

POSTHUMOUS  
POETICAL WORKS:

MISCELLANEOUS AND MINOR PIECES.

---

IN ORDER OF DISCOVERY OR PUBLICATION.

*NOTES CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL ADDED.*

## NOTE.

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IN this Part are contained and arranged, in separate Divisions, the various Poetical Remains of our Author, as they have been successively recovered.

I.—Those which were found immediately after his death, wholly or partially revised by himself with view to publication, and which first appeared under editorship of Dr. Currie.

II.—Those which, from time to time, through various channels and by various accidents, were afterwards discovered in possession of correspondents or friends; and which were edited from original documents by their respective collectors, as Stewart, Cromek, Cunningham, and others.

III.—Those Minor Miscellaneous and Fragmentary Pieces—as Epigrams, Epitaphs, Inscriptions, &c., which might be more appropriately classed among themselves, than otherwise, by whomsoever discovered.

*N.B.*—Date of Composition, where reliably ascertained, has been prefixed to the most important of these interesting Poetical Remains.

# POSTHUMOUS POETICAL WORKS:

IN ORDER OF DISCOVERY OR PUBLICATION.

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SONGS, CHIEFLY IN CONTINUATION OF THOMSON'S COLLECTION,  
AS EDITED BY DR. CURRIE.

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## Mary Morison.

*Tune.*—"Bide ye yet."

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[DATE 1783-84.]

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### I.

O MARY, at thy window be,  
It is the wish'd, the trust'd hour!  
Those smiles and glances let me see,  
That make the miser's treasure poor:  
How blythly wad I bide the stoure,  
A weary slave frae sun to sun;  
Could I the rich reward secure,  
The lovely Mary Morison.

### II.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string  
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',  
To thee my fancy took its wing,  
I sat, but neither heard or saw:  
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,  
And yon the toast of a' the town,  
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',  
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

### III.

Oh, Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,  
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?  
Or canst thou break that heart of his,  
Whase only faut is loving thee?  
If love for love thou wilt na gie,  
At least be pity to me shown;  
A thought ungentle canna be  
The thought o' Mary Morison.

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## Will ye go to the Indies?

*Tune.*—"Ewe-Bughts, Marion."

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[DATE 1786.]

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### I.

WILL ye go to the Indies, my Mary,  
And leave auld Scotia's shore?  
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,  
Across th' Atlantic's roar?

## II.

O sweet grows the lime and the orange,  
 And the apple on the pine;  
 But a' the charms o' the Indies  
 Can never equal thine.

## III.

I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,  
 I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true;  
 And sae may the Heavens forget me,  
 When I forget my vow!

## IV.

O plight me your faith, my Mary,  
 And plight me your lily-white hand;  
 O plight me your faith, my Mary,  
 Before I leave Scotia's strand.

## V.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,  
 In mutual affection to join;  
 And curst be the cause that shall part us!  
 The hour and the moment o' time!



### Streams that Glide in Orient Plains.

*Tune.*—"Morag."

[DATE, September, 1787.]

## I.

STREAMS that glide in orient plains,  
 Never bound by winter's chains;  
 Glowing here on golden sands,  
 There commix'd with foulest stains  
 From tyranny's empurpl'd bands:  
 These, their richly gleaming waves,  
 I leave to tyrants and their slaves;  
 Give me the stream that sweetly laves  
 The banks by Castle Gordon.

## II.

Spicy forests, ever gay,  
 Shading from the burning ray  
 Hapless wretches sold to toil;  
 Or the ruthless native's way,  
 Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil:  
 Woods that ever verdant wave,  
 I leave the tyrant and the slave;  
 Give me the groves that lofty brave  
 The storms, by Castle Gordon.

## III.

Wildly here without control,  
 Nature reigns and rules the whole;  
 In that sober pensive mood,  
 Dearest to the feeling soul,  
 She plants the forest, pours the flood:  
 Life's poor day I'll musing rave,  
 And find at night a sheltering cave,  
 Where waters flow and wild woods wave,  
 By bonnie Castle Gordon.



### My Lovely Nancy.

*Tune.*—"Quaker's Wife."

[DATE 1791.]

## I.

THINE am I, my faithful fair,  
 Thine, my lovely Nancy;  
 Ev'ry pulse along my veins,  
 Ev'ry roving fancy.

## II.

To thy bosom lay my heart,  
 There to throb and languish:  
 Tho' despair had wrung its core,  
 That would heal its anguish.

## III.

Take away these rosy lips,  
 Rich with balmy treasure:  
 Turn away thine eyes of love,  
 Lest I die with pleasure.

## IV.

What is life when wanting love?  
 Night without a morning:  
 Love's the cloudless summer sun,  
 Nature gay adorning.



### My Wife's a Winsome Wee Thing.

*Tune.*—"My wife's a wanton wee thing."

[DATE 1792.]

## I.

She is a winsome wee thing,  
 She is a handsome wee thing,  
 She is a bonnie wee thing,  
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

## II.

I never saw a fairer,  
 I never lo'ed a dearer,  
 And niest my heart I'll wear her,  
 For fear my jewel tine.

## III.

She is a winsome wee thing,  
 She is a handsome wee thing,  
 She is a bonnie wee thing,  
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

## IV.

The world's wrack we share o't,  
 The warstle and the care o't;  
 Wi' her I'll blythly bear it,  
 And think my lot divine.

### Meg o' the Mill.

*Tune.*—"Hey! bonnie lass, will you lie in a barrack?"

## I.

O KEN ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?  
 An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?  
 She has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller,  
 And broken the heart o' the barley Miller.

## II.

The Miller was strappin, the Miller was ruddy;  
 A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady:  
 The Laird was a widdiefu', bleerit knurl;  
 She's left the gude-fellow and taen the churl.

## III.

The Miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving;  
 The Laird did address her wi' matter mair moving,  
 A fine pacing-horse wi' a clear chained bridle,  
 A whip by her side and a bonie side-saddle.

## IV.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing;  
 And wae on the love that's fix'd on a mailin!  
 A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle,  
 But, gie me my love, and a fig for the warl!



### Phillis the Fair.

*Tune.*—"Robin Adair."

## I.

WHILE larks with little wing  
 Fann'd the pure air,  
 Tasting the breathing spring,  
 Forth I did fare:  
 Gay, the sun's golden eye  
 Peep'd o'er the mountains high;  
 Such thy morn! did I cry,  
 Phillis the fair.

## II.

In each bird's careless song,  
 Glad, I did share;  
 While yon wild flowers among,  
 Chance led me there:  
 Sweet to the opening day,  
 Rosebuds bent the dewy spray;  
 Such thy bloom! did I say,  
 Phillis the fair.

## III.

Down in a shady walk,  
 Doves cooing were;  
 I mark'd the cruel hawk  
 Caught in a snare:  
 So kind may fortune be,  
 Such make his destiny,  
 He who would injure thee,  
 Phillis the fair!

—

Deluded Swain.

*Tune.*—"Collier's Tochter."

## I.

DELUDED swain, the pleasure  
 The fickle Fair can give thee,  
 Is but a fairy treasure;  
 Thy hopes will soon deceive thee.

## II.

The billows on the ocean,  
 The breezes idly roaming,  
 The clouds' uncertain motion,  
 They are but types of woman.

## III.

O! art thou not ashamed,  
 To doat upon a feature?  
 If man thou would'st be named,  
 Despise the silly creature.

## IV.

Go find an honest fellow;  
 Good claret set before thee:  
 Hold on till thou art mellow,  
 And then to bed in glory.

—

The last time I came o'er the Moor.

*Tune.*—"The last time I came o'er, &c."

[FIRST EDITION (not in Currie): April, 1793.]

## I.

The last time I came o'er the moor,  
 And left Maria's dwelling,  
 What throes, what tortures passing cure,  
 Were in my bosom swelling:  
 Condemn'd to see my rival's reign,  
 While I in secret languish;  
 To feel a fire in every vein,  
 Yet dare not speak my anguish.

## II.

Love's veriest wretch, despairing, I  
 Fain, fain my crime would cover:  
 The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh,  
 Betray the guilty lover.  
 I know my doom must be despair,  
 Thou wilt nor canst relieve me;  
 But, O Maria, hear my prayer,  
 For pity's sake, forgive me!

## III.

The music of thy tongue I heard,  
 Nor wist while it enslaved me:  
 I saw thine eyes, yet nothing feared,  
 Till fears no more had saved me.  
 The unwary sailor thus aghast,  
 The wheeling torrent viewing,  
 In circling horrors yields at last,  
 In overwhelming ruin!

Farewell thou Stream that Winding  
Flows.

*Tune*—"Nancy's to the Greenwood gone."

[SECOND EDITION OF THE FOREGOING (as in Currie):  
November, 1794.]

I.

FAREWELL thou stream that winding flows  
Around Eliza's dwelling!  
O mem'ry! spare the cruel throes  
Within my bosom swelling:  
Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,  
And yet in secret languish;  
To feel a fire in ev'ry vein,  
Nor dare disclose my anguish.

II.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,  
I fain my griefs would cover:  
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,  
Betray the hapless lover.  
I know thou doom'st me to despair,  
Nor wilt, nor can'st relieve me;  
But oh! Eliza, hear one prayer,  
For pity's sake forgive me!

III.

The music of thy voice I heard,  
Nor wist while it enslav'd me;  
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,  
Till fears no more had sav'd me:  
Th' unwary sailor thus aghast,  
The wheeling torrent viewing,  
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last  
In overwhelming ruin.



Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes.

*Tune*—"Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes."

CHORUS.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,  
Ca' them whare the heather growes,  
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,  
My bonie dearie.

I.

HARK, the mavis' evening sang  
Sounding Clouden's woods amang:  
Then a-faulding let us gang,  
My bonie dearie.

II.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,  
Thro' the hazels spreading wide,  
O'er the waves that sweetly glide  
To the moon sae clearly.

III.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,  
Where at moonshine midnight hours,  
O'er the dewy bending flowers,  
Fairies dance sae cheary.

IV.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;  
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,  
Nocht of ill may come thee near,  
My bonie dearie.

V.

Fair and lovely as thou art,  
Thou hast stown my very heart;  
I can die—but canna part,  
My bonie dearie.



### Saw ye my Phely?

(*Quasi dicat Phillis.*)

*Tune*—"When she cam ben she bobbit."

#### I.

O SAW ye my dear, my Phely?  
O saw ye my dear, my Phely?  
She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new love;  
She winna come hame to her Willy.

#### II.

What says she, my dearest, my Phely?  
What says she, my dearest, my Phely?  
She lets thee to wit that she has thee forgot,  
And for ever disowns thee her Willy.

#### III.

O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!  
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!  
As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,  
Thou's broken the heart o' thy Willy.

### My Chloris, mark how Green the Groves.

#### I.

My Chloris, mark how green the groves,  
The primrose banks how fair;  
The balmy gales awake the flowers,  
And wave thy flaxen hair.

#### II.

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,  
And o'er the cottage sings:  
For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,  
To shepherds as to kings.

#### III.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string  
In lordly lighted ha':  
The shepherd stops his simple reed,  
Blythe, in the birken shaw.

#### IV.

The princely revel may survey  
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;  
But are their hearts as light as ours  
Beneath the milk-white thorn?

#### V.

The shepherd, in the flowery glen,  
In shepherd's phrase will woo:  
The courtier tells a finer tale,  
But is his heart as true?

#### VI.

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck  
That spotless breast o' thine:  
The courtier's gems may witness love—  
But 'tis na love like mine.

### 'Twas na her Bonie Blue E'e.

*Tune*—"Laddie lie near me."

#### I.

'Twas na her bonie blue e'e was my ruin;  
Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoing:  
'Twas the dear smile when naeboddy did mind us,  
'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o'  
kindness.

#### II.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,  
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me:  
But tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever,  
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

## III.

Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,  
 And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest!  
 And thou'rt the angel that never can alter,  
 Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.



## How Cruel are the Parents.

*Altered from an old English song.*

*Tune—"John Anderson, my Jo."*



## I.

How cruel are the parents,  
 Who riches only prize,  
 And to the wealthy booby  
 Poor woman sacrifice.  
 Meanwhile, the hapless daughter  
 Has but a choice of strife;  
 To shun a tyrant father's hate,  
 Become a wretched wife.

## II.

The ravening hawk pursuing,  
 The trembling dove thus flies,  
 To shun impelling ruin  
 A while her pinions tries;  
 Till of escape despairing,  
 No shelter or retreat,  
 She trusts the ruthless falconer,  
 And drops beneath his feet.



## Oh wert thou in the Cauld Blast.

*Tune.*—"The Robin cam to the Wren's Nest."

[DATE 1796.]

## I.

OH wert thou in the cauld blast,  
 On yonder lea, on yonder lea;  
 My plaidie to the angry airt,  
 I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee:  
 Or did misfortune's bitter storms  
 Around thee blaw, around thee blaw;  
 Thy bield should be my bosom,  
 To share it a', to share it a'.

## II.

Or were I in the wildest waste,  
 Sae black and bare, sae black and bare;  
 The desart were a paradise,  
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there:  
 Or were I monarch o' the globe,  
 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign;  
 The brightest jewel in my crown  
 Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.



## ELEGIES, &amp;c.

## Elegy

ON THE LATE MISS BURNET, OF MONBODDO.

[DATE, January, 1791.]

## I.

LIFE ne'er exulted in so rich a prize,  
 As Burnet lovely from her native skies;  
 Nor envious death so triumph'd in a blow,  
 As that which laid th' accomplish'd Burnet low.

## II.

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

## III.

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

## IV.

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

## V.

Princes, whose cumb'rous pride was all their worth,  
 Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail?  
 And thou, sweet Excellence! forsake our earth,  
 And not a muse in honest grief bewail?

## VI.

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

## VII.

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

[UNFINISHED.]



## Sonnet,

WRITTEN ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH  
 JANUARY, 1793, THE BIRTH-DAY OF THE AUTHOR,  
 ON HEARING  
 A THRUSH SING IN A MORNING WALK.

SING on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough;  
 Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain;  
 See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,  
 At thy blythe carol clears his furrow'd brow.

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

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

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care,  
 The mite high Heaven bestow'd, that mite with  
 thee I'll share.



## Sonnet,

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RIDDEL, ESQ.,  
 OF GLEN RIDDEL.

[DATE, April, 1794.]

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



*From Old Engraving.*

*Engraved by G. Cook.*

LINCLUDEN COLLEGE.

(AS IN BURNS'S TIME.)



### Farewell to Ayrshire.

[Found by Currie among manuscripts of Author.]

#### I.

SCENES of woe and scenes of pleasure,  
Scenes that former thoughts renew;  
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,  
Now a sad and last adieu!

#### II.

Bonny Doon, sae sweet at gloaming,  
Fare thee weel before I gang!  
Bonny Doon, whare early roaming,  
First I weav'd the *rustic sang!*

#### III.

Bowers adieu, whare Love, decoying,  
First enthrall'd this heart o' mine;

There the softest sweets enjoying—  
Sweets that Mem'ry ne'er shall tine!

#### IV.

Friends, so near my bosom ever,  
Ye hae render'd moments dear;  
But, alas! when forc'd to sever,  
Then the stroke, O how severe!

#### V.

Friends! that parting tear reserve it,  
Tho' 'tis doubly dear to me!  
Could I think I did deserve it,  
How much happier would I be!

#### VI.

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,  
Scenes that former thoughts renew;  
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,  
Now a sad and last adieu!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### Second Epistle to Davie,

A BROTHER POET.

[First published by Sillar himself, Kilmarnock, 1789.]

[DATE 1785.]

AULD NIBOR,

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

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle;  
Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle,  
To chear you thro' the weary widdle  
O' war'ly cares;  
Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle  
Your auld, gray hairs.

But Davie, lad, I'm red ye're glaikit;  
I'm tauld the Muse ye hae negleckit;  
An' gif it's sae, ye sud be licket  
Until ye fyke;  
Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faiket,  
Be hain't wha like.

For me, I'm on Parnassus' brink,  
Rivan the words to gar them clink;



## POETICAL ADDRESS

To Mr. W. Tytler,

WITH THE PRESENT OF THE BARD'S PICTURE.

[DATE 1787.]

REVERED defender of beauteous Stuart,  
Of Stuart, a name once respected;  
A name, which to love was the mark of a true heart,  
But now 'tis despis'd and neglected.

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

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

Still in prayers for K[ing] G[eorge] I most heartily  
join,  
The Q[ueen], and the rest of the gentry:  
Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine;  
Their title's avow'd by my country.

But why of that epocha make such a fuss.  
[That gave us the Hanover stem?  
If bringing them over was lucky for us,  
I'm sure 'twas as lucky for them.]

But loyalty truce! we're on dangerous ground;  
Who knows how the fashions may alter?  
The doctrine, to-day, that is loyalty sound,  
To-morrow may bring us a halter!

I send you a trifle, a head of a bard,  
A trifle scarce worthy your care;  
But accept it, good Sir, as a mark of regard,  
Sincere as a saint's dying prayer.

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

\* \* \*

First Epistle to Robert Graham, Esq.,

OF FINTRA.

[See Domestic Correspondence—Letter to Mrs. Burns.]

[DATE 1788.]

WHEN Nature her great master-piece design'd,  
And fram'd her last, best work, the human mind,  
Her eye intent on all the mazy plan,  
She form'd of various parts the various man.

Then first she calls the useful many forth;  
Plain plodding industry, and sober worth:  
Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,  
And merchandise' whole genus take their birth:  
Each prudent cit a warm existence finds,  
And all mechanics' many-apron'd kinds.  
Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet,  
The lead and buoy are needful to the net:  
The *caput mortuum* of gross desires  
Makes a material for mere knights and squires;  
The martial phosphorus is taught to flow,  
She kneads the lumpish philosophic dough,  
Then marks th' unyielding mass with grave designs,  
Law, physic, politics, and deep divines:  
Last, she sublimes th' Aurora of the poles,  
The flashing elements of female souls.

The order'd system fair before her stood,  
Nature, well pleas'd, pronounc'd it very good;  
But ere she gave creating labor o'er,  
Half-jest, she tried one curious labor more.  
Some spumy, fiery, *ignis fatuus* matter,  
Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter;

With arch-alacrity and conscious glee  
 (Nature may have her whim as well as we,  
 Her Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to show it)  
 She forms the thing and christens it—a poet:  
 Creature, tho' oft the prey of care and sorrow,  
 When blest to-day unmindful of to-morrow;  
 A being form'd t' amuse his graver friends,  
 Admir'd and prais'd—and there the homage ends;  
 A mortal quite unfit for fortune's strife,  
 Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life;  
 Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,  
 Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live;  
 Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,  
 Yet frequent all unheeded in his own.

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

Pity the tuneful Muses' hapless train,  
 Weak, timid landmen on life's stormy main!  
 Their hearts no selfish stern absorbent stuff,  
 That never gives—tho' humbly takes enough;  
 The little fate allows, they share as soon,  
 Unlike sage proverb'd wisdom's hard-wrung boon:  
 The world were blest did bliss on them depend,  
 Ah, that "the friendly e'er should want a friend!"  
 Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son,  
 Who life and wisdom at one race begun,  
 Who feel by reason and who give by rule,  
 (Instinct's a brute, and sentiment a fool!)  
 Who make poor *will do* wait upon *I should*—  
 We own they're prudent, but who feels they're good?  
 Ye wise ones, hence! ye hurt the social eye!  
 God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy!  
 But come ye who the godlike pleasure know,  
 Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow!  
 Whose arms of love would grasp the human race:  
 Come *thou* who giv'st with all a courtier's grace;  
 Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes!  
 Prop of my dearest hopes for future times.

Why shrinks my soul half blushing, half afraid,  
 Backward, abash'd to ask thy friendly aid?  
 I know my need, I know thy giving hand,  
 I crave thy friendship at thy kind command;  
 But there are such who court the tuneful nine—  
 Heavens, should the branded character be mine!  
 Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows,  
 Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose.  
 Mark, how their lofty independent spirit  
 Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit!  
 Seek not the proofs in private life to find;  
 Pity the best of words should be but wind!  
 So, to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,  
 But grovelling on the earth the carol ends.  
 In all the clam'rous cry of starving want,  
 They dun benevolence with shameless front;  
 Oblige them, patronize their tinsel lays,  
 They persecute you all your future days!  
 Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain,  
 My horny fist assume the plough again;  
 The pie-ball'd jacket let me patch once more;  
 On eighteenpence a week I've liv'd before.  
 Tho', thanks to Heaven, I dare even that last shift,  
 I trust, meantime, my boon is in thy gift:  
 That plac'd by thee upon the wish'd-for height,  
 Where, man and nature fairer in her sight,  
 My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight.

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### Sketch:

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

[DATE 1789. Compare Letter (21.) to Mrs. Dunlop,  
 p. 18, Prose Works.]

How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite;  
 How virtue and vice blend their black and their  
 white;  
 How genius, th' illustrious father of fiction,  
 Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction—

I sing: If these mortals, the critics, should bustle,  
I care not, not I—let the critics go whistle.

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

Thou first of our orators, first of our wits;  
Yet whose parts and acquirements seem just lucky  
hits;

With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so  
strong,

No man with the half of 'em e'er could go wrong;  
With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,  
No man with the half of 'em e'er could go right;  
A sorry, poor misbegot son of the Muses,  
For using thy name, offers fifty excuses.

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

On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labors,  
That, like th' old Hebrew walking-switch, eats up  
its neighbors:

Mankind are his show-box—a friend, would you  
know him?

Pull the string, Ruling Passion the picture will  
shew him.

What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,  
One trifling particular, Truth, should have miss'd  
him;

For, spite of his fine theoretic positions,  
Mankind is a science defies definitions.

Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,  
And think human nature they truly describe;  
Have you found this, or t'other? there's more in  
the wind;

As by one drunken fellow his comrades you'll find.  
But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan,  
In the make of that wonderful creature called Man;  
No two virtues, whatever relation they claim,  
Nor even two different shades of the same,

Though like as was ever twin brother to brother,  
Possessing the one must imply you've the other.

[But truce with abstraction, and truce with a Muse  
Whose rhymes you'll perhaps, Sir, ne'er deign to  
peruse:

Will you leave your justings, your jars, and your  
quarrels,

Contending with Billy for proud-nodding laurels?  
My much-honor'd Patron, believe your poor poet,  
Your courage, much more than your prudence, you  
shew it:

In vain with Squire Billy for laurels you struggle;  
He'll have them by fair trade, if not, he will smuggle:  
Not cabinets even of kings would conceal 'em,  
He'd up the back-stairs, and by G— he would  
steal 'em!

Then feats like Squire Billy's you ne'er can achieve  
'em;

It is not, out-do him—the task is, out-thieve him!]



### Address to the Tooth-ache.

[DATE 1789.]

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

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

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

O' a' the num'rous human dools,  
Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty-stools,  
Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools,  
                    Sad sight to see!  
The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools,  
                    Thou bear'st the grec.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,  
Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell,  
And ranked plagues their numbers tell,  
                    In dreadfu' raw,  
Thou, Tooth-ache, surely bear'st the bell  
                    Amang them a'!

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



### To Dr. Blacklock.

IN ANSWER TO A LETTER.

*Ellisland, 21st Oct., 1789.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Come, Firm Resolve, take thou the van,  
Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man!



Deaf as my friend, he sees them press,  
 Nor makes the hour one moment less.  
 Will you (the Major's with the hounds,  
 The happy tenants share his rounds;  
 Coila's fair Rachel's care to-day,  
 And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray)  
 From housewife cares a minute borrow—  
 That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow—  
 And join with me a-moralizing;  
 This day's propitious to be wise in.  
 First, what did yesternight deliver?  
 "Another year is gone for ever."  
 And what is this day's strong suggestion?  
 "The passing moment's all we rest on!"  
 Rest on—for what? what do we here?  
 Or why regard the passing year?  
 Will time, amus'd with proverb'd lore,  
 Add to our date one minute more?  
 A few days may—a few years must—  
 Repose us in the silent dust.  
 Then is it wise to damp our bliss?  
 Yes—all such reasonings are amiss!  
 The voice of nature loudly cries,  
 And many a message from the skies,  
 That something in us never dies:  
 That on this frail, uncertain state,  
 Hang matters of eternal weight:  
 That future life in worlds unknown  
 Must take its hue from this alone;  
 Whether as heavenly glory bright,  
 Or dark as misery's woeful night:—  
 Since then, my honor'd, first of friends,  
 On this poor being all depends;  
 Let us th' important *now* employ,  
 And live as those who never die.  
 Tho' you, with days and honors crown'd,  
 Witness that filial circle round  
 (A sight life's sorrows to repulse,  
 A sight pale envy to convulse),  
 Others now claim your chief regard;  
 Yourself, you wait your bright reward.



