

SONGS AND POEMS,

BY THE

REV. JOHN SKINNER,

AUTHOR OF "TULLOCHGORUM."

PETERHEAD:

WILLIAM L. TAYLOR.

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P R E F A C E.



THE Songs and Poems of the Rev. JOHN SKINNER have been held in high estimation by his countrymen for nearly a century, yet fifty years have elapsed since they were published in a collected form. Even those pieces which have appeared in modern collections are, in general, so altered and mutilated that they almost lose their original beauty. These considerations, combined with the growing taste for genuine Scottish poetry, naturally suggested the present publication. At the request of the Publisher, I have written a Sketch of the Author's Life, and added Notes where explanations seemed necessary and the facts could be ascertained.

Although a large number of Mr SKINNER's Manuscripts were unfortunately destroyed after his death, a few were preserved, and to his relatives—especially

his aged grandson, Mr ROBERT CUMMING, Longside—in whose possession they are, I have been greatly indebted for the facilities of reference and assistance kindly afforded.

From the materials thus placed at my command, and other resources, I have gathered some facts hitherto unpublished, and been enabled to present what, I trust, will be found a correct and comprehensive, though necessarily brief, narrative of the incidents in the life of the venerable poet.

H. G. R.

PETERHEAD, *April*, 1859.

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P O E M S.



THE MONYMUSK CHRISTMAS BA'ING.

Has ne'er in a' this countra been,
Sic shou'dering and sic fa'ing,
As happen'd but few ouks sinsyne,
Here at the Christmas Ba'ing.
At evening syne the fallows keen
Drank till the niest day's dawing,
Sae snell, that some tint baith their een,
And could na pay their lawing
Till the niest day.

Like bumbees bizzing frae a byke,
Whan hirds their riggins tirr ;
The swankies lap thro' mire and syke,
Wow as their heads did birr !
They yowff'd the ba' frae dyke to dyke
Wi' unco speed and virr ;
Some baith their shou'ders up did fyke,
For blythness some did flirr
Their teeth that day.

Rob Roy, I wat he was na dull,
 He first leit at the ba',
 Syne wi' a rap clash'd Geordie's skull
 Hard to the steeple-wa'.
 Wha was aside but auld Tam Tull?—
 His frien's mishap he saw,—
 Syne rair'd like ony baited bull,
 And wi' a thud dang twa
 To the yird that day.

The tanner was a primpit bit,
 As flimsy as a feather,
 He thought it best to try a hit,
 Ere a' the thrang shou'd gadyr :
 He ran wi' neither fear nor wit,
 As fu' o' wind's a bladder ;
 Unluckily he tint the fit,
 And tann'd his ain bum-lether
 Fell weel that day.

Syne Francie Winsy steppit in,
 A sauchin slivery slype,
 Ran forrat wi' a furious din,
 And drew a swinging swype.
 But Tammy Norie thought nae sin
 To come o'er him wi' a snype,
 Levell'd his nose flat wi's chin,
 And gart his swall'd een sype,
 Sawt tears that day.

Bockin red bleed the fleep mair caum,
 Ran hame to his nain mammy :
 "Alas !" co' Katie, when she saw him,
 "Wha did you this, my lammie ?"
 "A meikle man," co' he, "foul faw him,"
 But kent na it was Tammie,
 "Rax'd me along the chaffs a wham
 "As soon as e'er he saw me,
 "And made me blae."

"Deil rax his chandler chaffs," co' Kate,
 "For doing you sic wrang,
 "Gin I had here the skypel skate,
 "Sae weel's I shou'd him bang !"
 The gilpy stood, and leuk't fell blate,
 To see her in sic a sang ;
 He squeel'd to her, like a young gyte,
 But wad na mird to gang
 Back a' that day.

The hurry-burry now began,
 Was right weel worth the seeing,
 Wi' routs and raps frae man to man,
 Some getting, and some gieing ;
 And a' the trieks of fit and hand,
 That ever was in being ;
 Sometimes the ba' a yirdlius ran,
 Sometimes in air was fleeing,
 Fu' heigh that day.

Stout Steen gart mony a fallow stoit,
 And flang them o'er like fail ;
 Said, "he'd na care ae clippit doit,
 "Tho' a' should turn their tail."
 But wi' a yark Gib made his queet
 As dwabil as a flail,
 And o'er fell he, maist like to greet,
 Just at the eemest ga'ill,
 O' the kirk that day.

