POEMS,
CHIEFLY IN THE
SCOTTISH DIALECT.

BY
ROBERT BURNS.

WITH HIS
LIFE AND CHARACTER.

EDINBURGH:
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1804.
LIFE

of

ROBERT BURNS.

William Burns, the father of our poet, was the son of a farmer in Kincardineshire. The narrow circumstances of his family had compelled him to leave his paternal roof at an early age, and after serving in a variety of situations he settled as a gardener in the shire of Ayr. From a physician in Ayr he obtained a perpetual lease of seven acres of ground, and in the year 1757, married Agnes Brown, the mother of our poet. In a small house which he had built on the ground, his eldest son Robert was born on the 25th of January, 1759.

Burns, and his brother Gilbert, received their education from a Mr John Murdoch, whose care and attention to his pupils, Burns acknowledged with gratitude, at an after period of his life. Besides reading and writing, Burns received (from this gentleman) a slight knowledge of the French language, which he afterwards improved, and his father instructed him in the common rules of arithmetic.

Burns's love of reading, which he carried to excess, father indulged to the utmost of his power; fortunately for the young poet, his neighbours possessed a few good books, which he read and talked of with enthusiasm remarkable prophetic of his future character.
(iv)

For the first seven years of Burns' life, his father followed the trade of a gardener; but at the end of this period, with the view of bettering his condition, he disposed of his lease, and took a small farm. The death of his landlord put an end to the comfort which William Burns had begun to feel in his new situation, and the management of the estate was delivered to a "factor," whose portrait Burns has drawn in the following lines.

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

A dispute with this person obliged William Burns to leave his farm, and remove to another which he had taken, called Lochlea.

Robert wrought as a farmer along with his father till his twenty-third year, when he removed to Irvine, and became a flax-dresser. This business he carried on for about six months, but as he and his friends were drinking a welcome to the new year, the shop took fire, and was burnt to ashes, and the poor poet, left without a sixpence, returned home to his father at Lochlea. A dispute having arisen respecting the conditions of his father's lease which had not been committed to writing, the subjects in question were submitted to arbitration, and the decision involved the affairs of William Burns in ruin. He lived to know of this decision, but not to see any execution in consequence of it: he died on the 5th of February, 1784.
A short time before the death of their father, Burns and his brother with the united savings of the whole family, took the farm of Mosgiel. After residing on it nearly four years, they were forced to give it up, having, in consequence of unfavourable seasons, lost great part of their original flock. While Burns resided at Mosgiel, he became acquainted with Jean Armour, (afterwards Mrs Burns) and about the time when he had determined to give up the farm, the condition of his Jean could no longer be concealed.

To add to his misfortunes, her parents refused their consent to his marriage, and in the greatest distresses of mind, he resolved to leave his country.

He had been offered the situation of an overseer in Jamaica, and to defray the expenses of his voyage, he published by subscription a volume of poems. With the first fruits of his poetical labours, he had paid his passage, and purchased a few articles of clothing, &c. His chest (which he was soon to follow,) was already on the way to Greenock, when a letter from Dr. Blacklock, signifying his approbation of the poems, and an assurance that Burns would meet with encouragement in Edinburgh, for a second edition, completely changed his intentions.

Soon after his arrival in Edinburgh, his poems procured him the admiration of all conditions; persons of rank and power were not above noticing "The Ayrshire Ploughman," and, in a short time, the name of Burns was celebrated over all the kingdom.

In Edinburgh, Burns beheld mankind in a new light: surrounded on all sides by admirers, his days were passed in the company of the great, his evenings in dissipation. This kind
of life he had led nearly a year, when his friends suggested to him the necessity of seeking a permanent establishment. With L.500, the profits of his poems, he retired from Edinburgh to the farm of Ellisland in Nithsdale, near Dumfries. He was now in a state of comparative affluence, and the parents of "his Jean," no longer objecting to his poverty, he legitimated his infant son by a lawful marriage.

To his brother Gilbert, who had undertaken the support of his aged mother, he advanced the sum of L.200. The remainder of his money he laid out in stocking his farm. At a distance from the scenes of his former dissipation, removed from all society, save that of his own family, and in possession of the dearest object of his wishes, he promised himself many long and happy days. His old habits were, however, too strong to be overcome, and the gentlemen farmers of Nithsdale were already his boon companions.

In a few years he became tired of farming; and Mr Graham of Fintry, having procured for him a place in the excise, with a salary of L.50 a-year, he sold his flock and farming utensils, and removed to Dumfries.

The duties of his new office seldom required much of his time, and he returned insensibly his former habits. His health, which had been gradually declining, suffered a severe shock in the winter of 1793-6, and after struggling for several months with disease, want, and the dread of a jail, which at times affected his mind, he expired on the 21st of July.

The gentlemen volunteers of Dumfries, had determined to bury their associate with military honours. The funeral took place on the 26th of July, when the remains of Burns were
interred in the southern church-yard, and three volleys marked
the return of the poet to his parent earth!

The character of Burns has been already drawn by himself. *The Bard’s Epitaph* is the genuine picture of his own mind,
and we cannot do better than subjoin it.

*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 graffly 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.*

*Is there a man, whose judgment clear,*
*Can others teach the course to steer,*
*Yet runs himself, life’s mad career,*
   *Wild as the wave;*
*Here pause—and, through the startling tear,*
   *Survey this grave.*

The poor Inhabitant below
*Was quick to learn and wife to know,*
*And keenly felt the friendly glow,*
   *And softer flame;*
*But thoughtless follies laid him low,*
   *And slain’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.

Burns died in great poverty, leaving a wife and four infant children *. The furniture of his house, his library (which was but small), and L. 200 which he had lent to his brother, were all that the children of Burns inherited from their father. The profits of an elegant edition of his works, added to a subscription collected for their benefit, have, however, set them at least above the reach of want. The eldest boy, a youth of the most amiable dispositions, gives promise of inheriting his father's genius.

* His posthumous son, Maxwell, born on the morning of his father's funeral, lived but a short time, and is now a tenant of the same grave with his illustrious parent.
DEDICATION.

TO THE

NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN

OF THE

CALEDONIAN HUNT.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

A SCOTTISH Bard, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his Country's service, where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious Names of his native Land; those who bear the honours and inherit the 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 natal Soil, in my native tongue: I tuned my wild, artless notes, as she inspired.—She whispered me to come to this ancient metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my Songs under your honoured protection: I now obey her dictates.

THOUGH much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual style of dedication, to thank you for past favours; that path is so hackneyed by prostituted Learning, that honest Rusticity is ashamed of it.—Nor do I present this Address with the venal soul of a servile Author, looking for a continuation of
those favours: I was bred to the Plough, and an independent. I come to claim the common Scotch name with you, my illustrious Countrymen, and to tell the world that I glory in the title.—I come to congratulate my Country, that the blood of her ancient heroes still runs uncontaminated: and that from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth, and liberty.—In the last place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the Great Fountain of Honour, the Monarch of the Universe, for your welfare and happiness.

When you go forth to waken the Echoes, in the ancient and favourite amusement of your Forefathers, may Pleasure ever be of your party; and may social-joy await your return! When harassed in courts or camps with the juftlings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured Worth attend your return to your native Seats; and may Domestic Happiness, with a smiling welcome, meet you at your gates! May Corruption shrink at your kindling indignant glance; and may tyranny in the Ruler and licentiousness in the People equally find you an inexorable foe!

I have the honour to be, with the sincerest gratitude and highest respect,

My Lords and Gentlemen,
Your most devoted humble Servant,

ROBERT BURNS.

Edinburgh, 3
April 4, 1787, 5
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POEMS,

CHIEFLY

SCOTTISH.

THE TWA DOGS,

A TALE.

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name of Auld King Coit,
Upon a bonie day in June,
When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa Dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
Fogather'd ance upon a time.

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

His locked, letter'd, braw brass collar
Showed him the gentleman and scholar
But though he was o' high degree,
The sient a pride na pride had he,
But wad hae spent an hour careffin
Er'n wi' a tinkler-gipsy's reffin.
At kirk or market, mill or smittle,
Nae tawted ryke, tho' e'er fae duddie.
But he wad flan't, as glad to see him,
An' sirroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

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

He was a gaith an' faithfu' tyke,
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.
His honest, bonnie, baws'n face,
Ay gat him friends in ilka place;
His breast was white, his tounie back
Weel clad wi' coat o' gloffy black;
His gaucie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung ower his hurties wi' a swirl.

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

*Caesar:

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

* Cuchullin's Dog in Ossian's Fingal.
BURNS' POEMS.

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

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

LUATH.

'Trowth, Cefar, whyles their fath't eneugh;
A cotter bowkin in a sheugh,
Wi' dirty stanes biggin a dyke,
Baring a quarry, and sic like,
Himsel', a wise, he thus sustains,
A fmytrie o' wee duddie weans,
An' nought but his han' darg, to keep
Them right an' tight in thack an' rape.

An' when they meet with fair disasters,
Like lofs o' health, or want o' masters,
'Ye maift wad think, a wee touch langer,
As they maun starve o' cauld and hunger.

A 2
But how it comes, I never kend yet,
They're maifly wonderfu' contented;
An' buirdly chiel's an' clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÉSAR.

But then, to see how ye're negleekit,
How huff'd, an' cuff'd, an' disrespektis!
L'd, man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle;
They gang as saucy by poor folk,
As I wad by a stinking brock.

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

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

LUATH.

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

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

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie weans and faithfu' wives;
The prattling things are just their pride.

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

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

That merry day the year begins,
They bar the door on frosty wins;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
An' sheds a heart-inspiring sheam;
'The luntin pipe, an' face-shin mill,
Are handed round wi' right guid will;
The cantie auld folks crackin crouse,
The young anes ranting thro' the house—
My heart has been fae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae bairkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
Sic game is now owre aften play'd;
There's monie a creditable flock
O' decent, honest, sawson folk,
Are riven out baith root an' branch,
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
In favour wi' some gentle Master,
Wha abhins thrang a parliamentin,
For Britan's guid his saul indentin——

A &
BURNS’ POEMS.

CAESAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it;
For Britain’s guid! guid faith! I doubt it.
Say, rather, gaun as Premiers lead him,
An’ saying aye or no’s they bid him.
At Operas an’ Plays parading,
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading:
Or maybe, in a frolic daft,
To Hague or Calais takes a waft,
To mak a teur an’ tak a whirl,
To learn bon ton an’ see the woor.

There, at Vienna or Versailles,
He rives his father’s auld entails;
Or by Madrid he takes the rout,
To thrum guittars an’ fecht wi’ nowt;
Or down Italian Viña flares,
Wh-re-hunting amang groves o’ myrtles:
Then bouses drunlie German water,
To mak himsel look fair and fatter,
An’ clear the consequential sorrow,
Love-gifts of Carnival Signioras.

For Britain’s guid! for her destruction!
Wi’ dissipation, fund, an’ faction!

LUATH.

Hech man! dear sir! is that the gate
They waist sae mony a braw estate!
Are we sae foughten and harass’d
For gear to gang that gate at last!

O would they stay aback frae courts,
An’ please themsels wi’ countra sports
It wad for ev’ry ane be better,
The Laird, the Tenant, an’ the Cotter!

For thae frank, rantin, ramblin billies,
Fient back o’ them’s ill-hearted fellows;
 Except for breakin o' their timmer,
Or speakin lightly o' their Limmer,
Or shootin o' a hare or moorcock,
The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, master Caesar,
Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure?
Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can fleer them,
The vera thought o'it need na fear them.

Caesar.

L—d, man, were ye but whyles where I am,
The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.
It's true, they need na starve or sweat,
Thro' Winter's cauld, or Simmer's heat;
They've nae fair wark to craze their bane,
An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes;
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themsels to vex them;
An' ay the lefs they hae to flurt them,
In like proportion, lefs will hurt them.

A country fellow at the plough,
His acre's fill'd, he's right enegh;
A country girl at her wheel;
Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel:
But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst,
Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curt.
They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy;
Tho' deil haet ails them, yet uneasy;
Their days insipid, dull, an' tasteless,
Their nights unquiet, lang, and restless.

An' ev'n their sports, their balls, an' races,
Their galloping thro' public places,
There's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.
The Men cast out in party-matches,
'Then sowther a' in deep debauches.
Ae night, they're mad wi' drink an' wh-ring,
Niest day their life is past enduring.
The Ladies arm-in-arm in clufters,
As great an' gracious a' as sisters;
But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
'They're a' run deils an' jads thegither.
Whyles, owre the wee bit cup an' platie,
They sip the scandal potion pretty;
Or lee lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks,
Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks;
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
An' cheat like any unhung'd blackguard.

There's some exceptions, man an' woman;
But this is Gentry's life in common.
By this, the fun was out o' sight,
An' darker gloamin brought the night:
The bum-clock hummed wi' lazy drone,
The kye flood rowtin i' the loan;
When up they gat an' shook their lugs,
Rejoic'd they were na men, but dogs;
An' each took aff his several way,
Resolv'd to meet some ither day.

SCOTCH DRINK.

Gie him strong drink until he wink,
That's sinking in despair;
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
That's prest wi' grief an' care.
"Burns' Poems."

There let him bouse an' deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his loves or debts,
An' minds his griefs no more.

Solomon's Proverbs, xxxi. 6, 7.

Let other Poets raise a fracas
'Bott vines, an' wines, an' drunken Bacchus,
An' crabbed names an' stories wrack us,
An' grate our jug,
I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us,
In glafs or jug.

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

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

On thee a'ft Scotland chows her cood,
On soun'ble scones, the waite o' food!
Or tumbling in the boiling flood
Wi' kail an' beefs;
But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
There thou shines chief.
Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin;
Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin,
When heavy dragg'd wi' pine and grievin;
    But oil'd by thee,
The wheels o' life gae down-hill, scruvin,
    Wi' ratlin glee.

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

Aft, clad in maffy, 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 hi's bread,
    Thou kitchens fine.

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

That merry night we get the corn in,
    O sweetly, then, thou reams the horn in!
Or reekin on a New-year mornin
    In cog or bicker,
An' jiff a wee drap spir'tual burnin,
    An' gufty fucker!
When Vulcan gives his bellows breath,
An' Ploughmen gather wi' their graith,
O rare! to see thee fizz an' freath
I' th' lugget caup!

Then Burnewin comes on like Death
At ev'ry chaup.

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

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

When neebours anger at a plea,
An' just as wud as wud can be,
How easy can the barley-brie
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 weapon
Wi' liquors nice,
An' hardly, in a winter-seaason,
E'er speir her price.
Wae worth that brandy, burning trash!
Fell source o' monie a pain an' bragh!
Twins monie a poor, doyit, druken hash
   O' half his days;
An' sends, besides, auld Scotland's cash
   To her warft faes.

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

May gravels round his blather wrench,
An' gouts torment him, inch by inch,
Wha twills his gruntle wi' a glusch
   O' four disdain,
Out owre a glafs o' Whisky punch
   Wi' honest men!

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

Thee Ferinto'b! O sadly loff!
Scotland lament frae coast to coast!
Now colic-grips, an' barkin hoast,
   May kill us a';
For loyal Forbes' charter'd hoast
   Is ta'en awa!
BURNS' POEMS.

'Thae curlt horse-leeches o' th' Excise,
Wha mak the whisky sells their prize!
Hand up thy ban' Deil! anse, twice, thrice!
There, seize the blinkers!
An' bake them up in brunstane pies
For poor d—n'd drinkers.

Fortune, if thou'll but gie me still
Ehle brooks, a fcone, an' whisky gill,
An' sowth o' rhyme to rave at will,
Tak a' the rest,
M' dea' about as thy blind skill
Directs thee best.

THE AUTHOR'S

EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER *

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE AND HONOURABLE, THE SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Dearest of Distillation! last and best!——
—— How art thou loft!——

Parody on Milton.

Ye Irish Lords, ye Knights an' Squires,
Wha represent our brughs an' shires,
An' doucely manage our affairs
    In Parliament,
To you a simple Bardie's pray'rs
Are humbly sent.

* This was wrote before the Act anent the Scotch Distilleries, of sesson 1786; for which Scotland and the Author send their most grateful thanks.
BURNS’ POEMS.

Alas! my roupet Muse is hearfe!
Your Honors hearts wi’ grief ’twad pierce,
To see her sittin’ on her a—
Low i’ the dust,
An’ scrichin out prosaic verse,
An’ like to burst!

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

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

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

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

Paint Scotland greetin owre her thrissle;
Her mutchkin-floup as toom's a whistle;
An' d-mn'd Exciseman in a busle,
Seizin a Stell,
Triumphant crushin't like a muffel
Or lampit shell.

Then on the tither hand present her,
A blackguard Smuggler, right behind her,
An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie Vintner,
Colleaguing join,
Picking her pouch as bare as Winter,
Of a' kin coin.

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

Alas? I'm but a nameless wight,
Trode i' the mire clean out o' fight!
But could I like Montgomerie's fight,
Or gab like Boffwell,
There's some fark-necks I wad draw tight,
An' tie some hoff well.

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

B 2
Some o' you nicely ken the laws,  
To round the period an' pause,  
An' with rhetoric clausie on clausie  
To mak harangues;  
Then echo thro' St Stephen's wa's  
Auld Scotald's wrangs.

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

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

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

This while she's been in crankous mood,  
Her loft Militia fir'd her bluid;  
'(Deil na they never mair do guid,  
Play'd her that pliskie!')  
An' now she's like to rin red-wud  
About her Whisky.
'L—d, if ance they pit her till't,
rian petticoat she'll kilt,
rrk an' pistol at her belt,
She'll tak the streets,
on her whittle to the hilt,
'I' th' first she meets!

G—d fake, Sirs! then speak her fair,
raik her cannie wi' the hair,
the muckle house repair
  Wi' instant speed,
ive, wi' a' your Wit an' Lear,
  To get remcad.

ill-tongu'd tinkler, Charlie Fox,
unt you wi' his jeers an' mocks;
him't het, my hearty cocks!
  E'en cowe the cadie!
and him to his dicing-box
  An' sportin lady.

yon guid bluid o' auld Bocomnock's,
is debt twa mas'lim bonnocks,
kn his health in auld Nan'c Tinnock's
  Nine times a-week,
me scheme, like tea an' winnock's,
  Wad kindly seek.

I he some commutation broach,
ge my aith in guid braid Scotch,

thy old Hostess of the Author's in Moulline, where
es studied Politics over a glas of guile auld

B 9
BURNS' FORMS.

He need na fear their soul reproach
Nor erudition,
Yon-minnie-maxtie, queer hotch-potch,
The Coalition.

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

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

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

POSTSCRIPT.

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

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

Their gun’s a burden on their shouther;
They downa bide the flink o’ powther;
Their bauldef thought’s a bakh’ring swither
   To flan’ or rin,
Till skelp—a shot—they’re aff, a’ throwther,
   To save their skin.

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

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

Sages their solemn een may fleck,
An’ raise a philosophic reek,
An’ physically causes seek,
   In clime an’ season,
But tell me Whiffy’s name in Greek,
   I’ll tell the reason.
Burns' Poems

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

THE HOLY FAIR.

A robe of seeming truth and truft
Hid crafty observation;
And secret hung, with poison'd truft,
The dirk of Defamation:
A mask that like the gorget shaw'd,
Dye-varying, on the pigeon,
And for a mantle large and broad,
He wrapt him in Religion.

Hypocrisy a-la-mode.

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

*Holy Fair is a common phrase in the Weel of Scotland, for a sacramental occasion.
II.

As lightly I glowl'd abroad,
To see a scene the gay,
Three Hizzies, early at the road,
Cam flippin up the way.
Yea had manteeles o' doleful black,
But ane wi' lyart lining;
The third that gaed a wee a-back,
Was in the fashion shinning
Fu' gay that day.

III.

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

IV.

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

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

VI.

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

In droves that day.

VII.

Here, farmers gaft, in ridin graifs,
Gaed hoddin by their cotters;
There, swankies young, in braw braid-claid,
Are springin owre the gutters.
The lasses, skelpin barefit, thrang,
In silks an' scarlets glitter;
Wi' sweet-milk choos'est, in monie a whang,
An' surs, bak'd wi' butter,

Fu' crump that day.
VIII.

When by the plate we set our nose,
Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,
A greedy glower Black Bonnet throws,
An' we maun draw our tippence.

Then in we go to see the show,
On ev'ry sidè they're gath'rin;
Some carryin' dails, some chairs an' flools,
An' some are busy bleth'rin.
Right loud that day.