## A Prologue;

FOR MR. SUTHERLAND.

[January 1st, 1790.]

No song nor dance I bring from yon great city,  
 That queens it o'er our taste—the more's the pity:  
 Tho' by the bye, abroad why will you roam?  
 Good sense and taste are natives here at home:  
 But not for panegyric I appear,  
 I come to wish you all a good new year!  
 Old Father Time deposes me here before ye,  
 Not for to preach, but tell his simple story:  
 The sage grave ancient cough'd, and bade me say,  
 "You're one year older this important day,"  
 If *wiser too*—he hinted some suggestion,  
 But 'twould be rude, you know, to ask the question;  
 And with a would-be-roguish leer and wink,  
 He bade me on you press this one word—"THINK!"

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

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

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

## To a Gentleman

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

[DATE 1790.]

KIND Sir, I've read your paper through,  
And faith, to me, 'twas really new!  
How guessed ye, Sir, what maist I wanted?  
This mony a day I've grain'd and gaunted,  
To ken what French mischief was brewin;  
Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin;  
That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,  
If Venus yet had got his nose off;  
Or how the collieshangie works  
Atween the Russians and the Turks,  
Or if the Swede, before he halt,  
Would play anither Charles the twalt;  
If Denmark, any body spak o't;  
Or Poland, wha had now the tack o't;  
How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin;  
How libbet Italy was singin;  
If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss,  
Were sayin or takin aught amiss;  
Or how our merry lads at hame,  
In Britain's court kept up the game;  
How royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him!  
Was managing St. Stephen's quorum;  
If sleekit Chatham Will was livin,  
Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in;  
How daddie Burke the plea was cookin,  
If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin;  
How cesses, stents, and fees were rax'd,  
Or if bare a—s yet were tax'd;  
The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,  
Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera-girls;  
If that daft buckie, Geordie Wales,  
Was threshin still at hizzies' tails;  
Or if he was grown oughtlins douser,  
And no a perfect kintra cooser:

A' this and mair I never heard of;  
And but for you I might despair'd of.  
So, gratefu', back your news I send you,  
And pray a' gude things may attend you!

*Ellisland, Monday Morning, 1790.*

TO

Robert Graham, Esq.,

OF FINTRA,

ON RECEIVING A FAVOR.

[Commonly called Fourth Epistle.]

[DATE 1791.]

I CALL no goddess to inspire my strains,  
A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns;  
Friend of my life! my ardent spirit burns,  
And all the tribute of my heart returns,  
For boons accorded, goodness ever new,  
The gift still dearer, as the giver you.

Thou orb of day! thou other paler light!  
And all ye many sparkling stars of night—  
If aught that giver from my soul efface;  
If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace;  
Then roll to me, along your wandering spheres,  
Only to number out a villain's years!



## The Rights of Woman.

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS

SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT.

[Nov. 26, 1792.]

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

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

Our second Right—but needless here is caution,  
To keep that right inviolate's the fashion;  
Each man of sense has it so full before him,  
He'd die before he'd wrong it—'tis *decorum*.—  
There was, indeed, in far less polish'd days,  
A time, when rough rude man had naughty ways;  
Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,  
Nay even thus invade a lady's quiet.  
Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled;  
Now, well-bred men—and you are all well-bred—  
Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)  
Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.

For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,  
That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest;  
Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostration  
Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear *admiration*!  
In that blest sphere alone we live and move;  
There taste that life of life—immortal love.  
Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,  
'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares—

When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,  
Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms?

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

## Impromptu,

ON MRS. RIDDEL'S BIRTHDAY.

[4th November, 1793.]

OLD Winter, with his frosty beard,  
Thus once to Jove his prayer preferr'd;  
What have I done of all the year,  
To bear this hated doom severe?  
My cheerless suns no pleasure know;  
Night's horrid car drags, dreary, slow;  
My dismal months no joys are crowning,  
But spleeny English, hanging, drowning.

Now Jove, for once be mighty civil;  
To counterbalance all this evil,  
Give me, and I've no more to say,  
Give me Maria's natal day!  
That brilliant gift will so enrich me,  
Spring, Summer, Autumn, cannot match me;  
'Tis done! says Jove; so ends my story,  
And Winter once rejoic'd in glory.



### Monody,

ON A LADY FAMED FOR HER CAPRICE.

[DATE 1794.]

How cold is that bosom which folly once fired,  
 How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately  
 glisten'd;  
 How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired,  
 How dull is that ear which to flattery so listen'd!

If sorrow and anguish their exit await,  
 From friendship and dearest affection remov'd;  
 How doubly severer, Maria, thy fate,  
 Thou diedst unwept, as thou livedst unlov'd.

Loves, Graces, and Virtues, I call not on you;  
 So shy, grave, and distant, ye shed not a tear:  
 But come, all ye offspring of Folly so true,  
 And flowers let us cull for Maria's cold bier.

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

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

### The Epitaph.

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

### Address,

SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT.

[December 4th, 1795, at the Theatre, Dumfries.]

STILL anxious to secure your partial favor,  
 And not less anxious, sure, this night than ever,  
 A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,  
 'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better;  
 So sought a Poet, roosted near the skies,  
 Told him I came to feast my curious eyes;  
 Said, nothing like his works was ever printed;  
 And last, my prologue-business slyly hinted.  
 "Ma'am, let me tell you," quoth my man of rhymes,  
 "I know your bent—these are no laughing times:  
 Can you—but, Miss, I own I have my fears,  
 Dissolve in pause—and sentimental tears;  
 With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence,  
 Rouse from his sluggish slumbers, fell Repentance;  
 Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand,  
 Waving on high the desolating brand,  
 Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land?"

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

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

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

Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,  
 Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove;

Who, as the boughs all temptingly project,  
 Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck—  
 Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,  
 Peerest to meditate the healing leap:  
 Would'st thou be cur'd, thou silly, moping elf?  
 Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself:  
 Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,  
 And love a kinder—that's your grand specific.

To sum up all, be merry I advise;  
 And as we're merry, may we still be wise.



### Poem,

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



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

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

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



### Postscript.



YE'VE heard this while how I've been licket,  
 And by fell death was nearly nicket;  
 Grim loon! he gat me by the fecket,  
                     And sair me sheuk;  
 But by gude luck I lap a wicket,  
                     And turn'd a neuk.

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



### Poem on Life,

ADDRESSED TO  
 COLONEL DE PEYSTER,  
 DUMFRIES, 1796.



MY honored colonel, deep I feel  
 Your interest in the Poet's weal;  
 Ah! now sma' heart hac I to speel  
                     The steep Parnassus,  
 Surrounded thus by bolus pill,  
                     And potion glasses.

O what a canty world were it,  
 Would pain and care and sickness spare it;  
 And fortune favor worth and merit,  
                     As they deserve:  
 (And ay a rowth, roast beef and claret;  
                     Synce wha would starve?)

Dame Life, tho' fiction out may trick her,  
 And in paste gems and frippery deck her;  
 Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker  
     I've found her still,  
 Ay wavering like the willow-wicker,  
     'Tween good and ill.

Then that curst carmagnole, auld Satan,  
 Watches, like bawd'rons by a rattan,  
 Our sinfu' saul to get a claute on  
     Wi' felon ire;  
 Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on,  
     He's off like fire.

Ah Nick! ah Nick! it is na fair,  
 First shewing us the tempting ware,  
 Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare,  
     To put us daft;  
 Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare  
     O' hell's damn'd waft.

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

Soon heels-o'er-gowdie! in he gangs,  
 And like a sheep-head on a tangs,  
 Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs  
     And murdering wrestle,  
 As dangling in the wind he hangs,  
     A gibbet's tassel.

But lest you think I am uncivil,  
 To plague you with this draunting drivel,  
 Abjuring a' intentions evil,  
     I quat my pen:  
 The Lord preserve us frae the devil!  
     Amen! amen!

### Verses to a Young Lady:

MISS GRAHAM OF FINTRA.

[WRITTEN ON BLANK LEAF OF "THOMSON'S COLLECTION"  
 (PART I.), 1794.]

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

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

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

### To a Young Lady,

MISS JESSIE LEWARS, DUMFRIES:

WITH BOOKS WHICH THE BARD PRESENTED HER.

THINE be the volumes, Jessy fair,  
 And with them take the Poet's prayer;  
 That fate may in her fairest page,  
 With every kindest, best presage,  
 Of future bliss enroll thy name;  
 With native worth, and spotless fame,  
 And wakeful caution still aware  
 Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare:  
 All blameless joys on earth we find,  
 And all the treasures of the mind—  
 These be thy guardian and reward;  
 So prays thy faithful friend, the Bard.

## 'Tis Friendship's Pledge.

[TO 'CHLORIS:' WRITTEN ON BLANK LEAF OF AUTHOR'S  
POEMS: EDITION 1794.]

## I.

'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend,  
Nor thou the gift refuse,  
Nor with unwilling ear attend  
The moralizing muse.

## II.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,  
Must bid the world adieu  
(A world 'gainst peace in constant arms),  
To join the friendly few:

## III.

Since, thy gay morn of life o'er cast,  
Chill came the tempest's lour  
(And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast  
Did nip a fairer flow'r):

## IV.

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

## V.

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

## VI.

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

ON THE

## Battle of Sheriff-Muir,

BETWEEN THE

DUKE OF ARGYLE AND THE EARL OF MAR.

[SECOND EDITION.]

"O CAM ye here the fight to shun,  
Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?  
Or were ye at the Sherra-muir,  
And did the battle see, man?"

I saw the battle, sair and tough,  
And reekin-red ran mony a sheugh,  
My heart for fear gae sough for sough,  
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds  
O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,  
Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

The red-coat lads wi' black cockades  
To meet them were na slaw, man;  
They rush'd and push'd, and blude outgush'd,  
And mony a bouk did fa', man:  
The great Argyle led on his files,  
I wat they glanced twenty miles:  
They hack'd and hash'd, while broadswords  
clash'd,  
And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,  
Till fey men died awa, man.

But had you seen the philibegs,  
And skyrin tartan trews, man,  
When in the teeth they dar'd our whigs,  
And covenant true blues, man;  
In lines extended lang and large,  
When bayonets oppos'd the targe,  
And thousands hasten'd to the charge,  
Wi' highland wrath they frae the sheath  
Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,  
They fled like frightened doos, man.

“O how deil Tam can that be true?  
 The chase gaed frae the north, man:  
 I saw myself, they did pursue  
 The horsemen back to Forth, man;  
 And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,  
 They took the brig wi' a' their might,  
 And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight;  
 But, cursed lot! the gates were shut,  
 And mony a huntit, poor red-coat  
 For fear amaist did swarf, man.”

My sister Kate cam up the gate  
 Wi' crowdie unto me, man;  
 She swoor she saw some rebels run  
 Frae Perth unto Dundee, man:  
 Their left-hand general had nae skill,  
 The Angus lads had nae good will  
 That day their neebors' blood to spill;  
 For fear, by foes, that they should lose  
 Their cogs o' brose; all crying woes,  
 And so it goes you see, man.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen,  
 Amang the Highland clans, man:  
 I fear my lord Panmure is slain,  
 Or fallen in whiggish hands, man:  
 Now wad ye sing this double fight,  
 Some fell for wrang, and some for right;  
 But mony bade the world gude-night;  
 Then ye may tell, how pell and mell,  
 By red claymores, and muskets' knell,  
 Wi' dying yell, the tories fell,  
 And whigs to hell did flee, man.



## Caledonia.

*Tune.*—“Caledonian Hunt's Delight.”

THERE was once a day, but old Time then was young,  
 That brave Caledonia, the chief of her line,  
 From some of your northern deities sprung,  
 (Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine?)  
 From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,  
 To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would:  
 Her heavenly relations there fixed her reign,  
 And pledg'd her their godheads to warrant it good.

A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,  
 The pride of her kindred, the heroine grew:  
 Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore,—  
 “Who'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter shall  
 rue!”

With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,  
 To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn;  
 But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort,  
 Her darling amusement, the hounds and the horn.

Long quiet she reigned; till thitherward steers  
 A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand:  
 Repeated, successive, for many long years,  
 They darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the  
 land:

Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,  
 They'd conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside;  
 She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly,  
 The daring invaders they fled or they died.

The fell Harpy-raven took wing from the north,  
 The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the  
 shore;

The wild Scandinavian boar issued forth  
 To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore:  
 O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd,  
 No arts could appease them, no arms could repel;  
 But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,  
 As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell.

The Cameleon-savage disturb'd her repose,  
 With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife;  
 Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose,  
 And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life:  
 The Anglian lion, the terror of France,  
 Oft prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver  
 flood;  
 But, taught by the bright Caledonian lance,  
 He learned to fear in his own native wood.

Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free,  
 Her bright course of glory for ever shall run:  
 For brave Caledonia immortal must be;  
 I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun:  
 Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll chuse:  
 The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base;  
 But brave Caledonia's the hypotenuse;  
 Then, ergo, she'll match them, and match them  
 always.



### Poem

ON PASTORAL POETRY.

HAIL, Poesie! thou Nymph reserv'd!  
 In chase o' thee, what crouds hae swerv'd  
 Frae common sense, or sunk enerv'd  
     'Mang heaps o' clavers:  
 And och! o'er aft thy joes hae starv'd,  
     Mid a' thy favors!

Say, Lassie, why thy train amang,  
 While loud the trump's heroic clang,  
 And sock or buskin skelp along  
     To death or marriage;  
 Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang  
     But wi' miscarriage?

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives;  
 Eschylus' pen Will Shakespeare drives;

Wee Pope, the knurlin, till him rives  
     Horatian fame;  
 In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives  
     Even Sappho's flame.

But thee, Theocritus, wha matches?  
 They're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches;  
 Squire Pope but busks his skinklin patches  
     O' heathen tatters:  
 I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,  
     That ape their betters.

In this braw age o' wit and lear,  
 Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair  
 Blaw sweetly in its native air,  
     And rural grace;  
 And wi' the far-fam'd Grecian share  
     A rival place?

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

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

In gowany glens thy burnie strays,  
 Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes;  
 Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes,  
     Wi' hawthorns gray,  
 Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays  
     At close o' day.

Thy rural loves are nature's sel;  
 Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell;  
 Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell  
     O' witchin love,  
 That charm that can the strongest quell,  
     The sternest move.

[The three following Miscellaneous Pieces are here added, being of early dates: but when or by whom first published, is not distinctly known.]

### The Belles of Mauchline.

*Tune.*—"Bonnie Dundee."

[DATE 1784.]

#### I.

IN Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles,  
The pride of the place and its neighbourhood a';  
Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess,  
In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a':

#### II.

Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland's divine,  
Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw:  
There's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton,  
But Armour's the jewel for me o' them a'.

### To Mrs. Scott,

GUDE-WIFE OF WAUCHOP.

[DATE 1787.]

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

E'en then, a wish, I mind its pow'r,  
A wish that to my latest hour  
Shall strongly heave my breast,  
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake  
Some usefu' plan or beuk could make,  
Or sing a sang at least.  
The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide  
Among the bearded bear,  
I turn'd the weeder-clips aside,  
An' spar'd the symbol dear:  
No nation, no station,  
My envy e'er could raise;  
A Scot still, but blot still,  
I knew nae higher praise.

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

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

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



ON THE

### Death of Sir James Hunter Blair.

[DATE 1787.]

THE lamp of day with ill-presaging glare,  
 Dim, cloudy, sank beneath the western wave;  
 Th' inconstant blast howl'd thro' the darkening air,  
 And hollow whistled in the rocky cave.

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

Th' increasing blast roared round the beetling rocks,  
 The clouds, swift-wing'd, flew o'er the starry sky,  
 The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,  
 And shooting meteors caught the startled eye.

The paly moon rose in the livid east,  
 And 'mong the cliffs disclos'd a stately form  
 In weeds of woe, that frantic beat her breast,  
 And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm.

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

Revers'd that spear, redoutable in war,  
 Reclined that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd,  
 That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar,  
 And brav'd the mighty monarchs of the world.

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

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

"I saw my sons resume their ancient fire;  
 I saw fair Freedom's blossoms richly blow:  
 But ah! how hope is born but to expire!  
 Relentless fate has laid their guardian low.

"My patriot falls, but shall he lie unsung,  
 While empty greatness saves a worthless name!  
 No; every muse shall join her tuneful tongue,  
 And future ages hear his growing fame.

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

THE "JOLLY BEGGARS," AND OTHER MISCELLANEOUS PIECES:  
AS EDITED BY THOMAS STEWART.

[GLASGOW: 1801.]

*The Jolly Beggars.*

A CANTATA.

[Revised from Fac-simile of Original.]

RECITATIVO.

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

First, niest the fire, in auld red rags,  
Ane sat, weel brac'd wi' mealy bags,  
And knapsack a' in order;  
His doxy lay within his arm;  
Wi' usquebae an' blankets warm,  
She blinket on her sodger:  
An' ay he gies the tozie drab  
The tither skelpin kiss,  
While she held up her greedy gab  
Just like an aumous dish:  
Ilk smack still did crack still,  
Just like a cadger's whip;  
Then staggering an' swaggering,  
He roar'd this ditty up—

AIR.

*Tune.*—"Soldier's Joy."

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

*Lal de daudle, &c.*

My Prenticeship I past where my leader breath'd  
his last,  
When the bloody die was cast on the heights of  
Abram;  
I served out my Trade when the gallant game was  
play'd,  
And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the  
drum.

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

And now tho' I must beg, with a wooden arm and leg,  
And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,  
I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle and my eallet,  
As when I used in scarlet to follow a drum.

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

## RECITATIVO.

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

## AIR.

*Tune.*—"Sodger Laddie."

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

Sing, Lal de dal, &c.

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

But the godly old Chaplain left him in the lurch;  
 The sword I forsook for the sake of the church:  
 He ventur'd the soul, and I risk'd the body,  
 'Twas then I prov'd false to my Sodger laddie.

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

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

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

## RECITATIVO.

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

## AIR.

*Tune.*—"Auld Sir Symon."

Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou,  
 Sir Knave is a fool in a Session;  
 He's there but a prentice I trow,  
 But I am a fool by profession.

My grannie she bought me a beuk,  
 An' I held awa to the school;  
 I fear I my talent misteuk,  
 But what will ye hae of a fool?

For drink I would venture my neck;  
 A hizzie's the half o' my craft:  
 But what could ye other expect,  
 Of ane that's avowedly daft?

I ance was ty'd up like a stirk,  
 For civilly swearing and quaffing;  
 I ance was abus'd i' the kirk,  
 For towsing a lass i' my daffin.

Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport,  
 Let naebody name wi' a jeer;  
 There's even, I'm tauld, i' the Court  
 A tumbler ca'd the Premier.

Observ'd ye yon reverend lad  
 Mak faces to tickle the mob;  
 He rails at our mountebank squad,  
 It's rivalship just i' the job.

And now my conclusion I'll tell,  
For faith I'm confoundedly dry;  
The chiel that's a fool for himsel,  
Guid L—d! he's far dafter than I.

## RECITATIVO.

Then niest outspak a raucle carlin,  
Wha kent fu' weel to cleek the sterlin;  
For mony a pursie she had hooked,  
An' had in mony a well been douked:  
Her love had been a Highland laddie,  
But weary fa' the waefu' woodie!  
Wi' sighs an' sobs she thus began  
To wail her braw John Highlandman.

## AIR.

*Tune.*—"O an ye were dead, Guidman."

A Highland lad my love was born,  
The Lalland laws he held in scorn;  
But he still was faithfu' to his clan,  
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.

## CHORUS.

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

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

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,  
An' liv'd like lords and ladies gay;  
For a Lalland face he feared none,  
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.  
Sing, hey, &c.

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

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

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

## RECITATIVO.

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

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

## AIR.

*Tune.*—"Whistle owre the lave o't."

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

## CHORUS.

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

At kirns an' weddins we'se be there,  
An' O sae nicely's we will fare!  
We'll bowse about till Dadie Care  
Sing whistle owre the lave o't.  
I am, &c.

Sae merrily's the banes we'll pyke,  
An' sun oursells about the dyke;  
An' at our leisure, when ye like,  
We'll whistle owre the lave o't.  
I am, &c.

But bless me wi' your heav'n o' charms,  
An' while I kittle hair on thairms,  
Hunger, Cauld, an' a' sic harms,  
May whistle owre the lave o't.  
I am, &c.

## RECITATIVO.

Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird,  
As weel as poor Gut-scraper;  
He taks the fiddler by the beard,  
An' draws a roosty rapier—  
He swoor by a' was swearing worth,  
To speet him like a pliver,  
Unless he would from that time forth  
Relinquish her for ever.

Wi' ghastly e'e, poor tweedle-dee  
Upon his hunkers bended,  
An' pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face,  
An' so the quarrel ended.  
But tho' his little heart did grieve  
When round the tinkler prest her,  
He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve,  
When thus the Caird address'd her:

## AIR.

*Tune.*—"Clout the Cauldron."

My bonie lass, I work in brass,  
A tinkler is my station;  
I've travell'd round all Christian ground  
In this my occupation:  
I've taen the gold, an' been enrolled  
In many a noble squadron;  
But vain they search'd when off I march'd  
To go an' clout the cauldron.  
I've taen the gold, &c.

Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,  
With a' his noise an' cap'rin;  
An' take a share with those that bear  
The budget and the apron!  
And *by* that Stowp! my faith an' houpe,  
And *by* that dear Kilbaigie,  
If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,  
May I ne'er weet my craigie.  
And by that Stowp, &c.

## RECITATIVO.

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

But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft,  
That play'd a dame a shavie—  
The Fiddler rak'd her, fore and aft,  
Behint the chicken cavie.  
Her lord, a wight of Homer's craft,  
Tho' limpan wi' the spavie,  
He hirpl'd up, an' lap like daft,  
An' shor'd them Dainty Davie  
O' boot that night.

He was a care-defying blade  
 As ever Bacchus listed!  
 Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,  
 His heart she ever miss'd it.  
 He had no wish but—to be glad,  
 Nor want but—when he thirsted;  
 He hated nought but—to be sad,  
 An' thus the Muse suggested  
 His sang that night.

## AIR.

*Tune.*—"For a' that, an' a' that."

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

## CHORUS.

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

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

Great love I bear to a' the Fair,  
 Their humble slave an' a' that;  
 But lordly Will, I hold it still  
 A mortal sin to thraw that.  
 For a' that, &c.

In raptures sweet this hour we meet,  
 Wi' mutual love an' a' that;  
 But for how lang the flie may stang,  
 Let Inclination law that.  
 For a' that, &c.

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

## CHORUS.

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

## RECITATIVO.

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

## AIR.

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

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

## CHORUS.

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

What is title, what is treasure,  
 What is reputation's care?  
 If we lead a life of pleasure,  
 'Tis no matter How or Where!  
                   A fig for, &c.

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

Does the train-attended Carriage  
 Thro' the country lighter rove?  
 Does the sober bed of Marriage  
 Witness brighter scenes of love?  
                   A fig for, &c.

Life is all a Variorum,  
 We regard not how it goes;  
 Let them cant about Decorum,  
 Who have character to lose.  
                   A fig for, &c.

Here's to Budgets, Bags and Wallets!  
 Here's to all the wandering train!  
 Here's our ragged Brats and Callets!  
 One and all cry out, Amen!

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

FINIS.