The sutor like tod-lowrie lap,
 Three fit at ilka stend :
 He did na miss the ba' a chap,
 Ilk ane did him commend.
 But a lang trypall there was Snap,
 Cam' on him wi' a bend ;
 Gart him, ere ever he wist, cry clap
 Upon his nether end ;
 And there he lay.

Sanny soon saw the sutor slain,
 He was his ain hawf-brither ;
 I wat right well he was fu' brain,
 And fu' could he be ither ?
 He heez'd in ire a puttin-stane,
 Twa fell on him thegither,
 Wi' a firm gowff he fell'd the tane,
 But wi' a gowff the tither
 Fell'd him that day.

In came the insett Dominie,
Just riftin frae his dinner,
A young mess John, as ane cou'd see,
Was neither saint nor sinner.
A brattlin band, unhappily,
Drave by him wi' a binner,
And heels-o'er-goudie coupit he,
And rave his guid horn penner
In bits that day.

Leitch lent the ba' a loundrin liek,
She flew fast like a flain ;
Syne lighted whare faes were maist thick,
Gart ae gruff Grunsie grain.
He whippit up a rotten stick,
I wat he was na fain,
Leitch wi's fit gae 'im sie a kiek,
Till they a' thought him slain,
That very day.

There was nane there could Cowlie byde,
The gryte guidman, nor nane,
He stenn'd bawk-height at ilka stride,
And rampag'd o'er the green :
For the kirk-yard was braid and wide,
And o'er a knabliek stane,
He rumbl'd down a rammage glyde,
And peel'd the gardy-bane
O' him that day.

His cousin was a bierly swank,
 A derf young man, hecht Rob;
 To mell wi' twa he wad na mank
 At staffy nevel-job:
 I wat na fu' but on a bank,
 Whare gadder'd was the mob,
 The cousins bicker'd wi' a clank,
 Gart ane anither sob,
 And gasp that day.

Tho' Rob was stout, his cousin dang
 Him down wi' a gryte shudder;
 Syna a' the drochlin hemy thrang
 Gat o'er him wi' a fudder;
 Gin he should rise, and hame o'ergang,
 Lang was he in a swidder;
 For bleed frae's mou' and niz did bang,
 And in gryte burns did bludder
 His face that day.

But, waes my heart, for Petrie Gib,
 The carlie's head 'twas scaw't,
 Upo' the crown he got a skib,
 That gart him yowll and claw't.
 Sae he wad slip his wa' to Tib,
 And spy at hame some fawt;
 I thought he might hae gott'n a snib,
 Sae thought ilk ane that saw't,
 O' th' green that day.

But taylor Hutchin met him there,
 A curst unhappy spark,
 Saw Pate had caught a camshaok cair
 At this uncanny wark.
 He bade na lang to seek his lare,
 But, wi' a yawfu' yark,
 Whare Pate's right spawl, by hap, was bare,
 He derfly dang the bark
 Frae's sbins that day.

Poor Petrie gae a weary winch,
 He could na do but bann ;
 The taylor baith his sides did pinch,
 Wi' laughing out o' hand ;
 He jee'd na out o' that an inch,
 Afore a menseless man,
 Came a' at anes athort his hinch
 A sowff, and gart him prann
 His bum that day.

The Priest's hireman, a chiel as stark
 As ony giant cou'd be,
 He kent afore o' this day's wark,
 For certain that it wou'd be,
 He ween'd to drive in o'er the park,
 And ilk ane thought it shou'd be ;
 Whether his foot had mist its mark,
 I canna tell, but fou't be,
 He fell that day.

'Ere he cou'd change th' uncanny lair,
 And nae help to be gi'en him,
 There tumbled a mischievous pair
 O' mawten'd lolls aboon him.
 It wad ha made your heart fu' sair,
 Gin ye had only seen him;
 An't had na been for Davy Mair,
 The rascals had ondune him,
 Belyve that day.

Cry'd black Pate Mill, "God save the King!"
 Cry'd gley'd Gib Gun, "God grant it;"
 Syne to the ba' like ony thing,
 Baith ran, and baith loud vauntit.
 But auld James Stuart drew his sting,
 Tauld them they could na want it;
 He sware he'd gar their harnpans ring
 Till black Pate Mill maist fantit,
 For fear that day.

