THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT BURNS

HALIFAX

PUBLISHED BY W MILNER
THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT BURNS,

WITH

A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE,

AND

A GLOSSARY.

HALIFAX:

MILNER AND SOWERBY.

1853.
MEMOIR

OF

THE LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS.

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A celebrated Bard was born on the 29th of January, 1759, on the banks of the Doon, about two miles from Ayr, near which stand the ruins of Alloway Kirk, rendered immortal by his admirable Tale of “Tam o’ Shanter.”

His father, William Burns, was a farmer in Ayrshire, of very respectable character and of more than ordinary formation and capacity. It is stated by Burns, that to his father’s observations and experience, he was indebted for most of his little pretensions to wisdom. From such a this eulogium cannot be thought undeserving. In 1757, he married Agnes Brown. Our Poet was the first fruit of their union. He was sent to school when about six years old, and he was taught to read English and to write a little; so great was his progress, that he became a critic in English Grammar at the age of eleven, and was also remarkable for the correctness of his pronunciation. His rudiments of arithmetic he got from his father in the winter evenings, says of himself, in his letter to Doctor Moore, “At those years I was by no means a favourite with any body. I was much noted for a retentive memory, a stubborn sturdy honesty in my disposition, and an enthusiastic idli...
it cost the schoolmaster some thrashings, I made an excellent English scholar; and by the time I was ten or eleven years of age, I was a critic in substantives, verbs, and participles. In my infant and my boyish days, too, I owed much to an old woman who resided in the family, remarkable for her ignorance, credulity, and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country, of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candies, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, centaurs, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of poetry; but had so strong an effect on my imagination, that to this hour, in my nocturnal rambles, I sometimes keep a sharp look-out in suspicious places; and though nobody can be more sceptical than I am in such matters, yet it often takes an effort of philosophy to shake off these idle terrors."

Before he was nine years of age, he had acquired a strong propensity for reading, which, however, was greatly checked by his want of access to books. He read the life of Hannibal through with great avidity, and eagerly perused every other book that came in his way. Even at this early period, his sensibility was extraordinary; yet he had not discovered any signs of that striking ready wit for which he was afterwards remarkable, nor betrayed the smallest symptom of his inclination to music and poetry.

About a twelvemonth previous to the death of his father, Burns, who had then attained his twenty-fourth year, became anxious to be fixed in a situation to enable him to marry. His brother Gilbert and he had for several years held a small portion of land from their father, on which they chiefly raised flax. In disposing of the produce of their labour, our Author took it into his head to commence flax-dresser.—

He accordingly continued at that business for about six months, but it proved an unlucky concern; for the sho

some time after taking fire, was utterly destroyed, and

was left not worth a sixpence.
LIFE OF BURNS.

Immediately before the death of their father, Burns and his partner took the farm at Mosgiel, consisting of 118 acres, for £30 per annum. It was stocked by the property of the whole family, and was a joint concern. But the first year, from buying bad seed, and the failure of a late harvest, they lost half their crops.

About this time that he formed the connection with a lady, afterwards Mrs. Burns. When the effects of intimacy could no longer be concealed, our Poet, in order to screen his partner from the consequences of their union, agreed to make a written acknowledgment of marriage, and then endeavour to push his fortune in a more amiable manner. This was, however, strenuously opposed by his friends; and her father, with whom she was a great favourite, advised her to renounce every idea of such an union. A husband in Jamaica was little better than a unknown man. She was therefore prevailed upon to cancel the contract, and thus render the marriage null and void. When mentioned to Burns, he was in a state bordering on insanity. He offered to stay at home, and provide for his family in the best manner possible; but even this was not sufficient.

When he agreed with a Dr. Douglas to go to Jamaica, as a medical attendant on overseer, and clerk, and made every preparation for the Atlantic; but, previous to his setting off, he was persuaded by the first fruits of his poetical labours, he paid his passage money and purchased a few articles of clothing, &c. His ship was already on the way to Greenock, when a letter arrived in Edinburgh, from Blacklock, signifying his approbation of the poems, and assurance that Burns would meet with encouragement in the island. His poems procured him the admiration of all his friends, and his memory lived on beyond the grave.
LIFE OF BURNS.

... Parsons of rank and power were not above taking notice of him: and in a short time the name of Burns was celebrated over all the kingdom. It ought here to be mentioned to his honour, that he had been in Edinburgh only a few months, and was still in the midst of poverty, when he erected a monument in Canon-gate church-yard to the memory of the celebrated but unfortunate poet Ferguson.

In Edinburgh, Burns beheld mankind in a new light. Surrounded on all sides by admirers, his days were spent the company of the great, his evenings in dissipation. To kind of life he led nearly a twelvemonth, when his friar suggested to him the necessity of seeking a permanent establishment.

Having settled accounts with his publisher in February 1788, Burns became master of nearly £500. With this, he returned to Ayrshire, where he found his brother Gi struggling to support their aged mother, a younger brother, and three sisters in the farm of Mossgiel. He immediately advanced £200 to their relief. With the remainder, what further profits might accrue to him from his writing, Burn seriously resolved to settle for life, and resume occupation of agriculture.

Mr. Miller, of Dalswinton, offered him the choice of the farm on his estate at his own terms. Burns readily accepted this generous offer. He took with him two friends, the land, and fixed on the farm of Ellisland, about ten miles above Dumfries, on the banks of the river Nith, where he entered at Whitsunday, 1789.

Preceding this period, however, he had been recommended to the Board of Excise, by Mr. Graham, and had his name enrolled among the list of candidates for the humble office of an exciseman. Expecting the would appoint him to act in the district where he was situated, he began assiduously to qualify himself for proper exercise of the employment, in the fe
LIFE OF BURNS.

sitting with success the labours of the farmer with the
of his new profession.

tooner had he arranged the plan of his future pur-
han his whole thoughts were bent towards the object
ever been nearest and dearest to his heart. Her
now endeavoured to promote their union with
al than they had formerly opposed it; and they were
ately united by a regular marriage, thus legalizing
ion, and rendering it permanent for life.

tame naturally drew upon him the attention of his
ours, and he soon formed a general acquaintance in
strict in which he lived. Their social parties, how-
so often seduced him from his rustic labours and his
are, overthrew the unsteady fabric of his resolutions,
flamed those propensities which temperance might
aken, and prudence ultimately suppressed. It was
therefore, before Burns began to view his farm
like and despondence, if not with disgust.

tunately he had for several years looked to an office
excise as a certain means of livelihood, should his
spectations fail. As has already been mentioned, he
recommended to the Board of Excise, and had
the instructions necessary for such a situation. He
plied to be employed; and, by the interest of Mr.
1, of Fintra, was appointed to be excise-man, or, as it
ly called, gauger, of the district in which he lived.
ties of this disagreeable situation, besides exposing
umberless temptations, occupied that part of his
ich ought to have been bestowed in cultivating his
which, after this, was in a great measure abandoned.
nts. It is easy to conjecture the consequences,
tanding the moderation of the rent, and the prudent
ment of Mrs. Burns, he found it convenient, if not
ly, to resign his farm into the hands of Mr. Miller,
vung possessed it for the space of three years and a
The stock and crop being afterwards sold by public


sudden, he removed, with his family, to a small house in Dumfries about the end of the year 1791, to devote himself to an employment which seemed from the first to afford but little hopes of future happiness.

He resided four years at Dumfries. During this time he had hoped for promotion in the Excise; but an event occurred which at least delayed its fulfilment. The events of the French revolution were commented on by him in a manner very different from what might have been expected from an officer under government. Information of this was given to the Board of Excise. A superior officer in that department was authorized to enquire into his conduct. Burns defended himself in a letter addressed to one of the Board, written with great independence of spirit, and with more than his accustomed eloquence. The officer appointed to enquire into his conduct gave a favourable report. His steady friend, Mr. Graham, of Fintra, interposed his good offices in his behalf; and he was suffered to retain his situation, but was given to understand that his promotion was deferred, and must depend upon his future behaviour.

In the month of June, 1796, he removed to Brown, in Annandale, about ten miles from Dumfries, to try the effect of sea-bathing; a remedy that at first, he imagined, relieved rheumatic pains in his limbs, with which he had been afflicted for some months; but this was immediately followed by a new attack of fever. When brought back to his own house in Dumfries, on the 18th of July, he was no longer able to stand upright. The fever increased, attended with delirium and debility, and on the 21st he expired, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. He left a widow and four sons. The ceremonial of his interment was accompanied with military honours, not only by the corps of Dumfries volunteers, of which he was a member, but by the Fencibles, Infantry, and a regiment of the Cinque Port Cavalry, then quartered in Dumfries.
DEDICATION.

TO

THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN

OF THE

CALEDONIAN HUNT.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

A Scottish Bard, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his Country's service—where shall he properly look for patronage as to the illustrious names of his native land; those who bear the honours and inherit the virtues of their ancestors? The Poetic Genius of my country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes, and rural pleasures of my native soil, in my native tongue: I tuned my wild, artless notes as she inspired. She whispered me to come to this ancient Metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my Songs under your honoured protection: I now obey her dictates.

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual style of dedication, to thank you for past favours; that path is so
hat from your courage, knowledge, and public
may expect protection, wealth, and liberty. In
place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to
Fountain of Honour, the Monarch of the Universe
welfare and happiness.

When you go forth to waken the Echoes, in ti
and favourite amusement of your forefathers, ma
ever be of your party; and may Social Joy awa
turn: when harassed in courts or camps, with th
of bad men and bad measures, may the honest cor
of injured Worth attend your return to your na
and may Domestic Happiness, with a smiling wek
you at your gates! May Corruption shrink at yo
indignant glance; and may tyranny in the
licentiousness in the people, equally find you an
foe!

. I have the honour to be,

With the sincerest gratitude, and highest

My Lords and Gentlemen,

... and humble Serv.
CONTENTS.

The Twa Dogs, a Tale
Scotch Drink
The Author's Earnest Cry and Prayer
The Holy Fair
Death and Doctor Hornbook
The Brig of Ayr
The Ordination
The Calf
Address to the Deil
The Death and dying words of Poor M'ailie
Poor M'ailie's Elegy
To James Smith, Mauchline
A Dream
The Vision
Address to the unco Gude
Tam Samson's Elegy
Halloween
The Farmer's Salutation to his auld Mare Maggie
To a Mouse
A Winter Night
Epistle to Davie, a Brother Poet
The Lament
Despondency, an Ode
Winter, a Dirge
The Cotter's Saturday Night
Man was made to mourn, a Dirge
A Prayer in the Prospect of Death
Stanzas on the same Occasion
Verses set at a Friend's House
a Haggis

Dedication to Gavin Hamilton, Esq.

a Louse

Address to Edinburgh

Address to J. Lapraik, an old Scottish Bard

the same.

William Simpson, Ochiltree

Address to John Rankin, enclosing some Poems

Written in Friars-Carse Hermitage, on Nithside

To, Sacred to the Memory of Mrs. — of ——

Elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson

Emblem of Mary, Queen of Scots

A Robert Graham, Esq. of Fintra

Monument for James, Earl of Glencairn

To Sir John Whitefoord, with the foregoing Poem

Tam o’Shanter, a Tale

Seeing a wounded Hare limp by me

Address to the Shade of Thomson

In the late Captain Grose’s Perigrinations

To Miss Cruikshanks, a very young Lady

In the Death of John M’Leod, &c.

The humble Petition of Bruar Water

In seeing some Water-Fowl, in Loch Turk

Written in the Inn at Kenmore, Taymouth

Written at the Hall of Evers, near Loch-Ness
CONTENTS.

PAGE.

Of Woman ........................................... 303
spoken by Miss Fontenelle .......................... 306
A Young Lady ....................................... 308
dressed to a Lady ................................... 1b.
o Mr. William Tytler ................................ 209
Tiemon on receiving a Newspaper .................. 210
Pastoral Poetry ...................................... 212
New Year's Day ...................................... 213
In the late Mr. William Smellie .................. 215
Inscription for an Altar to Independence ....... 1b.
of a Mandate ......................................... 216
Young Lady ........................................... 218
The, with a Present of Porter ...................... 1b.
dressed to Mr. Mitchell ............................ 219
Gentleman whom he had offended .................. 220
Life ..................................................... 1b.
o the Tooth-ache .................................... 222
Hie's Prayer .......................................... 223
n Holy Willie ......................................... 226
A Alarm ............................................... 227
John Goudie, Kilmarnock ............................ 229
Herds ................................................... 231
Juniper, on Sensibility ............................. 234
aring a Thrush, ...................................... 235
midwife of Wauchope House ......................... 236
ken ...................................................... 238
o an Illegitimate Child .............................. 239
If a Mother for the Death of her Son ............ 242
the Death of Robert Riddel, Esq. .................. 243
aeth of Sir James Hunter Blair .................... 244
J——a T——t, of Gl—ne—r ........................... 245
Young Lady .......................................... 248
sent to an old Sweetheart, then married ......... 249
ce——The Invitation .................................. 249
Witten in a Lady's Pocket Book .................... 1b.
Miss J. Scott of Ayr. ................................ 1b.

EPITAPHS, EPIGRAMS, &c.

brated Ruling Elder ................................. 250
y Polemic ............................................. 1b.
Johnny ............................................... 1b.
SONGS AND BALLADS.

The Jolly Beggars
The Rigs o' Barley
Now Westlin Winds
Behind yon Hills where Lugar flows
Green grow the Rashes
Again Rejoicing Nature sees
The gloomy Night is gathering fast
From thee, Eliza, I must go
The Farewell
No Churchman am I
Highland Mary
Auld Rob Morris
Duncan Gray
Gala Water
The Soldier's Return
Meg o' the Mill
...didst thou glide...
CONTENTS.

"O' sweet Myrtle.............................................................................. 296
My ain Lassie.................................................................................. 297
Ad.—Last May a braw woer............................................................. 298
We wi' a Tocher.............................................................................. 299
Th to an' I lo'e dear......................................................................... 300
'Aberfeldy....................................................................................... 301
Re.................................................................................................. 302
Mark how green the groves........................................................... ib.
San.—Of a' the airts the wind can blaw....................................... 303
D a Peck o' Maut............................................................................ 304
Young Lassie do wi' an auld man?................................................. 305
Id twenty, Tam.............................................................................. 307
'D Doon........................................................................................... ib.
A Willie had..................................................................................... 308
T my Dearie?.................................................................................. 309
D faws............................................................................................. ib.
A's in you Town.............................................................................. 310
Rose................................................................................................. 311
Th.................................................................................................... 312
An ancient Jacobite Song.............................................................. 313
Heaven............................................................................................. ib.
................................................................. 314
Ty.................................................................................................... 315
M..................................................................................................... 316
Been on yon hill.............................................................................. 317
................................................................. 318
Seen the day................................................................................... 320
At me ever, Jamie........................................................................... 321
................................................................. 322
Aband, cease your strife.................................................................. ib.
And dreary is the night............................................................... 324
Harming month of May............................................................... ib.
I' little, and cantie wi' mair......................................................... 325
Save me thus, my Katy?............................................................... 326
Awa................................................................................................. ib.
R bonnie blue ee was my ruin...................................................... 327
I on Devon banks........................................................................... 328
Highland Rover............................................................................ ib.
Angry Winter's Storms.................................................................. 329
'Ballochmyle.................................................................................. ib.
My Stream that winding flows.................................................... 330
Clarinda

Craigie-burn

Isabella.—Raving Winds around her

The Whistle.—I sing of a Whistle.

GLOSSARY
POEMS,
CHIEFLY SCOTTISH.

THE TWA DOGS.
A TALE.

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' Auld King Coil,
Upon a bonnie day in June,
When wearin' through the afternoon,
Twa dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
Fogather'd ane upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him Caesar,
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 lockit, letter'd, braw brass collar,
Shew'd him the gentleman and scholar;
But though he was o' high degree,
The flent a pride, nae pride had he;
But wad hae spent an hour caressin
Wi' ony tinkler gipsy's messin:
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nae tawted tyke, though e'er sae duddie,
But he wad stant'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,
Aye gay him friends in ilka place.
His breast was white, his towzie back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
His gawzie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung o'er his hurries wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ithe
And unco pack and thick thegither;
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and snof
While mice and moudieworts they he
While scour'd awa in lang excursion,
And worried ither in diversion;
Until wi' daffin weary grown,
Upon a knowe they sat them down,
And there began a lang digression,
About the lords of the creation.

CAESAR.

I've aften wonder'd, honest Luath,
What sort o' life poor dogs like you.
When the gentry's life I saw,
As lang's my tail, whare, through the stocks,  
The yellow-letter'd Gospels books.

Frace morn to c'en it's nought but toaling,  
At bakting, roasting, frying, bolling;  
And though the gentry first are stocks,  
Yet c'en the jea' folk fill their pechan  
W' sauce, ragouts, and sic like stewties,  
That's little aht o' downright wasterie,  
Our whippin's, was blastit weemen,  
Poor worthless elf; it casts a dinner  
Better than any tenant man,  
His Honour has in a' the han';  
And what poor cot-folk pit their palach in,  
I own it's past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Caesar, whiles they're fash't enough;  
A cottar howkin in a sheugh,  
W' dirty stanes biggin a dyke,  
Baring a quarry, and sic like;  
Himsel', a wife, he thus sustains,  
A smytrie o' wee daddy weans,  
And nought but his ban' darg to keep  
Them right and tight in thack and rape.

And when they meet wi' sair disasters,  
Like los' o' health, or want of masters,  
Ye maist wed think, a wee touch langer  
And they maun starve o' coud and hanger;  
But how it comes I never kend yet,  
They're maestly wonderfu' contented;  
And buldery chiels, and clever hizzles,  
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

C.E.S.A.R.

But then, to see how ye're neglockit,  
How buff'd, and suff'd, and disrespeckit,
BURNS' POEMS.

L—d man! our gentry care sae little
For delvers, ditchers, and sic cattle;
They gang as saucy by poor folk,
As I wad by a stinking brock.

I've noticed, on our Laird's court-day
And mony a time my heart's been wae,
Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
How they mon thole a factor's smash;
He'll stamp and threaten, curse and swear,
He'll apprehend them, point their gear;
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble
And bear it a' and fear and tremble!
I see how folk live that hae riches;
But surely poor folk maun be wretches.

LUATH.

They're nae sae wretched's aine wad think;
Though constantly on poorth's brink:
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
The view o'g'ies them little fright.

Then chance and fortune are sae guided,
They're aye in less or mair provided;
And though fatigued wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their gruasie weans and faithfe' wives;
The prattling things are just their pride,
That sweetens a' their fire-side.

And whiles twalpenny 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,
Wi' kindling fury in their breasts;
Or tell what new taxation's comin,
And terlie at the folk in Low'rin.
BURNS’ POEMS.

As bleak-faced Hallowmas returns,
They get the jovial, rantin kirns,
When rural life o’ every station,
Unite in common recreation;
Love blinks, Wit slaps, and social Mirth
Forget there’s Care upo’ the earth.

That merry day the year begins
They bar the door on frosty win’s;
The nappy reeks wi’ mantling ream,
And sheds a heart-inspiring stream;
The lunting pipe, and sneezing mill,
Are handed round wi’ right gude-will;
The canty auld folk cracking crouse,
The young anes ranting through the house.
My heart has been sake sain 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 often playd.
There’s mony a creditable stock
O’ decent, honest-fassont folk,
Are riven out baith root and branch,
Some rascal’s pridesfu’ greed to quench,
Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
In favour wil’ some gentle master,
Wha, aiblins, thrang a-parliamentin,
For Britain’s gude his saul indentin.

CAESAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it;
For Britain’s gude! gude faith I doubt it
Say rather, gaun, as Premiers lead him,
And saying ay or no’s they bid him!
At operas and plays parading,
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading.
Or maybe, in a frolic daft,
To Hague or Calais take a waft,
BURNS’ POEMS.

To mak a tour and tak a whirl,
To learn bon ton, and see the warl.*

There, at Vienna, or Versailles,
He rives his father’s auld entails;
Or by Madrid he takes the route,
To thrum guitars and fetcht wi’ nowt;
Or down Italian vista startles,
Wh-re-hunting amang groves o’ myriles;
Then booses drumly German water,
To mak himsel look fair and fatter,
And clear the consequential sorrows,
Love-gifts of carnival signorlas,
For Britain’s gude! for her destruction!
Wi’ dissipation, feud, and faction.

LUATH.

Hech, man! dear sirs! is that the gate
They waste sae monie a braw estate?
Are we sae foughten and harass’d
For gear to gang that gate at last?

O wad they stay aback frae courts,
And please themselves wi’ country sports,
It wad for every ane be better,
The laird, the tenant, and the cottar!
For the frank, rantin, rambling billies,
Fient haet o’ them’ill-hearted fellows,
Except for breaking o’ their timmer,
Or speaking lightly o’ their limmer,
Or shooting o’ a hare or moor-cock,
The ne’er a bit, they’r ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, Maister Cæsar,
Sure great folk’s life’s a life of pleasure!
Nae cauld nor hunger e’er can steer them,
The very thought o’it needna fear them,
CEsar.

L—d, man! were ye but whiles where I am,
The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.

It's true, they needna starve or sweat,
Thro' winter's cauld or simmer's heat;
They've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
And fill auld age wi' grips and granes:
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themselves to vex them,
And aye the less they hae to start them,
In like proportion less will hurt them:
A country fellow at the plough,
His acres till'd, he's right enough;
A country lassie at her wheel;
Her dizzens done, she's unco weil;
But gentlemen, and ladies warst,
Wi' evendown want o' wark are carst.
They loiter, lounging, lank and lazy;
Though de'il ha'et ails them, yet uneasy,
Their days insipid, dull, and tasteless;
Their nights unquiet, lang, and restless;
And e'en their sports, their bails, and races,
There galloping through public places;
There's sic parade, sic pomp and art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.
The men cast out in party matches,
Then souther a' in deep debauches:
Ae night they're mad wi' drink and wh-ring,
Neist day their life is past enduring.
The ladies arm-in-arm, in clusters,
As great and gracious a' as sisters;
But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
They're a' run de'il's and judes thegither.
Whileis, owre the wee bit cup and plaitie,
They sip the scandal-potion pretty;
And darker gloamin brought the night;
The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone,
The kye stood rowtin' i' the loan;
When up they gat and shook their lugs,
Rejoiced they were na men but dogs;
And each took aff his several way,
Resolved to meet some ither day.

---

**SCOTCH DRINK.**

Gie him strong drink until he wink,
That's sinking in despair;
And liquor gude to fire his bile,
That's peast wi' grief and care;

There let him boose, and deep carouse.
Wi' bempers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his loves or debts,
And minds his griefs no more.

*Solomon's Proverbs, 23:3*
BURNS' POEMS.

Or, richly brown, ream owrs the brink,
In glorious sprm,
Inspire me, till I lisp and wink,
To sing thy name!

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

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

Food fills the wame, and keeps us livin;
Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin,
When heavy dragg'd wi' pine and grievin;
But, o'ld 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 saints,
By thee inspired,
When gaping they besiege the tents,
Are doubly fired.

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 spiritual burn in,
And gusty sucker!

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,
And ploughmen gather wi' their gaith,
O rare! to see thee fizz and freath
I' the luggit caup!
The Burnewin* comes on like death
At ev'ry chau.

Nae mercy then for airm or steel;
The brawnlie, bainie, ploughman chiel,
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel
The strong forehammer,
Till block and studdie ring and reel
Wi' dinsome clamour.

When skirlin weanie see the light,
Thou makin' the gossip clutter bright,
How fumblin' caifs their dearies slight;
Wae worth the name!
Nae howdie gets a social night,
Or plack frae them.

* Burnewin—Burn—the—wind—the Blacks
BURNS' POEMS.

When neebores anger at a pleae,
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,
And hardly, in a winter's season,
   E'en spier her price.

Was worth that brandy, burning trash!
Fell source o' mony a pain and brash!
Twins monie a poor, doylt drucken hash
   O hauf 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 deevils like mysel!
   It sets you ill,
Wi' bitter, dearthful wines to mell,
   Of foreign gill.

May gravels round his blather wrench,
And gouts torment them inch by inch,
Wha twists his grumble wi' a glunch
   O' sour disdain,
Out-owre a glass o' whisky-punch.
   Wi' honest men.

O Whisky! soul of plays and pranks!
Accept a Bardie's humble thanks!
Now come grips, and barking hogs
May kill us a';
For loyal Forbes' charter'd boast,
Is ta'en awa!

Thae currst horse-leeches o' th' Ex;
Wha mak the Whisky Stells their
Haud up thy ban', Deil! anse, tw.
There, seize the blin'
An' bake them up in brunstane pie
For poor d—n'd drl

Fortune! if thou'll but gie me still
Hale breek's, a sconce, and Whisk'
And rooth o' rhyme to rave at will
Tak a' the rest,
And deal't about as thy blind skill
Directs thee best.
BURNS' POEMS.

THE AUTHOR'S

EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER

TO THE

SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES IN THE HOUSE OF

COMMONS.

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

Parody on Milion.

Be Irish lords, ye knights and squires,
Tha represent our burghs and shires,
And doucely manage our affairs
In parliament,
O you a simple Poet's prayers
Are humbly sent.

Las! my roupet muse is hearse!
Our Honours' hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,
O see her sitting on her a—
Low i' the dust,
And scriechin' out prosaic verse,
An' like to brust?

Ell them wha hae the chief direction,
Cotland an' me's in great affliction,
'Er sin' they laid that cursed restriction
On Aquavitæ;
N' rouse them up to strong conviction,
An' move their pity.

This was written before the act anent the Scottish Diaries, of session 1786; for which Scotland and the author return their most grateful thanks.
Speak out, and never rash your thumb
Let posts and pensions sink or soom
Wi' them wha grant 'en
If honestly they canna come,
Far better want 'em.

In gatherin votes you were na slack;
Now stand as tightly by your tack;
Ne'er claw your lug, and fidge your ba
And hum and haw;
But raise your arm, and tell your craccl
Before them a'.

Paint Scotland greeting owre her thris
Her mutchkin-stoup as toom's a wisse
And damm'd Exciseman in a bussel,
Seizin a Stell,
Triumphant, crushin't like a mussel,
Or lampit shell.

Then, on the tither hand present her.
Burns' Poem.

To see his poor auld Mither's pot
Thus dung in staves,
An' plunder'd o' her hindmost great
By gallows kuaves?

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

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

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

Dempster, a true-blue Scot I se warren;
Thee, sith-detesteing chaste Kilkerran;*
An' that glib-gabbet Highland baron,
The laird o' Graham;†
An' ane, a chap that's d—n'dauld farran,
Dundas his name.

Erskine, a spunkie Norland billie;
True Campbells, Frederick, an' Ilay;

* Sir Adam Ferguson.
† The present Duke of Montrose.—(1800.)
ingstone, the bauld Sir Willie;
An' mony ither,
uld Demosthenes or Tully
Might own for brithers.

my boys! exert your mettle,
uld Scotland back her kettle;
I'll wad my new plough-pettle,
You'll see't or lang.
ach you, wi' a reekin whittle,
Anither sang.

ile she's been in cank'rous mood,
militia fired her bluid;
they never mair do guid,
Play'd her that pliskie!)
v she's like to rin red-wud
About her whisky.

-d, if ance they pit her till't,
tan petticoat she'll kilt,
k an' pistol at her belt,
She'll tak the streets.
Tell ye guid bluid o' auld Boconnocks,
I'll be his debt twa mashlum bannocks,
An' drink his health in auld Nanse T'innock's*
   Nine times a week,
If he some scheme, like tea and winnocks,
   Wad kindly seek.

Could be some commutation broach,
I'll pledge my aith in gude braid Scotch,
He needna fear their foul reproach,
   Nor erudition,
You mixtie-maxtie, queer-hotch-potch,
   The Coalition.

Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue;
She's just a deevil wi' a rung;
An' if she promised 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 dotty,
   An' kick your place,
Ye'll snap your fingers, poor and heartly,
   Before his face.

God bless your Honours a' your days,
Wi' soups o' kail and brats o' claise,
In spite o' a' the thievish kae
   That haunt St. Jamies'!
Your humble poet sings an' prays
   While Rab his name is.

* A worthy old hostess of the author's in Mauchline, where he sometimes studied politics over a glass of gude auld Scotch Drink.
eyes her free-born, manly eye,
Tak aff their whisky.

at though their Phœbus kinder warms,
itle fragrance blooms and beauty charms!
then wretches range in famished swarms
The scented groves,
bounded forth, dishonour arms
In hungry droves.

heir gun’s a burden on their shouther;
hey downa bide the stink o’ powther;
heir bauldest thought’s a hankering swither
To stan’ or run,
ill skelp—a shot—they’re aff, a’ throwther,
To save their skin.

But bring a Scotsman frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Say, sic is royal George’s will,
And there’s the foe,
But how to kill
Sages their solemn een may speak,
And raise a philosophic reek,
And physically causes seek,
    In clime and 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 time your dram:
Freedom and Whisky gan thegither,
Tak aff your dram!

---

THE HOLY FAIR.*

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

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

* Holy Fair is a common phrase in the West of Scotland for a Sacramental occasion.
As lightsomely I glor'd abroad,
To see a scene so gay,
Three hizzies, early at the road,
Cam skelpin up the way:
Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,
But ane wi' lyart linin';
The third, that gaed a-nee a-back,
Was in the fashion shining,
Fu' gay that day.

