput mortuum of gross desires
Makes a material for mere knights and squires;
The martial phosphorous is taught to flow,
She kneads the lumpish philosophic dough,
Then marks the unyielding mass with grave designs,
Law, physic, politics, and deep divines:
    Last, she sublimes the Aurora of the poles,
The flashing elements of female souls.
    The ordered system fair before her stood,
Nature, well-pleased, pronounced it very good;
But ere she gave creating labour o'er,
Half-jest, she tried one curious labour more.
Some spumy, fiery, ignis-fatuus matter;
Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter;
With arch alacrity and conscious glee
(Nature may have her whim as well as we,
Her Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to show it)
She forms the thing, and christens it—a Poet.
Creature, though oft the prey of care and sorrow,
When blest to-day, unmindful of to-morrow,
A being formed to amuse his graver friends,
Admired and praised—and there the homage ends:
A mortal quite unfit for Fortuno’s strife,
Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life;
Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,
Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live:
Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,
Yet frequent all unheeded in his own.

But honest Nature is not quite a Turk,
She laughed at first, then felt for her poor work,
Pitying the propless climber of mankind,
She cast about a standard tree to find;
And, to support his helpless woodbine state,
Attached him to the generous truly great,
A title, and the only one I claim,
To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.

Pity the tuneful Muses’ hapless train,
Weak, timid landsmen on life’s stormy main!
Their hearts no selfish, stern, absorbent stuff,
That never gives—though humbly takes enough;
The little fate allows, they share as soon,
Unlike sage, proverb’d, wisdom’s hard-wrung boon.
The world were blest did bliss on them depend,
Ah, that “the friendly e’er should want a friend!”
Let prudence number o’er each sturdy son,
Who life and wisdom at one race begun,
Who feel by reason, and who give by rule,
(Instinct’s a brute, and sentiment a fool!)
Who make poor "will do" wait upon "I should"—
We own they're prudent, but who feels they're good?

Ye wise ones, hence! ye hurt the social eye!
God's image rudely etched on base alloy!
But come ye, who the godlike pleasure know,
Heaven's attribute distinguished—to bestow!
Whose arms of love would grasp the human race:
Come thou who giv'st with all a courtier's grace;
Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes!
Prop of my dearest hopes for future times.
Why shrinks my soul half blushing, half afraid,
Backward, abashed, to ask thy friendly aid?
I know my need, I know thy giving hand,
I crave thy friendship at thy kind command;
But there are such who court the tuneful Nine—
Heavens! should the branded character be mine!
Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows,
Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose.
Mark, how their lofty independent spirit
Soars on the spurning wing of injured merit!
Seek not the proofs in private life to find;
Pity the best of words should be but wind!
So, to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,
But grovelling on the earth the carol ends.
In all the clamorous cry of starving want,
They dun benevolence with shameless front;
Oblige them, patronise their tinsel lays,
They persecute you all your future days!
Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain,
My hony fist assume the plough again;
The piebald jacket let me patch once more;
On eighteen-pence a week I've lived before.
Though, thanks to Heaven, I dare even that last shift!
OF BURNS.

I trust, meantime, my boon is in thy gift;
That, placed by thee upon the wished-for height,
Where, man and nature fairer in her sight,
My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight.

TO ROBERT GRAHAM, OF FINTRA, ESQ.

HATE crippled of an arm, and now a leg,
About to beg a pass for leave to beg;
Dull, listless, teased, dejected and deprest,
(Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest):
Will generous Graham list to his Poet's wail?
(It soothes poor Misery, hearkening to her tale,)
And hear him curse the light he first surveyed,
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade?

Of thy caprice maternal I complain.
The lion and the bull thy care have found,
One shakes the forest, and one spurns the ground:
Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
The envenomed wasp, victorious, guards his cell.—
Thy minions, kings, defend, control, devour,
In all the 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.
Even 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 world's skill,
And half an idiot too, more helpless still.
No heels to bear him from the opening 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 olfactory, Mammon's trusty cur,
Clad in rich Dulness' comfortable fur,
In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
He bears the unbroken blast from ev'ry side:
Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart,
And scorpion critics cureless venom dart.

Critics—appalled 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.
Foiled, bleeding, tortured, in the unequal strife,
The hapless Poet flounders on through life.
Till fled each hope that once his bosom fired,
And fled each Muse that glorious once inspired,
Low sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
Dead, even resentment for his injured page,
He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's rage!

So, by some hedge, the generous steed deceased,
For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast;
By toil and famine worn to skin and bone,
Lies, senseless of each tugging bitch's son.

O Dulness! portion of the truly blest!
Calm sheltered haven of eternal rest!
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
OF BURNS.

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 through 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 heaven, 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 eclipsed as noon appears,
And left us darkling in a world of tears:)
Oh! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish prayer!—
Fintra, my other stay, long bless and spare!
Through 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 sooth his latest breath,
With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!
LAMENT FOR 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 waved 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 taen.

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 tuned his doleful sang,
The winds, lamenting through 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 ither 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, unrelieved,
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, involved me round;
Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
No 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.

"O! 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 WHITEFORD, OF WHITEFORD, BART. WITH THE FOREGOING POEM.

HOU, 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 approved. We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone, And tread the dreary path to that dark world unknown.

TAM O' SHANTER.

A TALE.

"Of Brownyis and of Bogilis full is this Buke."
GAWIN DOUGLAS.

HEN chapman billies leave the street, And drouthy neebors, neebors meet, As market days are wearing late, An' folk begin to tak the gate; While we sit bousing at the nappy, An' gettin fou' and unco happy, We thinkna on the lang Scots miles, The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Where sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

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

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weil thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae 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 roaring fou on;
That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.

She prophesied that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in 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;
And 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 and clatter;
And ay 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 amang 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;
And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne’er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as ’twad blawn its last;
The rattlin show’rs rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow’d:
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow’d:
THE POEMS

That night, a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand.
Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his gude 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 and houlets nightly cry.
By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snae, the chapman smoor'd;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And through the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.—
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars through the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole:
Near and more near the thunders roll:
When, glimmering through the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Through ilka bore the beams were glancing;
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.
Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tipenny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquebae, we'll face the devil!—
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light;
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillon brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and 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 devilish cantrip 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-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red rusted;
Five scymitars, 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;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.
As Tammie glow'rd, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
THE POEMS

The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans,
A' plump and strapping in 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' gude blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonie burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwooddie hags wad spean a foal,
Lowping and flinging on a crummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kend what was what fu' brawlie,
There was ae winsome wench and wawlie,
That night enlisted in the core,
(Lang after kend on Carrick shore!)
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear;)
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude though sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.—
Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever graced a dance of witches!
OF BURNS.

But here my muse her wing maun cour;
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A souple jade she was, and strang,)
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very e'en enrich'd;
Ev'n Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byeke;
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' monie an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'U 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,
And win the key-stane* of the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,

* It is a well known fact, that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream. It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with bogles, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back. R. B.
A running stream they dare na cross,
But ere the key-stane they could make,
The sient a tale she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And 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 gray tail:
The carlin clauth her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ik man and mother's son, tak heed;
Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think! ye may buy the joys o'er dear—
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

ON CAPTAIN GROSE'S
Peregrinations Through Scotland, Collecting the
Antiquities of that Kingdom.

Ear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groat's;
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it:
A chield's amang you taking notes,
And faith, he'll prent it.

If in your bounds ye chance to light
Upon a fine, fat, fodgel 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 ane ye'll find him snug in
Some eldritch part,
Wi' deils, they say, Lord save's! colleaguin
At some black art.

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chamer,
Ye gipsey-gang that deal in glamor,
And you deep read in hell's black grammar,
Warlocks and witches,
Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
Ye midnight bitches.

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 taen the—Antiquarian trade,
I think they call it.

He has a south o' auld nick-nackets:
Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets,†
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
A towmont gude;
And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
Before the Flood.

* Vide his Antiquities of Scotland. R. B.
† Vide his Treatise on Ancient Armour and Weapons. R. B.
Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder;
Auld Tubalcain's fire-shool and fender;
That which distinguished the gender
    O' Balaam's ass;
A broom-stick o' the witch of 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 gullie.—

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

Now, by the Pow'rs o' Verse and Prose!
Thou art a dainty chield, O Grose!—
Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
    They sair misca' thee;
I'd take the rascal by the nose,
    Wad say, Shame fa' thee!
ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY ME, WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT AT.

April, 1789.

Unhuman man! curse on thy barbarous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye!
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go, live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little that of life remains;
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Oft as by winding Nith, I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.
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.
OF BURNS.

TO

MISS CRUIKSHANK, A VERY YOUNG LADY,

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A BOOK,

PRESENTED TO HER BY

THE AUTHOR.

BEAUTIOUS Rose-bud, young and gay,
Blooming in thy early May,
Never mayst thou, lovely Flower,
Chilly shrink in sleety shower!

Never Boreas' hoary path,
Never Eurus' poisonous 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!

Mayst thou long, sweet crimson gem,
Richly deck thy native stem;
Till some evening, 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.
ON READING, IN A NEWSPAPER,

THE DEATH OF JOHN McLEOD, ESQ.

BROTHER TO A YOUNG LADY, A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S.

AD thy tale, thou idle page,
And rueful thy alarms:
Death tears the brother of her love
From Isabella's arms.

Sweetly deck'd with pearly dew
The morning rose may blow;
But cold successive noontide blasts
May lay its beauties low.

Fair on Isabella's morn
The sun propitious smiled;
But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
Succeeding hopes beguiled.

Fate oft tears the bosom chords
That Nature finest strung:
So Isabella's heart was formed,
And so that heart was wrung.

Dread Omnipotence, alone,
Can heal the wound He gave;
Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
To scenes beyond the grave.

Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
And fear no withering blast;
There Isabella's spotless worth
Shall happy be at last.
OF BURNS.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR WATER*
TO THE NOBLE DUKE
OF ATHOLE.

My Lord, I know your noble ear
Woe ne'er assails in vain:
Emboldened thus, I beg you'll hear
Your humble slave complain,
How saucy Phoebus' scorching beams,
In flaming summer-pride,
Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
And drink my crystal tide.

The lightly-jumpin' glowrin' trouts,
That through my waters play,
If, in their random, wanton spouts,
They near the margin stray;
If, hapless chance! they linger lang,
I'm scorched up so shallow,
They're left the whitening stanes amang,
In gasping death to wallow.

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
As Poet Burns came by,
That to a Bard I should be seen
Wi' half my channel dry:

* Bruar falls in Athole are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful; but their effect is much impaired by the want of trees and shrubs. R. B.
A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
Even as I was he shored me;
But had I in my glory been,
He, kneeling, wad adored me.

Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
In twisting strength I rin;
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
Wild-roaring o'er a linn:
Enjoying large each spring and well
As Nature gave them me,
I am, although I say't mysel,
Worth gaun a mile to see.

Would then my noble master please
To grant my highest wishes,
He'll shade my banks wi' tow'rin trees,
And bonie spreading bushes.
Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
You'll wander on my banks,
And listen monie a grateful bird
Return you tuneful thanks.

The sober laverock, warbling wild,
Shall to the skies aspire;
The gowdspink, Music's gayest child,
Shall sweetly join the choir:
The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
The mavis mild and mellow;
The robin pensive Autumn cheer,
In all her locks of yellow:

This too, a covert shall ensure,
To shield them from the storm;
And coward maukin sleep secure,
Low in her grassy form:
OF BURNS.

Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
   To weave his crown of flowers;
Or find a sheltering safe retreat,
   From prone-descending showers.

And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
   Shall meet the loving pair,
Despising worlds with all their wealth
   As empty, idle care:
The flowers shall vie in all their charms
   The hour of heaven to grace,
And birks extend their fragrant arms,
   To screen the dear embrace.

Here haply, too, at vernal dawn,
   Some musing bard may stray,
And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
   And misty mountain, grey;
Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
   Mild-chequering through the trees,
Rave to my darkly-dashing stream,
   Hoarse-swelling on the breeze.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
   My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-bending in the pool,
   Their shadows' wat'ry bed!
Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest
   My craggy cliffs adorn;
And, for the little songster's nest,
   The close embow'ring thorn.

So may old Scotia's darling hope,
   Your little angel band,
Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
   Their honoured native land!
So may through Albion's farthest ken,
To social-flowing glasses,
The grace be—"Athole's honest men,
And Athole's bonie lasses!"

THE KIRK OF SCOTLAND'S ALARM.

A SATIRE.

ORTHODOX, Orthodox, wha believe in John Knox,
Let me sound an alarm to your conscience;
There's a heretic blast has been blown in the wast,
"That what is not sense must be nonsense."

Dr. Mac, Dr. Mac, you should stretch on a rack,
To strike evil-doers wi' terror;
To join faith and sense upon onie pretence,
Is heretic, damnable error.

Town of Ayr, town of Ayr, it was mad I declare,
To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing;
Provost John is still deaf to the church's relief,
And orator Bob is its ruin.

D'rymple mild, D'rymple mild, though your heart's like a child,
And your life like the new-driven snow,
Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan must have ye,
For preaching that three's ane and twa.
OF BURNS.

Rumble John, Rumble John, mount the steps wi' a groan,
Cry the book is wi' heresy cram'm'd;
Then lug out your ladle, deal brimstone like adle,
And roar ev'ry note of the damn'd.

Simper James, Simper James, leave the fair Killie dames,
There's a holier chase in your view;
I'll lay on your head, that the pack ye'll soon lead,
For puppies like you there's but few.

Singet Sawney, Singet Sawney, are ye herding the penny,
Unconscious what evils await?
Wi' a jump, yell, and howl, alarm every soul,
For the foul thief is just at your gate.

Daddy Auld, Daddy Auld, there's a tod in the fauld,
A tod meikle waur than the Clerk;
Though ye can do little skaith, ye'll be in at the death,
And gif ye canna bite, ye may bark.

Davie Bluster, Davie Bluster, for a saint if ye muster,
The corps is no nice of recruits:
Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might boast,
If the ass was the king of the brutes.

Jamy Goose, Jamy Goose, ye hae made but toom roose,
In hunting the wicked Lieutenant;
But the Doctor's your mark, for the L—d's haly ark,
He has cooper'd and caw'd a wrang pin in't.
Poet Willie, Poet Willie, gie the Doctor a volley,
   Wi' your "liberty's chain" and your wit;
O'er Pegasus' side ye ne'er laid a stride,
   Ye but smelt, man, the place where he sh-t.

Andro Gouk, Andro Gouk, ye may slander the book,
   And the book no the waur, let me tell ye!
Ye are rich, and look big, but lay by hat and wig,
   And ye'll hae a calf's head o' sma' value.

Barr Steenie, Barr Steenie, what mean ye? what mean ye?
   If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,
Ye may hae some pretence to havins and sense,
   Wi' people wha ken ye nae better.

Irvine Side, Irvine Side, wi' your turkeycock pride,
   Of manhood but sma' is your share;
Ye've the figure, 'tis true, even your faes will allow,
   And your friends they dare grant you nae mair.

Muirland Jock, Muirland Jock, whom the Lord
   made a rock
To crush common sense for her sins,
If ill manners were wit, there's no mortal so fit
   To confound the poor Doctor at ance.

Holy Will, Holy Will, there was wit i' your skull,
   When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor;
The timmer is scant when ye're ta'en for a saint,
   Wha should swing in a rape for an hour.

Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons, seize your sp'ritual guns,
   Ammunition you never can need;
Your hearts are the stuff will be powther enough,
   And your skulls are storehouses o' lead.
OF BURNS.

Poet Burns, Poet Burns, wi' your priest-skelping turns,
Why desert ye your auld native shire?
Your muse is a gipsie, e'en though she were tipsie,
She cou'd ca' us nae waur than we are.

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTHACHE,
WRITTEN WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS GRIEVOUSLY
TORMENTED BY THAT DISORDER.

Y curse upon thy venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortur'd gums alang;
And through my lugs gies monie a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance;
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines!

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squeezes;
Our neighbour's 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 dooup.

q
O' a' the numerous human dools—
Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty-stools,
Or worthy friends raked 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, Toothache, 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 Toothache!

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL
OVER THE CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE PARLOUR OF THE INN
AT KENMORE, TAYMOUTH.

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
These Northern scenes with weary feet
    I trace;
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
The abodes of coveyed grouse and timid sheep,
My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
Till famed Breadalbane opens on my view.—
OF BURNS.

The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
The woods, wild-scattered, clothe their ample sides;
The outstretched lake, embosomed 'mong the hills,
The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
The Tay meandering sweet in infant pride,
The palace rising on its verdant side;
The lawns wood-fringed in Nature's native taste;
The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste;
The arches striding o'er the new-born stream;
The village, glittering in the noon-tide beam—

Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,
Lone wandering by the hermit's mossy cell:
The sweeping theatre of hanging woods;
The incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods—

Here Poesy might wake her heaven-taught lyre,
And look through Nature with creative fire;
Here, to the wrongs of Fate half reconciled,
Misfortune's lightened steps might wander wild
And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds:
Here heart-struck Grief might heavenward stretch
her scan,
And injured Worth forget and pardon man.
ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD,  
BORN UNDER PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES  
OF FAMILY DISTRESS.

WEET flow'ret, pledge o' meikle love,  
And ward o' mony a prayer,  
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 thee frae the 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 flourished, rooted fast,  
Fair on the summer morn:  
Now, feebly bends she, in the blast,  
Unsheltered and forlorn.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,  
Unscathed by ruffian hand!  
And from thee many a parent stem  
Arise to deck our land.
OF BURNS.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL,
STANDING BY THE FALL OF FYERS, NEAR LOCH-NESS.

Among the heathy hills and ragged woods
The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods;
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where, through a shapeless breach, his stream resounds.
As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep recoiling surges foam below,
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends.
And viewless Echo’s ear, astonished, rends.
Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless showers.
The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, lowers.
Still, through the gap the struggling river toils,
And still, below, the horrid cauldron boils—

SECOND EPISTLE TO DAVIE,
A BROTHER POET.

Auld Nibor,

’M three times doubly o’er your debtor,
For your auld-farrent, frien’ly letter;
Though I maun say’t, I doubt ye flatter,
    Ye speak sae fair,
For my puir, 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 through the weary widdle
  O' war'ly cares,
Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
  Your auld gray hairs.

But Davie, lad, I'm red 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 faikit,
  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,
Commend me to the Bardie clan;
Except it be some idle plan
  O' rhymin clink,
The devil-hact, 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! it's aye a treasure,
My chief, amaist my only pleasure,
At hame, a-fiel', at wark, or leisure,
   The Muse, poor hizzie!
Though rough an' raploch be her measure,
   She's seldom lazy.

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

THE INVENTORY.

IN ANSWER TO THE USUAL MANDATE SENT BY A SURVEYOR
OF THE TAXES, REQUIRING A RETURN OF THE
NUMBER OF HORSES, SERVANTS,
CARRIAGES, ETC. KEPT.

IR, 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 have four brutes o' gallant mettle,
As ever drew afore a pettle;
My han' afore's* a gude auld has-been;
An' wight an' wilfu' a' his days been;

The fore-horse on the left-hand in the plough. R. B.
My han' ahin's* a weel gaun fillie,
That aft has borne me hame frae Killie,†
An' your auld burrough meny 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,
( LORD, pardon a' my sins an' that too!)
I play'd my fillie sic a shavie,
She's a' bedevil'd wi' the spavie.
My furr-ahin's‡ a wordy beast,
As e'er in tug or tow was traced,—
The fourth's a Highland Donald hastie,
A damn'd red-wud Kilburnie blastic.
Forbye a Cowt, o' Cowts the wale,
As ever ran afore a tail;
If he be spared to be a beast,
He'll draw me fifteen pun' at least.—

Wheel carriages I ha'e but few,
Three carts, and twa are feckly new;
Ae auld wheelbarrow, 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 gandsman ane, a thrasher t'other,
Wee Davock haunds the nowt in sother.
I rule them as I ought, discreetly,
An' aften labour them completely.

* The hindmost on the left-hand in the plough. R. B.
† Kilmarnock. R. B.
‡ The hindmost horse on the right-hand in the plough. R. B.
An' ay on Sundays duly nightly,
I on the questions targe them tightly;
Till faith, wee Davock's turn'd sae gleg,
Though scarcely langer than your leg,
He'll screed you aff Effectual Calling,
As fast as ony in the dwelling.—

I've nane in female servin' station,
(Lord keep me aye frae a' temptation!)
I ha'e nae wife; and that my bliss is,
An' ye have laid nae tax on misses;
An' then if kirk folks dinna clutch me,
I ken the devils dare na touch me.
Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented,
Heav'n sent me ane mae 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 bonny sweet wee lady,
I've paid enough for her already,
An' gin ye tax her or her mither,
B' the Lord, ye'se get them a' thegither!

And now, remember, Mr. Aiken,
Nae kind of license out I'm takin';
Frae this time forth, I do declare,
I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair;
Through 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 an' 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.
THE POEMS

This list wi' my ain hand I wrote it,
Day an' date as under notit:
Then know all ye whom it concerns,
Subscripsi huic,

Robert Burns.

MossgieL, February 22nd, 1786.

THE WHISTLE.*

A BALLAD.

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 ruing 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 ventured, what champions fell;

* In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with James the Sixth, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony Whistle, which at the commencement of the orgies he laid on the table; and whoever was last able to blow it, every body else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the whistle as a trophy of victory. R. B.
† See Ossian's Caric-thura. R. B.
OF BURNS.

The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
And blew on the Whistle their requiem shrill,

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur,
Unmatched at the bottle, unconquered in war,
He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea,
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gained,
Which now in his house has for ages remained;
Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,
The jovial contest again have renewed.

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

Craigdarroch began, with a tongue smooth as oil,
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 turned 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.

* See Johnson’s Tour to the Hebrides. R. B.
THE POEMS

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 wished that Parnassus a vineyard had been.

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
And every 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 witnessed so joyous a core,
And vowed 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,
Turned o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor 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 should 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!"

SKETCH.

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. C. J. FOX.

Now Wisdom and Folly meet; mix, and unite;
How Virtue and Vice blend their black and their white;
How Genius, the 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 just 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 Lord, 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 show 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 the wonderful creature called 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.
OF BURNS.

But truce with abstraction, and truce with the 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-honoured 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, out-do him, the task is, out-thieve him.

TO DR. BLACKLOCK.

Ellisland, 21st Oct. 1789.

OW, 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 aye as weel's I want ye,
And then ye'll do.