A stranger bra', in Highland claise,
 Leit mony a sturdy aith,
 To bear the ba' thro' a' his faes,
 And nae kep meikle skaith.
 Rob Roy heard the fricksome fraise,
 Weel girded in his graith;
 Gowff'd him along the shins a blaize,
 And gart him tyne his faith
 And feet that day.

His neiper was a man o' might,
 Was few there could ha' quell'd him,
 He did na see the dreary sight,
 Till some yap gilpy tell'd him.
 To Robin syne he flew outright,
 As he'd been gaun' to geld him ;
 But, dolefu' chance, frae some curst wight,
 A clammy-houit fell'd him.
 Hawf dead that day.

The millart's man, a suple fallow,
 Ran's he had been red wud ;
 He fethir'd fiercely like a swallow,
 Cry'd, hech ! at ilka thud.
 A gawsie gurk, wi' phiz o' yellow,
 In youthood's sappy bud,
 Nae twa there wad ha gart him wallow,
 Wi' fair play i' the mud
 On's back that day.

Tam Tull upon him cuist his ee,
 Saw him sae mony fuilzie ;
 He green'd again some play to pree,
 And raise anither bruilzie.
 Up the kirk-yard he fast did jee,
 I wat he was na hoilie,
 And a' the kenzies glowr'd to see
 A bonnie kind o' tuilzie
 Atween them twa.

The millart never notic'd Tam,
 Sae browden'd he the ba',
 He rumbl'd rudely like a ram,
 Dang o'er whiles ane, whiles twa.
 His enemy in afore him cam',
 Ere ever he him saw ;
 Raught him a rap on the forestam,
 But had na time to draw
 Anither sae.

Afore he could step three inch back,
 The millart drew a knife,
 A curst-like gullie and a snack,
 Some blacksmith's wark in Fife.
 The lave their thumbs did blythly knack,
 To see the stalwart strife ;
 But Tam, I ken, wad gien a plack
 T' hae been safe wi' his wife,
 At hame that day.

The parish-clark came up the yard,
 A man fu' meek o' mind ;
 Right jinch he was, and fell weel-fawr'd,
 His claithing was fu' fine.
 Just whare their feet the dubs had glawr'd,
 And barken'd them like bryne,
 Gley'd Gibby Gun wi' a derf dawrd,
 Best o'er the grave divine
 On's bum that day.

When a' were pitying his mishap,
 And swarm'd about the clark,
 Wi' whittles some his hat did scrap,
 Some dighted down his sark,
 Will Winter gae the ba' a chap,
 He ween'd he did a wark,
 While Sanny wi' a weel-wyl'd wap,
 Youff'd her in o'er the park
 A space and mair.

Wi' that Rob Roy gae a rair,
 A rierfu' rout rais'd he,
 'Twas heard, they said, three mile and mair,
 Wha likes may credit gie.
 I wyte his heart was fu' o' care,
 And knell'd fell sair to see,
 The cleverest callant that was there,
 Play himsel' sic a slee
 Begeck that day.

Jock Jalop shouted like a gun,
 As something had him ail'd :
 Fy, Sirs, co' he, the ba' spel's won,
 And we the ba' ha'e hail'd.
 Some green'd for hawf an hour's mair fun,
 'Cause fresh and nae sair fail'd :
 Ithers did Sanny gryte thanks cunn,
 And thro' their haffats trail'd
 Their nails that day.

Syne a' consented to be frien's,
And lap like sucking fillies :
Some red their hair, some maen'd their banes,
Some bann'd the bensome billies.
The pensy blades doss'd down on stanes,
Whipt out their snishin millies ;
And a' ware blyth to tak' their einds,
And club a pint o' Lillie's
Best ale that day.

Has ne'er in Monymuss been seen
Sae mony weel-beft skins :
Of a' the bawmen there was nane
But had twa bloody shins.
Wi' strenzied shouders mony ane
Dree'd penance for their sins ;
And what was warst, scoup'd hame at e'en,
May be to hungry inns,
And cauld that day.

ANSWER TO AN EPISTLE.

[The following was written as an answer "in kind" to an Epistle from Portsoy, which appeared in the Aberdeen Journal, January 11, 1779.]

WHAT can ye be that cou'd employ
Your pen in a sic a tirlly-toy,
Frae hyne awa' as far's Portsoy
 Aside the sea,
Whare I ken neither man nor boy,
 Nor ane kens me ?

Be wha ye will, ye're unco frush
At praising what's nae worth a rush,
Except it be to show how flush
 Ye're at sic sport,
Yet tho' ye even gar me blush,
 I thank you for't.