The *twa* appear'd like sisters twin,
In feature, form, and claes;
Their visage wither'd, lang, and thin,
And sour as ony slaes;
The *third* cam up, hap-stap-and-looup,
As light as ony lambie,
And wi' a kutchie 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 bonny face,
What's the name ye?"
Quoth I, "Wi' a' my heart, I'll do't:
I'll get my Sunday's sark on,
And meet you on the holy spot;
Faith, we'vee hae fine remarkin!"
Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,
And soon I made me ready;
For roads were clad frae side to side,
Wi' mony a weary body,
In droves that day.

Here farmers gash, in riding graith,
Gaed hoddin by their cottars;
There, swankies young, in braw braid claih,
Are swingin o'er the gutters.
The lasses, skelpin barefit, thrang,
In silks and scarlets glitter;
Wi' sweet milk-cheese in mony a whang,
And furls baked wi' butter,
Fu' crump that day.

When by the plate we set our nose,
Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,
A greedy glowr Black Bonnet throws,
And we maun draw our tippence.
Then in we go to see the show,
On every side they're gatherin,
Some gathering dales, some chairs and stools
And some are busy blethrin
Right loud that day.

Here stands a shed to send the show'rs,
An' screen our countra Gentry,
There racer Jess, an' twa-three wh-res,
Are blinkin at the entry.
Here sits a raw of tittling jades,
Wi' heaving breast and bare neck,
And there a batch o' wabster lads,
Blackguardin frae K——ck
For fun this day.
Thrang winkin on the lasses
    To cha'rs that day.
O happy is that man and blest!
    Nae wonder that it pride him!
Wha's ain dear lass, that he likes best,
    Comes clinkin down beside him.
Wi' arm repos'd on the chair back,
    He sweetly does compose him,
Which by degrees, slips round her neck,
    An's loof upon her bosom,
    Unkenn'd that day.

Now a' the congregation o'er
    In silent expectation;
For M***ie spels the holy door,
    Wi' tidings o' d-mn-t—n.
Should Hornie as in ancient days,
    'Mang sons o' G— present him,
The vera sight o' M***ie's face,
    To's ain net home had sent him
    Wi' fright that day.
BURNS FORMS.

But hark! the tent has changed its voice;
There's peace and rest we langur;
For a' the real judges rise,
They cannot sit for anger.
Geech opens out his could barracks
On practice and on morals;
And all the godly pour in throngs,
To gie the jars and barrels
A lift that day.

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

In gud tyme comes an antidote
Against sic poisoned nostrum;
Possibles, frae the water-fit,
Ascends the holy rostrum:
See, up he's got the word o' G—,
And meek and mim has view'd it,
While Common Sense has ta'en the road,
And aff, and up the Cowgate,
Fast, fast that day.

Wee Messer, nest, the guard relieves,
And Orthodoxy rabies,
Though in his heart he weel believes,
And thinks it auld wife's fables;
But faith! the birkie wants a manse,
So cannily he hums them;

*A street so called which faces the tent in K——.
While thick and thrang, and loud and lang,
Wi' Logic and 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 gies us mair
Than either School or College,
It kindles Wit, it waukens Lear,
It bangs us fu' 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 and lasses, blythely bent
To mind baith soul and body,
Sit round the table weel content,
And steer about the toddy.
On this ane's dress, and that ane's leuk,
BRUNO POEMS.

screwing words, like Highland swords,
ride the joints and marrow;
alik o’ H’l, where devils dwell,
c vera scars does harrow!*
Wi’ fright that day.

*unbottom’d boundless pit,
’d fu’ o’ lowin brunstane,
a ragin flame, and scorchin heat,
d melt the hardest whan-stane!
Anf asleep start up wi’ feear,
I think they hear it roarin,
Presently it does appear,
As but some neighbour snorin
Asleep that day.

I be owre lang a tale to tell
w mony stories past,
how they crowded to the yill,
hen they were a’ dismist;
drink gaed round, in cogs and caups,
ang the furms and benches,
theese and bread, frae women’s laps,
daed about in luches,
An’ dawds that day.

nea a gauncle, gash Gudewife,
I sits down by the fire,
draws her kebbuck and her knife;
lasses they are ahyer.
uld Gudemen, about the grace,
side to side they bother,
mone ane by his bonnet lays,
gies them’t like a tether;
Fu’ lang that day

* Shakespeare’s Hamlet*
Let lasses be admired,
On sic a day.

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

How mony hearts this day converts,
  O' sinners and o' lasses!
Their hearts o' stane, gin night are gan;
  As soft as ony flesh is.
There's some are fou' o' love divine;
  There's some are fou' o' brandy;
An' mony jobs that day begin,
  May end in Houmsgandie
  Same ither day.
Ev'n ministers, they has been kem'd,
In holy rapture,
A rousing whid, at times to vend.
And nait' wi' Scripture.

But this that I am guan to tell,
Which lately on a night befell,
Is just as true's the Dcntl'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 was na fou, but just had plenty;
I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay
'To free the ditches:
And hillocks, stanes, and bushes, kenn'd ay
Frai ghaists and witches.

The rising moon began to glow'r
The distant Cumnock hills out-owre;
To count her horns wi' a' my pow'r
I set mysel;
But whether she had three or four,
I cou'dna 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 put me in an eerie swither;
An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouter,
Clear-dangling hang;
A three-taed leister on the lither
Lay, large and lang.
Its stature seem’d lang Scotch ells twa,
The queerest shape that e’er I saw,  
For sient a wame it had ava!
And then its shanks,
They were as thin, as sharp, as sma
As cheeks o’ branks!

"Gude-een," quo’ I; "Friend! hae ye been
When ither folk are busy sawin?"*  
It seem’d to mak a kind o’ staun,
But naething spak;  
At length, says I, "Friend! whare ye gau
Will ye gae back?"

It spak right howe:—"My name is Death
But be no flay’d."—Quoth I, "Gude faith,
Ye’re may be come to stop my breath;  
But tent me, billie;
I red ye weel, tak care o’ skaiith,
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, and say we’re greet
We’ll ease our shanks and tak a seat,
Come, gie’s your news;
This while ye hae been mony a gate,
At mony a hause."*

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* This renounter happened in seed-time, in
† An epidemical fever was then raging in that c.
BURNS' POEMS.

29

ay!" quo' he, and shook his head,
e'en a lang, lang time indeed
began to nick the thread,
And choke the breath:
maun do something for their bread,
And see maun Death.

thousand years are near hand fled,
was to the butch'ring bred,
nony a scheme in vain's been laid
To stop or scaur me;
ne Hornbook's tain up the trade,
And faith he'll waur me.

ken Jock Hornbook i' the Clachan
nak his king's-hood in a spleuchan!
grown sae weil acquaint wi' Buchan!
And ither chaps,
veans hand out their fingers, laughin
And pouk my hips.

, here's a scythe, and there's a dart,
hae pierced mony a gallant heart:
Doctor Hornbook, wi' his art
And cursed skill,
nade them baith nae worth a f—t,
Damn'd haet they'll kill.

was but yestreen, na farther gane,
sw a noble dart at ane:
ss, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain;
But deil-ma-care,

1 gentleman, Dr. Hornbook, is professionally a brother
overign Order of the Ferula; but, by intuition and
on, is at once an Apothecary, Surgeon, and Physician
man's Domestic Medicine.
Fient haet o' th' wind hae ploot's me
O' 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 tried a quarry
O' hard whin-rock.

"Ev'n them he canna get attended,
Although their face he ne'er had kena'd it
Tust —— in a kail-blade and send it;
As soon's he smells't,
Baith their disease, and what will mend?
At ance he teli'st.

"And then o' doctor's saws and whistles
Of a' dimensions, shapes, and mettles,
A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, and bottles,
He's sure to hae:
First he mettles
"Forbye some new uncommon weapons,
Urinus spiritus o' capons:
Or mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
Distill'd per æ;
Sal-alkali o' midge-tail clippings,
And monie mae."

"Waes me for Johnny God's Hole¹ now,"
Quoth I, "if that the news be true!
His braw calf-ward, whare gowans grew
Sae white and bonny,
Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plough:
They'll ruin Johnny!"

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

"Where I kill'd ane a fair strae death,
By less o' bluid, or want o' breath,
This night I'm free to tak my aith,
That Hornbook's skill,
Has clad a score i' their last clath,
By drap and pill.

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

* The grave-digger.
"A bonny lass, ye ken, a hearth maid,
Some ill-brewn drink had bowered her want.
She trusts hersel', to hide the shame,
In Hornbook's care;

Horn sent her aff to her lang hame,
To hide it there.

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

"But, hark! I'll tell you of a plot,
Tho' dinna ye be speaking o'it;
I'll nail the self-conceited Scot
As dead's a herrin:
Niest time we meet, I wad a groat,
He gets his fairin!"
THE BRIGS OF AYR:

A POEM.

Inscribed to J. BALLANTYNE, Esq. Ayr.

BURNS’ POEMS.

simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
ing his tuneful trade from every bough;
chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
ing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush,
scaring lark, the perching redbreast shrill,
crop-ton’d plovers, gray, wild whistling o’er the hill;
I he, nur’d in the Peasant’s lowly shed,
ardy Independence bravely bred,
early Poverty to hardship steel’d,
train’d to arms in stern Misfortune’s field,
he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes?
about hard the panegyric close,
all the venal soul of dedicating Prose?
though his artless strains he rudely sings,
throws his hand uncouthly o’er the strings,
glows with all the spirit of the Bard,
be, honest Fame, his great, his dear reward.
if some Patron’s gen’rous care he trace,
I’d in the secret, to bestow with grace;
Ballantyne befriends his humble name,
hand the rustic stranger up to fame,
heart-felt throes his grateful bosom swells
godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

as when the stacks get on their winter hap,
thick and rape secure the toil-worn crop;
ato-bings are snugged up frae skuith
coming Winter’s biting frosty breath;

D
theirs summer toils,
flow'rs, delicious spoils,
are in massive waxen piles,
at tyrant o'er the weak,
 poor'd wi' brimstone reek:
've heard on evey side,
eeling, scatter wide;
est, bound by Nature's tie,
1, in one carnage lie:
mart, but inly bleeds,
avage, ruthless deeds!)
tield or meadow springs;
h airy concert rings,
bin's whistling glee,
some bit haul-lang tree;
de the sunny days,
le spreads the noontide blaze
ner waves wanton in the rays.
th'en a simple Bard,
aplicity's reward,
icient brugh o' Ayr,
aply prest wi' care,
BURNS’ POEMS.

The chilly frost beneath the silver beam,
Crept, gently-crusting, o’er the glittering stream.

When lo! on either hand the list’ning Bard,
The clanging rush of whistling winds he heard
Two dusky forms dart thro’ the midnight air,
Swift as the Goss* drives on the wheeling hare
Ane on the Auld Brig his airy shape uprears,
The ithers flutters o’er the rising piers.
Our warlike Rhymer instantly descried
The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside
(That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
And ken the lingo o’ the spiritual folk:
Fays, Spunkles, Kelpies, a’ they can explain th’
And ev’n the very deils they bravely ken them.
Auld Brig appear’d of ancient Pictish race,
The very wrinkles Gothic in his face;
He seem’d as he w’ Time had warld’d lang,
Yet, toughly doure, he bade an unco hang.
New Brig was buskit in a braw new coat,
That he, at Loud’rn, frae ane Adams got;
In’s hand five taper staves as smooth’s a bead,
W’’ virils and whirlygigums at the head.
The Goth was stauking round w’ anxious sean,
Spying the time-worn flaws in every arch;
It chanc’d his new come neighbour took his ee,
And e’en a vex’d and angry heart had he;
W’ thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
He, down the water, gies him this gude-e’en—

AULD BRIG.

I doubt na, frien’, ye’ll think ye’re nae sheep-sal
Ance ye were streekit o’er frae bank to bank,
But gin ye be a brig as auld as me,
Tho’ faith, that day, I doubt, ye’ll never see;

* The Goss-hawk, or Falcon.
There'll be, if that day come, I'll wad a boddle,
Some fewer whigmeeleries 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 o' a street,
Where twa wheelbarrows tremble when they meet,
Your ruin'd, formless bulk, o' stane and lime,
Compare wi' bonny Brigs o' modern time?
There's men o' taste wad tak the Ducat stream
Tho' they should cast the very sark and swim,
Ere they wad grate their feelings wi' the view
O' sic an ugly Gothic bulk as you.

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gawk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
This mony a year I've stood the flood and tide;
And tho' 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,
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 Coa
Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil,
Or where the Greenock winds his moorland course,
Or haunted Garvel draws his feeble source,
Arous'd by blust'ring winds and spotting thowes,
In mony a torrent down the snae-broo rowes;
While crushing ice, born on the roaring speat,
Sweeps dams, and mills, and brigs, a' to the gate;

* A noted ford, just above the Auld Brig.
† The banks of Garvel Water is one of the few places in the West of Scotland, where those fancy-scaring beings, known by the name of Ghaisle, still continue pertinacious to inhabit.
And from Glenbuchet down to the Rotten-key,
Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd tumbling sea;
Then down ye'll hurl—de'il nor ye never rise!
And dash the jumlie soups up to the pouring skies.
A lesson, sadly teaching, to your cost,
That Architecture's noble art is lost.

NEW BRIG.

Fine Architecture, trowth, I needs must say 't o' t!
The L—d bethankit that we've tint the gate o' t'
Gaunt, ghastly, ghastil-alluring edifices,
Hanging, with threat'ning jut, like precipices;
O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
Supporting roofs fantastic, stony groves;
Windows and doors in nameless sculpture drest;
With order, symmetry, or taste unbrest;
Forms, like some bedlam-statuary's dream,
The craz'd creations of misguided whim;
Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
And still the second dread command be free,
Their likeness is not found on earth, in air or sea;
Mansions that would disgrace the building taste
Of any mason, reptile, bird, or beast;
Fit only for a doited monkish race,
Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace;
Or caifs of latter times, wha held the notion
That sullen gloom was sterling true devotion;
Fancies that our good Brugh denies protection,
And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection!

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear-remember'd ancient yealings,
Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings!

* The source of the river Ayr.
† A small landing-place above the large key.
Ye worthy Proverbs and mony a Buttie,
Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil aye:
Ye dainty Deacons, and ye douce Conveneris,
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 smiters;
(And what wad now be strange) ye godly Writers!
A' ye douce folk I've born aboon the broo,
Were ye but here, what wad 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 degenerate race!
Nae langer Rev'rend Men, their country's glory,
In plain braid Scots haud forth a plain braid story!
Nae langer thifty Citizens, and douce,
Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house;
But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless Gentry,
The herriment and ruin of the country:
Men, three-parts made by tailors and by barbers,
Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d—d new B
and Harbours!

NEW BRIG.
Now hau'd you there! for faith ye've said enow,
And muckle mair than ye can mak to through,
As for your priesthood, I shall say but little,
Corbies and Clergy are a shot right kittle:
But, under favour o' your langer beard,
Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd;
To liken them to your auld-warl' squad,
I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
In Ayr, Wag-wits nae mair can hae a handle
To mouth 'a Citizen,' a term o' scandal:
Nae mair the Council waddles down the stre
In a' the pomp of ignorant conceit;
Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' r
Or gather'd liberal views in bonds and seisin
can tell; but all before their sight,
'train appear'd in order bright:
the glittering stream they fealty danc'd
to the moon their various dresses glanc'd:
noted o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
'tant ice scarce bent beneath their feet;
sarts of minstrelsly among them rung,
ut-ennobling Bards heroic ditties sung.
Mr. Lauchlan,* thairm-inspiring Sage,
here to hear this heavenly band engage,
through his dear Strathspeys they bore with
Highland rage,
they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
ver's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares;
would his Highland bug been nobler fir'd,
'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd!
so could tell what instrument appear'd,
the soul of Music's self was heard;
rious concert rung in every part,
simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.
Then crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural
And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye:
All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,
Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding:
Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary
By Hospitality with cloudless brow.
Next follow'd Courage with his martial stri
From where the Faæl wild-woody coverts his
Benevolence, with mild benignant air,
A female form, came from the tow'rs of Sta:
Learning and Worth in equal measures trode
From simple Catrine, their long-lov'd abode:
Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a haze
To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
The broken iron instruments of death;
At sight of whom our Sprites forgot their
BURNS' POEMS.

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

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

Come, let a proper text be read,  
And touch it aff with vigour,  
How graceless Ham† leugh at his dad,  
Which made Canaan a Niger;  
Or Phineas‡ drove the murdering blade,  
Wi' wh-re-abhorring rigour;  
Or Zipporah§, the scalding jade,  
Was like a bluidy tiger  
1' th' inn that day.

There, try his mettle on the creed,  
And bind him down wi' caution.

---

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

† Genesis, ix. ‡ Numbers, xxiv. § Exodus, iv.
Now auld Kilmarnock cock thy te
And toss thy horns fu' scanty;
Nae mair thou'lt rowt out-owre th
Because thy pasture's scanty;
For lapfu's large o' gospel kail
Shall find thy crib in plenty,
And runts o' grace, the pick and w
No gien by way o' dainty,
But ilka day.

Nae mair by Babel's streams we'll
To think upon our Zion:
And hing our fiddles up to sleep,
Like baby-clouts a-drying;
Come, screw the pegs wi' tuneful:
And o'er the thairms be trying;
Oh, rare! to see our elbucks whee
And a' like lamb-tails flyin
Fu' fast this day
Burns' Poems.

Now, Robinson, hurangue nae mair,
But steek your gab for ever;
Or try the wicked town o' Ayr,
For there they'll think you clever;
Or, nae reflection on yourlear,
You may commence a Shaver;
Or to the Netherton repair,
An turn a carpet weaver
   Aff-hand this day.

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

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

But there's Morality himsel'
Embracing a' opinions;
Hear, how he gies the tither yell,
   Between his twa companions;
See how she peels the skin and fell,
   As ane were peeling onions!
Now there—they're packed aff to hell
   And banish'd our dominions,
   Henceforth this day.
O happy day! rejoice, rejoice!
Come house 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 hoyse,
And cow 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.

---

THE CALF.

TO THE REV. MR. ——.

On his Text, Malachi, chap. iv. ver. 2—"And they 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 yourself just now,
God knows, an unco Calf!

* New Lights is a cant phrase in the West of Scotland, those religious opinions which Dr. Taylor, of Norwich, defended so strenuously.
BURKE'S POEMS.

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 every heavenly Power,
You e'er should be a Slut?

Tho' when some kind, connubial dear,
Your but-and-ben adorns,
The like has been, that you may wear
A noble head o' horns!

And in your lug, most reverend James,
To hear you roar and rowt,
Few men of sense will doubt your claims
To rank among the Nouitè!

And when your 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 pow'rs,
That led the embattled seraphim to war.
Milton.

Oh Thou, whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Whe in yon cavern grim and sootie,
Clos'd under hatches.
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,  
To scaud poor wretcl

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

Great is thy pow'r, and great thy fa  
Far kend and noted is thy name;  
And tho' yon lowan heugh's thy han  
Thou travels fur;
  
And faith, thou's neither lag nor lan  
Nor blate nor scaur.

Whyles, rangin like a roarin lion,  
For prey, a' holes and corners tryin;  
Whyles, on the strong-wing'd tempë  
Tirling the kirks;

Whyles, in the human bosom pryin,  
Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my rey' rend *Grannie* say  
In lanely glens ye like to stray,  
Or where auld-ruin'd castles, gray,  
Nor to the moon,

Ye fright the nightly wand'er's way  
Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my *Grannie* sun  
To say her pray'rs, donce, honest we  
Aft yont the dyke she's heard you b  
Wi' eerie drone!

Or, rustlin, thro' the boortrees comin  
Wi' heavy groan!
Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
The stars shot down wi' skelentin light,
Wi' you, mysel, I got a fright,
 Ayont the loch;
Ye, like a rash-bush, stood in sight;
Wi' waving sigh.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
Each bristled hair stood like a stake,
When wi' an eldrich stoor, quaik—quaick—
Amonst the springs
Away ye squatter'd, like a drake,
On whistling wings.

Let warlock's grim, and wither'd hags,
Tell how wi' you, on ragweed nags,
They skim the muirs and dizzy crags
Wi' wicked speed,
And in kirkyards renew their leagues,
Owre howkit dead.

Thence countra wives, wi' toil and pain,
May plunge and plunge the kirk in vain;
For, oh! the yellow treasure's taen
By witchin skill;
And dawttil, twal-pint Hawkie's gaen
As yell's the Bill.

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

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
And float the jinglin icy boord,
The bleezin, curst, mischievous wind
Delude his eyes.
Till in some miry slough he sunk
Ne'er mair to rise.

When Mason's mystic word and
In storms and tempests raise ye:
Some cock or cat your rage shall
Or, strange to it.
The youngest Brither ye wad whin
Aff straight to it.

Lang syne, in Eden's bonny yard
When youthfu' lovers first were
And a' the soul of love they shaw
The raptur'd he.
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry sty
In shady bow'rs

Then you, ye auld sneck-drawin
Ye cam to Paradise incog.
And skelented on the man of Uz
Your spiteful' joke?

And how ye gat him i' your thrall,
And brak him out o' house and hall
While scabs and blotches did him gall,
'Wi' bitter claw,
And lowed his ill-tongued wicked scawl,
Was warst ava'.

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

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

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

* Vide Milton, Book VI.
THE DEATH AND DYING WO
POOR MAILIE.

An unco mournfu' Tale.

As Mailie and her lambs, thegither,
Were ane day nibbling on the tether
Upon the clout she coost a hitch,
And owre she wassled in the ditch
There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
Riht as her heart and bowels. 
"Tell him, he was a Master kin,  
And aye was gude to me and mine;  
And now my dying charge I gie him,  
My helpless lambs I trust them wi' him,

"O, bid him save their harmless lives,  
Frae dogs, and tods, and butcher's knives!  
But gie them gude cow-milk their fill,  
Till they be fit to fend themsel:  
And tent them duly, e'en and morn,  
Wi' teats o' hay and rips o' corn.

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

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

"And neist my youwie, silly thing,  
Gude keep thee frae a tether string!  
O, may thou ne'er forgather up  
Wi' ony blastit, moorland toop!  
But aye keep mind to moop and mell  
Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel.  

"And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath,  
I leave my blessin wi' you baith;  
And when you think upon your mither,  
Mind to be kind to ane anither,
This sad, poor woe... And clos'd her een among the dead.

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,
Wi' saut tears trickling down your n
Our bardie's fate is at a close,
Past a' remeal;
The last sad cape-stane of his woes:
Poor Mailie's dead!

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

Then a' the town she trotted by h...
burns' poems.

randers up the bowe,
; image, in her yewe,
ating to him, owre the knowe,
  For bits o' bread;
  n the briny pearls rowe
  For Mailie dead.

nae get o' muirland tips,
ted ket, and hairy hips;
forbears were brought in ships
  Frae yont the Tweed!
tier fleesh ne'er cross'd the clips
  Than Mailie dead.

worth the man who first did shape
vile wanchancie thing—a rape!
ks gude fellows girn and gape
  Wi' chokin dread;
Robin's bonnet wave wi' crape,
  For Mailie dead.

ye bards on bonny Doon!
wha on Ayr your chanters tune!
, join the melancholious croon
  O' Robin's reed!
heart will never get aboon
  His Mailie dead!
I owe thee much.

Dear Smith, the sleest, pawkie thief
That e'er attempted stealth or rief,
You surely has some warlock-breef
Owre human hearts;
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
Against your arts.

For me, I swear by sun and moon,
And every star that blinks aboon,
Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon,
Just gaun to see you,
And every ither pair that's done,
Mair ta'en I'm wi' you

That auld capricious carlin, Nature,
To mak amends for scrimpit stature,
She's turn'd you aff, a human creature
On her first plan.
Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash;  
Some rhyme (vain thought!) for needfu' cash;  
Some rhyme to court the countra clash,  
And 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,  
And 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 sklent,  
To try my fate in gude black prent;  
But still the more I'm that way bent,  
Something cries, "Hooie!  
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 ensur'd their debtors  
A' future ages;  
Now moths deform, in shapeless tatters,  
Their unknown pages."

'Then fareweel hopes o' laurel-boughs,  
To garland my poetic brow;  
Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs  
Are whistling thrang,  
And teach the lonely heights and 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 and hale;
Then top and main top 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 never slaketh.
Like school-boys at th' expected warning,
    To joy and play.

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

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spat,
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 but
    Wi' high disdain.

Wi' steady aim, some Fortune chase;
Keen Hope does every sinew brace;
Thro' fair, thro' 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',
Por wights! nae rules nor roads observin';
To right or left, eternal swervin',
    They zigzag on;
Till curse wi' age, obscure and starvin',
    They aften groan.

Alas! what bitter toll and strainin'—
But truce wi' peevious, poor complainin';
Is Fortune's fickle Luna wanin'?
    E'en let her gang!
Beneath what light she has remainin'
    Let's sing our sang.
One creeping roast to countra is
Till icicles hang frae their beards;
Gie fine braw claes to fine life-guar
And maids of honor
And yill and whisky gie to cairds
Until they scomner.

"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 i'
I'll sit down owre my scanty meal,
Be't water-brose or muslin-bail,
Wi' cheerfu' face,
As lang's the Muses dinna fail
To say the grace."
BURNS' POEMS.

ard wi' you—O fool! fool! fool!
   How much unlike!
hearts are just a standing pool,
   Your lives a dyke!

arebrain'd sentimental traces
or unletter'd nameless faces
  toso trills and graces,
   Ye never stray,
gravissimo, solemn basses,
   Ye hum away.

'Ye sae grave, nae doubt ye're wise,
  ferly tho' ye do despise
airum-sairum, ram-stam boys,
   The rattling squad;
you upward cast your eyes—
   Ye ken the road.—

st I—but I shall haud me there—
you'll scarce gang any where—
, Jamie, I shall say nae mair,
   But quat my sang,
ent, with you to mak a pair,
   Whare'er I gang.
A DREAM.

Thoughts, words, and deeds, the statute blames;
But surely Dreams were never indited treason.

[On reading in the public papers, the LAUREA with the other PARADE of June 4, 1786 the no sooner dropt asleep, than he imagined his ported to the Birth-day Levee; and in his drea made the following Address.]

GOOD-MORNING to your Majesty,
May Heav'n augment your blisses,
Sae, nae reflection on your grace,
Your kingship to bespatter;
There's mony waur been o' the race,
And aiblins ane been better
  Than you this day.

'Tis very true my sov'reign king,
My skill may weel be doubted;
But faets are chieis that winna ding,
And downa be disputed;
Your royal nest, beneath your wing,
Is e'en right left and clouted,
And now the third part o' the string,
And 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 their station
  Than courts yon day.

And now ye've given auld Britain peace,
Her broken shins to plaster;
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,
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,
(And Will's a true gude fallow's get,
    A name not envy spairges),
That he intends to pay your debt.
    And lessen a' your charges;
But, G-d sake! let nac saving fit
Abridge your bonny barges
    And boats this day.

Adieu, my Liege! may freedom gerk
    Beneath your high protection:
And may ye rax Corruption's neck,
    And 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 and 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 bairstime, Havin' 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 of 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,
    And curse your folly sairly,
That e'er ye brak Diana's pales,
    Or rattled dice wi' Charlie,
    By night or day.
Burns’ Poems.

Yet aft a ragged cowte’s been known
To mak a noble giner;
See ye may doucely fill a throne,
For a’ their clishmaclaver:
There, him⁵ at Agincourt wha shone,
Few better were or braver;
And yet, wi’ funny, queer Sir John,⁺
He was an unco shaver
For mony a day.

For you, right reverend Osanbury,
None sets the lacon-sleeves sweeter
Although a ribband at your lug
Wad been a dress completer!
As ye disown you naughty dog
That bears the keys of Peter,
Then, swith! and get a wife to hug,
Or, troth! ye’ll stain the mitre
Some luckless day.

Young, royal Tarry Brecks, I learn,
Ye’ve lately come athwart her;
A glorious galley,† stem and stern,
Weel rigg’d for Venus’ barter;
But first hang out, that she’ll discern
Your hymeneal charter,
Then heave aboard your grapple-airn,
And, large upo’ her quarter,
Come full that day.

Ye, lastly, bonny blossoms a’,
Qe royal lasses dainty,

* King Henry V.
⁺ Sir John Falstaff. See Shakespeare’s Henry IV.
⁺⁺ Alluding to the newspaper-account of a certain Royal amoureuse amour.
Heav'n mak you gude as weel as bra
And gie you lads a-plenty!
But sneer na British Boys awa
For kings are unco scant aye:
And German gentles are but sma'
They're better just than want aye,
On ony day.

God bless you a'! consider now
Ye're unco muckle dautit;
But ere the course of life be through,
It may be bitter dautit;
And I hae seen their coggie fou,
That yet hae tarrow't at it;
But or the day was done, I trow,
What's the acht, hae the acht it.
And when the day had clos'd his ee,
Far i' the west,
Ben i' the speeze, right pensivelle,
I gaed to rest.

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

A' in this motty, misty clime,
I backward mus'd on wasted time,
How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
And done nae thing,
But stringing blethers up in rhyme,
For fools to sing.

Had I to gude advice but harkit,
I might, by this, hae led a market,
Or struttit 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 heav'd on high my waukit loof,
To swear by a' you starry roof,
Or some rash aith,
That I, henceforth, wad be rhyme-proof
Till my last breath—

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

Ye needna doubt, I held my whisht;
The infant aith, half-form’d, was crusht:
I glow’rd as eerie I’d been dusht
In some wild glen;
When sweet, like modest worth, she blus
And stepped ben.