The ill-thief blaw the Heron south!
And never drink be near his drouth!
He tauld mysel by word o' mouth,
He'd tak my letter;
I lippened 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 tired o' sauls to waste his lear on,
E'en tried the body.

But what d'ye think, my trusty fier,
I'm turned a gauger—Peace be here!
Parnassian queens, I fear, I fear
Ye'll now disdain me!
And then my fifty pounds a year
Will little gain me.

Ye glaiket, gleesome, dainty damies,
Wha by Castalia's wimplin' streamies
Lowp, sing, and lave your prettie 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 through this warld o' care!
I'm weary sick o't late and air!
Not but I hae a richer share
Than monie ither;
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 daintie chuckie,  
As e'er tread clay!  
And gratefully, my guid auld cockie,  
I'm yours for ay.  
Robert Burns.

PROLOGUE, SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE,  
DUMFRIES,  
ON NEW YEAR'S DAY EVENING (1790).

O song nor dance I bring from yon great city  
That queens it o'er our taste—the more's the pity;  
Though, by-the-by, 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 coughed, and bade me say,
"You're one year older this important day."
If wiser too—he hinted some suggestion,
But 'twould 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 though 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, though not least in love, ye youthful 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, though 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.
ELEGY ON THE LATE MISS BURNET,
OF MONBODDO.

IFE ne'er exulted in so rich a prize
As Burnet, lovely from her native skies;
Nor envious Death so triumphed in a blow,
As that which laid the accomplished Burnet low.

Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget?
In richest ore the brightest jewel set!
In thee, high Heaven above was truest shown,
As by His noblest work the Godhead best is known.

In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves;
Thou crystal streamlet with thy flowery shore,
Ye woodland choir that chant your idle loves,
Ye cease to charm—Eliza is no more!

Ye heathy wastes, immixed with reedy fens;
Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stored;
Ye rugged cliffs o'erhanging dreary glens,
To you I fly, ye with my soul accord.

Princes, whose cumbrous pride was all their worth,
Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail;
And thou, sweet excellence! forsake our earth,
And not a Muse in honest grief bewail?

We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,
And virtue's light, that beams beyond the spheres;
But like the sun eclipsed at morning tide,
    Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears.

The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,
    That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care:
So decked the woodbine sweet yon aged tree;
    So from it ravished, leaves it bleak and bare.

THE FOLLOWING POEM WAS WRITTEN
TO A GENTLEMAN WHO HAD SENT HIM
A NEWSPAPER, AND OFFERED TO CONTINUE IT
FREE OF EXPENSE.

Sir, I've read your paper through, 
And, faith, to me 'twas nearly new! 
How guessed ye, Sir, what maist I wanted? 
This mony a day I've grained 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, anybody 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 Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss, 
Were sayin' or takin' aught amiss:
OF BURNS.

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 yenkin;
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 thresshin still at hizzies' tails;
Or if he was grown oughthins 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.

LINES ON AN INTERVIEW WITH LORD DAER.

HIS wot ye all whom it concerns,
I, Rhymer Robin, alias Burns,
October twenty-third,
A ne'er-to-be-forgotten day,
Sae far I sprackled up the brae,
I dinner'd wi' a Lord.
I've been at druen writers' feasts,
Nay, been bitch-fou 'mang godly priests,
   Wi' rev'rence be it spoken;
I've even join'd the honour'd jorum,
When mighty Squireships of the quorum
   Their hydra drouth did sloken.

But wi' a Lord!—stand out my shin,
A Lord—a Peer—an Earl's son!
   Up higher yet, my bonnet!
And sic a Lord—lang Scotch ells twa,
Our Peerage he o'erlooks them a',
   As I look o'er my sonnet.

But, oh! for Hogarth's magic pow'r!
To show Sir Bardie's willyart glow'r,
   And how he star'd and stammer'd,
When goavan, as if led wi' branks,
An' stumpin on his ploughman shanks,
   He in the parlour hammer'd.

I sidling shelter'd in a nook,
An' at his Lordship steal't a look,
   Like some portentous omen;
Except good sense and social glee,
An' (what surprised me) modesty,
   I marked nought uncommon.

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

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 with noble youthful Daer,
    For he but meets a brother.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

PROLOGUE SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER
BENEFIT NIGHT.

While Europe's eye is fixed 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 the mighty fuss, just let me mention,
The Rights of Woman merit some attention.

First, in the sexes' intermixed connexion,
One sacred Right of Woman is, Protection.—
The tender flower that lits its head, elate,
Helpless, must fall before the blasts of Fate,
Sunk on the earth, defaced its lovely form,
Unless your shelter ward the 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—'tis Decorum.
There was, indeed, in far less polished days,
A time, when rough rude man had naughty ways;
THE POEMS

Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,
Nay, even thus invade a lady's quiet!—
Now, thank our stars! those Gothic times are fled;
Now, well-bred men—and you 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—'tis dear, dear Admiration!
In that blest sphere alone we live and move;
There taste that life of life—immortal Love.
Sighs, tears, smiles, glances, fits, flirtations, airs,
'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares?—
When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,
Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms?

Then truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,
With bloody armaments and revolutions!
Let Majesty your first attention summon,
Ah! ça ira! THE MAJESTY OF WOMAN!

ADDRESS, SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE,
ON HER BENEFIT-NIGHT, DECEMBER 4, 1795,
AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES.

TILL anxious to secure your partial favour,
And not less anxious, sure, this night, than ever,
A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,
'Twould 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 slily 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 eying,
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, 'tis my fixed belief,
That Misery's another word for Grief;
I also think—so may I be a bride!
That so much laughter, so much life enjoyed.
Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
Still under bleak Misfortune's blasting eye;
Doomed 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, though 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'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck—
The Poems

Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,
Peerest to meditate the healing leap:
Wouldst thou be cured, thou 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.

Verses to a Young Lady,

With a Present of Songs.

Ere, where the Scottish Muse immortal
lives,
In sacred strains and tuneful numbers
joined,
Accept the gift; though 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!
AIL, Poesie! thou Nymph reserv'd!
In chase o' thee, what crowds hae swerv'd
Frac common sense, or sunk enerv'd
'Mang heaps o' clavers;
And och! o'er 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 alang
To death or marriage;
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang
But wi' miscarriage?

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives;
Eschylus' pen Will Shakespeare 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-famed Grecian share
   A rival place?

Yes! there is ane; a Scottish callan—
There's ane; come forrit, honest Allan!
Thou need na jonk behint the hallan,
   A chiel sae clever;
The teeth o' Time may gnaw Tantallan,
   But thou's for ever!

Thon paints anil nature to the nines,
In thy sweet Caledonian lines;
Nae gowden stream through 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 gray,
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.
WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF
OF THE LAST EDITION OF HIS POEMS, PRESENTED TO
THE LADY WHOM HE HAD OFTEN CELEBRATED
UNDER THE NAME OF CHLORIS.

His 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 refined of sense and taste,
With every muse to rove:
And doubly were the poet blest,
These joys could he improve.

POETICAL ADDRESS TO MR. WILLIAM TYTLER,
WITH THE PRESENT OF THE BARD'S PICTURE.

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 'tis despised and neglected.

Though 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 revered 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 avowed 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 'twas 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 in 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.

SKETCH.—NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

His day time winds the exhausted chain,
To run the twelvemonth's length again:
I see the old, bald-pated fellow,
With ardent eyes, complexion sallow,
Adjust the unimpaired 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 make 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, amused 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 woful night.—
Since then, my honoured, first of friends,

* Major, afterwards General Andrew Dunlop, Mrs. Dunlop's second son. He died, unmarried, in 1804.
† Miss Rachel Dunlop, who afterwards married Robert Glasgow, Esq.
‡ Miss Keith Dunlop, the youngest daughter.
OF BURNS.

On this poor being all depends;
Let us the important Now employ,
And live as those that never die.
    Though you, with days and honours crowned,
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.

EXTEMPORE, ON MR. WILLIAM SMELLIE,
AUTHOR OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF NATURAL HISTORY,
AND MEMBER OF THE ANTIQUARIAN AND
ROYAL SOCIETIES OF EDINBURGH.

S HREW D Willie Smellie to Crochallan came,
The old cocked hat, the grey surtout, the same,
His bristling beard just rising in its might,
'Twas four long nights and days to shaving night;
His uncombed grizzly locks wild staring, thatched
A head, for thought profound and clear, unmatched:
Yet though his caustic wit was biting, rude,
His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.
INSCRIPTION FOR AN ALTAR TO
INDEPENDENCE,
AT KERROUGHTRY, SEAT OF MR. HERON. WRITTEN
IN SUMMER, 1795.

HOU of an independent mind,
With soul resolved, with soul resigned;
Prepared Power's proudest frown to
brave,
Who wilt not be, nor have a slave;
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thy own reproach alone dost fear,
Approach this shrine, and worship here.

MONODY ON A LADY FAMED FOR HER CAPRICE.

OW cold is that bosom which folly once
fired,
How pale is that cheek where the rouge
lately glistened!
How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired,
How dull is that ear which to flattery so listened!
If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
From friendship and dearest affection removed;
How doubly severer, Eliza, thy fate,
Thou diedst unwept, as thou livedst unloved.
Loves, Graces, and Virtues, I call not on you;
So shy, grave, and distant, ye shed not a tear:
But come, all ye offspring of Folly so true,
And flowers let us cull for Eliza's cold bier.

We'll search through the garden for each silly flower,
We'll roam through the forest for each idle weed;
But chiefly the nettle, so typical, shower,
For none e'er approached her but rued the rash deed.

We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay;
Here Vanity strums on her idiot lyre:
There keen Indignation shall dart on her prey,
Which spurning Contempt shall redeem from his ire.

THE EPITAPH.

Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
What once was a butterfly, gay in life's beam:
Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
Want only of goodness denied her esteem.

SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RIDDLE, ESQ. OF
GLENRIDDLE; APRIL, 1794.

O more, ye warblers of the wood—no more!
Nor pour your descant, grating, on my soul;
Thou young-eyed Spring, gay in thy verdant stole,
More welcome were to me grim Winter's wildest roar.
How can ye charm, ye flowers, with all your dyes?
Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend:
How can I to the tuneful strain attend?
The strain flows round the untimely tomb where Riddel lies.

Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe!
And soothe the Virtues weeping o'er his bier:
The Man of Worth, and hath not left his peer,
Is in his "narrow house" for ever darkly low.

Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet;
Me, memory of my loss will only meet.

IMPROMPTU, ON MRS. RIDDEL'S BIRTHDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1793.

Winter with his frosty beard,
Thus once to Jove his prayer preferred—
"What have I done, of all the year,
To bear this hated doom severe?"

My cheerless suns no pleasure know;
Night's horrid car drags, dreary, slow;
My dismal months no joys are crowning,
But spleeny English, hanging, drowning.

Now, Jove, for once be mighty civil,
To counterbalance all this evil;
Give me, and I've no more to say,
Give me Maria's natal day!
That brilliant gift will so enrich me,
Spring, Summer, Autumn, cannot match me."
"'Tis done!" says Jove; so ends my story,
And Winter once rejoiced in glory.
TO MISS JESSY LEWARS, DUMFRIES,
WITH BOOKS WHICH THE BARD PRESENTED HER.

HINE be the volumes, Jessy fair,
And with them take the Poet's prayer—
That Fate may in her fairest page,
With every kindliest, 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.

EXTEMPORE TO MR. SYME,
ON REFUSING TO DINE WITH HIM, AFTER HAVING BEEN
PROMISED THE FIRST OF COMPANY, AND
THE FIRST OF COOKERY, 17TH
DECEMBER, 1795.

O more of your guests, be they titled or not,
And cook'ry the first of the nation;
Who is proof to thy personal converse
and wit,
Is proof to all other temptation.
TO MR. SYME, WITH A PRESENT OF A DOZEN OF PORTER.

HAD the malt thy strength of mind,
Or hops the flavour of thy wit,
'Twere drink for first of human kind,
A gift that e'en for Syme were fit.

Jerusalem Tavern, Dumfries.

SONNET

ON HEARING A THRUSH SING IN A MORNING WALK IN JANUARY, WRITTEN 25TH JANUARY, 1793,
THE BIRTH-DAY OF THE AUTHOR,
R. B. AGED 34.

ING on, sweet Thrush, upon the leafless bough;
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain:
See, aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blithe carol clears his furrowed brow.

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear
Sits meek Content with light unanxious heart,
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.
OF BURNS.

I thank Thee, Author of this opening day!
Thou whose bright sun now gilds the orient skies!
Riches denied, Thy boon was purer joys,
What wealth could never give nor take away!

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care;
The mite high Heav’n bestowed, that mite with thee
I’ll share.

POEM, ADDRESSED TO MR. MITCHELL.
COLLECTOR OF EXCISE, DUMFRIES, 1796.

RIEND of the Poet, tried and leal,
Wha, wanting thee, might beg or steal:
Alake, alake, the meikle Deil
Wi’ a’ his witches
Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel,
In my poor pouches.

I modestly fu’ fain wad hint it,
That one pound one, I sairly want it:
If wi’ the hizzie down ye sent it,
It would be kind;
And while my heart wi’ life-blood dunted,
I’d bear’t in mind.

So may the auld year gang out moaning
To see the new come laden, groaning,
Wi’ double plenty o’er the loanin
To thee and thine;
Domestic peace and comforts crowning
The hale design.
POSTSCRIPT.

Ye've heard this while how I've been licket,
And by fell death was nearly nicket:
Grim loun! he gat me by the fecket,
And sair me shenk;
But by guid luck I lap a wicket,
And turned a neuk.

But by that health, I've got a share o't,
And by that life, I'm promised mair o't,
My heal and weal I'll tak a care o't
A tentier way:
Then fareweel folly, hide and hair o't,
For ance and aye.

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 the insensate frenzied part,
Ah, why should I such scenes outlive?
Scenes so abhorrent to my heart!
'Tis thine to pity and forgive.
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.

O 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, though 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 wavering 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 showing us the tempting ware,
Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare,
    To put us daft;
Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare
    O' hell's damn'd waft.

Poor man, the fly, aft bizzes by,
And aft as chance he comes thee nigh,
Thy auld damn'd elbow yeuks with joy,
    And hellish pleasure;
Already in thy fancy's eye,
    Thy sicker treasure.

Soon heels-o'er-gowdy! 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 ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ. OF FINTRY,
ON RECEIVING A FAVOUR.

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 ye many 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!

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

An honest man here lies at rest,
As e’er God with His Image blest:
The friend of man, the friend of truth;
The friend of age and guide of youth.
   Few hearts like his, with virtue warmed,
   Few heads with knowledge so informed:
If there’s another world, he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the best of this.
WILLIE'S AWA!

VERSES WRITTEN AT SELKIRK.

ULD chuckie Reekie's sair distrest,
   Down droops her ance weel burnisht crest,
Nae joy her bonie buskit nest
   Can yield ava,
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 ay 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 sprout like simmer puddock-stools
   In glen or shaw;
He wha could brush them down to mools,
   Willie's awa!
OF BURNS.

The brethren o' the Commerce-Chaumer
May mourn their loss wi' doolsfu' clamour,
He was a dictionar and grammar
   Amang them a';
I fear they'll now make monie 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;
M'Kenzie, Stuart, 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 bewildered chicken
Scar'd frae its minnie and the cleckin
   By hoodie-craw;
Grief's gien his heart an unco kickin',
   Willie's awa!

Now ev'ry sour-mou'd grinnin' belligum,
And Calvin's folk, are fit to fell him;
And self-conceited critic skellum
   His quill may draw;
He wha could brawlie ward their belligum,
   Willie's awa!
Up wimpling stately Tweed I've sped,
And Eden scenes on crystal 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,
    Though far awa!

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

INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMBSTONE
ERECTED BY BURNS TO THE MEMORY OF FERGUSSON.

"Here lies Robert Fergusson, Poet,
Born, September 5th, 1751—Died,
16th October, 1774."

O sculptured marble here, nor pompous lay,
"No storied urn, nor animated bust;"
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way,
To pour her sorrows o'er her Poet's dust.
A GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

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, Heavenly Guide
May never worse be sent;
But whether granted, or denied,
Lord, bless us with content!

Amen.

A VERSE

COMPOSED AND REPEATED BY BURNS, TO THE MASTER OF
THE HOUSE, ON TAKING LEAVE AT A PLACE IN
THE HIGHLANDS, WHERE HE HAD BEEN
HOSPITABLY ENTERTAINED.

WHEN death's dark stream I ferry o'er,
A time that surely shall come,
In Heaven itself I'll ask no more
Than just a Highland welcome.
HEE, 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 hallowed 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,
Braved usurpation's boldest daring;
That arm which, nerved with thundering fate,
Crushed the despot's proudest bearing,
One quenched in darkness like the sinking star,
And one the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RUISSEEAUX.*

OW Robin lies in his last lair,
He'll gabble rhyme, nor sing nae mair,
Cauld Poverty, wi' hungry stare,
Nae mair shall fear him:

* Ruisseau—a play upon his own name.
OF BURNS.

Nor anxious fear, nor cankert care
E'er mair come near him.

To tell the truth, they seldom fasht him,
Except the moment that they crusht him;
For sune as chance or fate had husht 'em,
Though e'er sae short,
Then wi' a rhyme or sang he lasht 'em,
And thought it sport.

Though he was bred to kintra wark,
And counted was baith wight and stark,
Yet that was never Robin's mark
To mak a man;
But tell him, he was learn'd and clark,
Ye roos'd him than.

ANSWER TO VERSES ADDRESSED TO THE POET BY THE GUIDWIFE OF WAUCHOPE HOUSE.

GUIDWIFE,

MIND it weel, in early date,
When I was beardless, young and blate,
An' first could thresh the barn,
Or hand a yokin at the pleugh,
An' though forfoughten sair eneugh,
Yet unco proud to learn:
When first amang the yellow corn
A man I reckon'd was,
And wi' the lave ilk merry morn
Could rank my rig and lass,
Still shearing, and clearing
The tither stooked raw,
Wi' claivers, an' haivers,
Wearing the day' awa.

Ev'n then a wish (I mind its power,)
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 weeder-clips 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 har'st I said before,
My partner in the merry core,
She rous'd the forming strain:
I see her yet, the sousie quean,
That lighted up my jingle,
Her witching smile, her pauky een,
That gart my heart-strings tingle;
I fired, inspired.
At ev'ry 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 o' 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 yon for your line:
The marbled plaid ye kindly spare,
By me should gratefully be ware;
   'Twand 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.
THIRD EPISTLE TO J. LAPPRAIK.

Sept. 13th, 1785.

UID speed an' furder to you, Johny,
Guid health, hale han's and weather bony;
Now when ye're nickan down fu' cany
   The staff o' bread,
May ye ne'er want a stoup o' bran'y
   To clear your head.

May Boreas never thresh your rigs,
Nor kick your rickles aff their legs,
Sendin' the stuff o'er muirs an' haggs
   Like drivin' wrack;
But may the tapmast grain that wags
   Come to the sack.

I'm bizzie too, an' skelpin' at it,
But bitter, daudin showers hae wat it,
Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it
   Wi' muckle wark,
An' took my jocteleg an' whatt it,
   Like ony clerk.

It's now twa month that I'm your debtor,
For your braw, nameless, dateless letter,
Abusin' me for harsh ill-nature
   On holy men,
While deil a hair yoursel ye're better,
   But mair profane.
OF BURNS.

But let the kirk-folk ring their bells,
Let's sing about our noble sels;
We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills
    To help, or roose us,
But browster wives an' whiskie stills,
    They are the Muses.

Your friendship, Sir, I winna quat it,
An' if ye mak objections at it,
Then han' in nieve some day we'll knot it,
    An' witness take,
An' when wi' usquebae we've wat it
    It winna break.

But if the beast and branks be spar'd
Till kye be gaun without the herd,
An' a' the vittel in the yard,
    An' theckit right,
I mean your ingle-side to guard
    Ae winter night.

Then muse-inspirin' aqua-vitee
Shall make us baith sae blithe an' witty,
Till ye forget ye're auld an' gutty,
    An' be as canty
As ye were nine years less than thretty,
    Sweet ane an' twenty!

But stooks are cowpit wi' the blast,
An' now the sinn keeks in the west,
Then I maun rin amang the rest
    An' quit my chanter;
Sae I subscribe mysel in haste,
    Yours, Rab the Ranter.
TO THE REV. JOHN M'MATH,
ENCLOSING A COPY OF HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER, WHICH
HE HAD REQUESTED.

Sept. 17th, 1785.

While at the stook the shearers cow'r
To shun the bitter blaudin' show'r,
Or in gulravage rinnin' scour
To pass the time,
To you I dedicate the hour
In idle rhyme.

My Musie, tir'd wi' monie a sonnet
On gown, an' ban', an' douce 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 'twas rash, and rather hardy,
That I, a simple countra bardie,
Should meddle wi' a pack so sturdy,
Wha, if they ken me,
Can easy, wi' a single wordie,
Loose hell upon me.

But I gae mad at their grimaces,
Their sighin', cantin', grace-proud faces,
Their three-mile prayers, and hauf-mile graces,
Their raxin' conscience,
Whase greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces
Waur nor their nonsense.
There's Gaun, miska't waur than a beast,
Wha has mair honour in his breast
Than monie scores as guid's the priest
  Wha sae abus'd him;
An' may a bard no crack his jest
  What way they've us'd 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' no a muse erect her head
  To cowe the blellums?

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 should be,
Nor am I even the thing I could be,
But, twenty times, I rather would 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 false,
  He'll still disdain,
An' then cry zeal for gospel laws,
  Like some we ken.
They tak religion in their mouth;
They talk o' mercy, grace, an' truth,
For what? to gie their malice skouth
On some puri 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.

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

In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs,
In spite of 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.
OF BURNS.

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),
Even, Sir, by them your heart's esteemed,
An' winning manner.

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

TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ. MAUCHLINE,
RECOMMENDING A BOY.

Mosgaville, May 3, 1786.