IX.

Here stands a shed to send the show'rs,
An' screen our countra Gentry,
There racer jfts, an' twa-three wh—res,
Are blinkin' at the entry.

Here fits a raw o' titling jads,
Wi' heaving breast an' bare neck;
An' there, a batch o' wabifer lads,
Blackguarding frae K**kck,
For fun this day.

X.

Here, some are thinkin' on their sins,
An' some upo' their claes;
Some curses sect that syld his shins,
Anither sighs an' prays:
On this hand fits a Chosen swatch,
Wi' screw'd-up, grace-precud faces;
On that, a set o' Chaps, at watch,
Thang winkin' on the lasses
To chairs that day.
XI.

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

Unkend that day.

XII.

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

Wi' fright that day.

XIII.

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

On sic a day!
XIV.

k! the tent his chang'd its voice;
  e's peace an' rest nae langer;
be real judges rise,
canna fit for anger.
opens oot his cauld harangues,
racice and on morals;
the godly pour in thrangs,
e the jars an' barrels

A lift that day.

XV.

signifies his barren shine,
oral pow'rs an' rea'on?
fish style, an' gesture fine,
'clean out o' seafon.
rates or Antonine,
ne auld Pagan Heathen,
al man he does define,
er a word o' faith in
That's right that day.

XVI.

time comes an antidote
fit sic poifon'd rostrum;
****, frae the water-fit,
ls the holy rostrum;
he's got the word o' G—,
cek an' mim has view'd it,
mon-Sense has ta'en the road,
', an' up the Cowgate *

Fall, fall that day.

---

* So called, which faces the tent in —

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

XVIII.
Now, but an' ben, the Change-house fills,
Wi' yill-caup Commentators:
Here's crying out for bakes an' gills,
An' there the pint-flowp clatters:
While thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,
Wi' Logic, an' wi' Scripture,
They raise a din, that, in the end,
Is like to breed a rupture
O' wrath that day.

XIX.
Leeze me on Drink! it gi'es us mair
Than either School or College:
It kindles Wit, it waukens Lair,
It pangs us for o' Knowledge.
Be't whisky gill or penny wheep,
Or ony stronger potion,
It never fails, on drinkin' deep,
To kittle up our notion,
By night or day.
XX.
The lads an' laffes, blythely bent
To mind bairn faul an' body,
Sit round the table, weel content,
An' steer about the toddy.
On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leuk,
They're makin' observations;
While some are cozie i' the neuk,
An' formin' affections

To meet some day.

XXI.
But now the L--'s ain trumpet toots,
Till a' the hills are rairin,
An' echoes back return the shouts;
Black ***** is na sparin:
His piercin' words, like Highlan' swords,
Divide the joints an' marrow;
His talk o' H-ll, where devils dwell,
Our vera ' Sauls does harrow *'

'Wi' fright that day!

XXII.
A vaft, unbottom'd, boundless Pit,
Fill'd fou' o' lowin' brunstane,
Wha's ragin' flame, an' scorchin' heat,
Wad melt the hardest whun-flane!
The half asleep start up wi' fear,
An' think they hear it roarin',
When presently it does appear,
'Twas but some neeboor snorin

Asleep that day.

--- Shakespeare's Hamlet.
C 2
XXIII.
’Twad be owre lang a tale to tell,
How monie stories past,
An’ how they crowded to the yill,
When they were a’ dismist:
How drink gaed round, in cogs an’ caups,
Amang the furms and benches;
An’ cheese an’ bread, frae women’s laps,
Was dealt about in lunches,
An’ dawds that day.

XXIV.
In comes a gaucie, gash Guidwife,
An’ sits down by the fire,
Syne draws her kebbuck an’ her knife,
The lasses they are shyer.
The auld Guidmen, about the grace,
FRAE side to side they bother,
Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
An’ gi’es them’t, like a tether,
Fu’ lang that day.

XXV.
Waesfucks! for him that gets nae lafs,
Or lasses that hae naething!
Sma’ need has he to say a grace,
Or melvie his braw claithing!
O Wives! be mindfu’ ane yoursel,
How bonie lads ye wanted,
An’ dinna, for a kebbuck-heel
Let lasses be affronted
On sic a day!
XXVI.
Now Clinkumbell, wi' ratlin tow,
    Begins to jow an' croon;
Some swagger hame, the best they dow,
    Some wait the afternoon.
At flaps the billies halt a blink,
    Till lassies strip their shoon:
Wi' faith an' hope, an' love an' drink,
    They're a' in famous tune
    For crack that day.

XXVII.
How monie hearts this day converts
    O' Sinners and o' Lasses!
Their hearts o' flane gin night are gane,
    As faft 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 Houghmagandie
    Some ither day.

DEATH AND DOCTOR HORNBOOK.

A TRUE STORY.

Some books are lies frae end to end,
    And some great lies were never penn'd;
Ev'n Minister's they ha'e been kenn'd,
    In holy rapture,
Great lies and nonsense baith to vend,
    And nail't wi' Scripture.
But this that I am gaun to tell,
Which lately on a night besel,
Is just as true's the Deil's in h-ll,
Or Dublin city:
That e'er he nearer comes oursell
'S a muckle pity.

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

The risin Moon began to glowr:
The distant Cumnock hills out-owre;
'To count her horns, wi' a' my power,
I set mysel;
But whether she had three or fou, I cou'd na tell.

I was come round about the hill,
And todlin down on Willie's mill,
Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
To keep me ficker;
The leeward whyles, against my will,
I took a-bicker.

I there wi' Something does forgather,
'That put me in an eerie swither;
An' awfu' icythe, out-owre ae shoulder,
Clear-danglin, hang;
A three-tae'd leisler on the ither
Lay, large and lang.
Burns' Forms.

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 and fina',
	As cheeks o' branks.

"Guid-een," quo' I; "Friend! hae ye been mawin,
"When ither folk are busy sawin?"
It seem'd to mak a kind o' flan',
	But naething spak;
At length, says I, "Friend, whare ye gaun,
"Will ye go back?"

It spak right howe,—"My name is Death,
"But be na' fley'd."—Quoth I, "Guid faith,
"Ye're maybe come to flap my breath;
	"But tent me, billie;
"I red ye weel, tak care o' faith,
	"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 mislair'd,
"I wad na' mind it, no that spittle
	"Out-owre my beard."

"Weel, weel!" says I, "a bargain be't;
"Come, gies your hand, an' let we're gree't;

* This rencounter happened in seed-time 1785.*
We'll ease our shanks an' tak a seat,
  'Come, gies your news!'
This while ye hae been mony a gate,
  'At mony a hause.'

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

Sax thousand years are near hand fled
Sin' I was to the butch'ing bred,
And mony a scheme in vain's been laid,
  'To flap or fear me;
Till ane Hornbook's ta'en up the trade,
  'And faith, he'll waur me.'

Ye ken Jack Hornbook i' the Clachan,
Deil mak his king's-hop in a splechan!
He's grown fae weed acquaint wi' Buchan,!
  'And ither chaps,
The weans haud out their fingers laughin,
  'And pouk my hips.'

See, here's a scythe, and there's a dart,
They hae pierc'd mony a gallant heart;

* An epidemical fever was then raging in that country.
† This gentleman, Dr. Hornbook, is, professionally, a brother of the sovereign Order of the Ferula; but, by intimation and inspiration, is at once an Apothecary, Surgeon, and Physician.
‡ Buchan's Domestic Medicine.
BURNS' POEMS.

'Doctor Hornbook, wi' his art
  'And cursed skill,
made them baith no worth a f—t,
  'D—n'd haet they'll kill!

as but yestreen, nae farther gaen,
  ew a noble throw at ane;
lefs, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain;
  'But deil-ma-care!
if play'd dirl on the bane,
  'But did nae mair.

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

w my cythe in sic a furry,
hand cowpit wi' my hurry,
et the bauld Apothecary
  'Withflood the shock;
ht as weel hae try'd a quarry
  'O' hard whin-rock.

hem he canna get attended,
' their face he ne'er had kent it,
—in a kail-blade and send it,
  'As soon's he smells 't,
their disease, and what will mend it,
  'At once he tells 't.
BURNS' POEMS.

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

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

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

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

The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh,
And says, 'Ye needna yoke the plough,

* The grave digger.
BURNS' POEMS.

"Kirk-yards will soon be till'd eneugh,
  'Tak ye nae fear:
'They'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a sheugh,
  'In twa-three year.

'Where I killed ane, a fair free-death,
'By lots o' blood, or want o' breath,
'This night I'm free to tak my aith,
  'That Hornbook's skill
'Has clad a score i' their laft claiith,
  'By drap and pill.

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

'A countra Laird had ta'en the batts,
'Or some curmuring in his guts,
'His only son for Hornbook fets,
  'And pays him well,
'The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets,
  'Was Laird himself,

'A bonie lass, ye kend her name,
'Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame,
'She trufts herfes, to hide the shame,
  'In Hornbook's care;
'Horn sent her aff to her lang hame,
  'To hide it there.
That's just a fetch o' Hornbook's way,
Thus goes he on from day to day,
Thus does he poison, kill, an' flay,
An's weel pay'd for't:
Yet stop's me o' my lawfu' prey,
Wi' his d—n'd dirt!

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

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

THE BRIGS OF AYR.

A POEM.

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

The simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough;
The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush.
The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
Or deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild-whistling o'er the hill;
Shall he, nurt in the peasant's lowly shed,
To hardy Independence bravely brest,
By early Poverty to hardship steel'd,
And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's field,
Shall he be guilty of their hirpling crimes,
The servile, mercenary Swifs of rhymes?
Or labour hard the panegyric close,
With all the venal soul of dedicating Praise?
No! tho' his artless strains he rudely sings,
And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the firings,
He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,
Fame, honest fame, his great, his dear reward.
Still, if some Patron's gen'rous care he trace,
Skill'd in the secret to bestow with grace;
When befriends his humble name,
And hands the rustic stranger up to fame,
With heart-felt throes his grateful bosom swells,
The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

'Twas when the hawks get on their winter-hap,
And thack and rape secure the toil-won crop;
Potato-bings are snugg'd up frae skailth
Of coming Winter's biting, frothy breath;
The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils,
'Unnumber'd buds and flow'rs' delicious spoils,
Seal'd up with frugal care in massive, waxen piles,
Are doom'd by Man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone reek;
The thund'ring guns are heard on ev'ry side,
The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide.
The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,
Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie:
(What warm, poetic heart but inly bleeds,
And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)
Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs;
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
Except perhaps the Robin's whistling glee,
Proud e' the height o' some bit half-lang tree:
The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noon-tide blaze.
While thick the goflamour waves wanting in the rays.
'Twas in that season, when a simple Bard,
Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,
Ae night, within the ancient brugh of Ayr,
By whim inspir'd, or haply pres't wi' care,
He left his bed, and took his wayward rout,
And down by Sim's side wheel'd the left about:
(Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,
To witness what I after shall narrate;
Or whether, rapt in meditation high,
He wander'd cut he knew not where nor why)
The drowsy Dungree-bell had number'd two,
And Wallace Tower had sworn the fact was true:
The tide-flo'n Firth, with fallen sounding roar,
Through the still night daun'd hearts along the shore:
All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e;
The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree:
The chilly Frost, beneath the silver beam,
Crept, gently-crushing o'er the glittering stream—
When, lo! on either hand the burning Bard,
The clanging fugh of whistling wings is heard;

* A noted tavern at the As'd Brig end.
† The two steeple's.
Two daffy forms dart thro' the midnight air,
Swift as the Gos. * drives on the wheeling hare;
Ane on th' Auld' Brig his airy shape upears,
The ither flutters o'er the rising pierse.
Our warlock Rhymer instantly descried
The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside.
(That Bards are second-fighted is nae joke;
And ken the lingo of the sp'inual folk;
Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,
And ev'n the vera deils they brawly ken them).
Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face:
He seem'd as he wi' Time had warfl'd lang,
Yet, roughly dour, he bade an unco bang.
New Brig was bulkit in a braw, new coat,
That he, at Lon'on, frae ane Adam's got;
In's hand five taper flaves as smooth 's a bead,
Wi' virils an' whirligigums at the head.
The Goth was flalking round with anxious search,
Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch;
It chanc'd his new-com'd neebor took his e'e,
And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he!
Wi' thievelefs sneer to see his modell'd mien.
He, down the water, gies him this guidew—

AULD BRIG.

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

* The gos-hawk, or falcon.
NEW BRIG.
Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense,
Just much about it wi' your scanty sense;
Will your poor, narrow foot-path of a street,
Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet,
Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' flane and lime,
Compare wi' bonie Brigs o' modern time?
There's men of taste wou'd tak the Ducatstreet,*
Tho' they shou'd ca' the vera fask and swim,
E'er they would grate their feelings wi' the view
Of sic an ugly Gothic hulk as you.

AULD BRIG.
Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
This mony a year I've flood the flood an' tide;
And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm fair forfain,
I'll be a Brig when ye're a shapeless cairn!
As yet ye little ken about the matter,
But twa-three winters wilt inform ye better.
When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains
Wi' deepening deluges o' r'low the plains;
When from the hills where springs the brawling Coit,
Or stately Lugar's mossy fountaines boil.
Or where the Greenock winds his moorland course,
Or haunted Garpat† draws his feeble source,
Arous'd by blustering winds an' spotting thowes,
In mony a torrent down the snow-broon rowses,
While crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat,
Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brings, a' to the gate;
And from Glenbuck‡, down to the Rottenkey §,
Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd tumbling sea:

* A noted ford, just above the Auld Brig.
† The banks of Garpat Water is one of the few places
the West of Scotland where those fancy-fearing beings, known
by the name of f'raits, still continue pertinaciously to habi
‡ The soure of the river of Ayr.
§ A small landing-place above the large key.
BURNS' POEMS.

Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise!
And dash the gummie jaups up to the pouring skies.
A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
That Architecture's noble art is lost!

NEW BRIG.

Fine architecture, worth, I needs must say 't o' t!
The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o' t!
Gaunt, ghastly, ghast-alluming 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 sculptures drest,
With order, symmetry, or taste un blest;
Forms like some bedlam Statuary's dream,
The craz'd creations of misguided whim;
Forms might be worship'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 doin' Monkish race,
Or frosty maids forsworn, the dear embrace,
Or Cuifs of later times who held the notion,
That fallen gloom was fleeting true devotion:
Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection,
And soon may they expire, un blest with resurrection.

auld brig.

O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealings,
Were ye but here to share my wounded feelin
Ye worthy Proverbs, an' mony a Baillie,
Wha in the paths o' rightconfess did toil ay

D 3.
Ye dainty Deacons, an' ye douse Conseceners,
Whom out moderns are but caufey-cleaners;
Godly Council, wha hae blest this town;
Godly Brethren o' the sacred gown,
Wha meekly gae your hurdies to the smiters;
And (what would now be strange) ye godly Writers?
A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo,
Were ye but here, what would ye say or do!
How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
To see each melancholy alteration;
And, agonising, curse the time and place
When ye begat the base, degen'rate race!
Nae langer Reverend Men, their country's glory,
In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid story:
Nae langer thirsty Citizens, an' douce,
Meet o'er a pint, or in the Council-house;
But flaumrel, coryk-headed, graceless Gentry,
The herryment and ruin of the country;
Men, three-parts made by Taylors and by barbers,
Wha waste your wee-lain'd gear on d—d New Brigs
and Harbours!

NEW BRIG.

Now hau'd you there! for faith ye've said enough,
And muckle main than ye can mak to through.
As for your Priesthood, I'll hau' still bay but little,
Corbies and Clergy are a' no' a right kittle:
But, under favor o' your langer beard,
Abuse o' Magistrates might well be spair'd;
To liken them to your auld-ward squad,
I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
In Ayr, Wag-wis nae main can have a handle
'Co'mouth 'A Citizen,' a term o' scandai:
Nae main the Council waddles down the street,
In ... the pomp of ignorant conceit.
BURNS' POEMS.

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

What farther clishmaclaver might been said,
What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,
No man can tell; but, all before their flight,
A fairy train appear'd in order bright:
Adown the glittering stream they fealy danc'd;
Bright to the moon their various drestes glanc'd:
They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet:
While arts of Minstrelsy among them rung,
And foul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties fung.
O had M'Laurd MacIntosh, thairm-inspiring Sage,
Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
When thro' his dear Strathspeys they bore with Highland rage;
Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares;
How would his Highland lug been nobler fir'd,
And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd!
No guents could tell what instrument appear'd,
But all the soul of Music's self was heard;
Harmonious concert rung in every part,
While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.
The Genius of the stream in front appears,
A venerable Chief advanc'd in years;

* A well-known performer of Scottish music on the violin.
His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
His manly leg with garter tangle bound.
Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring;
Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy,
And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye:
All-cheering Plenty, with her flow'ring horn,
Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn:
Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,
By Hospitality with cloudless brow.
Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride,
From where the Feal wild-woody coverts hide:
Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
A female form, came from the tow'rs of Stair:
Learning and Worth in equal measures trode,
From simple Catrine, their long-lov'd abode:
Last, white-robb'd Peace, crown'd with a hazel wreath,
To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
The broken, iron instruments of Death,
At sight of whom our Sprites forgot their kindling wret

---

THE ORDINATION.

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

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

For joy this day.

II.
Curst Common-sense, that imp o’ h—ll,
Cam in wi’ Maggie Lauder *;
But O******* aft made her yell,
An’ R***** fair mica’d her;
This day M******** taks the flail,
An’ he’s the boy will blaud her!
He’ll clap a fbangar on her tail,
An’ set the bairns to daud her

Wi’ dirt this day.

III.
Mak haste an’turn King David owre,
An’ lilt wi’ holy clangor;
O’ double verse come gie us four,
An’ skirl up the Bangor:
This day the Kirk kicks up a-floure,
Aae mair the knaves shall wrang her,
For Herefy is in her pow’r,
And gloriously she’ll whang her

Wi’ pith this day.

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

Come, let a proper text be read,
An' touch it aff wi' vigour,
How graceless Ham * leugh at his Dad,
Which made Canaan a niger;
Or Phineas † drove the murdering blade,
Wi' wh-re abhorring rigour;
Or Zipporah ‡ the scalding jad,
Was like a bluidy tiger
I' inn that day.

V.

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

VI.

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

* Genesis, ch. ix. ver. 22.  † Numbers, ch. xxv.
‡ Exodus, ch. iv. ver. 25.
VII.
Nae mair by Babel's streams we'll weep,
To think upon our Zion;
And hing our fiddles up to sleep,
Like baby clouts a-dryin;
Come, screw the pegs wi' tuneful cheer,
And o'er the thairms be tryin;
Oh, rare! to see our elbucks wheep,
And a' like lamb-tails flyin
       Fu' saft this day!

VIII.
Lang, Patronage, wi' rod o' aim,
Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin,
As lately F-ru-ch, fair forfairn,
Has provin to its ruin:
Our Patron, honest man! G/*****
    He saw mischief was brewin;
And like a godly, elect bairn,
    He's wal'd us out a true ane,
       And found this day.

IX.
Now R**** harangue nae mair,
But fleek your gab for ever;
Or try the wicked town of A**,
    For there they'll think you clever;
Or, nae reflection on your lear,
    Ye may commence a Shaver;
Or to the N-th-r-t-n. repair,
    And turn a carpet-weaver
       Aff-hand this day.
BURNS' POEMS.

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

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

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

O happy day! rejoice, rejoice!
Come house about the porter!
Morality's demure decoys
Shall here nae mair find quarter;
M·········, R·······, are the boys
That Hereby can torture;
They'll gie her on a rape a hoyse,
An' cowe her measure shorter
By th' head some day.

XIV.

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,
And here's, for a conclusion,
To ev'ry New-light's mother's son,
From this time forth, Confusion:
If mair they deive 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 ch. 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,
'Tho' Heretics may laugh;
For instance, there's yourf! just now,
God knows, an unco Calf!

* New-light is a cant-phrase, in the West of Scotland, for those religious opinions which Dr. Taylor of Norwich has attended to strenuously.
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 raptur'd hour,
Shall ever be your lot,
Forbid it, ev'ry heav'nly Power,
You e'er should be a Satyr!

Tho', when some kind connubial Dear
Your butt-an'-ben adorns,
The like has been, that you may wear
A noble head of horns.

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

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

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL.

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

O thou! whatever title suit thee,
Aslid Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Cloodie,
Burns' Poems.