Green, slender, leaf-clad holly-boughs
Were twisted, gracefu’, round her brow.
I took her for some Scottish Muse,
By that same token;
And come to stop those reckless vows
Wad soon been broken.

A ‘harebrain’d, sentimental trace’
Was strongly marked in her face;
A wildly-witty, rustic grace
Shone full upon her;
Her eye, ev’n turn’d on empty space,
Beam’d keen wi’ honour.

Down flow’d her robe, a tartan sheen,
Till half a leg was scrimpily seen;
And sic a leg! my bonny Jean
Could only peer it;
Sae straught, sae taper, tight, and clean,
Nane else cam near it.

Her mantle large, o’ greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew;
Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, ti
A lustre grand,
And seem’d, to my astonish’d view,
A cell-known land.
rivers in the sea were lost,
mountains to the skies were toss;
tumbling billows marked the coast,
Wi' surging foam;
distant alone Art's lofty boast,
The lordly dome.

**Doom** pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods,
well-fed **Irwine** stately thuds:
hermit **Ayr** staw through his woods.
On to the shore;
nony a lesser torrent scuds,
Wi' seemin roar.

in a sandy valley spread,
scient **borough** rear'd her head;
as in Scottish story read,
She boasts a race,
'r'ry nobler virtue bred,
And polish'd grace.

ately tow'r or palace fair,
sus pendent in the air,
steps of heroes, here and there,
I could discern;
seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare,
Wi' feature stern.

cart did glowing transport feel,
a race's heroic wheel,
brandish round the deep-dyed steel
In sturdy blows:
back recoiling seem'd to reel
Their southron foes.

---

*The Wallaces.*
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.

There, where a scepter'd Pictish shade
Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid,
I mark'd a martial race, pourray'd
    In colours strong;
Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd,
    They strode along.

Through many a wild romantic grove,[¶]
Near many a hermit-fancy'd 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 sirs and sons I saw.

* William Wallace.
† Adam Wallace of Richardton, cousin to the immortal preserver of Scottish independence.
‡ Wallace, Laird of Craigie, who was second in command under Douglas, Earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought 1443. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct and intrepid valor of the gallant Laird of Craigie, who died of his wounds at the action.
§ Collins, King of the Picts, from whom the district of Ky is said to take its name, lies buried, as tradition says, near the family seat of the Montgomerries of Collessfield, where his burial-place is still shown.
[¶] Barakiimhie, the seat of the late Lord Justice Clerk.
¶ Catrine, the seat of the late Doctor, and present Prebend Stewart.
Burns' Poems.

Nature's God and Nature's law
They gave their lore:
All its source and end to draw,
That, to adore.

Done's brave ward* I well could spy,
Seth old Scotia's smiling eye;
Call'd on Fame, low standing by,
To hand him on,
Are many a patriot-name on high,
And hero shone.

Duan Second

Musing deep, astonish'd stare,
W'd the heavenly-seeming fair;
Hisp'ring throb did witness bear
Of kindred sweet,
On with an elder sister's air
She did me greet.

I hail! my own inspired Bard,
Se thy native Muse regard!
Longer mourn thy fate as hard,
Thus poorly low!
Me to give thee such reward
As we bestow.

Now, the great genius of this land
Many a light, aerial band,
All beneath his high command,
Harmoniously,
Arts and arms they understand,
Their labours ply.

* Colonel Fullarton.
"Among swelling nooks 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 yow
Hence Dempster's zeal-inspiring song:
Hence sweet harmonious Beattie sung
His 'Ministrel lays';
Or tore, with nobler ardour stung,
The sceptic's bays.
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 sooth the lab'rer's weary toll
For humble gains,
And make his cottage-scenes beguile
His cares and pains.

"Some, bounded to a district-space,
Explore at large man's infant race,
To mark the embryotic trace
Of rustic Bard!
And careful note each op'ning grace,
A guide and guard.

"Of these am I—Coilla my name;
And this district as mine I claim,
Where once the Campbells, chiefs of fame,
Held ruling pow'r;
I mark'd thy embryo tuneful flame,
Thy natal hour.

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

"I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar;
Or when the north his fleetly store
Drove through the sky,
I saw thee eye the gen’ral mirth
With boundless love.

"When ripen’d fields, and azure skies,
Call’d forth the reapers’ rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their evening joys,
And lonely stalk,
To vent thy bosom’s swelling rise
In pensive walk.

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

"I saw thy pulse’s maddening play,
Wild send thee pleasure’s devious way,
Misledd by fancy’s meteor ray,
By passion driven!"
"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 th' unrivall'd rose,
The lowly daisy sweetly blows;
Though large the forest monarch throws
His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,
Adown the glade.

"Then never murmur nor repine;
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;
And trust me, not Potosi's mine,
Nor king's regard,
Can give a 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;
And polish'd leaves and berries red
Did rustling play;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.
AND NOW MIGHTY IS THE ROYSE,
The Rigid Wise anither:

The cleanest corn that e'er was d
May haes some plies o' caff in;
Sae ne'er a fellow-creature slight;
For random fits o' daffin.

Solo'mon.—Ex.

O YE wha are sae gude yoursel
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've nought to do but mark and !
Your neebour's faults and folly!
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill
Supply'd wi' store o' water,
The heapit happer'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
For saikat Folly's mortals.
Burns' Poems.

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

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

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

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
Tied up in godly laces,
Before you 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 sae temptation.

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

Wha made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each cord, 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 ken na what's resistet.

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TAM SAMSON'S* ELEGY.
Burns' Poems.

And clad her bairns, man wife, and 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 any bead;
Death's gin the Lodge an unco deev.
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 o' 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 saumont sail,
And trouts bedrop'd wi' crimson hale,
And eels, weel kenn'd for souple tail,
And geds for greed,
Since dark in death's fish-creech we wail
Tam Samson's dead!

Rejoice, ye birring pa'tricks a';
Ye cootie muiroocks, crousely craw;
Ye mankins, cock your fuds fu' braw
Withouten dread;
While pointers flew
Frae couples tread,
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 come down like waters
An acre braid!
Now every auld wife, greeting, clatters,
Tam Samson's dead!

Owre monie a weary hag he limpit,
And 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 wonted bottle-swagger,
The mortal trigger.
BURNS’ FORMS.

There low he lies, in lasting rest;
Perhaps upon his mouldering 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 yeon grave,
Three volleys let his mem’ry crave
O’ ponther and lead;
Till Echo answers 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 fants, or may be three,
Yet what remeand?
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, and canter like a filly
Through a’ the streets and neucks o’ Killie,*
Tell every social, honest billie
To cease his grievin;
For yit, unscath’d by death’s gleg gullie,
Tam Samson’s livin’.

* Kilmarnock.
passion or pride.

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.

Gold

Upon that night, when fairies light,
On Cassilis Downants† dance,
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance:
Or for Colean the rout is ta'en,
Beneath the moon’s pale beams;
There, up the Cove,‡ to stray and rove
Among the rocks and streams,
To sport that night,
BURNS' POEMS. 81

Amang the bonny winding banks,
Where Doon rins wimplin clear,
Where Bruce* ance rul’d the martial ranks,
And shook the Carrick spear,
Some merry, friendly contra folks
Together did convene,
To burn their nits, and pou their stocks,
And hand their Halloween,
Fu’ blithe that night.

The lasses feat, and cleanly neat,
Mair braw than when they’re fine;
Their faces blithe, fu’ sweetly kythe,
Hearts leal, and warm, and kin’:
The lads sae trig, wi’ wooer-babs,
Well knotted on their garden,
Some unco blate, and some wi’ gabs,
Gar lasses’ hearts gang startin,
Whyles fast at night.

Then first and foremost, thro’ the kail,
Their stocks† maun a’ be sought ance;
They steek their een, and seize and wale,
For muckle anes, and straught anes.

* The famous family of that name, the ancestors of Robert, the great deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick.
† The first ceremony of Halloween is pulling each a stock, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with ey’s shut, and pull the first they meet with; its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any yird, or earth, stick to the root, that is tocher or fortune; and the taste of the custoc, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the rusts, 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 rusts, the nanes in question.
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
And wander'd thro' the bow-kail,
And pou't, for want o' better shift,
A runt was like a sow-tail,
Sae bow't that night.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,
They roar and cry a' throu'ther;
The very wee things, todlin, rin
Wi' stocks out-owre their shouther;
And gif the custoe'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 staw frae 'mang them a',
To pou their stalks o' corn;*
But Rab slips out, and jinks about
Behind the muckle thorn:
He gippet Nelly hard and fast;
Loud skirled a' the lasses;
But her tap-pickle maist was lost,
When kiutlin i' the fause-houset
Wi' him that night.

The auld guerdie's weil-hordet nits;†
Are round and round divided,

* They go to the barn-yard and pull each several times, a stalk of oats. If the third stall top-pickle, that is the grain at the top of the stall in question will come to the marriage-bed any maid.
† When the corn is in a doubtful state, by bein' or wet, the stack-builder, by means of old timbers, a large apartment in his stack, with an opening which is most exposed to the wind; this he calls house.
‡ Burning the nuts is a favourite charm. The sad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay
And monie lads' and lasses' fates
Are there that night decided:
Some kindle, couthie, side by side,
And burn thegither trimly;
Some start awa' wi' saucy pride,
And jump out-owre the chimlie
Fu' high that night.

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

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

Nell had the fause-house in her min',
She pits herself and Rob in;
In loving breeze they sweetly join,
Till white in asc they're sobbin:
Nell's heart was dancing at the view;
She whisper'd Rob to leak for't:

Are; and accord ngly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the court-
ship will be.
Rob, stowlin's, prie'd her bonny mon,
Fu' cozie in the neak fort,
Unseen that night.

But Merran sat behint their backs,
Her thoughts on Andrew Bell,
She lea'ees them gashin at their cracks,
And slips out by hersel:
She thro' the yard the nearest taks,
And to the kiln she goes then,
And darklin's graipit for the banks,
And in the blue-cloew* throws them,
Right fear't that night

And ay she win't, and aye she swat;
BURNS' POEMS.

She suff'd her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
In wrath she was see vap'rin,
She notic'd na, an axle brunt
Her braw new wors't apron
Out thro' that night.

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

"Ae hairst afore the Sherra-Moor,
I mind't as weel's yestreen,
I was a gilpey then, I'm sure
I was no past fyseten:
The simmer had been cold and wat,
And stuff was unco green;
And ay a rantin kirm we gat,
And just on Halloween
It fell that night.

"Our stibble-rig was Rab Mc'Graen,
A clever sturdy fellow;
He's sin gat Epple Sim wi' wean,
That liv'd in Achmacalla;
He gat hemp-seed,* I mind it weel,
And he made unco light o't;
But mony a day was by himself,
He was sae sairly frighted
That vera that night."

Then up gat sechtin Jamie Fleck,
And he swoo by his conscience,
That he could saw hemp-seed a peck
For it was a' but nonsense:
The auld gudeman raught down the pock,
And out a handfu' gied him;
Syne bade him slip frae 'mang the folk,
Some time when nae ane seed him,
And try't that night.

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

He whistled up Lord Lennox' march,
To keep his courage cheery;
Altho' his hair began to arch,
He was sae fley'd and eerie:

draw after you. Repeat, now and then, "Hem
saw thee, hemp-seed, I saw thee; and him (or he
to be my true-love, come after me and pou thee
over your left shoulder, and you will see the person
in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some tradt:
"Come after me and shaw thee," that is, show t
which case it simply appears. Others omit the h
and say, "Come after me, and harrow thee."
BURNS' POEMS.

Till presently he hears a squeak,
And then a grane an' grumble:
He by his shouter gae a keek,
And tumbled wi' a wintle
Out-owre that night.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
In dreadful despairation!
And young and auld cam rinnin out,
To hear the sad narration;
He swoor 'twas hilchin Jean M'Craw,
Or Crouchie Merran Humphie,
Till stop! she trotted thro' them a':
And wha was it but grumphie
Asteer that night.

Meg fain wad to the barn hae gane
To win three wechts o' naething:
But for to meet the deil her lane,
She put by 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 very night.

* This charm must likewise be performed, unperceived and alone. You go to the barn, and open both doors, taking them off the hinges if possible, for there is danger that the being about to appear may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which, in our country dialect, we call a wecht, and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times: and the third time an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door and out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance or repute marking the employment or station in life.
They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice;
They hecht him some fine braw ane
It chanc'd the stack he fuddon'd thri
Was timmer propt for thrawin':
He taks a swirlie auld moss-oak,
For some black grouseome carlin;
And loot a winze, and drew a stroke,
Till skin in blypes cam haurlin
Aff's nieves that nig

A wanton widow Leezie was,
As cantie as a kittlein;
But, och! that night, amang the shaw
She gat a fearfu' settlin'!
She thro' the whins, and by the cairlm,
And owre the hill gaed scrievin,
Where three lairds' lands met at a bu
To dip her left sark sleeve in,
Was hout that night
Whyles owre the linn the burnie plays,
As thro' the glen it wimpit;
Whyles round a rocky scar it stays,
Whyles in a wiel it dimplit;
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
Whyles cockit underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazel,
Unseen that night.

Amang the brachens, on the brae,
Between her and the moon,
The dell, or else an outer quey,
Gat up and gae a croon;
Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool;
Near lay rock-height she jumpit;
But miss'd a fit, and in the pool
Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,
Wi' a plunge that night.

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
The heggies three* are ranged,
And every time great care is ta'en
To see them duly changed!

---

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.

* Take three dishes; put clean water in one, foul water in
another, and leave the third empty. Blindfold a person,
and lead him to the hearth where the dishes are ranged: he
(or she) dips the left hand: if by chance in the clean water,
the future husband or wife will come to the bar of matrimony
a maid; if in the foul, a widow; if in the empty dish,
it scurries, with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is
repeated three times; and every time the arrangement of
the dishes is altered.
And unco tales, and funny jokes,
Their sports were cheap and cheery
Till butter'd so'ne, wi' fragrant lunt,
Sets a' their gabs a-steenin;
Syne, wi' a social glass o' strut,
They parted aff careerin
Fu' blythe the that night.

THE

AULD FARMER'S

NEW-YEAR MORNING SALUTATION TO
MARE MAGGIE,

On giving her the accustomed Ripp of Corn in
New Year.

A Gude New-Year I wish thee, Ma
Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld hagg!
The thou's howe-backit now, and kno
I've seen the day.
I've seen thee dapp'lt, sleek, and glaizie,
   A bonny gray:
He should been tight that daur't to raise thee
   Ance in a day.

Thou ane was i' the foremost rank,
A filthy buirdly, steve, and swank,
And set weel down a shapely shank
   As e'er tread yird;
And could ha'e flown out-owre a stank
   Like ony bird.

It's now some nine-and-twenty year,
Sin' thou was my guid father's meere,
He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
   And fifty mark:
Though it was sma', 'twas weel-won gear,
   And thou was stark.

When first I gaed to woo my Jenny,
Ye then was trottin wi' your minnie:
Tho' ye was trickie, slev, and funny,
   Ye ne'er was donsie;
But namely tawie, quiet, and cannie,
   And unco sonsie.

That day ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,
When ye buro hame my bonnie bride:
And sweet and gracefu' she did ride,
   'Wi' maiden air!
Kyle-Stewart I could bragged wide,
   For sic a pair.

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hobbie,
And wintle like a saumont-coble,
That day ye was a jinker noble,
   For heels and win'.
Town's bodies ran, and stood
And ca't then

When thou was corn't, and I
We took the road ay like a s
At brooses thou had ne'er a fi
For pith and
But every tail thou pay't the
Whare'er th

The sma' droop-rumpl't hunt
Might aiblins waurt thee for
But sax Scotch miles thou try
And gar't th
Nae whip nor spur, but just a
O' saugh or

Thou was a noble fittie-lan'
As e'er in tug or tow was draw
Aft thee and I, in anght houn
n frosts lay lang, and snaws were deep,
threten'd labour back to keep,
d thy cog a wee bit heap,
Aboon the timmer;
an'd my Maggie wad na sleep
For that, or simmer.

urt or car thou never reestit ;
steyest brae thou wad hae fact it ;
I never lap, and sten't, and breastit,
Then stood to blaw;
just thy step a wee thing hastit,
Thou snoov't awa.

bleugh is now thy bairn-time a' ;
gallant brutes as e'er did draw;
ye sax mae, I've sell't awa,
That thou hast burst :drew me threteen pund and twa,
The very warst.

y a sair daurk we twa hae wrought,
wi' the weary warl' fought!
mony an anxious day, I thought
We wad be beat!
here to crazy age were brought!
Wi' something yet.

think na, my auld trusty servan',
now, perhaps, thou's less deservin,
thy auld days may end in starvin,
For my last fou,
apit stimpard, I'll reserve ane
Laid by for you.

we worn to crazy years thegither ;
I toyte about wi' ane anither ;
Wi' tentie care I'll fit 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

November, 1785.

WER. sleekit. cowrin. tim'rous heastie!
Burns' Poems.

An' bleak December's winds ensuin,'  
Baith smell and keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,  
An' weary winter coming 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 and 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,  
And cranreuch cauld!

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

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me:  
The present only toucheth thee;  
But, och! I backward cast my ee,  
On prospects drear!  
And forward, though I canna see.  
I guess an' fear.
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defer
From seasons such as these?

Shakspere

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

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

List'nin' the doors and winnocks rattle,
I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle,
O' winter war,
And thro' the drift, deep-lairling, spratth
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 wi
And close thy ee?
SUZ'S POEMS.

Ev'n you on mard'ring errands toil'd,
Lose from your savage homes exil'd,
The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-not spoi'ld,
My heart forgets,
While pitiless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats.

Midst Plains, in her midnight reign,
Dark morn'd, view'd the dreary plain,
Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
Rose in my soul,
When on my ear this plaintive strain,
Slow, solemn, stole—

"Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust!
And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost!
Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows!
Not all your rage, as now united, shows
More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
Vengeful malice, unremitting,
Than heav'n's-famin'd Man on brother Man bestows.

See stern Oppression's iron grip,
Or mad Ambition's gory hand,
Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
Woe, want, and murder, o'er a land!
Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,
Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
How pamper'd Luxury, Flatt'ry by her side,
The parasite empoisoning her ear,
With all the servile wretches in the rear,
Looks o'er proud Property extended wide,
And eyes the simple, rustic Hind,
Whose toil upholds the glittering show,
A creature of another kind,
Some coarser substance, unrefin'd,
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 pow'rs you proudly own?
Feeling not a want but well satisfied, keep Nature's friends and for a moment, think, for a moment, how it called me to the dungeon. Cruel Fortune's cruel heart, never to relieve, how could I...
EPISTLE TO DAVIE,*
A BROTHER POET.

January ——.

While winds frae aff Ben-Lomond blaw,
And bar the doors wi' driving snow,
And hing us owre the ingle,
I set me down to pass the time,
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
In hamely westlin jingle.

While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
Ben to the chimla-lug,
I grudge a wee the great folk's gift,
That live sae bien an' snug:
    I tent less, and want less,
    Their roomy fire-side;
    But hanker and canker
    To see their cursed pride.

It's hardly in a body's power
To keep, at times, frae being sour,
To see how things are shar'd;
How best o' chiefs are whyles 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 fler:
    "Mair spier na, nor fear na,"†
    Auld Age ne'er mind a feg;
    The last o't the worst o't,
    Is only for to beg.

* David Sillar, one of the club at Tarbolton, the author of a Volume of Poems in the Scottish dialect.
† Ramsay.
To lie in kilns and barns at e'en
When bane's are craze, and blade is thi
Is, doubtless, great distress!
Yet then content could mak us blest;
Ev'n then sometimes, we'd snatch a ta's
Of truest happiness.
The honest heart that's free frae a'
Intended fraud or guile,
However Fortune kick the ba',
Has ay some cause to smile;
And mind still, you'll find still,
A comfort this nae sma';
Nae mair then, we'll care then,
Nae farther can we fa'.
Ye may be wise, or rich, or great
But never can be blest:
  Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
    Could make us happy lang;
  The heart ay's the part ay
    That makes us right or wrang.

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
Wha drudge and drive through wet and dry,
  Wi' never-ceasing toil;
Think ye, are we less blest than they,
Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
  As hardly worth their while?
Glas! how aft in haughty mood,
God's creatures they oppress!
Or else, neglecting a' that's gude,
They riot in excess!
Belth 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 o' age to youth;
They let us ken oursel;
They make us see the naked truth,
The real guid and ill.
Tho' losses and crosses
  Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae ither where.
But tent me, Davie, ace o' hearts,
(To say aught less wad wrang the cartes
And flat'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 and the frien';
Ye hae your Meg, your dearest part,
And I my darling Jean:
It warms me, it charms me,
To mention but her name:
It heats me, it beets me,
And sets me a' on flame.
BURNS' POEMS.

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

O, how that name inspires my style!
The words come skelpin rank and file,
Amaist before I ken!
The ready measure runs as fine
As Phœbus and the famous Nine
Were glowerin 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.

THE LAMENT,

ON OCCASION BY THE UNFORTUNATE ISSUE OF A FRIEND'S AMOUR.

Alas! how oft does Goodness wound itself!
And sweet Affection prove the spring of wo.

O Thou pale orb, that silent shines,
While care-untroubled mortals sleep!
Thou see'st a wretch that inly pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep.
With wo 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, etc.
Ah! must the agonizing thrill
For ever bar returning peace!
Then who her pangs and pains will sooth,
    Her sorrows share, and make them less!

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

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

And when my nightly couch I try,
  Sore harass'd out with care and grief,
My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
    Keep watchings with the nightly thief:
Or, if I slumber, Fancy, chief,
  Reigns haggard-wild, in sore affright:
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
  Observ'd us, fondly, wand'ring, stray;
The time, unheeded, sped away,
  While Love's luxurious pulse beat high,
Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,
    To mark thy mutual kindling eye.
Oh! scenes in strong remembrance
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 thro’
And hopeless, comfortless, I’ll mourn
A faithless woman’s broken vow.

DESPONDENCY.

AN ODE.

O破碎的心, with a forlorn and with
feet 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.

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

than I, no lonely hermit plac'd,  
Where never human footstep trac'd;  
Less fit to play the part;  
The lucky moment to improve,  
And just to stop, and just to move,  
With self-respecting art;  
But, ah! those pleasures, loves, and joys,  
Which I too keenly taste,  
The Solitary can despise,  
Can want, and yet be blest!  
He needs not, he needs not  
Or human love or hate,  
Whilst I here, must cry here  
At perfidy ingrane!

BURNS' POEMS. 107
Oh! enviable, early days,
When dancing thoughtless pleasure's
To care, to guilt, unknown!
How ill exchang'd for riper times,
To feel the follies or the crimes,
Of others, or my own!
Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport
Like limnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wish!
The losses, the crosses,
That active man engage!
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim-declining age.
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine.

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

---0---

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. AITKEN, ESQ.

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.—Gray.

---0---

My lov'd, my honour'd, much-respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise;
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene:
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways,
What Aitken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween!
EMBER CHILL BLOWS LOUD WI’ ANGRY SUGH;
THE SHORTENING WINTER-DAY IS NEAR A CLOSE;
MIRY BEASTS RETREATING FRAE THE PLEUGH;
THE BLACKENING TRAIN O’ CRAWLS TO THEIR REPOS.
TOIL-WORN COTTER FRAE HIS LABOUR GOES,
HIS NIGHT HIS WEEKLY MOIL IS AT AN END,
RECECTS HIS SPADES, HIS MATTOCKS, AND HIS HOSES,
OPENING THE MORN IN EASE AND REST TO SPEND,
WEARY, O’ER THE MUIR, HIS COURSE DOES HAN BEND.

LENGTH HIS LONELY COT APPEARS IN VIEW,
NEATH THE SHELTER OF AN AGED TREE;
EXPECTANT WEE-THINGS, TOLIIN, STACHER THROUGH MEET THEIR DAD, WI’ FLITCHERIN NOISE AND GAMES HIZ INDE, KLICKIN KERRILIE.
er, wi' her needle and her sheers,
lid claes look amaist as well's the new;
wor mixes a' wi' admonition due.

ter's and their mistress's command
akers a' are warned to obey;
their labours wi' an eydent hand,
orr, though out o' sight, to jauk and play;
be sure to fear the LORD alway!
and your duty duly morn and night!
emption's path ye gang astray,
his counsel and assisting might:
er sought in vain that sought the LORD.

! a rap comes gently to the door,
wha kens the meaning o' the same,
a neebor lad came o'er the moor,
for some errands, and convoy her hame.
mother sees the conscious flame
in Jenny's ee, and flush her cheek;
rt-struck anxious care inquires his name,
Jenny hafflin's is afraid to speak:
'd the mother hears it's nae wild worthless

y welcome Jenny brings him ben:
pan youth; he tuks the mother's eye:
any sees the visit's no ill-ten;
her cracks o' horses, pleughs, and kye.
yper's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
te and faithful', scarce can weel behave;
er wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
naks the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave:
s'd to think her bairn's respectit like the lave.

love! where love like this is found!
stelt raptures! bliss beyond compare.
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 perjur'd arts! dissembling sneeze.
Are honour, virtue, conscience, all ex ill'd
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their youth.
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distress.

But now the supper crowns their simple bounties.
The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia.
The soupe their only Hawkie does afford.
That yont the hallan snugly chows here.
The dame brings forth in complimental mirth.
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd keicht.
And a' he's prest, and a' he ca's it gude.
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was.
BURNS' POEMS.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
Spare, sweet Dunsin's wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name;
Our noble Elgin bees the heav'n-ward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
When par'd wi' these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
As unison hae they wi' our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
How Moses bade eternal warfare wage,
With Amalek's ungracious progeny!
How the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
How 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 Babylon's doom pronounce'd by Heaven's command.

When kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Pope's springs exulting on triumphant wing;
That thus they all shall meet in future days;

* Pope's Windsor Forest.
There ever bask in uncreated rays
   No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
   In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor religion's pride,
   In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
   Devotion's every grace, except the heart.
The Power, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
   The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
   May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul.
And in his book of life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their several way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
   And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request,
That He, who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
   And decks the lily fair in flowery 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 spring
   That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings;
   'An honest man's the noblest work of God';
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
   The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
   Disguising oft the writh of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd!

O, Scotia! my dear, my native soil;
   For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
BURNS' POEMS.

Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, O! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
May however crowns and couronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle.

Tho'! who pour'd the patriotic tide,
That stream'd through Wallace's undaunted heart:
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannous pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!

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 wander'd forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spy'd a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?
Began the reverend sage;
Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage?
Where hundreds labour to surmount
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 their precious hours
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway:
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force gives nature’s is
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,
And sorrows worn.
Thro’ weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

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

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

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

Yet let not this too much my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast:
This partial view of human kind
Is surely not the last.
The poor, oppressed, honest man,
Had never, sure, been born,
The great, the wealthy, rare
From pomp and pleasure torn!
But, oh! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!

A PRAYER

IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH

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

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

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

STANZAS
ON THE SAME OCCASION.

Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene?
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
Ne drops of joy, with draughts of ill between.
Some gleams of sunshine ‘mid renewing storms
Departing pangs my soul alarms?
Or death’s unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
Guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms;
Tremble to approach an angry God,
Justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

If would I say, ‘Forgive my soul offence!’
Pain promise never more to disobey;
Should my Author health again dispense,
Again I might desert fair virtue’s way;
Sin in folly’s path might go astray!
Again exalt the brute, and sink the man;
How should I for heavenly mercy pray,
Who act so counter heavenly mercy’s plan?
Sin so oft have mourn’d, yet to temptation ran.

Thou, great Governor of all below!
If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
My nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
Or still the tumult of the raging sea:
That controlling power assist e’en me,
Those headlong furious passions to confine;
All unfit I feel my pow’rs to be,
To rule their torrent in th’ allowed line:
Aid me with thy help, Omnipotence Divine.
A mode my prayer utter.

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

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
    In manhood's dawning blush;
Bless him, thou God of love and tru
    Up to a parent's wish!

The beauteous seraph sister-band,
    With earnest tears I pray,
Thou know'st the snares on every h
    Guide thou their steps alway!
THE FIRST PSALM.

The man, in life wherever placed,
Hath happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns the guilty lore!

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

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

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

For why? that God the good adore
Hath 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.

O Thou Great Being! what thou art
Surpasses me to know:
Yet sure I am, that known to thee
Are all thy works below.
From ear to ear,
O, free my weary eyes from me-
Or close them fast in death!

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

THE FIRST SIX VERSES OF THE PSALM.

O Thou, the first, the greatest
Of all the human race!
Whose strong right hand has ever
Their stay and dwelling-place

Before the mountains heav’d they
Beneath thy forming hand,
"Thy name will be the same"
appear no more before thy sight
than yesterday that's past.

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

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

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

—o—

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH,
IN APRIL, 1786.

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

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie Lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi' speckled breast,
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east.
The mending now is our gardens ye
High sheltering woods and wa's man
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alone.

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

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

By human pride or cunning driven,
To misery's brink,
Till, wrench'd of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's plowshare drives estate,
Fall 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, wo-delighted train,
The ministers of grief and pain,
A sullen welcome, all!
With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
I see each aimed dart;
For one has cut my dearest tie,
And quivers in my heart,
Then low'ring, and pouring,
The storm no more I dread;
Tho' thickening, and blackening
Round my devoted head.