Fer, troth, I ha'ena seen a letter
This mony a day I likit better ;
Ye ken there's something in our nature
 Likes to be reez'd ;
Be't just or no, makes little matter,
 An we be pleas'd.

My sangs, it seems, hae made a din,
 But still I hope it's nae a sin,
 Sometimes to tirl a merry pin
 As weel's we're able,
 Whan fowks are in a laughin bin
 For sang or fable,

It's bat about sic smeerless things,
 That my auld doited maiden sings,
 She never fykes wi' flighty flings
 Of heathen gods ;
 Nor seeks to please or pester kings
 Wi' birth-day odes.

And yet may be some girnin gowks
 May tak' the pett at harmless jokes,
 And think sic simple silly strokes
 O' poetrie,
 Far unbecomin' sacred fowks
 The like o' me.

What tho' some Sage o' holy quorum,
 Should lightlie me for Tillygorum,
 I'll never steer my sturdy for him,
 Wha e'er he be ;
 As lang's I ken to keep decorum
 As well as he.

Indeed I wad on nae pretence
 Wiss to tyne sight o' reverence ;
 Sae, if sic fowk be men o' sense,
 I ask their pardon,—
 But value not a fool's offence
 Ae single fardin.

Your M.A.s and your L.L.D.s,
 That get a vogue and mak' a fraize,
 I dinna hadd them worth three straes,
 Wi' a' their fame ;
 Nor do I envy ony praise
 That's gi'en to them.

A frien' like you delights me sair,
 An' hits my fancy till a hair,
 Sae couthy and sae debonnair,
 An' then sae plain ;
 It does nae need a birn o' lair
 To write again.

Now, honest onkent, fare ye weel,
 I guess you be some pawky chiel,
 That's may be been at Allan's skuil
 Some orra time,
 And seems to understand the tweel
 O' rustic rhyme.

But print nae mair, I beg it o' you,
Lest CHA'MERS say, he's plaguit wi' you,
You see I have nae thing to gie you
 That's worth your while,
But only send my wisses to you,
 In your ain style.

Lord keep you, man, frae sin and shame ;
Frae skaith a' outing, and at hame ;
An gie you ay, (blest be His name !)
 What He thinks fit ;
Tak' this frae me in kindly frame,
 Instead o' wit.

ON THE FRENCH CONVENTION.

WHAT stupid creatures are the French,
Quite free from superstition ;
Yet when they die, 'tis hard to say,
What can be their condition ?

Of Heaven they entertain no thought,
Since it can no way fit them ;
And as for Hell, the *despot* there
Has more sense than admit them.

If then for Hell they have no chance,
And to Heav'n have no pretension ;
Some other dwelling must be found,
To lodge the FRENCH CONVENTION.

Or, as their new philosophy
Has laid the fine foundation,
Their only prospect now must be
A blest *annihilation*.

How must these miscreant wretches move
Our anger, or our laughter,
Who wish to live like monsters here,
And *nothing* be hereafter !

Preserve us, *Reason*, taught by *Grace*,
From reveries so beastly ;
By whomsoever set afloat,
By *Price*, or *Payne*, or *Priestly*.

May Britons thankful still, and wise,
Beware of Gallic leaven ;
So we need have no fear of *Hell*,
And grace will give us *Heaven*.

EPISTLE TO A DAUGHTER.

This affectionate epistle, addressed to a daughter who had patiently endured many afflictions, is dated January 29, 1796, and now published for the first time. The "two blooming youths" referred to, had been led into a dispute which resulted in their being apprehended on a grave charge; but, having been tried at Aberdeen, they were proved innocent and sent home to their sorrowing parents, with "honour and applause."

Accept, dear ——, of a father's strain,
To soothe a daughter's heart-corroding pain.
Thy Charlie gone!—Poor, sweet, engaging child,
In looks so charming, and in mind so mild.
The last of nine thy tender care had rear'd,
And well deserving of thy fond regard,
Pull'd from this world in dawn of youthful years,
From all thy prospects, and from all thy fears;
Not by the quick-paced march of fever's rage,
Nor childish malady, of childish age,
Chin-cough, and measles, ev'n the frightful power
Of loathsome small-pox, all got safely o'er;
But slow and lingering, under many a groan
Of tortured weeks and months, from cruel stone,
Beyond the reach of medicinal cure,
Beyond the strength of childhood to endure;
With manhood's agonies, poor infant torn,
With manhood's courage, by poor infant born;
In writhing posture clinging round thy knee,
And looking up with wistful eyes to thee,

Now wishing Death to ease his shatter'd frame,
Now lisping out, for help, his Saviour's name,
His face convulsed, his once bright eyes aghast,
And pained, yet patient, breathing out—his last !
Distressful scene ! to a fond mother's breast,
'Bove what in saddest lays can be exprest !