Wha in ye cavern grim an' footie,
Clos'd under hatchies,
Springs about the benfamine cootie,
To fauld poor wretches!

Hear me,auld Hoagie,for a woe,
An' let poor damned bodies be;
I'm sure fine'pleasure it can gie,
Ev'n to a slait,
To sleepe an' fauld poor dogs like me,
An' hear us squeel!

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

Whyles, ranging like a roaring lion,
For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin;
Whyles, on the strong-wing'd Tempest flyin,
Tirin the kirkis;
Whyles, in the human bosom psynin,
Unseen thou lurks.

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

E 2
BURNS' FORMS.

When twilight did my Graumie summon,
To say her pray'rs; douce, honest woman!
Aft yont the dyke she's heard you burnin',
   Wi' eerie drone;
Or, ruftlin, thro' the boortries comin',
   Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
The stars shot down wi' skentin light,
Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright,
   Ayont the loch;
Ye, like a rash-bufs, stood in sight,
   Wi' wavin flugh.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
Each brisl'd hair stood like a flake,
When wi' an elderitch, floor quaick, quaick,
   Amang the springs,
Awa ye squatter'd like a drake,
   On whistling wings.

Let warlock grim, an' wither'd bags,
Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags,
They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags,
   Wi' wicked speed;
And in kirk-yards renew their leagues,
   Owrn howkit dead.

Thence, countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
May plunge an' plunge the kirk in vain;
For, O! the yellow treasure's tae
   By witching skill;
An' dawit, twal-pint Hawkie's gaen
   As yell's the Bill.
Thence, mystic knots mak great abuse,
On young Guidmen, fond, keen, an' crouse;
When the best wark-loom i' the house,
   By crantrip wit,
Is infant made no worth a loose,
   Just at the bit.

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

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

When Masons mystic word an' grip,
In storms an' tempefts raife you up,
Some cock or cat your rage maun flop,
   Or, strange to tell!
The youngest Brother ye wad whip
   Aff draught to h-l.l.

Lang syne, in Eden's bonie yard,
When youthful lovers first were pair'd,
An' all the Soul of Love they shair'd,
   The raptur'd hour,
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird,
   In shad' bow'.
Then you, ye auld, snick-drawin dog!
Ye cam to Paradise incog,
An' play'd on man a curled brogue,
(Black be your fa'!)
An' gied the infant warld a fhog,
'Maist ruin'd a'.

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
Wi' reekit duds, and reeslit gizz,
Ye did present your smoutie phiz,

'Mang better folk,
An' sklested on the man of Uzz,
Your spitefu' joke

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,
An' brak him out o' house and hall,
While scabs an' blotches did him gall,

Wi' bitter claw,
An' lows'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked Scawl,
Was wast ava?

But a' your doings to rehearse,
Your wily shanes an' fechin fierce,
Siu' that day Michael * did you pierce,

Down to this time,
Wad ding a Lallan tongue, or Erfe,

In prose or rhyme.

* Vide Milton, Book VI.

An' now, auld Clouts, I ken ye're thinkin,
A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin,
SOME LUCKLESS HOUR WILL SEND HIM LINKIN,
To your black pits;
But, faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin,
An' cheat you yet.

But, fare ye weel, auld Nickie-ben!
O wad ye tak a thought an' men't!
Ye aiblins might—I dinn ken—
Still hae a stake—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den;
Ev'n for your sake!

THE

DEATH AND DYING WORDS
OF

POOR MAILIE.

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE.

An Unco Mournfu' Tale.

As Mailie, an' her lambs thegither,
Was a day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her cloot the coost a hitch,
An' owre the warld in the ditch:
There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
When Hughoc * he cam doytin by.
Wi' glowrin een, an' lifted han's,
Poor Hughoc like a statute standin'.
He saw her days were near hand ended,
But, wae's my heart! he could na mend it;

* A neibor herd-gallan.
He gaped wide, but naething spak,
At length poor Mairie silence brak.
'O thou, whase lamentable face
Appears to mourn my woeful ca'se!
'My dying words attentive hear,
'An' bear them to my Master dear.
'Tell him, if e'er again he keep
'As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
'O, bid him never tie them mair
'Wi' wicked string o' hemp or hair!
'But ca' them out to park or hill,
'An' let them wander at their will:
'So may his flock increase, an' grow
'To scores o' lambs, an' packs of woot.
'Tell him, he was a Master kin',
'An' ay was guid to me an' mine;
'An' now my dying charge I gie him,
'My helpless lambs, I trust them wi' him.
'O, bid him save their harmless lives,
'Frae dogs, an' tods, an' butcher's knives!
'But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
'Till they be fit to fend themsel;
'An' tent them duly, e'en an' morn.
'Wi' teats o' hay an' ripps o' corn.
'An' may they never learn the gaits
'Of ither vile, wanreftfu' pets!
'To slink thro' slaps, an' reave an' deal,
'At slacks o' peas, or flocks o' kail.
'So may they, like their great Forbears,
'For monie a year come thro' the sheers:
'So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
'And bairns greet for them when they're dead.
'My poor tuop-lamb, my son an' heir,
'O, bid him breed him up wi' care!
BUBBLES. Poems.

"An' if he live to be a beaft,
To pit some havins in his breast!
"An' warn him, what I winna name,
To flay content wi' yowes at hame;
"An' no to rin and wear his cloots,
Like ither menfels, gracefels brutes.

"An' nieft my yowie, silly thing,
Gude keep thee frae a tether firing!
"O, may thou ne'er forgather up
Wi' ony blafit, moorland toop;
"But ay keep mind to moop an' mell
Wi' sheep o' credit like thyfelf.

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

"Now, honest Hughie, dinna fail
To tell my Master a' my tale;
"An' bid him burn this cursed tether,
"An' for my pains thou'ft get my bletter.'

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

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,
Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose;
Our Bardie's fate is at a close,
Past a' remedy!

The last sad cape-flane of his woes;

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

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

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
An' could behave herf sel wi' sense;
I'll say't, she never brak a fence,
' Thro' thievish greed.
Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the Spence
Sin' Mailie's dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,
Her living image in her yow, 
Comes bleating to him, owre the knowe,
For bits o' bread;
An' down the briny pearls rowe,
For Mailie dead.

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

Wae worth the man wha first did shape,
That vile, wanbancie thing—a rape!
It makz guid fellows gae an' gape,
Wi' chokin dread,
An' Robie's bonnet wave wi' crape
For Mailie dead.

O, a' ye Bards on bonie Doon!
An' wha o' Ayr your chanters tune!
Come, join the melancholious groon
O' Robbin's reed!
His heart will never get aboon!
His Mailie's dead!

---

TO J. S****.

Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweetner of life and folder of society!
I owe thee much——

Blair.

DEAR s****, the finest, pauckie thief,
That e'er attempted sicalth or rief,
Ye surely hae some warlock-breef
Owre human hearts;
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
Against your arts.

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

That auld, capricious carlin, Nature,
To mak amends for scrimp pet flature,
She's turn'd you off, a human creature
On her first plan,
An' in her freaks, on ev'ry feature,
She's wrote, the Man.

Just now I've ta'en the fit o' rhyme,
My barmie noodle's working prime,
My fancy yerkit up sublime
Wi' hasty summon:
Hae ye a leisure-moment's time
To hear what's comin'?

Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash;
Some rhyme (vain thought!) for needfu' cash;
Some rhyme to court the countra clalli,
An' raise a din;
For me, an aim I never fash;
A rhyme for fun.

The flur that rules my luckless lot,
Has lated me the rufle coat,
An' damu'd my fortune to the great;
But, in requit,
Has blest me wi' a random shot
O' countra wit.
This while my notion's ta'en a silent,
To try my fate in guid, black prent;
But still the mair I'm that way bent,

Something cries, 'Hoolie!
' I red you, honest man, tak tent!
' Ye'll shaw your folly.

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

Then farewell hopes o' laurel-boughs,
To garland my poetic brows!
Henchforth I'll rove where busy ploughs
Are whistling thrang,
An' teach the lonely heights an' howes
My rustic song.

I'll wander on wi' tentless heed,
How never-halting moments speed,
Till fate shall snap the brittle thread;
Then, all unknown,
I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead,
Forgot and gone!

But why o' Death begin a tale?
Just now we're living, sound an' hale;
Then top and maintop croud the sail,

Heave Care o'er-side!

An' large, before Enjoyment's gale,

Let's tak the tide.
This life, far's I understand,
Is a' enchanted fairy-land,
Where Pleasure is the Magic Wand,
That, wielded right,
Maks Hours like Minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by fu' light.

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

When once life's day draws near the gloamin,
Then fareweel vacant careless roamin;
An' fareweel cheerfu' tankards foamin,
An' social noise;
An' fareweel dear, 'deludin woman,
The joy of joys!

O Life! how pleasant in thy mornin,
Young Fancy's ma's the hills adornin!
Cold-pau'ing Caution's leffon scornin;
We frisk away,
Like school-boys, at th' expected warnin,
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.
BURNS' POEMS.

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

With steady aim, some Fortune chase;
Keen hope does ev'ry sinew brace;
Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race;
      And seize the prey:
Then canic, in some cosie place,
      They close the day.

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

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

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

P 2
Burns' Poems.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A DREAM.

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

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

I.

**GUID-MORNIN** to your Majesty!
May Heaven augment your blessings,
On ev'ry new Birth-day ye see,
A humble Bardie wishes!

F 8
My Bardship here, at your levee,
On sic a day as this is,
Is sure an' uncouth sight to see,
Amang theae Birth-day dressies
Sae fine this day.

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

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

IV.
'Tis very true, my sovereign King,
My skill may weel be doubted,
But Facts are cheels that winna ding,
An' downa be disputed:
BURNS' POEMS.

Your Royal Nest, beneath Your wing,
Is e'en right rest an' clouted,
And now the third part of the string,
An' less, will gang about it,

Then did ae day.

VI.

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

Than courts yon day.

And now ye've gien auld Britain peace,
Her broken shins to plaster,
Your fair taxation does her fleece,
Till she has scarce a tatter:
For me, thank God! my life's a loaf,
Nae bargain wearing faster,
Or, faith! I fear, that, wi' the geese,
I shortly boast to pasture

I' the craft some day.

VII.

I'm no mistrusting Willie Pitt,
When taxes he enlarges,
(An' Witt's a true guid fellow's get,
A name not Envy (frairges),

A name not Envy (frairges),
That he intends to pay your debt,
An' lessen a' your charges:
But, G-d-fake! let nae saving-fit
Abridge your bonny Barges
An' Boats this day.

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

IX.
Hail, Majesty most Excellent!
While Nobles strive to please Ye,
Will Ye accept a Compliment
A simple Bardie gies Ye!
Thae bonny Bairntime Heav'n has lent,
Still higher mae they hecze Ye
In blifs, till Fate some day is sent
Forever to release Ye
Fae care that day.

X.
For you, young Potentate o' W——,
I tell your Highness fairly,

Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling fails,
I'm tauld ye're driving rarely.
But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
An' curse your folly fairly,
That e'er ye brak Diana's pales,
Or rattl'd dice wi' Charlie

By night or day.

XI.
Yet aft a ragged Corus's been known
To mak a noble Ayuer;
Sae ye may doucely fill a Throne,
For a' their clish-ma-claver:
There Him* at Agincourt wha thone,
Few better were or braver;
And yet wi' funny, queer Sir John†
He was an unco shaver

For monie a day.

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

Some luckless day.

* King Henry.
† Sir John Falstaff. See Shakespeare.
XIII.
Young, royal Tarby Brecks, I learn,
Ye've lately come athwart her;
A glorious Gally*, 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 airm,
An' large upo' her quarter

    Come full that day.

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

    On onis day.

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

    Fu' clean that day.

* Alluding to the News-paper account of a cer-
royal Sailor's amour.
BURNS' POEMS.

THE VISION.

DUAH FIRST *.

THE sun had clos'd the winter-day,
The Curlers quatt their roarin' play,
An' hunger'd Mauken ta'en her way
To kail-yards green,
While faithles' snaws ilk step betray
Where she has been.

'The Thresher's weary slippin'-tree
The lee-lang day had tired me;
An' when the day had clos'd his e'e,
Fat i' the West;
Ben i' the Seine right pensievie,
I gae to rest.

There, lanely, by the ingle-check,
A fat and ey'd the spewin' reek,
That fil'd, wi' hoast-provokin' sneek,
The auld clay biggin';
And heard the restless rats'ns squeak
About the riggin.

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

* Duan, a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digestive Poem. See his Cath-Laid, vol. 2, of M'Therfon's Translation.
Had I to guid advice but bairkit,
I might, by this, hae led a market,
Or strutted in a Bank, and clarkit
My cash account:
While here, half-born, half-fed, half-fair
It's a 'th' amount.

I started, muttering, blockhead! cool!
And heav'd on high my wantit look,
To swear by a' yon starry roof,
Or some rash aith,
That I, henceforth, would be my own proof.
Till my last breath—

When click! the string the trick did draw,
And jee! the door gaed to the wa;
And by my tingle-love I saw;
Now bleezin bright,
A tight, outlandish Heazie, braw.
Came full in sight.

Ye need na doubt, I held my whist;
The infant aith, half-turn'd, was cricht;
I glow'd as eerie's I'd been diskit
In some wild glen;
When sweet, like modest Worth, the night,
And steppe ben.

Green, slender, laced with Hạnh-bærghi.
Where twisted, graceful round her haun's:
I took her for some 'Scottish Maids'
By that same token;
And come to stop these reckless vows,
Would soon been broke.
A "hair-brain'd, sentimental grace"
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 with Hamour.

Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen,
Till half a leg was scantily seen;
And such a leg! my bonny Jean
Could only peer it;

Sae straight, sae taper, tight and clean,
None else came near it.

Her breast large, of greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew;
Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, threw,
A lustre grand;
And seem'd, to my astonished view,
A well-known Land.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost;
There, mountains to the skies were toss'd;
Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast
With surging foam;
There, distant shone Art's lofty boat,
The hardy done.

Here, Duna pour'd down his far-fetch'd flood;
There, well-fed Irvine lately thuds!
Auld hermit Ayr saw thru' his woods,
On to the shore;

And many a lesser torrent scuds,
With seem'ing glad.

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

But lately tow'r, or palace fair,
Or ruins pendent in the air,
Bold stems of Heroes, here and there
    I could discern;
Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare,
    With feature stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,
To see a Race heroic wheel,
And brandish round the deep-dy'd fleet
    In sturdy blows;
While back-recoiling seem'd to reel
    Their Suthren foes.

His Country's Saviour †, mark him well!
Bold Richardton's ‡ heroic swell;
The Chief on Sark †† who glorious fell,
    In high command;
And He whom ruthless Fates expell
    His native land.

---

* The Wallaces.       † William Wallace
† Adam Wallace of Richardton, cousin to the
†† Laird of Craige, who was second in com-
prin.-ally owing to the judicious conduct and intrep-
under Douglas Earl of Ormond, at the famous battle
banks of Sark, fought anno 1418. That glorious vict
of the gallant Laird of Craige, who died of his won-
be action.
There, where a sceptred Piē\v a shade
Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid,
I mark'd a martial Race, pourtray'd
In colours strong;
Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd,
Th'ey strode along.

† Thro' 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 Sirw and Son I saw,
To Nature's God and Nature's law,
They gave their love,
This, all its source and end to draw,
That, to adore.

Brydon's brave Ward I well could spy,
Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye;
Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,
To hand him on,
Where many a Patriot-name on high
And Heso shone.

* Coitus King of the Piets, from whom the district of Kyle is said to take its name, lies buried, as tradition says, near the family seat of the Montgomerics of Coils-field, where his burial-place is still shown.
† Bar-skimming, the seat of the Lord Justice Clerk.
‡ Catrine, the seat of the late Dr. and present Professor Stewart.
†† Colonel Fullarton.
With musing-deep astonish’d stare,
I view’d the heavenly-seeming Fair;
A whispering throb did witness bear
Of kindred sweet.
When with an elder Sister’s air
She did me greet.

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

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

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

"Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
They ardent, kindling spirits pour;
'Or, mid the venal Senate's roar,
    They, sightless, stand,
'To mend the honest Patriot's 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 Fotherton, the brave and young;
'Hence, Dempster's zeal-inspired tongue!
'Hence, sweet harmonious Beattie sung
    His 'Minstrel lays,"
'Or tore, with noble ardour sung,
    The Sceptic's lays.

'To lower orders are afflig'd
'The humbler ranks of Human-kind,
'The rustic Bard, the lab'ring Hind,
    The Artisan;
'All chuse, as various they're inclin'd,
    The various man.

'When yellow waves the heavy grain,
'The threat'ning storn some, strongly, rein;
'Some teach to meliorate the plain
    With tillage-skill;
'And some instruct the Shepherd-train.
    Blythe o'er the hill.
Some hint the Lover’s harmless wile;
Some grace the Maiden’s artless smile;
Some soothe the Labvrer’s weary toil,
For humble gains,
And make his cottage-scenes beguile
His cares and pains.

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

Of these am I—Coilez my name;
And this district as mine I claim,
Where once the Campbells, chiefs of fame,
Held ruling pow’rs;
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 fleecy stole
Drove thro’ the sky,
I saw grim Nature’s village hoar
Struck thy young eye.
BURNS'S POEMS.

Or when the deep green-mantled Earth
Warm cherish'd ev'ry flow'rt's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth,
In ev'ry grove,
I saw thee eye the general mirth
With boundless love.

When ripen'd fields, and azure skies,
Call'd forth the Reaper's rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their ev'n'ng joys,
And lonely stalk,
To vent thy bosom's swelling rife
In pensive walk.

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

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

I taught thy manners-painting strains,
The loves, the ways of simple swains,
Till now, o'er all my wide domains
Thy fame extends,
And some, the pride of Colta's plains,
Become thy friend.
KIRWAN'S POEMS.

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

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

Then never murmur nor repine;
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;
And trust me, not Potof'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 shine:
Preserve the dignity of Man,
With Soul erect!
And trust, the Universal
Will all protect.

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

OR

RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

My son, these Maxims make a rule,
And lump them ay thegither;
The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
The Rigid Wife anither:
The cleanest corn that e'er was digg'd
May have some piles o' caff in;
So ne'er a fellow-creature flight
For random fits o' daffin.

SOLOMON.—Eccles. vii. 16.

I.

O'er who are sae guid yoursel,
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your Neighbour's faults and folly!
Whose life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supply'd wi' store o' water,
The heapot happen's ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter.

II.

Hear me, ye venerable Core,
As counsel for poor mortals,
That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door
For glaikit Folly's portals;
I, for their thoughtles, careless fakes,
Would here propose defences,
Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
Their failings and mischances.
III.
Ye see your slate wi' their's compar'd,
And shudder at the niffer,
But cast a moment's fair regard,
What makes the mighty differ;
Discount what scant occasion gave,
That purity ye pride in,
And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)
Your better art o' hiding.

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

V.
See Social Life and Glee sit down,
All 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 h-ll to flate,
Damnation of expences!
VI.
Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames,
Ty'd up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor Fraelty namës,
Suppose a change o' cases;
A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination——
But, let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye're abins nae temptation.

VII.
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 'Wy they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

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

An honest man’s the noblest work of God—
Pope.

Has auld K******** seen the Deil?
Or great M********† thrown his heel?
Or R********‡ again grown weel,

To preach an’ read?
‘Na, waur than a’l’ cries ilks clieu,
‘Tam Samfon’s dead!

K******** lang may grunt an’ grain,
An’ sigh, an’ sob, an’ greet her lane,
An’ cleed her bairns, man, wife, an’ wean,

In mourning weef;

To Death she’s dearly pay’d the kane,
Tam Samfon’s dead!

The Brethren o’ the mystic level
May hing their head in wofu’ bevel,
While by their nose the tears will revel,

Like ony bead;
Death’s gien the Lodge an unco devel,

Tam Samfon’s dead!

* When this worthy old Sportsman went out last muir.
† The laft of his fields; and expressed an ardent wish to die.
‡ And be buried in the muirs. On this hint the Author composed his Elegy and epitaph.

† A certain Preacher, a great favourite with the Million, Vide the ORDINATION, p. 45.
‡ Another Preacher, an equal favourite with the Few, who was at that time ailing. For him see also the Ordination, p.
When Winter muffles up his cloak,
And binds the mire like to a rock;
When to the loups the Curlers flock.
        Wi' glee'some speed,
Wha will they flotion at the rock?
        Tam Samson's dead!