## The Kirk's Alarm:

A SATIRE.

[FIRST VERSION: STEWART'S EDITION.]

ORTHODOX, orthodox, wha believe in John Knox,  
 Let me sound an alarm to your conscience:  
 There's a heretic blast has been blawn i' the wast,  
 That what is no sense must be nonsense.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jamy Goose, Jamy Goose, ye hae made but toom  
roose,  
In hunting the wicked Lieutenant;  
But the Doctor's your mark, for the L—d's haly ark  
He has cooper'd, and cawd a wrang pin in't.

Poet Willie, Poet Willie, gie the Doctor a volley,  
Wi' your liberty's chain and your wit;  
O'er Pegasus' side ye ne'er laid a stride,  
Ye but smelt, man, the place where he sh—t.

Andro Gouk, Andro Gouk, ye may slander the book,  
And the book not the waur, let me tell ye;  
Ye are rich, and look big, but lay by hat and wig,  
And ye'll hae a calf's head o' sma' value.

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

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

Muirland Jock, Muirland Jock, when the L—d  
makes a rock  
To crush Common Sense for her sins,  
If ill manners were wit, there's no mortal so fit  
To confound the poor Doctor at ance.

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

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

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



## The Twa Herds;

OR,

### THE HOLY TULZIE.

O A' ye pious godly flocks,  
Weel fed on pastures orthodox,  
Wha now will keep you frae the fox,  
Or worrying tykes?  
Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks,  
About the dykes?

The twa best herds in a' the wast,  
That e'er ga'e gospel horn a blast  
These five and twenty simmers past,  
O! dool to tell,  
Hae had a bitter black out-cast  
Atween themsel.



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

Then Shaw's and Dalrymple's eloquence,  
 M'Gill's close nervous excellence,  
 M'Quhae's pathetic manly sense,  
     And guid M'Math,  
 Wi' Smith wha thro' the heart can glance,  
     May a' pack aff.



## LETTER

To John Goudie,

KILMARNOCK,

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS ESSAYS.

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

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

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

Enthusiasm's past redemption,  
 Gaen in a galloping consumption,  
 Not a' the quacks, wi' a' their gumption,  
     Will ever mend her;  
 Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption  
     Death soon will end her.

'Tis you and Taylor are the chief,  
 Wha are to blame for this mischief;  
 But gin the Lord's ain focks gat leave,  
     A toom tar-barrel  
 An' twa red peats wad send relief,  
     An' end the quarrel.



Holy Willie's Prayer.

[“And send the godly in a pet to pray.”—POPE.]

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

I bless and praise thy matchless might,  
 Whan thousands thou hast left in night,  
 That I am here afore thy sight,  
     For gifts an' grace,  
 A burnin and a shinin light  
     To a' this place.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

L—d, bless thy chosen in this place,  
 For here thou hast a chosen race:

But G—d confound their stubborn face,  
                                   And blast their name,  
 Wha bring thy elders to disgrace  
                                   And public shame.

L—d, mind Gawn Hamilton's deserts;  
 He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at carts,  
 Yet has sae mony takin arts,  
                                   Wi' grit and sma',  
 Frae God's ain priest the people's hearts  
                                   He steals awa.

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

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

O L—d, my G—d, that glib-tongu'd A[like]n,  
 My vera heart and saul are quakin,  
 To think how we stood sweatin, shakin,  
                                   And p—d wi' dread,  
 While he, wi' hingin lips and snakin,  
                                   Held up his head.

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

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

### Epitaph on Holy Willie.

HERE Holy Willie's sair worn clay  
Taks up its last abode;  
His saul has ta'en some other way,  
I fear, the left-hand road.

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

Your brunstane devilship I see  
Has got him there before ye;  
But haud your nine-tail cat a wee,  
Till ance you've heard my story.

Your pity I will not implore,  
For pity ye have nane;  
Justice, alas! has gi'en him o'er,  
And mercy's day is gane.

But hear me, Sir, deil as ye are,  
Look something to your credit;  
A coof like him wad stain your name,  
If it were kent ye did it.



### Address to an Illegitimate Child.

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

Wee image of my bonny Betty,  
I, fatherly will kiss an' daut thee,  
As dear an' near my heart I set thee  
Wi' as gude will  
As a' the priests had seen me get thee  
That's out o' hell.

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

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

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

Gude grant that thou may ay inherit  
Thy mither's person, grace an' merit,  
An' thy poor worthless dady's spirit,  
Without his failins;  
'Twill please me mair to hear an' see it  
Than stocket mailens.



## The Inventory;

IN ANSWER TO A MANDATE BY THE SURVEYOR  
OF THE TAXES.

[DATE 1786.]

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

*Imprimis*, then, for carriage cattle,  
I have four brutes o' gallant mettle,  
As ever drew afore a pettle.  
My *Lan'-afore's* a gude auld 'has been,'  
An' wight an' wilfu' a' his days been;  
My *Lan'-ahin's* a weel gaun fillie,  
That aft has borne me hame frae Killie,  
An' your auld burrough mony a time,  
In days when riding was nae crime.  
But ance, whan in my wooing pride  
I like a blockhead boost to ride,  
The wilfu' creature sae I pat to,  
(L—d pardon a' my sins, an' that too!)  
I play'd my fillie sic a shavie,  
She's a' bedevil'd wi' the spavie.  
My *Furn-ahin's* a wordy beast,  
As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd.  
The fourth's a Highland Donald hastie,  
A d—n'd red-wud Kilburnie blastie!  
Foreby a cowt, o' cowts the wale,  
As ever ran afore a tail:  
If he be spar'd to be a beast,  
He'll draw me fifteen pun' at least.  
Wheel-carriages I ha'e but few,  
Three carts, an' twa are feckly new;  
Ae auld wheelbarrow, mair for token,  
Ae leg an' baith the trams are broken;  
I made a poker o' the spin'le,  
An' my auld mither brunt the trin'le.

For men, I've three mischievous boys,  
Run-deils for rantin an' for noise;

A gaudsman ane, a thrasher t'other:  
Wee Davock hauds the nowt in fother.  
I rule them as I ought, discreetly,  
An' aften labour them compleatly;  
An' ay on Sundays duly, nightly,  
I on the Questions *targe* them tightly;  
Till, faith, wee Davock's turn'd sae gleg,  
Tho' scarcely langer than your leg,  
He'll screed you aff Effectual Calling,  
As fast as ony in the dwelling.  
I've nane in female servan' station,  
(L—d keep me ay frae a' temptation!)  
I hae nae wife—and that my bliss is,  
An' ye have laid nae tax on misses;  
An' then, if kirk folks dinna clutch me,  
I ken the devils darena touch me.  
Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented,  
Heav'n sent me ane mae than I wanted:  
My sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess,  
She stares the daddy in her face—  
Enough of ought ye like but grace:  
But her, my bonie sweet wee lady,  
I've paid enough for her already;  
An' gin ye tax her or her mither,  
B' the L—d! ye'se get them a'thegither.

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

This list wi' my ain hand I wrote it,  
Day and date as under notit;  
Then know all ye whom it concerns,  
*Subscripsi huic,* ROBERT BURNS.

### Prologue,

SPOKEN BY MR. WOODS ON HIS BENEFIT NIGHT.  
MONDAY, 16th APRIL, 1787.

WHEN by a generous Public's kind acclaim,  
That dearest meed is granted—honest fame;  
When *here* your favour is the actor's lot,  
Nor even the *man* in *private life* forgot;  
What breast so dead to heavenly Virtue's glow,  
But heaves impassion'd with the grateful throe?

Poor is the task to please a barb'rous throng,  
It needs no Siddons' powers in Southern's song;  
But here an ancient nation fam'd afar,  
For genius, learning high, as great in war—  
Hail, CALEDONIA, name for ever dear!  
Before whose sons I'm honour'd to appear!  
Where every science—every nobler art—  
That can inform the mind or mend the heart,  
Is known; as grateful nations oft have found,  
Far as the rude barbarian marks the bound.  
Philosophy, no idle pedant dream,  
Here holds her search by heaven-taught Reason's  
beam;  
Here History paints, with elegance and force,  
The tide of Empire's fluctuating course;  
Here Douglas forms wild Shakspeare into plan,  
And Harley rouses all the God in man.  
When well-form'd taste and sparkling wit unite,  
With manly lore, or female beauty bright  
(Beauty, where faultless symmetry and grace,  
Can only charm us in the second place),  
Witness my heart, how oft with panting fear,  
As on this night, I've met these judges here!  
But still the hope Experience taught to live,  
Equal to judge—you're candid to forgive.  
No hundred-headed Riot here we meet,  
With decency and law beneath his feet;  
Nor Insolence assumes fair Freedom's name:  
Like CALEDONIANS, you applaud or blame.

O Thou, dread Power! whose Empire-giving hand  
Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honour'd land!

Strong may she glow with all her ancient fire;  
May every son be worthy of his sire;  
Firm may she rise, with generous disdain  
At Tyranny's, or direr Pleasure's chain;  
Still self-dependent in her native shore,  
Bold may she brave grim Danger's loudest roar,  
Till Fate the curtain drop on worlds to be no more.



### Elegy

ON THE YEAR 1788.

FOR Lords or Kings I dinna mourn,  
E'en let them die—for that they're born!  
But oh! prodigious to reflect,  
A Towmont, Sirs, is gane to wreck!  
O Eighty-eight, in thy sma' space  
What dire events ha'e taken place!  
Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us!  
In what a pickle thou hast left us!

The Spanish empire's tint a head,  
An' my auld teethless Bawtie's dead;  
The toolzie's tough 'tween Pitt an' Fox,  
An' our gudewife's wee birdy cocks:  
The tane is game, a bluidy devil,  
But to the hen-birds unco civil;  
The tither's dour, has nae sic breedin,  
But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden!

Ye ministers, come mount the pu'pit,  
An' cry till ye be hearse and rupet;  
For Eighty-eight he wish'd you weel,  
An' gied you a' baith gear an' meal;  
E'en mony a plack, and mony a peck,  
Ye ken yoursels, for little feck!

Ye bonnie lasses, dight your e'en,  
For some o' you ha'e tint a frien'!

In Eighty-eight, ye ken, was ta'en,  
 What ye'll ne'er hae to gie again.

Observe the very nowt an' sheep,  
 How dowff an' dowie now they creep;  
 Nay, even the yirth itsel does cry,  
 For Embro' wells are grutten dry.

O Eighty-nine, thou's but a bairn,  
 An' no owre auld, I hope, to learn!  
 Thou beardless boy, I pray tak care,  
 Thou now has got thy daddy's chair;  
 Nae hand-cuff'd, mizl'd, haff-shackl'd Regent,  
 But, like himsel, a full free agent.  
 Be sure ye follow out the plan  
 Nae waur than he did, honest man!  
 As muckle better as you can.

JANUARY 1, 1789.

### The Toast:

AT MEETING OF DUMFRIESSHIRE VOLUNTEERS,  
 ON ANNIVERSARY OF RODNEY'S VICTORY,  
*April 12th, 1782.*

INSTEAD of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast—  
 Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we  
 lost!—

That we lost, did I say? nay, by Heav'n, that we  
 found;  
 For their fame it shall last while the world goes  
 round.

The next in succession, I'll give you—the King!  
 Who'er would betray him, on high may he swing;  
 And here's the grand fabric, our free Constitution,  
 As built on the base of the great Revolution;  
 And longer with politics not to be cramm'd,  
 Be Anarchy curs'd, and be Tyranny damn'd;  
 And who would to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,  
 May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial.

## EPISTLES, MISCELLANEOUS, AND SONGS:

AS EDITED BY CROMEK.

[LONDON: 1808.]

### To J. Lapraik.

[THIRD EPISTLE.]

*Sept. 13th, 1785.*

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

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

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

It's now twa month that I'm your debtor,  
For your braw, nameless, dateless letter,  
Abusin me for harsh ill nature

On holy men,  
While deil a hair yoursel ye're better,  
But mair profane.

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

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

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

Then muse-inspirin aqua-vitæ  
Shall mak us baith sae blythe an' witty,  
Till ye forget ye're auld an' gatty,  
An' be as canty  
As ye were nine year less than thretty,  
Sweet ane an' twenty!

But stooks are cowpet wi' the blast,  
An' now the sinn keeks in the west,  
Then I maun rin amang the rest  
An' quat my chanter;  
Sae I subscribe mysel in haste,  
Yours, Rab the Ranter.



### To the Rev. John M'Math,

INCLOSING A COPY OF "HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER," WHICH  
HE HAD REQUESTED.

*Sept. 17th, 1785.*

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

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

I own 'twas rash, an' rather hardy,  
That I, a simple, countra bardie,  
Shou'd meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy,  
Wha, if they ken me,  
Can easy, wi' a single wordie,  
Louse h-ll upon me.

But I gae mad at their grimaces,  
Their sighan, cantan, grace-prood faces,  
Their three-mile prayers, an' hauf-mile graces,  
Their raxan conscience,  
Whaws greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces  
Waur nor their nonsense.

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

See him, the poor man's friend in need,  
The gentleman in word an' deed—



But lest he learn the callan tricks,  
 As faith I muckle doubt him,  
 Like scrapin out auld Crummie's nicks,  
 An' tellin lies about them;  
 As lieve then, I'd have then  
 Your clerkship he should sair,  
 If sae be, ye may be  
 Not fitted othertwhere.

Altho' I say't, he's gleg enough,  
 An' bout a house that's rude an' rough,  
     The boy might learn to *swear*;  
 But then wi' *you*, he'll be sae taught,  
 An' get sic fair *example* straught,  
     I hae na ony fear.  
 Ye'll catechise him every quirk,  
 An' shore him weel wi' *hell*;  
 An' gar him follow to the *kirk*—  
 —Ay when ye gang *yoursel*.  
 If ye then, maun be then  
 Frae hame this comin Friday,  
 Then please sir, to lea'e, sir,  
 The orders wi' your lady.

My word of honor I hae gi'en,  
 In Paisley John's, that night at e'en,  
     To meet the *Warld's worm*;  
 To try to get the twa to gree,  
 An' name the airles an' the fee,  
     In legal mode an' form:  
 I ken he weel a *Snick* can draw,  
 When simple bodies let him;  
 An' if a *Devil* be at a',  
 In faith he's sure to get him.  
 To phrase you an' praise you,  
 Ye ken your Laureat scorns:  
 The pray'r still, you share still,  
 Of grateful MINSTREL BURNS.



## To Mr. M'Adam,

OF CRAIGEN-GILLAN,

IN ANSWER TO AN OBLIGING LETTER HE SENT IN THE  
 COMMENCEMENT OF MY POETIC CAREER.

SIR, o'er a gill I gat your card,  
 I trow it made me proud;  
 See wha taks notice o' the bard!  
 I lap and cry'd fu' loud.

Now deil-ma-care about their jaw,  
 The senseless, gawky million;  
 I'll cock my nose aboon them a',  
 I'm roos'd by Craigen-Gillan!

'Twas noble, Sir; 'twas like yoursel,  
 To grant your high protection:  
 A great man's smile ye ken fu' well,  
 Is ay a blest infection.

Tho', by his banes wha in a tub  
 Match'd Macedonian Sandy!  
 On my ain legs thro' dirt and dub,  
 I independent stand ay.—

And when those legs to gude, warm kail,  
 Wi' welcome canna bear me;  
 A lee dyke-side, a sybow-tail,  
 And barley-scone shall cheer me.

Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath  
 O' mony flow'ry simmers!  
 And bless your bonie lasses baith,  
 I'm tauld they're loosome kimmers!

And God bless young Dunaskin's laird,  
 The blossom of our gentry!  
 And may he wear an auld man's beard,  
 A credit to his country.



## Willie's Awa.

[DATE 1787.]

AULD chuckie Reekie's sair distrest,  
Down droops her ance weel burnish't crest,  
Nae joy her bonie buskit nest

Can yield ava,

Her darling bird that she loe's best—  
Willie 's awa!

O Willie was a witty wight,  
And had o' things an unco' slight,  
Auld Reekie ay he keptit tight,

And trig an' brow:

But now they'll busk her like a fright—  
Willie 's awa!

The stiffest o' them a' he bow'd,  
The bauldest o' them a' he cow'd;  
They durst nae mair than he allow'd,

That was a law:

We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd,  
Willie 's awa!

Now gawkies, tawpies, gowks and fools,  
Frae colleges and boarding schools,  
May sprout like simmer puddock-stools

In glen or shaw;

He wha could brush them down to mools—  
Willie 's awa!

The brethren o' the Commerce-Chaumer  
May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour;  
He was a dictionar and grammar

Amang them a';

I fear they'll now mak mony a stammer—  
Willie 's awa!

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

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

Now worthy G[regor]y's Latin face,  
T[ytle]r's and G[reenfield]'s modest grace;  
M'K[enzi]e, S[tewar]t, such a brace

As Rome ne'er saw;

They a' maun meet some ither place,  
Willie 's awa!

Poor Burns—e'en Scotch drink canna quicken,  
He cheeps like some bewildered chicken,  
Scar'd frae it's minnie and the cleckin

By hoodie-craw;

Grief 's gien his heart an unco kickin,  
Willie 's awa!

Now ev'ry sour-mou'd girnin blemm,  
And Calvin's fock, are fit to fell him;  
And self-conceited critic skellum

His quill may draw;

He wha could brawlie ward their bellum—  
Willie 's awa!

Up wimpling stately Tweed I've sped,  
And Eden scenes on chrystal Jed,  
And Ettrick banks now roaring red

While tempests blaw;

But every joy and pleasure 's fled,  
Willie 's awa!

May I be Slander's common speech;  
A text for infamy to preach;  
And lastly, streekit out to bleach

In winter snaw;

When I forget thee! WILLIE CREECH,  
Tho' far awa!

May never wicked Fortune touzle him!  
May never wicked men bamboozle him!  
Until a pow as auld 's Methusalem!

He canty claw!

Then to the blessed New Jerusalem,  
Fleet wing awa!



And fill them high with generous juice,  
 As generous as your mind;  
 And pledge me in the generous toast—  
 “The whole of human kind!”

“To those who love us!”—second fill;  
 But not to those whom we love;  
 Lest we love those who love not us!—  
 A third—“to thee and me, love!”



### MISCELLANEOUS.



#### ELEGY ON THE

#### Death of Robert Ruisseau.

[DATE 1784.]



Now Robin lies in his last lair,  
 He'll gabble rhyme, nor sing nae mair;  
 Cauld poverty, wi' hungry stare,  
     Nae mair shall fear him;  
 Nor anxious fear, nor cankert care,  
     E'er mair come near him.

To tell the truth, they seldom fash't him,  
 Except the moment that they crush't him;  
 For sune as chance or fate had hush't 'em  
     Tho' e'er sae short,  
 Then wi' a rhyme or sang he lash't 'em,  
     And thought it sport.

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

### Extempore in the Court of Session.

Tune.—“Gillicrankie.”

[DATE 1787.]



#### LORD A[DVOCATE].

HE clench'd his pamphlets in his fist,  
 He quoted and he hinted,  
 Till in a declamation-mist,  
 His argument he tint it:  
 He gaped for't, he gaped for't,  
 He fand it was awa, man;  
 But what his common sense came short,  
 He eked out wi' law, man.

#### MR. ER[SKI]NE.

Collected Harry stood awee,  
 Then open'd out his arm, man;  
 His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e,  
 And ey'd the gathering storm, man:  
 Like wind-driv'n hail it did assail,  
 Or torrents owre a lin, man;  
 The BENCH sae wise lift up their eyes,  
 Half-wauken'd wi' the din, man.



#### Sketch.

[DATE 1789.]



A LITTLE, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight,  
 And still his precious self his dear delight:  
 Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets,  
 Better than e'er the fairest she he meets.  
 A man of fashion too, he made his tour,  
 Learn'd *vive la bagatelle, et vive l'amour*;

So travell'd monkies their grimace improve,  
 Polish their grin, nay sigh for ladies' love.  
 Much specious lore but little understood;  
 Fineering oft outshines the solid wood:  
 His solid sense—by inches you must tell,  
 But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell;  
 His meddling vanity, a busy fiend,  
 Still making work his selfish craft must mend.



### Scots Prologue,

FOR MR. SUTHERLAND'S BENEFIT NIGHT, DUMFRIES.

[DATE 1790.]

WHAT needs this din about the town o' Lon'on,  
 How this new play an' that new sang is comin?  
 Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted?  
 Does nonsense mend like whisky, when imported?  
 Is there nae poet, burning keen for fame,  
 Will try to gie us sangs and plays at hame?  
 For comedy abroad he need na toil,  
 A fool and knave are plants of every soil;  
 Nor need he hunt as far as Rome or Greece  
 To gather matter for a serious piece;  
 There's themes enough in Caledonian story,  
 Would shew the tragic Muse in a' her glory.—

Is there no daring bard will rise, and tell  
 How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless, fell?  
 Where are the Muses fled that could produce  
 A drama worthy o' the name o' Bruce;  
 How here, even here, he first unsheath'd the sword  
 'Gainst mighty England and her guilty lord;  
 And after mony a bloody, deathless doing,  
 Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws of ruin?  
 O for a Shakespeare or an Otway scene,  
 To draw the lovely, hapless Scottish Queen!  
 Vain all th' omnipotence of female charms  
 'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms:

She fell, but fell with spirit truly Roman,  
 To glut the vengeance of a rival woman—  
 A woman, tho' the phrase may seem uncivil,  
 As able and as cruel as the Devil!  
 One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page,  
 But Douglasses were heroes every age:  
 And tho' your fathers, prodigal of life,  
 A Douglas followed to the martial strife,  
 Perhaps if bowls row right, and Right succeeds,  
 Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads!

As ye hae generous done, if a' the land  
 Would take the Muses' servants by the hand;  
 Not only hear, but patronize, befriend them,  
 And where ye justly can commend, commend them;  
 And aiblins when they winna stand the test,  
 Wink hard and say, The folks hae done their best!  
 Would a' the land do this, then I'll be caution  
 Ye'll soon hae poets o' the Scottish nation,  
 Will gar Fame blaw until her trumpet crack,  
 And warsle Time, an' lay him on his back!

For us and for our stage should ony spier,  
 "Whase aught thae chiefls maks a' this bustle here?"  
 My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow,  
 We have the honor to belong to you!  
 We're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as ye like,  
 But like good mithers, shore before ye strike:—  
 And gratefu' still I hope ye'll ever find us,  
 For a' the patronage and meikle kindness  
 We've got frae a' professions, setts and ranks:  
 God help us! we're but poor—ye'se get but thanks.



### Peg Nicholson.

To Tune—"Chevy Chase."

[DATE 1790.]

PEG Nicholson was a good bay mare  
 As ever trode on airn;  
 But now she's floating down the Nith,  
 And past the Mouth o' Cairn,

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,  
And rode thro' thick and thin;  
But now she's floating down the Nith,  
And wanting even the skin.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,  
And ance she bore a priest;  
But now she's floating down the Nith,  
For Solway fish a feast.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,  
And the priest he rode her sair;  
And much oppress'd and bruis'd she was:  
As priest-rid cattle are—&c., &c.

### Thee, Caledonia.

FRAGMENT OF ODE FOR GENERAL WASHINGTON'S  
BIRTH-DAY.

[DATE 1794.]

THEE, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,  
Thee, famed for martial deed and sacred song,  
To thee I turn with swimming eyes;  
Where is that soul of freedom fled?  
Immingled with the mighty dead!  
Beneath that hallowed turf where WALLACE lies!  
Hear it not, WALLACE, in thy bed of death!  
Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep;  
Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,  
Nor give the coward secret breath.—  
Is this the power in freedom's war  
That wont to bid the battle rage?  
Behold that eye which shot immortal hate,  
Crushing the despot's proudest bearing,  
That arm which, nerved with thundering fate,  
Braved usurpation's boldest daring!  
One quenched in darkness like the sinking star,  
And one the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age.

### The Dean of Faculty.

A NEW BALLAD.

Tune.—“The Dragon of Wantley.”