HOLD it, Sir, my bounden duty,
To warn you how that Master Tootie,
Alias, Laird M'Gaun,
Was here to lure the lad away
'Bout whom ye spak the tither day,
An' wad hae don't aff han':
But lest he learn the callan tricks,
As faith I muckle doubt him,
Like scrapin' out auld Crummie's nicks,
An' tellin lies about them;
As lieve then, I'd have then,
Your clerkship he should sair,
If sae be ye may be
Not fitted otherwhere.
THE POEMS

Although I say't, he's gleg enough,
An' bout a house that's rude an' rough,
   The boy might learn to swear;
But then wi' you, he'll be sae taught,
An' get sic fair example straught,
   I hae na ony fear,
Ye'll catechize him every quirk,
   An' shore him weel wi' hell;
An' gar him follow to the kirk——
   —Aye when ye gang yourself.
If ye then, maun be then
   Frae hame this comin Friday,
Then please, Sir, to lea'e, Sir,
   The orders wi' your lady.

My word of honour I hae gi'en,
In Paisley John's, that night at e'en,
To meet the Warld's worm:
To try to get the twa to gree,
An' name the airles an' the fee,
   In legal mode an' form:
I ken he weel a snick can draw,
   When simple bodies let him;
An' if a devil be at a',
   In faith he's sure to get him.
To phrase you, an' praise you,
   Ye ken your Laureate scorns:
   The pray'r still you share still,
   Of grateful Minstrel —— Burns.
EPISTLE TO MR. M'ADAM,
OF CRAIGEN-GILLAN, IN ANSWER TO AN OBLIGING
LETTER HE SENT IN THE COMMENCEMENT
OF MY POETIC CAREER.

IR, o'er a gill I gat your card,
I trow it made me proud;
"See wha takes notice o' the Bard!"
I lap and cry'd fu' loud.

"Now deil-ma-care about their jaw,
The senseless, gawky million;
I'll cock my nose aboon them a',
I'm roos'd by Craigen-Gillan!"

'Twas noble, Sir; 'twas like yoursel,
To grant your high protection:
A great man's smile, ye ken fu' weel,
Is aye a blest infection.

Though, by his banes wha in a tub
Match'd Macedonian Sandy!
On my ain legs, through dirt and dub,
I independent stand ay.—

And when those legs to gude, warm kail,
Wi' welcome canna bear me;
A lee dyke-side, a sybow-tail,
And barley-scone shall cheer me.
Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath
O' mony flow'ry simmers!
And bless your bonic lasses baith,
I'm tauld they're loosome kimmers!

And God bless young Dunaskin's laird,
The blossom of our gentry!
And may he wear an auld man's beard,
A credit to his country.

TO CAPTAIN RIDDLE, GLENRIDDEL.
EXTEMPORE LINES ON RETURNING A NEWSPAPER.

Ellisland, Monday Evening.

OUR 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'll boldly pronounce they are none, Sir.

My goose-quill too rude is, to tell all your goodness Bestowed 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!
TO TERRAUGHTY, ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

**HEALTH** to the Maxwells' vet'ran chief,
    Health, aye unsour'd by care or grief:
**Inspir'd,** I turn'd Fate's sibyl leaf
    This natal morn!
**I see thy life is stuff o' grief,**
    Scarce quite half-worn.

This day thou metes three-score eleven,
And I can tell that bounteous Heaven
(The second-sight, ye ken, is given
To ilka Poet)
**On thee a tack o' seven times seven**
    Will yet bestow it.

If envious buckies view wi' sorrow
Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow,
May desolation's lang-teeth'd harrow,
    Nine miles an hour,
Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah,
    In brunstane stoure—

But for thy friends, and they are monie
Baith honest men and lasses bonie,
May couthie fortune, kind and cannie,
    In social glee,
Wi' mornings blithe and e'enings funny,
    Bless them and thee!
Fareweel, auld Birkie! Lord be near ye,
And then the deil he daur na steer ye:
Your friends aye love, your faes aye fear ye;
For me, shame fa' me,
If niest my heart I dinna wear ye,
While Burns they ca' me.

TO A LADY, WITH A PRESENT OF A PAIR OF DRINKING GLASSES.

Edinburgh, March 17th, 1788.

AIR Empress of the Poet's soul, 
And Queen of Poetesses; 
Clarinda, take this little boon, 
This humble pair of glasses.

And fill them high with generous juice, 
As generous as your mind; 
And pledge me in the generous toast—
"The whole of human-kind!"

"To those who love us!"—second fill; 
But not to those whom we love; 
Lest we love those who love not us! 
A third—"To thee and me, Love!"

In a MS. in Burn's hand, the following additional verse occurs:

Long may we live! Long may we love! 
And long may we be happy! 
And may we never want a glass 
Well charged with generous nappy!
OF BURNS.

THE VOWELS.

A TALE.

Was where the birch and sounding thong are plied,
The noisy domicile of pedant pride;
Where ignorance her darkening vapour throws,
And cruelty directs the thickening 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 entered A, a grave, broad, solemn wight,
But ah! deformed, dishonest to the sight!
His twisted head looked backward on his way,
And flagrant from the scourge, he grunted, ai!

Reluctant, E stalked 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 assigned.

The cobwebbed gothic dome resounded Y!
In sullen vengeance, I, disdained reply:
The pedant swung his felon cudgel round,
And knocked the groaning vowel to the ground!

In rueful apprehension entered O,
The wailing minstrel of despairing woe;
The Inquisitor of Spain the most expert,  
Might there have learnt new mysteries of his art:  
So grim, deformed, with horrors entering U,  
His dearest friend and brother scarcely knew!  
As trembling U stood staring all aghast,  
The pedant in his left hand clutched him fast,  
In helpless infants' tears he dipped his right,  
Baptized him eu, and kicked him from his sight.

SKETCH.

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,  
Learned vive la bagatelle, et vive l'amour;  
So travelled monkeys 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.
PROLOGUE FOR MR. SUTHERLAND'S
BENEFIT-NIGHT, DUMFRIES.

What needs this din about the town o' Lon'on,
How this new play an' that new sang is comin'?
Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted?
Does nonsense mend, like whisky, when imported?
Is there nae poet, burning keen for fame,
Will try to gie us sangs and plays at hame?
For comedy abroad he need na toil,
A fool and knave are plants of every soil;
Nor need he hunt as far as Rome and Greece
To gather matter for a serious piece;
There's themes enow in Caledonian story,
Would show the tragic muse in a' her glory.

Is there no daring Bard will rise, and tell
How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fell?
Where are the Muses fled that could produce
A drama worthy o' the name o' Bruce;
How here, even here, he first unsheathed the sword
'Gainst mighty England and her guilty lord;
And after monie a bloody, deathless doing,
Wrenched his dear country from the jaws of ruin?
O for a Shakespeare or an Otway scene,
To draw the lovely, hapless Scottish Queen!
Vain all th' omnipotence of female charms
'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms.
She fell, but fell with spirit truly Roman,
To glut the vengeance of a rival woman:
A woman, though the phrase may seem uncivil
As able and as cruel as the Devil!
One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page,
But Douglasses were heroes every age:
And though your fathers, prodigal of life,
A Douglas followed to the martial strife,
Perhaps, if bowls row right, and right succeeds,
Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads!

As ye hae generous done, if a' the land
Would tak the Muses' servants by the hand;
Not only hear, but patronise, befriend them,
And where ye justly can commend, commend them;
And aiblins when they winna stand the test,
Wink hard and say, the folks hae done their best!
Would a' the land do this, then I'll be caution
Ye'll soon hae Poets o' the Scottish nation,
Will gar Fame blaw until her trumpet crack,
And warsele Time, an' lay him on his back;
For us and for our stage should onie spier,
"Wha's aught thae chiels maks a' this bustle here?"
My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow,
We hae the honour to belong to you!
We're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as ye like,
But like good mithers, shore before ye strike—
And gratefu' still I hope ye'll ever find us,
For a' the patronage and meikle kindness
We've got frae a' professions, sets, and ranks:
God help us! we're but poor—ye'se get but thanks.
ELEGY ON THE YEAR 1788.

SKETCH.

OR Lords or Kings I dinna mourn,
E’en let them die—for that they’re born:
But oh! prodigious to reflect!
A towmont, Sirs, is gane to wreck!
O Eighty-eight, in thy sma’ space
What dire events haec taken place!
Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us!
In what a pickle thou hast left us!
The Spanish empire’s tint a head,
And my auld teethless Bawtie’s dead!
The tulzie’s sair ’tween Pitt and Fox,
And ’tween our Maggie’s twa wee cocks;
The tane is game, a bludie devil,
But to the hen-birds unco civil;
The tither’s something dour o’ treadin,
But better stuff ne’er clawed a midden.
Ye ministers, come, mount the poupit,
An’ ery till ye be hearse an’ roupit,
For Eighty-eight he wish’d you weel,
And gied you a’ baith gear an’ meal:
E’en monie a plack, and monie a peck,
Ye ken yoursels, for little feck.
Ye bonnie lasses, dight your e’en,
For some o’ you hae tint a frien’;
In Eighty-eight ye ken, was ta’en
What ye’l ne’er hae to gie again.
Observe the vera nowt an’ sheep,
How dowf an’ daviely they creep;
Nay, even the yirth itsel does cry,  
For E'mbrugh wells are grutten dry.  
O Eighty-nine, thou's but a bairn,  
An' no owre auld, I hope, to learn!  
Thou beardless boy, I pray tak care,  
Thou now has got thy daddie's chair,  
Nae hand-cuffed, muzzled, hap-shackled Regent,  
But, like himsel, a full free agent.  
Be sure ye follow out the plan  
Nae waur than he did, honest man:  
As muckle better as you can.

January 1, 1789.

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.

URSE on ungrateful man, that can be pleased,  
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?
OF BURNS.

LAMENT,

WRITTEN AT A TIME WHEN THE POET WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE SCOTLAND.

'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 loved native shore;
Where the flower which bloomed 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 rimpled 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, un lamented, my ashes shall rest,
And joy shall revisit my bosom no more.
THE POEMS

DELIA. AN ODE.

AIR the face of orient day,
Fair the tints of opening rose:
But fairer still my Delia dawns,
More lovely far her beauty shews.

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

The flower-enamoured busy bee
The rosy banquet loves to sip;
Sweet the streamlet’s limpid lapse
To the sun-browned Arab’s lip;

But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
Let me, no vagrant insect, rove;
Oh, let me steal one liquid kiss!
For oh! my soul is parched with love!

ON THE DEATH OF SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR.

THE lamp of day, with ill-presaging glare,
Dim, cloudy, sank beneath the western wave;
The inconstant blast howled through the dark’ning air,
And hollow whistled in the rocky cave.
Lone as I wandered by each cliff and dell,
   Once the loved haunts of Scotia's royal train;*
Or mused where limpid streams, once hallowed, well,†
   Or mouldering ruins mark the sacred fane;‡

The increasing blast roared round the beetling rocks,
   The clouds swift-winged flew o'er the starry sky,
The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,
   And shooting meteors caught the startled eye.

The paly moon rose in the livid east,
   And 'mong the cliffs disclosed a stately form,
In weeds of woe that frantic beat her breast,
   And mixed her wailings with the raving storm.

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,
   'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I viewed:
Her form majestic drooped in pensive woe,
   The lightning of her eye in tears imbued.

Reversed that spear, redoubtable in war,
   Reclined that banner, erst in fields unfurled,
That like a deathful meteor gleamed afar,
   And braved the mighty monarchs of the world.—

"My patriot son fills an untimely grave!"
   With accents wild and lifted arms she cried;
"Low lies the hand that oft was stretched to save,
   Low lies the heart that swelled with honest pride!"

"A weeping country joins a widow's tear,
   The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry;

* The King's Park, at Holyrood House. R. B.
† St. Anthony's Well. R. B.
‡ St. Anthony's Chapel. R. B.
The drooping arts surround their patron’s bier,
   And grateful Science heaves the heartfelt sigh.—

"I saw my sons resume their ancient fire;
   I saw fair Freedom’s blossoms richly blow;
But, ah! how hope is born but to expire!
   Relentless Fate has laid their guardian low.—

"My patriot falls, but shall he lie unsung,
   While empty greatness saves a worthless name?
No; every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue,
   And future ages hear his growing fame.

"And I will join a mother’s tender cares,
   Through future times to make his virtues last,
That distant years may boast of other Blairs,"—
   She said, and vanished with the sweeping blast.

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A COPY
OF THE FIRST EDITION [OF HIS POEMS,] WHICH I
PRESENTED TO AN OLD SWEETHEART,
THEN MARRIED.

NCE fondly loved, and still remembered dear,
   Sweet early object of my youthful vows,
Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere;
   Friendship! ’tis 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 the Atlantic's roar.

THE POET'S WELCOME TO HIS ILLEGITIMATE CHILD.

HOU'S welcome, wean! mishanter fa' me,
If ought 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 gude will,
As a' the priests had seen me get the
That's out o' hell.

What though they ca' me fornicator,
An' tease my name in kintra clatter:
The mair they talk I'm kent 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,
THE POEMS

Sin' thou came to the warld asklent,
Which fools may scoff at;
In my last plack thy part's be in't—
The better haff o't.

An' if thou be what I wad hae thee,
An' tak the counsel I shall gie thee,
A lovin' father I'll be to thee,
If thou be spared;
Through 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, an' merit,
An' thy poor worthless daddy's spirit,
Without his failins,
'Twill please me mair to hear an' see't,
Than stockit mailins.

LETTER TO JOHN GOUDIE, KILMARNOCK,
ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS ESSAYS.

GOUDIE! terror o' the Whigs,
Dread o' 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,
Wae's me! she's in a sad condition;
OF BURNS.  299

Fie! bring Black Jock, her state physician,
To see her water;
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.

'Tis you and Taylor* are the chief,
Wha are to blame for this mischief;
But gin the Lord's ain focks gat leave,
   A toom tar-barrel
An' twa red peats wad send relief,
   An' end the quarrel.

LETTER TO JAMES TENNANT,
GLENCONNOR.

ULD comrade dear, and brither sinner,
How's a' the folk about Glenconnor;
How do you this blae castlin wind,
That's like to blaw a body blind?

* Dr. Taylor of Norwich.
For me, my faculties are frozen,
And ilka member nearly dozen'd.
I've sent you here by Johnie Simson,
Twa sage philosophers to glimpse on;
Smith, wi' his sympathetic feeling;
An' Reid, 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 an' feel.
But, hark ye, friend! I charge you strictly,
Peruse them, an' return them quickly,
For now I'm grown sae cursed douse,
I pray an' pander butt the house,
My shins, my lane, I there sit roasting,
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' gaspin' 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!
OF BURNS.

My auld school-fellow, 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' Lord, 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' chiel's be cautious,
For, faith, they'll aiblins fin' them fashous:
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 heaven's glory,
May ye get monie a merry story,
Monie a laugh, and monie a drink,
An' 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
Yours, saint or sinner,

ROB THE RANTER.
EPISTLE FROM ESOPUS TO MARIA.

From those drear solitudes and frowzy cells,
Where infamy with sad repentance dwells;
Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast,
And deal from iron hands the spare repast;
Where truant prentices, yet young in sin,
Blush at the curious stranger peeping in;
Where strumpets, relics of the drunken roar,
Resolve to drink, nay half to whore, no more;
Where tiny thieves, not destined yet to swing,
Beat hemp for others, riper for the string:
From these dire scenes my wretched lines I date,
To tell Maria her Esopus’ fate.

"Alas! I feel I am no actor here!"
'Tis real hangmen, real scourges bear!
Prepare, Maria, for a horrid tale
Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale;
Will make thy hair, though erst from gipsy polled,
By barber woven, and by barber sold,
Though twisted smooth with Harry’s nicest care,
Like hoary bristles to erect and stare.
The hero of the mimic scene, no more
I start in Hamlet, in Othello roar;
Or haughty Chieftain, ’mid the din of arms,
In Highland bonnet woo Malvina’s charms;
While sans culottes stoop up the mountain high,
And steal from me Maria’s prying eye.
Blest Highland bonnet! Once my proudest dress,
Now prouder still, Maria's temples press.
I see her wave thy towering plumes afar,
And call each coxcomb to the wordy war.
I see her face the first of Ireland's sons,
And even out-Irish his Hibernian bronze;
The crafty colonel leaves the tartan lines,
For other wars, where he a hero shines:
The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred,
Who owns a Bushby's heart without the head;
Comes 'mid a string of coxcombs to display,
That \textit{veni, vidi, vici}, is his way;
The shrinking bard adown an alley skulks,
And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich hulks;
Though there his heresies in church and state
Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate:
Still she undaunted reels and rattles on,
And dares the public like a noontide sun.
(What scandal called Maria's jaunty stagger,
The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger?
Whose spleen e'en worse than Burns's venom when
He dips in gall unmixed his eager pen—
And pours his vengeance in the burning line,
Who christened thus Maria's lyre divine;
The idiot strum of vanity bemused,
And even the abuse of poesy abused!
Who called her verse, a parish workhouse made
For motley, foundling fancies, stolen or strayed?)
A workhouse! ah, that sound awakes my woes,
And pillows on the thorn my racked repose!
In durance vile here must I wake and weep,
And all my frowzy couch in sorrow steep!
That straw where many a rogue has lain of yore,
And vermined gipsies littered heretofore.
Why, Lonsdale, thus thy wrath on vagrants pour,
Must earth no rascal, save thyself, endure?
Must thou alone in guilt immortal swell,
And make a vast monopoly of hell?
Thou know'st, the virtues cannot hate thee worse,
The vices also, must they club their curse?
Or must no tiny sin to others fall,
Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all?

Maria, send me too thy griefs and cares;
In all of thee sure thy Esopus shares.
As thou at all mankind the flag unfurls,
Who on my fair-one satire's vengeance hurls?
Who calls thee pert, affected, vain coquette,
A wit in folly, and a fool in wit?
Who says that fool alone is not thy due,
And quotes thy treacheries to prove it true?
Our force united on thy foes we'll turn,
And dare the war with all of woman born:
For who can write and speak as thou and I?
My periods that deciphering defy,
And thy still matchless tongue, that conquers all reply.

ON A SUICIDE.

ARTHED up here lies an imp o' hell,
Planted by Satan's dibble—
Poor silly wretch, he's damned himsel'
To save the Lord the trouble.
OF BURNS.

A FAREWELL.

AREWELL, dear Friend! may guid luck
hit you,
And 'mang her favourites admit you!
If e'er detraction shore to smit you,
May nane believe him!
And ony de'il that thinks to get you,
Good Lord, deceive him.

THE FAREWELL.

AREWELL, old Scotia's bleak domains,
Far dearer than the torrid plains
Where rich ananas blow!
Farewell, a mother's blessing dear!
A brother's sigh! a sister's tear!
My Jean's heart-rending throe!
Farewell, my Bess! though thou'rt bereft
Of my parental care,
A faithful brother I have left,
My part in him thou'lt share!
Adieu too, to you too,
My Smith, my bosom frien';
When kindly you mind me,
O then befriend my Jean!

When bursting anguish tears my heart!
From thee, my Jeanny, must I part!
Thou weeping answerest "No!"

x
THE POEMS

Alas! misfortune stares my face,
And points to ruin and disgrace,
I for thy sake must go!
Thee, Hamilton, and Aiken dear,
A grateful, warm adieu!
I, with a much-indebted tear,
Shall still remember you!
All hail then, the gale then,
Wafts me from thee, dear shore!
It rustles, and whistles,
I'll never see thee more!

EPISTLE TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ.
OF FINTRAY: ON THE CLOSE OF THE DISPUTED ELECTION
BETWEEN SIR JAMES JOHNSTONE AND CAPTAIN
MILLER, FOR THE DUMFRIES DISTRICT
OF BOROUGHS.

FINTRAY, my stay in worldly strife,
Friend o' my Muse, friend o' my life
Are ye as idle's I am?
Come then, wi' uncouth, kintra fleg,
O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg,
And ye shall see me try him.

I'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig bears,
Who left the all-important cares
Of princes and their darlings;
And, bent on winning borough towns,
Came shaking hands wi' webster lowns,
And kissing barefit carlins.
OF BURNS.

Combustion through our boroughs rode,
Whistling his roaring pack abroad
   Of mad unmuzzled lions;
As Queensberry buff and blue unfurled,
And Westerha' and Hopeton hurled
   To every Whig defiance.

But Queensberry, cautious, left the war,
Th' unmanner'd dust might soil his star;
Besides, he hated bleeding;
But left behind him heroes bright,
Heroes in Cæsarean fight,
   Or Ciceronian pleading.

O! for a throat like huge Mons-Meg,
To muster o'er each ardent Whig
   Beneath Drumlanrig's banner;
Heroes and heroines commix,
All in the field of politics,
   To win immortal honour.

M'Murdo and his lovely spouse,
(The enamoured laurels kiss her brows!)
   Led on the loves and graces:
She won each gaping burgess' heart,
While he, all-conquering, played his part
   Among their wives and lasses.

Craigdarroch led a light-arm'd corps,
Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour,
   Like Hecla streaming thunder:
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins,
Blew up each Tory's dark designs,
   And bared the treason under.
In either wing two champions fought,
Redoubted Staig who set at nought
   The wildest savage Tory:
And Welsh, who ne'er yet flinched his ground,
High-waved his magnum-bonum round
   With Cyclopean fury.

Miller brought up the artillery ranks,
The many-pounders of the Banks,
   Resistless desolation!
While Maxwelton, that Baron bold,
'Mid Lawson's port entrenched his hold,
   And threatened worse damnation.

To these, what Tory hosts opposed,
With these, what Tory warriors closed,
   Surpasses my describing:
Squadrons extended long and large,
With furious speed rushed to the charge,
   Like raging devils driving.

What verse can sing, what prose narrate,
The butcher deeds of bloody Fate
   Amid this mighty tulzie!
Grim Horror girn'd—pale Terror roared,
As Murther at his thrapple shored,
   And Hell mixed in the brulzie.

As Highland crags by thunder cleft,
When lightnings fire the stormy lift,
   Hurl down with crashing rattle:
As flames among a hundred woods;
As headlong foam a hundred floods,
   Such is the rage of battle!
The stubborn Tories dare to die;
As soon the rooted oaks would fly
Before the approaching fellers:
The Whigs come on like Ocean's roar,
When all his wintry billows pour
Against the Buchan Bullers.

Lo, from the shades of Death's deep night,
Departed Whigs enjoy the fight,
And think on former daring:
The muffled murtherer of Charles
The Magna Charta flag unfurls,
All deadly gules its bearing.

Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fame,
Bold Scrimgeour follows gallant Graham,
Auld Covenanters shiver—
(Forgive, forgive, much-wronged Montrose!
Now death and hell engulf thy foes,
Thou livest on high for ever!)