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

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

Rejoice, ye bairring Paitrick a';
Ye cootie Moorscocks, croucely craw;
Ye Maukins, cock your fud fu' braw,
        Withouten dread;
Your mortal Fae is now awa',
        Tam Samson's dead!

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

I
BURNS' POEMS.

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

Owre mony a weary lag he limpit,
An' ay 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,
But yet he drew the mortal trigger
    Wi' weel-aim'd heed;
' L—d, five!' he cry'd, an' owre did flagger;
    Tam Samson's dead!

Ilk hoary Hunter mourn'd a brither;
Ilk Sportsman-youth bemoan'd a father;
Yon auld gray pane, amang the hether,
    Marks out his head.
Whare Burns has wrote in rhymin' blether,
    Tam Samson's dead!

When August winds the hether wave,
And Sportsmen wander by yon grave,
Three volleys let his mem'ry crave
    O' pouther and lead,
Till Echo answer frae her cave,
    Tam Samson's dead!
BURNS' POEMS.

Heaven rest his soul, where'er he be!
Is th' with o' mony mae than me:
He had two faults, or maybe three,
Yet what re mend?
As social, honest man want we:
Tam Samson's dead!

THE EPITAPH.

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

PER CONTRA.

Go, Fame, an' canter like a fily
'Thro' a' the streets an' neeks o' Killie*,
Tell ev'ry social, honest billie
To cease his grievin,
For yet, unfaith'd by Death's gleg gullie,
Tam Samson's living!

THE following POEM will, by many Readers, be well enough understood; but, for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, Notes are added, to give some account of the principal Charms and Spells of that night, so big with Prophecy to the Peasantry in the West of Scotland.

* Killie is a phrase the country-folks sometimes use for the name of a certain town in the West.
The passion of prying into Futurity makes a striking part of
the history of Human Nature. in its rude state, in all ages
and nations; and it may be some entertainment to a philoso-
phic mind, if any such should honour the Author with a
perusal, to see the remains of it among the more unenlight-
ened in our own.

Halloween *

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 glos of art.

Goldsmith

I.

Upon that night, when Fairies light,
On Cassillis Downans † dance,
Or owre the bays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly courfers prance;
Or for CoLean the rout is ta'en,
Beneath the moon's pale beams;
There, up the Cove ‡, to stray an' rove,
Amang the rocks an' freams

To sport that night.

* Is thought to be a night when Witches, Devils, and
other mischief-making beings, are all abroad on their baneful,
midnight errands; particularly, those aerial people, the
Fairies, are said, on that night, to hold a grand anniversary.
† Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neigh-
bourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassillis.
‡ A noted cavern near CoLean-house, called the Cove of
CoLean; which, as well as Cassillis Downans, is bound, in
country story, for being a favourite haunt of Fairies.
BURNS' POEMS.

II.
Among the bonnie, winding banks,
Where Doon runs, wimpin, clear,
Where Bruce ance ru'd the martial ranks,
And stook his Carrick spear,
Some merry, friendly, countra folks,
Together did convene,
To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks,
An' had their Halloween

Fu' blythe that night.

III.
The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat,
Mair braw than when they're fine;
Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,
Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin':
The lads fae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
Weel knotted on their gar'fen,
Some unco blate, and some wi' gabs,
Gar lasses hearts gang flartin,

Whyles fast at night.

IV.
Then first an' foremost, thro' the kail,
Their Jo's t' maun' be buight ance;
They fliek their een, an' graip and wale,
For muckle anes, an' draught 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, land in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they met with: its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prognostic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their pulls—the husband or wife. If any 3rd
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
An' wander'd thro' the Bow-tail,
An' pou't, for want o' better shift,
A runt was like a sow-tail,
Sae bow't that night.

V.
Then, staight or crooked, yird or nane,
They roar an' cry a' throu'ther;
The vera wee-things, toddlin, rin,
Wi' flocks out-owre their thouther;
An' gif the cuflock's sweet or four,
Wi' jocielegs they tase them;
Syne coziely, aboon the door,
Wi' cannie care they've plac'd them
To lie that night.

VI.
The lasses faw frae 'mang them a',
To pou their stalks o' corn;*
But Rab flaps out, and jinks about,
Behint the muckle thorn:

---

or earth, flick to the root, that is tocher, or fortune; and the taste of the cufloc, that is the, heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the runts, are placed somewhere above the head of the door; and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house, are, according to the priority of placing the runts, the names in question.

* They go to the barn-yard, and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of Oats. If the third stalk wants the top pickie, that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will come to the marriage-bed any thing but a Maid.
BURNS' POEMS.

He grippet Nelly hard an' fast;
Loud skirl'd a' the lasses;
But her tap-pickle maist was lost,
When kettlin' i' the Fauke-house.

* * *

Wi' him that night.

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

VIII.
Jean slips in twa, wi' tentic e'e;
Wha 'twas she wadna tell;
But this is Jock, and this is me,
She says in to hersel':

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

† Burning the nuts is a favourite charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire, and according as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the Courtship will be.
He bleez'd owre her, and she owre him,
As they wad ne'er mair part,
'Till suff! he started up the lum,
An' Jean had e'en a fair heart
To see't that night.

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

X.
Nell had the Faufe-houfe in her min',
She pits herf in an' Rob in;
In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
Till white in afe they're fobbin:
Nell's heart was dancin at the view;
She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't:
Rob, frawlin; prie'd her bonny mon,
Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
Unseen that night.

XI.
But Merran fat behint their backs,
Her thoughts on Andrew Bell;
She lea' thum gashin at thum cracks,
An' flaps out by herf;
Burns’ Poems.

She thro’ the yat, I the nearest taks,
An’ to the kiln she goes then,
An’ darklings grapt for the bakus,
And in the blue-clue* throws then,
Right fear’t that night.

XII.

An’ ay she win’t, an’ ay she swath,
I wat she made nac jaukin’;
Till something held within the pat,
Guid I—d! but she was quaakin’!
But whether ’twa the ’eil himsel’,
Or whether ’twas a buak-en’,
Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
She did na wait on talkin’
To spiier that night.

XIII.

Wee Jenny to her Graunie says,
‘ Will ye go wi’ me, Graunie? ’
‘ I’ll eat the apple † at the glass,
‘ I gat frae uncle Johnie: ’

* Whoever would, with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions: Steal out, all alone, to the kiln, and, darkling, throw into the pot a clew of blue yarn; wind it in a new clew off the old one; and towards the latter end, something will hold the thread—demand, wha hadd? i.e. who holds? and answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the Christian and Surname of your future Spouse.

† Take a candle, and go alone to a looking-glass; eat an apple before it, and some traditions say you should comb your hair all the time; the face of your conjugal companion, to be, will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder.
She suff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
In wrath she was sic vap'rin,
She notic't na, an aizle brunt,
Her braw new wors'et apron
Out thro' that night.

XIV.
Ye little Skelpie-limmer's face!
I daur you try sic sport'in,
As seek the foul Thief ony place,
For him to spae your fortune:
Ae doubt but ye may get a fight?
Great cause ye hae to fear it;
For monie a ane has gotten a fright,
An' liv'd an' d'id deleeret,
On sic a night.

XV.
Ae Hairft afore the Sherra-muir,
I mind't as weel's yeestreen,
I was a gilpey then, I'm sure
I was na past fayneen:
The Simmer had been cauld an' wat,
An' fluff was unco green;
An' ay a rantin kirm we gat,
An' just on Halloween
It fell that night.

XVI.
Our Stibble-rig was Rab Mc'Graen,
A clever, sturdy fallow;
Hid 'Sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,
That liv'd in Achmacalla;
*He gat hemp-seed*, I mind it weel,
'An' he made unco light o't;
*But monie a day was by himsel',
'He was fae fairly frighted
  'That vera night.*

XVII.
Then up gat sechtin Jamie Fleck,
  An' he fwoor by his conscience,
That he could saw hemp-seed a peck;
For it was a' but nonsense:
The auld guidman raught down the pock,
  An' out a handful gied him;
Syne bed him slip frae 'mang the folk,
Some time when nae ane fee'd him,
  An' try't that night.

XVIII.
He marches thro' amang the flacks,
  Tho' he was something flurtin';
The *grain* he for a *barrow* taks,
  An' haurls at his curpin:

* Steal out unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp-seed,
  barrowing it with any thing you can conyeniently draw after
  you. Repeat, now and then, "Hemp-seed I saw thee;
  "Hemp-seed I saw thee; and him (or her) that is to be my
  "true-love, come after me and pou thee." Look over your
  left shouder, and you will see the appearance of the person
  invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions
  say, "Come after me and shaw thee," that is, show thyself;
  in which case it simply appears. Others omit the *barrowing,
  and say, "Come after m: and harrow thee."
And ev'ry now an' then, he says,
' Hemp-feed I saw thee,
' An' her that is to be my lass,
' Come after me an' draw thee
' As fast that night.'

XIX.
He whistl'd up Lord Lenox' march,
To keep his courage cheery;
Altho' his hair began to arch,
He was fae they'd an' errie:
Till presently he hears a squeak,
An' then a grane an' grumble;
He by his shoutler gae a keek,
An' tumbl'd wi' a wintle
Out-owre that night.

XX.
'd a horrid murder-shout,
' dreadfu' desperation!
An' young an' auld come rinnin out,
An' hear the sad narration:
He svoor 'twas hickin Jean M'Craw,
Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
'Till stop! she trotted thro' them a';
'An' who was it but Grumphie
After that night!

XXI.
Meg sair wad to the Barn gaen,
To winn three wechts o' naething; *
But for to meet the Deil her lane,
She pat but little faith in:

* This charm must likewise be performed unsp
and; alone. You go to the barn, and open a.
BURNS' POEMS

She gies the Herd a pickle sots,
And twa red checkit apples,
To watch, while for the Barra she sets,
In hopes to see Tam Kipple.
That vera night.

XXII.
She turns the key, wi' cannie throw,
An' owre the threshold ventures;
But first on Sawnie gies a ca',
Syne bauldy in the enters:
A ratton rattled up the wa',
An' the cry'd, L-d preserve her;
An' ran thro' midden-hole an' a'.
And pray'd wi' zeal an' fervour,
Fu' fait that night.

XXIII.
They hoy't out Will, wi' fair advice;
They hecht him some fine braw ane;
It chanc'd the Stack he faddom't thrice *
Was timme-propt for throwin':

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 "mecks," and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times; and the third time, in 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 of retreat, marking the employment or situation in life.

* Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed to a Beer-stack, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time, you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.
He taks a swirlie, aul! mols-oak,
   For some black, grousome Carlin;
An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke,
   Till skin in blypes cam baurlin

Aff's nieves that night.

XXIV.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
   As cantie as a kittlin;
But, Och! that night, amang the shaws,
   She gat a fearfu' settlin!
She thrw' the whins, an' by the cairn,
   An' owre the hill gaed scrievin,
Where three Lairds' lands met at a burn *;
   To dip her left larks-sleeve in,
   Was bent that night.

XXV.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
   As thro' the glen it wimpl't;
Whyles round a rocky fear it strays;
   Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
   Whyles glitterd to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
   Whyles cookit underneath the braes
   Below the spreading basle

   Unseen that night.

---

* You go out, one or more, for this is a sociable south-running spring or rivulet, where 'three I meet,' and dip your left lark-sleeve. Go to a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to awake; and, some time near midnight, an apparition in the exact figure of the grand object in question, will turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it,
XXVI.
Among the brachens on the brae,
Between her an' the moon,
The Deil, or else an outer Quey,
Gat up an' gae a croon:
Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool;
Near lav'rock height the jumpit,
But mist a fit, an' in the Pool
Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,
Wi' a plunge that night.

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

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

Wi' merry fangs, an' friendly cracks,
I wat they did na weary;
And unco tales, an' funnie jokes,
Their sports were cheap and cheery:
Till butter'd Sowens*, wi fragrant lunt,
Sets a' their gabs a-flyerin;
Syne, wi' a social glass o' brandy,
They parted aff carefree.

Fa' blythe the that night.

THE AULD FARMER'S
NEW-YEAR MORNING SALUTATION
TO HIS AULD MARE, MAGGIE.

On giving her the occasioned Ripp of Corn to Haef in the New-Year.

A GUID New-year I wish thee Maggie,
Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie;
Tho' thou's howe-backit, now, an' knaggie,
I've seen the day
Thou could hae gaen like ony flaggie
Out owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff, an' crasy,
An' thy auld hide as white's a daisy,
I've seen thee dappit, fleck an' gleizzie,
A bonie gray:
He should haen't tight that daun't to raise thee,
Ance in a day.

* Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the Halloween Supper.
Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
A filly buirdly, fleve, an' swank,
An' set weel down a lumpy shank,
As e'er tread yird;
An' could hae flown over o' a flunk
Like onie bird.

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

When first I gaed to woo my Jenny,
Ye then was trothin' wi' your Minnie:
Tho' ye was tsickie, slee, an' funnie,
Ye ne'er was donnie;
But harmely, tawie, quiet, an' cannie,
An' unco fonnie.

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

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hoble,
An' wintle like a gumont-coble,
That day, ye was a jinker noble,
For heels an' win'l
An' ran them till they a' did wauble,
Fur, far behin' l
I 3
When thou an' I were young an' skiegh,
An' stable-meals at fairs were driegh,
How thou wad prance an' dreegh an' skiegh,
An' tak the road!
Town's-bodies ran, an' flood skiegh; nocht e'er mair,
An' ca' thee mad.

When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow an' fine:
We took the road ay like a swallow:
At Brooker thou had never a fellow;
'At Cleebrin' brooch:
For pith an' speed;
But ev'ry tail thou pay'd them hollow, an' thae;
Where'er thou gaed.

The sma', droop-rumplit, buntan-cattle, only:
Might a'blins waur'their force brattle, an' awrely:
But sax Scottish miles thou say'their cattles, an' thae.
An' gar't them whaizle:
Nae whip nor spur, but just a simple sate:
O' th' fough or hazel.

Thou was a noble licht.
As e'er in tug or tow was dune:
Aft thee an' I, in anght hour, gaun to:
On guid March-weather,
Hae turn'd sax road, beside, an' the wad ha' been:
For says thegither.

Thou never braint, fold full o' gude and sheath.
But thy auld tail thou wad, bae wha' it is:
An' spread abreed thy week-fild fricke, an' the:
With pith an' power,
Till spirit knewes, wad mair, an' ake:
An' whippet owre.
When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,
An' threaten'd labor back to keep,
I gied thy oog a wee-bit heep
Aboon the timmer;
I ken'd my Maggie wad na sleep
For that, or Simmer,

In cart or car thou never reeslit;
The steyest brac thou wad hae fac't it:
Thou never lap, an' scot', an' breeflit,
Then stood to blaw;
But just thy flip a wee thing haflit,
Thou fnoov't awa.

My pleugh is now thy bairtime a';
Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw;
Forbye sax me: I've fell'd awa,
That thou haft nurst;
They drew me threeteen pund an' twa,
The vera warst.

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

An' think na', my auld truflly servant',
That now perhaps thou's left deservin',
An' thy auld days may'end, in harvin',
For my last sour,
A heupit Stimpert; I'll reimburse ane
Laid by for you.
BURNS' POEMS.

We've worn to crazy years thegither;
We'll toy'te about wi' ane anither;
Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether
To some hain'd rig.

Where ye may nobly tax your leather,
Wi' slim' fatigues.


THE

COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

Inscribed to R. A***, Esq.

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

Gray.

I.

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

II.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry high;
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The miry beauls retreating from the plough;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose.
The toil-worn Cottar frae his labor goes,
This Night his weekly maul is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the muir, his course does homeward bend.

III.
At length his lonely Cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of a lonely tree;
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, flacher through
To meet their Dad wi' flachern noise and glee.
His wee-bit ingle blinkin bonilie,
His clean hearth-flane, his thrifty wife's smile,
The lisping infant, prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

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

V.
With joy unseign'd, brothers and sisters, meet
And each for other's weellfare kindly speirs:
The social hours; swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
Each tells the uncous that he fees or hears.
The Parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view;
The Master, wi' her needle and her sheers,
Gars auld caes look amait as weel's the new;
The Father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

VI.
Their Master's and their Mistress's command,
The youngkers a' are warnid to obey;
And mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
And see' er, tho' out o' ficht, to jauk or play;
' And O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
' And mind your duty, duely, morn and night!
' Left in temptation's path ye gang astray,
' Implore his counsel and afflicting might:
' They never sought in vain that sought the Lord arigh

VII.
But hark! a rap comes gently to the door,
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convey her same.
The wily Mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek,
With heart-struck, anxious care, enquires his name,
While Jenny haslins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleas'd the Mother hears, it's nae wild worthlefs Rake.

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

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

X.
Is there, in human form, that bears a heart——
A Wretch! a Villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, fly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curfe on his perjur'd arts) dissembling smooth!
Are Honour, Virtue, Conscience, all exil'd?
Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth,
Points to the Parents fondling o'er their Child?
Then paints the ruin'd Maid, and their destruction wild?

XI.
But now the Supper crowns their simple board,
The healseome Parritch, chief of Scatia's food:
The soupe their only Hawkie does afford,
That 'jont the hallan snugly shows her cook;
The Dame brings forfe, in complimental mode,
To grace the lad, her weel-haun’d kelpie’s leaft,
And aft he’s pree, and aft he ca’s it guid;
The frugal Wifie, garrulous, will tell
How twas a towserd aulc fin’ Lint-was at the bell.

XII.
The cheerfu’ Supper done, wi’ serious face,
They, round the tingle, form a circle whiles.
The Sire turns o’er, with patriarchal grace;
The big’ bu’-Bible, once his Father’s pride.
His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
His lynl’ haffets wearing thin and bare.
Those strains that once did sweet in Stila glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
‘And let his worship God’ he says with solemn air.

XIII.
They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
Perhaps Burness’s wild-warbling measures rise
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the same;
Or noble Blyth beats the heaven-ward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia’s holy lays;
Compar’d with their, Italian trills are time;
The tick’l’d ears no heart-felt raptures raise:
Nae unison hae they with oun Creator’s praise.

XIV.
The priest-like Father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the Friend of God on high;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek’s ungracious progeny.
How the royal Bow did streaming fly,
Beneath the shade of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rent Jotham's wild,ccmpathic ire;
Or other Holy Saints that tuned the sacred lyre.

XV.
Perhaps the Christian Volume is the theme,
How guilty's blood for guilty man was shed;
Low He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
Had not on Earth whereon to lay His head;
Low His first followers and servants stood;
The Precepts fage they wrote to many a land;
Low be, who gone in Palmar banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty Angel stand,
And heard great Babylon's doom pronounce'd by Heaven's command.

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

XVII.
Compare'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 increases; the Pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the secularidal fold;
But happily, in some Cottage far apart,
May hear, well-pleas'd, the language of the Soul;
And in His Book of Life the inmates poor enroll.

XVIII.
Then homeward all take off their several way;
The youngling Cottagers retire to rest;
The Parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And press up to Heaven the warm request,
That He who fills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way, His Wisdom see the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly in their hearts with Grace divine preside.

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

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

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

TO A MOUSE,

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

WEE, fleckit, coward tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy beastie!
Thou need na start awa frae beastie,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be leith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' swerving' pattle!

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

K 2
I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie thou maun live!
A daimen-icker in a throve

'S a lins' request;
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
An' never mifs't!

Thy wee bit housie, tow'-in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are stiewin':
An' naething, now, tur-hig a new ane

O' foggage green!

An' bleak December's winds enthin,
Baith shell an' keen

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' wands,
An' weary Winter comin fast,
An' cozie hae, beneath the blast,

Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel coultar past

Out-thro' thy cell.

That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' nibble,
Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out for a' thy trouble,
But housie or hald,

To thole the Winter's fleetly dribble,
An' cranruch-could!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving forfight may be wain:
The best-laid schemes o' Mice an' men

Gang a-fist a-gley,
An' ica'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy!
Still thou'rt blest compar'd wi' us
The present only toucheth thee:
But, Och! I backward cast my eye's
On prospects dear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear.

---

A WINTER NIGHT.

Poor naked wretches, wherefo'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!
How shall your headless heads, and unfed sides
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these?

Shakespeare.

WHEN bitin'北风, fell and doure,
Sharp shivers through the leafless bow'r;
When Phoebus gies a short-liv'd glow'r
Far south the lift,
Dim dark'ning that' the slaty show'r
Or whirling drift.