[DATE 1796.]

#### I.

DIRE was the hate at old Harlaw,  
That Scot to Scot did carry;  
And dire the discord Langside saw,  
For beauteous, hapless Mary:  
But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot,  
Or were more in fury seen, Sir,  
Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous job—  
Who should be Faculty's Dean, Sir.

#### II.

This Hal for genius, wit, and lore,  
Among the first was number'd;  
But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,  
Commandment tenth remember'd.  
Yet simple Bob the victory got,  
And wan his heart's desire;  
Which shews that heaven can boil the pot,  
Though the devil p—s in the fire.

#### III.

Squire Hal besides had in this case  
Pretensions rather brassy,  
For talents to deserve a place  
Are qualifications saucy;  
So their worships of the Faculty,  
Quite sick of merit's rudeness,  
Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see,  
To their gratis grace and goodness.

#### IV.

As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight  
Of a son of Circumcision,  
So may be, on this Pisgah height,  
Bob's purblind, mental vision:

Nay, Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet  
Till for eloquence you hail him,  
And swear he has the Angel met  
That met the Ass of Balaam.—

## V.

[In your heretic sins may you live and die,  
Ye heretic Eight-and-Thirty,  
But accept, ye sublime majority,  
My congratulations hearty.  
With your Honours and a certain King  
In your servants this is striking,  
The more incapacity they bring,  
The more they're to your liking.]

## Verses to John Rankine.

AE day, as Death, that grusome carl,  
Was driving to the tither warl'  
A mixtie-maxtie motley squad,  
And mony a guilt-bespotted lad;  
Black gowns of each denomination,  
And thieves of every rank and station,  
From him that wears the star and garter,  
To him that wintles in a halter:  
Asham'd himsel to see the wretches,  
He mutters, glowrin at the bitches,  
"By G—d I'll not be seen behint them,  
Nor 'mang the sp'ritual core present them,  
Without, at least, ae honest man,  
To grace this d——d infernal clan."  
By Adamhill a glance he threw,  
"L—d God!" quoth he, "I have it now,  
There's just the man I want, i' faith!"  
And quickly stoppit Rankine's breath.



## SONGS.

## On Cessnock Banks.

*Tune.*—"If he be a Butcher neat and trim."

[DATE 1781.]

ON Cessnock banks there lives a lass,  
Could I describe her shape and mien;  
The graces of her weelfar'd face,  
And the glancin of her sparklin een.

She 's fresher than the morning dawn  
When rising Phœbus first is seen,  
When dewdrops twinkle o'er the lawn;  
An' she 's twa glancin sparklin een.

She 's stately like yon youthful ash,  
That grows the cowslip braes between,  
And shoots its head above each bush;  
An' she 's twa glancin sparklin een.

She 's spotless as the flow'ring thorn  
With flow'rs so white and leaves so green,  
When purest in the dewy morn;  
An' she 's twa glancin sparklin een.

Her looks are like the sportive lamb,  
When flow'ry May adorns the scene,  
That wantons round its bleating dam;  
An' she 's twa glancin sparklin een.

Her hair is like the curling mist  
That shades the mountain side at e'en,  
When flow'r-reviving rains are past;  
An' she 's twa glancin sparklin een.

Her forehead 's like the show'ry bow,  
When shining sunbeams intervene  
And gild the distant mountain's brow;  
An' she 's twa glancin sparklin een.

Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush  
That sings in Cessnock banks unseen,  
While his mate sits nestling in the bush;  
An' she 's twa glancin sparklin een.

Her lips are like the cherries ripe,  
That sunny walls from Boreas screen,  
They tempt the taste and charm the sight;  
An' she 's twa glancin sparklin een.

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,  
With fleeces newly washen clean,  
That slowly mount the rising steep;  
An' she 's twa glancin sparklin een.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze  
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean,  
When Phoebus sinks behind the seas;  
An' she 's twa glancin sparklin een.

But it 's not her air, her form, her face,  
Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen,  
But the mind that shines in every grace  
An' chiefly in her sparklin een.



### My Father was a Farmer.

*Tune*—"The Weaver and his Shuttle, O."

[DATE 1782.]

#### I.

MY father was a farmer  
Upon the Carrick border, O  
And carefully he bred me  
In decency and order; O  
He bade me act a manly part,  
Though I had ne'er a farthing; O  
For without an honest manly heart,  
No man was worth regarding, O.

#### II.

Then out into the world  
My course I did determine; O  
Tho' to be rich was not my wish,  
Yet to be great was charming: O  
My talents they were not the worst,  
Nor yet my education: O  
Resolv'd was I, at least to try,  
To mend my situation, O.

#### III.

In many a way, and vain essay,  
I courted Fortune's favour; O  
Some cause unseen still stept between,  
To frustrate each endeavour; O  
Sometimes by foes I was o'erpow'rd,  
Sometimes by friends forsaken; O  
And when my hope was at the top,  
I still was worst mistaken, O.

#### IV.

Then sore harrass'd, and tir'd at last,  
With Fortune's vain delusion, O  
I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams,  
And came to this conclusion: O  
The past was bad, and the future hid,  
Its good or ill untryed; O  
But the present hour was in my pow'r,  
And so I would enjoy it, O.

#### V.

No help, nor hope, nor view had I,  
Nor person to befriend me; O  
So I must toil, and sweat, and broil,  
And labour to sustain me; O  
To plough and sow, to reap and mow,  
My father bred me early; O  
For one, he said, to labour bred,  
Was a match for Fortune fairly, O.

#### VI.

Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor,  
Thro' life I'm doom'd to wander, O  
Till down my weary bones I lay  
In everlasting slumber: O

No view nor care, but shun whate'er  
 Might breed me pain or sorrow; O  
 I live to-day as well 's I may,  
 Regardless of to-morrow, O.

## VII.

But chearful still, I am as well  
 As a monarch in a palace, O  
 Tho' Fortune's frown still hunts me down,  
 With all her wonted malice: O  
 I make indeed my daily bread,  
 But ne'er can make it farther: O  
 But as daily bread is all I need,  
 I do not much regard her, O.

## VIII.

When sometimes by my labour,  
 I earn a little money, O  
 Some unforeseen misfortune  
 Comes gen'rally upon me; O  
 Mischance, mistake, or by neglect,  
 Or my goodnatur'd folly: O  
 But come what will, I've sworn it still,  
 I'll ne'er be melancholy, O.

## IX.

All you who follow wealth and power  
 With unremitting ardor, O  
 The more in this you look for bliss,  
 You leave your view the farther: O  
 Had you the wealth Potosi boasts,  
 Or nations to adore you, O  
 A chearful honest-hearted clown  
 I will prefer before you, O.



## Montgomerie's Peggy.

*Tune.*—"Galla Water."

[FRAGMENT.]

## I.

ALTHO' my bed were in yon muir,  
 Among the heather, in my plaidie,  
 Yet happy, happy would I be,  
 Had I my dear Montgomerie's Peggy.

## II.

When o'er the hill beat surly storms,  
 And winter nights were dark and rainy;  
 I'd seek some dell, and in my arms  
 I'd shelter dear Montgomerie's Peggy.

## III.

Were I a Baron proud and high,  
 And horse and servants waiting ready,  
 Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me,  
 The sharin't with Montgomerie's Peggy.

\* \* \* \*



## Robin.

*Tune.*—"Dainty Davie."

[DATE 1784.]

THERE was a lad was born in Kyle,  
 But whatna day o' whatna style,  
 I doubt it's hardly worth the while  
 To be sae nice wi' ROBIN.  
 Robin was a rovin Boy,  
 Rantin rovin, rantin rovin;  
 Robin was a rovin Boy,  
 Rantin, rovin Robin!

## II.

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane  
Was five-and-twenty days begun,  
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win'  
Blew hansel in on ROBIN.

## III.

The gossip keekit in his loof,  
Quo' scho, Wha lives will see the proof,  
This waly boy will be nae coof;  
I think we'll ca' him ROBIN.

## IV.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',  
But ay a heart aboon them a';  
He'll be a credit till us a',  
We'll a' be proud o' ROBIN.

## V.

But sure as three times three mak nine,  
I see by ilka score and line,  
This chap will dearly like our kin',  
So leeze me on thee, ROBIN.

## VI.

Guid faith, quo' scho, I doubt you, Sir,  
Ye gar the lasses lie a-spar;  
But twenty fauts ye may hae waur,  
So blessins on thee, ROBIN!  
Robin was a rovin Boy,  
Rantin rovin, rantin rovin;  
Robin was a rovin Boy,  
Rantin rovin ROBIN!

## O Raging Fortune's Withering Blast.

O RAGING Fortune's withering blast  
Has laid my leaf full low! O  
O raging Fortune's withering blast  
Has laid my leaf full low! O.

My stem was fair, my bud was green,  
My blossom sweet did blow; O  
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild,  
And made my branches grow; O  
But luckless Fortune's northern storms  
Laid a' my blossoms low, O  
But luckless Fortune's northern storms  
Laid a' my blossoms low, O.

## Now Bank an' Brae.

## I.

Now bank an' brae are claith'd in green  
An' scatter'd cowslips sweetly spring,  
By Girvan's fairy-haunted stream  
The birdies flit on wanton wing.  
To Cassillis banks when e'ning fa's,  
There wi' my Mary let me flee,  
There catch her ilka glance o' love,  
The bonie blink o' Mary's e'e!

## II.

The child wha boasts o' warld's walth,  
Is aften laird o' meikle care;  
But Mary she is a' my ain,  
Ah, Fortune canna gie me mair!  
Then let me range by Cassillis banks,  
Wi' her the lassie dear to me,  
And catch her ilka glance o' love,  
The bonie blink o' Mary's e'e!



The Banks of Doon.

[FIRST VERSION—1787.]

I.

YE flowery banks o' bonie Doon,  
How can ye blume sae fair;  
How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
And I sae fu' o' care!

II.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird  
That sings upon the bough;  
Thou minds me o' the happy days  
When my fause love was true.

III.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird  
That sings beside thy mate;  
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,  
And wist na o' my fate.

IV.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,  
To see the woodbine twine;  
And ilka bird sang o' its love,  
And sae did I o' mine.

V.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
Frae aff its thorny tree;  
And my fause luvver staw the rose,  
But left the thorn wi' me!



Here's a Health to them that's Awa.

[PATRIOTIC—UNFINISHED: 1792.]

I.

HERE'S a health to them that's awa,  
Here's a health to them that's awa;  
And wha winna wish gude luck to our cause,  
May never gude luck be their fa'!  
It's gude to be merry and wise,  
It's gude to be honest and true,  
It's gude to support Caledonia's cause,  
And bide by the buff and the blue.

II.

Here's a health to them that's awa,  
Here's a health to them that's awa;  
Here's a health to Charlie, the chief o' the clan,  
Altho' that his band be sma'.  
May liberty meet wi' success!  
May prudence protect her frae evil!  
May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,  
And wander their way to the devil!

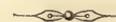
III.

Here's a health to them that's awa,  
Here's a health to them that's awa;  
Here's a health to Tammie, the Norland laddie,  
That lives at the lug o' the law!  
Here's freedom to him that wad read,  
Here's freedom to him that wad write!  
There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be  
heard,  
But they wham the truth wad indite.

IV.

Here's a health to them that's awa,  
Here's a health to them that's awa;  
Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a Chieftain worth gowd,  
Tho' bred amang mountains o' snaw!

\* \* \* \* \*



## Address to General Dumourier.

(A PARODY ON ROBIN ADAIR.)

## I.

YOU'RE welcome to Despots, Dumourier;  
 You're welcome to Despots, Dumourier:—  
 How does Dampiere do?  
 Aye, and Bournonville too?  
 Why did they not come along with you, Dumourier?

## II.

I will fight France with you, Dumourier;  
 I will fight France with you, Dumourier:—  
 I will fight France with you,  
 I will take my chance with you;  
 By my soul, I'll dance a dance with you, Dumourier.

## III.

Then let us fight about, Dumourier;  
 Then let us fight about, Dumourier:—  
 Then let us fight about,  
 Till freedom's spark is out,  
 Then we'll be d-mned no doubt—Dumourier.

Among the Trees where Humming  
Bees.

Tune.—“The King of France, he rade a Race.”

## I.

AMANG the trees where humming bees  
 At buds and flowers were hinging, O  
 Auld Caledon drew out her drone,  
 And to her pipe was singing; O—  
 'Twas Pibroch, sang, strathspey, or reels,  
 She dir'd them aff, fu' clearly, O  
 When there cam a yell o' foreign squeels,  
 That dang her tapsalteerie, O—

## II.

Their capon craws and queer ha ha's,  
 They made our lugs grow eerie, O  
 The hungry bike did scrape and pike  
 'Till we were wae and weary; O—  
 But a royal ghaist wha ance was cas'd  
 A prisoner aughteen year awa,  
 He fir'd a fiddler in the North  
 That dang them tapsalteerie, O—

\* \* \* \* \*

## Yestreen I had a Pint o' Wine.

Tune.—“Banks of Banna.”

[DATE 1793.]

YESTREEN I had a pint o' wine,  
 A place where body saw na';  
 Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine  
 The gowden locks of Anna.  
 The hungry Jew in wilderness  
 Rejoicing o'er his manna,  
 Was naething to my hinny bliss  
 Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs tak the east and west,  
 Frae Indus to Savannah!  
 Gie me within my straining grasp  
 The melting form of Anna.  
 There I'll despise imperial charms,  
 An Empress or Sultana,  
 While dying raptures in her arms  
 I give and take with Anna!

Awa thou flaunting god o' day!  
 Awa thou pale Diana!  
 Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray,  
 When I'm to meet my Anna.

Come, in thy raven plumage, Night,  
Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a';  
And bring an angel pen to write  
My transports wi' my Anna!



### I red you, Beware at the Hunting.

*Tune.*—"I red you, Beware at the Hunting."

#### I.

THE heather was blooming, the meadows were  
mawn,  
Our lads gaed a-hunting, ae day at the dawn,  
O'er moors and o'er mosses and mony a glen,  
At length they discover'd a bonie moor-hen.

#### CHORUS.

I red you, beware at the hunting, young men;  
I red you, beware at the hunting, young men;  
Tak some on the wing, and some as they spring;  
But cannily steal on a bonie moor-hen.

#### II.

Sweet brushing the dew from the brown heather  
bells,  
Her colors betray'd her on yon mossy fells;  
Her plumage outlusted the pride o' the spring,  
And O! as she wantoned gay on the wing.

#### III.

Auld Phoebus himsel, as he peep'd o'er the hill,  
In spite at her plumage he tryed his skill;  
He levell'd his rays where she basked on the brae—  
His rays were outshone, and but mark'd where she  
lay.

#### IV.

They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill;  
The best of our lads wi' the best o' their skill;  
But still as the fairest she sat in their sight,  
Then, whirr! she was over a mile at a flight.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Her Flowing Locks.



Her flowing locks, the raven's wing,  
Adown her neck and bosom hing;  
How sweet unto that breast to cling,  
And round that neck entwine her!

Her lips are roses wat wi' dew,  
O, what a feast, her bonie mou!  
Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,  
A crimson still diviner!



### Lines on a Ploughman.



AS I was a wand'ring ae morning in spring,  
I heard a young Ploughman sae sweetly to sing;  
And as he was singin, thir words he did say,  
There's nae life like the Ploughman in the month  
o' sweet May.

The lav'rock in the morning she'll rise frae her  
nest,  
And mount to the air wi' the dew on her breast,  
And wi' the merry Ploughman she'll whistle and  
sing,  
And at night she'll return to her nest back again.



## AS EDITED BY LOCKHART.

## Willie Chalmers.

—  
[DATE 1786.]  
—

Wi' braw new branks in mickle pride,  
And eke a braw new brechan,  
My Pegasus I'm got astride,  
And up Parnassus pechan;  
Whiles owre a bush wi' downward crush,  
The doited beastie stammers;  
Then up he gets, and off he sets  
For sake o' Willie Chalmers.

I doubt na, lass, that weel-kenned name  
May cost a pair o' blushes;  
I am nae stranger to your fame,  
Nor his warm urged wishes.  
Your bonny face sae mild and sweet,  
His honest heart enamours,  
And faith ye'll no be lost a whit,  
Though wair'd on Willie Chalmers.

Auld Truth hersel might swear ye're fair,  
And Honour safely back her;  
And Modesty assume your air,  
And ne'er a ane mistak her:  
And sic twa love-inspiring een  
Might fire even holy palmers;  
Nae wonder, then, they've fatal been  
To honest Willie Chalmers.

I doubt na fortune may you shore  
Some mim-mou'd pouthered priestie,  
Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore,  
And band upon his breastie:  
But oh! what signifies to you  
His lexicons and grammars;  
The feeling heart's the royal blue,  
And that's wi' Willie Chalmers.

Some gapin, glowrin country laird  
May warsle for your favour;  
May claw his lug, and straik his beard,  
And hoast up some palaver.  
My bonny maid, before ye wed  
Sic clumsy-witted hammers,  
Seek Heaven for help, and barefit skelp  
Awa wi' Willie Chalmers.

Forgive the Bard! my fond regard  
For ane that shares my bosom,  
Inspires my Muse to gie 'm his dues,  
For deil a hair I roose him.  
May powers aboon unite you soon,  
And fructify your amours,  
And every year come in mair dear  
To you and Willie Chalmers.





Till God knows what may be effected,  
 When by such heads and hearts directed—  
 Poor dunghill sons of dirt and mire  
 May to Patrician rights aspire!  
 Nae sage North, now, nor sager Sackville,  
 To watch and premier o'er the pack vile;  
 An' whare will ye get Howes and Clintons  
 To bring them to a right repentance,  
 To cove the rebel generation,  
 An' save the honour o' the nation?  
 They, an' be d——d! what right hae they  
 To meat or sleep, or light o' day?  
 Far less to riches, pow'r, or freedom,  
 But what your lordship likes to gie them?

But hear, my Lord! Glengarry, hear!  
 Your hand's owre light on them, I fear:  
 Your factors, grieves, trustees, and bailies,  
 I canna say but they do gaylies;  
 They lay aside a' tender mercies,  
 An' tirl the hallions to the birses.  
 Yet while they're only poind't and herriet,  
 They'll keep their stubborn Highland spirit;  
 But smash them! crash them a' to spails,  
 An' rot the dyvors i' the jails!  
 The young dogs, swinge them to the labour;  
 Let wark an' hunger mak them sober!  
 The hizzies, if they're aughtlins fawsont,  
 Let them in Drury-lane be lesson'd!  
 An' if the wives an' dirty brats  
 E'en thigger at your doors an' yetts,  
 Flaffan wi' duds an' grey wi' beas',  
 Frightin awa your deucks an' geese;  
 Get out a horsewhip or a Jowler,  
 The langest thong, the fiercest growler,  
 An' gar the tatter'd gypsies pack  
 Wi' a' their bastarts on their back!

Go on, my Lord! I lang to meet you,  
 An' in my house at hame to greet you;  
 Wi' common lords ye shanna mingle,  
 The benmost neuk beside the ingle,  
 At my right han' assigned your seat  
 'Tween Herod's hip an' Polycrate;—

Or if you on your station tarrow,  
 Between Almagro and Pizarro,  
 A seat, I'm sure ye're weel deservin't;  
 An' till ye come—Your humble servant,  
 BEELZEBUB.

*June 1st, Anno Mundi 5790.*

### Nature's Law.

A POEM HUMBL Y INSCRIBED TO G. II., ESQ.

“Great Nature spoke, observant man obey'd.”—POPE.

[DATE 1786.]

LET other heroes boast their scars,  
 The marks of sturt and strife;  
 And other poets sing of wars,  
 The plagues of human life:  
 Shame fa' the fun; wi' sword and gun  
 To slap mankind like lumber!  
 I sing his name, and nobler fame,  
 Wha multiplies our number.

Great Nature spoke, with air benign,  
 “Go on, ye human race!  
 This lower world I you resign;  
 Be fruitful and increase.  
 The liquid fire of strong desire  
 I've pour'd it in each bosom;  
 Here, in this hand, does Mankind stand,  
 And there, is Beauty's blossom.”

The hero of these artless strains,  
 A lowly bard was he,  
 Who sung his rhymes in Coila's plains  
 With meikle mirth an' glee;  
 Kind Nature's care had given his share,  
 Large, of the flaming current;  
 And all devout, he never sought  
 To stem the sacred torrent.

He felt the powerful, high behest  
 Thrill vital through and through;  
 And sought a correspondent breast,  
 To give obedience due:  
 Propitious Powers screen'd the young flowers,  
 From mildews of abortion;  
 And lo! the bard, a great reward,  
 Has got a double portion!

Auld cantie Coil may count the day,  
 As annual it returns,  
 The third of Libra's equal sway,  
 That gave another B[urns],  
 With future rhymes, an' other times,  
 To emulate his sire;  
 To sing auld Coil in nobler style,  
 With more poetic fire.

Ye Powers of peace, and peaceful song,  
 Look down with gracious eyes;  
 And bless auld Coila large and long,  
 With multiplying joys:  
 Lang may she stand to prop the land,  
 The flow'r of ancient nations;  
 And B[urns's] spring, her fame to sing,  
 Thro' endless generations!

—  
 —  
 —

### The Farewell.

—  
 —  
 —

[DATE 1786.]

#### I.

FAREWELL, old Scotia's bleak domains,  
 Far dearer than the torrid plains,  
 Where rich ananas blow!  
 Farewell, a mother's blessing dear!  
 A brother's sigh! a sister's tear!  
 My Jean's heart-rending throe!

Farewell, my Bess! tho' thou'rt bereft  
 Of my paternal care,  
 A faithful brother I have left,  
 My part in him thou'lt share!  
 Adieu too, to you too,  
 My Smith, my bosom frien';  
 When kindly you mind me,  
 O then befriend my Jean!

#### II.

What bursting anguish tears my heart;  
 From thee, my Jeany, must I part!  
 Thou weeping answ'rest—'No!'  
 Alas! Misfortune stares my face,  
 And points to ruin and disgrace,  
 I for thy sake must go!  
 Thee, Hamilton, and Aiken dear,  
 A grateful, warm adieu:  
 I, with a much-indebted tear,  
 Shall still remember you!  
 All-hail then, the gale then,  
 Wafts me from thee, dear shore!  
 It rustles, and whistles  
 I'll never see thee more!

—  
 —  
 —

### Lines Written on a Bank-Note.

—  
 —  
 —

[DATE 1786.]

WAE worth thy power, thou cursed leaf,  
 Fell source o' a' my woe and grief;  
 For lack o' thee I've lost my lass,  
 For lack o' thee I scrip my glass.  
 I see the children of affliction  
 Unaided, through thy curst restriction.  
 I've seen the oppressor's cruel smile  
 Amid his hapless victim's spoil;  
 And for thy potence vainly wished,  
 To crush the villain in the dust.  
 For lack o' thee, I leave this much-lov'd shore,  
 Never, perhaps, to greet old Scotland more.

R. B

## Written

ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A COPY OF MY POEMS, PRESENTED  
TO AN OLD SWEETHEART, THEN MARRIED.

ONCE fondly lov'd and still remember'd dear;  
Sweet early object of my youthful vows!  
Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere,—  
Friendship! 'tis all cold duty now allows.

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

## Epistle to Major Logan.

HAIL, thairm-inspirin, rattlin, Willie!  
Tho' Fortune's road be rough an' hilly  
To every fiddling, rhyming billie,  
We never heed,  
But take it like the unback'd filly,  
Proud o' her speed.

When idly goavan, whyles we saunter;  
Yirr, fancy barks, awa we canter  
Uphill, down brae, till some mishanter,  
Some black bog-hole  
Arrests us, then the scathe an' banter  
We're forced to thole.

Hale be your heart! Hale be your fiddle!  
Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle,  
To cheer you through the weary widdle  
O' this wild warl',  
Until you on a crummock driddle,  
A grey hair'd carl.