Aand thou, grim power, by life abhorr'd,
While life a pleasure can afford,
Oh! hear a wretch's prayer!
No more I shrink appall'd afraid;
No court, I beg thy friendly aid,
To close this scene of care!
Enclosed, 

Within thy cold embrace.

---

TO MISS LOGAN,

WITH BEATTIE'S POEMS, AS A NEW-YE

JANUARY 1, 1787.

AGAIN the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driven,
And you though scarce in maiden
Are so much nearer Heaven.

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

Our sex with guile and faithless
Is charged, perhaps, too true!
Dear maid, each lover
Burns' Poems.

Tho' it should serve nae other end
    Than just a kind memento;
But how the subject-theme may gang,
    Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
    Perhaps turn out a sermon.

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

I'll no say men are villains a':
    The real, harden'd wicked,
Wha hae nae check but human law,
    Are to a few restricted:
But, och! mankind are unco weak,
    And little to be trusted;
If self the wavering balance shake,
    It's rarely right adjusted!

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

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

The sacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love
  Luxuriantly indulge it;
But never tempt th' illicit rove,
  Tho' naething should divulge it,
I wave the quantum o' the sin,
  The hazard of concealing:
But och? it hardens a' within,
  And petrifies the feeling.
And Atheist's 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

A' ye wha live by soups o' drink,
A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,
A' ye wha live and never think,
Come, mourn wi' me!

Our *billie's* gi'en us a' a jink,
And ower 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;

17  K
For weel a war thay'll surely
That's owre til

O Fortune, they hae room to
Hadst thou ta'en aff some dr
Wha can do nought but fyke
'Twad been m
But he was gleg as ony wum
That's owre t

Auld, cantie Kyle may weep
And staine them wi' the saut,
'Twill mak her poor auld hew
In flinders fie
He was her laureate mony a
That's owre t

He saw Misfortune's cauld n
Lang mustering up a bitter l
A jillet brak his heart at last
I'll may she b
BURNS’ POEMS.

He ne’er was gi’en to great misguiding,
Yet co‘in his pouches wad nae 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,
And hap him in a cozie bieł;
Ye’ll find him aye a dainty chiel,
And fu’ o’ glee!
He wad na wrang’d the vera deil,
That’s owre the sea.

Farewell, my rhyme-composing billie!
Your native soil was right ill-willie;
But may ye flourish like a lily,
Now bonnie!
I’ll toast ye in my hindmost gillie,
Tho’ owre the sea.

——

TO A HAGGIS.

Fair fa’ your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o’ the pudding race!
Aboon them a’ ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm,
Weel are ye wordy of a grace
As lang’s my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your pin wad help to mend a mill
In time o’ need,
While thro’ your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.
His knife see rustic labour light,
And cut you up wi' ready sleight,
Trenching your gashing entrails bright
Like ony ditch;
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm-reekin', rich.

Then horn for horn they stretch and strive,
Dell tak the hindmost, on they drive,
Till a' their weil-swallow'd kytes, belyve,
And bent like drums;
Then auld gudeman, maist like to rive, -
_Bethankit_ hums.

Is there that o'er his French _ragout_,
Or _ool_ 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 neive c nit;
Thro' bloody flood or field to dash,
O how unft!

But mark the rustic, _haggis-fed_,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his wailie nieve a blade,
He'll mak it whisll;
And legs, and arms, and heads will sned,
Like taps o' thrissle.

Ye powers, wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
And Scotland wants no skinking ware
That jumps in haggis;
But, if ye wish her grateful pray'r,
Gie her a Haggis!

A DEDICATION
TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

Expect me, sir, in this narration,
A shekin', th'rin dedication,
To roose you up, and ca' you guid,
And sprung o' great and noble blame,
Because ye're airmained like His Grace,
Perhaps related to the race;
Then when I'm sir'd—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
May please the great folk for a wamefor;
For me! see laigh I needna bow,
For, Lord be thankit! I can plough!
And when I doona yoke a naïg,
Then, Lord be thankit! I can beg!
See I shall say, and that's nae flatterin',
Its just sic poet, and sic patron.

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

The Patron (sir, ye maun forgie me,
I winna lie, come what will o' me),
On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be,
He's just—nae better than he should be.
As master, landlord, husband, fath
He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for
Nae godly symptom ye can ca' th
It's naething but a milder feature
Of our poor sinfu' corrupt nature:
Ye'll get the best of moral works,
'Mang black Gentooos and pagan T
Or hunters wild on Ponotati,
Wha never heard of orthodoxy.
That he's the poor man's friend in
The gentleman in word and deed,
It's no thro' terror of d-mn-ti-n;
It's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain
Vain is his hope, whose stay and t
In moral mercy, truth, and justice

No—stretch a point to catch a
Above a brother to his book.
Grunt up a solemn lengthen'd groan,
And damn a' parties but your own;
I'll warrant then, ye're na deceiver,
A steady, sturdy, staunch believer.

O ye wha leave the springs o' Calvin,
For gummie dubs o' 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 Rain, with his sweeping besom,
Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him:
While o'er the harp pale Mis'ry moans,
And strikes the ever-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 praying I hae little skill o't;
I'm baith dead-sweer, and wretched ill o't;
But I'll repeat each poor man's pray'r,
That kens or hears about you, sir——
Till Hamiltons, at least a while
Are frae their nuptial labours risen:
Five bonny lasses round their table,
And seven braw fellows, stout and able
To serve their king and country weel,
By word, or pen, or pointed steel!
May health and peace, wi' mutual rays,
Shine on the ev'ning o' his days;
Till his wee curlie John's ier-oe,
When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
The last, sad, mournful rites bestow!

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
Wi' complimentary effusion;
But whilst your wishes and endeavours
Are blest wi' fortune's smiles and favours,
I am, dear sir, with zeal most servent,
Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which Pow'rs above prevent!)
Heav'ned carl, Want,
BURNS’ FORMS.

the tender gushing tear,
I recognize my master dear,
endless, low, we meet thee and her,
air, your hand—my friend and brother.

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TO A LOUSE,

RING ON A LADY’S BONNET AT CHURCH.

where ye gaun, ye crawlin ferlie!
impudence protects you sairly;
a say but ye strut rarely.
Owre gauze and lace;
sith, I fear ye dine but sparely
On sic a place.

ly, creepin, blastit wonner,
red, shunn’d by saunt and sinner,
sfair you set your fit upon her,
Sae fine a lady!
where else and seek your dinner
On some poor body.

in some beggar’s haffet squattle!
ye creep, and sprawl, and sprattle
her kindred jumpin cattle.
In shoals and nations;

horn nor bane ne’er dare unstill
Your thick plantations.

and you there, ye’re out o’ sight,
the fatt’rills, snug and tight;
ith ye yet! ye’ll no be right
Till ye’ve got on it,

ra tapmoet, tow’ring height
O’ Miss’s bonnet.
You on an auld wife's flam'n toy;
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
On's wyliecoat;
But Mise's fine Lunardi; fie,
How dare you do't!

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

O wad some pow'r the giftle gie us
To see oursel's as others see us;
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And foolish notion;
What airs in dress and gait wad lea'e
And ev'n Devotion!
arising wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
ging, lone, the ling'ring hours,
ter in thy honour'd shade.

with still swells the golden tide,
ay trade his labours plies;
architecture's noble pride
elegance and splendour rise;
stice, from her native skies,
wields her balance and her rod;
arning, with his eagle eyes,
science in her coy abode.

s, Edina, social, kind,
on open arms the stranger hail;
ews enlargin', their lib'ral mind,
e the narrow rural vale;
t still to sorrow's wail,
dest merit's silent claim;
er may their sources fail!
ever envy blot their name!
ghters bright thy walks adorn!
ie the gilded summer sky,
de the dewy milk-white thorn,
ae the raptur'd thrill of joy!
net strikes th' adoring eye;
's beauties on my fancy shine;
ire of love on high,
wn his work indeed divine.

atching high the least alarms,
ough rude fortress gleams afar;
bold vet'ran, gray in arms,
ark'd with many a seamy scar:
d'rous wall and massy bar,
ising o'er the rugged rock,
Have oft withstood assailing war,
   And oft repell’d th’ invader’s shock

With awe-struck thought, and pitying
   I view that noble, stately dome,
Where Scotia’s kings of other years,
   Fam’d heroes, had their royal home
Alas! how chang’d the times to come
   Their royal name low in the dust!
Their hapless race wild-wand’ring rove
   Tho’ rigid laws cries out, ’twas just
Wild beats my heart to trace your sto
EPISTLE TO J. LAPRAIK
AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD.

April 1, 1785.

While briers and woodbines budding green,
Nd paitsicks scratchin' loud at e'en,
Nd mornin' poussie whiddin seen,
Inspire my muse,
his freedom in an unknown frien'—
I pray excuse.

In Fasten-een we had a rockin',
O ca' the crack, and weave our stockin';
Nd there was muckle fun and jokin',
Ye need na doubt;
T length we had a hearty yokin'
At sang about.

There was ae sang amang the rest,
Boon them a' it pleas'd me best,
Hat some kind husband had addrest
To some sweet wife:
Thirl'd the heart-strings thr' the breast,
A' to the life.

Ve scarce heard ought described sae weel,
Hat gen'rous, manly bosoms feel;
Sought I, "Can this be Pope, or Steele,
Or Beattie's wark!"

Hey tauld me 'twas an odd kind chiel
About Muirkirk.

Put me fidgin' fain to hear't,
Nd sae about him there I spier't,
And either dauce or song
Or rhymes and songs he'd made himself,
     Or witty catches,
'Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,
     He had few matches.

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

But, first and foremost, I should tell,
Amaist as soon as I could spell,
     I to the crambo-jingle fell,
     Tho' rude and rough,
Yet crooning to a body's sel,
     Does weel enough.

I am nae poet, in a sense,
     Like by chance.
BURNS’ POEMS.

But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
Ye're maybe wrang.

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

A set o' dull conceited hashes,
Confuse their brains in college classes!
They gang in stirs, and come out asses,
Plain truth to speak;
And syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek.

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

O for a spunk o' Allan's glee,
Or Fergusson's, the baud and slee,
Or bright Lapraik's, my friend to be,
If I can hit it;
That would be lear eneugh for me,
If I could get it.

Now, sir, if ye hae friends enow,
Tho' real friends, I believe, are few,
Yet if your catalogue be fou,
I'se no insist,
But gif you want a friend that's true,
I'm on your list.
I like the lasses—tween tores me:
For mony a place they wheedle fre me,
At dance or fair;
May be some ither thing they gie me!
They weel can spare.

But Mauchline race, or Mauchline fair, I should be proud to meet you there;
We’re gie an night’s discharge to care, If we forgather,
And hae a swap o’ rhymin-war
‘Wi’ ane anither.

The four-gill chap, we’re gar him clatter,
And kirsch him wi’ reekin water;
Syne we’ll sit down and tak our whitter,
To cheer our heart;
And faith we’re be acquainted better Before we part.

A we’re selfish warly race.
BURNS’ POEMS.

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 fisgle,
Who am, most fervent,
While I can either sing, or whistle,
Your friend and servant.

-----0-----

TO THE SAME.

April 21, 1785

While new-ca’d kye rowte at the stake,
And pownies reek in plenug or braik,
This hour on e’enings edge I take,
To own I’m debtor
To honest-hearted, auld Lapraik,
For his kind letter.

Forjesket sair, wi’ weary legs,
Rattlin the corn out-owre the rugs,
Or dealing through amang the naigs
Their ten-hours bite,
My awkward Muse sair pleads and begs,
I wadna write.

The tapetless ramfeezl’d hizzy,
She’s saft at best, and something lazy,
Quo’ she, ‘Ye ken, we’ve been sae bizzie
This month and mair.
That, trouth, my head is grown right dizzie,
And something sair.’
'Shall bauld Lapraik, the king o' Scots,
Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes,
Roose you sae weel for your deserts,
In terms sae friendly,
Yet ye'll neglect to show your parts,
And thank him kindly!

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
And down gued stumpie i' the ink:
Quoth I, 'Before I sleep a wink,
I vow I'll close it;
And 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 neith
Let time mak proof;
But I shall scribble down some blether
Just clean aff-loor.
But by the L—d, tho' I should beg
Wi' yarst pow,
I'll laugh, and sing, and shake my leg,
As lang's I dow!

Now comes the sax and twentieth summer
I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
Still persecuted by the limmer
Free year to year;
But yet, despite the kittle limmer,
Ye, Rob, am here.

Do ye envy the city gent,
Behint a kist to lie and skrent,
Or parse-proud, big wi' cent. per cent.
And muckle wame,
In some bit brugh to represent
A battle's name?

Or is't the paughty, feudal Thane,
Wi' ruffled sark and glancin cane,
Wha thinks himsell a sheep-shank bane,
But lordly stalks,
While caps and bonnets aff are ta'en,
As by he walks.

' O, Thow wha gies us each grade gift,
Gie me o' wit and sense a lift,
Then turn me, if Thow please, adrift,
Thro' Scotland wide;
Wi' cits or lairds I wadna shift,
In a' their pride.'

Were this the charter of our state,
'On pain o' hell be rich and great,
Damnation then would be our fate,
Beyond remead;
And none but ne:

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

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

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

May, 1785.

I gat your letter, winsome Willie:
Wi' grateful heart, I thank you brawlie;
Though I mann say't I wad be silly,
And unco vain,
Should I believe, my coixin billie,
Your flatterin strain.

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

My senses wad be in a creel,
Should I but daur a hope to speel,
WI' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield,
The braes o' fame;
Or Fergusson, the writer chiel,
A deathless name

(O Fergusson! thy glorious parts
Ill suited law's dry, musty arts;
My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
Ye Enbrugh gentry!
The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes
Wad stow'd his pantry!)

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
Or lassie gie my heart a screed,
Chieftains who their chanters winna man,
But tune their lays,
Till echoes a' resound again
Her weel-sung praise.

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

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

Th' Illissus, Tiber, Thames, and Seine
- a tuneful line.
BURNS' POEMS.

Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
Fae soothron billies

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

O sweet are Coila's haughs and woods,
When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
And jinking hares in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy,
While through the braes the cawset 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 shews and forms,
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!
Whether the summer kindly warms
Wi' life and light,
Or winter howls, in gusty storms,
The lang dark night!

The Muse, nae poet ever sand her,
Till by himsel he learned to wander,
Adown some trottin burn's meander,
And no think lang;
O sweet, to stray and pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang!
Fareweel, "my rhyme-composing
We've been owre lang unkenn'd to
Now let us lay our heads thegither
In love fraternal:
May Envy wallop in a tether,
Black fiend, inferns

While Highlandmen hate tolls and
While Muirian' herds like gude fat
While Terra Firma, on her axis
Diurnal turns,
Count on a friend, in faith and pray
In Robert Burns.

---0---

POSTSCRIPT.

My memory's no worth a preen;
I had amaist forgotten clean,
Ye bade me write an what they!
They took nas 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 viewin,
And shortly after she was done,
They gat a new ane.

This past for certain, undisputed;
It ne'er cam in their heads to doubt it,
Till chiels gat up and wad confute it,
And ca'd it wrang;
And muckle din there was about it,
Both loud and 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,
And out o' sight,
And backlins-comin, to the leuk
She grew mair bright.

This was deny'd, it was affirm'd;
The herds and kirks were alarm'd;
The rev'rend greybeards rau'd and storm'd,
That beardless laddies
Should think they better were inform'd
Than their auld daddies.

Frase less to mair it gaed to sticks;
Frase words and aiths to clours and nicks,
And mony a fallow gat his licks,
Wi' hearty crunt;
And some, to learn them for their tricks,
Were hang'd and brunt.

This game was play'd in mony lands,
And auld-light caddies bare sic hands,
That faith, the youngsters took the sands
Wi' nimble shanks,
Till lairds forbade, by strict commands,
Sic blaudy pranks.

But new-light herds gat sic a cowe,
Folk thought them ruin'd stick and stowe,
Till now amaist on every knowe,
Ye'll find ane plac'd;
And some, their new-light fair avow,
Just quite bareface'd.

Nae doubt the auld-light flocks are bleatin:
Their zealous herds are vex'd and sweatin;
Mysel, I've even seen them greetin
Wi' girnin spite,
To hear the moon sae sadly lied on
By word and write.

But shortly they will cowe the loons,
Some auld-light herds in neebor towns
Are mind't, in things they ca' balloons.
To tak a flight,
And stay as micht amang the moons,
And see them right.

Gude observation they will gie them;
And when the auld moon's gaun to lea'e them,
The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them,
Just i' their pouch,
And 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 RANKIN,
ENCLOSING SOME POEMS.

O ROUGH, rude, ready-witted Rankin,
The wale o' cocks for fun and drinkin!
There's mony godly folks are thinkin
Your dreams* and tricks
Will send you, Korah-like, a-sinkin,
Stranght to auld Nick's.

Ye hae sae mony cracks and cants,
And in your wicked, drunken rants,
Ye mak a deevil o' the saunts,
And fill them fu';
And then their failings, flaw, and 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.

* A certain humorous dream of his was then making a noise in the country-side.
A' ye seen Jock here togin' wi' a
A' that I bargain'd for and mair;
Sae, when ye hae an hour to spare,
I will expect
Yon sang;* ye'll sen't, wi' cannie c
And no neglect.

Though faith, sma' heart hae I to sin
My Muse dow scarcely spread her w
I've play'd mysel a bonnie spring,
And danced my fill;
I'd better gane and sair't the king,
At Bunker's Hill.

'Twas ae night lately, in my fun,
I gaed a roving wi' the gun,
And brought a patrick to the grun,
A bonnie hen,
And, as the twilight was begun,
Thught nane wad k
Some and we'd hands had ta'en a note,
That all a hen had got a shot;
I was suspected for the plot;
I scorn'd to lie;
So'gat the whistle o' my great
And pay'th the fees.

But, my gun, o' guns the wale,
And by my pouter and my hall,
And by my hen, and by her tail,
I vow and swear,
The game shall pay, o'er muir and daile,
For this, neist year.

As soon's the cockin'-time is by,
And the wee pouts begin to cry,
L—d, I'se hae sportin' by and by,
For my gowd guineas,
Though I should herd the buckatin' kye
For't, in Virginia.

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

It pits me aye as mad's a hare;
So I can rhyme nor write nae mair!
But pennyworths again are fair,
When time's expedient:
Meanwhile I am, respected sir,
Your most obedient.
Thou whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deck'd 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 lower.

As youth and love, with sprightly dance,
Beneath thy morning star advance,
Pleasure with her siren air
May delude the thoughtless pair:
Let prudence bless enjoyment's cup,
Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Wilt thou spurn the humble vale?

... when scale...
BURNS’ POEMS.

As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-nook of ease,
There ruminate with sober thought,
On all thou’st seen, and heard, and wrot
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 Heav’n,
To virtue or to vice is giv’n,
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to the wretched, vile and base.

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

Stranger, go! Heav’n be thy guld
Quod the beadsman of Nith-side.

ODE,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MR
DWELLER in von dungeon dark,
Haugian of creation mark!
View the wither'd deluan'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 stretch'd 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

ANTISTROPHE.

Plunderer of armies, lift thine eyes,
(A while forbear, ye tort'ring fiends,)
Seest thou whose step, unwilling, hither
No fallen angel, hurl'd from upper sky
'Tis thy trusty quondam mate,
Doom'd to share thy fiery fate,
She, tardy, hellward plies.

EPISODE.
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.

O Death! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
The meikle deevil wi' a woodie
Hauri thee hame to his black swiddle,
O'r hurcheen 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 exiled.

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,
That proudly cock your creasin cairns!
Ye cliffs, the haunt of sailing yearns,
Where echo slumbers;
Come join ye, Nature's sturdiest bairns,
My wailing numbers!

Mourn, lika gryve the cushat kene!
Ye haz'ly shaws and briery dens!
Ye burnies, wimpin down your glens,
Wi' tuldin din,
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
   The first of flow'rs.

At dawn, when ev'ry grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at his head,
At e'en, when beans their fragrance
   I' the rustling gale,
Ye maukins whiddin thro' 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 pa'trick br
He's gane for ever!

Mourn, sooty coots and speckled tet
Ye fisher herons, watching eels;
Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
Curlin' the lake.
Ye howlets, 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 thro' 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 wo;
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 thro' 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!
river, man!
BUCKS' POEMS.

Thy sympathetic tear mann sa',
For Matthew was a kin' man!

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

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

If ony whiggish whining 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 SCOTLAND
ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

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

Now l'av'rocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the sise:
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweet among;
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 rose I in the morn,
As blithe lay down at e'en:
And I'm the sovereign 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
BURNS’ POEMS.

And when thou meet’st thy mother’s friend,
Remember him for me!

O! 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.

———o———

TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ.

OF FINTRA.

Late 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 survey’d,
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,
Th’ envenom’d wasp, victorious, guards his cell.
Thy minions, kings defend, control, devour,
In all th’ omnipotence of rule and power,—
Foxes and statesmen, subtle wiles ensure;
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure.
Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
The priest and hedgehog in their robes, are snug.
s, ear and darts.

and hard, the Bard!

still.

Ing dun;

hun;

men worn,

en:

my cur,

.

ry side;

he heart,

dart.

name,

as of fame:

ronroes—

expose.

alice wrung,
By toil and famine wore to skin and bone,
Lies senseless of each tugging bitch's son.

O dulness! portion of the frvely blest!
Calm-shelter'd haven of eternal rest!
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.
If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
With sober selfish ease they sip it up:
Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
They only wonder "some folks" do not starve.
The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
And thinks the mallard a sad worthless dck.
When disappointment snaps the clue of hope,
And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope,
With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
And just conclude, that "fools are fortune's care.
So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

Not so the idle mus'es mad-cap train,
Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain.
In equanimity they never dwell,
By turns in soaring heav'n, or vaunted hell.

I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe,
With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear!
Already one strong hold of hope is lost,
Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust;
(Fled, like the sun eclips'd at noon appears,
And left us darkling in a world of tears:)
Oh! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish pray'r!
Fintra, my other stay, long bless and spare!
Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown,
And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
May bliss domestic smooth his private path,
Give energy to life, and soothe his latest breath
With many a filial tear circling the bed of death.
Look u on the rising yellow woods
That wav’d o’er Lugar’s winding strea
Beneath a craigy steep a bard,
Laden with years and meikle pain,
In loud lament bewail’d his lord,
Whom death had all untimely ta’en.

He lean’d him to an ancient aik,
Whose trunk was mould’ring down wi’
His locks were bleached white wi’ time,
His hoary cheek was wet wi’ tears;
And as he touch’d his trembling harp,
And as he tun’d his doleful sang,
The winds, lamenting thro’ the 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,
BURNS' POEMS.

But I mann lie before the storm,
   And uthers plant them in my room.

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

"And last, (the sum of a' my griefs!)
   My noble master lies in clay;
The flower 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 wo and wild despair!
Awake, resound thy latest lay,
   Then sleep in silence evermair!
And thou, my last, best, only friend,
   That fill'st an untimely tomb,
Accept this tribute from the bard
   Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom.

"In poverty's low barren vale,
   Thick mists, obscure, involv'd me round;
Though oft I turned the wistful eye,
   Nae ray of fame was to be found:
Thou found'st me, like the morning sun
   That melts the fogs in limpid air,
The friendless bard and rustic song,
   Became alike thy fostering care.
WHICH SAID MY BENEFACTOR LOW:

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

---

LINES

SENT TO SIR JOHN WHITEFOORD, OF WHITE;
WITH THE FOREGOING POEM.

THOU, who thy honour as thy God receivest;
Who, save thy mind's reproach, now fear'st;
TAM O' SHANTER,
A TALE.

Of Browney and of Bogills full is this Buke.—G. Douglas.

When chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market-days are wearin late,
And folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousin at the nappy,
And getting fou and unco happy,
We think nee on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gatherin her brows like gatherin storm,
Nursin her wrath to keep it warm.

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

Oh, Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was na sober;
That ilk a melder wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roarin fou on;
That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
How many lengthen'd sages have
The husband frae the wife despise

But to our tale: Ae market-nig
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats that drank div
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny
His ancient, trusty, drouthy cron
Tam lo'ed him like a very brither
They had been fou for weeks the:
The night drave on wi' sangs and
And aye the ale was grown bett
The landlady and Tam grew gra
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and pr
The souter tauld his queerest sto
The landlord's laugh was ready o
The storm without might rair an
Tam didna mind the storm a wh

Care, mad to see a man sae h
R'en droun'd hime' amang the
Or like the borealis race,
That fit are 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 man ride!
That hour, o’ night’s black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he takes the road in,
As ne’er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as ’twad blawn its last;
The rattling show’rs rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow’d;
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellow’d;
That night a child might understand,
The dell had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on thro’ dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles haudin fast his gude blue bonnet;
Whiles crooning o’er some an’ Scots sonnet;
Whiles glow’ring round wi’ prudent cares,
Lest boggles catch him unaware;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor’d;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak’s neck-bane;
And thro’ the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunter’s sand the murder’d bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo’s mither hang’d herself.
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 thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a breeze;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing;
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.—

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil!—
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he car'd nae deils a bodle.
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,
Thatshaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantrip sleight,
Each in his cauld hand held a light.—
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's baines in gibbet-airs;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
BURNS' POEMS.

A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' blade red rusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted,
A knife, a father's thost had mangled,
Whose his ain son o' life bereft,
The grey hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awful,
Which ev' n to name wad be unlawful;

As Tammie glor'd, amaz'd, and curious,
The mirth an' fun grew fast and furious:
The piper loud an' louder blew:
The dancers quick an' quicker flew;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they sleekit,
Till' ilk' carlin swat an' reekit,
And coos' her duddies to the wark,
And linkit at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans,
A' plump an' strappin' in their teens;
Their sarks, instead o' creas'ble flannen,
Been snow-white se'enteen hunder linens!
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 bonnie bairdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld an' droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a soal,
Lowping an' flinging on a crummuck,
I wonder dineda turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,
There was ne winsome wench an' wailie,
That night enlisted in the core,
(Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shores.)

17
It was her best, and she was valuable—
Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
That sark she cost for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots, (twas a' her riches,
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun con-
Sic flight are far beyond her power;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A simple jade she was and strang.)
And how Tam stood, like one bewitch'd
And thought his very een enrich'd:
Even Satan glow'rd and fidg'd fu' hain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and m;
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel dore, Cutty-sark
And in an instant a' was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees biz out wi' angry fyke,
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a wasfu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost Meg,
And win the key-stane* of the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may tose,
A running stream they darena cross,
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious stile;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
As spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail:
The carlin caught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.
Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys ower dear,
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

---

ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY ME
WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT AT.

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

* 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 bogies, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy heath
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 fate.

ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOM

ON CROWNING HIS BUST AT EDNAM, ROXBURGH 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 maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Bowing 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.

---

ON THE LATE

CAPTAIN GROSE'S PEROGRINATIONS
THROUGH SCOTLAND,

COLLECTING THE ANTIQUITIES OF THAT KINGDOM.

Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brother Scots,
Fae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groat's;
If there's a hole in a' your coasts,
I rede you tent it:
A chield's amang you, taking notes,
And, faith, he'll pretit it!

If in your bounds ye chance to light
Upon a fine, fat, fudgel wight,
O' stature short, but genius bright,
That's he, mark weel—
And now! he has an unco slight
O' cauk and keel.

By some auld, houlet-haunted biggin,*
Or kirk deserted by its riggin,

* Vide his Antiquities of Scotland.
And you deep-read in hell's black grain
Warlocks and witches;
Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
Ye midnight b—es

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

He has a sooth o' auld nic-nackets;
Rusty airn caps and jinglin' jackets,
Wad haud the Lothians three in tacks
A towmont guid;
And parritch-pats, and auld saut-back
Before the Flood.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder;
BURNS' POEMS.

The knife that nicked Abel's craig
He'll prove you fully,
It was a fauldin' 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
Guid fellows wi' him,
And port, O port! shine thou a wes,
And then ye'll see him!

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

TO MISS CRUICKSHANKS,
A VERY YOUNG LADY,

Written on the Blank Leaf of a Book, present to her by the Author.

BEAUTEOUS rose-bud, young and gay,
Blooming in thy early May,
Never may'st thou, lovely flow'r
Chilly shrink in sleetly show'r!
Never Boreas' hoary path,
Never Eurus' poisa'rous 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!
Shed thy dying honours round,  
And resign to parent earth,  
The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.

ON READING, IN A NEWSPAPER, THE I  
JOHN M'LEOD, Esq.

Brother to a Young Lady, a particular  
of the Author's.

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

Sweetly deckt with pearly dew,  
The morning rose may blow:  
But cold successive noontide blasts  
May lay its beauties low.
Burns' Poems. 183

Were it in the poet's power,
Strong as he shares the grief
That pierces Isabella's heart,
To give that heart relief.

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.

---

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!
Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll hear
Your humble slave complain,
How saucy Phoebus' scorching beams
In flying summer-pride,
Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
And drink my crystal tide.

The lightly-jumping glow'in trouts,
That thro' my waters play,
If, in their random, wanton spouts,
They near the margin stray;

* Bruar Falls, in Athole, are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful; but their effect is much impaired by the want of trees and shrubs.
That to a bard I should be seen
Wi' half my channel dry:
A panegyrick rhyme, I ween,
Ev'n as I was he shor'd me;
But had I in my glory been,
He, kneeling, wad ador'd me.

Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
In twisting strength I rin;
There, high my boiling torrent smoke
Wild-roaring o'er a linn:
Enjoying large each spring and well,
As nature gave them me,
I am, altho' 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'ring tre
And bonnie spreading bushes;
Delighted doubly then, my Lord.
The robin, pensive autumn cheer,
In all her locks of yellow:

This, too, a covert shall insure,
To shield them from the storm;
And coward maukin sleep secure,
Low in her grassy form:
Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
To weave his crown o' flow'rs:
Or find a sheltering safe retreat,
From prone descending show'rs.

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 barks 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 thro' the trees,
Have 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 barks, in woodbines drest,
My craggy cliffs adorn;
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close embow'ring thorn.
And Athole's bonnie lassies!"

ON

SCARING SOME WATER F

In Loch-Turit, a wild scene among Oughtertyre.

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your wat'ry 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,
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 wand'ring swains,
Where the mossy riv'let 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 pow'rs 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.

———

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL,

Over the Chimney-piece in the parlour of the Inn
at Kennure, Taymouth.

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
Y'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
I'll' abodes of coived grouse and timid sheep,
My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
I'll fam'd Breadalbane opens to my view,—
The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides
The woods, wild-scatter'd, clothe their ample sides.
The village, glittering in the noontide beam,
Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,
Lone wand'ring by the hermit's mossy cell,
The sweeping theatre of hanging woods;
The incessant roar of headlong tumbling.

Here Poesy might wake her heaven-tam'd strain,
And look through Nature with creative eye.
Here, to the wrongs of fate half reconcili'd,
Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander.
And Disappointment, in these lonely bowers,
Find balm to soothe her bitter, rankling pain,
Here heart-struck Grief might heaving her scan,
And injur'd Worth forget and pardon morn.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL
BURNS' POEMS.

Dis-s Bea, through rising mists and ceaseless showers,
The hoary cavern, wide surrounding, lowers,
Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
And still below, the horrid cauldron boils——

ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD,

_Born under peculiar Circumstances of Family Distress._

Sweet floweret, pledge o' meikle love,
And ward o' mony a pray'r,
What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
Sae, helpless, sweet, and fair.

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

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

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

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
Fair on the summer morn;
Now freely bends she in the blast,
Unshelter'd and forlorn.
Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
Unsheath'd by ruffian hand!
And from thee many a parent stem
Arise to deck our land.

SECOND EPISTLE TO DAVID.

A Brother Poet.*

AUDD NEEBOUR,
I'm three times doubly o'er your debto
For your auld-farrant frien'ly letter;
Tho' I maun say't, I doubt you flatter,
Ye speak sae fair;
For my puir, sily rymin' clatter
Some less maun sair.

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle
Lang may your elbock jink and diddle
To cheer you thro' the weary widdle
O' warly cares,
Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
Your auld, grey hairs.

But, DAVIE, lad, I'm red ye're glaikit;
I'm tauld the Muse ye hae negleekit:
And gif it's sae, ye sud be licket
Uitil ye fyke;
Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be falket,
Be hant wha like.

* This is prefixed to the poems of David Siat Kilmarnock, 1789.
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;
And whyles, but aye owre late, I think,
Braw sober lessons.

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

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

Leeze me on rhyme! it's aye a treasure,
My chief, amaisit my only pleasure,
At hame, a-fiell, at wark, or leisure,
The Muse, poor hizzle!
Tho' rough and 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,
Tho' e'er sae puir,
Na, even tho' limpin wi' the spavie
Frie door to door.
LINES ON AN INTERVIEW WITH LORD DAER.

This wot ye all whom it concerns,
I, Rhymer Robin, alias Burns,
October twenty-third,
A ne'er-to-be-forgotten day,
Sae far I spachled up the brae,
I dinner'd wi' a Lord.

I've been at drunken writers' feasts,
Nay, been bitch-fou 'mang godly priests,
Wi' rev'rence be it spoken;
I've ev'n join'd the honour'd jorum,
When mighty Squireships of the quorum,
Their hydra drouchid did sloken.

But wi' a Lord—stand out my skin,
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'erloeks 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' stumppin' 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;
BURNS' POEMS.

Except good-sense and social glee,
Are (what surpris'd me) modesty,
I marked nought uncommon.

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

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

---

ON THE DEATH OF A LAP-DOG NAMED ECHO.

In 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 timeless sound
With Echo silent lies.
No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous urn nor animated bust,
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's poet
to pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.

---

EPISTLE TO R. GRAHAM, J.

When Nature her great masterpiece design'd
And fram'd her last, best work, the hum
Her eye intent on all the mazy plan,
She form'd of various parts the various plan.

Then first she calls the useless many in
Plain plodding industry, and sober work
Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of
And merchandise' whole genus take their
Each prudent cit a warm existence finds
And all mechanics' many apron'd kinds.
The order'd system fair before her stood,
Nature, well-pleas'd, pronounce'd it very good;
But ere she gave creating labour o'er,
Half-jeat, she try'd one curious labour more.
Some spamy, fiery, 

Some spamy, fiery, 

Some spamy, fiery, 

Some spamy, fiery, 

Some spamy, fiery, 

Such as the lightest breath of air might scatter;
With arch atractity 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, tho' oft the prey of care and sorrow,
When blest to-day unmindful of to-morrow.
A being form'd t' amuse his graver friends,
Admir'd and prais'd—and there the homage ends:
A mortal quite unfit for Fortune's strife,
Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life;
Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give
Yet hapy wanting wherewithal to live:
Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each goun,
Yet frequent all unheeded in his own.

But honest Nature is not quite a Turk,
She laugh'd at first, then left 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,
Attach'd him to the generous trul'y 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 landmen on Life's stormy main!
Their hearts no selfish stern absorbent stuff,
That never gives—tho' 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 etch'd on base alloy!
But, come, ye who the godlike pleasure know,
Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—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, abash'd, 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 injur'd 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 clam'rous 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 hornèd fist assume the plough again;
The piebald jacket let me patch once more,
On eighteen-pence a week I've liv'd before.
Tho', thanks to Heaven, I dare even that last shift.
I trust, meantime, my boon is in thy gift: 
That place'd by thee upon the wish'd-for height,  
Where, Man and Nature fairer in her sight,  
My muse may imp her wing for some sublimier flight.*

---0---

FRAGMENT,

Inscribed to the Right Hon. J. C. Fox.

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

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

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

Good L--d, what is man! for as simple he looks,  
Do but try to develope his hooks and his crooks;

---0---

* This is our Poet's first epistle to Graham of Fintra, It is not equal to the second; but it contains too much of the characteristic vigour of its author to be suppressed. A little more knowledge of natural history, or of chemistry, was wanted to enable him to execute the original conception correctly.
With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil,
All in all he's a problem must puzzle the devil.

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

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

---

TO DR. BLACKLOCK.

Ellis'and, 21st Oct. 1780.

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

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 hipped' to the chield 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 fear on,
E'en tried the body.*

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

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

I hae a wife and twa wee laddies,
They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies;
Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is,
I need nae vaunt,

* Mr. Heron, author of the History of Scotland, and of various other works.
I'm weary...
Not but I hae a richer snare
Than mony ither's;
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 fireside clime
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

My compliments to sister Beckie;
And same to honest Lucky,
PROLOGUE,

Spoken at the Theatre, Dumfries, on New-Year's-Day Evening.

No song nor dance I bring from you great city
That queen's it o'er our taste—the more's the pity:
Tho' by the bye, abroad why will you roam?
Good sense and taste are natives nearer home:
But not for panegyrick I appear,
I come to wish you all a good new year!
Old Father Time deputes me here before ye,
Not for to preach, but tell his simple story:
The sage grave ancient cough'd, and bade me say,
"Your 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 flush'd with hope and spirit,
Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,
To you the dotard has a deal to say,
In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way:
He bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,
That the first blow is ever half the battle;
That tho' some by the skirt may try to snatch him;
Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him;
That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,
You may do miracles by persevering.

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

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

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ELEGY

ON THE LATE MISS BURNET OF MONRODPO.

Life ne'er exulted in so rich a prize
As Burnet, lovely from her native skies;
Nor envious Death so triumph'd in a blow,
As that which laid th' accomplish'd 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, immix'd with reedy fens;
Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stor'd;
Ye rugged cliffs, o'erhanging dreary glens,
To you I fly, ye with my soul accord.

Princes, whose cumb'rous pride was all their worth
Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail?
And thou, sweet excellence! forsaie 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 sphere's;
But, like the sun eclips'd 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 deckt the woodbine sweet yon aged tree,
   So from it rafish'd, leaves it bleak and bare.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

An occasional Address spoken by Miss Fontenell on her Benefit-Night.

While Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things,
The fate of empires and the fall of kings;
While quacks of state must each produce his plan,
And even children lispe the Rights of Man;
Amid this mighty fuss, just let me mention,
The Rights of Woman merit some attention.

First in the sexes' intermix'd connexion,
One sacred Right of Woman is protection.—
The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,
Helpless, must fall before the blasts of fate,
Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely form,
Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.—

Our second Right—but needless here to caution,
To keep that right inviolate 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 polish'd days,
A time, when rough rude man had naughty ways.
Would Swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,
Nay, even thus invade a lady's quiet—
Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled—
Now, well-bred men—and 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 ev'n 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.—
Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, 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?

But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,
With bloody armaments and revolutions;
Let Majesty your first attention summon,
Ah! cu ira! the Majesty of Woman!

---

ADDRESS,

Spoken by Miss Fontenelle, on her Benefit-Night,
December 4, 1795, at the Theatre, Dumfries.

Still anxious to secure your partial favour,
And not less anxious, sure, this night, than ever,
A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,
'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 every printed;
And last, my Prologue—business silly hinted.
"Ma'am, let me tell you," quoth my man of rhyme
"I know your bent—these are no laughing times.
Can you—but, Miss, I own I have my fears,  
Dissolve in pause—and sentimental tears—  
With laden sighs, and solemn rounded sentence,  
Rouse from his sluggish slumbers, fell Repentance;  
Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand,  
Waving on high the desolating brand,  
Calling the storms to bear him o’er a guilty land?"

...I could no more—askance the creature eyeing,  
D’ye think, said I, this face was made for crying?  
I’ll laugh, that’s pox—nay more the world shall know it;  
And so your servant! gloomy Master Poet!

Firm as my creed, Sis, ’tis my fix’d belief,  
That Misery’s another word for Grief:  
I also think—so may I be a bride!—  
That so much laughter, so much life enjoy’d.

Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,  
Still under bleak Misfortune’s blasting eye;  
Doom’d to that sorest task of man alive—  
To make three guineas do the work of five:  
Laugh in Misfortune’s face—the beldam witch!  
Say you’ll be merry, tho you can’t be rich.

Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,  
Who long with jiltish arts and airs hath strove;  
Who, as the boughs all temptingly project,  
Measur’d in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck—  
Or, where the beetling cliff o’erhangs the deep,  
Pearest to meditate the healing leap:  
Would’st 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.

Here, where the Scottish muse immortal lives,
In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd,
Accept the gift; tho' humble he who gives,
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.

So may no ruffian-feeling in thy breast,
Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among;
But peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
Or love ecstatic wake his seraph song.

Or pity's notes in luxury of tears,
As modest want the tale of woe reveals;
While conscious virtue all the strain endears,
And heaven-born piety her sanction seals.

---

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A COPY OF HIS POEMS.

Presented to a Lady, whom he had often Cela-
brated under the name of Chloris.

'Tis 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.
BURNS' POEMS.

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 flow'r).

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more,
Still much is left behind;
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store,
The comforts of the mind!

Thine is the self-approving glow,
On conscious honour's part;
And, dearest gift of Heaven below,
Thine friendship's truest heart.

The joys refin'd of sense and taste,
With every muse to rove:
And doubly were the poet blest
These joys could he improve.

COPY OF A POETICAL ADDRESS TO
MR. WILLIAM TYTTLER.

With the Present of the Bard's Picture.

REVEREND 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.

Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my eye,
Let no one misdeem me disloyal;
A poor friendless wanderer may well claim a sigl.
Still more, if that wand'rer were royal.

17

P
My fathers that name have rever'd on high,
My fathers have fallen to right it;
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate
That name should he scoffingly slight.

Still in prayers for King George I most
The Queen, and the rest of the gentry,
Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing
Their title's avow'd by my country.

But why of this epocha make such a fuss?

But loyalty trace! we're on dangerous
How guess'd ye, Sir, what maist I wanted?
This mony a day I've grain'd and gaunted,
To ken what French mischief was brewin',
Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin':
That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,
If Venus yet had got his nose off;
Or how the collieshange works
Atween the Russians and the Turks:
Or if the Swede, before he halt,
Would play anither Charles the Twalt:
If Denmark, any body spak o't;
Or Poland, wha had now the tak o't;
How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin':
How libbet Italy was singin':
If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss,
Were sayin' or tak'n' aught amiss:
Or how our merry lads at hame,
In Britain's court, kept up the game:
How royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him;
Was managing St. Stephen's quorum;
If sleekit Chatham Will was livin',
Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in:
How daddie Burke the pleas was cookin',
If Warren Hastings' neck was yeakin':
How esses, stents, and fees were rax'd
Or if bare a--a yet were tax'd;
The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,
Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera-girls;
If that daft buckie, Geordie Wales,
Was threshin' still at hizzie's talls,
Or if he was grown outhlins 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 grateful, back your news I send you,
And pray a' guid things may attend you!

Ellisland, Monday Morning, 1799.
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 Shakspeare drives;
Wee Pope, the knurlin', 'till him rives
Horatian fame:
In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
Even Sappho's flame.

But thee, Theocritus, wha matches?
They're no herd's ballats, Maro's catch
—'tis buka his skinklin' pa
BURNS' POEMS.

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

Thou paits auld nature to the vines,
In thy sweet Caledonian lines:
Nae gowden stream thro' myrtles twines,
Where Philomel,
While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
Her griefs will tell!

In gowany glens thy burnie strays,
Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes;
Or trots by hazelty shaws and braes,
Wit' 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.

SKETCH.—NEW YEAR'S DAY.

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

This day, Time winds th' exhausted chain,
To run the twelvemonth's length again:
I see the old, bald-pated fellow,
With ardent eyes, complexion sallow,
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 Gra
From housewife cares a minute borrow—
—That grandchild’s cap will do to-morr
And join with me in 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 suggestio
“The passing moment’s all we rest on.”
Rest on!—for what? what do we here?
Or why regard the passing year?
Will Time, amus’d with proverb’d lore,
Add to our date one minute more?
A few days may—a few years must—
Repose us in the silent dust.
Then is it wise to damp our bliss?
Yet all such reasonings are amiss!
BURNS' POEMS.

Let us th' important now employ,
And live as those who never die,
Tho' you, with days and honours crown'd,
Witness that illal 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.

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EXTEMPORNE ON THE LATE MR. W. SMELLIE.

Author of the Philosophy of Natural History, and Member of the Antiquarian and Royal Societies of Edinburgh.

To Crochallan came
The old cock'd hat, the grey surtout, the same;
His bristling beard just rising in its might,
'Twas four long nights and days to shaving night;
His uncomb'd grizzly locks wild staring, thatch'd;
A head, for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd;
Yet tho' his caustic wit was biting, rude,
His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.

---

POETICAL INSCRIPTION

For an Alter to Independence, at Kerroughtry, the Seat of Mr. Heron; written in Summer, 1795.

THOU of an independent mind,
With soul resolv'd, with soul resign'd;
Prepar'd 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.
ANSWER TO A MANDATE

Sent by the Surveyor of Taxes, to each ordering him to send a Signed List of Horses, Servants, Wheel-Carriages, whether he was a Married Man or bachelor, and what Children they had.

Sir, as your mandate did request, I send you here a faithful list, My horses, servants, carts, and grath, To which I'm free to take my aith.

Imprimis, then, for carriage cattle, I hae four brutes o' gallant mettle, As ever drew before a pettle; My hand-a-fore, a guid auld has-been, And wight and wilfu' a' his days been; My han ahin's a weel gaun filly, Wha aft has borne me hame frae Killie, And your auld borough mony a time, In days when riding was nae crime: My fur-a-hin a guid grey beast, As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd: The fourth, a Highland Donald hasty, A d-mu'd red-wud Kilburnie blastle, Forbye a cowte, of cowtes the wale, As ever ran before a tail; An' he be spar'd to be a beast, He'll draw me fifteen pund at least.

Wheel-carriages I hae but few, Three carts, and twa are feckly new; An' auld wheelbarrow, mair for token, Ae leg and baith the trams are broken; I made a pokar o' the spindle, And my auld mither brunt the trundle.
For men, I've three mischievous boys, 
Run-deils for rantin' and for noise; 
A gadsman ane, a thresher t'other, 
Wee Davoc hauds the nowte in fother. 
I rule them, as I ought, discreetly, 
And often labour them completely; 
And aye on Sundays duly nightly, 
I on the questions tairge them tightly,
Till faith wee Davoc's grown sae gleg,
(Tho' scarcely longer than my leg,) 
He'll screed you ooff effectual calling 
As fast as ony in the dwelling.

I've nane in female servant station, 
Lord keep me aye frae a' temptation! 
I hae nae wife, and that my bliss is, 
And ye hae laid nae tax on misses; 
For weens I'm mair than weel contented, 
Heaven sent me ane more than I wanted; 
My sonnie, smirking, dear-bought Bess, 
She stares the daddie in the face, 
Enough of ought ye like but grace.

But her, my bonny, sweet, wee lady, 
I've said enough for her already, 
And if ye tax her or her mither, 
By the L—d ye'se get them a' thegither!

And now, remember, Mr. Aiken, 
Nae kind of license out I'm taking; 
Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paide, 
Bre I see dear pay for a saddle: 
I've sturdy stumps, the Lord be thankit! 
And a' my gates on foot I'll shank it. 
This list wi' my ain hand I've wrote it, 
The day and date as under noted; 
Then know all ye whom it concerns, 
Subscripto huic

Robert Burns.
TO A YOUNG LADY,

MISS JESSY ——, DUMFRIESS.

With Books which the Bard presented her.

THINE 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. S**e, on refusing to Dine with him, after having been promised the first of Company, and the first of Cookery; 17th December, 1705.

No more of your guests, be they titled or not,
And cook'ry the first in the nation;
Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
Is proof to all other temptation.

TO MR. S**E, WITH A PRESENT OF A DOZEN OF PORTER.

O, 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 S**e were fit.
BURNS' POEMS.

POEM.

Addressed to Mr. Mitchell, Collector of Excise, Dumfries, 1796.

FRIEND of the Poet, tried and dear,
Wha wanting thee, might beg or steal;
Alake, alake, the meikle deil
W' a' his witches,
Are at it, skelpin'! jig and reel,
In my poor pouches.

I modestly fa' fain wad hint it,
That one pound one, I sairly want it,
If wi' the hizzle 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,
Wf' 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 nicker:
Grim loun! he gat me by the fecket,
And sair me shenk;
But by guid luck I lap a wicket,
And turn'd a neuk.

But by that health, I've got a share o't,
And by that life, I'm promis'd mair o'.
SENT TO A GENTLE
HAD OFFI

The friend whom wild from
The fumes of wine infurled
(Not moony madness more
Who but deplores that he

Mine was th' insensate friend
Ah, why should I such scenes so abhorrent to my
'Tis thine to pity and forg

---

POEM ON 1

Addressed to Colonel de Pey

[Signature]
(And aye a rowth, roast beef and claret;
Syne, wha wad starve?)

Dame Life, tho' fiction out may trick her,
And in paste gems and frippery deck her,
Oh! flickering, 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 baurdans 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 flie ait bizzies by,
And ait as chance he comes thee nigh,
Thy auld damn'd elbow yeunks wi' joy,
And hellish pleasure;
Already in thy fancy's eye,
Thy sicker treasure.

Soon heels—o'er-gowdie! in he gangs,
And like a sheep-head on a tangle,
Thy grinning laugh enjoys his pangs
And murdering wrestle,
As, dangling in the wind, he flangs
A gibbet's tassel.
But lest you think I am uncivil,
To plague you with this draunting
Abjuring a' intentions evil,
I quat my pen:
The Lord preserve us frae the de
Amen! amen!

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTH

My curse upon thy venom'd stand,  
That shoots my torture'd gums alo.
And thro' my lugs gies mony a thro
Wi' gnawing venge,
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pain
Like racking eng.

When fevers burn, or ague freeze
Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squel
Our neighbour's sympathy may be
Wi' pitying moan
But thro' thy belly's cf disease
BURNS' POEMS.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell,
And ranked plagues their numbers tell,
In dreadful' raw,
Thou, TOOTH-ACHE, surely bear'at the bell
Among them a'!

O thou grim mischief-making chiel,
That gurs the notes of discord squeel,
Till daft mankind aft dance a reel,
In gore a shoe-thick:
Gie a' the fae's o' Scotland's weal
A towmond's Toothe-ache.

---

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER.

O THOU, wha in the heav'n's dost dwell,
Wha, as it pleases best thyself,
Sends ane to heav'n and ten to hell,
A' for thy glory,
And no for ony guid or ill
They've done afore thee.

I bless and praise thy matchless might,
Whan thousands thou hast left in night,
That I am here afore thy sight,
For gifts an' grace,
A burning and 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,
Thro' Adam's cause.
When frae my mither's womb I fell,
Thou might ha' plunged me in hell,
To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,
In burning lake,
Where damned Devils roar and yell,
Chain'd to a stake.

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

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

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

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

Maybe thou lets this fleshly thorn,
Beset thy servant e'en and morn,
BURNS' POEMS.

Lest he owre high and proud should turn,
'Cause he's sae gifted;
If sae, thy han' maun o'en be borne,
Until thou lift it.

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

L—d, mind G—n H—n's deserts,
He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at cartes,
He has sae monie takin' arts,
'Wi' grit and sma'
Frae G—d's ain priest the people's hearst,
He steals awa'.

And when we chasten'd him therefore,
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore
As set the warld all in a roar
O' laughin' at us;
Curse thou his basket and his store,
Kail an' potatoes.

L—d, hear my earnest cry an' pray'r,
Against that presbytery o' Ayr;
Thy strong right hand, L—d make it bare,
Upo' their heads,
L—d, weigh it down, and dinn' spare,
For their misdeeds.

O L—d, my G—d, that glib-tongu'd A—n.
My vera heart an' saul are quakin',
To think how we stood sweatin', shakin',
And p—d wi' dread,
At thy face shine bright as the sun,
An' pass not in thy mercy by 'en in
Nor hear their pray, but let them burn
But, for thy people's sake, destroy,
And dinna spare.

But, Lord, remember me and mine,
Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,
That I for gear and grace may be
Excell'd by none;
And a' the glory shall be thine.

Amen, amen.

---

EPITAPH ON HOLY WILLIE

Here Holy Willie's sair-worn head
Takes up its last abode;
His saul has ta'en some other
I fear, the left-hand road.

Stop! there he is as sure's a gre
Poor silly body, see him;
Nae wonder he's as black's the
Observe wha's standin' wi' he

Your hirns were depil'd in, lad.
BURNS' POEMS.

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.

---

THE KIRK'S ALARM,*

A SATIRE.

ORTHODOX, Orthodox, wha believe in John Knox,
Let me sound an alarm to your conscience:
There's a heretic blast been blown in the wast;
That what is no 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 any pretence,
Is heretic, damnable error.

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

D'rymple mild,§ D'rymple mild, tho' your heart's
like a child,
And your life like the new-driven swan,
Yet that winna save ye, auld satan must have ye,
For preaching that three's ane an' twa.

Rumble John,|| Rumble John, mount the steps wi' a
groan,
Cry the book is with heresy cramm'd;

* This Poem was written a short time after the publication of Mr. McGill's Essays.
† Dr. McGill. † R—t A-k-n. § Mr. D——n. || Mr. R—n.
I'll say on your side,
For puppies like you there's but few.
Singet Sawney, Singet Sawney, are ye huir penny,
Unconscious what evils await;
Wi' a jump, yell, and howl, alarm every soul
For the soul Thief is just at your gate.

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

Davie Bluster,§ Davie Bluster, if for a sair muster,
The corps is so nice of recruits:
Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye mig!
If the ass was the king of the brutes.

Jamy Goose,‖ Jamy Goose, ye hae made t
BURNS' POEMS. 229

O'er Pegusae sides ye ne'er laid astride,
   Ye but smelt, man, the place where he sh-t.

Andro Gonk,† Andro Gonk, ye may slander the book,
   And the book not the war, 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 turkey-cock pride,
   Of manhood but sma' is your share;
Ye've the figure, 'tis true, even your faces will allow,
And your friends they dare grant you nae mair.

Muirland Jock,§ Muirland Jock, when the L—d makes 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 ane.

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 taken for a saunt,
Wha should swing in a rape for an hour.

Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons, seize your spir'tual guns,
Ammunition ye never can need;
Your hearts are the stuff, will be powther enough,
And your skulls are storehouses o' lead.

---
* Dr. A. M---ll. † Mr. S—u Y—g of Barr.
‡ Mr. S—h of Galston. § Mr. S—d. ½ An Edder in X—.
BURNS' POEMS.

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

LETTER TO JOHN GOUDIE,
KILMARNOCK,
On the Publication of his Essays.

O Goudie! terror of the Whigs,
Dread of black coats and rev'rend wigs;
Sour bigotry, on her last legs,
Ginnin' looks back,
Wishing the ten Egyptian plagues
Wad seize you quick.

Poor gapin', growlin' Superstition,
Waes me! she's in a sad condition;
Fly! bring Black-Jock, her state physician,
To see her w-ter;
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,
And gasps for breath.

Enthusiasm's past redemption,
Gaen in a galloping consumption,
Not a' the quacks, wi' a' their gumption,
Will ever mend her,
BURNS’ POEMS.

Her feeble pulse gives 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 fouk get leave,
A toom tar-barrel
An’ twa red peas wad send relief,
And end the quarrel.

---------

THE TWA HERDS.†

O A’ ye pions, godly flocks,
Weel fed on pastures orthodox,
Wha now will keep you frae the fox,
Or worrying tykes,
Or wha will tent the walls and crooks
About the dykes?

The twa best Herds in a’ the wast,
That e’er gae gospel horn a blast,
These five-and-twenty simmers past,
Oh! dool to tell,
Ha’e had a bitter, black out-cast
Atween themsel.

O, M——y, man, and wordy R——ll,
How could you raise so vile a bustle,
Ye’ll see how New-Light Herds will whistle
And think it fine!

* Dr. Taylor, of Norwich.
† This piece was among the first of our Author’s compositions which he submitted to the public; and was occasioned by a dispute between two Clergymen, near Killmore.
But by the urites themselves stood—
To be their guide.

What flock wi' M——y's flock could
Sae hale and hearty every shank,
Nae poison'd sour Arminian stank,
He let them taste,
F Rae Calvin's well, ay clear, they dr.
O sic a feast!

The thummart wil'-cat, brock, and t
Weel-kenn'd his voice thro' a' the w
He smelt their ilka hole and road,
Baith out and in,
And weel he lik'd to shed their blae
And sell their skin.

What Herd like R——Il tell'd his t:
His voice was heard thro' muir and
He kenn'd the Lord's sheep, ilka tai
O'er a' the height.
Sic twa!—Oh! do I live to see't,
Sic famous twa should disagree't,
An' names, like villain, hypocrite,
Ilk ither gif'en,
While New-Light Herds, wi' laughin' spite
Say neither's lain'!

A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld,
There's D——n deep, and P —— a shaul,
But chiefly thou, apostle A——d,
We trust in thee,
That thou wilt work them, hot 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 heav'n to see them yet
In fiery flame.

D——e has been lang our fae,
M'G——ill has wrought us meikle wae,
And that curs'd rascal ca'd M'Q —— e,
And baith the S——s
That aft hae made us black and blae,
W' vengefu' paws.

Auld W—— w lang has hatch'd mischief,
We thought ay death would bring relief,
But he has gotten, to our grief,
Ane to succeed him,
A chield wha'll soundly buff our beef;
I meikle dread him.

And monie a ane that I could tell,
Wha fain would openly rebel,
Come join your counsel and your Brute;
To cove the Earth,
And get the brutes the power themselves,
To choose their Heads.

Then Orthodoxy yet may prance,
And Learning in a woody dance,
And that fell cur ca'd Common Sense,
That bites sue sair,
Be banish'd o'er the sea to France:
Let him bark there.

Then Shaw's and D'rymple's eloquence
M'G—li's close nervous excellence,
M' Q—'s pathetic, manly sense,
And guil M'M—h
Wi' S—h, wha thro' the heart can glow:
May a' pack aff.
BURNS' POEMS.

Fairest flower, behold the lily,
   Blooming in the sunny ray;
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
   See it prostrate on the clay.

Hear the wood-lark charm the forest,
   Telling o'er his little joys;
Hapless bird! a prey the surest,
   To each pirate of the skies.

Dearly bought the hidden treasure,
   Finer feelings can bestow;
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
   Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

SONNET,

Written on the 25th of January, 1798, the Birthday of the Author, on hearing a Thrush sing in a Morning Walk.

Sing 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 blythe carol clears his furrow'd 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.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day!
   Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies!
   Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
   What wealth could never give nor take away.
GUIDWIFE OF WAUCHOPE-HOUSE.

IN ANSWER TO AN EPISTLE WHICH SHE SENT THE AUTHOR.