Still o'er the field the combat burns,
The Tories, Whigs, give way by turns;
But Fate the word has spoken:
For woman's wit and strength o' man,
Alas! can do but what they can!
The Tory ranks are broken.

O that my e'en were flowing burns,
My voice a lioness that mourns
Her darling cubs' undoing!
That I might greet, that I might cry,
While Tories fall, while Tories fly,
From furious Whigs pursuing!
What Whig but melts for good Sir James?
Dear to his country by the names
   Friend, patron, benefactor!
Not Pulteney's wealth can Pulteney save!
And Hopeton falls, the generous, brave!
   And Stewart, bold as Hector.

Thou, Pitt, shalt rue this overthrow;
And Thurlow growl a curse of woe;
   And Melville melt in wailing!
How Fox and Sheridan rejoice!
And Burke shall sing, "O Prince, arise,
   Thy power is all-prevailing!"

For your poor friend, the Bard, afar
He only hears and sees the war,
   A cool spectator purely!
So, when the storm the forest rends,
The robin in the hedge descends,
   And sober chirps securely.

EPISTLE TO MAJOR LOGAN.

AIL, thairm-inspirin', rattlin' Willie!
Though Fortune's road be rough an' hilly
To every fiddling, rhyming billie,
   We never heed,
But take it like the unbacked filly,
   Proud o' her speed.

When idly goavan whyles we saunter
Yirr, Fancy barks, awa' we canter
OF BURNS.

Uphill, down brae, till some mishanter,
    Some black bog-hole,
Arrests us, then the scathe an' banter
    We're forced to thole.

Hale be your heart! Hale be your fiddle!
Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle,
To cheer you through the weary widdle
    O' this wild warl',
Until you on a crummock driddle
    A gray-haired carle.

Come wealth, come poortith, late or soon,
Heaven send your heart-strings aye in tune,
And screw your temper-pins aboon
    A fifth or mair,
The melancholious, lazy croon
    O' cankrie care.

May still your life from day to day
Nae "lente largo" in the play,
But "allegretto forte" gay
    Harmonious flow,
A sweeping, kindling, bauld strathspey—
    Encore! Bravo!

A blessing on the cheery gang
Wha dearly like a jig or sang,
An' never think o' right an' wrang
    By square an' rule,
But as the clegs o' feeling stang
    Are wise or fool.

My hand-waled curse keep hard in chase
The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race,
Wha count on poortith as disgrace—
   Their tuneless hearts!
May fire-side discords jar a base
   To a' their parts!

But come, your hand, my careless brither,
I' th' ither ward', if there's anither,—
An' that there is I've little swither
   About the matter;—
We cheek for chow shall jog thegither,
   I'se ne'er bid better.

We've faults and failings—granted clearly,
We're frail backsliding mortals merely,
Eve's bonny squad, priests wyte them sheerly
   For our grand fa' ;
But still, but still, I like them dearly—
   God bless them a'!

Ochon for poor Castalian drinkers,
When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers,
The witching cursed delicious blinkers
   Hae put me hyte,
And gart me weet my wankrie winkers,
   Wi' girnin spite.

But by yon moon!—and that's high swearin'—
An' every star within my hearin'!
An' by her c'en wha was a dear ane!
   I'll ne'er forget:
I hope to gie the jads a clearin'
   In fair play yet.

My loss I mourn, but not repent it,
I'll seek my pursie where I tint it,
OF BURNS.

Ance to the Indies I were wonted,
Some cantrip hour,
By some sweet elf I'll yet be dinted,
Then, vive l'amour!

Faites mes baisse mains respectueuses,
To sentimental sister Susie,
An' honest Lucky; no to roose you,
Ye may be proud,
That sic a couple Fate allows ye
To grace your blood.

Nae mair at present can I measure,
An' trowth my rhymin' ware's nae treasure;
But when in Ayr, some half hour's leisure,
Be't light, be't dark,
Sir Bard will do himself the pleasure
To call at Park.

ROBERT BURNS.

Mossgiel, 30th October, 1786.

EPITAPH ON THE POET'S DAUGHTER.

ERE lies a rose, a budding rose,
Blasted before its bloom;
Whose innocence did sweets disclose
Beyond that flower's perfume.
To those who for her loss are grieved,
This consolation's given—
She's from a world of woe relieved,
And blooms a rose in Heaven.
EPITAPH ON GABRIEL RICHARDSON.

ERE Brewer Gabriel's fire's extinct,
   And empty all his barrels:
He's blest—if, as he brewed, he drink
   In upright honest morals.

ON STIRLING.

ERE Stuarts once in glory reigned,
   And laws for Scotland's weal ordained:
But now unroofed their palace stands,
   Their sceptre's swayed by other hands;
The injured Stuart line is gone,
   A race outlandish fills their throne—
An idiot race, to honour lost,
   Who know them best, despise them most.

THE REPLY.

IKE Esop's lion, Burns says, sore I feel
All others' scorn—but damn that ass's heel.
N this strange land, this uncouth clime,
A land unknown to prose or rhyme;
Where words ne'er crost the Muse's
heckles,
Nor limpit in poetic shackles;
A land that Prose did never view it,
Except when drunk he stacher't through it;
Here, ambushed by the chimla cheek,
Hid in an atmosphere of reek,
I hear a wheel thrum i' the neuk,
I hear it—for in vain I leuk.—
The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel,
Enhusked by a fog infernal:
Here, for my wonted rhyming raptures,
I sit and count my sins by chapters;
For life and spunk like ither Christians,
I'm dwindled down to mere existence,
Wi' nae converse but Gallowa bodies,
Wi' nae kend face but Jenny Geddes.
Jenny, my Pegasean pride!
Dowie she saunters down Nithside,
And aye a westlin leuk she throws,
While tears hap o'er her auld brown nose!
Was it for this, wi' canny care,
Thou bure the Bard through many a shire?
At howes or hillocks never stumbled,
And late or early never grumbled?
O, had I power like inclination,
I'd heeze thee up a constellation
To canter with the Sagitarre,  
Or loup the ecliptic like a bar,  
Or turn the pole like any arrow;  
Or, when auld Phebus bids good-morrow,  
Down the Zodiac urge the race,  
And cast dirt on his godship's face;  
For I could lay my bread and kail  
He'd ne'er cast saut upo' thy tail.—  
Wi' a' this care and a' this grief,  
And sma', sma' prospect of relief,  
And nought but peat reek i' my head,  
How can I write what ye can read?—  
Torbolton, twenty-fourth o' June,  
Ye'll find me in a better tune;  
But till we meet and weet our whistle,  
Tak this excuse for nae epistle.  

**Robert Burns.**

**ADDRESS OF BEELZEBUB**

**TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY.**

ONG life, my Lord, an' health be yours,  
Unskaithed by hungered Highland boors;  
Lord grant nae duddie desperate beggar,  
Wi' dirk, claymore, or rusty trigger,  
May twin auld Scotland o' a life  
She likes—as lambkins like a knife.  
Faith, you and Applecross were right  
To keep the Highland hounds in sight,  
I doubt na'! they wad bid nae better  
Than, let them ance out owre the water;
Then up amang thae lakes and seas
They'll mak what rules and laws they please;
Some daring Hancock, or a Franklin,
May set their Highland bluid a ranklin';
Some Washington again may head them,
Or some Montgomery fearless lead them,
Till God knows what may be effected
When by such heads and hearts directed—
Poor dunghill sons of dirt and mire
May to Patrician rights aspire!
Nae sage North, now, nor sager Sackville,
To watch and premier o'er the pack vile,
An' whare will ye get Howes and Clintons
To bring them to a right repentance,
To cowe the rebel generation,
An' save the honour o' the nation?
They an' be d——d! what right hae they
To meat or sleep, or light o' day?
Far less to riches, pow'r, or freedom,
But what your lordship likes to gie them?

But hear, my lord! Glengarry, hear!
Your hand's owre light on them, I fear;
Your factors, grieves, trustees, and bailies,
I canna say but they do gaylies;
They lay aside a' tender mercies,
An' tirl the hallions to the birses;
Yet while they're only poind't and herriet,
They'll keep their stubborn Highland spirit;
But smash them! crash them a' to spails!
An' rot the dyvors i' the jails!
The young dogs, swinge them to the labour;
Let wark an' hunger mak them sober!
The hizzies, if they're aughtlins fawsont,
THE POEMS

Let them in Drury lane be lessoned!
An' if the wives and dirty brats
E'en thigger at your doors and yetts,
Flaffan wi' duds an' grey wi' beas',
Frightin' awa your deucks and geese,
Get out a horsewhip or a jowler,
The langest thong, the fiercest growler,
An gar the tattered gipsies pack
Wi' a' their bastarts on their back!
Go on, my lord! I lang to meet you,
An' in my house at hame to greet you;
Wi' common lords ye shanna mingle,
The benmost neuk beside the ingle,
At my right han' assigned your seat
'Tween Herod's hip an Polycrate—
Or if you on your station tarrow,
Between Almagro and Pizarro,
A seat, I'm sure ye're weel deservin';
An' till ye come—Your humble servant,

Beelzebub.

June 1, Anno Mundi 5790. (A.D. 1786).

TO MR. JOHN KENNEDY.

Now Kennedy, if foot or horse
E'er bring you in by Mauchline Corss,
Lord, man, there's lasses there wad force
A hermit's fancy,
And down the gate, in faith, they're worse,
And mair unchaney.
OF BURNS.

But as I'm sayin', please step to Dow's,
And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews,
Till some bit callan bring me news
That you are there,
And if we dinna haud a bouse
I'se ne'er drink mair.

It's no I like to sit an' swallow,
Then like a swine to puke an' wallow,
But gie me just a true guid fallow
Wi' right ingine,
And spunkie ance to make us mellow,
And then we'll shine.

Now if ye're ane o' warl's folk,
Wha rate the wearer by the cloak,
An' sklent on poverty their joke,
Wi' bitter sneer,
Wi' you no friendship will I troke,
Nor cheap nor dear.

But if, as I'm informed weel,
Ye hate as ill's the vera De'il
The flinty heart that canna feel—
Come, Sir, here's tae you;
Hae, there's my haun', I wiss you weel,
An' gude be wi' you!
ON

THE DEATH OF ROBERT DUNDAS, ESQ.
OF ARNISTON, LATE LORD PRESIDENT OF
THE COURT OF SESSION.

ON

ONE on the bleaky hills the straying
flocks
Shun the fierce storms among the shel-
tering rocks;
Down from the rivulets, red with dashing rains,
The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains;
Beneath the blasts the leafless forests groan;
The hollow caves return a sullen moan.

Ye hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye caves,
Ye howling winds, and wintry swelling waves!
Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye,
Sad to your sympathetic scenes I fly,
Where to the whistling blast and waters' roar,
Pale Scotia's recent wound I may deplore.

O heavy loss, thy country ill could bear!
A loss these evil days can ne'er repair!
Justice, the high vicegerent of her God,
Her doubtful balance eyed, and swayed her rod:
Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow
She sank, abandoned to the wildest woe.

Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den,
Now gay in hope explore the paths of men:
OF BURNS.

See from his cavern grim Oppression rise,
And throw on poverty his cruel eyes;
Keen on the helpless victim see him fly,
And stifle, dark, the feebly-bursting cry:
Mark ruffian Violence, distained with crimes,
Rousing elate in these degenerate times;
View unsuspecting Innocence a prey.
As guileful Fraud points out the erring way:
While subtile Litigation's pliant tongue
The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong:
Hark, injured Want recounts the unlistened tale,
And much-wronged Misery pours the unpitied wail!
Ye dark waste hills, and brown unsightly plains,
To you I sing my grief-inspired strains:
Ye tempests, rage! ye turbid torrents, roll!
Ye suit the joyless tenor of my soul.
Life's social haunts and pleasures I resign.
Be nameless wilds and lonely wanderings mine,
To mourn the woes my country must endure,
That wound degenerate ages cannot cure.

TO JOHN MCMURDO, ESQ.

COULD I give thee India's wealth,
As I this trifle send!
Because thy joy in both would be
To share them with a friend!

But golden sands did never grace
The Heliconian stream;
Then take what gold could never buy—
An honest Bard's esteem.
ON THE DEATH OF A LAP-DOG
NAMED ECHO.

N wood and wild, ye warbling throng,
Your heavy loss deplore;
Now half-extinct your powers of song,
Sweet Echo is no more.

Ye jarring, screeching things around,
Scream your discordant joys;
Now half your din of tuneless sound
With Echo silent lies.

ORTHODOX, ORTHODOX.

ORTHODOX, orthodox,
Wha believe in John Knox,
Let me sound an alarm to your con-
sience,
There's a heretic blast,
Has been blawn i' the wast,
That what is not sense must be nonsense,
Orthodox,
That what is not sense must be nonsense.

Doctor Mac, Doctor Mac,
Ye should stretch on a rack,
OF BURNS.

To strike evil-doers wi’ terror;
   To join faith and sense,
Upon any pretence,
Was heretic, damnable error,
   Doctor Mac,
Was heretic, damnable error.

   Town of Ayr, town of Ayr,
   It was rash, I declare,
To meddle wi’ mischief a-brewing;
   Provost John is still deaf
To the church’s relief,
   And orator Bob is its ruin,
   Town of Ayr,
And orator Bob is its ruin.

   D’rymple mild, D’rymple mild,
   Though your heart’s like a child,
And your life like the new-driven snaw,
   Yet that winna save ye,
Auld Satan must have ye,
   For preaching that three’s ane an’ twa,
   D’rymple mild,
For preaching that three’s ane an’ twa.

   Calvin’s sons, Calvin’s sons,
Seize your spiritual guns,
Ammunition ye never can need;
   Your hearts are the stuff
Will be powder enough,
And your skulls are a storehouse of lead,
   Calvin’s sons,
And your skulls are a storehouse of lead.
Rumble John, Rumble John,
Mount the steps with a groan,
Cry, the book is with heresy cramm\'d;
Then lug out your ladle,
Deal brimstone like aidle,
And roar every note o' the damn\'d,
Rumble John,
And roar every note o' the damn\'d.

Simper James, Simper James,
Leave the fair Killie dames,
There's a holier chase in your view;
I'll lay on your head,
That the pack ye'll soon lead,
For puppies like you there's but few,
Simper James,
For puppies like you there's but few.

Singet Sawnie, Singet Sawnie,
Are ye herding the penny,
Unconscious what danger awaits?
With a jump, yell, and howl,
Alarm every soul,
For Hannibal's just at your gates,
Singet Sawnie,
For Hannibal's just at your gates.

Andrew Gowk, Andrew Gowk,
Ye may slander the book,
And the book nought the waur—let me tell you;
Though ye're rich and look big,
Yet lay by hat and wig,
And ye'll hae a calf's head o' sma' value,
Andrew Gowk,
And ye'll hae a calf's head o' sma' value.
OF BURNS.

Poet Willie, Poet Willie,
Gie the doctor a volley,
Wi' your "liberty's chain" and your wit;
'O'er Pegasus' side,
Ye ne'er laid a stride,
Ye only stood by when he sh—,

Poet Willie,
Ye only stood by when he sh—.

Barr Steenie, Barr Steenie,
What mean ye? what mean ye?
If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,
Ye may hae some pretence, man,
To havins and sense, man,
Wi' people that ken you nae better,

Barr Steenie,
Wi' people that ken you nae better.

Jamie Goose, Jamie Goose,
Ye hae made but toom roose,
O' hunting the wicked lieutenant;
But the Doctor's your mark,
For the Lord's holy ark,
He has cooper'd and ca'd a wrong pin in't,

Jamie Goose,
He has cooper'd and ca'd a wrong pin in't.

Davie Bluster, Davie Bluster,
For a saunt if ye muster.
It's a sign they're no nice o' recruits,
Yet to worth let's be just,
Royal blood ye might boast,
If the ass were the king o' the brutes,

Davie Bluster,
If the ass were the king o' the brutes.
Muirland George, Muirland George,
Whom the Lord made a scourge,
To claw Common Sense for her sins;
If ill manners were wit,
There's no mortal so fit,
To confound the poor Doctor at ane.

Muirland George,
To confound the poor Doctor at ane.

Cessnockside, Cessnockside,
Wi' your turkey-cock pride,
O' manhood but sma' is your share
Ye've the figure, it's true,
Even your faes maun allow,
And your friends daurna sae ye hae mair.

Cessnockside,
And your friends daurna sae ye hae mair.

Daddie Auld, Daddie Auld,
There's a tod i' the fauld,
A tod meikle waur than the clerk;
Though ye downa do skaith,
Ye'll be in at the death,
And if ye canna bite ye can bark,

Daddie Auld,
And if ye canna bite ye can bark.

Poet Burns, Poet Burns,
Wi' your priest-skelping turns,
Why desert ye your auld native shire?
Though your muse is a gipsy,
Yet were she e'en tipsy,
She could ca' us nae waur than we are,

Poet Burns,
She could ca' us nae waur than we are.
POSTSCRIPT.

AFTON'S LAIRD, Afton's Laird,
When your pen can be spared,
A copy o' this I bequeath,
On the same sicker score
I mentioned before,
To that trusty auld worthy Clackleith,
Afton's laird,
To that trusty auld worthy Clackleith.

THE SELKIRK GRACE.

Burns, when on a visit to Saint Mary's isle, on being requested to say grace by the Earl of Selkirk, repeated the following lines:

OME hae meat, and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it;
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thanket.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF PEG NICHOLSON.

PEG Nicholson was a gude bay mare,
As ever trode on airn;
But now she's floating down the Nith,
An' past the mouth o' Cairn.
Peg Nicholson was a gude bay mare,
An' rode through thick an' thin;
But now she's floating down the Nith,
An' wanting even the skin.

Peg Nicholson was a gude bay mare,
An' a'nce she bore a priest;
But now she's floating down the Nith,
For Solway fish a feast.

Peg Nicholson was a gude bay mare,
An' the priest he rode her sair;
An' meikle oppress'd an' bruised she was,
As priest-rid cattle are.

ON SEEING MISS FONTENELLE IN A
FAVOURITE CHARACTER.

WEET naïveté of feature,
Simple, wild, enchanting elf,
Not to thee, but thanks to Nature,
Thou art acting but thyself.

Wert thou awkward, stiff, affected,
Spurning nature, torturing art;
Loves and graces all rejected,
Then indeed thou'd'st act a part.
THE LEAGUE AND COVENANT.

HE Solemn League and Covenant
Cost Scotland blood—cost Scotland tears:
But it sealed Freedom's sacred cause—
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers.

ON MISS JESSY LEWARS.

ALK not to me of savages
From Afric's burning sun,
No savage e'er could rend my heart,
As, Jessy, thou hast done.

But Jessy's lovely hand in mine,
A mutual faith to plight,
Not even to view the Heavenly choir,
Would be so blest a sight.

EPITAPH ON MISS JESSY LEWARS.

AY, Sages, what's the charm on earth
Can turn Death's dart aside?
It is not purity and worth,
Else Jessy had not died.
THE RECOVERY OF JESSY LEWARS.

But rarely seen since Nature's birth,
The natives of the sky,
Yet still one Seraph's left on earth,
For Jessy did not die.

THE TOAST.

Ill me with the rosy wine,
Call a toast,—a toast divine;
Give the Poet's darling flame,
Lovely Jessy be the name;
Then thou mayest freely boast,
Thou hast given a peerless toast.

THE KIRK OF LAMINGTON.

Scauld a wind as ever blew,
A cauld kirk, and in't but few;
As cauld a minister's e'er spak,
Ye'se a' be het ere I come back.
WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF
OF ONE OF MISS HANNAH MORE'S WORKS, WHICH
A FRIEND HAD GIVEN HIM.

HOU flattering mark of friendship kind,
Still may thy pages call to mind
The dear, the beauteous donor:
Though sweetly female every part,
Yet such a head, and more the heart,
Does both the sexes honour.
She showed her taste refined and just
When she selected thee,
Yet deviating own I must,
For so approving me.
But kind still, I'll mind still
The giver in the gift;
I'll bless her and wiss her
A Friend above the Lift.

INSCRIPTION ON A GOBLET.

HERE'S death in the cup—sae beware!
Nay, more—there is danger in touching;
But wha can avoid the fell snare?
The man and his wine's sae bewitching!
THE BOOK-WORMS.

Through and through the inspired leaves,
Ye maggots make your windings;
But, oh! respect his lordship's taste,
And spare his golden bindings.

ON ROBERT RIDDEL.

O Riddel, much lamented man,
This ivied cot was dear;
Reader, dost value matchless worth?
This ivied cot revere.

WILLIE CHALMERS.

I' braw new branks in mickle pride,
And eke a braw new brechan,
My Pegasus I'm got astride,
And up Parnassus pechin;
Whiles owre a bush wi' downward crush,
The doited beastie stammers;
Then up he gets, and off he sets,
For sake o' Willie Chalmers.

I doubt na, lass, that weel kenn'd name
May cost a pair o' blushes;
I am nae stranger to your fame
Nor his warm urged wishes.
OF BURNS.

Your bonnie face, sae mild and sweet,
   His honest heart enamours,
And faith ye'll no be lost a whit,
   Though waired on Willie Chalmers.

Auld Truth hersel' might swear ye're fair,
   And Honour safely back her,
And Modesty assume your air,
   And ne'er a ane mistak' her:
And sic twa love-inspiring c'en
   Might fire even holy palmers;
Nae wonder then they've fatal been
   To honest Willie Chalmers.

I doubt na fortune may you shore
   Some mim-mou'd pouther'd priestie,
Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore,
   And band upon his breastie:
But oh! what signifies to you
   His lexicons and grammars?
The feeling heart's the royal blue,
   And that's wi' Willie Chalmers.

Some gapin' glowrin' countra laird,
   May warsle for your favour;
May claw his lug, and straik his beard,
   And hoast up some palaver.
My bonny maid, before ye wed
   Sic clumsy-witted hammers,
Seek Heaven for help, and barefit skelp
   Awa' wi' Willie Chalmers.

Forgive the Bard! my fond regard
   For ane that shares my bosom
THE POEMS

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Inspires my muse to gie 'm his dues,
   For de'il a hair I roose him.
May powers aboon unite you soon,
   And fructify your amours,—
And every year come in mair dear
   To you and Willie Chalmers.

TO JOHN TAYLOR.

ITH Pegasus upon a day,
     Apollo weary flying,
Through frosty hills the journey lay,
     On foot the way was plying.

Poor slip-shod giddy Pegasus
     Was but a sorry walker;
To Vulcan then Apollo goes,
     To get a frosty calker.