Ae night the Storm the steeples rocked,
Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked,
While burns, wi' shawy wreaths up-choked,
Wild-eddying twirl,
Or thro' the mining outlet bocked,
Dywn headlong burk.

List'ning, the doors an' winnocks rattle
I thought me on the ourie cattle.

K.8
Or silly sheep, who hides this bristle
Of winter war,
And thru' the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle,
Beneath a scar.

Ilk happling 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 thy chittering wing.
An' close thy e'e!

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

Now Phæbe, in her midnight reign,
Dark-muffl'd; view'd the dreary plain;
Still crouding thoughts, a penfive train,
Rise in my soul,
When on my ear this plaintive strain,
Slow-solemn, stile—

' Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gulf!
' And freeze, thou bitter-biting Frost!
' Descend, ye chilly, smothering Snows!
' Not all your rage, as now, united Snows
' More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
' Vengeful malice, unrepenting,
' Than heaven-illumin'd Man on brother Man beflows:
' See slant Oppression's iron grip,
"Or mad Ambition's gory hand,
  Spreading, like blood-hounds from the slip,
  Woe, Woe, and Misery 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,
  Plac'd for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below!
  Where, where is Love's fond tender bower,
  With lordly Honor's lofty brow,
  The pow'r's you proudly own?
  Is there, beneath Love's noble name,
  Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
  To bless himself alone!
  Mark, Maiden- innocence a prey
  To love pretending snares,
  This boasted Honor turns away,
  Shunning soft Pity's rising sway,
  Regardless of the tears and unavailing prayer's!
  Perhaps, this hour, in Mis'ry's squalid nest,
  She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
  And with a Mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast;
  Oh ye! who fink in beds of down,
  Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
  Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
  Whom friends and fortune quite disown!
I heard the visar, for Consolace  
Shook off the pouthery shaw,  
And hail'd the morning with a cheer,  
A cottage-rousing shaw.

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

---

EPISTLE TO DAVID,  
A BROTHER POET.

I.

WHILE winds frae aff Ben-Lomond blaw,  
And bar the doore wi’ driving shaw  
And hing us owre the ingle,  
I set me down to pass the time,  
And spin a verse or twa o’ rhyme,  
In lamely, westlin jingle.
While frosty winds blow in the drift,
Ben to the chimney lug,
I grudge a wee the Great-folk's gift,
That live the ben an' 'mug:
I tent les, and want les
Their roomy fire-side;
But hanker and canker,
To see their cursed pride.

II.
It's hardly in a body's pow'r,
To keep, at times, frae being four,
To see how things are shar'd,
How best o' chiefs are wylies in want,
While Coos on countless thousands rant,
And ken na how to wairt.
But Davie, lad, ne'er fash your head,
Tho' we hae little gear,
We're fit to win our daily bread,
As lang's we're hale and fier:
' Mair sper na, nor fear na' *
Auld age ne'er mind a seg;
The laft o', the warnst o',
Is only but to beg.

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

* Ramsay.
The honest heart that's free frae t'
Intended fraud or guile,
However Fortune lick the ba',
Has ay some caise to smile;
An' mind still, ye'll find stil
A comfort this nae ba',
Nae mair then we'll care thea,
Nae farther can we fa'.

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

V.
It's no in titles nor in rank;
It's no in wealth like London Bank;
To purchase peace and rest;
It's no in makin' muckle, muckle;
It's no in books, it's no in that,
To make us truly blest.
If Happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But ne'er can be blest;
Nae treasures nor pleasures
Could make us happy longer.
The heart a' is the part a' in
That makes us right or wrang.

VI.
Think ye, that sic as you and I,
Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry,
Wi' never-cesaing toil;
Think ye, are we less blest than they,
Wha scarcely tent us in their way?
As hardly worth their while?
Alas! bow ast, in haughty mood.
God's creatures they oppressed?
Or else, neglecting a' that's guid.
They riot in excess,
Baith careless and scarceless
Of either Heaven or, Hell;
Esteeming, and desiring
It's a' an idle tale!

VII.
Then let us cheerful acquiesce,
Nor mak our scanty Pleasures less.
By pining at our fate;
And, even should Misfortunes come.
I hae wha fit hae met wi' force,
An's thankfu' for them yet.
They gie the wit of Age to Youth?
They set us ken oursel';
They mak us see the naked truth,
The real guid and ill.
Tho' losses and crosses
Be lessons right grievous,
There's wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae other whale.

VIII.

But tent me, Davis Ace o' Hearts;
(To say anght lets waft wrang this cartes,
And flatterly I detest)
This life has joys for you and I,
And joys that riches aften canst buy;
And joys the very best.
There's a' the Pleasures o' the Heart,
The Lover an' the Frenz';
Ye hae your Meg, your dearest pet;
And I my darling Jean!
It warms me, it charms me;
To mention but her name;
It beats me, it busts me,
And sets me a' on flames.

IX.

O all you Pow'rs who rule above!
O Thou, whose very self are love!
Thou know'st my words sincere!
The life-blood streaming thro' my heart,
Or my more dear Immortal part,
Is not more fondly dear!
When heart-corroding care and grief
Deprive my soul of rest,
Her dear idea brings relief,
And solace to my breast.

Thou Being, All-seeing,
O hear my fervent pray'r!
Still take her, and make her
Thy most peculiar care!

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

O, how that name inspires my style!
The words come skelpis, rank, and file
Amaist before I ken!
The ready measure runs as fine,
As Phoebus and the famous Nine
Were glowerin' owre my pen.
My spaviet Pegafur will hump,
Till a'nce he's fairly het;
And then he'll hitch, and tilt, and jump,
And rin an unco fit:
But least then the beast then
Should rue this bally ride,
I'll light now, and sight now
His sweaty, wizen'd hide.

THE LAMENT.

Occasioned by the Unfortunate Issue of a Friend's An

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

O thou pale orb, that silent shines,
While care-untroubled mortals sleep!
Thou seest a Wretch, who only pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep!
With Woe I nightly vigil 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 on the gurgling Jill.
My fondly-flattering heart, be still!  
Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease!  
Ah! must the agonizing thrill  
For ever bar returning Peace!  

III.  
No idly-feign'd, poetic pain;  
My sad, love-lorn lamentings claim;  
No shepherd's pipe—Ardorian strains;  
No fabled tortures, quaint and tame;  
The plighted faith; the mutual flame;  
The oft-attested Pow'r's above;  
The promis'd Father's tender name;  
Thee were the pledges of thy love!  

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

Oh! can she bear to lose a heart,  
So lost to Honor, lost to Truth,  
As from the fondest lover part,  
The plighted husband of her youth!  
Alas! Life's path may be smooth?  
Her way may he thro' rougher climes?  
Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe,  
Her sorrows share and make them light?
VII.

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

VIII.

And when my nightly couch I try,
Sore-harased'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 afflict;
Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief
From such a horror-breathing night.

IX.

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

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

DESPONDENCY.

O P R E S S'D with grief, oppress'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I let me down and sigh:
O Life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I!
Dim-backward as I cast my view,
What sick'ning Scenes appear!
What sorrows yet may pierce me thru',
'Too justly I may fear!
Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom;
My woes here shall close never,
But with the closing tomb!
II.

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

III.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
Within his humble cell,
The cavern wild with tangling roots,
Sits o'er his newly gathered fruits,
Beside his crystal well?
Or haply, to his ev'ning thought,
By unfrequented stream,
The ways of men are distant brought,
A faint-collected dream:
While praising, and raising
His thoughts to Heaven on high,
As wand'ring, meandering,
He views the solemn sky.
IV.
Than I, so lonely Hermit placed
Where never human footstep trac'd,
Let's 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 ingrate!

V.
Oh! enviable, early days,
When dancing thoughtless Pleasure's maze,
To care, to Guilt unknown!
How ill exchange'd for riper times,
To feel the follies, or the crimes,
Of others, or my own!
Ye tiny elves that gu Plastic sport,
Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ill ye court,
When manhood is your wish!
The toil, the crosstes,
That active man engage,
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim declining Age.
MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN

A DIRGE.

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

II.

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

III.

The Sun that overhangs yon moors,
Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride;
I've seen you weary winter-sun;
Twice forty times return;
And ev'ry time has added proofs,
That Man was made to mourn.
IV

O Man; while silly years,
How prodigal of time!
Misspending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate Follies take the sway;
Licentious Passions burn;
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

V.

Look not alone on youthful Prime,
Or Manhood's active might!
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right.
But see him on the edge of life,
With Cares and Sorrows worn,
Then Age and Want! Oh! ill-match'd pair!
Show Man was made to mourn.

VI.

A few seem favourites of Fate,
In Pleasure's lap carest;
Yet, think not all the Rich and Great
Are likewise truly blest.
But, Oh! what crowds in ev'ry land,
All wretched and forlorn.
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
That Man was made to mourn.

VII.

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

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

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

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

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

WINTER.
A Dirge.

I.

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

II.

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

*Dr. Young.*
Thou Pow'r Supreme, whose mighty charms
These woes of mine fulfill.
Here, firm, I rest, they must be laid,
Because they are Thy Will!
Then all I want (Oh, do Thou grant
This one request of mine!)
Since to enjoy Thou dost deny,
Assist me to resign!

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,
Ramontrates I have done;

Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me
With Passions wild and strong;
And listening to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong;

III.
Rhymes, vol 4.

IV.
Where human wretched has come short,
Or frailty falls wide.
Do thou, Al-f-God! for such Thou art,
In shades of distant hide.

V.
Where with intention I have er'd,
No other Plea I have,
But Thou art good, and Goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

STANZAS

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

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

Fain would I say, 'Forgive my soul offence!'
Fain promise never more to dissemble;
But, should my Author health again dispense,
Again I might direct his Virtue's way;

M
Again in Folly's path might go astray;
Again exalt the brute, and sink the man;
Then how should I for Heavenly Mercy pray,
Who a so counter Heavenly Mercy's plan?
Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran?

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

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

I.

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

The hourly Sire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long be pleas'd to spare,
To bless his little filial flock,
And show what good men are.
III.
She who her lovely Offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
O bless her with a mother's joys,
But spare a Mother's tears.

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

V.
The beauteous, Seraph sister-band,
With earnest tears I pray,
Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand,
Guide Thou their steps alway.

VI.
When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A sainly in Heav'n!

THE FIRST PSALM.

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

Nor from the seat of scornful Pride
Calls 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 to spread on high,
And firm the root below.

But he whose blossom bends in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast,
And like the rootless flabbly herb
Before the sweeping blast.

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

THE FIRST SIX VERSES
OF THE NINETIETH PSALM.

O THOU, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the humbled;
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place!

Before the mountains saw their face,
Beneath Thy forming hands,
Before this ponderous globe itself
Arise at Thy command.
Thou giv'st the word; Thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought;
Again Thou say'st, 'Ye sons of men,
Return ye into nought;'

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

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

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

On turning thee down with the Plough in April 1786.

Were, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour;
For I must crush among the house
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonie gem.

M 3
Alas! it's no thy morn sweet
The bonie Lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy west!
     Wi' spred'd breath,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
     The purpling Lark.

Could blow the bitter-biting North
Upon thy early; humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glisted forth
     Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the Parent-earth
     Thy tender form.

The haunting flow'res our Gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and we're shaded:
But thou, beneath the random bield
     O' died or slain,
Adorns the hiftie stubble-field;
     Unseen, alone.

There, in thy scantie mantle clad,
Thy srawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
     In humble guise:
But now the bare uppars thy bed.
     And now thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By Love's simplicity betray'd,
     And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all foil'd, is laid
     Low i' the dust.
Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On Life's rough ocean luckless starr'd?
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent Lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whirl him o'er!

Such fate to suffering Worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has driz'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To Mary's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry day but Rove's,
He sink'd, sink'd, sink'd!

Ev'n thou who mourn'dst the Dally's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's plough-bare drives, plate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom?

---

TO RUIN.

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

II.
And thou grim Pow'r, by Life abhor'd,
While Life a pleasure can afford,
Oh! hear a wretch's prayer!
No more I shrink appall'd, afraid;
I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
To close this scene of care!
When shall my soul, in silent peace,
Resign Life's joyest day?
My weary heart it's throbings cease,
Cold-mould'ring in the clay?
No fear more, no tear more,
To stain my life's face,
Enclasped, and grasped,
Within thy cold embrace!

TO MISS L——,

With BEATTIE's Poems for a New-Year's Gift.
January 1, 1787.

AGAIN the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driv'n,
And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer Heav'n.
No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The infant year to hail;
I send you more than India yields.
In Edwin’s simple tale.

Our Sex with guile, and faithless love,
Is charg’d, perhaps, too true;
But may, dear Maid, each Lover show
An Edwin fill to you.

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND

I lang hae thought, my youthful friend,
A Something to have sent you,
Tho’ it should serve nae ither end
Than just a kind protector.

But how the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a Sanga,
Perhaps, turn out a Sermon.

Ye’ll try the world soon, my lad,
And Andrew dear, believe me,
Ye’ll find mankind an uncored race.
And muckle they may grieve ya.

For care and trouble set your thought,
Ev’n when your end’s attained:
And a’ your views may change to thought,
Where ev’ry nerve is strained.
III.
I'll no say, men are villains a';
The real, hardened wicked;
Wha ha'e nae check but human law,
Are to a few restricted;
But Och, mankind are toco weak,
An' little to be trusted;
If Self the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted?

IV.
Yet they wha fa' in Fortunes arise,
Their fate we should na censure,
For it's th' important end of life,
They equally may answer:
A man may ha' an honest heart,
Tho' Poortith hourie oan him:
A man may tak a neebor's part,
Yet ha'e nae ca'd to spare him,

V.
Ay fire, aff han', your story tell,
When wi' a bonm crony;
But still keep something to yourself
Ye scarcely tell to ony;
Conceal yourself as weel's ye can
F'r critic dissection;
But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
Wi' sharpen'd fly inspection.

VI.
The sacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love,
Luxuriantly indulge it;
But never tempt th' illicit nune,
The'nuising should divulge it;
I wave the quantum o’ the sin?
   The hazard of concealing;
But Och! it hardens a’ within;
    And petrifies the feeling?

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

VIII.
The fear o’ Hell’s a hangman’s whip,
    To haul the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your Honor’s grip,
    Let that ay be your border;
It’s lightest touches, infatant pangs—
    Debar a’ side-pretences;
And resolutely keep it’s laws,
    Uncaring consequences.

IX.
The great Creator to revere,
    Must sure become the Creature;
But still the preaching cant forbear,
    And ev’n the rigid feature:
Yet ne’er with Wits profane to range,
    Be complaisance extended;
An Atheist-laugh’s a poor exchange
    For Deity offended!
When ranting round in Pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded;
Or if she gie a random fling,
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 unsauntling!
In Ploughman phrase, 'God send you speed,'
Still daily to grow wiser;
And may ye better rock the sod,
Than e'er did the Adviser!

A PRAYER,

UNDER THE PRESSURE OF VIOLENT ANGUISH.

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

Thy creature here before Thee stands,
All wretched and distressed;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey Thy high behest.
Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath!
O, free' my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death!

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

---

ON A SCOTCH BARD.

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

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

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

For now he's taen another shore,
An' owre the Sea.

The bonie lassies weel may wish him,
And in their dear petitions place him:
The widows, wives, as a may bless him
With tearfu' eye.

For weel I wad the ill, fairly wish him
That owre the Sea.
O Fortune, they hae room to grumble!
Hadst thou taen aff some drowsy bummle,
Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble,
'Twed been nae plea;
But he was gleg as onie wumble,
That's owre the Sea;

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

He saw Misfortune's cauld Nor-west
Lang musing up a bitter blast;
A jilet brak his heart at laft,
Ill may she be!
So, took a birth afore the maff,
An' owre the Sea.

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

He ne'er was gien to great misguiding,
Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in;
Wi' him it ne'er was under hiding;
He dealt it free:
The Mufe was a' that he took pride in,
That's owre the Sea.
Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
An' hap him in a coxie bieel,
Ye'll find him ay, a dainty chiel,
An' fou o' glee:
He wad na wrang'd the very Deil,
That's owre the Sea.

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

TO A HAGGIS.

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

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your burdies 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.

N 2
Burns' Poems.

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

Then, horn for horn they stretch an' strive,
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,
Till a' their weel-swall'd kytes belyve
Are bent like drums;
Then auld Guidman, maist like to rive,
Bethankit hums.

Is there that owre his French ragout,
Or olie that wad swaw a fow,
Or fricasse wad mak her spew
Wi' perfect connery
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
On sic a dinner?

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

But mark the Rustic, baggir-seed,
The trembling earth refounds his tread,
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
He'll mak it whistle
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will spred,
Like taps o' thrissle.
BURNS' POEMS.

Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care,
And dith them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae stinking ware
    That jaups in luggies;
But, if ye wili her grateful pray'r
    Gie her a baggie !

A DEDICATION.

To G**** H********, Esq.

Expect na, Sir, in this narration,
A fleecin, fleeth'in Dedication,
To roose you up, an' ca' you guid,
An' sprung o' great an' noble blood;
Because ye're signam'd like His Grace
Perhaps related to the race:
Then when I'm tir'd—and sae are ye,
Wi' monie a fullsome, sinfu' lie,
Set up a face, how I flop short,
For fear your modesty be hurt.

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

The Poet, some guid Angel help him,
Or else, I fear, some ill an' skely him!
He may-do weel for a' he's done yet,
But only—he's no just begun yet.

N 8
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 shou'd be.
I readily and freely grant,
He downa see a poor man want;
What's no his ain, he winna tak it;
What ane he says, he winna break it;
Ought he can send he'll no refus't,
Till aft his guidness is abus'd;
And mcal's whyles that do him wrang,
Ev'n that, he does na mind it lang:
As Mafier, Landlord. Husband, Father,
He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that;
Nae godly symptom ye can ca' that;
It's naething but a milder feature
Of our poor, sinful, corrupt Nature:
Ye'll get the heft o' moral works,
'Mang black, Gentoo's, and Pagan Turks,
Or hunters wild on Ponsatari,
Wha never heard of Ort-h-d-xy.
That he's the poor man's friend in need,
The Gentleman in word and deed,
It's no thro' terror of D-mm-t-n;
It's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
Thy tens o' thousands thou haft slain!
Vain is his hope, whate say an' tru't is
In moral Mercy, Truth an' Jus'tice!

No—firetch a point to catch a plack;
Abufe a Brother to his back;
Steal thro' the winnock frac a wh-re,
But point the Rake that takes the door.
Be to the Poor like onie whumstane;
And haud their noses to the grunstane;
Ply ev’ry art o’ illegal thieving:
No Matter—flick to found believing.

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

O ye wha leave the springs o’ C-to-w,
For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin!
Ye sons of Herefy and Error,
Ye’ll some day squeal in quaking terror!
When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
And in the fire throws the sheath;
When Ruin, with his sweeping befor,
Just frets till Heav’n commision gies him;
While o’er the Harp pale Mis’ry moans,
And strikes the ever-deep’ning tones,
Still louder shricks, and heavier groans!

Your pardon, Sir, for this digression,
I maift forgat my Dedication;
But when Divinity comes cross me,
My readers still are sure to lose me.

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

Then patronize them wi’ your favor,
And your petitioner shall ever——
I had amait said, ever pray,
But that’s a word I need na say:
I have little skill in't. I lose little heart of't. I bear each poor man’s prayer. Sir ——

And yet, 'twould be a wretched ill of it,
Your humble servant then no more! Miss.

That iron hearted Carl Watz.

But whilst your virtues and favours

That iron hearted Carl Watz.

With complimentary effusion,

But whilst your virtues and favours

I am your much indebted humble servant.

I will not wind a long conclusion.

May Health and peace, with mutual rays,

Shine on the evening o’ the Great

To serve their King an Country well,

And yet, 'twould be a wretched ill of it,

That same generous spirit smart,

That same generous spirit smart;

That same generous spirit smart,

That same generous spirit smart.

That same generous spirit smart.
BUCKS’ POEMS.

But, by a poor man’s hopes in Heav’n?
While recollection’s pow’r is giv’n,
If, in the vale of humble life,
The victim sad of Fortune’s strife,
I, thro’ the tender-gushing tear,
Should recognise my Mother dear,
If friendless, low, we meet together,
Then, Sir, your hand—my Friend and Brother.


TO A LOUSE.