Come wealth, come poortith, late or soon,  
Heaven send your heart-strings ay in tune,  
And screw your temper pins aboon,  
A fifth or mair,  
The melancholious, lazy croon  
O' cankrie care.

May still your life from day to day,  
Nae "lente largo" in the play,  
But "allegretto forte" gay,  
Harmonious flow  
A sweeping, kindling, bauld strathspey—  
Encore! Bravo!

A blessing on the cheery gang  
Wha dearly like a jig or sang,  
An' never think o' right an' wrang  
By square an' rule,  
But as the clegs o' feeling stang  
Are wise or fool.

My hand-waled curse keep hard in chase  
The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race,  
Wha count on poortith as disgrace—  
Their tuneless hearts!  
May fireside discords jar a base  
To a' their parts!

But come, your hand, my careless brither,  
I' th' ither warl', if there's anither,  
An' that there is I've little swither  
About the matter;  
We cheek for chow shall jog thegither,  
I'se ne'er bid better.

We've faults and failings—granted clearly,  
We're frail backsliding mortals merely,  
Eve's bonny squad priests wyte them sheerly  
For our grand fa';  
But still, but still, I like them dearly—  
God bless them a'!

Ochon for poor Castalian drinkers,  
When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers,

The witching curs'd delicious blinkers  
                   Hae put me hyte,  
 And gart me weet my waukrife winkers,  
                   Wi' girnan spite.

But by yon moon!—and that's high swearin—  
 An' every star within my hearin!  
 An' by her een wha was a dear ane!  
                   I'll ne'er forget;  
 I hope to gie the jads a clearin  
                   In fair play yet.

My loss I mourn, but not repent it;  
 I'll seek my pursie whare I tint it;  
 Ance to the Indies I were wonted,  
                   Some cantraip hour,  
 By some sweet elf I'll yet be dinted;  
                   Then, *vive l'amour!*

*Faites mes baisemains respectueuses,*  
 To sentimental sister Susie,  
 An' honest Lucky; no to roose you,  
                   Ye may be proud,  
 That sic a couple Fate allows ye  
                   To grace your blood.

Nae mair at present can I measure,  
 An' trowth my rhymin ware's nae treasure;  
 But when in Ayr, some half-hour's leisure,  
                   Be't light, be't dark,  
 Sir Bard will do himself the pleasure  
                   To call at Park.

ROBERT BURNS.

*Mossiel, 30th October, 1786.*



## Lines

INTENDED TO BE WRITTEN UNDER A  
 NOBLE EARL'S PICTURE.

[DATE 1787.]

WHOSE is that noble dauntless brow?  
 And whose that eye of fire?  
 And whose that generous princely mien,  
 E'en rooted foes admire?  
 Stranger! to justly show that brow,  
 And mark that eye of fire,  
 Would take *His* hand, whose vernal tints  
 His other works inspire.

Bright as a cloudless summer sun,  
 With stately port he moves;  
 His guardian Seraph eyes with awe  
 The noble ward he loves.  
 Among th' illustrious Scottish sons,  
 That chief thou may'st discern;  
 Mark Scotia's fond returning eye—  
 It dwells upon Glencairn.

ON THE

## Death of Robert Dundas, Esq.,

OF ARNISTON,

LATE LORD-PRESIDENT OF THE COURT OF SESSION.

[DATE 1787.]

LONE on the bleak hills the straying flocks  
 Shun the fierce storms among the sheltering rocks;  
 Down from the rivulets, red with dashing rains,  
 The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains;  
 Beneath the blasts the leafless forests groan;  
 The hollow caves return a sullen moan.

Ye hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye caves,  
Ye howling winds, and wintry swelling waves!  
Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye,  
Sad to your sympathetic scenes I fly;  
Where to the whistling blast and waters' roar  
Pale Scotia's recent wound I may deplore.

O heavy loss, thy country ill could bear!  
A loss these evil days can ne'er repair!  
Justice, the high vicegerent of her God,  
Her doubtful balance ey'd, and sway'd her rod;  
Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow  
She sank, abandon'd to the wildest woe.

Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den,  
Now gay in hope explore the paths of men:  
See from his cavern grim Oppression rise,  
And throw on Poverty his cruel eyes;  
Keen on the helpless victim see him fly,  
And stifle, dark, the feebly-bursting cry:

Mark ruffian Violence, distained with crimes,  
Rousing elate in these degenerate times;  
View unsuspecting Innocence a prey,  
As guileful Fraud points out the erring way:  
While subtle Litigation's pliant tongue  
The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong:  
Hark, injur'd Want recounts th' unlisten'd tale,  
And much-wrong'd Mis'ry pours th' unpitied wail!

Ye dark waste hills, and brown unsightly plains,  
To you I sing my grief-inspired strains:  
Ye tempests, rage! ye turbid torrents, roll!  
Ye suit the joyless tenor of my soul.  
Life's social haunts and pleasures I resign;  
Be nameless wilds and lonely wanderings mine,  
To mourn the woes my country must endure—  
That wound degenerate ages cannot cure.



### Epistle to Hugh Parker.

[DATE 1788.]

IN this strange land, this uncouth clime,  
A land unknown to prose or rhyme;  
Where words ne'er crost the Muses' heckles,  
Nor limpet in poetic shackles:  
A land that Prose did never view it,  
Except when drunk he stacher't thro' it;  
Here, ambush'd by the chimla cheek,  
Hid in an atmosphere of reek,  
I hear a wheel thrum i' the neuk,  
I hear it—for in vain I leuk.  
The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel,  
Enhusked by a fog infernal:  
Here, for my wonted rhyming raptures,  
I sit and count my sins by chapters;  
For life and spunk like ither Christians,  
I'm dwindled down to mere existence,  
Wi' nae converse but Gallowa' bodies,  
Wi' nae kenn'd face but Jenny Geddes.  
Jenny, my Pegasean pride!  
Dowie she saunters down Nithside,  
And ay a westlin leuk she throws,  
While tears hap o'er her auld brown nose!  
Was it for this, wi' canny care,  
Thou bure the Bard through many a shire?  
At howes or hillocks never stumbled,  
And late or early never grumbled?—  
O had I power like inclination,  
I'd heeze thee up a constellation,  
To canter with the Sagitarre,  
Or loup the ecliptic like a bar;  
Or turn the pole like any arrow;  
Or, when auld Phoebus bids good-morrow,  
Down the zodiac urge the race,  
And cast dirt on his godship's face;  
For I could lay my bread and kail  
He'd ne'er cast saut upo' thy tail.—  
Wi' a' this care and a' this grief,  
And sma', sma' prospect of relief,  
And nought but peat reek i' my head,  
How can I write what ye can read?—

Tarbolton, twenty-fourth o' June,  
Ye'll find me in a better tune;  
But till we meet and weet our whistle,  
Tak this excuse for nae epistle.

ROBERT BURNS.



WRITTEN IN

*Friars-Carse Hermitage,*

ON THE BANKS OF NITH.

JUNE, 1788.

[FIRST COPY.]

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

Life is but a day at most,  
Sprung from night, in darkness lost;  
Day, how rapid in its flight—  
Day, how few must see the night;  
Hope not sunshine every hour,  
Fear not clouds will always lower.  
Happiness is but a name,  
Make content and ease thy aim.  
Ambition is a meteor gleam;  
Fame a restless idle dream;  
Pleasures, insects on the wing  
Round Peace, the tenderest flower of Spring;  
Those that sip the dew alone,  
Make the butterflies thy own;  
Those that would the bloom devour,  
Crush the locusts—save the flower.  
For the future be prepar'd,  
Guard wherever thou can'st guard;  
But thy utmost duly done,  
Welcome what thou can'st not shun.

Follies past, give thou to air,  
Make their consequence thy care:  
Keep the name of man in mind,  
And dishonour not thy kind.  
Reverence with lowly heart  
Him, whose wondrous work thou art;  
Keep his goodness still in view,  
Thy trust—and thy example, too.

Stranger, go! Heaven be thy guide!  
Quod the Beadsman on Nithside.



*Letter to James Tennant,*

OF GLENCONNER.

[DATE 1789.]

AULD comrade dear, and brither sinner,  
How's a' the folk about Glenconner?  
How do you this blae eastlin wind,  
That's like to blaw a body blind?  
For me, my faculties are frozen,  
My dearest member nearly dozen'd.  
I've sent you here, by Johnie Simson,  
Twa sage philosophers to glimpse on;  
Smith, wi' his sympathetic feeling,  
An' Reid, to common sense appealing.  
Philosophers have fought and wrangled,  
An' meikle Greek an' Latin mangled,  
Till wi' their logic-jargon tir'd,  
An' in the depth of science mir'd,  
To common sense they now appeal,  
What wives and wabsters see and feel.  
But, hark ye, friend! I charge you strictly,  
Peruse them, an' return them quickly:  
For now I'm grown sae cursed douce  
I pray and ponder butt the house;  
My shins, my lane, I there sit roastin,  
Perusing Bunyan, Brown an' Boston;

Till by an' by, if I haud on,  
 I'll grunt a real gospel groan :  
 Already I begin to try it,  
 To cast my e'en up like a pyet,  
 When by the gun she tumbles o'er,  
 Flutt'ring an' gasping in her gore :  
 Sae shortly you shall see me bright,  
 A burning an' a shining light.

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

My auld schoolfellow, preacher Willie,  
 The manly tar, my Mason-Billie,  
 An' Auchenclyffe, I wish him joy ;  
 If he's a parent, lass or boy,  
 May he be dad, and Meg the mither,  
 Just five-and-forty years thegither !  
 An' no forgetting wabster Charlie,  
 I'm tauld he offers very fairly.  
 An' Lord, remember singing Sannock,  
 Wi' hale breeks, saxpence, an' a bannock !  
 An' next my auld acquaintance, Nancy,  
 Since she is fitted to her fancy,  
 An' her kind stars hae airted till her  
 A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller.  
 My kindest, best respects, I sen' it,  
 To cousin Kate, an' sister Janet :  
 Tell them, frae me, wi' chieles be cautious,  
 For, faith, they'll aiblins fin' them fashious ;  
 To grant a heart is fairly civil,  
 But to grant the maidenhead's the devil.  
 An' lastly, Jamie, for yoursel,  
 May guardian angels tak a spell,  
 An' steer you seven miles south o' hell :  
 But first, before you see heaven's glory,  
 May ye get mony a merry story,  
 Monie a laugh, and monie a drink,  
 And aye enough o' needfu' clink.

Now fare ye weel, an' joy be wi' you :  
 For my sake, this I beg it o' you,  
 Assist poor Simson a' ye can,  
 Ye'll fin' him just an honest man ;  
 Sae I conclude, and quat my chanter,  
 Your's, saint or sinner,

ROB THE RANTER.

— — — — —  
 To John Taylor.

— — — — —  
 [DATE 1789.]  
 — — — — —

WITH Pegasus upon a day,  
 Apollo weary flying,  
 Through frosty hills the journey lay,  
 On foot the way was plying.

Poor slip-shod giddy Pegasus  
 Was but a sorry walker ;  
 To Vulcan then Apollo goes,  
 To get a frosty calker.

Obliging Vulcan fell to work,  
 Threw by his coat and bonnet,  
 And did Sol's business in a crack ;  
 Sol paid him with a sonnet.

Ye Vulcan's sons of Wanlockhead,  
 Pity my sad disaster ;  
 My Pegasus is poorly shod—  
 I'll pay you like my master.

ROBERT BURNS.

*Ramages, 3 o'clock, (no date.)*



## Delia.

A N O D E.

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

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

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

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

## The Kirk's Alarm.

A BALLAD.

Tune.—“Push about the Brisk Bowl.”

[ORIGINAL FORM, WITH POSTSCRIPT.]

## I.

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

## II.

Doctor Mac, Doctor Mac, ye should stretch on a rack,  
To strike evil doers wi' terror;  
To join faith and sense, upon any pretence,  
Was heretic damnable error, Doctor Mac,  
Was heretic damnable error.

## III.

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

## IV.

D'rymple mild, D'rymple mild, tho' your heart's like  
a child,  
And your life like the new driven snaw,  
Yet that winna save ye, old Satan must have ye  
For preaching that three's ane an' twa, D'rymple  
mild,  
For preaching that three's ane an' twa.

## V.

Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons, seize your spiritual guns,  
Ammunition ye never can need;  
Your hearts are the stuff will be powder enough,  
And your skulls are a storehouse of lead, Calvin's  
sons,  
And your skulls are a storehouse of lead.

## VI.

Rumble John, Rumble John, mount the steps with a  
groan,  
Cry the book is with heresy cramm'd;  
Then lug out your ladle, deal brimstone like aidle,  
And roar every note o' the damn'd, Rumble John,  
And roar every note o' the damn'd.

## VII.

Simper James, Simper James, leave the fair Killie  
dames,  
There's a holier chase in your view,

I'll lay on your head, that the pack ye'll soon lead,  
For puppies like you there's but few, Simper James,  
For puppies like you there's but few.

## VIII.

Singet Sawnie, Singet Sawnie, are ye herding the  
penny,  
Unconscious what danger awaits?  
With a jump, yell, and howl, alarm every soul,  
For Hannibal's just at your gates, Singet Sawnie,  
For Hannibal's just at your gates.

## IX.

Andrew Gowk, Andrew Gowk, ye may slander the  
book,  
And the book nought the waur—let me tell you;  
Tho' ye're rich and look big, yet lay by hat and wig,  
And ye'll hae a calf's-head o' sma' value, Andrew  
Gowk,  
And ye'll hae a calf's-head o' sma' value.

## X.

Poet Willie, Poet Willie, gie the Doctor a volley,  
Wi' your "liberty's chain" and your wit;  
O'er Pegasus' side ye ne'er laid a stride,  
Ye only stood by where he sh—, Poet Willie,  
Ye only stood by where he sh—.

## XI.

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

## XII.

Jamie Goose, Jamie Goose, ye hae made but toom  
roose,  
O' hunting the wicked lieutenant;  
But the Doctor's your mark, for the L—d's holy ark  
He has cooper'd, and ca'd a wrong pin in't, Jamie  
Goose,  
He has cooper'd and ca'd a wrong pin in't.

## XIII.

Davie Bluster, Davie Bluster, for a saunt if ye muster,  
It's a sign they're no nice o' recruits;  
Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might boast,  
If the ass were the king o' the brutes, Davie  
Bluster,  
If the ass were the king o' the brutes.

## XIV.

Muirland George, Muirland George, whom the Lord  
made a scourge,  
To claw Common Sense for her sins;  
If ill manners were wit, there's no mortal so fit  
To confound the poor Doctor at ance, Muirland  
George,  
To confound the poor Doctor at ance.

## XV.

Cessnockside, Cessnockside, wi' your turkey-cock  
pride,  
O' manhood but sma' is your share;  
Ye've the figure, it's true, even your faes maun allow,  
And your friends daurna say ye hae mair, Cess-  
nockside,  
And your friends daurna say ye hae mair.

## XVI.

Daddie A[uld], Daddie A[uld], there's a tod i' the  
fauld  
A tod meikle waur than the clerk;  
Tho' ye downa do skaith, ye'll be in at the death,  
And if ye canna bite ye can bark, Daddie A[uld],  
And if ye canna bite ye can bark.

## XVII.

Poet Burns, Poet Burns, wi' your priest-skelping  
turns,  
Why desert you your auld native shire?  
Tho' your Muse is a gipsy, yet were she even tipsy,  
She could ca' us nae waur than we are, Poet Burns,  
She could ca' us nae waur than we are.

### Postscript.

AFTON'S Laird, Afton's Laird, when your pen can be  
spar'd,  
A copy o' this I bequeath,  
On the same sicker score as I mention'd before,  
To that trusty auld worthy, Clackleith, Afton's  
Laird,  
To that trusty auld worthy, Clackleith.

### The Laddies by the Banks o' Nith.

[Tunc.—“Up and waur them a', Willie.”]

[DATE 1789.]

THE Laddies by the banks o' Nith  
Wad trust his Grace wi' a', Jamie;  
But he'll sair them, as he sair'd the King,  
Turn tail and rin awa, Jamie.

Up and waur them a', Jamie,  
Up and waur them a';  
The Johnstones hae the guidin o't,  
Ye turncoat Whigs awa!

The day he stude his country's friend,  
Or gied her faes a claw, Jamie;  
Or frae puir man a blessin wan,  
That day the Duke ne'er saw, Jamie.

But wha is he, his country's boast?  
Like him there is na twa, Jamie;  
There's no a callant tents the kye,  
But kens o' Westerha', Jamie.

To end the wark here's Whistlebirk,  
Lang may his whistle blaw, Jamie;  
And Maxwell true, o' sterling blue;  
And we'll be Johnstones a', Jamie.

### The Fide Carlins.

A SCOTS BALLAD.

Tunc.—“Chevy Chaso.”

[Cunningham's Edition—Chambers's Edition, *Infra.*]

THERE were five Carlins in the south  
They fell upon a scheme,  
To send a lad to London town,  
To bring them tidings hame.

Not only bring them tidings hame,  
But do their errands there;  
And aiblins gowd and honour baith  
Might be that laddie's share.

There was Maggy by the banks o' Nith,  
A dame wi' pride eneugh;  
And Marjory o' the Monie Lochs,  
A Carlin auld and teugh.

And Blinkin Bess of Annandale,  
That dwelt near Solway-side;  
And Whiskey Jean, that took her gill  
In Galloway sae wide.

And Black Joan, frae Crichton-Peel,  
O' gipsy kith an' kin;—  
Five wighter Carlins were na found  
The south countrie within.

To send a lad to London town,  
They met upon a day;  
And mony a knight, and mony a laird,  
This errand fain wad gae.

O mony a knight, and mony a laird,  
This errand fain wad gae;  
But nae ane could their fancy please,  
O ne'er a ane but twae.

The first ane was a belted knight,  
 Bred of a Border band ;  
 And he wad gae to London town,  
 Might nae man him withstand.

And he wad do their errands weel,  
 And meikle he wad say ;  
 And ilka ane about the Court  
 Wad bid to him gude-day.

The neist cam in a sodger youth,  
 And spak wi' modest grace,  
 And he wad gae to London town,  
 If sae their pleasure was.

He wad na hecht them courtly gifts,  
 Nor meikle speech pretend ;  
 But he wad hecht an honest heart,  
 Wad ne'er desert his friend.

Then wham to chuse, and wham refuse,  
 At strife thir Carlins fell ;  
 For some had gentles to please,  
 And some wad please themsel.

Then out spak mim-mou'd Meg o' Nith,  
 And she spak up wi' pride,  
 And she wad send the sodger youth,  
 Whatever might betide.

For the auld gudeman o' London Court  
 She didna care a pin ;  
 But she wad send the sodger youth  
 To greet his eldest son.

Then slow raise Marjory o' the Lochs  
 And wrinkled was her brow ;  
 Her ancient weed was russet grey,  
 Her auld Scots heart was true.

“The London Court set light by me—  
 I set as light by them ;  
 And I will send the sodger lad  
 To shaw that Court the same.”

Then up sprang Bess of Annandale  
 And swore a deadly aith,  
 Says, “I will send the Border-knight  
 Spite o' you Carlins baith!

“For far-aff fowls hae feathers fair,  
 And fools o' change are fain ;  
 But I hae try'd this Border-knight,  
 I'll try him yet again.”

Then Whiskey-Jean spak o'er her drink,  
 “Ye weel ken, kimmiers a',  
 The auld gudeman o' London Court,  
 His back's been at the wa'.

“And mony a friend that kiss'd his caup,  
 Is now a fremit wight ;  
 But it's ne'er be sae wi' Whiskey-Jean,—  
 We'll send the Border-knight.”

Says Black Joan o' Crichton-Peel,  
 A Carlin stoor and grim,—  
 “The auld gudeman, or the young gudeman,  
 For me may sink or swim.

“For fools will prate o' right and wrang,  
 While knaves laugh in their sleeve ;  
 But wha blaws best the horn shall win,  
 I'll speir nae courtier's leave.”

So how this mighty plea may end  
 There's naebody can tell ;  
 God grant the king, and ilka man,  
 May look weel to himsel!



Epistle to Robert Graham, Esq.,

OF FINTRAY:

ON THE CLOSE OF THE DISPUTED ELECTION

BETWEEN

SIR JAMES JOHNSTONE AND CAPTAIN MILLER,

FOR THE

DUMFRIES DISTRICT OF BOROUGHS.

FINTRAY, my stay in worldly strife,  
Friend o' my muse, friend o' my life,  
Are ye as idle's I am?  
Come then, wi' uncooth, kintra fleg,  
O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg,  
And ye shall see me try him.

I'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig bears,  
Who left the all important cares  
Of princes and their darlings;  
And, bent on winning Borough towns,  
Came shaking hands wi' wabster loons,  
And kissing barefit carlins.

Combustion thro' our Boroughs rode  
Whistling his roaring pack abroad  
Of mad unmuzzled lions;  
As Queensberry buff and blue unfurl'd,  
And Westerha' and Hopeton hurl'd  
To every Whig defiance.

But cautious Queensberry left the war,  
Th' unmanner'd dust might soil his star;  
Besides, he hated bleeding:  
But left behind him heroes bright,  
Heroes in Cæsarean fight,  
Or Ciceronian pleading.

O! for a throat like huge Mons-meg,  
To muster o'er each ardent Whig  
Beneath Drumlanrig's banner;  
Heroes and heroines commix,  
All in the field of politics,  
To win immortal honour.

McMurdo and his lovely spouse,  
(Th' enamour'd laurels kiss her brows!)  
Led on the Loves and Graces:  
She won each gaping burgess' heart,  
While he, all-conquering, play'd his part  
Among their wives and lasses.

Craigdarroch led a light-arm'd corps;  
Tropes, metaphors and figures pour,  
Like Hecla streaming thunder:  
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins,  
Blew up each Tory's dark desigus,  
And bar'd the treason under.

In either wing two champions fought:  
Redoubted Staig, who set at nought  
The wildest savage Tory;  
And Welsh, who ne'er yet flinch'd his ground,  
High-wav'd his magnum-bonum round  
With Cyclopeian fury.

Miller brought up th' artillery ranks,  
The many-pounders of the Banks,  
Resistless desolation!  
While Maxwelton, that Baron bold,  
'Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold,  
And threaten'd worse damnation.

To these what Tory hosts oppos'd,  
With these what Tory warriors clos'd,  
Surpasses my describing:  
Squadrons extended long and large,  
With furious speed rush to the charge,  
Like raging devils driving.

What verse can sing, what prose narrate,  
The butcher deeds of bloody Fate  
Amid this mighty tulzie!  
Grim Horror girn'd—pale Terror roar'd,  
As Murder at his thrapple shor'd,  
And Hell mix'd in the brulzie.

As Highland craigs by thunder cleft,  
When lightnings fire the stormy lift,  
Hurl down with crashing rattle;

As flames among a hundred woods;  
As headlong foam a hundred floods,  
Such is the rage of battle!

The stubborn Tories dare to die;  
As soon the rooted oaks would fly  
Before th' approaching fellers:  
The Whigs come on like Ocean's roar,  
When all his wintry billows pour  
Against the Buchan Bulls.

Lo, from the shades of Death's deep night,  
Departed Whigs enjoy the fight,  
And think on former daring:  
The muffled murderer of Charles  
The Magna Charta flag unfurls,  
All deadly gules its bearing.

Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fame—  
Bold Scrimgeour follows gallant Graham;  
Auld Covenanters shiver:  
(Forgive, forgive, much-wrong'd Montrose!  
Now death and hell engulf thy foes,  
Thou liv'st on high for ever!)

Still o'er the field the combat burns,  
The Tories, Whigs, give way by turns;  
But fate the word has spoken:  
For woman's wit and strength o' man,  
Alas! can do but what they can!  
The Tory ranks are broken.

O that my een were flowing burns,  
My voice a lioness that mourns  
Her darling cubs' undoing!  
That I might greet, that I might cry,  
While Tories fall, while Tories fly,  
And furious Whigs pursuing!