GUIDWIFE,

I MIND it weel in early date,
When I was beardless, young, and blate,
And first could thresh the barn;
Or hand a yokin at the pleugh;
An' tho' forfoughten sair enough,
Yet unco proud to learn;
When first amang the yellow corn
A man I reckon'd was,
And wi' the lave ilk inerry morn
Could rank my rig and lass,
Still shearing and clearing
The tither stooked raw,
Wi' claivers, an' baivers,
Wearing the day awa.
No nation, no station,
My envy ne'er could raise,
A Scot still, but blit 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 sonsie quean,
That lighted up her jingle,
Her witchin smile, her pauky s'en
That gart my heart-strings tingle,
I fired, inspired,
At every kindling keek,
But bashing, and dashing,
I feared ay to speak.

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

For you nae bred to barn or byre,
Wha sweetly tune the Scottiah lyre,
Thanks to you for your line;
BURNS' POEMS.

The marled plaid ye kindly spare,
By me should gratefully be ware;
'Twad please me to the Nine.
I'd be mair vaantie o' my hap,
Douce hinging o'er 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.

---o---
ADDRESS
TO AN ILLEGITIMATE CHILD.

Thou's welcome wean, mischanter fa' me,
If o'ght 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 bonny Betty,
I fatherly will kiss an' daut thee,
As dear an' near my heart I set thee,
    Wi' as gude will
As a' the priests had seen me get thee
    That's out o' hell.

What tho' they ca' me fornicator:
And tease my name in kintry-clatter:
The mair they taunk I'm kent the better,
    E'en let them claich;
An auld wife's tongue's a feckless matter
    To gle ane fash.

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

An' if thou be what I wad hae thee,
An' tak the counsell I shall gie thee,
A lovin' father I'll be to thee,
    If thou be spar'd;
BURNS' POEMS.

iro' a' the childish years I'll e'e thee,
   An' think't weel war'd.

ude grant that thou may ay inherit
by mither's person, grace, an' merit,
nd thy poor worthless daddy's spirit,
Without his failins,
will please me mair to hear an' see't,
Than stocket mailens.

—o—

TO A TAILOR,

Answer to an Epistle which he has

Author.
And maybe, Tam, for a' my cants,
My wicked rhymes, an' dracken rants,
I'll gie auld cloven Cloaty's haunts
    An unco ship yet,
An' snugly git among the saunts,
    At Davie's hip yet.

But fegs the Session says I maun
Gae fa' upo' anither plan,
Then garren lasses cowp the cran
    Clean heels owre body,
And sairlly theye their mither's ban
    Afore the howdy.

This leads me on, to tell for sport,
How I did with 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 fornicator loun 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,
BURNS' POEMS.

ever prove your spiritual foe,
You shou'd remember
it aif, an' whatfore no
Your dearest member!"

'na," quo' I, "'I'm no for that,
thing's nae better than 'tis ca't,
rather suffer for my fault,
A hearty flewit,
'sair owre hip as ye can draw't!
Tho' I should rue it.

'Or gin ye like to end the bother,
To please us a', I've just aither,
When next wi' you lass I forgather,
What'er betide it,
A frankly gie her't a' thegither,
An' let her guide it."
BURNS' POEMS.

By cruel hands the sapling drops,
In dust dishonour'd laid:
So fell the pride of all my hopes,
My age's future shade.

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

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

SONNET,
ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RIDDEL, ESQ. OF GLENRIDDLE, APRIL, 1794.

No more, ye warblers of the wood—no more!
Nor pour your descant, grating, on my soul:
Thou young-ey'd Spring, gay in thy verdant stole,
More welcome were to me grim Winter's wildest roar.

'How can ye charm, ye flow'rs, with all your dyes?
Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend:
How can I to the tuneful strain attend?
That strain flows round th' untimely tomb where Riddel lies.

Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe!
And soothe the Virtues weeping on this bier:
The Man of Worth, and has not left his peer
Is in his "narrow house" for ever darkly low.
The lamp of day, with ill-presaging glare,
Dim, cloudy, sunk beneath the western wave;
The inconstant blast howl'd thro' the darkening air,
And hollow whistled in the rocky cave.

Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell,
Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train;
Or mus'd where limpid streams, once hallow'd well,
Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred sanctuary.

The increasing blast roar'd round the bestling rocks,
The clouds, swift-wing'd, 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 mix'd her wailings with the raving storm.

Wild to my heart the flolian pulses glow,
'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd:
Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe,
The lightning of her eye in tears imbued.

* The King's Park, at Holyrood House.
† St. Anthony's Well.  † St. Anthony's Chapel.
Revers'd that spear, redoubtable in war,
Reclin'd that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd,
That like a dreadful meteor gleam'd afar,
And brav' the mighty monarchs of the world:—

"My patriot Son fills an untimely grave!"
With accents wild, and lift' arms she cried—
"Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save,
Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride!

"A weeping country joins a widow's tear,
The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry;
And drooping hearts surround their patron's bier,
And grateful science heaves the heart-felt sigh,

"I saw my sons resume their ancient fire:
I saw fair Freedom's blossoms richly blow;
But, ah! our hope is born but to expire!
Relentless fate has laid this 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 bear his growing fame.

"And I will join a mother's tender cares,
Thro' future times to make his virtue last,
That distant years may boast of other Blair's!"—
She said, and vanish'd with the sweeping blast.

———

LETTER,

TO J—S T——T, GL—NC—R.

Auld comrade dear and brither sinner,
How's a' the folk about Gl—nc—r?
How do you this blue eastlin' wind,
That's like to blaw a body blind?
Philosophers have fought an' wrung,
An' meikle Greek and Latin mangled,
Till wi' their logic-jargon tir'd
An' in the depths of science mir'd,
To common sense they now appeal,
What wives an' websters see an' feel;
But, hark ye, friend, I charge you strict!
Peruse them and return them quickly!
For now I'm grown sae cursed douce,
I pray and ponder butt the house,
My shins, my lane, I there sit roastin',
Perusing Bunyun, Brown, and 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 een up like a pyet,
When by the gun she tumbles o'er,
Flutt'ring an' gasping in her gore:
Sae shortly you shall see me bright,
A burning an' a shining light.
BURNS' POEMS.

An' Auchenbay, I wish him joy;
If he's a parent, lass or boy,
May he be dad, an' Meg the mither,
Just five-an'-forty years thegither!
An' no forgetting wabster Charlie,
I'm tauld he offers very fairly.
An' I—d remember singing Sannock,
 Wi' hale breeks, saxpence, an' a barmock.
An' next, my auld acquaintance, Nancy,
Since she is fitted to her fancy;
An' her kind stars has airted till her
A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller.
My kindest, best respects I sen' it,
To cousin Kate an' sister Janet;
Tell them frae me, we chielis be cautious,
For, faith, they'll aiblins fin' them fashlous:
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 ye seven miles south o' hell;
But first, before you see heav'n's glory,
May ye get monie a merry story,
Monie a laugh, and monie a drink,
An' ay enough o' needfu' clink.

Now fare ye weil, 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 an' quat my chanter,
Your's saint or sinner,

BOB THE RANTER.
ON A YOUNG LADY,

Residing on the Banks of the small River Devon,
in Clackmannanshire, but whose infant years
were spent in Ayrshire.

How pleasant the banks of the clear-winding Devon,
With green-spreading bushes, and flow’rs blooming fair:
But the bonniest flow’r on the banks of the Devon,
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.

Mild be the sun on this sweet-blushing flower,
In the gay, rosy morn as it bathes in the dew!
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the evening each leaf to renew.

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn!
And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn!

Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
And England triumphant display her proud rose;
A fairer than either adorns the green valleys
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

---

VERSES

Written on the Blank Leaf of a Copy of his
Poems, Presented to an old Sweetheart, then
Married.

Once fondly lov’d, and still remember’d 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 th' Atlantic roar.

—

**EXTEMPORE,**

*Written in Answer to a Card from an intimate of Burns, inviting 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' you by and bye,
Or else the devil's in it.

—

**EXTEMPORE.**

*Written in a Lady's Pocket-Book.*

Grant me, indulgent Heav'n, 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 that were.

—

**LINES**

*ON MISS J. SCOTT, OF AYR.*

Oh! had each Scot of ancient times,
Been, Jeany Scott, as thou art,
The bravest heart on English ground,
Had yielded like a coward.
ON A CELEBRATED-RULING ELDER,

Here souter Will in death does sleep,
To h-ll, if he's gane thither,
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep.
He'll haud it weel thegither.

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes;
O Death, it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a blath'rin' b-teh
Into thy dark dominion!

ON WEE JOHNNY.

HIC JACKET WEE JOHNNY.

Who'er thou art, O reader, know,
That Death has murder'd Johnny!
And here his body lies fu' low——
For saul he ne'er had ony.

FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O ye, whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious reverence and attend!
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father, and the generous friend.
The pitying heart that felt for human wo!
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride!
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe,
"For ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side."*

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

FOR GAVIN HAMILTON, Esq.
The poor man weeps—here Gavin sleeps,
Whom canting wretches blam'd;
But with such as he, where'er he be,
May I be sav'd or d——d!

A BARD'S EPITAPH.
Is there a whim-inspired 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,
O pass not by!
But, with a frater-feeling strong,
Here heave a sigh.

* Goldsmith.
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.

ON JOHN DOVE,
INNKEEPER, MAUCHLINE.

Here lies Johnny Pidgeon,
What was his religion?
BURNS’ POEMS.

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 warred,
Few hearts with knowledge so inform’d:
If there’s another world, he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the best of this.

—-o—-

ON A WAG IN MAUCHLINE.

Lament him Mauchline husbands a’,
He aften did assist ye;
For had he staid whole weeks awa,
Your wives they ne’r had miss’d ye.
Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye press
To school in bands thegither,
O tread ye lightly on this grass,—
Perhaps he was your father.

———

THE HENPECK’D HUSBAND.

Curs’d be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife!
Who has no will, but by her high permission;
Who has not sixpence, but in her possession:
Who must to her his dear friend’s secret tell;
Who dreads a curtain lecture worse than hell!
Where 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.
the Highlands, where
entertained.

When death's dark stream
A time that surely shall
In heaven itself, I'll ask a
Than just a Highland

GRACE BEFORE

O Thou, who kindly dost
For every creature's want
We bless thee, God of Nat-
For all thy goodness lent
And, if it please thee, Hap-
May never worse be sent
But, whether granted or de-
Lord, bless us with conte-
SONGS AND BALLADS.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS.

A Cantata.

RECITATIVO.

When lyart leaves bestrew the yird,
Or, wavering, like the banckie's bird,
Bedim cauld Boreas' blast:
When hallstanes drive wi' bitter skyte,
And infant frosts begin to bite.
In hoary cranreugh drest;
As 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, neist the fire, in auld red rags,
Anes 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;
And aye he gies the touzie drab
The tither skalpin kise,
While she held up her greedy gab,
Just like an aumos dish:

* The old Scottish name for a box.
I am a son of Mars, who have been
And show my cuts and scars when
This here was for a wench, and this
When welcoming the French at the

Lal

My 'prenticeship I past where my
last,
When the bloody dye was cast
Aram;
I served out my trade when the
play'd,
And the Moro low was laid at th
Lal

- I lastly was with Curtis, among
And there I left for witness an a
Yet let my country need me, wi
my stumps at the
BURNS POEMS.

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

Lal de daudle &c.

RECITATIVO.

He ended; and the kebars sheuk
Aboon the chorns' roar;
While frighted rattons backward lenk,
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."

once was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,
and still my delight is in proper young men!
some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie,
so wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddle.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

he first of my loves was a swaggering blade,
o rattle the thundering drum was his trade;
his leg was so tight, and his cheek so ruddy,
transported I was with my sodger laddle.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch,
do the sword I forsook for the sake of the church;
He ventur'd the soul, and risked the body,
I was then I prov'd false to my sodger laddle.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.
256

BURNS' POEMS.

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

Sing, Lal de la, &c.

But the peace it reduced me to beg in despair,
Till I met my old boy at Cunningham fair,
His rags regimental they fluttered mee gayly,
My heart it rejoiced at my sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de la, &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 la, &c.

RECITATIVO.

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

AIR.

TUNE—"Auld Sir Symon."

Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou,
Sir Knave is a fool in a session;
He's there but 'prentice I trow,
But I am a fool by profession.
My gran'ma she bought me a beak,
And I held awa to the school;
I fear I my talent misteak;
But what will ye hee of a fool?

For drink I wad venture my neck;
A missle's the hauf o' my craft;
But what could ye other expect
Of a' that's a-vowedly daft?

I anes was tied up like a stirk,
For civilly swearing and quaffing;
I anes was abus'd in the kirk,
For towaling a lass i' my daftin.

Poor Andrew that tumbles fort sport,
Let naebody name wi' a jeer;
There's even, I'm ta'il, i' the court,
A tumbler ca'd the Premier.

Observ'd ye, you 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 himself,
Gaid L—d, is far dafter than I.

RECITATIVO.

Then niest outspak a rausle carlin,
Wha kent fu' weel to cleek the sterlin
For monie a purse she had hook'd,
And had in mony a well been duck'd;
Her dove had been a Highland Jaddie,
But weary is' the wafsin' woodsie\
Wi' sighs and sobs she thus began
To wall her braw John Highlandman.

AIR.

TUNE—"O, an' you were dead, Goodman."

A Highland lad my love was born,
The Lawland laws he held in scorn;
But he still was faithfu' to his clan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.

CHORUS.

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

Wi' his philibeg and 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 irds and ladies gay;
For a Lalland face he feared nane,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

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

But oh! they catch'd him at the last,
And bound him in a dungeon fast,
BURNS' POEMS.

My curse upon them every one,
They've hang'd my braw John Highland
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 scrapper wi' his fiddle,
Wha us'd at trysts and fairs to driddle,
Her strappin limb and gaucy middle
(He reach'd nae higher)
Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle,
And blawn't on fire.

Wi' hand on haunch, and upward ee,
He croon'd his gamut, one, twa, three,
Then, in an Arioso key,
    The wee Apollo
Set aff, wi' Alligretto glee,
    His giga solo.

AIR.

TUNE—"Whistle o'er the Lave o't."

Let me rynke up to ditch 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 play'd.
Sings whistle owre the lave o' t.
I am, &c.

Sae merrily the banes we'll pyke,
And sun owsels about the dyke,
And at our leisure, when we 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 sie harms,
May whistle owre the lave o' t.
I am, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Her charms had strack a sturdy Cairls
As weel as poor Gat-scrapber;
He takes the fiddler by the beard,
A rusty rapier—
BURNS' FORMS.

He feign'd to snittle in his sleeve,
   When thus the Caird address'd her:

AIR.

"Tune—"Clout the Cauldron."

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

Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,
   Wi' a' his noise and caprin,
And tak a share wi' those that bear
   The budget and the apron;
And by that stowp, my faith and houp,
   And by that dear Kilbagie.*
If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,
   May I ne'er wat my craigie.
   And by that stowp, &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 whisky so called; a great fa
with Poosie-Nansie's club.
Behint the chicken-cave,
Her lord, a wight o' Homer's craft,*
Tho' limping wi' the spavie,
He hirpl'd up, and lap like Daft,
And shor'd them Dainty Davie,
To boot that night

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

AIR.

TUNE—"For a' that, and a' tha
I am a baird, o' no regard.
I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
I'm wife enough for a' that.

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

For a' that, &c.

Great love I hear to a' the fair,
Their humble slave, and 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, and a' that;
But for how long the blie may stang,
Let inclination law that.

For a' that, &c.

Their tricks and craft hae 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 blude to do them gude,
They're welcome till't for a' that.

RECITATIVO.

So sung the bard—and Nansie's wa's
Shook with the thunder of applause,
Re-echoed from each mouth;
They toom'd their pocks, and pawn'd their duds,
They scarcely left to co'er their fuda.
To quench their lowan drouth.
Looks round him, and round th
Impatient for the chorus.

AIR.

TUNE—"Jolly Mortals, fill you"
See the smoking bowl before us,
Mark our jovial ragged ring;
Round and round take up the chor
And in raptures let us sing:

CHORUS.

A fig for those by law protect
Liberty's a glorious feast!
Courts for cowards were erect
Churches built to please the

What is title? what is treasure?
Does the train-attended carriage
Thro' the country lighter rove?
Does the sober bed of marriage
Witness brighter scenes of love?
A fig, &c.

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

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

---

THE RIGS O' BARLEY.

It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonnie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa to Annie:
The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
Till 'tween the late and early;
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
To see me thro' the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly:
I set her down wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley:
I ken't her heart was a' my ain;
I lov'd her most sincerely;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again
Amang the rigs o' barley.
I hae been blithe wi' comrades dear;
I hae been merry drinkin';
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin' gear;
I hae been happy thinkin':
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times double'd fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

*CHORUS*
Corn rigs, and barley rigs,
And corn rigs are bonnie too,
I'll ne'er forget that happy night
Amang the rigs wi' Annie too.

*SONG*
Corn rigs, and barley rigs,
The partridge loves the fruitful fells;
The plover loves the mountains;
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells;
The soaring hern the fountains;
Through lofty groves the cushat roves,
The path of man to slum it;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender;
Some social join, and leagues combine;
Some solitary wander:
Avant, away! the cruel way,
Tyrannic man's dominion;
The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flatter'ring, gory pinion!

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

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly;
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
Swear how I love thee dearly;
Not vernal showers to budding flowers,
Not autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be as thou to me,
My fair, and lovely charmer.
SONG.

TUNE—"My Nannie O."

BEHIND you hills where Lugar flows,
'Mang moors and mooses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
And I'll awa to Nannie, O.
The westlin' wind blaws loud and shill;
The night's baith mirk and rainy, O;
But I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,
And owre the hills to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie, O.
Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O;
The opening gowan, wet wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
And few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.
My riches a's my penny-fee,
And I maun guide it canaile, O;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld gudeman delights to view
His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hands his pleugh,
And has nae care but Nannie, O.
BURNS' POEMS.

Come weel, come wo, I care nae by,
I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O;
Nae ither care in life hae I,
But live, and love my Nannie, O.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

A FRAGMENT.

There's bought but care on ev'ry han',
In every hour that passes, O:
What signifies the life o' man,
And 'twere not for the lasses, O.

Green grow the rashies, O;
Green grow the rashies, O;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent amang the lasses, O.

The warly race may riches chace,
And riches still may fly them, O;
And though at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
And warly cares, and warly men,
May a' gae tapsalterie, O!
Green grow, &c.

For you see douce, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.
BURNS' FORMS.

Sure swears, the lovely dears
Blest work she classes O;
Entice han' she tried on man,
Then she made the lasses, O.

SONG.

TUNE—"Johnny's Grey Braes."

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

And maun I still on Menie dote,
And bear the scorn that's in her ee?
For it's jet, jet black, and it's like a hawk,
And it winna let a body be!

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

And maun I still, &c.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks;
But life to me's a weary dream,
A dream of ane that never wanks.

And maun I still, &c.

The wanton coot the water skims,
Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
And every thing is blest but I.

And maun I still
BURNS' POEMS.

The sheep-haard steals his faulding slap,
And owre the moorlands whistles shill,
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step,
I meet him on the dewy hill.
And maun I still, &c.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
And mounts and sings, on fluttering wings
A wae-worn ghast I homeward glide,
And maun I still, &c.

Come Winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree;
Thy gloom will sooth my cheerless soul,
When Nature all is sad like me!
And maun I still, &c.

SONG.

TUNE—"Rostin Castle."

The gloomy night is gathering fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,
You murky cloud is soul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain:
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure,
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

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

'Tis not the surging billows' roar,
'Tis not that fatal deadly shore;
Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear:
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

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

SONG.

TUNE—"Gilderoy."

From thee, Eliza, I must go,
And from thy native shore;
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar;
But boundless oceans roaring wide,
Between my love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee;
Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more!
BURNS' POEMS.

But the last throb that leaves my heart,
While death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh!

THE FAREWELL

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

TUNE—"Good Night, and Joy be wi' you a'!"

ADIEU! a heart-warm fond adieu!
Dear brothers of the mystic eye!
Ye favour'd, ye enlightened few,
Companions of my social joy!
Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing Fortune's sid'dry be',
With melting heart and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'.

Oft have I met your social band,
And spent the cheerful, festive night;
Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the sons of light:
And by that hieroglyphic bright,
Which none but craftsmen ever saw!
Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa'.

May freedom, harmony, and love,
Unite you in the grand design,
Beneath th' omniscient Eye above,
The glorious Architect divine!
That you may keep th' unerring line,
Still rising by the plummet's line,
A last request, permit me to
When yearly ye assemble
One round, I ask it with a
to him, the BARD, that's

---

SONG

TUNE—"Prepare my day
Tavern let's

No churchman am I for to raise
No statesman nor soldier to place
No sly man of business contrive
For a big-belly'd bottle's the

The peer I don't envy, I give
I scorn not the peasant, tho' he
But a club of good fellows, like
And a bottle like this our
BURNS' POEMS.

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

"Life's cares they are comfort”—a maxim laid down
By the bard, what d'ye call him? that wore the black gown;
And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair;
For a big-belly'd bottle's a heaven of care.

A Stanza added in a Mason Lodge.

Then fill up a bumper, and make it o'erflow,
And honours masonic prepare for to throw;
May every true brother of the compass and square,
Have a big-belly'd bottle when harass'd with care.

HIGHLAND MARY.

Tune—"Katherine Ogie."

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie;
Therèe simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry:
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rith the hawthorn's blossom,
Wi' mony a rue, an'
   Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pleading a' to meet again,
   We tore ourse's asunder;
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
   That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's th
   That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
   I a'ft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for aye the sparkling gl
   That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust
   That heart that lo'ed me dearly.
But still within my bosom's core
   Shall live my Highland Mary?

AULD ROB MORE
BURNS' POEMS

279

But, oh! she's an heiress, and Robins a laird,
And my daddy has nought but a cot-house and yard;
A wooer like me manna hope to come speed;
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane;
I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might have hop'd she wad smile'd upon me!
O, how past descriving had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express!

DUNCAN GRAY.

Duncan Gray came here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
On blithe yule-night when we were fou,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Maggie coos'd her head fu' heigh,
Look'd asklent and unco skel'd,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd;
Ha, ha, &c.
Meg was deaf as Allo Craig,
Ha, ha, &c.
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleert and blin'.
Spak o'lowpin o'er a linn;
Ha, ha, &c.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, &c.
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, &c.
Meg grew sick as meg
Ha, ha, &c.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings,
And O, her een, they spak sic thin
Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, &c.
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, &c.
Duncan could na be her death,
Swelling pity smoord his wrath;
How they're crouse and canty be
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

GALLA WATER.

There's braw, braw lads on Yerr
That wander thro' the blooming
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That cost contentment, peace, or pleasure:
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O that's the chiefest world's treasure!

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THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

TUNE—"The Mill, Mill O."

When wild war's deadly blast was blown,
And gentle peace returning,
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning;
I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor but honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
A hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy;
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen,
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill, and strysting-thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted:
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.
Sue wistfully she gaz'd on me,
   And lovelier grew than ever
Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,
   Forget him shall I never:
Our humble cot and hamely fur
Ye freely shall partake it;
That gallant badge, the dear e
Ye're welcome for the sake c

She gaz'd—she redden like a n
Syne pale like ony lilly,
She sank within my arms and
Art thou my ain dear Willie
By Him who made you sun ar
By whom true love's regard
I am the man; and thus may
True lovers be rewarded!

The wars are o'er, and I'm co
   And find thee still true-hea
BURNS' POEMS.

But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honour:
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger,
Remember he's his country stay
In day and hour of danger.

MEG O' THE MILL.

TUNE—“O bonnie Lass will ye lie in a Barrack?”

Exyn ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
And ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
She has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller,
And broken the heart o' the barley Miller.

The Miller was strappin, the Miller was ruddy;
A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady:
The laird was a widdiefu', bleerit knurl:—
She's left the guid fellow and ta'en the churl.

The Miller he hetcht her a heart heal and loving;
She laird did address her wi' matter more moving,
A fine pacing-horse wi' a clear-chained bridle,
A whip by her side, and a bonnie side-saddle.

C wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing;
And wae on the love that is fix'd on the mailen!
A tocher's nae word on a true lover's parle,
But gie me my love, and a fig for the warl'!

SONG.

TUNE—“Logan water.”

O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide,
That day I was my Willie's bride!
And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun,
But now thy flow'ry banks appear
Like drumlie winter, dark and dree,
While my dear lad maun face his face,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month o' May
Has made our hills and valleys gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers;
Blithe morning lifts his rosy eye,
And evening's tears are tears of joy;
My soul, delightful, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush,
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile:
But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O, wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
As ye make many a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return!
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry?
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie home to Logan braes!
BURNS' POEMS.

THE LEA-RIG.

When o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo,
And owsen frae the furrow'd field
Return sae dowf and weary O,
Down by the burn, where scented birks
Wi' dews are hanging clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie O,
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie O.
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae wearie O,
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Along the burn to steer, my jo;
Gie me the hour o' gloamin' grey,
It maks my heart sae cheery O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

WANDERING WILLIE.

Be awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
'ere awa, there awa, hand awa hame;
To my bosom my ain only dearie,
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the sae.
And wait my dear husband once

But, oh! if he's faithless, and min
Flow still between us, thou wide
May I never see it, may I never t
But, dying, believe that my Wi

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SONG.

TUNE—"Robin Ad

HAD I a cave on some wild, dista
Where the winds howl to the way
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my lost repose,
Till grief my eyes should close.
Ne'er to wake more,

Falsest of womankind! canst thou
All my fond plighted vows—fleest
To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury.
BURNS' POEMS.

But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
And come na unless the back-yett be a-see;
Syne up the back-style, and let nae body see,
And come as ye were na coming to me.
And come, &c.

O whistle, &c.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd na a file;
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me,
Yet look, &c.

O whistle, &c.

Ay vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whyles ye may lightlly my beauty a wee:
But court na anither, tho' jokin' ye be,
For fear that she whyle your fancy frae me.
For fear, &c.

O whistle, &c.

---o---

DAINTY DAVIE.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay, green spreading bowers;
And now comes in my happy hours,
To wander wi' my Davie.

Meet me on the warlock knowe!
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie,
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blow,
A wanderin' wi' my Davie.

Meet me, &c.
I flee to his arms I do so well,
And that's my ain dear I

CHORUS.

Meet me on the warlock
Bonnie Davie, dainty I
There I'll spend the day
My ain dear dainty De

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auld lang sy

should auld acquaintance I
And never brought to min'
Should auld acquaintance be
And days o' lang syne?

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my de
BURNS' POEMS.

We twa hae paid't f' the burn,
Fae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roard
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

And here's a hand my trusty siere,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine:
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

BANNOCKBURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARM

Scots, who has wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, whom Bruce has often led;
Welcome to your glory bed,
Or to glorious victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour—
See the front o' battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Edward! chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor-knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha saw base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

17
Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Caledonian! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By our sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be—shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! let us do, or die!

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SONG.

TUNE—"Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes."

CHORUS.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
My bonnie dearie.

Hark, the mavis' evening sang
Sounding Clouden's woods amang;
Then a fauldling let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,
Thro' the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.
Ca' the yowes, &c.
Yonder Clouden’s silent towers,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O’er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.
Ca’ the yowes, &c.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou’rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nought of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca’ the yowes, &c.

Pair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die—but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca’ the yowes, &c.

SHE SAYS SHE LO’ES ME BEST OF

TUNE—“O’Nag’H’s Water-fall.”

Sae flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eye-brows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o’er-arching
Twa laughing een o’ bonnie blue,
Her smiling sae wylie,
Wad make a wretch forget his woe;
What pleasure, what treasure,
Unto those rosy lips to grow:
Such was my Chloris’ bonnie face,
When first her bonnie face I saw,
And sa’ my Chloris’ dearest charm,
She says she lo’es me best of a’.
BURNS' POEMS.

Like harmony her motion;
Her pretty ancle is a spy
Betraying fair proportion,
Wad make a saint forget the sky.
Sae warming, sae charming,
Her faultless form and gracefu' air;
Ilk feature—auld Nature
Declar'd that she could do nae mair.
Her's are the willing chains o' love,
By conquering beauty's sovereign law;
And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
And gaudy shew at sunny noo;
Gie me the lonely valley,
The dewy eve and rising moon
Fair beaming, and streaming,
Her silver light the boughs amang;
While falling, recalling,
The amorous thrush concludes her sang:
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
By wimping burn and leafy shaw,
And hear my vows o' truth and love,
To say thou lo'es me best of a'?

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

TUNE—"Rothemurchus Reel."

CHORUS.

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou tent wi' me the flocks?
Wilt thou be my dearie O?

Now nature cleeds the flowery lee,
And a' is young and sweet like thee,
Burns' Poems.

Ω wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
And say thou'lt be my dearie O?
Lassie wi', &c.

And when the welcome summer-shower
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower
At sultry noon, my dearie O.
Lassie wi', &c.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's homeward way;
Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
And talk o' love, my dearie O.
Lassie wi', &c.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest;
Enclasped to my faithfu' breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie O.

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks?
Wilt thou be my dearie O?