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

Ha! whare ye gaun ye, crowlin’ feirle!
Your impudence protects you fairlie:
I canna sae but ye frunt rarely,
Owre gauze and lace;
Tho’ faith, I fear, ye dine but spairly
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin’, blaftit wonner,
Detested, shunn’d, by saunt an’ sinner,
How daur ye set your fit upon her,
Sae fine a Lady!
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner,
On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar’s haffet squattle;
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle,
Wi’ ither kindred, jumping cattle;
In hoals and nations;
Whase born nor bane ne’er daur unfettle
Your thick plantations.
Now haud ye there, ye're out o' sight,
Below the falt'nels, snug and tight;
Na faith ye yet! ye'll no be right
Till ye've got on it,
The vera tapmoot, tow'ring height.
O' Miss's bonnet.

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

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

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

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And foolish notions;
What airs in dress an' gait wad lead us,
And ev'n Devotion!
ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

Thy Sons, Edina, social, kind,
With open arms the stranger hail;
Their views enlarg’d, their lib’ral mind,
Above the narrow, rural vale:
Attentive still to Sorrow’s wail,
Or modest Merit’s silent claim;
And never may their sources fail!
And never envy blot their name!
IV.
Thy Daughters bright thy walks adorn,
Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy, milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy!
Fair B**ee* strikes th' adoring eye,
Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine;
I see the Sire of Love on high,
And own his work indeed divine!

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

VI.
With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
I view that noble, flately Dome,
Where Scotia's kings of other years,
Fam'd heroes! had their royal home:
Alas! how chang'd the times to come!
Their royal Name low in the dust!
Their hapless Race wild wand'ring roam!
Tho' rigid Law cries out, 'twas just!

VII.
Wild beats my heart, to trace your steps,
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
Old Scotia's bloody lion bore:
SURNS' POEMS.

Ev'n I who sing in rustic lore,
    Haply my Sires have left their shed,
And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar,
    Bold-following where your Fathers led!

VIII.

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

---

EPISTLE TO J. L**K.

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD.

April 1, 1789.

WHILE briars an' woodbines buddin green,
An' Patricks scraichin loud at e'en,
An' mornin' Pouffie whidden seen,
    Inspire my Mufs,
This freedom, in an unknown frien',
    I pray excuse.

On Fasten-cen we had a rockin,
'Pousa' the crack and weave our flockin;
And there was muckle fun and jockin,
    Ye need na doubt;
At length we had a hearty yokin
    A'seare about.
There was ae song, amang the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
That some kind husband had address'd
To some sweet wife:
It thrill'd the heart-string thro' the breast,
A' to the life.

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

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

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

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

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

I am nae Poet, in a sense,
But just a Rhymer, like, by chance,
An' hae to Learning nae pretense,
Yet, what the mat
Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,
Jingle at her.

Your Critic-folk may cock their nose,
And say, *How can you e'er propose,
You who ken hardly verse, free prose;*
'To mak' a jingle?*
But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
Ye're maybe wrang.

What's a' your jargon o' your Schools?
Your Latin names for horrid an' fools;
If honest Nature made you sook,
What faire your Grammars?
Ye'd better tae' up spades and shools,
Or knappin'-hammers.

A set o' dull, conceited Heads,
Confuse their brains in College-clas'ies!
'They gang in Stirks,' and *come out Aces;*
To make 'em laugh.
An' syne they think to climb 'Paradisus;'
*By dint o' Greek!*

O 2
Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire;
Then tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire
At plough or cart,
My Mule, tho' hamey in attire,
May touch the heart.

O for a spunk o' Allan's glee,
Or Ferguson's, the baud an' glee,
Or bright L**as**'s, my friend to be;
If I can hit it!
That would be fair enough for me,
If I could get it.

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

I winna blaw about mysel,
As ill I like my faults to tell;
But friends, an' folk that wish me well,
They sometimes roose me;
Tho' I maun own, as monie kill
As far abuse me,

There's ae wee face they wheelis lay-tow,'n
I like the laffes — Gude forgie me!
For monie a Plack they wheele frae me,
At dance or fair:
Maybe some ither thing they gie me
They weel can spare,
SURNS' RUMBLE.

But Mauclaire Race or Mauclaire Fair,
I should be proud to meet you there;
We'll gie a night's discharge to care,
If we forgather,
An' hae a swap o' rhythm ware
Wi' ane anither.

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

Away ye selfish, warly race,
Wha think that havin's, senfe, an' grace,
Ev'n love an' friendship, should give place
To catch-the-plaik!
I dinna like to see your face,
Nor hear your crack.

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

But, to conclude my lang epistle,
As my auld pen's worn to the gristle;
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fiddle,
Who am, most fervent,
While I can either sing, or whistle,
Your friend and servant.
WHILE new-ca'd kye rowte at the flake,
An' pownies rek in pleugh or braik,
This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
To own I'm debtor
To honest-hearted, and L*****t,
For his kind letter.

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

The tapelets, ramfeezl'd hizzie,
She's saft at best an', something lazy:
Quo' she, ye ken we've been fae bufy
'This month an' mair,
'That truth, my head is grown right dizzie,
'An' something fair.'

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

'Shall bauld L*****t, the king o' hearts.
'Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes,
Roast you s'ee wret for your deserts,
In terms the friendly,
Yet ye'll neglect to shave your parts
An' thank him kindly?

Sae I gat paper in a blink;
An' down gaed stumpy in the ink:
Quoth I, 'Before I sleep a wink,
'I vow I'll close it;
'An' if ye winnae make it clank,
'By Jove I'll profe it!

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

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

She's gien me monie a' jist an' leg,
S'in I could striddle ower a rig;
But, by the L—d, tho' I shou'd beg
Wi' lyart pow,
I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,
As lang's I dow!
Now comes the fix an' twentieth simmer,
I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
Still persecuted by the timmer.
Frac year to year;
But yet, despite the little kimmer,
I, Rob, am here.

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

Or is't the naughty, feudal Thane,
Wi' ruffan' fark an' glancing cane,
Wha thinks himsel' mae sheep-shank bane.
But lordly stalks,
While caps and bonnets aff are taken,
As by he walks?

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

Were this the charter of our state,
On pain o' hell be rich an' great,
Damnation then would be our fate.
Beyond remead;
But, thanks to Heav'n, that's no the gate
We learn our creed.
For thus the royal Mandate ran
When first the human race began,

* The social, friendly, honest man,
  "What's'er he be,
  * 'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,
  "And more but be."

O Mandate, glorious and divine!
The followers of the ragged Nine,
Poor, thoughtless, devilish yet may shine

In glorious light,
While fordid sons o' Mammon's line
Are dark as night.

Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, and growl,
Their worthless nieweul of a soul
May in some future carcse-howl

The forest's fright;
Or in some day-detesting owl

May shun the light.

Then may L**** and B**** arise,
To reach their native, kindred skies,
And sing their pleasures, hope an' joy,

In some mild sphere,
Still closer knit in friendship's ties

Each passing year!

TO W. S****N, OCHILTREE.

May 1783.

I got your letter, winsome Willie,
Wi' grateful' heart I thank you brawlie;
Tho' I maun say't, I wad be sily,
An' enco vain,
Should I believe, my coaxin billie,
Your flatterin strain.

But I'k believe ye kindly meant it,
I cud be laith to think ye hinted
Ironic satire, fidelias skelent
On my poor Muse;
Tho' in sic phraisin terms ye've penned it,
I scarce excuse ye.

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

(O Ferguson! thy glorious parts
Ill-faited law's dry, musty arts!
My curse upon your whumflane hearts,
Ye Enbrough Gentry
The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes,
Wad flow'd his pant.

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
Or lasses gie my heart a sreeed,
As whiles they're like to be my dead,
(O sad discafe!)
I kittle up my rustic reed;
It gives me ease.
BURNS' POEMS.

Auld Coila, now, may sedge fu' sain,
She's gotten Bardie's o' her ain,
Chieft wha there their chanters winna bain,
But tune their lays,
Till echoes a' resound again
Her weel-sung praise.

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

_ Ramsey an' famous Ferguson_
Gied Firth an' Tay a lift aboon;
Tarrow and Tweed, to monie a tune,
Owre Scotland rings;
While Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, an' Doon,
Naebody sings.

_ The Illisus, Tiber, Thames, an' Seine,_
Glide sweet in monie a tuneful line;
But, Willie, let your fit to mine,
An' cock your crest,
We'll gar our streams and burnies shine
Up wi' the best.

We'll auld Coila's plains an' fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
Her banks an' brues, her dens an' dells,
Where glorious Wallace
Aft burt the gree, as story tells,
_ Frae Suthron billies._
At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood!
But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
Oft have our fearless Father's croods
By Wallace' side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat flood,
Or glorious dy'd.

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

Ev'n Winter bleak has charms to me,
When winds rave thro' the naked tree,
Or frosts an' hills of Ochilsview,
Are hoary gray,
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flies,
Dark'nig the day!

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

The Muse, nac Poet ever find her,
Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,
Adown some trottin burn's meander,
An' no think lang,
O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder
A heart-felt song.
BURNS’ POEMS.

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

Fareweel, ‘ my rhyma composing’ brither!
We’ve been owne lang unkena’d to ither:
Now let us lay our heads thegither,
In love fraternal:
May Evey wallow in a tether,
Black fiend, infernal!

While Highlandman hate tolls an’ taxes;
While moorlan herds like guid fat braxies;
While Terra Firma, on her axis,
Diurnal turns,
Count on a friend, in faith an’ practice,
In Robert Burns.

POSTSCRIPT.

My memory’s no worth a preen;
I had amainst forgotten clean,
Ye bade me write you what they mean
By this new-light *
’Bout which our herds the aft hae been
Mait for to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans
At Grammar, Logic, an’ sic talents,

* See Note, page 49.
They took nae pains their speech to balance,
Or rules to gie,
But spak their thoughts in plain braid Lallans,
Like you or me.

In thae auld times, they thought the Moon,
Just like a fark, or pair o' thoon,
Wore by degrees, till her last room
Gaed past their viewin,
An' shortly after she was done
They gat a new ane.

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

Some herds, weel learn'd upo' the beuk,
Wad threap auld folk the thing mischief;
For 'twas the auldmoon turn'd a neuk,
An' out o' fight,
An' backlins comin, to the leuk,
She grew mair bright.

This was deny'd, it was affirm'd;
The herds an' kissets were alarm'd;
The rev'rend gray-beards ray'd an' storm'd,
That, beardless laddies
Should think they better were inform'd
Than their auld daddies.
Frae lads to mair it gaed to tick:
Frae words an' athus to clours an' nicks;
An' monie a fallow gat his licks,
Wi' hearty crunt;
An' some, to learn them for their tricks,
Were hang'd an' brunt.

This game was playd in monie lands,
An' auld-light caddies bure fe hands,
That faith, the youngsters took the lads
Wi' nimble shanks,
Till Lairds forbade, by stric commands,
'Sic bluidy pranks;

But new-light herds gat sic a cowe,
Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an-flowe,
Till now amain on ev'ry knowe
Ye'll find ane plac'd;
An' some, their new-light fair avow,
Just quite baren'd.

Nae doubt the auld-light stocks are bleatin',
Their zealous herds are vex'd an' sweatin';
Myself, I've even seen them greefin'
Wi' gimin spite,
To hear the Moon sae sadly lie'd on
By word an' write.

But shortly they will cowe the loun';
Some auld-light herds in neebor towns
Are mind't, in things they ca' babbitt;
'To tak a flight,
An' stay ae month among the Moon;
An' see them right.
Guid observation they will gie them;
An' when the mist Moss's gaun to lea' them,
The hindmost shuird, they'll fetch it wi' them,
Just i' their pouch,
An' when the new-fight billyes see them,
I think they'll crouch!

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

---

EPISTLE TO J. R******,
ENCLOSING SOME POEMS.

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

Ye ha' the monie cracks an' cants,
And in your wicked, druken rants,
Ye mak a devil o' the Sounts,
An' fill them fou;
And then their failings, flaws, an' wants,
Are a' seen thro'.

* A certain humorous dream of his was then makir noise in the country-side.
Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it!
That holy robe, O dinna tear it!
Spar't for their sakes who aften wear it,
The lads in black's
But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
Rives 't aff their back.

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

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

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

'Twas ae night lately, in my fun,
I gaed a roving wi' the gun,

* A song he had promised the Author.
IV.
The sultry suns of Summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

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

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

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

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

IX.
*They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.*
X.
The laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe.
And still, as signs of life appeared
They toss'd him to and fro.

XI.
They wafted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones;
But a Miller us'd him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two flanes.

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

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

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

XV.
Then let us toast John Barleycorn
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!
A FRAGMENT.
Tune——Killicrankie.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

Poor Tammy G-ge within a cage,
Was kept in Boston-ba', man;
Till Willie H--e took o'er the knowe
For Philadelphia, man:
Wi' sword an' gun he thought a fin
Guid Chrisitian bluid to draw, man;
But at New-York, wi' knife an' fork,
Sir Lain he hacked sma', man.
IV.

_B-rg-ne_ gae up, like spur an' whip,
Till _Frafer_ brave did fa', man;
Then lost his way; ae misty day,
In _Saratoga_ shaw, man.
_C-rn-w-il-s_ fought as lang's he dought,
_An' did the Buckskin's claw, man;
But _C-lnt-n's_ glaive frae rust to save
_He hung it to the wa', man._

V.

_Then _M-nt-gue, an' _Guilford_ too,
Began to fear a fa', man;
And _S-crv-lle_ doure, 'wha stood the floure,
The German Chief to throw, man:
_For Paddy _B-rk_, like any Turk,
Nae mercy had at a', man;
_An' Charlie _F-x_ threw by the box,
_An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man._

VI.

_Then _R-ck-ngb-m_ took up the game;
Till Death did on him ca', man;
_When _Sh-b-rne_ meek, held up his cheek;
Conform to Gospel law, man:
_Saint Stephen's_ boys, wi' jarring noise,
They did his measures throw, man;
_For _N-rth_ an' _F-x_ united flocks,
_An' bore him to the wa', man._
VII.
Then Clubs an' Hearts were Clear'd: cranes,
He swept the fakes awa', man;
Till the Diamond's Ace of Indus race,
Led him a 'fair four per, man:
The Saxon lads, wi' loud placards,
On Chatam's Bay did ca', man;
An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew,
' Up, Willie, waur them a', man!'  

VIII.
Behind the throne then Gr-wro-li's gone,
A secret word or twa, man;
While flee D-ad; arou'd the clans,
Be-north the Roman wa', man:
An' Chatam's wraith, in heav'nly graith,
(Insipired Bardie's law, man;)
Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, 'Willie, rise!
'Would I hae fear'd them a', man!'  

IX.
But, word an' blow, N-reh, E-x, and Co.
Gowf'd Willie like a ba', man;
Till Suthron raise, and coof their claife
Behind him in a raw, man:
An' Caledon threw by the drone,
An' did her whittle draw, man;
An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' bluid,
To make it gud in law, man.

* * * * *
SONG.
Tune—Corn rigs are bonie.

I.
It was upon a Lammas night,
When Corn rigs are bonie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa to Annie:
The time flew by, wi' tenteifs heed,
Till 'tween the late and early;
Wi' fisst persuasion she agreed,
To see me thro' the barley.

II.
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 kis'ed her owre and owre again,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

III.
I lock'd her in my fond embrace;
Her heart was beating rarely:
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley!
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly!
She ay shall blefs that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley.
IV.
I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear;
I hae been merry drinking;
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear;
I hae been happy thinking:
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

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

SONG,
COMPOSED IN AUGUST.
Tune—I had a horse, I had no mare.

NOW wellin winds, and slaught'ring guns
Bring Autumn's pleasant weather;
The moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
Amang the blooming heather:
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary Farmer;
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at ni
To muse upon my Charmer.
II.
The Partridge loves the fruitful fells;
The Plover loves the mountains;
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells;
The soaring Heron the fountains;
Thro' lofty groves the Cuckoo roves,
The path of man to shun it;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the Thrush,
The spreading thorn the Linnet.

III.
Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender;
Some social join, and leagues combine;
Some solitary wander:
Avant, away! the cruel swain,
Tyrannic man's dominion;
The Sportsman's joy, the murr'ring cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion!

IV.
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;
The rustling corn, the fruitful thorn,
And ev'ry happy creature.

V.
We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk;
Till the silent moon shines clearly;
I'll grasp thy waist, and fondly press,
Swear how I love thee dearly.
Nor vernal show'rs to budding show'rs,
Not Autumn to the Farmer,
'So dear can be as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely Charmer!

---

**SONG.**

*Tune—My Nanie, O.*

**I.**

Behind yon hills where Steichen flows,
'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has died,
And I'll awa to Nanie, O.

**II.**

The westlin wind blows loud an' still;
The night's baith mirk and rain, O;
But I'll get my plaids an' oat I'll steal,
An' owre the hill to Nanie, O.

**III.**

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

**IV.**

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonie, O;
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nanie, O.
V.
A country lad is my degree,
   An' few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be,
   I'm welcome ay to Nanie, O.

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

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

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

GREEN GROW THE RASHES:

A FRAGMENT.

CHORUS.
Green grow the rashies, O;
Green grow the rashies, O;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent amang the rashies, O.
I.

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

Green grow, &c.

II.

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

Green grow, &c.

III.

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

Green grow, &c.

IV.

For you see douce, ye seeer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:
The wisest Man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

Green grow, &c.

V.

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

Green grow, &c.
SONG.

Tune—Johnny's Grey Hettie.

I.

AGAIN rejoicing nature sees,
Her robe assume its vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
All freshly sleep'd in morning down.

CHORUS.

An' maun I still on Menie dwell,
An' bear the scorn that's on her head,
For its jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
An' it winna let a body be!

II.

In vain to me the cowslips show,
In vain to me the violets spring;
In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

An' maun I still, &c.

III.

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

An' maun I still, &c.

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

† Menie is the common abbreviation of Marienne.
IV.
The wanton coot the water skims,
Among the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
And ev'ry thing is blest but I.

An' maun I still, &c.

V.
The Sheep-herd fleeks his straying flap,
An' owre the moorlands whistles still.
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step
I meet him on the dewy hill.

An' maun I still, &c.

VI.
An' when the lark, 'tween light an' dark,
Blythe waukens by the daffy's side,
An' mounts an' sings on 'flittering wings,
A woe-worn ghaist I homeward glide.

An' maun I still, &c.

VII.
Come Winter, with thine angry bowl,
And raging bend the naked tree;
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
When Nature all is sad like me!

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

Tune—Reefin Coflin.

I.

The gloomy night is gathering fast,
Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast,
Yon mirky cloud is foul wi' rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain;
The Hunter now has left the deer,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure,
While here I wander, Riicht with ease,
Along the lonely banks of Agno.

II.

The Autumn mourns her ripening corn
By early Winter's ravenous storm
Across her placid, sunny sky
She sees the scowling tempest fly
Chill runs my blood as keen as new,
I think upon the stormy wave
Where many a danger I might escape,
Far from the bonny banks of Agno.

III.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shower,
The Death in ev'ry shape appears,
The Wretched have no more to fear.
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transfixed with many a wound.
These bleed aye, those I year
To leave the bonny banks of Agno.
IV.
Farewell, old Coiis'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 bonny banks of Ayer!

SONG.

Tune—Gilderslee.

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

II.
Farewell, farewell, Elisa—dear,
The maid that I adore!
Abounding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more!
But the last throb that leaves my heart,
While Death stands victor by,
That throb, Elisa, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh.
THE FAREWELL.

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

Tune—Goodnight and joy be with ye o'.

ADIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
Dear brothers of the mystic ye!...
Ye favored, enlightened few,
Companions of my social joy!
Tho' I to foreign lands much be,
Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba',
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'.

II.

Oft have I met your social Band,
And spent the chearful, festive night;
Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
Prefided o'er the Sons of light:
And by that Hieroglyphic bright,
Which none but Craftsmen ever saw!
Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write.
Those happy scenes when far awa'.

III.

May Freedom, Harmony, and Love,
Unite you in the grand Design,
Beneath th' Omniscient Eye, above,
The glorious Architect Divine!
That you may keep th' unerring line,
Still rising by the plummer's law,
Till Order bright completely shine,
Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.
IV.
And you, farewell! whose merits claim,
Justly that highest badge to wear!
Heaven bless your honour’d noble Name,
To Majesty and State dear!
A last request permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a’,
One round, I ask it with a tear,
To him, the Bard that’s far above

SONG.

Tune—Prepare, my dear brethren, to the tavern let’s fly, &

No Churchman am I fit to rail and to write,
No Statesman nor Soldier to plot or to fight,
No fly man of business contriving a friare,
For a big-belly’d bottle’s the whole of my care.