What Whig but melts for good Sir James?  
Dear to his country by the names,  
Friend, patron, benefactor!  
Not Pulteney's wealth can Pulteney save!  
And Hopeton falls, the generous brave!  
And Stewart, bold as Hector.

Thou, Pitt, shalt rue this overthrow;  
And Thurlow growl a curse of woe;  
And Melville melt in wailing!  
How Fox and Sheridan rejoice!  
And Burke shall sing, O Prince, arise,  
Thy power is all prevailing!

For your poor friend, the Bard, afar  
He only hears and sees the war,  
A cool spectator purely:  
So, when the storm the forest rends,  
The robin in the hedge descends,  
And sober chirps securely.



## The Heron Ballads.

[BALLAD FIRST.]

### I.

WHOM will you send to London town,  
To Parliament and a' that?  
Or wha in a' the country round  
The best deserves to fa' that?  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
Thro' Galloway and a' that;  
Where is the laird or belted knight  
That best deserves to fa' that?

### II.

Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett,  
And wha is't never saw that?  
Who ever wi' Kerroughtree meets  
And has a doubt of a' that?  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
Here's Heron yet for a' that!  
The independent patriot,  
The honest man, an' a' that.

## III.

Tho' wit and worth in either sex,  
 St. Mary's Isle can shaw that;  
 Wi' dukes an' lords let Selkirk mix,  
 And weel does Selkirk fa' that.  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 Here's Heron yet for a' that!  
 The independent commoner  
 Shall be the man for a' that.

## IV.

But why should we to nobles jouk,  
 And it 's against the law that;  
 For why, a lord may be a gouk  
 Wi' ribbon, star, an' a' that.  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 Here's Heron yet for a' that!  
 A lord may be a lousy loun,  
 Wi' ribbon, star, an' a' that.

## V.

A beardless boy comes o'er the hills,  
 Wi' uncle's purse an' a' that;  
 But we'll ha'e ane frae 'mang oursels,  
 A man we ken, an' a' that.  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 Here's Heron yet for a' that!  
 For we're not to be bought an' sold  
 Like naigs, an' nowt, an' a' that.

## VI.

Then let us drink the Stewartry,  
 Kerroughtree's laird, an' a' that,  
 Our representative to be,  
 For weel he's worthy a' that.  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 Here's Heron yet for a' that!  
 A House of Commons such as he,  
 They would be blest that saw that.



## The Heron Ballads.

[BALLAD SECOND.]

THE ELECTION.

## I.

FY, let us a' to Kirkcudbright,  
 For there will be bickerin there;  
 For Murray's light-horse are to muster,  
 And O, how the heroes will swear!  
 An' there will be Murray commander,  
 And Gordon the battle to win;  
 Like brothers they'll stand by each other,  
 Sac knit in alliance an' kin.

## II.

An' there will be black-lippit Johnnie,  
 The tongue o' the trump to them a';  
 An he get na hell for his haddin,  
 The Deil gets na justice ava';  
 An' there will be Kempleton's birkie,  
 A boy no sae black at the bane,  
 But, as for his fine nabob fortune,  
 We'll e'en let the subject alane.

## III.

An' there will be Wigton's new Sheriff—  
 Dame Justice fu' brawlie has sped;  
 She's gotten the heart of a Bushby,  
 But, Lord, what's become o' the head?  
 An' there will be Cardoness, Esquire,  
 Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes;  
 A wight that will weather damnation,  
 For the Devil the prey will despise.

## IV.

An' there will be Douglasses doughty,  
 New christ'ning towns far and near;  
 Abjuring their democrat doings,  
 By kissing the —— o' a peer.  
 An' there will be Kenmure sae gen'rous,  
 Whose honour is proof to the storm;  
 To save them from stark reprobation,  
 He lent them his name to the firm.

## V.

But we winna mention Redcastle,  
 The body e'en let him escape!  
 He'd venture the gallows for siller,  
 An' 'twere na the cost o' the rape.  
 An' where is our king's lord-lieutenant,  
 Sae fam'd for his gratefu' return?  
 The billie is gettin his questions,  
 To say in St. Stephen's the morn.

## VI.

An' there will be Lads o' the Gospel—  
 Muirhead, wha's as gude as he's true;  
 An' there will be Buittle's apostle,  
 Wha's more o' the black than the blue.  
 An' there will be folk from St. Mary's,  
 A house o' great merit and note;  
 The deil ane but honours them highly,—  
 The deil ane will gie them his vote!

## VII.

An' there will be wealthy young Richard—  
 Dame Fortune should hing by the neck  
 For prodigal, thriftless, bestowing;  
 His merit had won him respect.  
 An' there will be rich brother nabobs,  
 Tho' nabobs yet men of the first;  
 An' there will be Collieston's whiskers,  
 An' Quintin, o' lads not the worst.

## VIII.

An' there will be stamp-office Johnnie—  
 Tak tent how ye purchase a dram;  
 An' there will be gay Cassencarrie,  
 An' there will be gleg Colonel Tam:  
 An' there will be trusty Kerrougtree,  
 Whose honour was ever his law;  
 If the Virtues were packed in a parcel,  
 His worth might be sample for a'.

## IX.

An' can we forget the auld Major,  
 Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys?  
 Our flatt'ry we'll keep for some other,  
 Him only, 'tis justice to praise.

An' there will be maiden Kilkerran,  
 And also Barskimming's gude knight;  
 An' there will be roarin Birtwhistle,  
 Wha luckily roars in the right.

## X.

An' there, frae the Niddisdale borders,  
 Will mingle the Maxwells in droves;  
 Teugh Johnnie, staunch Geordie, an' Walie,  
 That griens for the fishes an' loaves;  
 An' there will be Logan Mac Douall,  
 Sculdudd'ry an' he will be there;  
 An' also the wild Scot of Galloway,  
 Sodgerin, gunpowder Blair.

## XI

Then hey the chaste interest o' Broughton,  
 An' hey for the blessings 'twill bring?  
 It may send Balmaghie to the Commons,  
 In Sodom 'twould make him a king:  
 An' hey for the sanctified M[urra]y,  
 Our land who wi' chapels has stor'd;  
 He founder'd his horse among harlots,  
 But gied the auld naig to the Lord.

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 The Heron Ballads.
 

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[BALLAD THIRD.]

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

*Tune.*—"Buy Broom Besoms."

WHA will buy my troggin,  
 Fine election ware;  
 Broken trade o' Broughton,  
 A' in high repair.  
 Buy braw troggin,  
 Frae the Banks o' Dee;  
 Wha wants troggin  
 Let him come to me.

There's a noble Earl's  
 Fame and high renown  
 For an auld sang—  
 It 's thought the gudes were stown.  
     Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the worth o' Broughton  
 In a needle's e'e;  
 Here's a reputation  
 Tint by Balmaghie.  
     Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's an honest conscience  
 Might a prince adorn;  
 Frae the downs o' Tinwald—  
 So was never worn.  
     Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's its stuff and lining,  
 Cardoness's head;  
 Fine for a sodger—  
 A' the wale o' lead.  
     Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's a little wadset,  
 Buittle's scrap o' truth,  
 Pawn'd in a gin-shop  
 Quenching holy drouth.  
     Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's armorial bearings  
 Frae the Manse o' Urr;  
 The crest, an auld crab-apple  
 Rotten at the core.  
     Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here is Satan's picture,  
 Like a bizzard gled,  
 Pouncing poor Redcastle,  
 Sprawlin as a taed.  
     Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the worth and wisdom  
 Collieston can boast;  
 By a thievish midge  
 They had been nearly lost.  
     Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here is Murray's fragments  
 O' the ten commands;  
 Gifted by black Jock  
 To get them aff his hands.  
     Buy braw troggin, &c.

Saw ye e'er sic troggin?  
 If to buy ye're slack,  
 Hornie's turnin chapman,  
 He'll buy a' the pack.  
     Buy braw troggin,  
     Frae the banks o' Dee;  
     Wha wants troggin  
     Let him come to me.



### The Fete Champetre.

*Tune.*—"Killierankie."

#### I.

O WHA will to Saint Stephen's House,  
 To do our errands there, man?  
 O wha will to Saint Stephen's House,  
 O' th' merry lads of Ayr, man?  
 Or will we send a man-o'-law?  
 Or will we send a sodger?  
 Or him wha led o'er Scotland a'  
 The meikle Ursa-Major?

#### II.

Come, will ye court a noble lord,  
 Or buy a score o' lairds, man?  
 For worth and honour pawn their word,  
 Their vote shall be Glencaird's, man.  
 Ane gies them coin, ane gies them wine,  
 Anither gies them clatter;  
 Anbank, wha guess'd the ladies' taste,  
 He gies a Fête Champetre.

## III.

When Love and Beauty heard the news,  
 The gay green-woods amang, man ;  
 Where gathering flowers and busking bowers,  
 They heard the blackbird's sang, man :  
 A vow, they seal'd it with a kiss,  
 Sir Politicks to fetter ;  
 As their's alone, the patent-bliss,  
 To hold a Fête Champetre.

## IV.

Then mounted Mirth on gleesome wing,  
 O'er hill and dale she flew, man ;  
 Ilk wimpling burn, ilk crystal spring,  
 Ilk glen and shaw she knew, man :  
 She summon'd every social sprite,  
 That sports by wood or water,  
 On th' bonny banks of Ayr to meet,  
 And keep this Fête Champetre.

## V.

Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterous crew,  
 Were bound to stakes like kye, man ;  
 And Cynthia's car, o' silver fu',  
 Clamb up the starry sky, man :  
 Reflected beams dwell in the streams,  
 Or down the current shatter ;  
 The western breeze steals thro' the trees,  
 To view this Fête Champetre.

## VI.

How many a robe sae gaily floats !  
 What sparkling jewels glance, man !  
 To Harmony's enchanting notes,  
 As moves the mazy dance, man.  
 The echoing wood, the winding flood,  
 Like Paradise did glitter,  
 When angels met, at Adam's yett,  
 To hold their Fête Champetre.

## VII.

When Politicks came there, to mix  
 And make his ether-stane, man !  
 He circled round the magic ground,  
 But entrance found he nane, man :

He blushed for shame, he quat his name,  
 Forswore it, every letter,  
 Wi' humble prayer to join and share  
 This festive Fête Champetre.



## Epistle from Esopus to Maria.

FROM those drear solitudes and frowsy cells,  
 Where Infamy with sad Repentance dwells ;  
 Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast,  
 And deal from iron hands the spare repast ;  
 Where truant 'prentices, yet young in sin,  
 Blush at the curious stranger peeping in ;  
 Where strumpets, relics of the drunken roar,  
 Resolve to drink, nay half to whore no more ;  
 Where tiny thieves not destin'd yet to swing,  
 Beat hemp for others, riper for the string :  
 From these dire scenes my wretched lines I date,  
 To tell Maria her Esopus' fate.

“Alas ! I feel I am no actor here !”  
 'Tis real hangmen real scourges bear !  
 Prepare, Maria, for a horrid tale  
 Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale ;  
 Will make thy hair, tho' erst from gipsy polled,  
 By barber woven, and by barber sold,  
 Though twisted smooth with Harry's nicest care,  
 Like hoary bristles to erect and stare.  
 The hero of the mimic scene, no more  
 I start in Hamlet, in Othello roar ;  
 Or haughty Chieftain, 'mid the din of arms,  
 In Highland bonnet woo Malvina's charms ;  
 While sans-culottes stoop up the mountain high,  
 And steal from me Maria's prying eye.  
 Blest Highland bonnet ! once my proudest dress,  
 Now prouder still, Maria's temples press.  
 I see her wave thy towering plumes afar,  
 And call each coxcomb to the wordy war.

I see her face the first of Ireland's sons,  
 And even out-Irish his Hibernian bronze;  
 The crafty Colonel leaves the tartan'd lines,  
 For other wars, where he a hero shines;  
 The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred,  
 Who owns a Bushby's heart without the head,  
 Comes 'mid a string of coxcombs, to display  
 That *veni, vidi, vici*, is his way:  
 The shrinking Bard adown the alley skulks,  
 And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich hulks;  
 Though there, his heresies in Church and State  
 Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate:  
 Still she undaunted reels and rattles on,  
 And dares the public like a noontide sun.  
 (What scandal called Maria's janty stagger  
 The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger?  
 Whose spleen, e'en worse than Burns' venom, when  
 He dips in gall unmix'd his eager pen,  
 And pours his vengeance in the burning line,—  
 Who christened thus Maria's lyre divine  
 The idiot Strum of Vanity bemused,  
 And even th' Abuse of Poesy abused?  
 Who called her verse a Parish Workhouse made  
 For motley foundling Fancies, stolen or strayed?)

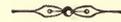
A Workhouse! ah, that sound awakes my woes,  
 And pillows on the thorn my rack'd repose!  
 In durance vile here must I wake and weep,  
 And all my frowzy couch in sorrow steep;  
 That straw where many a rogue has lain of yore,  
 And vermin'd gipsies littered heretofore.

Why, Lonsdale, thus thy wrath on vagrants pour,  
 Must earth no rascal save thyself endure?  
 Must thou alone in guilt immortal swell,  
 And make a vast monopoly of hell?  
 Thou know'st the Virtues cannot hate thee worse;  
 The Vices also, must they club their curse?  
 Or must no tiny sin to others fall,  
 Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all?

Maria, send me too thy griefs and cares;  
 In all of thee sure thy Esopus shares.  
 As thou at all mankind the flag unfurls,  
 Who on my fair one Satire's vengeance hurls?

Who calls thee, pert, affected, vain coquette,  
 A wit in folly, and a fool in wit?  
 Who says that fool alone is not thy due,  
 And quotes thy treacherics to prove it true?

Our force united on thy foes we'll turn,  
 And dare the war with all of woman born:  
 For who can write and speak as thou and I?  
 My periods that decyphering defy,  
 And thy still matchless tongue that conquers all  
 reply!



## SONG.

## The Sons of Old Killie.

Tune.—“Shawnboy.”

## I.

YE sons of Old Killie, assembled by Willie,  
 To follow the noble vocation;  
 Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another  
 To sit in that honoured station.  
 I've little to say, but only to pray,  
 As praying's the ton of your fashion;  
 A prayer from the Muse you well may excuse,  
 'Tis seldom her favourite passion.

## II.

Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide,  
 Who marked each element's border;  
 Who formed this frame with beneficent aim,  
 Whose sovereign statute is order:—  
 Within this dear mansion, may wayward Contention  
 Or withered Envy ne'er enter;  
 May Secrecy round be the mystical bound,  
 And Brotherly Love be the centre.



## SONGS, BALLADS, AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES:

AS EDITED BY CHAMBERS, 1856.

## The Tarbolton Lassies.

[SATIRICAL VERSES—1781.]

If ye gae up to yon hill-tap,  
Ye'll there see bonnie Peggy;  
She kens her father is a laird,  
And she forsooth's a leddy.

There Sophy tight, a lassie bright,  
Besides a handsome fortune:  
Wha canna win her in a night,  
Has little art in courting.

Gae down by Faile, and taste the ale,  
And tak a look o' Mysie;  
She's dour and din, a deil within,  
But aiblins she may please ye.

If she be shy, her sister try,  
Ye'll maybe fancy Jenny;  
If ye'll dispense wi' want o' sense—  
She kens hersel she's bonnie.

As ye gae up by yon hillside,  
Speer in for bonnie Bessy;  
She'll gie ye a beck, and bid ye light,  
And handsomely address ye.

There's few sae bonnie, nane sae guid,  
In a' King George' dominion;  
If ye should doubt the truth o' this—  
It's Bessy's ain opinion!

## Ronalds of Bennals.

[DATE 1781.]

IN Tarbolton, ye ken, there are proper young men,  
And proper young lasses and a', man;  
But ken ye the Ronalds that live in the Bennals,  
They carry the gree frae them a', man.

Their father's a laird, and weel he can spare 't,  
Braid money to tocher them a', man;  
To proper young men, he'll clink in the hand  
Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man.

There's ane they ca' Jean, I'll warrant ye've seen  
As bonnie a lass or as braw, man;  
But for sense and guid taste she'll vie wi' the best,  
And a conduct that beautifies a', man.

The charms o' the min', the langer they shine,  
The mair admiration they draw, man;  
While peaches and cherries, and roses and lilies,  
They fade and they wither awa, man.

If ye be for Miss Jean, tak this frae a frien',  
A hint o' a rival or twa, man;  
The Laird o' Blackbyre wad gang through the fire,  
If that wad entice her awa, man.

The Laird o' Braehead has been on his speed,  
For mair than a towmond or twa, man;  
The Laird o' the Ford will straught on a board,  
If he canna get her at a', man.

Then Anna comes in, the pride o' her kin,  
The boast of our bachelors a', man:  
Sae sonsy and sweet, sae fully complete,  
She steals our affections awa, man.

If I should detail the pick and the wale,  
O' lasses that live here awa, man,  
The fault wad be mine, if they didna shine,  
The sweetest and best o' them a', man.

I lo'e her mysel, but darena weel tell,  
My poverty keeps me in awe, man;  
For making o' rhymes, and working at times,  
Does little or naething at a', man.

Yet I wadna choose to let her refuse,  
Nor hae't in her power to say na, man;  
For though I be poor, unnoticed, obscure,  
My stomach's as proud as them a', man.

Though I canna ride in weel-booted pride,  
And flee o'er the hills like a craw, man,  
I can haud up my head wi' the best o' the breed,  
Though fluttering ever so braw, man.

My coat and my vest, they are Scotch o' the best,  
O' pairs o' guid breeks I hae twa, man;  
And stockings and pumps to put on my stumps,  
And ne'er a wrang steek in them a', man.

My sarks they are few, but five o' them new,  
Twa' hundred, as white as the snaw, man,  
A ten-shillings hat, a Holland cravat;  
There are no mony poets sae braw, man.

I never had frien's, weel stockit in means,  
To leave me a hundred or twa, man;  
Nae weel-tocher'd aunts, to wait on their drants,  
And wish them in hell for it a', man.

I never was canny for hoarding o' money,  
Or claughtin 't together at a', man;  
I've little to spend, and naething to lend,  
But deevil a shilling I awe, man.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Poems written under Violent Grief.

[DATE 1786.]

Accept the gift a friend sincere  
Wad on thy worth be pressin';  
Remembrance oft may start a tear,  
But oh! that tenderness forbear,  
Though 'twad my sorrows lessen.

My morning raise sae clear and fair,  
I thought sair storms wad never  
Bedew the scene; but grief and care  
In wildest fury hae made bare  
My peace, my hope, for ever!

You think I'm glad; oh, I pay weel  
For a' the joy I borrow,  
In solitude—then, then I feel  
I canna to mysel conceal  
My deeply-ranklin sorrow.

Farewell! within thy bosom free  
A sigh may whiles awaken;  
A tear may wet thy laughin' e'e,  
For Scotia's son—ance gay like thee—  
Now hopeless, comfortless, forsaken!

### To Miss Ferrier,

ENCLOSING THE ELEGY ON SIR J. H. BLAIR.

[DATE 1787.]

NAE heathen name shall I prefix  
Frae Pindus or Parnassus;  
Auld Reekie dings them a' to sticks,  
For rhyme-inspiring lasses.

Jove's tunefu' dochters three times three  
 Made Homer deep their debtor;  
 But, gien the body half an e'e,  
 Nine Ferriers wad done better!

Last day my mind was in a bog,  
 Down George's Street I stoited;  
 A creeping cauld prosaic fog  
 My very senses doited.

Do what I dought to set her free,  
 My saul lay in the mire;  
 Ye turned a neuk—I saw your e'e—  
 She took the wing like fire!

The mournfu' sang I here enclose,  
 In gratitude I send you;  
 And [wish and] pray in rhyme sincere,  
 A' gude things may attend you!

### The Bonny Lass of Albany.

*Tune.*—"Mary's Dream."

[DATE 1787.]

MY heart is wae, and unco wae,  
 To think upon the raging sea,  
 That roars between her gardens green  
 And the bonny Lass of Albany.

This lovely maid's of royal blood  
 That ruled Albion's kingdoms three,  
 But oh, alas! for her bonny face,  
 They've wrang'd the Lass of Albany.

In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde  
 There sits an isle of high degree,  
 And a town of fame whose princely name  
 Should grace the Lass of Albany.

But there's a youth, a witless youth,  
 That fills the place where she should be;  
 We'll send him o'er to his native shore,  
 And bring our ain sweet Albany.

Alas the day, and wo the day,  
 A false usurper wan the gree,  
 Who now commands the towers and lands—  
 The royal right of Albany.

We'll daily pray, we'll nightly pray,  
 On bended knees most fervently,  
 The time may come, with pipe and drum  
 We'll welcome hame fair Albany.

### The Lass that Made the Bed to Me.

*Tune.*—"The Peacock,"

[SECOND EDITION.]

WHEN winter's wind was blawing cauld,  
 As to the north I bent my way,  
 The mirksome night did me enfauld,  
 I knew na where to lodge till day.

A charming girl I chanc'd to meet,  
 Just in the middle o' my care,  
 And kindly she did me invite  
 Her father's humble cot to share.

Her hair was like the gowd sae fine,  
 Her teeth were like the ivorie,  
 Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,  
 The lass that made the bed to me.

Her bosom was the drifted snaw,  
 Her limbs like marble fair to see;  
 A finer form nane ever saw  
 Than her's that made the bed to me.

She made the bed baith lang and braid,  
 Wi' twa white hands she spread it down,  
 She bade "Guid-night," and smiling said:  
 "I hope ye 'll sleep baith saft and soun'."

Upon the morrow, when I raise,  
 I thank'd her for her courtesie;  
 A blush cam o'er the comely face  
 Of her that made the bed for me.

I clasp'd her waist and kiss'd her syne;  
 The tear stood twinkling in her e'e;  
 "O dearest maid, gin ye 'll be mine,  
 Ye aye sall mak the bed to me."



### The Tree of Liberty.

[DATE 1794.]

HEARD ye o' the tree o' France,  
 I watna what's the name o't;  
 Around it a' the patriots dance,  
 Weel Europe kens the fame o't.  
 It stands where ance the Bastile stood,  
 A prison built by kings, man,  
 When Superstition's hellish brood  
 Kept France in leading-strings, man.

Upo' this tree there grows sic fruit,  
 Its virtues a' can tell, man;  
 It raises man aboon the brute,  
 It maks him ken himsel, man.  
 Gif ance the peasant taste a bit,  
 He's greater than a lord, man,  
 And wi' the beggar shares a mite  
 O' a' he can afford, man.

This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth,  
 To comfort us 'twas sent, man:  
 To gie the sweetest blush o' health,  
 And mak us a' content, man.

It clears the een, it cheers the heart,  
 Maks high and low guid friends, man;  
 And he wha acts the traitor's part,  
 It to perdition sends, man.

My blessings aye attend the chiel  
 Wha pitied Gallia's slaves, man,  
 And staw a branch, spite o' the deil,  
 Frae 'yont the western waves, man.  
 Fair Virtue water'd it wi' care,  
 And now she sees wi' pride, man,  
 How weel it buds and blossoms there,  
 Its branches spreading wide, man.

But vicious folk aye hate to see  
 The works o' Virtue thrive, man;  
 The courtly vermin's bann'd the tree,  
 And grat to see it thrive, man.  
 King Loui' thought to cut it down,  
 When it was unco sma', man;  
 For this the watchman crack'd his crown,  
 Cut aff his head and a', man.

A wicked crew syne, on a time,  
 Did tak a solemn aith, man,  
 It ne'er should flourish to its prime,  
 I wat they pledged their faith, man.  
 Awa they gaed wi' mock parade,  
 Like beagles hunting game, man;  
 But soon grew weary o' the trade,  
 And wish'd they 'd been at hame, man.

For Freedom, standing by the tree,  
 Her sons did loudly ca', man;  
 She sang a sang o' liberty,  
 Which pleased them ane and a', man.  
 By her inspired, the new-born race  
 Soon drew the avenging steel, man;  
 The hirelings ran,—her foes gied chase,  
 And bang'd the despot weel, man.