Obliging Vulcan fell to work,
     Threw by his coat and bonnet,
And did Sol's business in a crack;
     Sol paid him with a sonnet.

Ye Vulcan's sons of Wanlockhead,
     Pity my sad disaster;
My Pegasus is poorly shod—
     I'll pay you like my master.
LINES WRITTEN ON A BANK-NOTE.

Ae worth thy power, thou cursed leaf!
Fell source o' a' my woe and grief!
For lack o' thee I've lost my lass,
For lack o' thee I scrimp my glass.

I see the children of affliction
Unaided, through thy cursed restriction.
I've seen the oppressor's cruel smile
Amid his hapless victim's spoil,
And, for thy potence, vainly wished
To crush the villain in the dust.

For lack o' thee I leave this much-loved shore,
Never, perhaps, to greet old Scotland more.

Kyle.

R. B.

THE TWA HERDS.

Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool is barbarous civil war.

A' ye pious godly flocks,
Weel fed in pastures orthodox,
Wha now will keep you frae the fox,
Or worrying tykes!

Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks,
About the dykes?

The twa best herds in a' the wast,
That e'er gae gospel horn a blast,
These five and twenty summers past,
O dool to tell!

Hae had a bitter black out-cast,
Atween themsel.
O, Moodie, man, and wordy Russell,
How could you raise so vile a bustle,
Ye'll see how new-light herds will whistle,
And think it fine!
The Lord's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle,
Sin' I hae min'.

O, Sirs, whae'er wad hae expeckit
Your duty ye wad sae negleekit,
Ye wha were ne'er by lairds respeckit,
To wear the plaid,
But by the brutes themselves elect
To be their guide.

What flock wi' Moodie's flock could rank,
Sae hale and hearty every shank,
Nae poisoned sour Arminian stank
He let them taste,
Frae Calvin's well, aye clear, they drank:
O, sic a feast!

The thummart, wil'-cat, brock, and tod,
Weel kend his voice through a' the wood,
He smelled their ilka hole and road,
Baith out and in,
And weel he lik'd to shed their bluid,
And sell their skin.

What herd like Russell tell'd his tale,
His voice was heard through muir and dale,
He kend the Lord's sheep, ilka tail,
O'er a' the height,
And saw gin they were sick or hale,
At the first sight.
OF BURNS.

He fine a mangy sheep could scrub,
Or nobly fling the Gospel club,
And new-light herds could nicely drub,
    Or pay their skin,
Could shake them owre the burning dub,
    Or heave them in.

Sic twa—O! do I live to see't,
Sic famous twa should disagreet,
An' names, like "villain," "hypocrite,"
    Ilk ither gi'en,
While new-light herds wi' laughin' spite,
    Say "neither's liein!"

A' ye wha tent the Gospel fauld,
There's Duncau deep, and Peebles shaul,
But chiefly thou, apostle Auld,
    We trust in thee,
That thou wilt work them, het and cauld,
    Till they agree.

Consider, Sirs, how we're beset,
There's scarce a new herd that we get,
But comes frae 'mang that cursed set
    I winna name,
I hope frae Heaven to see them yet
    In fiery flame.

Dalrymple has been lang our fae,
M'Gill has wrought us meikle wae,
And that curs'd rascal ca'd M'Quhey,
    And baith the Shaws,
That aft hae made us black and blae,
    Wi' vengefu' paws.

z
Auld Wodrow lang has hatch'd mischief,
We thought aye death wad bring relief,
But he has gotten, to our grief,
    Ane to succeed him,
A chiel wha'll soundly bufl our beef;
    I meikle dread him.

And monie a' ane that I could tell,
Wha fain would openly rebel,
Forbye turn-coats amang oursel,
    There's Smith for ane,
I doubt he's but a grey nick quill,
    And that ye'll fin'.

O! a' ye flocks, ow're a' the hills,
By mosses, meadows, moors, an' fells,
Come join your counsels and your skills,
    To cowe the lairds,
And get the brutes the power themsels
    To choose their herds.

Then Orthodoxy yet may prance,
And Learning in a woody dance,
And that fell cur ca'd Common Sense,
    That bites sae sair,
Be banish'd owre the seas to France;
    Let him bark there.

Then Shaw's and D'rymple's eloquence,
M·Gill's close nervous excellence,
M· Quhey's pathetic manly sense,
    And guid M·Math,
Wi' Smith wha through the heart can glance,
    May a' pack aff.
HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER.*

THOU, wha in the Heavens dost dwell,
Wha, as it pleases best thy sel',
Sends ane to Heaven and ten to Hell,
A' for thy glory,
And no for onie 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 such exaltation?
I, wha deserve sic just damnation,
For broken laws,
Five thousand years 'fore my creation,
Through 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,
Where damned devils roar and yell,
Chaim'd to a stake.

* "Holy Willie" was William Fisher, a farmer, near Mauchline, a great pretender to sanctity, but by no means as severe to himself as to others.
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 Lord, thou kens what zeal I bear,
When drinkers drink, and swearsers swear,
And singin there and dancin here,
   Wi' great an' sma':
For I am keepit by thy fear,
   Free frae them a'.

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

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

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

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 hand maun e’en be borne,
Until thou lift it.

Lord, bless thy chosen in this place,
For here thou hast a chosen race;
But God confound their stubborn face,
And blast their name,
Wha bring thy elders to disgrace,
An’ public shame.

Lord, mind Gawn Hamilton’s deserts,
He drinks, an’ swears, an’ plays at cartes,
Yet has sae monie takin arts,
Wi’ grit an’ sma’,
Frae God’s ain priest 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 world in a roar
O’ laughin at us;
Curse thou his hasket and his store,
Kail and potatoes.

Lord, hear my earnest cry an’ pray’r,
Against the presbyt’ry o’ Ayr;
Thy strong right hand, Lord, make it bare,
Upo’ their heads;
Lord, weigh it down, and dinna spare,
For their misdeeds.
THE POEMS

O Lord my God, that glib-tongu'd Aiken,
My very heart and saul are quakin,
To think how we stood groanin, shakin,
   An' swat wi' dread,
While he, wi' hingin lip an' snakin,
   Held up his head.

Lord, in the day of vengeance try him,
Lord, 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, Lord, 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.

EPITAPH ON HOLY WILLIE.

ERE Holy Willie's sair worn clay
   Taks up its last abode;
His saul has taen some other way,
   I fear the left-hand road.

Stop! there he is, as sure's a gun,
   Poor silly body, see him;
Nae wonder he's as black's the grun,
   Observe wha's standing wi' him.
OF BURNS.

Your brunstane devilship, I see,  
Has got him there before ye;  
But haud your nine-tail cat a wee,  
Till ance you've heard my story.

Your pity I will not implore,  
For pity ye have none;  
Justice, alas! has gien him o'er,  
And mercy's day is gane.

But hear me, Sir, deil as ye are,  
Look something to your credit;  
A coof like him wad stain your name,  
If it were kent ye did it.

ON SCARING SOME WATER FOWL
IN LOCH-TURIT, A WILD SCENE AMONG
THE HILLS OF OCHTERTYRE.

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,  
For me your watery haunt forsake?  
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why  
At my presence thus you fly?

Why disturb your social joys,  
Parent, filial, kindred ties?—  
Common friend to you and me,  
Nature's gifts to all are free:  
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,  
Busy feed, or wanton lave;  
Or, beneath the sheltering rock,  
Bide the surging billow's shock.
Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.
Man, your proud, usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below;
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
Marking you his prey below,
In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong Necessity compels.
But Man, to whom alone is giv'n
A ray direct from pitying Heav'n,
Glories in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasure slain.

In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wandering swains,
Where the mossy rivulet strays,
Far from human haunts and ways;
All on Nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his powers you scorn;
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.
OF BURNS.

ANSWER TO A POETICAL EPISTLE
SENT THE AUTHOR BY A TAILOR.

HAT ails ye now, ye lousie bitch,
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 though at times when I grow crouse,
I gi'e their wames 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' bloody rants,
An' yet he's rank'd amang 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,
And snugly sit amang the saunts,
At Davie's hip yet.
But fegs, the Session says I maun
Gae fa' upo' anither plan.
Than garren 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 blam'd for jobbin'."

Wi' pinch I put 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.

A furnicator-lonn he call'd me,
An' said my faut frae bliss expell'd me;
I own'd the tale was true he tell'd me,
  "But what the matter?"
Quo' I, "I fear unless ye geld me,
  I'll ne'er be better."

"Geld you!" quo' he, "and whatfore no?"
If that your right hand, leg, or toe,
Should ever prove your sp'ritual foe,
  You shou'd remember
To cut it aff, an' whatfore no
  Your dearest member?"
OF BURNS.

"Na, na," quo' I, "I'm no for that,
Gelding's nae better than 'tis ca't,
I'd rather suffer for my faut,
    A hearty flewit,
As sair owre hip as ye can draw't,
    Though I should rue it.

"Or gin ye like to end the bother,
To please us a', I've just ae ither,
When next wi' yon lass I forgather,
    Whate'er betide it,
I'll frankly gi'e her't a' thegither,
    An' let her guide it."

But, Sir, this pleas'd them warst ava,
An' therefore, Tam, when that I saw,
I said, "Gude night," and cam awa,
    And left the Session;
I saw they were resolved a'
    On my oppression.

EXTEMPORAL LINES,

IN ANSWER TO A CARD FROM AN INTIMATE FRIEND
OF BURNS, WISHING HIM TO SPEND AN
HOUR AT A TAVERN.

THE King's most humble servant I,
    Can scarcely spare a minute;
But I'll be wi' ye by an' bye;
    Or else the deil's be in it.
Y bottle is my holy pool,
That heals the wounds o' care an' dool,
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
And ye drink it, ye'll find him out.

LINES

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE IN A LADY'S POCKET-BOOK.

GRANT me, indulgent Heaven, that I may live
To see the miscreants feel the pains they give;
Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
Till slave and despot be but things which were.

THE HENPECKED HUSBAND.

CURSED 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 bitch.
EPITAPH

ON A HENPECKED COUNTRY SQUIRE.

S father Adam first was fooled,
   A case that's still too common,
Here lies a man a woman ruled,
   The devil ruled the woman.

EPIGRAM ON SAID OCCASION.

DEATH, hadst thou but spared his life
   Whom we, this day, lament!
We freely wad exchanged the wife,
   And a' been weil content.

Ev'n as he is, cauld in his graft;
   The swap we yet will do'it;
Take thou the Carlin's carcase aff,
   Thou'se get the saul to boot.

ANOTHER.

NE Queen Artemisia, as old stories tell,
When deprived of her husband she loved
   so well,
In respect for the love and affection he
   shew'd her,
She reduced him to dust and she drank up the powder.
But Queen Netherplace, of a diff'rent complexion,
When called on to order the fun'ral direction,
Would have ate her dead lord, on a slender pretence,
Not to show her respect, but—to save the expence.

VERSEs WRIteN ON A WINDOW OF THE INN AT CARRON.

E came na here to view your warks
In hopes to be mair wise,
But only, lest we gang to hell,
It may be nae surprise.

But when we tirled at your door,
Your porter dought na hear us;
Sae may, shou'd we to hell's yetts come,
Your billy Satan sair us!

LINES ON BEING ASKED WHY GOD HAD MADE MISS DAVIES SO LITTLE AND MRS. *** SO LARGE.

Written on a Pane of Glass in the Inn at Moffat.

SK why God made the gem so small,
An' why so huge the granite?
Because God meant mankind should set
The higher value on it.
EPIGRAM.

Burns, accompanied by a friend, went to Inverary when some company were on a visit to the Duke of Argyll, and finding himself and his companion neglected by the Innkeeper, whose whole attention seemed to be occupied with the visitors of his Grace, he expressed his disapprobation in the following lines.

HOE'ER he be that sojourns here,  
I pity much his case,  
Unless he come to wait upon  
The Lord their God, his Grace.

There's naething here but Highland pride,  
And Highland scab and hunger;  
If Providence has sent me here,  
'Twas surely in an anger.

A TOAST.

At a meeting of the Dumfriesshire Volunteers, held to commemorate the Anniversary of Rodney's Victory, April 12, 1782, Burns was called upon for a Song, instead of which he delivered the following Lines extempore:

NSTEAD of a Song, boys, I'll give you a  
Toast—  
Here's the memory of those on the twelfth  
that we lost:  
That we lost, did I say? nay, by heav'n, that we found.  
For their fame it shall last while the world goes round.
The next in succession, I'll give you—the King,  
Whoe'er would betray him, on high may he swing!  
And here's the grand fabric, our free Constitution,  
As built on the base of the great Revolution;  
And longer with politics not to be crammed,  
Be Anarchy cursed, and be Tyranny damned;  
And who would to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,  
May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial!

LINES SAID TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY  
BURNS, WHILE ON HIS DEATH-BED  
TO JOHN RANKINE, AYRSHIRE, AND FORWARDED TO HIM  
IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE POET'S DECEASE.

E who of Rankine sang, lies stiff and dead;  
And a green grassy hillock hides his head;  
Alas! alas! a devilish change indeed!

VERSES ADDRESSED TO J. RANKINE,  
on his writing to the poet, that a girl in that part  
of the country was with child to him.

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

I hae been in for't ance or twice,
And winna say owre 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.

ON SEEING THE BEAUTIFUL SEAT OF LORD GALLOWAY.

What dost thou in that mansion fair?
Flit, Galloway, and find
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,
The picture of thy mind!

ON THE SAME.

O Stewart art thou, Galloway,
The Stewarts all were brave;
Besides, the Stewarts were but fools,
Not one of them a knave.

ON THE SAME.

Right ran thy line, O Galloway,
Through many a far-famed sire!
So ran the far-famed Roman way,
So ended in a mire!

AA
TO THE SAME,
ON THE AUTHOR BEING THREATENED WITH HIS RESENTMENT.

Spare me thy vengeance, Galloway,
In quiet let me live:
I ask no kindness at thy hand,
For thou hast none to give.

VERSES TO J. RANKINE.

E day, as Death, that grusome carl,
Was driving to the tither warl'
A mixtie-maxtie motley squad,
And monie a guilt-bespotted lad;
Black gowns of each denomination,
And thieves of every rank and station,
From him that wears the star and garter,
To him that wintles in a halter;
Ashamed himsel to see the wretches,
He mutters, glowrin at the bitches,
"By God, I'll not he seen behint them,
Nor 'mang the sp'ritual core present them,
Without, at least, ae honest man,
To grace this damned infernal clan."
By Adamhill a glance he threw,
"'Lord God!' quoth he, "I have it now,
There's just the man I want, i' faith,"
And quickly stoppit Rankine's breath.
OF BURNS.

EXTEMPORANEOUS EFFUSION, ON BEING APPOINTED TO THE EXCISE.

EARCHING auld wives' barrels,
Och, hon! the day!
That clarty barm should stain my laurels;
But—what'll ye say?
These movin' things, ca'd wives and weans,
Wad move the very hearts o' stanes!

ON HEARING THAT THERE WAS FALSEHOOD IN THE REV. DR. B—'S VERY LOOKS.

HAT there is falsehood in his looks
I must and will deny:
They say their master is a knave—
And sure they do not lie.

POVERTY.

N politics if thou wouldst mix,
And mean thy fortunes be;
Bear this in mind—he deaf and blind,
Let great folks hear and see.
ON A SCHOOLMASTER, IN CLEISH PARISH, FIFESHIRE.

ERE lie Willie Michie's banes;
   O Satan, when ye tak him,
Gie him the schoolin' o' your weans,
   For clever de' ils he'll mak them!

LINES

WRITTEN AND PRESENTED TO MRS. KEMBLE, ON SEEING HER IN THE CHARACTER OF YARICO.

Dumfries Theatre, 1794.

EMBLE, thou cur'st my unbelief
   Of Moses and his rod;
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief
   The rock with tears had flowed.

MURDER hate by field or flood,
   Though glory's name may screen us;
In wars at hame I'll spend my blood,
   Life-giving war of Venus.

The deities that I adore
   Are social Peace and Plenty,
I'm better pleased to make one more,
   Than be the death of twenty.
LINES
WRITTEN ON A WINDOW, AT THE KING'S ARMS TAVERN,
DUMFRIES.

Men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering
'Gainst poor Excisemen? give the cause a hearing;
What are your landlords' rent-rolls? taxing ledgers:
What premiers, what? even Monarchs' mighty gaugers:
Nay, what are priests, those seeming godly wise men?
What are they, pray, but spiritual Excisemen?

LINES
WRITTEN ON THE WINDOW OF THE GLOBE TAVERN,
DUMFRIES.

The graybeard, old Wisdom, may boast of his treasures,
Give me with gay Folly to live:
I grant him his calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures,
But Folly has raptures to give.
EXTEMPOR E IN THE COURT OF SESSION.

TUNE—"GILLICRANKIE."

LORD ADVOCATE.

E clench’d his pamphlets in his fist,
He quoted and he hinted,
Till in a declamation-mist,
His argument he tint it:
He gaped for’t, he grasped for’t,
He fand it was awa, man;
But what his common sense came short,
He eked out wi’ law, man.

MR. ERKINE.

Collected Harry stood awee,
Then open’d out his arm, man;
His lordship sat wi’ rueful e’e,
And ey’d the gathering storm, man:
Like wind-driv’n hail it did assail,
Or torrents owre a linn, man;
The Bench sae wise, lift up their eyes,
Half-wauken’d wi’ the din, man.
OF BURNS.

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER THE PICTURE OF THE CELEBRATED
MISS BURNS.

EASE, ye prudes, your envious railing,
Lovely Burns has charms—confess;
True it is she had one failing,
Had a woman ever less?

ON MISS J. SCOTT, OF AYR.

H! had each Scot of ancient times
Been, Jeany Scott, as thou art,
The bravest heart on English ground
Had yielded like a coward.

EPIGRAM

ON CAPTAIN FRANCIS GROSE, THE CELEBRATED
ANTIQUARY.

THE Devil got notice that Grose was
a-dying,
So whip! at the summons, old Satan
came flying;
But when he approached where poor Francis lay
moaning,
And saw each bed-post with its burden a-groaning,
Astonished! confounded! cry'd Satan, "By God,
I'll want 'im, ere I take such a damnable load."
EPIGRAM
ON ELPHINSTONE'S TRANSLATION OF MARTIAL'S
EPIGRAMS.

THOU whom Poetry abhors,
Whom Prose had turned out of doors,
Heard'st thou that groan?—proceed no further,
'Twas laurelled Martial roaring murder.

EPITAPH
ON A COUNTRY LAIRD, NOT QUITE SO WISE AS SOLOMON.

LESS Jesus Christ, O Cardoness,
With grateful, lifted eyes,
Who said that not the soul alone,
But body too, must rise:
For had he said, "The soul alone
From death I will deliver,"
Alas, alas! O Cardoness,
Then thou hadst slept for ever!

EPITAPH
ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

ELOW thir stanes lie Jamie's banes:
O Death, it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin' bitch
Into thy dark dominion!
EPITAPH ON WEE JOHNNY.

Hic jacet wee Johnny.

HOE'ER thou art, O reader, know
That death has murder'd Johnny!
An' here his body lies fu' low—
For saul he ne'er had ony.

EPITAPH

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

ERE sowter Hood in death does sleep;
To Hell, if he's gane thither,
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
He'll haud it weel thegither.

EPITAPH

FOR ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.

NOW thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much loved, much honoured name!
(For none that knew him need be told)
A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold.
THE POEMS

EPITAPH

FOR GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

He poor man weeps—here Gavin sleeps,
Whom canting wretches blamed:
But with such as he, where'er he be,
May I be saved or damned!

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

Is there a whim-inspir'd fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
Let him draw near,
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

Is there a Bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng,
Oh, pass not by!
But, with a frater-feeling strong,
Here heave a sigh.

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

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

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

EPITAPH ON MY FATHER.

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 even his failings leaned to virtue's side."*

* Goldsmith. R. B.
EPITAPH

ON JOHN DOVE, INNKEEPER, MAUCHLINE.

ERE lies Johnny Pidgeon;
What was his religion?
Wha e'er desires to ken,
To some other war!'  
Maun follow the carl,
For here Johnny Pidgeon had nane!

Strong ale was ablution,—
Small beer persecution,
A dram was memento mori;
But a full flowing bowl
Was the saving his soul,
And port was celestial glory.

EPITAPH

ON JOHN BUSHBY, WRITER, IN DUMFRIES.

ERE lies John Bushby, honest man!
Cheat him, Devil, if you can.
EPITAPH
ON A WAG IN MAUCHLINE.

A'MENT him, Mauchline husbands a',
He aften did assist ye;
For had ye staved whole weeks awa,
Your wives they ne'er had missed ye.

Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye pass
To school in bands thegither,
O tread ye lightly on his grass,
Perhaps he was your father.

EPITAPH
ON A PERSON NICKNAMED "THE MARQUIS," WHO DESIRED
BURNS TO WRITE ONE ON HIM.

ERE lies a mock Marquis whose titles were shammed,
If ever he rise, it will be to be damned.

REMORSE.

F 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 worser 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 loved us,
Nay, more, that very love their cause of ruin!
O 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?
O, happy! happy! enviable man!
O glorious magnanimity of soul!

THE TOAD-EATER.

Hat of earls with whom you have supt,
And of dukes that you dined with yestreen?
Lord! a louse, sir, is still but a louse,
Though it crawl on the curls of a queen.
TO ——.

Sir, Mossgiel, — 1786.

Ours this moment I unseal,
And faith I'm gay and hearty!
To tell the truth an' shame the Deil
I am as fu' as Bartie:
But foorsday sir, my promise leal
Expect me o' your party,
If on a beastie I can speel,
Or hurl in a cartie,    R. B.

"IN VAIN WOULD PRUDENCE."

N vain would Prudence, with decorous sneer,
Point out a censuring world, and bid me fear,
Above that world on wings of love I rise,
I know its worst—and that worst despise.
"Wronged, injured, shunned; unpitied, unredrest,
The mocked quotation of the scoler's jest,"
Let Prudence' direst bodements on me fall,
Clarinda, rich reward! o'erpays them all!
"THOUGH FICKLE FORTUNE."

HOUGH fickle Fortune has deceived me,
    She promised fair and performed but ill;
Of mistress, friends, and wealth bereaved 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.—

"I BURN, I BURN."