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

III.
Here passes the Squire on his brother—his horse;
There Centum per Centum, the Cit with his purse;
But see you the Crown how it waves in the air,
There a big-belly’d bottle still eases my care.
IV.
The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
For sweet consolation to church I did fly:
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That a big-belly'd bottle's a cure for all cares.

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

VI.
* Life's cares they are comforts*—a maxim laid down
By the Bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown;
And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair;
For a big-belly'd bottle's a heav'n of a care.

A Stanzas added in a Mason Lodge:
Then fill up a bumper and make it o'er-flow
And honours masonic prepare for to throw;
May ev'ry true Brother of th' Compass and Square
Have a big-belly'd bottle when pledged with care.

E P I T A P H S.

I: ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

Here Sowter****in Death does sleep;
To H'll, if he's gane thither,
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
H'll hand it weel the gither.

* Young's Night Thoughts.
Burns' Poems.

The poor Inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
   And foster flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
   And stain'd his name!

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

FINIS
Glossary.

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

A

A', all
aback, away, aloof
aboon, above, up
abeigh, at a hy distance
abreed, in breadth
abroad, abroad, in sight
as, one
aft, oft
aften, often
aff, oft, off, aff-foof, unpremedi-
tated
afrec, before
agley, off the right line,
wrong
ahbms, perhaps
ahs, oaths
ain, iron
aith, oath
ain, own
aiver, an old horse
aisle, a hot cinder
alike, alias.

alane, alone
amang, among
amaith, almost
an', and, if
ane, one, an
ance, once
anither, another
artif, artful
as, ashes
aileer, abroad, stirring
auld, old
auld-farran, or auld-farrant,
fagacious, cunning, pru-
dent
aught, eight, possession, as
in a' my aught, in all my
possession
ava, at all
awa, away
awn, the beard of barley;
oats, &c.
awnie, beard, awful
awful', awful
awkart, awkward
ayont, beyond

B
Ba’ ball
baws’nt, having a white stripe
<down the face...
barkit, barked
barkin, barking
baith, both
bane, bone
bane, having large bones,
<scout
bardie, diminutive of bard
bauld, bold, baudly, boldly
barefit, bare-footed
batch, a crew, a gang
batts, botts
bade, endured, did fly
bang, an effort
bairn, a child
bairntime, a family of children, a brood
baudrons, a cat
barmie, of, or like barm
baik, a crofs beam, baiken',
<the end of a beam
bad, did bid
baggie, the belly
baithfu', baithful
backlins-comin, coming back,
returning
be, to let be, to give over, to cease
beuk, a book
behint, or-behin', behind
be’t, be it
ben, into the fpace or parlour
belyve, by and by
bre’t, to add fuel to fire
beastie, dimin. of beast
benlomond, a noted mountain in Dumbartonshire
belly-fu', belly-fall
bethankit, the grace after meat
befa’, to-befal
billie, a brother, a young fellow
big, to build, biggit, builded
biggin, bulding, a house
bicker, a kind of wooden dish, a short race
birkie, a clever fellow
bing, a heap of grain, potatoes, &c.
bill, a bull
bizz, a baffle, to buzz
birring, the noise of partridges, &c. when they spring
bit, crisis, nick of time
bien, wealthy, plentiful
bied, or bield, shelter
blaishit, blasted
blaslie, a shrivell’d dwarf, a term of contempt
blink, a little while, a smiling look, to look kindly, to shine by fits
blinker, a term of contempt
blinking, smirking
bluid, blood, bluidy, bloody
blather, the bladder
blaw, to blow, to boast
blether, to talk idly; nonsense
bleth’rin, talking idly
blauid, a flat piece of any thing; to flap
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Term</th>
<th>Definition</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>blate, baltful</td>
<td>sheepish</td>
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<tr>
<td>bleazin</td>
<td>blazing</td>
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<tr>
<td>blefin, blefing</td>
<td>bleating</td>
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<tr>
<td>blufht, did blush</td>
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<tr>
<td>blype, shred, large piece</td>
<td>bleatin, bleating</td>
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<tr>
<td>blue-gown</td>
<td>one of those beggars, who annually, on the King's birth-day, a blue cloak or gown with a badge</td>
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<tr>
<td>bonie, burly</td>
<td>handsome, beautiful</td>
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<tr>
<td>bonnie, handsomely, beautifully</td>
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<tr>
<td>bonnock</td>
<td>a kind of thick cake of bread</td>
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<td>bother, to pother</td>
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<tr>
<td>bodle</td>
<td>a small old coin</td>
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<td>boastrie, shrub elder</td>
<td>planted much of old in hedges of farm-yards, &amp;c.</td>
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<td>board, a board</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>botch</td>
<td>an angry tumour</td>
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<tr>
<td>boof, behoved</td>
<td>must needs</td>
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<td>bowkail, cage</td>
<td></td>
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<td>bowt, bented, crooked</td>
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<tr>
<td>bokk, to vomit, to gulf intermittently</td>
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<tr>
<td>bokked, gulf'd, vomited</td>
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<tr>
<td>braw, fine</td>
<td>handsome</td>
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<tr>
<td>brawly, braulie</td>
<td>very well, finely, handsomely</td>
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<tr>
<td>breakin, breaking</td>
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<td>brawnlie, stout, brawny</td>
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<td>brie, juice, liquid</td>
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<td>brath, sudden illness</td>
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<td>bratfane, brimstone</td>
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<td>brisk, to burst</td>
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<td>brist to burst</td>
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<td>brither, a brother</td>
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<td>braid, braid</td>
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<tr>
<td>braut, coarse clothes, rags</td>
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<tr>
<td>breathin, breathing</td>
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<tr>
<td>branks, a kind of wooden curb for horses</td>
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<td>brig, a bridge</td>
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<td>broo, broth, liquid, water</td>
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<tr>
<td>brewin, brewing</td>
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<tr>
<td>brogue</td>
<td>a hum, a trick</td>
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<tr>
<td>brak, brake, made insolvent</td>
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<tr>
<td>breif, an invulnerable or irresistible spell</td>
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<tr>
<td>brunt, did burn</td>
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<tr>
<td>brue, a declivity, a precipice</td>
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<tr>
<td>the slope of a hill</td>
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<td>brachens, fern</td>
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<tr>
<td>broof, a race at country weddings who shall first reach the bridegroom's house on returning from church</td>
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<tr>
<td>brattle, a short race, hurry, fury</td>
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<td>brainde, to run rashly forward</td>
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<tr>
<td>braindgit, reeled forward</td>
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<tr>
<td>breast, the breast, the bottom</td>
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<tr>
<td>breastit, did spring up or forward</td>
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<tr>
<td>breastle, dimin. of breast</td>
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<tr>
<td>braik, a kind of harrow</td>
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<td>braixie, a morkin sheep, &amp;c.</td>
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<tr>
<td>bruilzie, a broil, a combustion</td>
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<tr>
<td>bryldly, stout-made, broad-built</td>
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<tr>
<td>bunclock</td>
<td>a humming beetle that flies in the summer evening</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Term</td>
<td>Definition</td>
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<td>-----------------------</td>
<td>-----------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
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<tr>
<td>bummin, humming as bees</td>
<td>burn, water, a rivulet</td>
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<tr>
<td>burnie, dimin. of burn</td>
<td>burnewin, i.e. burn the wind, a blacksmith</td>
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<tr>
<td>bulle, a bulle to bulle</td>
<td>but an’ ben, the country kitchen and parlour</td>
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<tr>
<td>buskit, dressed</td>
<td>bummle, to blunder</td>
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<tr>
<td>bummier a blunderer</td>
<td>buckskin, an inhabitant of Virginia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>but, without</td>
<td>bute, did bear</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>byre, a cow-flable</td>
<td>by himself, lunatic, distracted</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C</td>
<td>Ca’, to call, to name, to drive</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ca’t. or ca’d, called, driven, calved</td>
<td>carellin, carelling</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cold</td>
<td>cantie, or canty, cheerful, merry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>caup, a wooden drinking vessel</td>
<td>carlin, a flout old woman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cheep, a chirp; to chirp</td>
<td>cheokin, choking</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cheerfu’, cheerful</td>
<td>chimla, or chimlie, a fire grate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>chimla-lug, the fireside</td>
<td>cheekit, cheeked</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>chittering, shivering, trembling</td>
<td>clash, an idle tale, the story of the day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>claw, to scratch</td>
<td>claise or claes, cloath</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>daith cloth, clathing, clothing</td>
<td>clinkin, jerking, clinking</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>clinkumbell, who rings the church bell</td>
<td>clachan, a small village about a church, a hamlet</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
naclaver, idle conversation

n, the hoof of a cow, sheep;

is, an old name for the evil

sheers

t, to clean, to scrape

ed, scraped

it, wrote

clapper of a mill

, to clothe

er, to tell little idle stories; an idle story

, a bump or swelling

er a blow

, to hatch; a beetle

in, hatching

, a general, and sometimes a particular name for vanity, care

er, coming, country

r, the inhabitant of a cot, a cottage

, the evil

a wooden dish

es, dimin. of cog

e, to tend, to keep up

r, to hop; a fright, a

inch of furze, broom, &c.

naun, command

; snug, exactly snugly

, to batter, to tumble

er; a fall, a gang

it, tumbled

, a casser

e, wooden kitchen dish; t o those fruits, whose legs

are clad with feathers are
daid to be poet:es

coot, did cast

cowte, a colt

coot, a blockhead, a nay

cornc, corps, party, clan

couthie, kind, loving

cookite, appeared and disappeared by fits

coble, a fishing boat

corn't, fed with oats

cowrin, covering

coxin, wheedling

Coila, from Kyle, a district of Ayrshire, so called, from tradition, from Coil or Colus, a Pictish monarch

crack, conversation; to converse

crackin, conversing

crabbit, crabbed, fretful

cronie, cheerful, courageous

crongly, cheerfully, courageously

crank, the noise of an ungreased wheel

crances, fretful, captious

crushin, crushing, crught, crushed

crap, a crop, the top

cronie, crony

crowdie time, breakfast time

crum, hard and brittle, spoken of bread

croon, a hollow continued moan; to make a noise like the continued roar of a bull, to hum a tune

crooning, humming
creeshie, greasy

craft, or croft, a field near a
house, in old husbandry

creel, a basket; to have one's
ruins to a creel, to be craz'd
to be fascinated

craw, a crow of a cock, a rook
crouchie, crook-backed

craneruch, the hoar frost

crambo-clink, or crambojingle,
rhymes, doggerel verses

crowling, crawling

creeping, creeping

grood, or crowd, to coo as a
dove

crunt, a blow on the head

with a cudgel

cuis, a blockhead, a ninny
curchie, a curtey

cumurring, murmuring;
slight, rumbling noise

curie, a well known game

on ice

curler, a player at ice

curpin, the crupper

cummock, a short staff with a
crooked head

curling, curled, whose hair

falls naturally in ringlets

cuf, the dove or wood

pigeon

D

Daft, merry, giddy, foolish
daffin, merriment, foolishness

darg, or daurk, a day's labour
dawd, a large piece

dau'd to thrash, to abuse
daw'tit, on dauret, fondled,
caress'd

dainty, pleasant, good hu-
moured, agreeable
dancin, dancing,
darkins, darkling
daur, to dare, daur't, daired
dappt', dappled
daimen, rare, now and then;
dainies-teller, an ear of corn

now and then
daddie, a father
dearies, dimin. of dears
dearthful', dear
deil-ma-care! no matter! for

all that!
deave, to deafen
devel, a stunning blow
delec'tant, delirious
deservin, deserving
delvin, delving
describe, to describe
direspectet, disrespected
dissen, or diz'n, a dozen
dirl, a flight tremulous stroke

or pain
ding, to work, to push

dinna, do not
dight, to wipe, to clean corn

from chaff; cleaned from

chaff
dimpl't, dimpled

dlizzie, dizzy, giddy
doitied, stupified
doylit', stupified, crazed
down', or dawe; sober, wise

prudent
doucely, soberly, prudently
dorty, saucy, nice
dow, am or are able to, can

downa, am or are not able, cannot
GLOSMARY.

t, was or were able
't, doleful
float, durable, flub
\, fallen
\, worn with grief, fa-
\, unlucky
\, pitiable, wanting force
sorrow: to sing dool, to
tent, to mourn
\ drop; to drop
ng, dropping
t, muddy
\, drunken
\, thirst, drought
\, drinking
drying
to ooze, to drop
ng, oozing, dropping
\ drove
\ pet, four humour
\', dreadful
rumpl't that droops at
crupper
\, drizzling, flaver
\ock, meal and water
\ed raw
\u, the breech
\mall pond
\ags, clothes
\, ragged
worsted, pulled, driven
to push as a ram, &c.
pull'd by a ram, ox.

cild, old age
elbuck, the elbow
ekritch, ghastly, frightful
en', end
Enbrugh, Edinbrugh
enough, enough
ensuing, ensuing
especial, especially
eydent, diligent

F
Fa', fall, lot; to fall
fæ, a fo
faithfu', faithful
fall, trouble, care; to trou-
ble, to care for
fait, troubled
fawfond, decent, seemly.
faem, foam
farl, a cake of bread
fairin, a fairing, a present
fareweel, farewell
fallow, fellow
faunt, fault
faddom't, fathom'd
fact, faced
farterels, ribbon ends, &c.
faisen, faisen, even
fand, did find
fuald, a fold; to fold
faulding, folding
ferlie, or ferly, to wonder; a
wonder, a term of contempt
fecht, to fight, beattin, fighting
fend, to live comfortably
fide, feud, enmity
feat, neat, spruce
fear't, frighted
feastfu', frightful
fetch, to pull by fire
fliech'in, supplicating
flainen, flannel
flether, to decoy by fair
fletherin, flatterings
flitter, to vibrate like
wings of small birds
flitting, fluttering, vibs
forgather, to meet, to
counter with
fou, full, drunk
foughten, troubled, har:
formin, forming
forbye, besides
forfairn, diffused, worn
jaded
foord, a ford
forbears, forefathers
foamin, foaming
fow, a bushel, &c.
forge, to forgive
forjesket, jaded with fat
frae, from
freath, froth
frien', friend
fu', full
fur, a narrow
furm, a form, a bench
fud, the cut of the hare,
&c.
stuff, to blow intermitte.
suff't, did blow
funnie, full of merrimen
fyle, to foil, to dirty
fyl't, failed, dirroul
fyteen, fifteen
fyke, trifling cares; to p
be in a fuss about

Cab, the mouth; to
boldly or wary
Glossary.

to go, to walk
wife, fagacious, talkal
se; to converse
i, converting
jolly, large

o go, go, went, gone,
now, gone, going
or gate, way, manner,
d
rin, gathering
o make, to force to
forced to
a, a garter
e, a guinea
iches, goods of any kind
\, great folks

\, a child, a young one
to toss the head in wama
wes or scorn
pike
give, gave, given
en
er, a ewe from one or
t years old
\, against
a periwig

to grin, to twist the
ures in rage, agony, &c.

\, grinning
\, a young girl
dimin. of gill

\, dimin. of gift
\, a ghost
in, the twilight
\, a brown; to brown
abbot, that speaks
hotly and readily
to peep, glanced, peeped,
in, peeping

glown, to flare, to look; a
flare, a look
glow'd, looked, stared

glowrin, staring
clairkit inattentive, foolish

gle, sharp, ready

glaize, glittering, smooth like

glass
gley, a squint; to squint,
agle, off at a side, wrong

gowan, the flower of the
daisy, dandelion, hawk
weed, &c.
gowk, a cuckoo, a term of
contempt
gowl, to howl
gowling, howling
gowd, gold
gowff, the game of golf; to
strike, as the bat does the
ball at golf
gowff'd, struck
grene or grain, a groan; to
groan
grain'd, groaned

grainin, groaning

grushie, thick, of thriving
growth
great, intimate, familiar

grieve, grieving
graith, accoutrements, furni
ture, dress
gruntle, the phiz, a grunting
noise
gracefu', graceful

greet, to shed tears, to weep

greetin, crying, weeping
gree't, agreed

granbie, a grandmother
graceful, graceful
grape, to grope, gropit, grooped
grippit, caught, seized
grip, a pronged instrument for cleaning stables
grummie, a low
grumph, a grunt; to grunt
grousome, loathsome, grim
gruslane, a grindstone
gruet, a gooseberry
gristle, gristle
grateful, grateful
gree, to agree, to bear the gree, to be decidedly victor
grum, ground
gruant, to get the whistle of one's
croat, to play a losing game
Guide, the Supreme Being; good
gull, tasteful
gully, or gullie, a large knife
guid, good, guid-mornin, good morrow, guid-even, good evening
guidman and guid-wife, the master and mistress of the house, young Guidman, a man newly married
guidfather, guidmother, father-in-law and mother-in-law
gumlie, muddy

H
Ha', hall
hal, to have
hail, had, i-participle
haunt, home, a neward, home-ward
hame, homely, ham, or haun' hain, to spare, bain'd, spared
hak, hawkie, a cow, cow with a cub
half, or hald, an place
havins, good man
corum, good s
harkit, hearkens
happier, a hopper
hag, a scar or mooses and me
haverel, a half-w
son; half-wit
hairst, harvest
haurl, to drag, to
hauurlin, peeling
hastit, hastened
hallan, a particu tion wall in a
GLOSSARY.

hâ' bible, the great bible that lies in the hall
haff-t, the temple, the side of the head
haggis, a kind of pudding boiled in the stomach of a cow or sheep
hech! oh! strange hearse, hoarse
het, hot hersel, herself herrin, a herring herry, to plunder, most properly to plunder birdness
herryment, plundering, devastation
heugh, a crag, a coal-pit heeze, to elevate, to raise heather, heath
hecht, to foretell something that is to be got or given; foretold; the thing foretold
heapit, heaped herd, to tend flocks; one who tends flocks
healsome, healthful, wholesome
heart, hear it hellim, the rudder or helm himsel, himself hizzie, hussy, a young girl
hirple, to walk crazily, to creep, hirplin, creeping hing, to hang hitch, a loop, a knot hilch, to hobble, to halt
hulchin, halting histie, dry, chapit, barren, hissel, so many cattle as one person can attend
howk, to dig, bowkit, digger, bowen, digging howdie, a midwife hoddin, the motion of a sage country man riding on a cam-horse hornie, one of the many names of the devil honghamandie, fornication howe, hollow; a hollow, or dell howe-backit, sunk in the back, spoken of a horse, &c.
hove, to heave, to swell hov'd, heaved, swelled hoyze, a pull upwards hoord, a hoard; to hoard hoordet, hoarded hoolie, slowly, leisurely; hootie, take leisure! stop!
host, or hoast, to cough, bostin, coughing hog-score, a kind of distance line in curling, drawn across the rink hoy, to urge, boy't, urged hool, outer skin or case hoyte, to amble crazily housie, dimin. of house horn, a spoon made of horn hog-shouther, a kind of
horse play by justling with the shoulder; to justle hurdie, the loins, the crupper Hughoc, dimin. of Hugh

I

ier-oe, a great grandchild ick, an ear of corn ilk or ilka, each, every ill-willie, ill-natured, ma-
licious, niggardly indentin, indenting ingle, fire, fire-place ingine, genius, ingenuity Ise, I shall or will ither, other, one another

J

Jad, jade; also a familiar term among country folks for a giddy young girl jaup, a jerk of water; to jerk as agitated water jauk, to dally, to trifle jaukin, trifling, dallying jaw, coarse railery; to pour out, to spurt, to jerk, as water jink, to dodge, to turn a corner; a sudden turning a corner jinkin, dodgin jinker, that turns quickly, a gay sprightly girl, a wag

jump, to jump; slender in the waist, handsome jilet, a jilt, a giddy girl jirt, a jerk jinglin, jingling jow, to jow, a verb which includes both the swinging motion and pealing sound of a large bell jouk, to stoop, to bow the head joceteleg, a kind of knife jokin, joking joyfu', joyful jundie, to justle jumpit, did jump jumpin, jumping