Let Britain boast her hardy oak,  
 Her poplar and her pine, man,  
 Auld Britain ance could crack her joke,  
 And o'er her neighbours shine, man.

But seek the forest round and round,  
 And soon 'twill be agreed, man,  
 That sic a tree can not be found  
 'Twixt London and the Tweed, man.

Without this tree, alake this life  
 Is but a vale o' wo, man;  
 A scene o' sorrow mix'd wi' strife,  
 Nae real joys we know, man.  
 We labour soon, we labour late,  
 To feed the titled knave, man;  
 And a' the comfort we're to get,  
 Is that ayont the grave, man.

Wi' plenty o' sic trees, I trow,  
 The warld would live in peace, man;  
 The sword would help to mak a plough,  
 The din o' war wad cease, man.  
 Like brethren in a common cause,  
 We'd on each other smile, man;  
 And equal rights and equal laws  
 Wad gladden every isle, man.

Wae worth the loon wha wadna eat  
 Sic haesome dainty cheer, man;  
 I'd gie my shoon frae aff my feet,  
 To taste sic fruit, I swear, man.  
 Syne let us pray, auld England may  
 Sure plant this far-famed tree, man;  
 And blithe we'll sing, and hail the day  
 That gave us liberty, man.



[Verses on the Destruction of the  
 Woods near Drumlanrig.]

[DATE 1795.]

AS on the banks o' wandering Nith,  
 Ae smiling simmer-morn I stray'd,  
 And traced its bonny howes and haughs,  
 Where linties sang and lambkins play'd,

I sat me down upon a craig,  
 And drank my fill o' fancy's dream,  
 When, from the eddying deep below,  
 Uprose the genius of the stream.

Dark, like the frowning rock, his brow,  
 And troubled, like his wintry wave,  
 And deep, as sighs the boding wind  
 Among his eaves, the sigh he gave—  
 "And came ye here, my son," he cried,  
 "To wander in my birken shade?  
 To muse some favourite Scottish theme,  
 Or sing some favourite Scottish maid.

"There was a time, it's nae lang syne,  
 Ye might hae seen me in my pride,  
 When a' my banks sae bravely saw  
 Their woody pictures in my tide;  
 When hanging beech and spreading elm  
 Shaded my stream sae clear and cool;  
 And stately oaks their twisted arms  
 Threw broad and dark across the pool;

"When glinting, through the trees, appear'd  
 The wee white cot aboon the mill,  
 And peacefu' rose its ingle reek,  
 That slowly curled up the hill.  
 But now the cot is bare and cauld,  
 Its branchy shelter's lost and gane,  
 And scarce a stunted birk is left  
 To shiver in the blast its lane."

"Alas!" said I, "what ruefu' chance  
 Has twin'd ye o' your stately trees?  
 Has laid your rocky bosom bare?  
 Has stripp'd the cleeding o' your braes?  
 Was it the bitter eastern blast,  
 That scatters blight in early spring?  
 Or was't the wil'fire scorch'd their boughs,  
 Or canker-worm wi' secret sting?"

"Nae eastlin blast," the sprite replied;  
 "It blew na here sae fierce and fell,  
 And on my dry and haesome banks  
 Nae canker-worms get leave to dwell:

Man! cruel man!" the genius sighed—  
As through the cliffs he sank him down—  
"The worm that gnaw'd my bonny trees,  
That reptile wears a ducal crown."



## EXTEMPORE

ON SOME COMMEMORATIONS OF THE

Poet Thomson.

[Enclosed in Letter to Mrs. Graham of Fintry, Oct. 1791.]

DOST thou not rise, indignant Shade,  
And smile wi' spurning scorn,  
When they wha wad hae starv'd thy life  
Thy senseless turf adorn!

Helpless, alane, thou clamb the brae,  
Wi' mickle, mickle toil,  
And claught th' unfading garland there,  
Thy sair-won, rightful spoil.

And wear it there! and call aloud  
This axiom undoubted—  
Would thou hae nobles' patronage,  
"First learn to live without it!"

To whom hae much, shall yet be given,  
Is every great man's faith;  
But he the helpless, needless wretch,  
Shall lose the mite he hath.



## ELECTION BALLADS.

## John Bushby's Lamentation.

Tune.—"The Babes in the Wood."

[DATE 1795.]

'Twas in the seventeen hunder year  
O' grace and ninety-five,  
That year I was the wae'est man  
O' ony man alive.

In March the three-and-twentieth morn,  
The sun raise clear and bright;  
But oh I was a waefu' man  
Ere to-fa' o' the night.

Yerl Galloway lang did rule this land,  
Wi' equal right and fame,  
And thereto was his kinsman joined  
The Murray's noble name.

Yerl Galloway lang did rule the land,  
Made me the judge o' strife;  
But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke,  
And eke my hangman's knife.

'Twas by the banks o' bonny Dee,  
Beside Kirkcudbright's towers,  
The Stewart and the Murray there  
Did muster a' their powers.

The Murray, on the auld grey yaud,  
Wi' winged spurs did ride,  
That auld grey yaud, yea, Nidsdale rade,  
He staw upon Nidside.

An there hadna been the Yerl himsel,  
O there had been nae play;  
But Garlies was to London gane,  
And sae the kye might stray.

And there was Balmaghie, I ween,  
 In front rank he wad shine;  
 But Balmaghie had better been  
 Drinking Madeira wine.

Frae the Glenkens came to our aid  
 A chief o' doughty deed;  
 In case that worth should wanted be,  
 O' Kenmure we had need.

And by our banners march'd Muirhead,  
 And Buittle was na slack;  
 Whase haly priesthood nane can stain,  
 For wha can dye the black?

And there, sae grave, Squire Cardoness  
 Look'd on till a' was done;  
 Sae, in the tower o' Cardoness,  
 A howlet sits at noon.

And there led I the Bushby clan,  
 My gamesome billie Will;  
 And my son Maitland, wise as brave,  
 My footsteps follow'd still.

The Douglas and the Heron's name  
 We set nought to their score;  
 The Douglas and the Heron's name  
 Had felt our weight before.

But Douglasses o' weight had we,  
 The pair o' lusty lairds,  
 For building cot-houses sae famed,  
 And christening kail-yards.

And there Redcastle drew his sword,  
 That ne'er was stain'd wi' gore,  
 Save on a wanderer lame and blind,  
 To drive him frae his door.

And last came creeping C——l——n,  
 Was mair in fear than wrath;  
 Ae knave was constant in his mind,  
 To keep that knave frae scaith.

\* \* \* \* \*

## VARIOUS READINGS:

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDITION OF THE BALLADS.

### The Five Carlines.

[FROM STANZA 8TH AS FOLLOWS.]

The first he was a belted knight,  
 Bred o' a Border clan,  
 And he wad gae to Lon'on town,  
 Might nae man him withstan'.

And he wad do their errands weel,  
 And meikle he wad say,  
 And ilka ane at Lon'on court  
 Would bid to him guid-day.

Then next came in a sodger youth,  
 And spak wi' modest grace,  
 And he wad gae to Lon'on town,  
 If sae their pleasure was.

He wadna hecht them courtly gifts,  
 Nor meikle speech pretend,  
 But he wad hecht an honest heart  
 Wad ne'er desert a friend.

Now, wham to choose, and wham refuse,  
 At strife thir carlines fell;  
 For some had gentle folks to please,  
 And some wad please themsel.

Then out spak mim-mou'ed Meg o' Nith,  
 And she spak up wi' pride,  
 And she wad send the sodger youth,  
 Whatever might betide.

For the auld guidman o' Lon'on court  
 She didna care a pin;  
 But she wad send the sodger youth  
 To greet his eldest son.

Then up sprang Bess o' Annandale,  
And a deadly aith she's ta'en,  
That she wad vote the Border knight,  
Though she should vote her lane.

For far-aff fowls hae feathers fair,  
And fools o' change are fain;  
But I hae tried the Border knight,  
And I'll try him yet again.

Says Black Joan frae Crichton Peel,  
A carline stoor and grim,  
The auld guidman, and the young guidman,  
For me may sink or swim;

For fools will freit o' right or wrang,  
While knaves laugh them to scorn;  
But the sodger's friends hae blawn the best,  
So he shall bear the horn.

Then Whisky Jean spak owre her drink,  
Ye weel ken, kimmers a',  
The auld guidman o' Lon'on court  
His back's been at the wa';

And monie a friend that kissed his cup  
Is now a fremit wight:  
But it's ne'er be said o' Whisky Jean—  
I'll send the Border knight.

Then slow raise Marjory o' the Lochs,  
And wrinkled was her brow,  
Her ancient weed was russet gray,  
Her auld Scots bluid was true;

There's some great folks set light by me—  
I set as light by them;  
But I will send to Lon'on town  
Wham I like best at hame.

Sae how this weighty plea may end  
Nae mortal wight can tell:  
God grant the king and ilka man  
May look weel to himsel.

## Epistle to Robert Graham, Esq.

[DISPUTED ELECTION—p. 394.]

[Concludes, in original manuscript, with additional stanzas,  
as follows:—]

How shall I sing Drumlanrig's Grace—  
Discarded remnant of a race  
Once great in martial story?  
His forbears' virtues all contrasted—  
The very name of Douglas blasted—  
His that inverted glory.

Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore;  
But he has superadded more,  
And sunk them in contempt:  
Follies and crimes have stained the name;  
But, Queensberry, thine the virgin claim,  
From aught that's good exempt.

## Heron Ballads.

BALLAD SECOND: THE ELECTION.

[Entirely different arrangement; also one additional half  
stanza, as follows:—]

And strong and respectfu's his backing,  
The maist o' the lairds wi' him stand;  
Nae gipsy-like nominal barons,  
Whase property's paper, but lands.

[VARIATION OF NEXT STANZA.]

For there frae the Niddisdale borders,  
The Maxwells will gather in droves,  
Teugh Jockie, stanch Geordie, and Wellwood,  
That griens for the fishes and loaves.

## BALLAD THIRD: TROGGIN.

[Besides different arrangement, after 8th stanza  
the following:—]

Here's the font where Douglas  
Stane and mortar names;  
Lately used at C[aily]  
Christening M[urray's] crimes.  
Buy braw troggin, &c.

## John Bushby's Lamentation.

[After 4th stanza, comes following variation and addition  
in Manuscript.]

Earl Galloway's man o' men was I,  
And chief o' Broughton's host;  
So twa blind beggars on a string  
The faithfu' tyke will trust.  
But now Earl Galloway's sceptre's broke,  
And Broughton's wi' the slain,  
And I my ancient craft may try,  
Sin' honesty is gane.

## Here's a Health to Them that's Awa.

[The last four lines awanting in Cromek, and supplied by  
chorus in Cunningham, are thus given by Chambers.]

Here's friends on both sides of the Forth,  
And friends on both sides of the Tweed;  
And wha wad betray Old Albion's rights,  
May they never eat of her bread!

## Additional Stanzas of "The Vision."

[After 18th stanza of printed copies, the following are found  
in the Stair Manuscript.]

WITH secret throes I marked that earth,  
That cottage, witness of my birth;  
And near I saw, bold issuing forth  
In youthful pride,  
A Lindsay, race of noble worth,  
Famed far and wide.

Where, hid behind a spreading wood,  
An ancient Pict-built mansion stood,  
I spied, among an angel brood,  
A female pair;  
Sweet shone their high maternal blood,  
And father's air.

An ancient tower to memory brought  
How Dettingen's bold hero fought;  
Still far from sinking into nought,  
It owns a lord  
Who [far in western] climates fought,  
With trusty sword.

There, where a sceptred Pictish shade  
Stalked round his ashes lowly laid,  
I saw a martial race portray'd  
In colours strong;  
Bold, sodger-featured, undismay'd,  
They stalk'd along.

Among the rest I well could spy  
One gallant, graceful, martial boy,  
The sodger sparkled in his eye,  
A diamond water;  
I blest that noble badge with joy  
That owned me *frater*.

After the 20th stanza:—

Near by arose a mansion fine,  
The seat of many a muse divine;  
Not rustic muses such as mine,  
With holly crown'd,

But th' ancient, tuneful, laurell'd Nine,  
From classic ground.

I mourn'd the card that Fortune dealt,  
To see where bonny Whitefoords dwelt;  
But other prospects made me melt—  
That village near;  
There Nature, Friendship, Love I felt,  
Fond-mingling dear.

Hail! Nature's pang, more strong than death!  
Warm Friendship's glow, like kindling wrath!  
Love, dearer than the parting breath  
Of dying friend!  
[Not even] with life's wild devious path,  
Your force shall end!

The Power that gave the soft alarms,  
In blooming Whitefoord's rosy charms,  
Still threatens the tiny-feather'd arms,  
The barbed dart,  
While lovely Wilhelmina warms  
The coldest heart.

After the 21st stanza:—

Where Lugar leaves his moorland plaid,  
Where lately Want was idly laid,  
I marked busy, bustling Trade,  
In fervid flame,  
Beneath a patroness's aid,  
Of noble name:

While countless hills I could survey,  
And countless flocks as well as they;  
But other scenes did charms display,  
That better please,  
Where polished manners dwelt with Gray  
In rural ease.

Where Cessnock pours with gurgling sound,  
And Irwine, marking out the bound,  
Enamour'd of the scenes around,  
Slow runs his race,  
A name I doubly honour'd found,  
With knightly grace.

Brydone's brave Ward, I saw him stand,  
Fame humbly offering her hand;  
And near his kinsman's rustic band,  
With one accord,  
Lamenting their late blessed land  
Must change its lord.

The owner of a pleasant spot,  
Near sandy wilds I did him note;  
A heart too warm, a pulse too hot,  
At times o'eran;  
But, large in every feature wrote,  
Appeared the man.

[In above stanzas, the words in [brackets] had been inserted  
in Manuscript by some other than the Author's hand.]



### Song,

IN THE CHARACTER OF A RUINED FARMER.

*Tune.*—"Go from my window, Love, do."

[AN EARLY COMPOSITION.]

THE sun he is sunk in the west,  
All creatures retired to rest,  
While here I sit all sore beset  
With sorrow, grief, and wo;  
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

The prosperous man is asleep,  
Nor hears how the whirlwinds sweep;  
But Misery and I must watch  
The surly tempest blow:  
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

There lies the dear partner of my breast,  
Her cares for a moment at rest:  
Must I see thee, my youthful pride,  
Thus brought so very low!  
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

There lie my sweet babies in her arms,  
 No anxious fear their little heart alarms;  
 But for their sake my heart doth ache,  
     With many a bitter throe:  
 And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

I once was by Fortune carest,  
 I once could relieve the distrest;  
 Now life's poor support, hardly earn'd,  
     My fate will scarce bestow:  
 And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

No comfort, no comfort I have!  
 How welcome to me were the grave!  
 But then my wife and children dear,  
     O whither would they go?  
 And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

O whither, O whither shall I turn!  
 All friendless, forsaken, forlorn!  
 For in this world Rest or Peace  
     I never more shall know!  
 And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!



### New Psalmody.

[First appears in this edition—Special Correspondence, p. 18.]

O SING a new song to the L——,  
 Make, all and every one,  
 A joyful noise, even for the king  
 His restoration.

The sons of Belial in the Land  
 Did set their heads together;  
 Come, let us sweep them off, said they,  
 Like an o'erflowing river.

They set their heads together, I say,  
 They set their heads together;  
 On right, on left, and every hand,  
 We saw none to deliver.

Thou madest strong two chosen ones,  
 To quell the Wicked's pride;  
 That Young Man great in Issachar,  
 The burden-bearing tribe.

And him, among the Princes chief  
 In our Jerusalem,  
 The Judge that's mighty in thy law,  
 The man that fears thy name.

Yet they, even they, with all their strength,  
 Began to faint and fail;  
 Even as two howling, ravening wolves  
 To dogs do turn their tail.

Th' ungodly o'er the just prevailed,  
 For so thou hadst appointed;  
 That thou might'st greater glory give  
 Unto thine own anointed.

And now thou hast restored our State,  
 Pity our Kirk also;  
 For she by tribulations  
 Is now brought very low.

Consume that high-place, Patronage,  
 From off thy holy hill;  
 And in thy fury burn the book  
 Even of that man M<sup>c</sup>Gill.

Now hear our pray'r, accept our song,  
 And fight thy chosen's battle;  
 We seek but little, L——, from thee;  
 Thou kens we get as little.



## FRAGMENTS, INSCRIPTIONS, EPITAPHS, &amp;c.

## Fragments.

OH why the deuce should I repine,  
And be an ill foreboder?  
I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine,  
I'll go and be a sodger!

I gat some gear wi' mickle care,  
I held it weel thegither;  
But now it's gane, and something mair—  
I'll go and be a sodger!

ONE night as I did wander,  
When corn begins to shoot,  
I sat me down to ponder,  
Upon an auld tree-root:  
Auld Aire ran by before me,  
And bicker'd to the seas;  
A cushat crouded o'er me,  
That echoed through the braes.

*Tune.*—"I had a horse, I had nae mair."

WHEN first I came to Stewart Kyle,  
My mind it was na steady,  
Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade,  
A mistress still I had aye.

But when I came roun' by Mauchline toun,  
Not dreading anybody,  
My heart was caught before I thought,  
And by a Mauchline lady.

[Compare Prose Works, p. 71.]

WHEN clouds in skies do come together  
To hide the brightness of the sun,  
There will surely be some pleasant weather  
When a' their storms are past and gone.

Though fickle Fortune has deceived me,  
She promis'd fair and perform'd but ill;  
Of mistress, friends, and wealth bereav'd me,  
Yet I bear a heart shall support me still.—

I'll act with prudence as far as I'm able,  
But if success I must never find,  
Then come misfortune, I bid thee welcome,  
I'll meet thee with an undaunted mind.

[Addressed to Dr. Mackenzie.]

FRIDAY first's the day appointed  
By the Right Worshipful anointed,  
To hold our grand procession;  
To get a blad o' Johnnie's morals,  
And taste a swatch o' Manson's barrels  
I' the way of our profession.  
The Master and the Brotherhood  
Would a' be glad to see you;  
For me I would be mair than proud  
To share the mercies wi' you.  
If Death, then, wi' skaith, then,  
Some mortal heart is hechtin,  
Inform him, and storm him,  
That Saturday you'll fecht him.

ROBERT BURNS.

*Mossiel, An. M. 5790.*

HERE'S a bottle and an honest friend!  
 What wad ye wish for mair, man?  
 Wha kens before his life may end,  
 What his share may be o' care, man?  
 Then catch the moments as they fly,  
 And use them as ye ought, man!  
 Believe me, happiness is shy,  
 And comes not ay when sought, man.

THERE'S naethin like the honest nappy!  
 Whaur'll ye e'er see men sae happy,  
 Or women sonsie, saft an' sappy,  
       'Tween morn an' morn,  
 As them wha like to taste the drappie  
       In glass or horn?

I've seen me daez't upon a time;  
 I scarce could wink or see a styme;  
 Just ae hauf muchkin does me prime,  
       Ought less is little,  
 Then back I rattle on the rhyme,  
       As gleg's a whittle!

[On Domestic Festivities at Manse, Newmills.]

THE night was still, and o'er the hill  
 The moon shone on the castle wa';  
 The mavis sang, while dew-drops hang  
 Around her, on the castle wa'.  
 Sae merrily they danced the ring,  
 Frae e'enin till the cock did craw;  
 And aye 'the o'erword o' the spring,  
 Was Irvine's bairns are bonny a'.

[Apologetic, to Mrs. Lawrie, Manse, Newmills.]

RUSTICITY'S ungainly form  
 May cloud the highest mind;  
 But when the heart is nobly warm,  
 The good excuse will find.

Propriety's cold cautious rules  
 Warm Fervour may o'erlook;  
 But spare poor Sensibility  
 The ungentle, harsh rebuke.

[For Prince Charles Edward's Birthday, 1786.]

\* \* \* \* \*  
 False flatterer, Hope, away!  
 Nor think to lure us as in days of yore;  
 We solemnise this sorrowing natal-day  
 To prove our loyal truth; we can no more;  
 And owning Heaven's mysterious sway,  
 Submissive, low, adore.

Ye honoured mighty dead!  
 Who nobly perished in the glorious cause,  
 Your king, your country, and her laws!  
 From great Dundee who smiling victory led,  
 And fell a martyr in her arms  
 (What breast of northern ice but warms?)  
 To bold Balmerino's undying name,  
 Whose soul of fire, lighted at heaven's high flame,  
 Deserves the proudest wreath departed heroes claim.

Nor unavenged your fate shall be,  
 It only lags the fatal hour;  
 Your blood shall with incessant cry  
 Awake at last th' unsparing power;  
 As from the cliff, with thundering course,  
 The snowy ruin smokes along,  
 With doubling speed and gathering force,  
 Till deep it crashing whelms the cottage in the vale!  
 So vengeance \* \* \* \* \*

*Tune.*—"The Caledonian Hunt's Delight."

WHY, why tell thy lover,  
 Bliss he never must enjoy?  
 Why, why undeceive him,  
 And give all his hopes the lie?

O why, while fancy, raptur'd, slumbers,  
Chloris, Chloris all the theme,  
Why, why wouldst thou cruel,  
Wake thy lover from his dream?

—  
AH, CHLORIS, SINCE IT MAY NA BE.

*Tune.*—"Major Graham."

[Sir Harris Nicolas found these lines on Chloris among the papers of Burns, and printed them in his late edition of the Poet's works.]

—  
AH, Chloris, since it may na be,  
That thou of love wilt hear;  
If from the lover thou maun flee,  
Yet let the friend be dear.

Altho' I love my Chloris mair  
Than ever tongue could tell;  
My passion I will ne'er declare,  
I'll say, I wish thee well.

Tho' a' my daily care thou art,  
And a' my nightly dream,  
I'll hide the struggle in my heart,  
And say it is esteem.

—  
[Compare Letter to Clarinda, p. 52.]

IN vain would Prudence, with decorous sneer,  
Point out a censuring world, and bid me fear:  
Above that world on wings of love I rise,  
I know its worst, and can that worst despise.

"Wrong'd, injured, shunned, unpitied, unredrest;  
The mock'd quotation of the scorner's jest"—  
Let Prudence' direst bodements on me fall,  
Clarinda, rich reward! o'erpays them all.

### Inscriptions.

—  
ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A WORK BY  
HANNAH MORE.

[FROM ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.]

THOU flatt'ring mark of Friendship kind,  
Still may thy pages call to mind  
The dear, the beauteous Donor.  
Tho' sweetly female, ev'ry part,  
Yet such a HEAD, and more the HEART,  
Does both the Sexes honor.  
She show'd her taste refin'd and just,  
When she selected thee:  
Yet deviating, own I must,  
For sae approving me:  
But kind still I'll mind still  
The Giver in the Gift;  
I'll bless her, an' wiss her  
A FRIEND ABOON THE LIFT.

*Mossiel, April, 1786.*

—  
UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF FERGUSSON.  
[1787.]

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

—  
ON THE SAME.  
[1792.]

ILL-FATED genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson!  
What heart that feels and will not yield a tear,  
To think life's sun did set ere well begun  
To shed its influence on thy bright career.  
O why should truest worth and genius pine,  
Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Wo,  
While titled knaves and idiot greatness shine  
In all the splendour Fortune can bestow!

## ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON.

[ORIGINAL DRAFT.]

WHILE cold-eyed Spring, a virgin coy,  
 Unfolds her verdant mantle sweet,  
 Or pranks the sod in frolic joy,  
 A carpet for her youthful feet:  
 While Summer, with a matron's grace,  
 Walks stately in the cooling shade,  
 And oft delighted loves to trace  
 The progress of the spiky blade:  
 While Autumn, benefactor kind,  
 With age's hoary honours clad,  
 Surveys with self-approving mind,  
 Each creature on his bounty fed, &c.

POETICAL INSCRIPTION FOR AN ALTAR  
TO INDEPENDENCE,

AT KERROUGHTREE, THE SEAT OF MR. HERON.

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

TO JOHN M'MURDO, ESQ.,  
WITH A PRESENT OF BOOKS.