For a' that and a' that.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that;
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
And dare be poor for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.
Ye see yon birkie ca’d a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and
Tho’ hundreds worship at his
He’s but a coof for a’ that;
For a’ that, and a’ that,
His riband, star, and a’ thes
The man of independent min;
He looks and laughs at a’ th

A prince can make a belted b
A marquis, duke, and a’ th
But an honest man’s aboon hi
Guid faith he manna fa’ th
For a’ that, and a’ that,
Their dignities, and a’ that,
The pith o’ sense, and pride o
Are higher ranks than a’ th

Then let us pray, that come i
As come it will for a’ that.
BURNS' POEMS.

SONG.

TUNE—"Let me in this ae Night."

O Lassie, art thou sleeping yet!
Or art thou wakin', I would wit?
For love has bound me, hand and foot,
And I would fain be in, jo.

CHORUS.

O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
For pity's sake this ae night,
O rise and let me in, jo.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet;
Tak pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause.
Of a' my grief and pain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

HER ANSWER.

O TELL na me o' wind and rain!
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain!
Gae back the gate ye cam again,
I winna let you in, jo.

CHORUS.

I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night:
And ane for a' this sae night,
I winna let you in, jo.

The snallest blast, at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
Is nought to what poor she endures,
That's trusted faithless man, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed;
Let simple maid the lesson read,
The weird may be her ain, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd the summer-day,
Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
Let witless, trusting, woman, say
How aft her fate's the same, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

CALEDONIA.

TUNE—"Humours of Glen."

Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume,
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
Wit the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.

Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen:
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
A listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave,
BURNS' POEMS.

Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
What are they?—The haunt of the tyrant and slave!

The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views with disdain;
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
Save love's willing fetters, the charms of his Jean.

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SONG.

TUNE—"This is no my ain House."

CHORUS.

O this is no my ain lassie,
Fair tho' the lassie be;
O weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her ee.

I see a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place:
It wants, to me, the witching grace,
The kind love that's in her ee.
O this is no, &c.

She's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall!
And aye it charms my very soul,
The kind love that's in her ee.
O this is no, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
To steal a blink, by a' unseen;
But gleg as light as lovers' e'en,
When kind love is in the ee.
O this is no, &c.
SCOTTISH BALLAD.

TUNE—"The Lothian Lad.

LAST May a braw wooer cam down:
And sair wi' his love he did deave;
I said there was naething I hated lit;
The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me.

He spak o' the darta in my bonnie bly;
And vow'd for my love he was dyin';
I said he might die when he liked, for
The Lord forgie me for lying, for!
The Lord forgie me for lying!

A weel-stocked mailen, himsel for to
And marriage aff-hand, were his;
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or
But thought I might hae waur o'
But thought I might hae waur o'
BURNS’ POEMS.

And wha but my true sickle lover was there,
I glower’d as I’d seen a warlock, a warlock,
I glower’d as I’d seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
Lest sceebors might say I was saucy;
My wooer he caper’d as he’d been in drink,
And vow’d I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow’d I was his dear lassie.

I spier’d for my cousin fa’ counthy and sweet,
Gin she had recover’d her hearin’,
And how her new shoon fit her unk shackl’it feet,
But, heav’n’s! how he fell a swearin’, a swearin’
But, heav’n’s! how he fell a swearin’.

He begged, for Gudseake! I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi’ sorrow;
So e’en to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I mean wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
I think I mean wed him to-morrow.

HEY FOR A LASS WT’ A TOCHER.

TUNE—“Baltimoms ora.”

AWA wt’ your witchcraft o’ beauty’s alarms,
The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms;
O, gie me the lass that has acres o’ charms,
O, gie me the lass wt’ the weel-stockit farms.

CHORUS.

Then hey, for a lass wt’ a tocher, then hey, for a
lass wt’ a tocher,
Then hey, for a lass wt’ a tocher; the nice yellow
guineas for me.
Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows,
And withers the faster, the faster it grows;
But the rapturous charm o' the bonnie green knowes,
Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonnie white yews.

Then hey, &c.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
The brightest o' beauty may cloy when possesst;
But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie impress,
The langer ye hae them—the mair they're carest.

Then hey, &c.

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SONG.

TUNE—"Here's a health to them that's awa, hiney."

CHORUS.

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!

Altho' thou maun never be mine,
Altho' even hope is denied,
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside—Jessy!

Here's a health, &c.

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,
As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms,
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lockt in thy arms—Jessy!

Here's a health, &c.

I guess by the dear angel-smile,
I guess by the love-rolling ee;
But why urge the tender confession,
'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree—Jessy!

Here's a health, &c.
BURNS' POEMS.

THE BIRKS OF Aberfeldy.

CHORUS.

Bonnie lassie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,
Bonnie lassie, will ye go to the Birks of Aberfeldy?

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
Come let us spend lightsome days
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
The little birdies blithely sing,
Mr lightly flit on wanton wing
In the Birks of Aberfeldy,

Bonnie lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,

The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising weets wi' misty showers,

The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,

In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.
BLITHE WAS SHE.

CHORUS.

Blithe, blithe and merry was she,  
Blithe was she but and ben;  
Blithe by the banks of Ern,  
And blithe in Glenturrit glen.

By Oughtertyre grows the skirn,  
On Yarrow banks, the birken shaw,  
But Phemie was a bonnier lass  
Then braes o' Yarrow ever saw.  
Blithe, &c.

Her looks were like a flower in May,  
Her smile was like a simmer morn,  
As tripp'd by the banks of Ern  
As light's a bird upon a thorn.  
Blithe, &c.

Her bonnie face it was as meek  
As ony lamb upon a lee;  
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet  
As was the blink o' Phemie's ee.  
Blithe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,  
And o'er the Lowlands I ha' been;  
But Phemie was the blithest lass  
That ever trod the dewy green.  
Blithe, &c.

SONG.

TUNE—"My Lodging is on the cold ground."

My Chloris, mark how green the groves,  
The primrose banks how fair:
BURNS' POEMS.

She balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen braid.
The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings;
For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings.
Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
In lordly lightly ha':
The shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blithe, in the birken shaw.
The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
But are there hearts as light as ours
Beneath the milk-white thorn?
The shepherd, in the flowery glen,
In shepherd's phrase will woo:
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true?
These wild-wood flowers I've pa'd, to deck
That spotless breast o' thine:
The courtiers' gems may witness love—
But 'tis na love like mine.

I LOVE MY JEAN.

TUNE—"Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey."

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best:
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between;
BURNS POEMS:

But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair:
I hear her in the tuneful birds,
I hear her charm the air:
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MALT

O, Willie brew'd a peck o' malt,
And Rob and Allan cam to see;
Three blither hearts that lee-lang night;
Ye wad na find in Christendom.

We are na fou, we're na that fou,
But just a drapple in our ee:
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony maes we hope to be!
We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinking in the lift see high;
She shines see bright to whyle us home,
But by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!
We are na fou, &c.

What first shall rise to gong aye
A cuckold, coward loum is he!
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king among us three!
We are na fou, &c.

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**TAM GLEN.**

*My heart is a breaking, dear Tittie,*
Some counsel unto me come len';
To anger them a' is a pity;
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,
In poortith I might mak a fen';
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I maun marry Tam Glen?

*There's Lowrie the laird o' Drumeller,*
"Gude day to you, brute," he comes ben;
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

*My minnie does constantly deave me,*
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me;
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

*My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,*
He'll gie me guid hunder marks ten;
But, if it's ordain'd I maun tak him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

*Yestreen at the Valentine's dealing,*
My heart to my mou gied a sten;
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.

*The last Halloween I was waukin*
My droukit sark-sleeve as ye ken;
BURNS’ POEMS.

is cam up the house struikin,
very grey breeks o’ Tam Glen;

auld, dear Tittie, don’t tarry;
on my bonnie black lien,
advice me to marry
I lo’e dearly, Tam Glen.

A YOUNG LASSIE DO WI’ AN AULD MAN?

young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
young lassie do wi’ an auld man?
the pennie that tempted my minnie
oor Jenny for siller an’ lan’!
on the pennie, &c.

mpleenin’ frae mornin’ to e’enin’,
he hipples the weary day lang;
and he’s dozin’, his bluid it is frozen,
the night wi’ a crazy auld man;


O FOR AENE AND TWENTY, TAM!

TUNE—"The Moudiewort."

CHORUS.

An' O, for aene and twenty, Tam!
An' hey, sweet aene and twenty, Tam!
I'll learn my kin a rattlin sang,
And I saw aene and twenty, Tam.

They snool me sair, and haud me down,
And gar me look like bluntie, Tam,
But three short years will soon wheel roun',
And then comes aene and twenty, Tam!
An' O, for aene, &c.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
Was left me my auntie, Tam;
At kith or kin I need na spier,
An' I saw aene and twenty, Tam.
An' O, for aene, &c.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
Tho' I mysel' hae plenty, Tam;
But hear' sthou, laddie, there's my loof,
I'm thine at aene and twenty, Tam!
An' O, for aene, &c.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

Yg banks and bracs o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care!
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree
And my false lover stole my rose
But ah! he left the thorn wi' x

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE

WILLIE Wastle dwalt on Tweed
The spot they ca'd it Linkum\d
Willie was a weaster guid,
Coul'd stown a clue wi' onie bx
He had a wife was dour and din
O Tinkler Maggie was her m'l
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for he

She has an ee, she has bat ane,
The cat has twa the very colo
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump
A clapper tongue wad deave a
BURNS' POEMS.

Auld baudrans by the ingle sits,
An' wi' her loof her face a-washin';
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
She dichts her grunzie wi' a hushion;
Her wallie nieves like midden-creels,
Her face wad fyle the Logan-Water;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

Wilt thou be my dearie?
When sorrows wrings thy gentle heart,
O wilt thou let me cheer thee?
By the treasure of my soul,
And that's the love I bear thee!
I swear and vow, that only thou
Shall ever be my dearie,
Only thou, I swear and vow,
Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
Say na thou'lt refuse me;
If it wi'ana, canna be,
Thou for thine may choose me;
Let me lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.
Lassie, let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

She's fair and fause that causes my smart,
I lo'ed her meikle and lang;
She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart
And I may e'en gae hang.
To this be never
Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prov
A woman has't by kind:
O woman lovely, woman fair!
An angel form's faun to thy shair
'Twad been o'er meikle to gien th
I mean an angel mind.

O, WAT YE WHA'S IN YC

O, WAT ye wha's in yon town,
Ye see the e'enin' sun upon?
The fairest dame's in yon town,
That e'enin' sun is shining on

Now haply down yon gay green
She wanders by yon spreading
How blest ye flowers that round
Illusion of her ey
BURNS' POEMS.

Without my love, not a' the charms
O' Paradise could yield me joy;
But gie me Lucy in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.

My cave wad be a lover's bower;
Tho' raging winter rent the air
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town,
Yon sinking sun's gane down upon;
A fairer than's in yon town
His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

If angry fate is sworn my foe,
And suffering I am doom'd to bear,
I careless quit all else below,
But spare me, spare me Lucy dear.

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
Ae thought free her shall ne'er depart,
And she—as fairest is her form!
She has the truest, kindest heart.

THE RED, RED ROSE.

O, my luv'e's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
O, my luv'e's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luv'e am I:
And I will luv'e thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.
BURNS' POEMS.

the seas gang dry, my dear,
the rocks melt wi' the sun:
luve thee still, my dear,
le the sands o' life shall run.

fare thee weel, my only luve!
fare thee weel, a while!
will come again, my luve,
it were ten thousand mile.

---

SONG OF DEATH.

d of battle; time of the day—evening;
ed and dying of the victorious army
ed to join in the following Song.

thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye
with the bright setting sun;
es and friendships, ye dear, tender ties,
IMITATION OF AN OLD JACO

By yon castle wa at the close o' the
I heard a man sing, tho' his head it w
And as he was singing, the tears fast
There'll never be peace till Jamie com

The church is in ruins, the state is in:
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous
We dare na weel say't, but we ken wh
There'll never be peace till Jamie com.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew a
And now I greet round their green be
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu'
There'll never be peace till Jamie com

Now life is a burden that bows me do
Sin' I tint my bairns and be tint his c
But till my last moments my words a
There'll never be peace till Jamie com

TO MARY IN HEAVE

Thou lingering star, with less'ning
Thou lov'st to greet the early mor
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.

O Mary! dear departed shade?
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
here by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!

Eternity will not efface,
Those records dear of transports past:
y image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

r, gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
D'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning, green,
e fragrant birch, and hawthorn boar,
I'm deum am'rous round the raptur'd scene.

e flowers sprang wanton to be prest
The birds sang love on every spray,
I too, too soon, the glowing west,
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

ll o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
ne but th' impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
I hae nothing to lend,
I’ll borrow frae naebody.

I am naebody’s lord,
I’ll be slave to naebody;
I hae a guid braided sword,
I’ll tak dunts frae naebody;

I’ll be merry and free,
I’ll be sad for naebody;
If naebody care for me,
I’ll care for naebody.

TO MARY.

WILL ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave old Scotia’s shore?
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across th’ Atlantic’s roar?

O sweet grows the lime and the orange,
And the apple on the pine;
But a’ the charms o’ the Indies
Can never equal thine.

I hae sworn by the heavens to my Mary,
I hae sworn by the heavens to be true;
And sae may the heavens forget me,
When I forget my vow!

O plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your lily-white hand;
O plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia’s strand.
a plighted our troth, my Mary
mutual affection to join,
first be the cause that shall part us!
hour, and the moment o' time.

BONNIE LESLEY.

A' w ye bonnie Lesley,
A she gaed o'er the border?
A' gane, like Alexander,
Spred her conquests farther.

She her is to love her,
And love but her for ever:
Nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic anither;

A' art a queen, fair Lesley,
My subjects we, before thee:
A' art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.
BURNS' POEMS.

MARY MORISON.

TUNE—“Bide ye yet.”

O Mary, at thy window be,
   It is the wish’d, the trysted hour,
Those smiles and glances let me see,
   That make the miser’s treasure poor.
How blithely wad I hide the stoure;
   A weery slave frae sun to sun:
Could I the rich reward secure,
   The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen when to the trembling string
   The dance gaed thro’ the lighted ha
To thee my fancy took its wing,
   I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
Tho’ this was fair, and that was braw.
   And yon the toast of a’ the town,
I sigh’d, and said amang them a’,
   “Ye are na Mary Morison.”

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
   Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
   Whose only fault is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
   At least be pity to me shown:
A thought ungentle canna be
   The thought o’ Mary Morison.

———

SONG.

TUNE—“Liggeram Cosh.”

BLITHE hae I been on yon hill,
   As the lambs before me;
BUCKS’ POEMS.

Careless ilka thought and free,
As the breeze flew o’er me:
Now nae longer sport and play,
Mirth or sang can please me;
Lesley is sae fair and coy,
Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy, is the task,
Hopeless love declaring:
Trembling, I dow nocht but glow’r,
Sighing, dumb, despairing!
If she winna ease the thraws,
In my bosom swelling,
Underneath the grass-green sod,
Soon maun be my dwelling.

BONNIE JEAN.

There was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen,
When ’a’ the fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.

And aye she wrought her mammie’s wark,
And aye she sang sae merrillie;
The blitheest bird upon the bush
Hud ne’er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite’s nest;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
The flower and pride of a’ the glen;
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
And wanton naigies nine or ten.
BURNS' POEMS.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
    He danced wi' Jeanie on the down,
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
    Her heart was tint, her peace w

As in the bosom o' the stream,
    The moonbeam dwells at dewy eve,
So trembling, pure, was tender love
    Within the breast o' bonnie Jeanie.

And now she works her mammie's ploy,
    And aye she sighs wi' care and woe,
Yet wist na what her ail might be
    Or what wad make her weel ag.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup lig,
    And did na joy blink in her ee,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love,
    As e'eing on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
    The bird sang sweet in ilka gro,
His cheek to her's he fondly prest
    And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:

"O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
    O canst thou think to fancy me
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's bower
    And learn to tent the farms wi' me?"

"At barn or byre thou shalt na d
    Or naething else to trouble thee
But stray amang the heather bell
    And tent the waving corn wi' n

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
    She had nae will to say him na
At length she blush'd a sweet cow
    And love was aye between the
O Tibbie, I hae seen the day
Ye would na been sae shy;
For lack o' gear ye lightly m
But, trowth, I care na by.

Yestreen I met you on the moor
Ye spak na, but gaed by like aoor
Ye geek at me because I'm poor
But fient a hair care I,
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may t
Because ye nae the name o' ch
That ye can please me at a w
Whene'er ye like to try.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But sorrow tak him that's sa
Altho' his pouch o' coin wer
... follows any saucy quee
BURNS' POEMS.

Tho' hardly he for sense or leer
Be better than the kye.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice,
Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice;
The deil a ane wad spier your price,
Were ye as poor as I.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
I wad na gie her in her sark,
For thee wi' a' thy thousand mark;
Ye need na look sae high.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

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SONG.

TUNE—"Fee him, Father."

Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
Thou hast left me ever.
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
Thou hast left me ever.
Aften hast thou vow'd that death
Only should us sever;
Now thou'st left thy lass for aye,—
I maun see thee never, Jamie,
I'll see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken,
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken,
Thou canst love anither jo,
While my heart is breaking:
Soon my weary een I'll close,
Never mair to waken, Jamie,
Ne'er mair to waken.
FAIR JENNY.

TUNE—"Saw ye my Father."

WHERE are the joys I have met in the morning,
    That danc'd to the lark's early song?
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
    At evening the wild woods among?

No more a winding the course of yon river,
    And marking sweet flow'rets so fair;
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
    But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,
    And grim, surly winter is near?
No, no, the bees humming round the gay roses
    Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
    Yet long, long too well have I known;
All that has caused this wreck in my bosom
    Is Jenny, fair Jenny, alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
    Nor hope dare a comfort bestow;
Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish
    Enjoyment I'll seek in my wo.


SONG.

TUNE—"To Janet."

HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
    Nor longer idly rave, sir;
Though I am your wedded wife,
    Yet I am not your slave, sir.
BURNS' POEMS.

"One of two must still obey,  
Nancy, Nancy;  
Is it man or woman, say,  
My spouse, Nancy?"

If 'tis still the lordly word,  
Service and obedience;  
I'll desert my sov'reign lord,  
And so, good bye allegiance!

"Sad will I be, so bereft,  
Nancy, Nancy;  
Yet I'll try to make a shift,  
My spouse, Nancy."

My poor heart then break it must,  
My last hour I'm near it;  
When you lay me in the dust,  
Think, think how you will bear it.

"I will hope and trust in Heav'n,  
Nancy, Nancy;  
Strength to bear it will be given,  
My spouse, Nancy."

Well, sir, from the silent dead,  
Still I'll try to daunt you;  
Ever round your midnight bed  
Horrid sprites shall haunt you.

"I'll wed another, like my dear  
Nancy, Nancy.  
Then all hell will fly for fear,  
My spouse Nancy."
A RENDEZVOUS —

Though I were ne'er sae weari

CHORUS.

For, oh! her lanely nights,
And, oh! her dreams are
And, oh! her widow'd hear
That's absent frae her dea

When I think on the lightsome
I spent wi' thee, my dearlie,
And now what seas between us
How can I be but eerie?
For, oh! &c.

How slowly ye move, ye heavy!
The joyless day how dreary
It was na sae ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearlie.
For, oh! &c.
From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

CHORUS.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

The feather'd people you might see
Perch'd all around on every tree,
In notes of sweetest melody
They hail the charming Chloe.
Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise,
Out-rivall'd by the radiant eyes
Of youthful, charming Chloe.
Lovely was she, &c.

SONG.

TUNE—"Lumps o' Pudding."

Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
When'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
Gie them a skelp as they're creeping alang,
N' a cog o' guid swats, and an auld Scottish sang.

whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought;
But man is a sodger, and life is a faught:
My mirth and good humour are coin in my pouch,
And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

A towmmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night o' guid fellowship somehow is a'

BURNS' POEMS.

The blithe end o' our journey at last,
Deil ever thinks o' the road he has past!

Giance, let her snapper and stoyte on her w
One, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae:
Se, or come travail, come pleasure or pain
St word is—"Welcome, and welcome agai

THOU LEAVE ME THUS, MY KAT

TUNE—"Roy's Wife."

CHORUS.

Anst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Anst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Tell thou know'st my aching heart,

C thy plighted fond regard,

A cruelly to part, my Katy?

The faithful wife's return.
BURNS' POEMS.

While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw;
But to me it's delightful—my Nannie's awa.

The snawdrap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa.

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dews of the law,
The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,
And thon, mellow mavis, that hails the night fa',
Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa.

Come, Autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
And sooth me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay;
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa.

———

SONG.

TUNE—"Laddie, lie near me."

'Twas na her bonnie blue ee was my ruin;
Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoing:
'Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind us,
'Twas the bewitching, sweet stown glance o' kindnes.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me,
But tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever,
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest!
And thou'rt the angel that never can altar.
Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.
FAIREST maid on De-
Crystal Devon, win-
Wilt thou lay that fro
And smile as thou v

Full well thou know'st I k
Couldst thou to malice len
O, did not love exclaim, "
" Nor use a faithful love
Fairest maid, &c.

Then come, thou fairest of
Those wonted smiles, O, le
And, by thy beauteous self
No love but thine my he
Fairest maid, &c.

THE YOUNG HIGHL
TUNE—"Mor
The birdies dowie moaning,
    Shall a’ be blithely singing,
And every flower be springing,
Sae I’ll rejoice the lee-lang day,
    When, by his mighty warden,
My youth’s return’d to fair Strathspey,
    And bonnie Castle-Gordon.

WHERE, BRAVING ANGRY WINTER’S STORMS.

TUNE—“N. Gow’s Lamentation for Abercairny.”

WHERE, braving angry winter’s storms,
The lofty Ochels rise,
Far in their shade my Peggy’s charms
    First blest my wondering eyes.
As one who, by some savage stream
    A lonely gem surveys,
Astonish’d, doubly marks its beam,
    With art’s most polish’d blaze.

Blest be the wild sequester’d shade,
    And blest the day and hour,
Where Peggy’s charms I first survey’d,
    When first I felt their pow’r!
The tyrant Death, with grim control,
    May seize my fleeting breath;
But tearing Peggy from my soul
    Must be a stronger death.

THE BRAES O’ BALLOCHMYLE.

The Catrine woods were yellow seen,
The flowers decay’d on Catrine lea;
Nae lav’rock sang on hillock green,
    But nature sicken’d on the ee.
Ye birdies dumb, in with'rings
Again ye'll charm the voice
But here, alas! for me nae
Shall birdie charm, or flow
Fareweel the bonnie banks of
Fareweel, fareweel! swee

FAREWELL THOU

FAREWELL thou stream that
Around Eliza's dwelling!
O mem'ry! spare the cruel throng
Within my bosom swelling:
Condemn'd to drag a hopeless
And yet in secret languish,
To feel a fire in ev'ry vein,
Nor dare disclose my anguis
BURNS' POEMS.

I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
Till fears no more had say'd me;
The unwary sailor thus aghast,
The wheeling torrent viewing;
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last
In overwhelming ruin.

JOHN ANDERSON.

TUNE—"John Anderson my jo."

JOHN Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquaint;
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snael:
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
But we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go;
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

TUNE—"The Rose-bud."

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk.
Adown a corn-inclosed bawk,
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
All on a dewy morning.
A little honey-tongued prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast.
So early in the morning.
She soon shall see her tendril
The pride, the pleasure o' th' morning.
Amang the fresh green leaves
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young J
On trembling string or voca
Shall sweetly pay the tender seed
That tenteth thy early morn.
So thou sweet rose-bud, yon
Shall beauteous blaze upon
And bless the parent's even
That watch'd the early morn.

THE JOYFUL WREN
TUNE—"Maggy I"
At length from me her course she steer'd,
And gone I know not whither:
Would I could guess, I do profess,
I speak, and do not flatter,
Of all the women in the world,
I never could come at her.

Her body is bestowed well,
A handsome grave does hide her,
But sure her soul is not in hell,
The deil would ne'er abide her,
I rather think she is aloft,
And imitating thunder;
For why,—methinks I hear her voice
Tearing the clouds asunder.

---o---

FAIR ELIZA.

A Gaelic Air.

Turn again, thou fair Eliza;
As kind blink before we part,
Rue on thy despairing lover!
Canst thou break his faithfu' heart?
Turn again, thou fair Eliza;
If to love thy heart denies,
For pity hide the cruel sentence
Under friendship's kind disguise!

Thee, dear maid, hae I offended?
The offence is loving thee;
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
Wha for thine would gladly die?
While the life beats in my bosom,
Thou shalt mix in lika throe;
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
As sweet smile on me bestow.
Kens the pleasure, feels the ray
That thy presence gies to me.

THE PARTING KIS!

Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss
O'er the mountains he is gone.
And with him is a' my bliss,
Naught but griefs with me r

Spare my luv, ye winds that blow,
Plushy sleet and beating rain,
Spare my luv, thou feathery slain,
Drifting o'er the frozen plain.

When the shades of evening cre,
O'er the day's fair, glad some
Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blithe his wakening
BURNS' POEMS.

Wearying Heaven in warm devot.
For his weel where'er he be.

Hope and fears alternate billow
Yielding late to Nature's law;
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow
Talk of him that's far awa.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me,
Downy sleep, the curtain draw;
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that's far awa!

——

LORD GREGORY.

O mirk, mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar;
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tow'r,
Lord Gregory ope thy door.

An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee;
At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grov
By bonnie Irwine side,
Where first I own'd that virgin love
I lang, lang had denied?

How often didst thou pledge and vow,
Thou wad for aye be mine!
POEMS.

Jesus sae tr
thine.

Lord Grego
breast:
that flash
me rest.

ters from at
am see!
on my fau
aven and m

OR TO MI
ERATIONS

ility to show
ity! Oh!
'll ever pr
BURNS' POEMS.

CLARINDA.

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

To what dark cave of frozen night
Shall poor Sylvander lie:
Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,
The sun of all his joy.

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

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

CRAIGIE-BURN.

TUNE—"Craige-burn-wood."

Sweet fa's the eve on Craige-burn,
And blithe awakes the morrow;
But a' the pride o' spring's return
Can yield me nocht but sorrow.

I see the flowers and spreading trees,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But what a weary wight can please,
And care his bosom wringing?
If thou shalt love another,
When thy green leaves fade from
Around my grave they'll with

ISABELLA.

TUNE—'McGregor of Ruain'

Raving winds around her bleak
Yellow leaves the woodlands a
By a river hoarsely roaring,
Isabella stray'd deploiring—

“Farewell, hours that late did
Sunshine days of joy and pleasant
Hail thou gloomy night of sor
Cheerless night that knows no

“O'er the past too fondly wan
On the hopeless future ponder
Chilly grief my life-blood free
Fell despair my fancy seizes.

Life, thou soul of every blessing
Load to misery most distressing
O how shal they ill assign thee—
THE WHISTLE.

A BALLAD.

As the authentic prose history of the Whistle I shall here give it.—In the train of Anne of Denmark came to Scotland with our James the Sixth, over also a Danish Gentleman of gigantic stature, prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. Little ebony Whistle, which, at the commencement of orgies, he laid on the table, and whoever was last to blow it, every body else being disabled by the potent bottle, was to carry off the Whistle as a trophy or else to try his prowess against the Scotch Bacchanalians to the uttermost. The Dane produced credentials of his victories, the single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockhol, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany, and challenged the Scots Bacchanalians to the attempt, trying his prowess or else acknowledging their inferiority. After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, he was encountered by Sir Robert Lawrie, of Maxwellton, a descendant of the present baronet of that name; who, after days and three nights' hard contest, left the Scaide under the table, and blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.

Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert before-mentioned, after lost the Whistle to Walter Riddel, of Glenriddel, who married a sister of Sir Walter's.—On Friday, the 9th of October, 1700, at Friars-Carse, the Whistle was one contended for, as related in the ballad, by the present Robert Lawrie, of Maxwellton; Robert Riddel, Esq., of riddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter, who won the Whistle, and in whose family it had continued; and Alexander Ferguson, Esq. of Craigdarrock, descendant of the great Sir Robert; which last gent carried off the hard-won honours of the field.

I SING of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth, I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North, Was brought to the court of our good Scottish And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall
Old poets have sung, and ere of
What champions ventur'd, what
The son of great Lodæ was conqu’d
And blew on the Whistle his re

Till Robert, the lord of the Caille
Unmatch'd at the bottle, uncon
He drank his poor godship as d
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunk

Thus Robert, victorious, the truce
Which now in his house has for
Till three noble chieftains, and
The jovial contest again have n

Three joyous good fellows, with
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit
And trusty Glenriddel, so skill
And gallant Sir Robert, deep-r
I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More,*
And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er."

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

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

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

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
And 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 witness'd so joyous a core,
And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn.

Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the night,
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestors did.

* See Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides.
But who can
Tho' fate said—a hero should go
So up rose bright Phoebus, and do

Next up rose our Bard, like a pro
'Craigdarroch thou'lt soar when
But if thou would flourish immor
Come—one bottle more—and hav

"Thy line that have struggled for
Shall heroes and patriots ever pr
So thine be the laurel, and mine
The field thou hast won, by yon
GLOSSARY.

and əə have always the guttural sound. The sound
English diphthong əə is commonly spelt oo. The
ə, a sound which often occurs in the Scottish
əə, is marked oo, or əə. The ə in genuine Scottish
except when forming a diphthong, or followed by
ute after a single consonant, sounds generally like
and English a in wall. The Scottish diphthong ea,
, and ee, very often, sound like the French e mas-
. The Scottish diphthong ey sounds like the
ə.

away, aloof.
unt a shy distance.
above, up.
abroad, in sight.
in breadth.
\;
; aff loof, unpre-
ated.
before.
.. often.
off the right line.
\ perhaps.
\m.
\ly, soon; the oak.
\ny, earnest-mo-
\on.
\arter of the hea-
; to direct.