BURN, I burn, as when through ripened corn,
    By driving winds the crackling flames are borne,"
Now maddening, wild, I curse that fatal night;
Now bless the hour which charmed my guilty sight.
In vain the laws their feeble force oppose:
Chained at his feet they groan, Love's vanquished foes;
In vain Religion meets my sinking eye;
    I dare not combat—but I turn and fly;
Conscience in vain upbraids the unhallowed fire:
Love grasps his scorpions—stifled they expire!
Reason drops headlong from his sacred throne,
Your dear idea reigns and reigns alone:
OF BURNS.

Each thought intoxicated homage yields,
And riots wanton in forbidden fields!

By all on high adoring mortals know!
By all the conscious villain fears below!
By your dear self!—the last great oath I swear;
Nor life nor soul were ever half so dear!

EPIGRAM

ON A NOTED COXCOMB.

IGHT lay the earth on Billy's breast,
   His chicken heart so tender;
But build a castle on his head,
   His scull will prop it under.

TAM THE CHAPMAN.

S Tam the Chapman on a day
   Wi' Death forgather'd by the way,
Weel pleas'd, he greets a wight sae famous,
And Death was nae less pleased wi' Thomas,
Wha cheerfully lays down his pack,
And there blow's up a hearty crack;
His social, friendly, honest heart,
Sae tickled Death they could na part:
Sae, after viewing knives and garters,
Death taks him hame to gie him quarters.

B B
TO DR. MAXWELL,
ON MISS JESSY STAG’S RECOVERY.

MAXWELL, if merit here you crave,
That merit I deny:
You save fair Jessy from the grave?
An Angel could not die.

FRAGMENT.

OW health forsakes that angel face,
Nae mair my dearie smiles;
Pale sickness withers ilka grace,
And a’ my hopes beguiles.

The cruel powers reject the prayer
I hourly mak for thee;
Ye heavens, how great is my despair,
How can I see him die!
PROLOGUE,
SPOKEN BY MR. WOODS, ON HIS BENEFIT NIGHT,
MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1787.

WHEN by a generous public's kind acclaim.
That dearest meed is granted—honest fame;
When here your favour is the actor's lot,
Nor even the man in private life forgot;
What breast so dead to heavenly virtue's glow,
But heaves impassioned with the grateful throe?
Poor is the task to please a barbarous throng,
It needs no Siddons' power in Southern's song:
But here an ancient nation, famed afar
For genius, learning high, as great in war—
Hail, Caledonia! name for ever dear!
Before whose sons I'm honoured to appear!
Where every science, every nobler art,
That can inform the mind, or mend the heart,
Is known; as grateful nations oft have found,
Far as the rude barbarian marks the bound.
Philosophy, no idle, pedant dream,
Here holds her search, by heaven-taught Reason's beam;
Here History paints with elegance and force,
The tide of Empire's fluctuating course;
Here Douglas forms wild Shakespeare into plan,
And Harley rouses all the god in man.
When well-formed taste, and sparkling wit unite,
With manly lore, or female beauty bright,
THE POEMS

(Beauty, where faultless symmetry and grace, Can only charm us in the second place,) Witness my heart, how oft with panting fear, As on this night, I've met these judges here! But still the hope Experience taught to live, Equal to judge—you're candid to forgive. No hundred-headed Riot here we meet, With decency and law beneath his feet, Nor Insolence assume fair Freedom's name; Like Caledonians, you applaud or blame.

O Thou, dread Power! whose empire-giving hand Has oft been stretched to shield the honoured land, Strong may she glow with all her ancient fire; May every son be worthy of his sire; Firm may she rise with generous disdain At Tyranny's or direr Pleasure's chain; Still self-dependent in her native shore, Bold may she brave grim Danger's loudest roar, Till Fate the curtain drop on worlds to be no more.

NATURE'S LAW.

A POEM HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO G. H. ESQ.

Great nature spoke, observant man obeyed.

Pope.

ET other heroes boast their scars, The marks of sturt and strife; And other poets sing of wars, The plagues of human life; Shame fa' the fun; wi' sword and gun To slap mankind like lumber!
I sing his name and nobler fame,
Wha multiplies our number.

Great Nature spoke, with air benign,
"Go on, ye human race!
This lower world I you resign;
Be fruitful and increase,
The liquid fire of strong desire
I've poured it in each bosom;
Here, in this hand, does mankind stand,
And there, is Beauty's blossom!"

The hero of these artless strains,
A lowly Bard was he,
Who sung his rhymes in Coila's plains
With meikle mirth an' glee:
Kind Nature's care had given his share,
Large, of the flaming current;
And, all devout, he never sought
To stem the sacred torrent.

He felt the powerful, high behest,
Thrill, vital, through and through;
And sought a correspondent breast
To give obedience due:
Propitious Powers screened the young flow'rs
From mildews of abortion;
And lo! the Bard, a great reward,
Has got a double portion!

Auld, cantie Coil may count the day,
As annual it returns,
The third of Libra's equal sway,
That gave another Burns,
THE POEMS

Wi' future rhymes, an' other times,
To emulate his sire;
To sing auld Coila in nobler style
With more poetic fire.

Ye Powers of peace, and peaceful song,
Look down with gracious eyes;
And bless auld Coila, large and long,
With multiplying joys.
Lang may she stand to prop the land,
The flow'r of ancient nations;
And Burns's spring, her fame to sing,
To endless generations!

THE CATS LIKE KITCHEN.

THE cats like kitchen;
The dogs like broo;
The lasses like the lads weel,
And th' auld wives too.

CHORUS.

And we're a' noddin,
Nid, nid, noddin,
We're a' noddin fou at e'en.

TRAGIC FRAGMENT.

LL devil as I am, a damned wretch,
A hardened, stubborn, unrepenting villain,
Still my heart melts at human wretchedness;
And with sincere, though unavailing sighs,  
I view the helpless children of distress.  
With tears indignant I behold the 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, despised, abandoned vagabonds,  
Whom Vice, as usual, has turned o'er to Ruin.  
Oh, but for kind, though ill-requited friends,  
I had been driven forth, like you, forlorn,  
The most detested, worthless wretch among you!  
O injured God! thy goodness has endowed me  
With talents passing most of my compeers,  
Which I in just proportion have abused;  
As far surpassing other common villains  
As thou in natural parts hadst given me more.

EXTEMPORE,

PINNED TO A LADY'S COACH.

If you rattle along like your mistress's tongue,  
Your speed will outrival the dart:  
But, a fly for your load, you'll break down on the road,  
If your stuff be as rotten's her heart.
THE FOLLOWING FRAGMENTS OCCUR IN
BURNS' COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

E hae lien a' wrang, lassie,
Ye've lien a' wrang;
Ye've lien in an unco bed,
And wi' a fremit man.
O ance ye danced upon the knowes
And ance ye lightly sang—
But in herrying o' a bee byke,
I'm rad ye've got a stang.

GIE my love brose, brose,
Gie my love brose and butter;
For nane in Carrick or Kyle
Can please a lassie better.
The lav'rock lo'es the grass,
The muir-hen lo'es the heather;
But gie me a braw moonlight,
And me and my love together.

ASS, when your mither is frae hame,
Might I but be sae bauld
As come to your bower-window,
And creep in frae the cauld,
As come to your bower-window,
And when it's cauld and wat,
Warm me in thy sweet bosom;
Fair lass, wilt thou do that?
OF BURNS.

Young man, gif ye should be sae kind,
   When our guidwife's frae hame,
As come to my bower-window,
   Where I am laid my lane,
And warm thee in my bosom—
   But I will tell thee what,
The way to me lies through the kirk;
   Young man, do ye hear that?

MET a lass, a bonnie lass,
   Coming o'er the braes o' Couper,
Bare her leg and bright her een,
   And handsome ilka bit about her.
Weel I wat she was a quean
   Wad made a body's mouth to water;
Our mess John, wi' his lyart pow,
   His haly lips wad lickit at her.

WAT ye what my minnie did,
   My minnie did, my minnie did,
O wat ye what my minnie did,
   On Tysday 'teen to me, jo?
She laid me in a saft bed,
   A saft bed, a saft bed,
She laid me in a saft bed,
   And bade gudeen to me, jo.

An' wat ye what the parson did,
   The parson did, the parson did,
An' wat ye what the parson did,
A' for a penny fee, jo?
He loosed on me a lang man,
A mickle man, a strang man,
He loosed on me a lang man,
That might hae worried me, jo.

An' I was but a young thing,
A young thing, a young thing,
An' I was but a young thing,
Wi' nane to pity me, jo.
I wat the kirk was in the wyte,
In the wyte, in the wyte,
To pit a young thing in a fright,
An' loose a man on me, jo.

CAN ye labour lea, young man,
An' can ye labour lea;
Gae back the gate ye cam' again,
Ye'se never scorn me.

I feed a man at Martinmas,
Wi' arle pennies three;
An' a' the faut I fan' wi' him,
He couldna labour lea.

The stibble rig is easy plough'd,
The fallow land is free;
But wha wad keep the handless coof,
That couldna labour lea.
HENNY M'Craw, she has ta'en to the heather,
Say, was it the covenant carried her thither;
Jenny M'Craw to the mountains is gane,
Their leagues and their covenants a' she has ta'en;
My head and my heart, now quo' she, are at rest,
And as for the lave, let the De'il do his best.

ORD, we thank an' thee adore,
For temp'ral gifts we little merit;
At present we will ask no more,
Let William Hyslop give the spirit.

HE last braw bridal that I was at,
'Twas on a Hallowmass day,
And there was routh o' drink and fun,
And mickle mirth and play.
The bells they rang, and the carlins sang,
And the dames danced in the ha';
The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom,
In the midst o' her kimmers a'.
HERE came a piper out o' Fife,
I watna what they ca'd him;
He play'd our cousin Kate a spring,
When fient a body bade him.
And aye the mair he hotch'd an' blew,
The mair that she forbade him.

HE black-headed eagle
As keen as a beagle,
He hunt'd o'er height and owre howe;
But fell in a trap
On the braes o' Gemappe,
E'en let him come out as he dowe.

THOU, in Whom we live and move,
Who mad'st the sea and shore;
Thy goodness constantly we prove,
And grateful would adore.
And if it please Thee, Power above,
Still grant us with such store;
The friend we trust, the fair we love,
And we desire no more.
OF BURNS.

EPITAPH

ON WILLIAM NICOL.

E maggots feast on Nicol's brain,
For few sic feasts ye've gotten;
And fix your claws in Nicol's heart,
For de'il a bit o't's rotten.

EPITAPH

ON WALTER S—.

IC a reptile was Wat,
Sic a miscreant slave,
That the worms even damned him
When laid in his grave.

"In his flesh there's a famine,"
A starved reptile cries;
"An' his heart is rank poison,"
Another replies.
The five following pieces were printed from copies in Burns' handwriting, and as they have not been assigned to any other author, they are here given, without any opinion being pronounced upon their authenticity.

TO THE OWL.

BY JOHN M'CREDDIE.*

Ad Bird of Night, what sorrow calls thee forth,
To vent thy plaints thus to the midnight hour;
Is it some blast that gathers in the north,
Threatening to nip the verdure of thy bower?

Is it, sad Owl, that Autumn strips the shade,
And leaves thee here, unsheltered and forlorn?
Or fear that Winter will thy nest invade?
Or is it Solitude that bids thee mourn?

Shut out, lone Bird, from all the feathered train,
To tell thy sorrows to the unheeding gloom;
No friend to pity when thou dost complain,
Grief all thy thought, and solitude thy home.

Sing on, sad mourner! I will bless thy strain,
And pleased in sorrow hearken to thy song:
Sing on, sad mourner! to the night complain,
While the lone echo wafts thy notes along.

* Mr. Cromek considered these verses to have been written by Burns, notwithstanding the Poet attributed them to John M'Creddie, of whose existence, however, there seems to be great doubt.
Is beauty less when down the glowing cheek
   Sad piteous tears in native sorrows fall?
Less kind the heart, when sorrow bids it break?
   Less happy he who lists to pity's call?

Ah no, sad Owl! nor is thy voice less sweet,
   That sadness tunes it, and that grief is there;
That Spring's gay notes, unskilled, thou canst repeat;
   And sorrow bids thee to the gloom repair.

Nor that the treble songsters of the day,
   Are quite estranged, sad bird of night! from thee;
Nor that the thrush deserts the evening spray,
   When darkness calls thee from thy reverie.

From some old tower, thy melancholy dome,
   While the grey walls, and desert solitudes,
Return each note, responsive, to the gloom
   Of ivied coverts and surrounding woods;

There hooting; I will list more pleased to thee,
   Than ever lover to the nightingale;
Or drooping wretch, oppressed with misery,
   Lending his ear to some condoling tale.

"WAS E'ER PUIR POET."

AS e'er puir Poet sae befitted,
The maister drunk—th*horse committed:
Puir harmless beast! tak thee nae care,
Thou'llt be a horse when he's nae mair (mayor).
INNOCENCE.

INNOCENCE
Looks gaily-smiling on; while rosy pleasure
Hides young desire amid her flowery wreath,
And pours her cup luxuriant; mantling high
The sparkling heavenly vintage, Love and Bliss!

THERE'S NAETHIN LIKE THE HONEST NAPPY.

HERE'S naethin like the honest nappy!
Whaur'll ye e'er see men sae happy,
Or women sonsie, saft an' sappy,
'Tween morn an' morn,
As them wha like to taste the drappie
In glass or horn?

I've seen me daez't upon a time;
I scarce could wink or see a styme;
Just ae hauf mutchkin does me prime,
Ought less is little,
Then back I rattle on the rhyme
As gleg's a whittle!
TO THE RUINS OF LINCLUDEN ABBEY.

E holy walls, that still sublime
Resist the crumbling touch of time,
How strongly still your form displays
The piety of ancient days.
As through your ruins, hoar and grey—
Ruins, yet beauteous in decay—
The silvery moon-beams trembling fly,
The forms of ages long gone by
Crowd thick on Fancy's wondering eye,
And wake the soul to musings high.
Ev'n now, as lost in thought profound,
I view the solemn scene around,
And pensive gaze with wistful eyes,
The past returns, the present flies;
Again the dome, in pristine pride,
Lifts high its roof, and arches wide,
That knit with curious tracery
Each Gothic ornament display;
The high arched windows, painted fair,
Show many a saint and martyr there;
As on their slender forms I'd gaze,
Methinks they brighten to a blaze;
With noiseless step and taper bright,
What are yon forms that meet my sight?
Slowly they move, while every eye
Is heavenward raised in ecstacy,
'Tis the fair, spotless, vestal train,
That seeks in prayer the midnight sanc.
And hark! what more than mortal sound
Of music breathes the pile around?
'Tis the soft chaunted choral song,
Whose tones the echoing aisles prolong:
Till thence returned, they softly stray
O'er Cluden's wave with fond delay;
Now on the rising gale swell high,
And now in fainting murmurs die:
The boatmen on Nith's gentle stream,
That glistens in the pale moon's beam,
Suspend their dashing oars to hear
The holy anthem loud and clear;
Each worldly thought awhile forbear,
And mutter forth a half-formed prayer.
But, as I gaze, the vision fails,
Like frost-work touched by southern gales;
The altar sinks, the tapers fade,
And all the splendid scene's decayed.
In window fair the painted pane
No longer glows with holy stain,
But, through the broken glass, the gale
Blows chilly from the misty vale.
The bird of eve flits sullen by,
Her home, these aisles and arches high:
The choral hymn, that erst so clear
Broke softly sweet on Fancy's ear,
Is drowned amid the mournful scream,
That breaks the magic of my dream:
Roused by the sound I start and see
The ruined, sad reality.
GLOSSARY.

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

A

all.
Aback, away, aloof.
Abheigh, at a shy distance.
Aboon, above, up.
Abread, abroad, in sight.
Abreed, in breadth.
Ae, one.
Aff, off; Aff loof, unpremeditated.
Afore, before.
Aft, oft.
Aften, often.
Agley, off the right line, wrong.
Aiblius, perhaps.
Ain, own.
Airl-penny, earnest-money.
Airi, iron.
Aith, an oath.

Aits, oats.
Aiver, an old horse.
Aizle, a hot cinder.
Alake, alas!
Alane, alone.
Akwart, awkward.
Amaist, almost.
Amang, among.
An', and, if.
Ance, once.
Ane, one.
Anent, over against.
Anither, another.
Ase, ashes.
Asklent, asquint, aslant.
Asteer, abroad, stirring.
Athort, athwart.
Aught, possession; as, in a' my aught, in all my possession.
Auld lang syne, older time, days of other years.
GLOSSARY.

Auld, old.
Auld'sfarran, or auld farrant, sagacious, cunning, prudent.
Awa, at all.
Awa, away.
Aufe', awful.
Awen, the beard of barley, oats, &c.
Awnie, bearded.
Ayont, beyond.

B'. ball.
Buckets, ash boards.
Backlins, coming back, returning.
Bad, did bid.
Baide, endured, did stay.
Baggie, the belly.
Bairn, a child.
Bairntime, a family of children, a brood.
Bairn, a child.
Bairntime, a family of children, a brood.
Ban, to swear.
Bane, bone.
Bang, to beat, to strive.
Bardie, diminutive of bard.
Barefit, barefooted.
Barmie, of, or like barm.
Batch, a crew, a gang.
Batts, bots.
Baudrons, a cat.
Bauld, bold.
Bawk, bank.
Baws'nt, having a white stripe down the face.
Be, to let be, to give over, to cease.
Bear, barley.
Beastie, dimin. of beast.
Beet, to add fuel to fire.
Beld, bald.
Belyve, by and by.
Ben, into the spence, or parlour.

Benlomond, a noted mountain in Dumbartonshire.
Bethankit, grace after meat.
Bew, a book.
Bicker, a kind of wooden dish, a short race.
Bic, or Bield, shelter.
Bien, wealthy, plentiful.
Big, to build.
Biggin, building, a house.
Biggit, built.
Bill, a bull.
Billie, a brother, a young fellow.
Bing, a heap of grain, potatoes, &c.
Birch, birch.
Birken-shaw, Birchen-wood-shaw, a small wood.
Birkie, a clever fellow.
Birring, the noise of partridges, &c. when they spring.
Bit, crisis, nick of time.
Bizz, a bustle, to buzz.
Blastie, a shrivelled dwarf, a term of contempt.
Blasted, blasted.
Blate, bashful, sheepish.
Blather, bladder.
Blaur, a flat piece of anything; to slap.
Blaw, to blow, to boast.
Bleert, bleared, sore with rheum.
Bleert and blin, bleared and blind.
Bleezing, blazing.
Blellum, idle talking fellow.
Blether, to talk idly, nonsense.
Bleth'rin, taking idly.
Blink, a little while, a smiling look, to look kindly; to shine by fits.
Blinker, a term of contempt.
Blinkin, smirkin.
Blue-gown, one of those beggars who get annually, on the king's birth-day, a blue cloak or gown, with a badge.

Bloud, blood.

Bluntie, snivelling.

Bluy, blood.

Blud, blood.

Bleak, a shred, a large piece.

Bock, to vomit, to gush intermittently.

Booned, gushed, vomited.

Bodle, a small gold coin.

Bogles, spirits, hobgoblins.

Bonnie, or bonny, handsome, beautiful.

Bonnock, a kind of thick cake of bread, a small jannack, or loaf made of oatmeal.

Boord, a board.

Boortree, the shrub elder; planted much of old in hedges of barn-yards, &c.

Boost, behoved, must needs.

Bore, a hole in the wall.

Botch, an angry tumour.

Bouk, vomiting, gushing out.

Bousing, drinking.

Bow-kail, cabbage.

Bowl, bended, crooked.

Brachens, fern.

Brae, a declivity, a precipice, the slope of a hill.

Braid, broad.

Braggin't, reel'd forward.

Brak, a kind of harrow.

Braining, to run rashly forward.

Brak, broke, made insolvent.

Branks, a kind of wooden curb for horses.

Brash, a sudden illness.

Brats, coarse clothes, rags, &c.

Brattle, a short race, hurry, fury.

Braw, fine, handsome.

Braulyt, or braulie, very well, finely, heartily.

Braxie, a morbid sheep.

Breastie, diminutive of breast.

Breastit, did spring up or forward.

Breckan, fern.

Breef, an invulnerable or irresistible spell.

Breeks, breeches.

Brent, smooth.

Brewin, brewing.

Brie, juice, liquid.

Brig, a bridge.

Brunstone, brimstone.

Brisket, the breast, the bosom.

Brither, a brother.

Brock, a badger.

Brogue, a hum, a trick.

Broo, broth, liquid, water.

Broose, broth; a race at country weddings, who shall first reach the bridegroom's house on returning from church.

Brugh, a burgh.

Bruilzie, a broil, a combustion.

Brunt, did burn, burnt.

Brust, burst.

Buchan-bullers, the boiling of the sea among the rocks on the coast of Buchan.

Bucksun, an inhabitant of Virginia.

Bught, a pen.

Bught-time, the time of collecting the sheep in the pens to be milked.

Buirdly, stout-made, broad-made.

Bum-clock, a humming beetle that flies in the summer evenings.

Bumming, humming as bees.
GLOSsary.

Blumle, to blunder.
Blumler, a blunderer.
Bunker, a window-seat.
Burdies, diminutive of birds.
Bure, did bare.
Burn, water, a rivulet.
Burnevin, i.e. burn the wind, a blacksmith.
Burnie, dimin. of burn.
Burnie, a blacksmith.
Caird, a tinker.
Cairn, a loose heap of stones.
Cait, or ca'ed, called, driven, calved.
Cadic, or caddie, a person, a young fellow.
Caff, chaff.
Card, a tinker.
Carn, a loose heap of stones.
Culve, a small enclosure for calves.
Callan, a boy.
Caller, fresh, sound, refreshing.
Cannie, or cannie, gentle, mild, dexterous.
Cannie, dexterously, gently.
Cuntie, or canty, cheerful, merry.
Contrairp, a charm, a spell.
Cup-stane, cope-stone, key-stone.
Careerin, cheerfully.