OH could I give thee India's wealth  
 As I this trifle send,  
 Because thy joy in both would be  
 To share them with a friend!  
 But golden sands did never grace  
 The Heliconian stream;  
 Then take what gold could never buy—  
 An honest Bard's esteem.

INSCRIBED ON A PANE OF GLASS IN MR. M'MURDO'S HOUSE.

BLEST be M'Murdo to his latest day!  
 No envious cloud o'ercast his evening ray;  
 No wrinkle furrowed by the hand of care,  
 Nor ever sorrow add one silver hair!  
 Oh, may no son the father's honour stain,  
 Nor ever daughter give the mother pain!

## Epigrams, Empromptus, &amp;c.

TO THE MEN AND BRETHERN OF THE MASONIC  
LODGE AT TARBOLTON.

WITHIN your dear mansion may wayward Contention,  
 Or withering Envy ne'er enter;  
 May Secrecy round be the mystical Bound,  
 And brotherly love be the Centre.

*Edinburgh, 23 August, 1787.*

[Compare Correspondence, p. 167.]

TO A WELL-KNOWN PAINTER AT EDINBURGH.  
[1787.]

DEAR —, I'll gie ye some advice,  
 You'll tak it no uncivil:  
 You shouldna paint at Angels mair,  
 But try and paint the Devil.  
 To paint an Angel's kittle wark,  
 Wi' auld Nick there's less danger:  
 You'll easy draw a weel-kent face,  
 But no sae weel a stranger.

R. B.

## ON WILLIAM SMELLIE. [1787.]

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

## AT MRS. DAVID WILSON'S INN, ROSLIN, [1787.]

MY blessings on ye, honest wife,  
 I ne'er was here before;  
 Ye've wealth o' gear for spoon and knife—  
 Heart could not wish for more.  
 Heaven keep you clear of sturt and strife,  
 Till far ayont fourscore,  
 And by the Lord o' death and life,  
 I'll ne'er gae by your door!

[DURING BORDER TOUR, 1787.]  
TO A POETASTER AT DUNSE,  
WHO HAD TROUBLED HIM FOR AN OPINION ON SOME  
POETRY OF HIS.

## I.

Symon Gray,  
You're dull to day.

## II.

Dulness, with redoubled sway  
Has seized the wits of Symon Gray.

## III.

DEAR SYMON GRAY,  
The other day,  
When you sent me some rhyme,  
I could not then just ascertain  
Its worth, for want of time.  
But now to-day, good Mr. Gray,  
I've read it o'er and o'er,  
Tried all my skill, but find I'm still  
Just where I was before.  
We auld wives' minions gie our opinions,  
Solicited or no;  
Then of its faults my honest thoughts  
I'll give—and here they go.

\* \* \* \* \*

TO MR. RENTON,

OF LAMBERTON, NEAR BERWICK :

YOUR billet, Sir, I grant receipt;  
Wi' you I'll canter ony gate,  
Though 'twere a trip to yon blue warl',  
Whare birkies march on burning marl:  
Then, Sir, God willing, I'll attend ye,  
And to his goodness I commend ye.—R. BURNS.

IMPROMPTU, TO MISS AINSLIE:  
IN DR. BOWMAKER'S CHURCH, DUNSE.

FAIR maid you need not take the hint,  
Nor idle texts pursue :—  
'Twas *guilty sinners* that he meant,  
Not *angels* such as you!

ON MISS JEAN SCOTT.

OH! had each Scot of ancient times  
Been JEANY SCOTT, as thou art;  
The bravest heart on English ground  
Had yielded like a coward!

[DURING WEST HIGHLAND TOUR, 1787.]

WRITTEN ON WINDOW PANE AT INVERARY.

WHOE'ER he be that sojourns here,  
I pity much his case,  
Unless he come to wait upon  
The Lord their God—his Grace.

There's naething here but Highland pride  
And Highland scab and hunger;  
If Providence has sent me here,  
'Twas surely in an anger.

ANOTHER VERSION OF THE SAME.

[Compare Prose Works, p. 205.]

WHOE'ER thou art that lodgest here,  
Heaven help thy wofu' case;  
Unless thou com'st to visit Him,  
That King of Kings, his Grace.

There's Highland greed, there's Highland pride;  
There's Highland scab and hunger;  
If Heaven it was that sent me here,  
It sent me in an anger.

HIGHLAND WELCOME.

[Most probably at Arden: compare as above.]

WHEN Death's dark stream I ferry o'er,  
A time that surely shall come;  
In Heaven itself I'll ask no more  
Than just a Highland welcome.

[DURING NORTH HIGHLAND TOUR, 1787.]

ON WINDOW OF CROSS-KEYS INN, FALKIRK.

SOUND be his sleep and blithe his morn,  
That never did a lassie wrang;  
Who poverty ne'er held in scorn,  
For misery ever tholed a pang.

ON WINDOW OF THE INN AT CARRON.

WE cam na here to view your warks  
In hopes to be mair wise,  
But only, lest we gang to hell,  
It may be nae surprise:  
But whan we tirl'd at your door,  
Your porter dought na hear us;  
Sae may, shou'd we to Hell's yetts come,  
Your billy Satan sair us!

ON WINDOW AT STIRLING.

HERE Stuarts once in glory reigned,  
And laws for Scotland's weal ordained;  
But now unroof'd their palace stands,  
Their sceptre's sway'd by other hands;  
The injured Stuart line is gone,  
A race outlandish fills their throne;  
An idiot race, to honour lost;  
Who know them best despise them most.

REPROOF FOR ABOVE, BY HIMSELF.

RASH mortal, and slanderous Poet, thy name  
Shall no longer appear in the records of fame;  
Dost not know that old Mansfield, who writes like  
the Bible,  
Says the more 'tis a truth, Sir, the more 'tis a libel?

REPLY TO ANOTHER REPROOF.

LIKE Esop's Lion, Burns says, sore I feel  
All others' scorn—but damn that ass's heel.

[DURING VISITS TO EDINBURGH, 1787—88.]

UNDER MISS BURNS'S PICTURE.

CEASE, ye prudes, your envious railings,  
Lovely Burns has charms—confess:  
True it is, she had one failing—  
Had a woman ever less?

TO MR. ELPHINSTONE,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF MARTIAL'S EPIGRAMS.

O THOU, whom Poesy abhors!  
Whom Prose has turned out of doors!  
Heard'st thou yon groan? Proceed no further;  
'Twas laurell'd Martial roaring murther!

THE KIRK OF LAMINGTON.

AS cauld a wind as ever blew,  
A caulder kirk, and in't but few;  
As cauld a minister's e'er spak,  
Ye 'se a' be het ere I come back.

[ANOTHER VERSION.]

A CAULD day December blew,  
A cauld Kirk, and in't but few;  
A caulder minister ne'er spak,  
It will be lang or I come back.

[DURING RESIDENCE AT ELLISLAND, 1788—90.]

ON BEING APPOINTED TO THE EXCISE.

SEARCHING auld wives' barrels,  
Och—hon! the day!  
That clarty barm should stain my laurels;  
But—what 'll ye say!  
These movin things ca'd wives and weans  
Wad move the very hearts o' stanes!

TO MR. PETER STUART,  
PUBLISHER OF "THE STAR," LONDON.

DEAR Peter, dear Peter,  
We poor sons of metre  
Are often negleckit, ye ken;  
For instance, your sheet, man  
(Though glad I'm to see 't, man),  
I get it no ae day in ten.—R. B.

[Compare letter to, p. 124.]

IN DEFENCE OF A LADY:  
AT DALSWINTON.

How daur ye ca' me howlet-faced,  
Ye ugly glow'rin spectre?  
My face was but the keekin glass—  
And there ye saw your picture.

ON MISS DAVIES:  
WRITTEN ON A PANE OF GLASS, IN THE INN AT MOFFAT.

ASK why God made the gem so small,  
And why so huge the granite?  
Because God meant mankind should set  
The higher value on it.

[DURING RESIDENCE AT DUMFRIES, 1792—96.]

TO MISS FONTENELLE  
IN A FAVOURITE CHARACTER.

SWEET naïveté of feature,  
Simple, wild, enchanting elf,  
Not to thee, but thanks to Nature,  
Thou art acting but thyself.  
Wert thou awkward, stiff, affected,  
Spurning nature, torturing art;  
Loves and graces all rejected,  
Then indeed thou 'dst act a part.

TO MRS. KEMBLE.

KEMBLE, thou cur'st my unbelief  
Of Moses and his rod;  
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief  
The rock with tears had flow'd.

TO A GENTLEMAN HE HAD OFFENDED.

THE friend whom wild from wisdom's way,  
The fumes of wine infuriate send  
(Not moony madness more astray);  
Who but deplores that hapless friend?  
Mine was th' insensate frenzied part:  
Ah, why should I such scenes outlive!  
Scenes so abhorrent to my heart!  
'Tis thine to pity and forgive.

EXTEMPORE, PINNED ON A LADY'S COACH.

If you rattle along like your mistress's tongue,  
Your speed will outrival the dart;  
But a fly for your load—you'll break down on the  
road,  
If your stuff has the rot, like her heart.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S POCKET-BOOK.

GRANT me, indulgent Heav'n, that I may live  
To see the miscreants feel the pains they give:  
Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,  
Till slave and despot be but things which were.

THE CREED OF POVERTY.

IN politics if thou would'st mix,  
And mean thy fortunes be;  
Bear this in mind—be deaf and blind;  
Let great folks hear and see.

## THE TRUE LOYAL NATIVES.

REJOINDER TO AN ATTACK BY THEM.

YE true "Loyal Natives" attend to my song,  
 In uproar and riot rejoice the night long;  
 From envy or hatred your corps is exempt,  
 But where is your shield from the darts of contempt!

## SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT.

SPOKEN OR WRITTEN IN REJOINDER TO SNEERS.

THE solemn League and Covenant  
 Cost Scotland blood—cost Scotland tears;  
 But it sealed Freedom's sacred cause—  
 If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers.

## ON A TROUBLESOME TRAVELLER,

WHO CHALLENGED HIM TO IMPROMPTU VERSIFYING.

IN seventeen hundred forty-nine,  
 Satan took stuff to make a swine,  
 And cuist it in a corner;  
 But wily he changed his plan,  
 And shap'd it something like a man,  
 And ca'd it Andrew Turner!

## EXCISEMEN.

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW IN KING'S ARMS INN, DUMFRIES.

YE men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering,  
 'Gainst poor Excisemen? give the cause a hearing.  
 What are your landlords' rent-rolls? teasing  
 ledgers:  
 What premiers—what? even monarchs' mighty  
 gaugers:  
 Nay, what are priests, those seeming godly wise  
 men?  
 What are they, pray, but spiritual Excisemen?

## ON WINDOW OF GLOBE TAVERN, DUMFRIES.

THE greybeard, old Wisdom, may boast of his  
 treasures,  
 Give me with gay Folly to live;  
 I grant him his calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures,  
 But Folly has raptures to give.

## TO MR. SYME.

WITH A PRESENT OF A DOZEN OF PORTER.

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

*Jerusalem Tavern, Dumfries.*

## INSCRIPTION ON A GOBLET OF HIS.

THERE'S Death in the cup—sae beware!  
 Nay, more—there is danger in touching;  
 But wha can avoid the fell snare?  
 The man and his wine's sae bewitching!

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

## WRITTEN ON A TUMBLER,

IN HONOUR OF MR. W. STEWART.

YOU'RE welcome, Willie Stewart,  
 You're welcome, Willie Stewart;  
 There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,  
 That's half sae welcome's thou art.  
 Come, bumpers high, express your joy,  
 The bowl we maun renew it;  
 The tappit-hen, gae bring her ben,  
 To welcome Willie Stewart.  
 May foes be strang, and friends be slack,  
 Ilk action may he rue it;  
 May woman on him turn her back,  
 That wrangs thee, Willie Stewart!

ON SEEING THE BEAUTIFUL SEAT OF  
LORD GALLOWAY.

WHAT dost thou in that mansion fair?—  
Flit, Galloway, and find  
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,  
The picture of thy mind!

TO THE SAME.

No Stewart art thou, Galloway,  
The Stewarts all were brave;  
Besides, the Stewarts were but fools,  
Not one of them a knave.

BRIGHT ran thy line, O Galloway,  
Thro' many a far-fam'd sire!  
So ran the far-fam'd Roman way,  
So ended in a mire.

SPARE me thy vengeance, Galloway,  
In quiet let me live;  
I ask no kindness at thy hand,  
For thou hast none to give.

ON ROBERT RIDDEL, ESQ.  
IN A GROTTO AT FRIARS-CARSE.

To Riddel, much lamented man,  
This ivied cot was dear;  
Reader, dost value matchless worth?  
This ivied cot revere.

TO DR. MAXWELL.  
ON JESSIE STAIG'S RECOVERY.

MAXWELL, if merit here you crave,  
That merit I deny,  
You save fair Jessie from the grave!  
An angel could not die!

TO JESSY LEWARS.

ON READING AN ADVERTISEMENT FROM A MENAGERIE.

TALK not to me of savages  
From Afric's burning sun,  
No savage e'er could rend my heart  
As, Jessy, thou hast done.  
But Jessy's lovely hand in mine,  
A mutual faith to plight,  
Not even to view the heavenly choir  
Would be so blest a sight.

A TOAST IN HER HONOUR.

FILL me with the rosy wine,  
Call a toast—a toast divine;  
Give the Poet's darling flame,  
Lovely Jessy be the name;  
Then thou mayest freely boast,  
Thou hast given a peerless toast.

ON HER COMPLAINING.

SAY, sages, what's the charm on earth  
Can turn Death's dart aside?  
It is not purity and worth,  
Else Jessy had not died.—R. B.

ON HER RECOVERY.

BUT rarely seen since Nature's birth,  
The natives of the sky;  
Yet still one seraph's left on earth,  
For Jessy did not die.—R. B.

[SUBJECTS OR OCCASIONS OF FOLLOWING UNCERTAIN.]

THE HENPECK'D HUSBAND.

CURS'D be the man, the poorest wretch in life,  
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife!  
Who has no will but by her high permission;  
Who has not sixpence but in her possession;  
Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell;  
Who dreads a curtain lecture worse than hell!

Were such the wife had fallen to my part,  
I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart;  
I'd charm her with the magic of a switch,  
I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse b—h.

ON REV. DR. B—'S LOOKS.

THAT there is falsehood in his looks,  
I must and will deny;  
They say their master is a knave—  
And sure they do not lie.

ON A FASHIONABLE BORE.

No more of your titled acquaintances boast,  
And in what lordly circles you've been:  
An insect is still but an insect at most,  
Though it crawl on the head of a queen.

[ANOTHER VERSION.]

WHAT of earls with whom you have supt?  
And of dukes that you dined with yestreen?  
Lord! a louse, Sir, is still but a louse,  
Though it crawl on the curl of a queen.

THE BOOK-WORMS.

IN A NOBLEMAN'S LIBRARY.

THROUGH and through th' inspired leaves,  
Ye maggots make your windings;  
But oh! respect his lordship's taste,  
And spare the golden bindings.

ON COMMISSARY GOLDIE'S BRAINS.

LORD, to account who dares thee call,  
Or e'er dispute thy pleasure?  
Else why within so thick a wall  
Enclose so poor a treasure?

Graces,

AND OTHER IMPROMPTUS AT DINNER, &C.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

I.

O THOU, who kindly dost provide  
For every creature's want!  
We bless Thee, God of Nature wide,  
For all Thy goodness lent:  
And if it please Thee, Heavenly Guide,  
May never worse be sent;  
But whether granted or denied,  
Lord bless us with content!

AMEN!

II.

O THOU in whom we live and move,  
Who mad'st the sea and shore;  
Thy goodness constantly we prove,  
And grateful would adore.  
And if it please Thee, Power above,  
Still grant us with such store,  
The friend we trust, the fair we love,  
And we desire no more.

AT GLOBE TAVERN, DUMFRIES:  
ON BEING COMPELLED SO TO OFFICIATE.

BEFORE DINNER.

O LORD, when hunger pinches sore,  
Do thou stand us in stead,  
And send us from thy bounteous store  
A tup or wether head!

Amen.

AFTER DINNER.

O LORD, since we have feasted thus,  
Which we so little merit,  
Let Meg now take away the flesh,  
And Jock bring in the spirit!

Amen.

## A GRACE.

LORD, we thank and thee adore,  
 For temp'ral gifts we little merit;  
 At present we will ask no more,  
 Let William Hyslop give the spirit.

## THE SELKIRK GRACE.

SOME hae meat and canna eat,  
 And some wad eat that want it;  
 But we hae meat and we can eat,  
 And sae the Lord be thanket.

## AT THE INN AT BROWNHILL:

THE LANDLORD'S NAME BEING BACON.

AT Brownhill we always get dainty good cheer,  
 And plenty of bacon each day in the year;  
 We've all things that's nice, and mostly in season,  
 But why always *Bacon*?—come, give me a reason.

## IN REPLY TO INVITATIONS.

*Mossiel, 1786.*

SIR,—YOURS this moment I unseal,  
 And faith I'm gae and hearty!  
 To tell the truth, an' shame the deil,  
 I am as fou as Bartie:  
 But Foorsday, Sir, my promise leal,  
 Expect me o' your party,  
 If on a beastie I can speel,  
 Or hurl in a cartie.—R. B.

[WHEN IN DUMFRIESSHIRE.]

THE King's most humble servant, I,  
 Can scarcely spare a minute;  
 But I am yours at dinner-time,  
 Or else the Devil's in it.

THE King's poor blackguard slave am I,  
 And scarce dow spare a minute;  
 But I'll be with you by and by,  
 Or else the Devil's in it!—R. B.

## Epitaphs.

## ON A HENPECKED COUNTRY SQUIRE.

AS father Adam first was fool'd,  
 A case that's still too common—  
 Here lies a man a woman rul'd,  
 The devil rul'd the woman.

## EPIGRAM ON SAID OCCASION.

O DEATH, had'st thou but spar'd his life,  
 Whom we this day lament!  
 We freely wad exchang'd the wife,  
 An' a' been weel content.  
 Ev'n as he is, cauld in his graff,  
 The swap we yet will do't;  
 Tak thou the carlin's carcass aff,  
 Thou'se get the saul o' boot.

## ANOTHER.

ONE Queen Artemisia, as old stories tell,  
 When depriv'd of her husband she loved so well,  
 In respect for the love and affection he show'd her,  
 She reduc'd him to dust and she drank up the  
 powder.  
 But Queen N[etherplace], of a diff'rent complexion,  
 When call'd on to order the fun'ral direction,  
 Would have eat her dead lord, on a slender pretence,  
 Not to show her respect but—to save the expence!

[The above appeared originally in Kilmarnock Edition, 1786.]

## ON A WAG IN MAUCLINE.

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

## ON JOHN DOVE, INNKEEPER, MAUCHLINE.

HERE lies Johnny Pidgeon :  
 What was his religion  
 Wha e'er desires to ken,  
 To some other warl'  
 Maun follow the carl,  
 For here Johnny Pidgeon had nane!

Strong ale was abluition—  
 Small beer persecution,  
 A dram was *memento mori* ;  
 But a full flowing bowl  
 Was the saving his soul,  
 And port was celestial glory.

## TAM, THE CHAPMAN.

As Tam the Chapman on a day  
 Wi' Death forgather'd by the way,  
 Weel pleas'd he greets a wight so famous,  
 And Death was nae less pleas'd wi' Thamas,  
 Wha cheerfully lays down his pack,  
 And there blaws up a hearty crack :  
 His social, friendly, honest heart  
 Sae tickled Death, they could na part ;  
 Sae, after viewing knives and garters,  
 Death taks him hame to gie him quarters.

## ON A FRIEND.

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

## INSCRIPTION ON HEADSTONE OF FERGUSSON.

Here lies  
 ROBERT FERGUSSON, Poet.  
 Born, September, 5th, 1751 ;  
 Died, 16th October, 1774.

No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay,  
 "No storied urn nor animated bust ;"  
 This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way  
 To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.

ON MR. W. MICHIE,  
SCHOOL-MASTER OF CLEISH.

HERE lie Willie Michie's banes ;  
 O Satan! when ye tak him,  
 Gie him the schulin o' your weans,  
 For clever DEILS he'll mak them.

ON MR. W. CRUIKSHANK,  
HIGH SCHOOL, EDINBURGH.

HONEST Will to Heaven is gane  
 And monie shall lament him ;  
 His fauts they a' in Latin lay,  
 In English nane e'er kent them.

## ON MR. WILLIAM NICOL.

YE maggots feast on Nicol's brain,  
 For few sic feasts ye've gotten ;  
 And fix your claws in Nicol's heart,  
 For deil a bit o't's rotten.

## ON CAPTAIN FRANCIS GROSE.

THE Devil got notice that GROSE was a-dying,  
 So whip! at the summons, old Satan came flying ;  
 But when he approach'd where poor FRANCIS lay  
 moaning,  
 And saw each bed-post with its burden a-groaning,  
 Astonished! confounded! cry'd Satan, "By G—d,  
 I'll want 'im, ere I take such a damnable load!"

## ON GABRIEL RICHARDSON, BREWER.

HERE brewer Gabriel's fire 's extinct,  
 And empty all his barrels :  
 He 's blest—if as he brew'd he drink—  
 In upright virtuous morals.

## ON A COUNTRY LAIRD.

BLESS Jesus Christ, O Cardoness,  
 With grateful lifted eyes,  
 Who said that not the soul alone  
 But body, too, must rise ;  
 For had he said, "the soul alone  
 From death I will deliver ;"  
 Alas ! alas ! O Cardoness,  
 Then thou hadst slept for ever.

## ON A NOTED COXCOMB.

LIGHT lay the earth on Billy's breast,  
 His chicken-heart 's so tender ;  
 But build a castle on his head,  
 His skull will prop it under.

## ON A SUICIDE.

[M'EWAN OF ELDERSHAW, A NOTED MISER.]

EARTH'D up here lies an imp o' hell,  
 Planted by Satan's dibble :  
 Poor silly wretch, he 's damn'd himsel,  
 To save the Lord the trouble.

[ANOTHER VERSION.]

HERE lies, earth'd up, a sprig of Hell  
 Planted by Satan's dibble :  
 The miser wretch, he damn'd himsel,  
 To save the Lord the trouble.

## ON W—— R——, ESQ.

SIC a reptile was Wat, sic a miscreant slave,  
 That the very worms damn'd him when laid in  
 his grave.  
 "In his flesh there's a famine," a starv'd reptile cries ;  
 "An' his heart is rank poison," another replies.

[ANOTHER VERSION.]

So vile was poor Wat, such a miscreant slave,  
 That the worms even damn'd him when laid in his  
 grave ;  
 "In his skull there is famine !" a starv'd reptile cries ;  
 "And his heart it is poison !" another replies.

"WHEN ——, deceased, to the devil went down,  
 'Twas nothing would serve him but Satan's own  
 crown ;  
 'Thy fool's head,' quoth Satan, 'that crown shall  
 wear never,  
 I grant thou'rt as wicked, but not quite so clever.'"

## ON A PERSON NICKNAMED THE MARQUIS.

HERE lies a mock Marquis whose titles were  
 shamm'd ;  
 If ever he rise, it will be to be damn'd.

## ON JOHN BUSHBY.

HERE lies John Bushby, honest man !  
 Cheat him, Devil, if ye can.

## LINES TO JOHN RANKINE.

HE who of Rankine sang lies stiff and dead,  
 And a green grassy hillock hides his head ;  
 Alas ! alas ! a devilish change indeed.

ON THE DEATH OF A LAP-DOG, NAMED ECHO :  
 AT REQUEST OF MRS. GORDON, OF KENMURE.

IN wood and wild, ye warbling throng,  
 Your heavy loss deplore !  
 Now half extinct your powers of song,  
 Sweet Echo is no more.  
 Ye jarring, screeching things around,  
 Scream your discordant joys !  
 Now half your din of tuneless sound  
 With Echo silent lies.