K

Kae, a daw kain, fowls, &c. paid as rent by a farmer kail, coleworts, a kind of broth kail-runt, the leaf of the colewort kebbuck, a cheefe ken to know, kend or ken't, knew kennis, a small matter keek, a peep; to peep keepit, kept kelpies, a sort of mischievous spirits, said to haunt fords and ferries at night, especially in fowms keit, a matted, hairy fleece of wool kin', kind kilt, to truss up the clothes
kirm, the harvest supper, a
churn; to churn
kitched, any thing that eats
with bread; to serve for
foups, gravy &c.
kittle, to tickle; ticklish, likely
kittlin, a young cat
king's hood, a certain part of
the entrails of an ox, &c.
kin, kindred
kiutle, to cuddle
kiut'in, cuddling
klaugh, carking anxiety
kirien, to chislen
kimmer, a young girl. a gossip
kist, chest, a shop-counter
knaggie, like knobs or points
of necks
knappin-hammer, a hammer
for breaking stones
knowe, a small round hillock
kye, cows
kythe, to discover, to show
one's self
Kyle, a distil of Ayrshire
kyte, the belly

L
lan', land, estate
lang, long, to think lang,
to long, to weary
lap, did leap
lampa, a kind of shellfish
laverock, the lark
lambie, dimin. of lam
laughin, laughing
lawfl', lawful
lapfu', lapful

laigh, low
lane, long, my lane, thy
lane, &c. myself alone,
&c. thyself alone, &c.
landly, lonely
lallan; lowland, lailants,
Scotch dialect
laggen, the angle between
the side and bottom of
a wooden dish
lave, the rest, the remain-
der, the others
laith, loath
laithfu', bashful, sheepish
laigin, wading and sink-
ing in snow, mud, &c.
laddie, dimin. of lad
lee-lang, live-long
leuk, a look, to look
leeze me, a phrase of con-
gratulatory endearment
lər pronunciation lapse, learn-
ing
le'a, to leave
leister, a three-pronged
dart for striking fish
leugh, did laugh
leal, loyal, true, faithful
lightly, sneeringly, to
sneer at
limmer, a kept-mistress;
a strumpet
livin, living
link, to trip along
linkin, tripping
limpit, limp'd hobbled
linn, a water-fall
lint, flax, lint in the bed
flax in flower

3
lift, the sky
lilt, a ballad, a tune; to sing
lintwhite, a linnet
loan, the place of milking
loof, the palm of the hand
looves, plural of loof
lowe, a flame; to flame
lawin, flaming
lowse, to loose
lows’d, loosed
loot, did let
loun, a fellow, a ragamuffin, a woman of easy virtue
lownie, abbreviation of Lawrence
jug, the car, a handle
luggit, having a handle
luggage, a small wooden dish with a handle
lunt, a column of smoke; to smoke
lunting smoking
lunch, a large piece of cheese, flesh, &c.
lum, the chimney
lyart, of a mixed colour, grey

maak, to mak, makin, making
maalum, messin, mixed corn
mantle, a mantle
maw, to mow, marin, mowing
maukin, a hare
Mallie, Molly
mar’s year, the rebellion, A.D. 1713
mark, marks, this and several other nouns, which in English require an s to form the plural, are in Scotch like the words sheep, deer, the same in both numbers
mask, to mask, asmall, &c.
maskin-pat, a teapot
’mang, among
mavis, the thrush
mell, to meddle
men’, to mend
messin, a small dog
meltie, to soil with meal
mense, good manners, decorum
menseless, ill-bred, rude, impudent
melancholious, mournful
meere, a mare
mither, a mother
mixtie-maxtie, confusedly mixed
min, prim, affectedly meek
mindfu’, mindful
mislear’d, mischievous, unmannerly
misca’, to abuse, to call names
misca’d, abused
min’, mind, remembrance
mind’t; mind it, resolved, intending
middlen, a dunghill
midden-hole, a gutter at the bottom of the dung-hill

minnie, mother, dam
misteuk, mistook
morn, the next day, tomorrow

moudiewort, a mole
mony, or monie, many
moistify, to moisten
mournful, mournful
moop, to nibble as a sheep
mottie, full of motes
mou, the mouth
mousie, dimin. of mouse
moorlan, of or belonging to moors

muckle, or meikle, great, big, much
mutchkin, an English pint
muslin-kail, broth composed simply of water, shelled barley and greens
musie, dimin. of muse
my sel, myself

N
Na, no, not, nor
nae, no, not any
nane, none
naething, or naething, nothing

naig, a horse, neebor, a neighbour
needfu', needful
neglectit, neglected
neuk, nook
niesit, next

nieve, fist
nievefu', handful
niger, a negro
nine tailed cat, a hangman's whip
nisser, an exchange; to exchange, to barter
nit, a nut
nowte, black cattle
norland, of or belonging to the North
notic't, noticed
nor-west, north-west
noteless, unnoticed, unknown

O
O', of
observin, observing
ony, or onie, any
er, is often used for ere, before
o't, of it
ourie, shivering, drooping
ourseel, or oursel, ourselves
outler, not housed
owre, over, too
owre-hip, a way of fetching a blow with a hammer over the arm

P
Pack, intimate, familiar

twelve stones of wool
painch, paunch
parliamentin, at parliament
parritch, oatmeal pudding, a well known Scotch dish
pang, to cram
pauke, cunning, sly
paughty, proud, haughty
patrick, a partridge
pat, did put; a pot
pay't, paid, beat
pattle, or pettle, a ploughstaff
pech, to fetch the breath short, as in an asthma
pechan, the crop, the stomach
pettle, to cherish; a ploughstaff
pet, a domesticated sheep, &c.
peelin, peeling
pensivelie, pensively
phrase, faire speeches, flattery; to flatter
phraisin, flattery
pit, to put
pine, pain, uneasiness
pickle, a small quantity
platie, dimin. of plate
plack, an old Scotch coin
plackless, pennyless
pliskie, a trick
plew, or pleugh, a plough
plumpit, did plump
placad, a public proclamation
poortith, poverty
powther, or pouther, powder
poulhery, like powder
pouk, to pluck
pou, to pull
pou't, did pull
poussie, a hare or cat
pownie, a little horse
pow, the head, the skull
pout, a poult, a chicken
prayin, praying
predisu'd, proud, saucy
proveses, provosts
prig, to cheapen, to dispute
priggin, cheapening
pryin, prying
prief, proof
prent, print
propone, to lay down, to propose
primsie, demure, precise
prie, to taste
prie'd, tasted
preen, a pin
pund, pound, pounds
puddin, pudding
pyle, a pyle o'caff, a single grain of chaff

Q
Quat, to quit
quak, to quake
quakin, quaking
quey, a cow from one year to two years old

R
Ram-fezcl'd, fatigued, overspent
rantin, ranting
ramblin, rambling
rattlin, rattling
raucle, rash, stout, fearless
GLOSSARY.

raw, a row
raible, to rattle nonsense
rair, to roar, rair’s, roared, rairin, roaring
rax, to stretch
rash, a rush, rash bus, a bush of rushes
ram-stam, thoughtless, forward,
rarely, excellent, very well
ragweed, the plant ragwort
ratten, a rat
raught, reached
raize, to madden, to enflame
ree, half-drunk, fuddled
ream, cream
reek, smoke; to smoke, reekin, smoking, reekit, smoked, smoky
receivin, receiving
red-wud, stark-mad
remead, remedy
remarkin, remarking
reest, to stand restive
reestit, stood restive, stunted, withered
reave, to rob
requit, requital
ref, torn, ragged
restricked, restricted
reck, to heed
rede, counsel; to counsel
refus’t, refuse it
rin, to run, to melt; rin-
nin, running
ridin, riding
rip, a handful of un-threshed corn, &c.
rink, the course of the stones, a term in curling
riskit, made a noise like the tearing of roots
rig, a ridge
rowte, to low, to bellow
rowtin, lowing
rowth, plenty
roupet, hoarse, as with a cell
rowe, to roll, to wrap
row’t, rolled, wrapped
roamin, roaming
rood, stands likewise for the plural roods
roon’, round, in the circle of neighbourhood
roose, to praise, to commend
rozet, rosin
roon, a shred, a remnant
rung, a cudgel
runk’l’d, wrinkled
runt, the stem of colewort or cabbage
rustlin, rustling
rhymin, rhyming

’S, is
sae, so
sang, a song
sair, to serve; sore
sairly or sairlie, sorely
sair’t, served
saul, soul
saunt, a saint
sark, a shirt
sarkit, provided in shirts
satt, soft
saw, to sow
sawin, sowing
sax, six
saut, salt, sauted, salted
saumont, salmon
saugh, the willow
scone, a kind of bread
scurie, to glide swiftly along
screvin, swiftly, gleecsomely,
screechin, screeching
screed, to tear; a rent
scar, to scare
seauld, to scold, scaulding,
scolding
seawl, a scold
seaud, to scald
scar, apt to be scared
cornfu' scornful
scrimp, to scant, scrimpet,
did scant, scanty
scummer, a loathing; to loathe
scraich, to scream as a
ben, partridge, &c.
scraichin, screaming
sel, self, a body's sel, one's self alone
sets, sets off, goes away
seed, did see
settlin, settling, to get a
settlin, to be frighted
into quietness
sell't, did sell

seizin, seizing
servan', servant
sent, to send, sent, send
it
shaw, to show; a small
wood in a hollow place
sheugh, a ditch, a trench
shootin, shooting
shouther, the shoulder
shoon, shoes
sheep-shank, to think
one's self nae sheepshank, to be conceited
shore, to offer, to threaten
shor'd, offered
shangan, a stick cleat at one end for putting the
tail of a dog, &c. into,
by way of mischief, or
to frighten him away
shaver, a humorous wag,
a barber
shog, a shock
sheen, bright, shining
sherra-moor, sherriffmoor, the famous bat
tle fought in the Rebellion, A. D. 1715.
shool, a shovel
shaird, a shred, a shard
shill, shrill
sic, such
shimmer, summer
siller, silver, money
sittin, sitting
sin', since
sin, a son
sicker, sure, steady
sinful, sinful
sideline, sidelong, slant-
ing
sinkin, sinking
shriegh, a scream; to
scream
skaith, to damage, to in-
jure; injury
sklent, slant; to run a-
slant, to deviate from
truth
sklented, ran or hit in an
oblique direction
sklentin, slanting
skelpie-limmer, a techni-
cal term in female scold-
ing
skiegh, proud, nice, high-
metth
skirl, to shriek, to cry
shrilly
skirlit, shrieked
skirling, shrieking, crying
skelp, to strike, to slap;
to walk with a smart
tripping step; a smart
stroke
skelpin, slapping, walk-
ing smartly
skle, skoe
slow, slow
slap, a gate, a breach in a
fence
slade, did slide
sloe, sly, slyest, slyest
slype, to fall over as a wet
furrow from the plough
slypet, fell
slick, sleek
slidderly, slippery

smiddy, smithy
smytrie, a numerous col-
lection of small individ-
uals
smoor, to smother, smoored
smothered
smoutie, smutty, obscene,
ugly
smeddum, dust, powder;
mettle, sense
snow, snow; to snow
snawie, snowy
snaw-broo, melted snow
snash, abuse, Billingsgate
sneezehin, snuff; sneezhin-
mill, snuff-box
snowk, to scent or snuff
as a dog, horse, &c.
snowkit, scented, snuff-
ed
snick-drawing, trick-con-
triving
snick, the latchet of a
doors
snoove, to go smoothly
and constantly, to sneak
snoov't, went smoothly
snell, bitter, biting
sned, to lop, to cut off.
snool, one whose spirit
is broken with opress-
sive slavery; to submit
tamely, to sneak
sonsie, having sweet, en-
gaging looks; lucky, jolly
sowthor, soldar; to solder
to cement
soom, to swim
sowp, a spoonful, a small quantity of anything liquid
sooty, sooty
sobbin, sobbing
sowth, to try over a tune with a low whistle
sooth, truth, a petty oath souter a shoemaker, spaul, a limb speakin, speaking spier, to ask, to enquire spier't, enquired spunk, fire mettle, wit spunkie, mettle-some, fiery; will o' wisp, or ignis satiun sportin, sporting spak, did speak springin, springing speel to climb spleuchan, a tobacco pouch speat, a sweeping torrent after rain or thaw spairge, to dash, to soil as with mire spitefu', spiteful spence, the country parlour spae, to prophesy, to divine sprit, a tough-rooted plant something like rushes sprittle, full of spirits sprattle, to scramble sparin, sparing spavit, having the spavin
strae: straw, to die a fair death, to die in bed
strack: did strike
stack: a rig of corn, hay, &c.
streek: stretched, to stretch; streekit, stretched
staumrel: half-witted
steure: dust, more particularly dust in motion
stirk: a cow or bullock a year old
stot an ox
stoor: sounding hollow, strong and hoarse
straught: straight
stock: a plant of colewort cabbage, &c.
starvin: starving
stringin: stringing
startin: starting
staw: did steal; to surfeit
stown: stolen
stownlins: by stealth
stuff: corn or pulse of any kind
stibble: stubble, stibble-rig, the reaper, in harvest, who takes the lead
strant: spirituous liquor of any kind; to walk sturdily
staggie: dimin. of stag
streeve: firm, compacted
stank: a pool of standing water
stark: stout
stey: steep; steyest, steepest
sten: to rear as a horse
sten't: reared
stimpart: the eighth part of a Winchester bushel
strappan: tall and handsome
strewin: strewing
stilt: a crutch; to halt, to limp
stockin: stocking
stumpie: dimin. of stump
striddle: to straddle
stick an' stow: totally, altogether
sucker: sugar
sigh: the continued rushing noise of wind or water
suthron: southern, an old name for the English nation
sud: should
swap: an exchange; to barter
swirl: a curve, an eddying blast or pool, a knot in wood
swirlie: knaggy, full of knots
swither: to hesitate in choice; waver in choice
swank: stately, jolly
swankie: or swanker, a tight strapping young fellow or girl
swatch: a sample
swit: get away!
swing: to beat, to whip
swingein, beating, whipp- 
ing
swaard, sward
swat, did sweat
swervin, swerving
swoor, swore, did swear
swall'd, swelled
sweer, lazy, averse, dead-
sweer, extremely averse
sweatin, sweating
syne, since, ago, then

tentless, heedless
tough, tough, toughly,
toughly
teat, a small quantity
tearfu', tearful
ten hours bite, a slight
feed to the horses while
in the yoke in the fore-
noon
thack, thatch, thack an'
rape, cloathing, necess-
aries
thrang, throng, a crowd
thgeither, together
thick, intimate, familiar
thole, to suffer, to endure
thae, these
thrisle, thistle
threuther, pell-mell, confusedly
thinkin, thinking
thumpit, thumped
thumpin, thumping
thieveless, cold, dry, spit-
ed; spoken of a person's
demeanour
thowc, a thaw, to thaw
thankit, thanked
through, to go on with,
to make out
threshin, threshing
thairms, small guts, fidd-
dlestrings
themsel, themselves
thysel, thyself
thud, to make a loud, in-
termittent noise
throw, to sprain, to twist,
to contradict

T
Tae a toe, three tae'd,
having three prongs
tanted, or tautie, matted
together, spoken of
hair or wool
tak, to take, takin, tak-
ing
tangle, a sea weed
tauld, or tald, told
arrow, to murmur at
one's allowance
arrown'rt, murmured
talkin, talking
avie, that allows itself
peaceably to be hand-
ked, spoken of a horse,
cow, etc.
tap, the top
tapitie, a foolish, thought-
less young person
tapeless, heedless, foolish
tap-alteerie, topsy-turvy
tarry-brecks, a sailor
tent, a field pulpit; heed,
tact; to take heed
tautie, heedful, cautious
GLOSSARY.

n, sprained, twisted, triced
d, in, twisting, &c.
en, thirteen
ful, thankful
to thrill
l, thrilled, vibrated
ess, slack, lazy
o, to maintain by
p't, propped with
er, timber, timber
p't, propped with
er, a tinker
t to lose; tint, lost
ace, two-pence
, to whisper
, whispering
to make a slight
se, to uncover
, uncovering
ram
ie, rough, shaggy
, empty
the blast of a horn
trumpet; to blow a
n, &c.
a rope
e, to totter like the
lk of a child
ing, tottering
fox
a ram
a hamlet, a farm-
ase
r, marriage portion
toyte, to totter like old
age
townond, a twelvemonth
toy, a very old fashion of
female head-dress
twash, trash
trowth, truth, a petty
oath
tyin, trying
trow to believe
transmogrify'd, transmi-
grated, metamorphos-
ed
trig, spruce, neat
trimly, excellently
trottin, trotting
trickie, full of tricks
try't, tried
tuneful, tuneful
tug, raw hide, of which,
in old times, plough
traces were frequently
made
tulzie, a quarrel; to quar-
rel, to fight
twa, two
twa-three, a few
twal, twelve; twalpen-
nie-worth, a smallquan-
tity, a penny-worth
twin, to part
'twad, it would
tyke, a dog

U
Uncos, news
unco, strange, uncouth,
very, very great, pro-
digious
undoin, undoing
unskait'h'd, undamaged, unhurt
Uncaring, disregarding
unken'd, unknown
upo', upon

V
Vap'rin, vapouring
vera, very
yirl, a ring round a column, &c.

W
Wa', wall; wa's, walls
waie, woe; sorrowful
wad, would; to bet; a bet, a pledge
wadna, would not
wastrie, prodigality
warl, or warld, world
warly, wordly, eager on amassing wealth
wark, work
wark-lume, a tool to work with
warst, worst
wale, choice; to chuse
wal'd, chose, chosen
wame, the belly; wame-fou', a bellyful
warran, a warrant; to warrant
webster, a weaver
wauken, to awake
wa'sucks! or waes me!
alas! O the pity!
waur, worse; to worst
warst, worsted

warlock, a wizzard
wars'l'd, or wars'l'd, wrestled
wanrestfu' restless
wat, wet; I wat, I wot, I know
wanchancie, unlucky
water-brose, brose made of meal and water simply, without the addition of milk, butter, &c.
wauikit, thickened, as fuller's do cloth
waule, to swing, to reel
wattle, a twig, a wand
wair, to lay out, to expend
walie, ample, large, jelly; also an interjection of distress
waft, the woof
waif, wailing
wee, little; wee-things, little ones; a wee-bit, small matter
weel, well; weelfare, welfare
wean, or weanie, a child
weason, weasand
wee'se, we shall
wearie, or weary; monie a weary body, many a different person
weet, rain, wetness
wha, who
wha, whose
whare, where; whare'er, wherever
whyles, whiles, sometimes
whistle, a whistle; to whistle
whang, a leathern string, a piece of cheese, bread, &c. to give the strappado
wheep, to fly nimbly, to jerk; penny wheep, small beer
whun-stane, a whin-stone
whirlygigums, useless ornaments, trifling appendages
whigmeereies, whims, fancies, crotchets
whist! silence! to hold one’s whistle! to be silent
whaizle, to wheeze
whisk, to sweep, to lash
whiskit, lashed
whild, the motion of a hare running but not frightened, a lie
whiddin, running as a hare or coney
whitter, a hearty draught of liquor
whatreck, nevertheless
whalpit, whelped
wi’, with
win’ wind; win’s, winds
wimple, to meander
wimpl’t, meandered
wimplin, waving, meandering
winna, will not
winnock, a window
winkin, winking
wick, to strike a stone in an oblique direction, a term in curling
withouten, without
win, to wind, to winnow
win’th, winded, as a bottom of yarn
wintle, a staggering motion; to stagger, to reel
winze, an oath
wiel, a small whirlpool
wifie, a diminutive or endearing term for wife
wizen’d, dried, shrunk, hide-bound
wiss, to wish
winsome, gay, hearty, vaunted
waefu’, woeful
wonner, a wonder, a contemptuous appellation
wonderfu’, wonderful, wonderfully
woo’, wool
wooer-bab, the garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loupes
worset, worsted
wordy, worthy
wrack, to teaze, to vex
wrang, wrong; to wrong
wreeth, a drifted heap of snow
wraith, a spirit, a ghost; an apparition exactly like a living person, whose appearance is said to forbode the
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>GLOSSARY</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>person's approaching death</td>
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<tr>
<td>wud, mad, distracted wumble, a wimble</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wyte, blame; to blame wyliecoat, a flannel vest</td>
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<tr>
<td>yestreen, yesternight yealings, born in the same year, coevals</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ye, this pronoun is frequently used for thou yill, ale</td>
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<tr>
<td>yird, earth yourself, yourself yont, beyond youthfu', youthful yokin, yoking, a boat</td>
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<tr>
<td>yowe, a ewe yowie, dimin. of yowe yule, christmas</td>
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<tr>
<td>Year, is used for both sing. and plur. years yill, barren, that gives no milk yilk, to lash, to jerk yerkit, jerked, lashed</td>
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</table>