Carl, an old man.
Carlin, a stout old woman.
Cartes, cards.
Cauldron, a caldron.
Cawk and keel, chalk and red clay.
Cauld, cold.
Chau, a wooden drinking-vessel.
Cesses, taxes.
Chanter, a part of a bagpipe.
Chap, a person, a fellow, a blow.
Chau, a stroke, a blow.
Cheekit, checked.
Cheep, a chirp, to chirp.
Chiel or cheel, a young fellow.
Chimla, or chimlie, a fire-grate, a fire-place.
Chimla-lug, the fire side.
Chittering, shivering, trembling.
Chockin, choking.
Chow, to chew; cheek for chow, side by side.
Chuffie, fat-faced.
Clachan, a small village about a church, a hamlet.
Claise, or claes, clothes.
Clait, cloth.
Clivth, clothing.
Clavers, nonsense, not speaking sense.
Clap, clapper of a mill.
Clarkit, wrote.
Clash, an idle tale, the story of the day.
Clatter, to tell little idle stories; an idle story.
Claut, or claught, snatched at, laid hold of.
Claut, to clean, to scrape.
Clauted, scraped.
Clavers, idle stories.
Claw, to scratch.
Cloed, to clothe.
GLOSSARY.

Cleeds, clothes.
Cleekit, having caught.
Clinkin, jerking, clinking.
Clinkumbell, who rings the church-bell.
Clips, sheers.
Clishmaclaver, idle conversation.
Clock, to hatch, a beetle.
Clockin, hatching.
Clootie, an old name for the Devil.
Clootjthe hoof of a cow, sheep, &c.
Clootie, an old name for the Devil.
Clour, a bump or swelling after a blow.
Cluds, clouds.
Coaxin, wheeling.
Coble, a fishing-boat.
Cockemony, a lock of hair tied upon a girl's head; a cap.
Coft, bought.
Cog, a wooden dish.
Cogie, dimin. of cog.
Coil, from Kyle, a district of Ayrshire; so called, saith tradition, from Coil, or Coilus, a Pictish monarch.
Collie, a general, and sometimes a particular, name for country curs.
Collieshangie, quarrelling.
Commann, command.
Cood, the cud.
Coof, a blockhead, a ninny.
Cookit, appeared, and disappeared by fits.
Coost, did cast.
Coot, the ankle or foot.
Cootie, a wooden kitchen dish; also those fowls whose legs are clad with feathers are said to be cootie.
Corbies, a species of the crow.
Core, corps, party, clan.
Corn't, fed with oats.
Cotter, the inhabitant of a cothouse, or cottage.
Couthie, kind, loving.
Cove, a cove.
Co'ce, to terrify, to keep under, to lop; a fright, a branch of furze, broom, &c.
Coup, to barter, to tumble over, a gang.
Cowpit, tumbled.
Cowrin, covering.
Coute, a colt.
Cozie, snug.
Cocily, snuggly.
Crabbit, crabbed, fretful.
Crack, conversation, to converse.
Crackin, conversing.
Craft, or croft, a field near a house (in old husbandry).
Crai's, cries or calls incessantly, a bird.
Crambo-clink, or crambo jingle, rhymes, doggerel verses.
Crank, the noise of an ungreased wheel.
Crankous, fretful, captious.
Craneuch, the hoar-frost.
Craps, a crop, to crop.
Craw, a crow of a cock, a rook.
Creel, a basket; to have one's wits in a creel, to be crazed, to be fascinated.
Creeskie, greasy.
Croid, or crout, to coo as a dove.
Croon, a hollow and continued moan; to make a noise like the continued roar of a bull; to hum a tune.
Crooning, humming.
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<th>Glossary Item</th>
<th>Definition</th>
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<tr>
<td>Crouchie</td>
<td>crook-backed.</td>
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<td>Crouse</td>
<td>cheerful, courageous.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crousely</td>
<td>cheerfully, courageously.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Croudie</td>
<td>a composition of oatmeal and boiled water, sometimes from the broth of beef, mutton, &amp;c.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Croudie-time</td>
<td>breakfast-time.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Croiclin</td>
<td>crawling.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Crummock</td>
<td>a cow with crooked horns.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crump</td>
<td>hard and brittle; spoken of bread.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crunf</td>
<td>a blow on the head with a cudgel.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cuif</td>
<td>a blockhead, a ninny.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cummock</td>
<td>a short staff with a e'ooked head.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Curchie</td>
<td>a courtesy.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Curler</td>
<td>a player at a game on the ice, practised in Scotland, called curling.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Curlie</td>
<td>curled, whose hair falls naturally in ringlets.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Curling</td>
<td>a well known game on the ice.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Curmurring</td>
<td>murmuring, a slight rumbling noise.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Curpin</td>
<td>the crupper.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cushat</td>
<td>the dove, or wood-pigeon.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cutty</td>
<td>short, a spoon broken in the middle.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

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<th>Glossary Item</th>
<th>Definition</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Darklins</td>
<td>darkling.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Draud</td>
<td>to thrash, to abuse.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drawr</td>
<td>to dare.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daurn't</td>
<td>dared.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Druryg, or daurk</td>
<td>a day's labour.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dawk</td>
<td>David.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dawd</td>
<td>a large piece.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dowtis, or dawtet</td>
<td>fondled, caressed.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dearies</td>
<td>dimin. of dears.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dearthfu'</td>
<td>dear.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Deave</td>
<td>to deafen.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Deil-ma-care!</td>
<td>no matter for all that.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Deelerit</td>
<td>delirious.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Describe</td>
<td>to describe.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dight</td>
<td>to wipe, to clean corn from chaff.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dights</td>
<td>cleaned from chaff.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ding</td>
<td>to worst, to push.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dinna</td>
<td>do not.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dirl</td>
<td>a slight tremulous stroke or pain.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dizzen, or diz'n</td>
<td>a dozen.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Doited</td>
<td>stupified, hebetated.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dolt</td>
<td>stupified, crazed.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Donsie</td>
<td>unlucky.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dool, sorrow</td>
<td>to sing dool, to lament, to mourn.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dooes, doves.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Dorry</td>
<td>saucy, nice.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Douce, or douse</td>
<td>sober, wise, prudent.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doucely</td>
<td>soberly, prudently.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dought</td>
<td>was or were able.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Doop</td>
<td>backside.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Doop-skeiper</td>
<td>one that strikes the tail.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dour and din</td>
<td>sullen, sallow.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dour, stout, durable, sullen, stubborn.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Douser</td>
<td>more prudent.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dow</td>
<td>am or are able, can.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dowf</td>
<td>pithless, wanting force.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
GLOSSARY.

Dowie, worn with grief, fatigue, &c. half asleep.
Downa, am or are not able, cannot.
Doyal, stupid.
Drop, a drop, to drop.
Drooping, dropping.
Dreep, to ooe, to drop.
Dreigh, tedious, long about it.
Dribble, drizzling, slaver.
Drift, a drove.
Drudging, drooping.
Dreep, to ooze, to drop.
Dung, worsted; pushed driven.
Dunred, beaten, boxed.
Dusht, pushed as a ram, &c.

EE, the eye.
Een, the eyes.
Eenin, evening.
Eerie, frightened, dreading spirits.
Eild, old age.
Elbuck, the elbow.
Elritch, ghastly, frightful.
En', end.
Enbrugh, Edinburgh.
Eneugh, enough.
Especial, especially.
Ette, to try, attempt.

Eydent, diligent.
F'A', fall, lot, to fall.
Fa's, does fall, waterfalls.
Faddon't, fathomed.
Fae, a foe.
Fae, foam.
Faitet, unknown.
Fairin, a fairing, a present.
Fallow, fellow.
Fand, did find.
Furl, a cake of bread.
Fash, trouble, care, to trouble, to care for.
Fasht, troubled.
Fasteren-en, Fasten's Even.
Fauld, a fold, to fold.
Faulding, folding.
Faut, fault.
Fawsont, decent, seemly.
Feal, a field, smooth.
Fearn, frightful.
Fear't, frightened.
Feat, neat, spruce.
Fecht, to fight.
Fechtin, fighting.
Feck, many, plenty.
Fecket, waistcoat.
Feckfu', large, brawny, stout.
Feckless, puny, weak, silly.
Feckly, weakly.
Feg, a fig.
Feide, feud, enmity.
Fell, keen, biting; the flesh, immediately under the skin: a field pretty level on the side or top of a hill.
Fen, mud, filth.
Fend, to live comfortably.
Ferleie, or ferley, to wonder; a wonder, a term of contempt.
Fetch, to pull by fits.
Fetch't, pulled intermittently.
Fidge, to fidget.
GLOSSARY.

Fiel, soft, smooth.
Fient, fiend, a petty oath.
Fier, sound, healthy; a brother, a friend.
Fisle, to make a rustling noise, to fidget, a bustle.
Fit, a foot.
Fittie-lan, the nearer horse of the hindmost pair in the plough.
Ficr, sound, healthy; a brother, a friend.
Fis, to make a rustling noise, to fidget, a bustle.
Fitt, a foot.
Fittie-lan, the nearer horse of the hindmost pair in the plough.
Fiz, to make a hissing noise, like fermentation.
Flainen, flannel.
Fleech, to supplicate in a flattering manner.
Fleech'd, supplicated.
Fleechin, supplicating.
Fleesh, a fleece.
Fleg, a kick, a random blow.
Flether, to decoy by fair words.
Fletherin, flattering.
Fley, to scare, to frighten.
Flichter, to flutter as young nestlings, when their dam approaches.
Flickering, to meet, to encounter with.
Flinders, shreds, broken pieces.
Flinning-tree, a piece of timber hung by way of partition between two horses in a stable; a flail.
Flisk, to fret at the yoke.
Fliskit, fretted.
Flitter, to vibrate like the wings of small birds.
Flittering, fluttering, vibrating.
Flunkie, a servant in livery.
Foord, a ford.
Forbears, forefathers.
Forbye, besides.
Forfairn, distressed, worn out, jaded.
Forfoughten, fatigued.

Forgather, to meet, to encounter with.
Forgie, to forgive.
Forjeskit, jaded with fatigue.
Fother, fodder.
Fou, full, drunk.
Foughten, troubled, harassed.
Fourth, plenty, enough, or more than enough.
Fow, a bushel, &c.; also a pitchfork.
Frae, from.
Fread, froth.
Frien', friend.
Fu', full.
Fud, the sent, or tail of the hare, coney, &c.
Fuff, to blow intermittently.
Fuff't, did blow.
Funnie, full of merriment.
Fur, a furrow.
Fur, a form, bench.
Fyke, trifling cares; to piddle; to be in a fuss about trifles.
Fyle, to soil, to dirity.
Fyl't, soiled, dirtied.

GAB, the mouth; to speak boldly or pertly.
Gaberlunzie, an old pedlar.
Gadsman, a ploughboy, the boy that rides the horses in the plough.
Gae, to go; gaed, went; gaen, gone; gaun, going.
Gaet, or gate, way, manner, road.
Gang, to go, to walk.
Gar, to make, to force to.
Gart', forced to.
Garten, a garter.
Gash, wise, sagacious, talkative; to converse.
Gashin, conversing.
<table>
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<tr>
<th>English Word</th>
<th>Scots Word</th>
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<tr>
<td>Gauzy, jolly, arge.</td>
<td>Glaur'd, looked, stared.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gear, riches, goods of any kind.</td>
<td>Gowen, the flower of the daisy, dandelion, hawkweed, &amp;c.</td>
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<td>Geek, to toss the head in wantonness of scorn.</td>
<td>Gowany, gowany glens, daisied dales.</td>
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<td>Ged, a pike.</td>
<td>Gowd, gold.</td>
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<td>Gentles, great folks.</td>
<td>Gowff, the game of Golf; to strike as the bat does the ball at golf.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Get, a child, a young one.</td>
<td>Gowff'd, struck.</td>
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<td>Ghast, a ghost.</td>
<td>Gowk, a cuckoo, a term of contempt.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gie, to give; gied, gave; gien, given.</td>
<td>Grane, or grain, a groan, to groan.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gie, to give; gied, gave; gien, given.</td>
<td>Goeil, to bowl.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Giftie, dimin. of gift.</td>
<td>Grain'd and gaunted, groaned and grunted.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Giglets, playful girls.</td>
<td>Grazing, groaning.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gillie, a boy, servant.</td>
<td>Grasp, a pronged instrument for cleaning stables.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gilpey, a half grown, half informed boy or girl, a romping lad, a hoyden.</td>
<td>Graith, accoutrements, furniture, dress, gear.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gimmer, an ewe from one to two years old.</td>
<td>Grannie, grandmother.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gin, if, against.</td>
<td>Grape, to grope.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gipsey, a young girl.</td>
<td>Grapit, groped.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gin, to grin, to twist the features in rage.</td>
<td>Grat, wept, shed tears.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Girning, grinning.</td>
<td>Great, intimate, familiar.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Giz, a periwig.</td>
<td>Gree, to agree; to bear the gree, to be decidedly victor.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glaitit, inattentive, foolish.</td>
<td>Gree't, agreed.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glairle, a sword.</td>
<td>Greet, to shed tears, to weep.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gawkie, half-witted, foolish, romping.</td>
<td>Greetin, crying, weeping.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glaise, glittering, smooth like a glass.</td>
<td>Grippet, caught, seized.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glauled, aimed, snatched.</td>
<td>Groat, to get the whistle of one's groat, to play a losing game.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gleck, sharp, ready.</td>
<td>Gronsome, loathsomely, grim.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gleug, sharp, ready.</td>
<td>Grozet, a gooseberry.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gleib, gleibe.</td>
<td>Grumph, a grunt, to grunt.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glen, dale, deep valley.</td>
<td>Grumphie, a sow.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gley, a squint, to squint; agley, off at a side, wrong.</td>
<td>Grunt, the ground.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glub-gabbit, that speaks smoothly and readily.</td>
<td>Gruntsane, a grindstone.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glunt, to peep.</td>
<td>Gruntle, the phiz, a gruntling noise.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glointed, peeped.</td>
<td>Groot, a Dell.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glintin, peeping.</td>
<td>Groat, to get the whistle of one's groat, to play a losing game.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gloamin, the twilight.</td>
<td>Groatle, the phiz, a gruntling noise.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glour, to stare, to look, a stare, a look.</td>
<td>Gloamset, the phiz, a gruntling noise.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Glossary.

Grunzie, mouth.
Grushie, thick, of thriving growth.
Gude, the Supreme Being; good.
Guid, good.
Guid-morning, good morrow.
Guid-e'en, good evening.
Guidman and guidwife, the master and mistress of the house; young guidman, a man newly married.
Gully, or gullie, a large knife.
Guidfather, guidmother, father-in-law, mother-in-law.
Gumlie, muddy.
Gusty, tasteful.
Ha', hall.
Ha' bible, the great bible that lies in the hall.
Ha'ed, to have.
Huen, had, the participle.
Haet, fent haet, a petty oath of negation; nothing.
Hoffet, the temple, the side of the head.
Hafflins, nearly half, partly.
Haq, a gulf in mosses and moors.
Haggis, a kind of pudding boiled in the stomach of a cow or sheep.
Hain, to spare, to save.
Hain'd, spared.
Hairst, harvest.
Haith, a petty oath.
Haivers, nonsense, speaking without thought.
Hal', or had, an abiding place.
Hale, whole, tight, healthy.
Haly, holy.
Hame, home.
Hallan, a particular partition wall in a cottage, or more properly, a seat of turf at the outside.
Hallowmas, Hallow-eve, the 31st of October.
Homely, homely, affable.
Han', or haun', hand.
Hap, an outer garment, mantle, plaid, &c. to wrap, to cover, to hap.
Happer, a hopper.
Happing, hopping.
Hap step an' loup, hop skip and leap.
Harkit, hearkened.
Harr, very coarse linen.
Hash, a fellow that neither knows how to dress or act with propriety.
Hasit, hastened.
Haud, to hold.
Houghs, low lying, rich lands; valleys.
Haurl, to drag, to peel.
Haurlin, peeling.
Haverel, a half witted person, half witted.
Harvis, good manners, decorum, good sense.
Hawkie, a cow, properly one with a white face.
Heapit, heaped.
Healsome, healthful, wholesome.
Hearse, hoarse.
Hear't, hear it.
Heather, heath.
Hech! oh! strange.
Hecht, promised to foretell something that is to be got or given; foretold; the thing foretold; offered.
Heckle, a board, in which are fixed a number of sharp pins, used in dressing hemp, flax, &c.
Heeze, to elevate, to raise.
GLOSSARY

Helm, the rudder or helm.
Herd, to tend flocks, one who tends flocks.
Herrin, a herring.
Herryment, plundering, devastation.
Hersel, herself; also a herd of cattle of any sort.
Het, hot.
Heugh, a crag, a coal-pit.
Hitch, a hobble, to halt.
Hitchin', halting.
Himsei, himself.
Hiney, honey.
Hing, to hang.
Hirple, to walk crazily, to creep.
Hirsle, so many cattle as one person can attend.
Histie, dry, chapt, barren.
Hitchit, a loop, a knot.
Hizzle, huzzy, a young girl.
Hoddin, the motion of a sage countryman riding on a cart-horse; humble.
Hog-score, a kind of distance-line, in curling, drawn across the rink.
Hog-shouther, a kind of horse play, by justling with the shoulder; to justle.
Hool, outer skin or case, a nut-shell, pease-swade.
Hoolie, slowly, leisurely.
Hoolie!, take leisure, stop.
Hoord, a hoard; to hoard.
Hoordit, hoarded.
Horn, a spoon made of horn.
Hornie, one of the many names of the Devil.
Host, or hoast, to cough.
Hostin, coughing.
Hotch'd, turned topsy-turvy, blended, mixed.
Hosts, coughs.
Houghmungandie, fornication.
Houlet, an owl.
Housie, dimin. of house.
Hove, to heave, to swell.
Hov'd, heaved, swelled.
Howdie, a midwife.
Howe, hollow, a hollow or dell.
Howebackit, sunk in the back, spoken of a horse, &c.
Howff, a landlady, a house of resort.
Howk, to dig.
Howkit, digged.
Howkin, digging.
Hoclet, an owl.
Hoy, to urge.
Hoy't, urged.
Hoyse, a pull upwards.
Hoyte, to amble crazily.
Hughoc, dimin. of Hugh.
Hurcheon, a hedgehog.
Hurdies, the loins, the crupper.
Hushion, cushion.
I, in.
Icker, an ear of corn.
Ier-oe, a great-grandchild.
Ilk, or ilka, each, every.
Ill-willie, ill-natured, malicious, niggardly.
Ingine, genius, ingenuity.
Ingle, fire, fire-place.
Pse, I shall or will.
Ither, other, one another.
JAD, jade; also a familiar term among country folks for a giddy young girl.
Jawk, to dally, to trifle.
Jaukin, trifling, dallying.
Jaup, a jerk of water; to jerk as agitated water.
Jaw, coarse raillery, to pour.
out, to shut, to jerk as water.
Jilet, a jilt, a giddy girl.
Jimp, to jump, slender in the waist, handsome.
Jink, to dodge, to turn a corner, a sudden turning, a corner.
Jinker, that turns quickly, a gay sprightly girl, a wag.
Jinkin, dodging.
Jirk, a jerk.
Joteleg, a kind of knife.
Jouk, to stoop, to bow the head.
Jow, to jow, a verb which includes both the swinging motion and pealing sound of a large bell.
Jundie, to justle

KAE, a daw.
Kail, colewort, a kind of broth.
Kail-runt, the stem of colewort.
Kain, fowls, &c paid as rent by a farmer.
Kebbuck, a cheese.
Keek, a peep, to peep.
Kelpies, a sort of mischievous spirits, said to haunt fords and ferries at night, especially in storms.
Ken, to know; kend or ken't, knew.
Kennin, a small matter.
Kenspeckle, well known.
Ket, matted, hairy, a fleece of wool.
Kiaugh, carking, anxiety.
Kilt, to truss up the clothes.
Kimmer, a young girl, a gossip.
Kin, kindred.
Kin', kind.

Kintra Cooser, country stallion.
King's-hood, a certain part of the entrails of an ox, &c.
Kintra, country.
Kirn, the harvest supper, a churn.
Kirsen, to christen, or baptize.
Kist, chest, a shop counter.
Kitchen, any thing that eats with bread, to serve for soup, gravy, &c.
Kith, kindred.
Kittle, to tickle, ticklish, difficult.
Kittlin, a young cat.
Kiettle, to cuddle.
Kiuttlin, cuddling.
Knaggie, like knags, or points of rocks.
Knappin, a hammer, a hammer for breaking stones.
Knoce, a small round hillock.
Knurli, dwarf.
Kye, cows.
Kyle, a district in Ayrshire.
Kyte, the belly.
Kythe, to discover, to show one's self.

LADDIE, dimin. of lad.
Laggen, the angle between the side and bottom of a wooden dish.
Laigh, low.
Lairing, wading, and sinking in snow, mud, &c.
Laith, loath.
Laithfu', bashful, sheepish.
Lallans, Scottish dialect.
Lamie, dimin. of lamb.
Lampit, a kind of shell-fish.
Lan', land, estate.
Lane, lone; my lane, thy lane, &c. myself alone.
GLOSSARY.

Lanely, lonely, &c.
Lang, long; to think lang, to long, to weary.
Lap, did leap.
Lave, the rest, the remainder, the others.
Lavrock, the lark.
Lowin, shot, reckoning, bill.
Lawlan, lowland.
Lea'e, to leave.
Lee-lang, live-long.
Leeze-me, a phrase of congratulatory endearment; I am happy in thee, or proud of thee.
Leister, a three-pronged dart for striking fish.
Leugh, did laugh.
Leuk, a look, to look.
Libbet, gelded.
Lift, sky.
Lightly, sneeringly, to sneer at.
Lilt, a ballad, a tune, to sing.
Limmer, a kept mistress, a strumpet.
Limp't, limped, hobbled.
Link, to trip along.
Linkin, tripping.
Linn, a waterfall, precipice.
Lint, flax; lint i' the bell, flax in flower.
Lintwhite, a linnet.
Loan, or loanin, the place of milking.
Loof, the palm of the hand.
Loot, did let.
Looves, plural of loaf.
Loun, a fellow, a ragamuffin, a woman of easy virtue.
Loup, jump, leap.
Lowe, a flame.

Lowin, flaming.
Lourne, abbreviation of Lawrence.
Louese, to loose.
Lows'd, loosed.
Lug, the ear, a handle.
Lugget, having a handle.
Luggie, a small wooden dish with a handle.
Lum, the chimney.
Lunch, a large piece of cheese, flesh, &c.
Lunt, a column of smoke; to smoke.
Luntin, smoking.
Lyart, of a mixed colour, gray.