Aith, an oath.
Aits, oats.
Aiver, an old horse.
Aizle, a hot cinder.
Alake, alas!
Alane, alone.
Akwart, awkward.
Amaist, almost.
An', and, if.
Ance, once.
Ane, one, an.
Anent, over against.
Anither, another.
Asc, ashes.
Asteer, abroad, stirring.
Aught, possession; as, in
a' my aught, in all my
possession.
Auldferan, orauld farrant,
cunning, prudent.
Ava, at all.
Awa, away.
GLOSSARY.

a little while; a lingering look; to look dly; to shine by fits. a, a term of con- 

din, smirking. 
gown, an authorised

gar. 
\n, blood. 
\na shred, a large piece , to vomit, to gush eamlessly.
\ned, gushed, vomited. 
\na small copper coin. 
\ns, spirits, hobgoblins. 
\ns, or bonny, hand- ne, beautiful.
\nock, a kind of thick te of bread. 
\nd, a board. 
\ntree, the shrub elder. 
\n, beloved, must needs

, a hole in the wall. 
\na, an angry tumour. 
\ning, drinking. 
\nkail, cabbage. 
\n, bended, crooked. 
\nhes, fern. 
\na declivity, precipice 

, broad. 
\ngd't, reeled forward. 
\na kind of harrow. 
\nedge, to rush rashly. 
\nbroke, made insol- it.
\ns, a kind of wooden b for horses. 
\na sudden illness. 

Brata, coarse clothes, rags, children, &c.
Brattle, a short race, hurry, fury.
Braw, fine, handsome.
Brawly, or brawlie, very well, finely, heartily.
Braxie, a morbid sheep.
Breastie, dimin. of breast.
Breastit, did spring up or forward.
Breachan, fern.
Breef, an irresistible spell.
Breeks, breeches.
Brent, smooth.
Brewin, brewing.
Brie, juice, liquid.
Brig, a bridge.
Brunstane, brimstone, Brisket, the breast.
Brither, a brother.
Brock, a badger.
Brogue, a hum, a trick.
Broo, broth, liquid, water.
Broose, a race at country weddings.
Bruizie, a broil.
Brunt, did burn, burnt.
Brust, to burst, burst.
Buchan-bullers, the bolt- ing of the sea on the coast of Buchan.
Bucks, a Virginia.
Bught, a pen.
Boughtin-time, the time of collecting the sheep to be milked.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>C.</th>
<th>Chkeit,</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cheep,</td>
<td>a</td>
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<tr>
<td>Chiel or</td>
<td>fellow.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Chimla or</td>
<td>grate,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Chimla-I</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>C', to call, to name. to</td>
<td>Chitterin</td>
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<tr>
<td>drive.</td>
<td>trembli</td>
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<tr>
<td>C't, or ca'd, called, dri-</td>
<td>Chokin'</td>
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<tr>
<td>ven, calved.</td>
<td>Chow, to</td>
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<tr>
<td>C'dger, a carrier.</td>
<td>chote, a</td>
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<tr>
<td>C'hoff, chaff.</td>
<td>Chuffle, f</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C'hird, a tinker.</td>
<td>Clachan,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C'hin, a heap of stones.</td>
<td>about a</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C'lllan, a boy.</td>
<td>Clais, or</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C'lller, fresh, sound.</td>
<td>Claiith, cl</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C'mnie, or cannie, gentle,</td>
<td>Claithing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C'mild, dexterous.</td>
<td>Clauvers,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C'mtie, or canty, cheerful.</td>
<td>Clap, cl</td>
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<tr>
<td>C'merry.</td>
<td>Clarkit,</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
GLOSSARY.

middle tale, the story as day.

r, idle stories.

it, snatched at.

to clean, to scrape.
d, scraped.

s, idle stories.

to scratch.

l, scratched.

to clothe.

l, having caught.

u, jerking, clinking.

mbell, who rings the church bells.

shears.

saclever, idle talk.

to hatch, a beetle.

n, hatching.

boof.

\( p \), the Devil.

a bump or swelling r a blow.

a fishing boat.

mossy, a lock of hair upon a girl's head.

p.

bought.

wooden dish.

\( s \), dimin. of cog.

from Kyle, a district of Yorkshire.

a name for country.

shangie, quarrelling.

sun, command.

the cud.

a blockade.

\( \), did cast.

Cooser, a horse kept for mares.

Coot, the ankle or foot.

Cootie, a wooden kitchen dish; fowls whose legs are clad with feathers are also said to be cootie.

Corbies, ravens.

Core, corps, party, clan.

Cornt, fed with oats.

Cotter, the inhabitants of a cottage.

Couthie, kind, loving.

Cove, a cave.

Cowp, to barter, to tumble over, a gang.

Cowpit, tumbled.

Cowring, cowering.

Cowte, a colt.

Cozie, snug.

Cozily, snuggly.

Crabbit, fretful.

Crack, conversation, to converse.

Craft, or croft, a field.

Craiks, cries or calls incessantly, a bird.

Crambo-clink, or crambo-jingle, rhymes, doggerel verses.

Crank, the noise of an ungreased wheel.

Crankous, fretful, captious.

Cranreuch, hoar frost.
Glossary.

Crap, a crop, to crop.  Daffin, merriment, foolishness.
Craw, crow of a cock, a rock.  Daetz, stupified, deprived of vigour or sensibility.
Creel, a basket.  Daft, merry, giddy, foolish.
Creeshie, greasy.  Daimen, rare, now and then; daimen-icker, an ear of corn now and then.
Crood, or crood, to coo as a dove.  Dainty, pleasant, good-humoured, agreeable.
Croon, a continued moan.  Dales, plains, valleys.
Crooning, humming.  Daud, to thrash, to abuse.
Crouchie, crook-backed.  Daur, to dare.
Crouse, cheerful, courageous.  Daurg, a day's labour.
Crowdie, a composition of oatmeal and boiled water, sometimes from the broth of beef, mutton, &c.  Davoc, David.
Crowdie-time, breakfast-time.  Dawd, a large piece.
Crowlin, crawling.  Dawtit, caressed.
Crummock, a cow with crooked horns.  Dearies, dimin. of dears.
Cuif, a blockhead.  Dearthfu', dear.
Cummock, a short staff.  Deave, to deafen.
Curchie, a curtsy.  Deil ma care! no matter!
Curler, a player at a game on the ice.  Deleerit, delirious.
Curlie, curled.  Describe, to describe.
Curling, a well-known game on the ice.  Dight, to wipe, to clean corn from chaff.
Curmurring, murmuring, a slight rumbling noise.  Ding, to worst, to push.
Curpin, the crupper.  Dinna, do not.
Cushat, the stock-dove, or wood-pigeon.  Dirl, a slight stroke or pain.
Cutty, short, a spoon.  Dizziness, or diz'n, a dozen.

D.  Doited, stupefied.
DADDIE, a father.  Dolt, stupefied, crazed; a stupid fellow.

Dauce, or douse, sober, wise, prudent.
GLOSSARY.

Drought, was or were able. Eldritch, ghastly.
Doup, backside. En’, end.
Dour, stout, durable, sul- Embrough, Edinburgh.
len, stubborn. Ettle, to try, attempt.
Dow, am or are able, can. Eydent, diligent.
Dowff, wanting force. F.
Dowis, worn with grief, FA’, fall, lot, to fall.
fatigue, &c. Fa’s, does fall, waterfalls.
Doyit, stupid. Faddom’t, fathomed.
Drap, a drop, to drop. Fae, a foe.
Dreep, to ooze, to drop. Faem, foam.
Dribble, drizzling, slaver. Faiket, unknown.
Drift, a drove. Fairin, a present.
Draddock, the breech. Fallow, fellow.
Drone, part of a bagpipe. Fand, did find.
Droukit, wet. Farl, a cake of bread.
Drounting, drawling. Fash, trouble, care, to Fash, troubled.
Drought, thirst, drought. trouble, care for. 
Drumly, muddy. Fastern-e’en, Fastens-even
Drummock, meal and water mixed raw. Fauld, a fold, to fold.
Drunt, pet, sour humour. Faulding, folding.
Dub, a small pond. Faut, fault.
Duvs, rage, clothes. Fawson, decent, seemly.
Duddle, ragged. Feal, a field, smooth.
Dung, worsted; pushed. Fearfu’, frightful.
Dunted, beaten, boxed. Fear’t, frightened.
Ush, to push as a ram, etc. Feat, neat, spruce.
Fecht, to fight.
Fechtin, fighting.
Feck, many, plenty.
Fecket, waistcoat.
Feckfu’, large, stout.
Feckless, puny, weak.
Feckly, weakly.
Feg, fig.
Feid, feud, enmity.
Fiel, soft, smooth. wing!
Fient, fiend, a petty oath. Flitter
Fier, sound, healthy; a Funky,
brother, a friend. Foord;
Fisle, to make a rustling Forbear
noise, to fidget, a bustle. Forbye,
Fit, a foot. Forfair
Fittle-lan, the nearer horse Forfouq
of the hindmost pair in the plough.
Figsaw, to make a hissing Forgati
noise. Forgig,
Flainen, Flannel. Forjask
Fleech, to supplicate in a Fought
flattering manner. sed.
Fleech'd, supplicated. Fouth,
Fleecin, suppling. more
Fleesh, a fleece. Fow, a pitch.
Fleg, a random blow. Frae, fr
Fleather, to decoy by fair words.
Fraeth,
Fletherin, flattering. Fren';
Flew it, a smart blow. F'lu', lu
GLOSSARY.

Fud, the scut of the hare, &c.
Fuff, to blow intermittently.
Fuff't, did blow.
Funnie, full of merriment, mirthful.
Far, a furrow.
Furm, a form, bench.
Fyke, trifling cares; to piddle, to be in a fuss about trifles.
Fyle, to soil, to dirty.
Fy'lt, soiled, dirtied.

G.
GAB, the mouth; to speak boldly or pertly.
Gaber-launzie, an old man.
Gadsman, ploughboy, the boy that drives 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.
Gauchy, jolly, large.
Gawkly, half-witted, foolish, romping.
Gear, riches of any kind.
Geck, to toss the head in wantonness or scorn.

Ged, a pike.
Gentles, great folks.
Geordie, a guinea.
Get, a child, a young one.
Gliaist, a ghost.
Gie, to give; gied, given.
Giltie, dimin. of gift.
Giglets, playful girls.
Gillie, dimin. of gill.
Gilpey, a half-grown, h infirmed boy or girl.
Gimming, an ewe from to two years old.
Gin, if, against.
Gipsy, a young girl.
Girning, grinning.
Gizz, a periwig.
Glaikit, inattentive, f fish, romping.
Glaive, a sword.
Glaizie, glittering, smo like a glass.
Glaun'd, aimed, snatch.
Gleg, sharp, ready.
Gleib, glebe.
Glen, dale, deep valley.
Gley, a squint; to squ a-gley, off at a wrong.
Glib-gabet, that spe smoothly and readily.
Glint, to peep.
Glinted, peeped.
Glavin', peeping.
Glown', the twilight light.
HASH, a fellow that neither knows how to dress nor act with propriety.

Haunt, to hold.

Haugh, low-lying rich lands; valleys.

Haur, to drag, to peel.

Haurin', peeling.

Haverel, a half-witted person; half-witted.

Havina, good manners, decorum, good sense.

Hawkie, a cow, properly one with a white face.

Hasp, heaped.

Healsome, healthful.

Hearse, hoarse.

Heart, hear it.

Heather, heath.

Heck! 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.

Helm, the rudder or helm.

Herd, to tend flocks, one who tends flocks.

Herry, to plunder; most properly to plunder birds' nests.

Herryment, plundering devastation.

Hast, the temple, the inside of the head.

Hastine, nearly half, partly.

Hastly, a scar, or gulf in mooses and moors.

Haggie, a kind of pudding baked in the stomach of a cow or sheep.

Hain, to spare, to save.

Hain'd, spared.

Hairest, harvest.

Halth, a petty oath.

Haivers, nonsense, speaking without thought.

Hal', or held, an abiding place.

Hale, whole, tight, healthy.

Haly, holy.

Halan, a particular partition wall in a cottage, or more properly a seat of turf at the outside.

Hallowmas, Hallow-eve, the first of October.

Hame, home.

Hamelie, homely, affable.

Hameward, homeward.

Han', or haun', hand.

Hap, an outer garment, mantle, plaid, &c. to wrap, to cover; to hap.

Happer, a hopper.

Happry, hopping.

Hap, step; an' loup, hop, skip and leap.

Harkeit, hearkened.

Harv, very coarse linen.

Hastit, hastened.
ARK OF WATER. | Kin, kindred; Kin', kind.
Lit, a giddy girl. | King's-hood, a certain part of the entrails of an ox, &c.
Jump, slender, | Kintra, country.
me. | Kintra-cooser, a country stallion.
Dodge, to turn a | Kirn, the harvest supper, a churn.
sudden turning. | Kirsen, to baptize.
Sat turns quickly. | Kist, a chest.
HTLY GIRL, A WAG. | Kitchen, any thing that eats with bread, to serve for soup, gravy, &c.
A Kind of knife. | Kith, kindred.
Stoop, to bow the | Kittle, to tickle, ticklish, lively.
sw, the swinging and pealing | Kittlin, a young cat.
of a large bell. | Kuittle, to cuddle.
O justle. | Knappin-hammer, a hammer for breaking stones.
K. | Knowe, a round hillock.
Law. | Knurl, a dwarf.
Swart, a kind of the stem of | Kye, cows.
WIL, &c. paid as a farmer. | Kyle, a district in Ayrshire.
A cheese, | Kyte, the belly.
Keep, to keep. | Kythe, to discover, to shew one's self.
Mischievous spirit to haunt fords at night. | L.
Now. | LAGGEN, the angle between the side and bottom of a wooden dish.
Small matter. | Laigh, low.
Tle, well known. | Lairing, sinking in snow, mud, &c.
Ted, hairy. | Laith, loath.
Burking anxiety. | 'Laithfu', bashful.
Use up the clothes. | a young girl, a
with a handful
of chimney.
large piece of
flesh, &c.
column of smoke;
ke.
rey.
M.
more.
more.
most, almost.
ly; mostly.
to make.
em, farm.
e, Molly.
g, among.
use, the minister's
GLOSSARY.

Mantele, a mantle.
Mark, marks. (This and several other nouns which in English require an, to form the plural, are in Scotch, like the words sheep, deer, the same in both numbers.)
Mar’s year, the year 1715.
Mashlum, Meslin, mixed corn.
Mask, to mash.
Maskin’-pat, a tea-pot.
Maukin, a hare.
Maun, must.
Mavis, the thrush.
Maw, to mow.
Meere, a mare.
Meickle, or Meikle, much.
Melancholius, mournful.
Melder, corn, or grain, sent to be ground.
Mell, to mingle, a mallet.
Melvie, to soil with meal.
Men’, to mend.
Mense, good manners.
Menseless, ill-bred, rude.
Messin, a small dog.
Midden, a dunghill.
Midden-creeels, baskets for holding dung.
Midden-hole, a gutter at a dunghill.
Mim, prim, affectedly meek.
Min’, mind, remembrance.
Mind’d, mind it, resolved, intending.
Minnie, mother dam.

Mirk, dark.
Misce’, to abuse, to names.
Misleard, unmanerly.
Mistenek, mistook.
Mither, a mother.
Mixtie-maxtie, confused.
Moil, labour.
Moistify, to moisten.
Mony, or Monie, many.
Moon, to nibble as a she.
Moorlan’, of or belong to moors.
Morn, to morrow.
Mou, the mouth.
Moudiwort, a mole.
Mousie, dimin. of mow.
Muckle, or Mickle, great.
Musie, dimin. of muse.
Muslin-kail, broth, cc.
Mutchkin, an English p.
NA, no, not, nor.
Nae, no, not any.
Nap, nap, ale.
Negleckit, neglected.
Neek, nook.
Niest, next.
Niece, the bét.
Niffer, an exchange.
GLOSSARY.

Nigger, a Negro.
Nine-tail’d-cat, a hang- man’s whip.
Nit, a nut.
Norland, north land.
Nowte, black cattle.

O.
O’, of.
Ochels, name of mountains.
O haith! O faith! an oath.
Ony, or Onie, any.
Or, is often used for ere.
Ora, or Orra, superfluous, unwanted.
O’t, of it.
Oughtlins, in the least degree.
Ourie, shivering, drooping.
Oursel, or oursele, ourselves.
Outers, cattle not housed.
Ower, over, too.

Paughty, proud, haughty.
Pauky, or Pawkie, cunning, sly.
Pay’t, paid, beat.
Pech, to fetch the breath short, as in an asthma.
Pechan, the stomach.
Pet, a domesticated sheep, &c.
Pettle, to cherish.
Phillibegs, short petticoats worn by the Highlandmen.
Phraise, fair speeches, flattery, to flatter.
Phraisin, flattery.
Pibroch, a Highland war-song adapted to the bagpipe.
Pickle, a small quantity.
Pin, pain, uneasiness.
Pie, to put.
Pipe, pipe, pipe, pipe.
Glossary.

Pouk, to pluck.
Pousec, to push, to penetrate.
Poussie, a hare, a cat.
Pout, a poul, a chick.
Pou't, did pull.
Pouthery, like powder.
Pow, the head, the skull.
Pownie, a little horse.
Powther, powder.
Preen, a pin.
Pren, Printing.
Prie, to taste.
Prie'd, tasted.
Prief, proof.
Prig, to cheapen, to dispute.
Primsie, demure, precise.
Propone, to lay down, to propose.
Provoes, provosts.
Pyle, a pyle o' capp, a single grain of chaff.

Q.
QUAK, to quake.
Quat, to quit.
Quey, a cow from one to two years old.

R.
RAGWEED, herb ragwort.
Rabile, to rattle nonsense.
Rair, to roar.
Raize, to madden, to inflame.
Ram-feezl'd, fatigued, overspread.

Rasch, properly a coarse cloth, but used as an ad noun for coarse.
Rarely, excellently.
Rash, a rush; rash-buss, a bush of rushes.
Ratton, a rat.
Raucle, stout, fearless.
Raught, reached.
Rau, a row.
Rax to stretch.
Ream, cream; to cream.
Reamin, brimful, frothing.
Reave, rove.
Red, counsel, to counsel.
Red-wat-shod, walking in blood over the shoe-tops.
Red-wud, stark mad.
Ree, half-drunk, fuddled.
Reek, smoke.
Remead, remedy.
Rest, to stand restive.
Restit, stood restive, stunted, withered.
Rew, repent.
Rief, reef, plenty.
Rief randies, sturdy beggars.
Rig, a ridge.
Rin, to run, to melt.
Rink, the course of the stones in curling, on ice.
Rip, a handful of threshed corn.
Riskit, made a noise.
SSARY.

be Sconner, a loathing, to loathe.
Scrach, to scream as a hen, partridge, &c.
Screed, to tear, a rent.
Scrieve, to glide swiftly along.
Srimp, to scant.
See'd, did see.
Sel, self; a body's sel,
one's self alone.
Sell't, did sell.
Sent Sen', to send.
Settin', settling; to get a settlin', to be frightened into quietness.
Shaird, a shred, a shaird.
Shangan, a stick cleft at one end for putting the tail of a dog, &c. into.
Shaver, a humorous wag a barber.
GLOSSARY.

Scic, such.
Sicker, sure, steady.
Sidelines, sidelong, slanting.
Silver, silver, money.
Simmer, summer.
Sin, a son.
Sin', since.
Skellum, a worthless fellow.
Skelp, to strike, to walk with a smart tripping step, a smart stroke.
Skelpi-limmer, a technical term in female scolding.
Skelpin, stepping, walking.
Skiegh, or Skeigh, proud, nice, high-mettled.
Skinklin, a small portion.
Skirl, to shriek, to cry shrilly.
Skirl't, shrieked.
Sklent, slant, to run aslant, to deviate from truth.
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.
Sliddery, slippery.
Slype, to fall over.
Slypet, fell.
Sma', small.
Smeddum, dust, powder, mettle, sense.
Smiddy, a smithy.

Smoe, smoother.
Smoor'd, smothered.
Smoutie, obscene.
Smytric, a numerous collection of small individuals.
Snapper, stumble.
Snash, abuse, Billingsgate.
Snaw, snow, to snow.
Snaw-broo, melted snow.
Sneck, latch at a door.
Sned, to lop, to cut off.
Sneeshin, snuff.
Sneeshiu-mill, a snuff-box.
Snell, bitter, biting.
Snick-drawing, trick-con triving.
Snick, the latchet of a dog.
Snool, one whose spirit is broken with oppressive slavery; to submit tamely, to sneak.
Snoove, to go smoothly constantly, to sneak.
Snowk, to scent or sniff as a dog.

Sousie, having sweet en gaging looks, lucky, jolly.
Soom, to swim.
Sooth, truth, a petty oat.
Sough, or sigh, a sigh, sound dying on the ear.
Souple, flexible, swift.
Souter, a shoemaker.
Sowens, a dish made of th seeds of oatmeal sour and boiled up to make a pudding.
Speel, to climb.
Spence, the parlour.
Spier, to ask, to inquire.
Spier’t, inquired.
Splatter, a splutter, to splutter.
Spleughan, a tobacco pouch.
Splore, a frolic, a noise.
Sprattle, to scramble.
Spreckled, spotted, speckled.
Spring, a quick air in music, a Scottish reel.
Sprit, a plant, something like rushes.
Spunk, fire, mettle, wit.
Spunkie, mettlesome, fiery; will-o’-wi-p, or ignis fatuus.
Spurtle, a stick used in making pudding or porridge.
Squad, a crew, a party.
Glossary

 dictionary entries: 363

Stimpard, the eighth of a Winchester bushel. | Studdie, an anvil.  
Stirk, a cow or bullock a year old. | Stumpie, dimin. of stump.  
Stock, a plant or root of colewort, cabbage, &c. | Strunt, spirituous liquor of any kind; to walk sturdily.  
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. | Sud, should.  
Stocked, made up in shocks as corn. | Swaid, sward.  
Stoor, sounding hollow, strong and hoarse. | Swall'd, swelled.  
Stot, an ox. | Swank, stately, jolly.  
Stoup, or Stowp, a kind of jug with a handle. | Swankie, or swanker, a tight strapping young fellow or girl.  
Stoure, dust. | Swap, an exchange, to barter.  
Stowlings, by stealth. | Swarf, swoon.  
Stowen, stolen. | Swat, did sweat.  
Stoyte, stumble. | Swatch, a sample.  
Strack, did strike. | Swats, drink, good ale.  
Strae, straw; to die a fair strae death, to die in bed. | Sweer, lazy, average; dead-sweer, extremely averse  
Strai, did strike. | Swoor, swore, did swear.  
Strakit, stroked. | Swinge, to beat, to whip.  
Strappan, tall and handsome. | Swirl, a curve, an eddying blast, or pool, a knot in wood.  
Straught, straight. | Swith, get away.  
Streek, stretched, to stretch. | Swither, to hesitate in choice, an irresolute varying in choice.  
Stroan, to pout, to piss. | Syne, since, ago, then.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>T.</th>
<th>Thack, thatch; thack and rape, clothing.</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>TACKETS, a kind of nails, for driving into the heels of shoes.</td>
<td>Thae, these.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thirge, target.</td>
<td>Thairms, small-guts, fiddle strings.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tak, to take; takin', taking.</td>
<td>Thankit, thanked.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tangle, a sea-weed.</td>
<td>Theekit, thatched.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tap, the top.</td>
<td>Thegither, together.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tapeless, heedless, foolish.</td>
<td>Themsels, themselves.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tarow, to murmur at one's allowance.</td>
<td>Tweek, intimate, familiar.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tarowt, murmured.</td>
<td>Thieveless, cold, dry, spited; spoken of a person's demeanour.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tarry-breeks, a sailor.</td>
<td>Thir, these.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tanld, or taid, told.</td>
<td>Thirl, to thrill.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Taupie, a foolish thoughtless young person.</td>
<td>Thirled, thrilled, vibrated.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tauted, or tautie, matted together; spoken of hair or wool.</td>
<td>Thole, to suffer, to endure.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Thowe, a thaw, to thaw.</td>
<td>Thowliss, slack, lazy.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Thrang, throng, a crowd.</td>
<td>Thrapple, throat, windpipe.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Thr, to sprain, to twist,</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
GLOSSARY.

Thud, to make a loud intermittent noise; a blow producing a dull heavy sound.

Till't, to it.

Timmer, timber.

Timmer-propt, propped with 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.

Toddlie, to totter like the walk of a child.

Toddlin', tottering.

Toom, empty.

Toop, a ram.

Toun, a hamlet, a farm-house.

Tout, the blast of a horn or trumpet, to blow a horn, &c.

Tow, a rope.

Towmond, a twelvemonth.

Towzie, rough, shaggy.

Toy, a very old fashion of female head-dress.

Toyte, to totter like old age.

Transmogrify'd, transmogrified, metamorph.

Trash't, trashy.

Trews, trousers.

Trickie, full of tricks.

Trig, spruce, neat.

Trimly, excellently.

Trow, to believe.

Trowth, truth, a petty tryste, to make a pointment.

Tysted, appointed.

Try, tried.

Tuz, raw hide, of which traces were frequent made.

Tulzie, a quarrel; to quarrel, to fight.

Twa, two.

Twa-three, a few.

Twa, twelve; twal, twal-p worth, a small quan.

Tyke, a dog.

U.

UNCO, strange, unc.

very, very great, p

igious.

Uncos, news.

Unfaul'd, unfold.

Unkenn'd, unknown.

Unsicker, unsure.

Unskaithd, undamaged.

Unweeting, unknown.
Wark-lame, a tool to work with.
Warlock, a wizard.
Warly, worldly, eager on amassing wealth.
Warrant, a warrant, to warrant.
Warst, worst.
Warstl'd, or ward'd, wrestled.
Wastrie, prodigality.
Wat, wet; I wat, I wot, I know.
Water-brose, brose made of oatmeal and water.
Wattle, a twig, a wand.
Wauble, to swing, to reel.
Waught, draught.
Waukit, thickened as fuller's do cloth.
Waukrife, not apt to sleep.
Waur, worse, to worst.
Waur't, worsted.
Wean, or weannie, a child.
GLOSSARY.

Whistle, to wheeze.
Whistled, whelped.
Whang, a leathern string, a piece of cheese, bread, &c.; to give the strap-pado.
Whare, where; whare'er, wherever.
Whase, whose.
What reck, nevertheless.
Whaup, the curlew; a kind of water-fowl.
Wheepe, to fly nimbly, to jerk; penny-wheep, small-beer.
Whid, the motion of a hare, running but not frightened, a lie.
Whiddin', running as a hare or coney.
Whigmeleeries, whims, fancies, crotchets.
Whingin', crying, complaining, fretting.
Whirligigums, useless ornaments.
Whirrin', whirring; the sound made by the flight of the partridge, &c.
Whisht, silence.
Whisk, to sweep, to lash.
Whiskit, lashed.
Whissle, a whistle; to whistle.
Whitter, a hearty draught of liquor.

Whunstane, a whinstone.
Whyles, sometimes.
Wi with.
Wick, to strike a stone in an oblique direction; a term in curling.
Wicker, willow, the smaller sort.
Widdieful, wrathful, angry, raging; one deserving the gallows.
Wiel, a small whirlpool.
Wifie, a dimin. or endearing term for wife.
Willyart, bashful, reserved, timid.
Wimple, to meander.
Win', to wind, to winnow.
Win't, winded, as a bobbin of yarn.
Win' wind; win's, winds.
Winna, will not.
Winnock, a window.
Winsome, hearty, vannted, gay.
Wintle, a staggering motion; to stagger, to reel.
Winze, an oath.
Wiss, to wish; to have a strong desire.
Withou'ten, without.
Witless, simple, easily imposed on.
Wizen'd, dried, shrunk.
Wonner, a wonder, a contemptuous appellation.
Wons, dwells.
Woo', wool.
Glossary.

Woo, to court, to make love to.
Woodie, a rope, more properly one made of withes or willows.
Wooer-bab, the garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loops. Yearlings, boys.
Wory, worthy.
Worset, worsted.
Wew, an exclamation of pleasure or wonder.
Wrack, to tease, to vex. Year, coeval.
Wraith, a spirit, a ghost; an apparition exactly like a living person, whose appearance is said to forebode the person's approaching death.
Wrang, wrong, to wrong. Yell, barren.
Wreath, drifted snow.
Writers, attorneys, lawyers.
Wund, mad, distracted.
Wumble, a wimble.
Wyle, beguile.
Wyliecoat, a flannel vest.

Yer, Yerkit, jerking.
Yestreen, yeestren, yeestren is a garter knotted under the knee and with a couple of loops. Yernt, a garter.
Yearns, long.
Yearlings, boys.
Yell, barren.
Yell, barley.
Yell, milky.
Yell, milk.
Yelt, a garter.
Yent, beyond.
Yowl, an ewe.
Yowie, diminutive.

The End.

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