MAE, more.
Mair, more.
Maist, most, almost.
Maistly, mostly.
Mak, to make.
Makin, making.
Mallen, farm.
Mailie, Molly.
Mang, among.
Manse, the parsonage-house where the minister lives.
Manteele, a mantle.
Mark, merks. (This and several other nouns which in English require an s, to form the plural, are in Scotch, like the words sheep, deer, the same in both numbers.)
Mar's year, the year 1715.
Mashium, meslin, mixed corn.
Mask, to mash, as malt, &c.
Maskin-pat, a tea-pot.
Maukin, a hare.
Mawn, must.
Mavis, the thrush.
Maw, to mow.
Mauvin, mowing.
GLOSSARY.

Meere, a mare.
Meikle, much.
Melancholious, mournful.
Meider, corn, or grain of any kind, sent to the mill to be ground.
Mell, to meddle. Also a mallet for pounding barley in a stone trough.
Melvie, to soil with meal.
Men', to mend.
Mense, good manners, decorum.
Menseless, ill-bred, rude, impudent.
Mell', to meddle. Also a mallet for pounding barley in a stone trough.
Melvie, to soil with meal.
Mensor, to mend.
Morse, good manners, decorum.
Morseless, ill-bred, rude, impudent.
Messin, a small dog.
Midden, a dunghill.
Midden-hole, a gutter at the bottom of a dunghill.
Min', mind, resemblance.
Mint', mind it, resolved, intending.
Minnie, mother, dam.
Mirk, mirkest, dark, darkest.
Misca', to abuse, to call names.
Mislear'd, abused.
Mislear'd, mischievous, unmannerly.
Misteuk, mistook.
Mither, a mother.
Mixtie-maxtie, confusedly mixed.
Moistify, to moisten.
Mony, or monie, many.
Moop, to nibble as a sheep.
Moorsen', of or belonging to moors.
Morn, the next day, to-morrow.
Mou', the mouth.
Moudicurt, a mole.
Mousie, dimin. of mouse.
Muckle, or mickle, great, big, much.
Musie, dimin. of muse.
Muslin-kail, broth composed simply of water, shelled barley, and greens.
Mutchkin, an English pint.
Mysel, myself.

NA', no, not, nor.
Nae, no, not any.
Naething, or naithing, nothing.
Naig, a horse.
None, none.
Nappy, ale, to be tipsy.
Neglekit, neglected.
Nebbor, neighbour.
Neuk, nook.
Niest, next.
Nieve, the fist.
Nievefu', handful.
Niger, a negro.
Nine-tailed-cat, a hangman's whip.
Nit, a nut.
Norland, of or belonging to the north.
Notic't, noticed.
Novte, black cattle.

O', of.
Ochels, name of mountains.
O'haith, O' faith! an oath.
Ony, or onie, any.
Or, is often used for ere, before.
O't, of it.
Ourie, shivering, drooping.
Oursel, or oursels, ourselves.
Outters, cattle not housed.
Owre, over, too.
Ourship, a way of fetching a blow with the hammer over the arm.

PACK, intimate, familiar; twelve stone of wool.
GLOSSARY.

Painch, paunch.

Puttick, a partridge.

Pung, to cram.

Parle, speech.

Parritch, oatmeal pudding, a well-known Scotch dish.

Pat, did put, a pot.

Pattle, or pettle, a plough-staff.

Paughty, proud, haughty.

Pauky, or jockie, cunning, sly.

Pay't, paid, beat.

Peek, to fetch the breath short, as in an asthma.

Pechan, the crop, the stomaich.

Peelin, peeling.

Pet, a domesticated sheep, &c.

Pettle, to cherish; a plough-staff.

Philibegs, short petticoats worn by the Highlanders.

Phraise, fair speeches, flattery, to flatter.

Phr/sin, flattery.

Pibroch, a Highland war-song adapted to the bagpipe.

Pickle, a small quantity.

Pine, pain, uneasiness.

Pit, to put.

Placod, a public proclamation.

Plack, an old Scotch coin, the third part of a Scotch penny, twelve of which make an English penny.

Plackless, penniless, without money.

Platie, dimin. of plate.

Plew, or pleugh, a plough.

Pliskie, a trick.

Pound, to seize on cattle, or take the goods, as the laws of Scotland allow, for rent.

Poorth, poverty.

Pou, to pull.

Pouk, to pluck.

Poussie, a hare, a cat.

Pout, a poult, a chick.

Pou't, did pull.

Pouthery, like powder.

Pou, the head, the skull.

Pownie, a little horse.

Pouther, or pouther, powder.

Preen, a pin.

Pret, print.

Prie, to taste.

Prie'd, tasted.

Prief, proof.

Prig, to cheapen, to dispute.

Praggin, cheapening.

Presie, demure, precise.

Propone, to lay down, to propose.

Provoses, provosts.

Pound, pound, pounds.

Pyle, a pyle of coaff, a single grain of chaff.

QUAT, to quit.

Quak, to quake.

Quay, a cow from one to two years old.

RAGWEED, herb ragwort.

Raible, to rattle nonsense.

Rair, to roar.

Raize, to madden, to inflame.

Rampeezd, fatigued, over-spread.

Ram-stam, thoughtless, forward.

Raploch, properly a coarse cloth, but used as an ad-noun, for coarse.

Rarly, excellently, very well.

Rash, a rush; rash-buss, a bush of rushes.

Ratton, a rat.

Raucle, rash, stont, fearless.
GLOSSARY.

Rought, reached.
Rave, a row.
Rar, to stretch.
Ream, cream; to cream.
Reamin, brimful, frothing.
Reave, rove.
Revk, to heed.
Rede, counsel, to counsel.
Red-wat-shod, walking in blood over the shoe-tops.
Red-wud, stark mad.
Ree, half drunk, fuddled.
Reek, smoke.
Reekin, smoking.
Reekit, smoked, smoky.
Remed, remedy.
Require, required.
Rest, to stand restive.
Restit, stood restive, stunted, withered.
Restricked, restricted.
Rew, repent.
Rief, reif, plenty.
Rief randies, sturdy beggars.
Rig, a ridge.
Rin, to run, to melt; rinnin, running.
Rink, the course of the stones, a term in curling on ice. [corn.
Rip, a handful of unthreshed Riskit, made a noise like the tearing of roots.
Rockin, spinning on the rock, or distaff.
Rood, stands likewise for the plural roads.
Rooff', a shred.
Roose, to praise, to commend.
Roun', round, in the circle of neighbourhood.
Roupet, hoarse, as with a cold.
Routhie, plentiful.
Rov, to roll, to wrap.
Rov't, rolled, wrapped.

ROUTE, to low, to bellow.
Routh, or routh, plenty.
Routin, lowering.
Rozet, rosin.
Rung, a cudgel.
Runkled, rinkled.
Runst, the stem of colewort or cabbage.
Ruth, a woman's name, the book so called; sorrow.

SAE, so.
Sift, soft.
Sair, to serve, a sore.
Sairly, or sairlie, sorely.
Sair't, served.
Sark, a shirt.
Sarkit, provided in shirts.
Saugh, the willow.
Saul, soul.
Sowmont, salmon.
Svant, a saint.
Saut, salt.
Saw, to sow.
Sowin, sowing.
Six, six.
Sauth, to damage, to injure, injury.
Scar, to scar, a scar
Scaud, to scald.
Scald, to scald.
Scour, apt to be scared.
Scowl, a scold.
Scon, a kind of bread
Sconner, a loathing, to loathe.
Scrach, to scream as a hen partridge, &c.
Screed, to tear, a rent.
Srieve, to glide swiftly along.
Scrievin, gleamsomely, swiftly.
Srimp, to scant.
Scrimp, did scant, scanty.
See'd, did see.
Seizin, seizing.
Sel, self; a body's sel, one's self alone.
GLOSSARY.

Sell't, did sell.
Sen't, to send.
Sell't, I, he, or she sent, or did send it.
Servant, servant.
Settin, settling; to get a settlin, to be frightened into quietness.
Sets, sets off, goes away.
Shan, a shred, shard.
Sheer, a humorous wag, a barber.
Show, to show; a small wood in a hollow place.
Sheen, bright, shining.
Sheep-shank; to think one's self nae sheep-shank, to be conceited.
Sheriff-moor, the famous battle fought in the Rebellion, A.D. 1715.
Sheugh, a ditch, a trench, a sluice.
Shiel, a shed.
Shill, shrill.
Shog, a shock, a push off at one side.
Shovel, a shovel.
Shoon, shoes.
Shore, to offer, to threaten.
Shouther, the shoulder.
Sir, such.
Sicker, sure, steady.
Sidelong, sidelong, slanting.
Silver, silver, money.
Summer, summer.
Son, a son.
Sine, since.
Skeith, see skaith.
Skellum, a worthless fellow.

Skelp, to strike, to slap; to walk with a smart tripping step, a smart stroke.
Skelpin, a technical term in female scolding.
Skelpin, stappin, walking.
Skiegh, or Skeugh, proud, nice, high-mettled.
Skinklin, a small portion.
Skirt, toshrik, to cry shrilly.
Skirling, shrieking, crying.
Skirt, shrieked.
Skent, slant, to run aslant, to deviate from truth.
Skented, ran, or hit, in an oblique direction.
Skreigh, a scream, to scream.
Slae, sloe.
Slade, did slide.
Slap, a gate, a breach in a fence.
Slaw, slow.
Slee, sly; sleest, slyest.
Sleekit, sleek, sly.
Slidder, slippery.
Slype, to fall over, as a wet furrow from the plough.
Slypet, fell.
Snaw-broo, melted snow.
Sneeshin, snuff.
Smeat, smutty, obscene, ugly.
Smyrrie, a numerous collection of small individuals.
Snappie, stumble.
Snav, small.
Smeddum, dust, powder, mettle, sense.
Smiddy, a smithy.
Snore, to snore.
Snoor'd, smothered.
Smoutie, smutty, obscene, ugly.
Smow, snow, to snow.
Smaw, snow, to snow.
Smaw-broo, melted snow.
Smawie, snowy.
Sneek, latch of a door.
Sned, to lop, to cut off.
Sneeshin, sneeze.
Sneeshin-mill, a snuff-box.
GLOSSARY.

Snellt, bitter, biting.
Snick-speaking, trick-contriving.
Snick, the latchet of a door.
Snool, one whose spirit is broken with oppressive slavery; to submit tamely, to sneak.
Snooze, to go smoothly and constantly, to sneak.
Snack, to scent or snuff, as a dog, horse, &c.
Snowed, scented, sniffed.
Snow, the latchet of a door.
Snoot, one whose spirit is broken with oppressive slavery; to submit tamely, to sneak.
Snooze, to go smoothly and constantly, to sueak.
Snowk, to scent or snuff, as a dog, horse, &c.
Snooikit, scented, snuffed.
Soisie, having sweet engaging looks, lucky, jolly.
Soon, to swim.
Sooth, truth, a petty oath.
Sough, a sigh, a sound going on the ear.
Sopple, flexible, swift.
Souter, a shoemaker.
Sowens, a dish made of oatmeal, the seeds of the oatmeal sourred, &c. boiled up till they make an agreeable pudding.
Soup, a spoonful, a small quantity of any thing liquid.
South, to try over a tune with a low whistle.
Souther, solder, to solder, to cement.
Spae, to prophesy, to divine.
Spairge, to dash, to soil, as with mire.
Spaul, a lamb.
Spaviet, having the spavin.
Spate, or spate, a sweeping torrent, after rain or thaw.
Speel, to climb.
Spence, the country parlour.
Spier, to ask, to inquire.
Spier’t inquired.
Splatter, a splutter, to splutter.
Spleughen, a tobacco-pouch.
Splore, a frolic, noise, riot.
Sprattle, to scramble.
Spreckled, spotted, speckled.
Spring, a quick air in music, a Scottish reel.
Sprit, a tough-rooted plant, something like rhoses.
Spritie, full of sprits.
Spunk, fire, mettle, wit.
Spunkie, mettlesome, fiery: will-o-wisp, or ignis fatuus.
Spurtle, a stick used in making oatmeal pudding or porridge, a notable Scotch dish.
Squad, a crew, a party.
Squatter, a flutter in water, as a wild duck, &c.
Squattle, to sprawl.
Squeel, a scream, a screech, to scream.
Stacker, to stagger.
Stack, a rick of corn, hay &c.
Stag, the diminutive of stag.
Stalwart, strong, stout.
Stan’t, to stand; stan’t, did stand.
Stane, a stone.
Stank, did stink; a pool of standing water.
Stop, stop.
Stark, stout.
Startle, to run as cattle stung by the gad-fly.
Sunnarel, a blockhead, half-witted.
Staw, did steal, to surfeit.
Stech, to cram the belly.
Steckin, cramming.
Sticke, to shut, a stitch.
Ster, to molest, to stir.
Stevie, firm, compacted.
Stell, a still.
Steu, to rear as a horse.
Stent, reared.
Stents, tribute, dues of any kind.
Stey, steep; steyest, steapest.
Stibble, stubble; stibble-rig, the reaper in harvest who takes the lead.
Stick an stow, totally, altogether.
Stile, a crutch; to halt, to limp.
Stimpart, the eighth part of a Winchester bushel.
Stirk, a cow or bullock a year old.
Stock, a plant or root of colewort, cabbage, &c.
Stockin', stocking; throwing the stockin', when the bride and bridegroom are put into bed, and the candle out, the former throws a stocking at random among the company, and the person whom it strikes is the next that will be married.
Stooked, made up in shocks as corn.
Stoor, sounding hollow, strong, and hoarse.
Slot, an ox.
Stoup, or stoup, a kind of jug or dish with a handle.
Stoure, dust, more particularly dust in motion.
Stow, stolen.
Stownlings, by stealth.
Stoyte, stumble.
Strack, did strike.
Strae, straw; to die a fair streae death, to die in bed.
Strak, did strike.
Strakkit, stroked.
Strappan, tall and handsome.
Straught, straight.

Streck, stretched, to stretch.
Straddle, to straddle.
Stroan, to spout, to piss.
Stwaldie, an anvil.
Stumped, dimin. of stump.
Strunt, spirituous liquor of any kind; to walk sturdily.
Stuff, corn or pulse of any kind.
Start, trouble; to molest.
Startin, frightened.
Sucker, sugar.
Sud, should.
Sugh, the continued rushing noise of wind or water.
Suthron, southern, an old name for the English nation.
Sward, sward.
Swall'd, swelled.
Swank, stately, jolly.
Swankie, or swanker, a tight strapping young fellow, or girl.
Swap, an exchange, to bar.
Swarf, swoon.
Swat, did sweat.
Swatch, a sample.
Swats, drink, good ale.
Sweaten, sweating.
Sweer, lazy, averse; dead-sweer, extremely averse.
Swoor, swore, did swear.
Swinge, to beat, to whip.
Swirl, a curve, an eddying blast, a pool, a knot in wood.
Swirly, knaggy, full of knots.
Swither, to hesitate in choice, an irresolute wavering in choice.
Syne, since, ago, then.

TACKETS, a kind of nails for driving into the heels of shoes.
GLOSSARY.

Tae, a toe; three-tae'd, having three prongs.
Tairge, target.
Tak, to take; takin, taking.
Tamnellan, Tantallon, the name of a castle.
Tangle, a seaweed.
Tap, the top.
Tapetless, heedless, foolish.
Tarrow't, murmured.
Tarrow, to murmur at one's allowance.
Tarry-breeks, a sailor.
Tauld, or tauld, told.
Taupie, a foolish, thoughtless young girl.
Tauted, or tautie, matted together; spoken of hair or wool.
Tawie, that allows itself peaceably to be handled; spoken of a horse, cow, &c.
Teat, a small quantity.
Tedding, spreading after the mower.
Ten-hours-bite, a slight feed to the horses while in the yoke, in the forenoon.
Tent, a field pulpit; heed, caution, take heed.
Tentie, heedful, cautious.
Tentless, heedless.
Tough, tough.
Thack, thatch; thack an rape, clothing necessaries.
Thae, these.
Thairms, small guts, fiddle-strings.
Thankit, thanked.
Theekit, thached.
Thegether, together.
Themsel, themselves.
Thick, intimate, familiar.
Thieveless, cold, dry, spited; spoken of a person's demeanour.
Thir, these.
Thirl, to thrill.
Thirled, thrilled, vibrated.
Thole, to suffer, to endure.
Thow, to swain, to twist, to contradict.
Thrawn, sprained, twisted, contradicted, contradiction.
Threat, to maintain by dint of assertion.
Threshin, thrashing.
Threeten, thirteen.
Thristle, thistle.
Through, to go on with, to make out.
Throuther, pell-mell, confusedly.
Thud, to make a loud intermittent noise.
Thumpit, thumped.
Thysel, thyself.
Till't, to it.
Timmer, timber.
Tine, to lose; tint, lost.
Tinkler, a tinker.
Tint the gate, lost the way.
Tip, a ram.
Tippence, two-pence.
Tirl, to make a slight noise, to uncover.
Tirlin, uncovering.
Tither, the other.
Tittle, to whisper.
Tittlin, whispering.
Tocher, marriage portion.
Tod, a fox.
Toddle, to totter like the walk of a child.
Toddlin, tottering.
Toom, empty.
Toop, a ram.
Toon, a hamlet, a farm-
GLOSSARY.

That, the blast of a horn or trumpet, to blow a horn, &c.
Tow, a rope.
Townmond, a twelvemonth.
Towzie, rough, shaggy.
Toy, a very old fashion of female head-dress.
Toyle, to totter like old age.
Transmogrify'd, transformed, metamorphosed.
Trashtrie, trash.
Trews, trousers.
Trickie, full of tricks.
Trig, spruce, neat.
Trimly, excellently.
Trow, to believe.
Truth, truth, a petty oath.
Trysted, appointed; to tryste, to make an appointment.
Try't, tried.
Tug, raw hide, of which in old times plough- traces were frequently made.
Tulzie, a quarrel; to quarrel, to fight.
Twa, two.
Twa-three, a few.
'Twad, it would.
Twal, twelve; twal-pennyworth, a small quantity, a pennyworth. N.B. One penny English is 12d. Scotch.
Twin, to part.
Tyke, a dog.

UNCO, strange, uncomth, very, very great, prodigious.
Uncos, news.
Unkenn'd, unknown.
Unsicker, unsure, unsteady.
Unskaith'd, undamaged, unhurt. [knowingly.
Unwitting, unwotting, un-

Upo', upon.
Urchin, a hedge-hog.
VAP'RIN, vapouring.
Vera, very. [&c.
Virt, a ring round a column,
WA', wall; wa's, walls.
Wabster, a weaver.
Wad, would, to bet, a bet, a pledge.
Wadna, would not.
Wae, woe, sorrowful.
Waeful', sorrowful.
Wasucks! or waes me! alas! O the pity.
Waft, the cross thread that goes from the shuttle through the web; woof.
Wair, to lay out, to expend.
Wale, choice, to choose.
Wald, chose, chosen.
Walie, ample, large, jolly; also an interjection of distress.
Wame, the belly.
Wameful', a belly-full.
Wanchance, unlucky.
Wanrestful', restless.
Wark, work.
Wark-lume, a tool to work with.
Warl, or world, world.
Warlock, a wizard.
Warly, worldly, eager on amassing wealth.
Warrant, a warrant, to warrant.
Wrest, worst. [tled.
Wrestl'd, or worsl'd, wres-
Wastrie, prodigality.
Wat, wet; I wat, I wot, I know.
Water brose, brose made of meal and water simply, without the additions of milk, butter, &c.
\textbf{Glossary.}

| Whistle, a whistle, to whistle. |
| Whisset, silence; to hold one's whistle, to be silent. |
| Whisk, to sweep, to lash. |
| Whiskit, lashed. |
| Whitter, a hearty draught of liquor. |
| Whunstane, a whinstone. |
| Whyles, whiles, sometimes. |
| Wick, to strike a stone in an oblique direction, a term in curling. |
| Wicker, willow, (the smaller sort.) |
| Wiel, a small whirlpool. |
| Wife, a diminutive or endearing term for wife. |
| Wipple, to meander. |
| Wimpl't, meandered. [ing. |
| Wimplin, waving, meander-. |
| Win, to win, to winnow. |
| Win't, winded, as a bottom of yarn. |
| Win', wind; win's, winds. |
| Wonna, will not. |
| Winnock, a window. |
| Winsome, hearty, vanted, gay. |
| Wintle, a staggering motion; to stagger, to reel. |
| Wintze, an oath. |
| Wiss, to wish. |
| Withouten, without. |
| Wizen'd, hide-bound, dried, shrunk. |
| Wonner, a wonder, a contemptuous appellation. |
| Wons, dwells. |
| Woo', wool. [to. |
| Woo, to court, to make love. |
| Woodie, a rope, more properly one made of withs or willows. |
| Wooster-bab, the garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loops. |

Wattle, a twig, a wand. 
Wauble, to swing, to reel. 
Waught, draught. 
Waukit, thickened as fullers do cloth. 
Waunkrife, not apt to sleep. 
Waur, worse, to worst. 
Waur't, worsted. 
Wean, or weenie, a child. 
Weaving the stocking. See Stockin. 
Weazel, to wheeze. 
Weep, to fly nimbly, to jerk; penny-wheep, small beer. 
Whase, whose. 
Wheat, wheat. 
Weaver, as a hare. 
Wigmeeleeries, whims, fancies, crotchets. 
Whinge, crying, complaining, fretting. 
Whirligigs, useless ornaments, trifling appendages.
Wordy, worthy.
Worset, worsted.
Wow, an exclamation of pleasure or wonder.
Wrack, to tease, to vex.
Wraith, a spirit, a ghost; an apparition exactly like a living person, whose appearance is said to forebode the person's approaching death.
Wrong, wrong, to wrong.
Wreath, a drifted heap of snow.
Wud, mad, distracted.
Wumble, a wimble.
Wyle, beguile.
Wyhecoat, a flannel vest.
Wyte, blame, to blame.
YE; this pronoun is frequently used for thou.

Yearns, longs much.
Yearlings, born in the same year, coevals.
Year, is used both for singular and plural years.
Yell, barren, that gives no milk.
Yerk, to lash, to jerk.
Yerkit, jerked, lashed.
Yestreen, yesternight.
Yett, a gate, such as is usually at the entrance into a farm-yard or field.
Yill, ale.
Yird, earth.
Yokin, yoking, a bout.
Yont, beyond.
Yourself, yourself.
Yowe, a ewe.
Yowie, dimin. of yowe.
Yule, Christmas.
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