Yet think, my dear, how different is this blow
From what thou felt not twenty months ago :
Two blooming youths, their drooping father's prop,
Their brethren's favourites, and their mother's hope,
All of a sudden driv'n from peaceful home
To underly the law's severest doom,
By Falsehood charg'd, by Malice quick pursu'd,
Their near relations thirsting for their blood,
One dragg'd to jail, the other forc'd to fly,
Not stung by guilt, but seeking remedy :
Thy anxious heart uncertain of their fate,
And bleeding o'er their miserable state,
'Twixt fears and hopes nine long weeks on the rack—
Fears for their loss and hopes to get them back—
Thy parents sunk in unavailing grief,
Thy husband wand'ring to procure relief,
And thou alone within thy walls to mourn,
Once happy there, now weeping and forlorn ;
No neighbour near vouchsafing to condole,
In soft compassion with thy wounded soul,

But standing off, all Christian ties forgot,
And shunning, like the plague, the wretched cot!

Not so this present cause of second woe—
No stroke from hellish or from human foe,
But gentle touch of Heavenly Father's rod,
The gracious pleasure of a gracious God,
Calling thy Charlie to more lasting bliss
In other worlds than could be found in this,
Through rugged paths, but such as Heav'n thought best,
To lead the sufferer to his bed of rest ;
Thy neighbours crowding now about thy door
And showing what they had not shown before,
Their flint of soul, or soften'd or subdued
By grace or guilt, to more becoming mood.
Thy mother using all love's arts to drown
Thy sorrows in the memory of her own ;
Thy father acting, with scarce-smother'd tear,
His last good office o'er a grandchild's bier ;
Thy husband, with his yet remaining seven,
Conveying to the grave a guest for heaven ;
Sweet balsam this to mollify the smart,
And still the throbbings of a mother's heart!

Remember, too, how lively were thy joys
To clasp again thy persecuted boys,
When Heav'n and Law had justified their cause,
And sent them home with honour and applause,

In spite of all that malice could devise
To drive and keep them from thy longing eyes ;
More joy in this to find them thus reliev'd,
Than if thou ne'er hadst for their absence griev'd :
And such, in God's good time, thy joy shall be
To find this absent child restor'd to thee,
And thee again to him, no more to part—
No separation more to thrill the heart.

Thy heart, poor —— ! Poor has been thy life
From new-born infant up to married wife,
Ere yet three suns had warm'd thy tender form,
Ere yet thy mother had got o'er her storm,
A band of armed ruffians round the bed
Where child and mother were together laid,
Thy father seized in silent hour of night,
Thy mother trembling and half-kill'd with fright,
And thou, sweet babe, with many a whimpering cry,
Uncared for, and neglected, forced to lie ;
Thy maiden years with weakness often vex't,
Thy married state with toils and cares perplex't,
Yet cheerful under all and still content,
Without envying, and without complaint,
Resigned to God, and pleased with all His ways ;
'Tis He sustains thee—His be all the praise.

O ! may we all at last be called to meet
In heavenly mansions at our Saviour's feet,

Thyself, thy husband, parents, boys, and all,
With church triumphant at th' enliv'ning call,
Purg'd from the stains and sorrows of this earth,
And by grace fitted for celestial mirth,
Where no insulting foe can dash our joy,
No rotten-hearted friend our peace annoy ;
But all with love and harmony abound,
Combining all in one melodious sound
Of tuneful song, with raptures to adore
The great Preparer of eternal store,
Through endless ages of—one evermore !

Take this and keep it, till gray hairs come on—
'Twill mind thee of thy father when he's gone.

THE OWL AND THE ASS,

AN INNOCENT FABLE.

ONCE on a time, no matter when,
Nor under what a king,
But so it was, in yonder wood,
An Owl began to sing ;

With phiz so grave, and whoop so loud,
He made a learned din,
And all the burden of his song
Was "O! the light within!

"This inward light, this jewel hid,
"Is all in all to me,
"By it I know, I judge, and act,
"Nor would I wish to see.

"What blockheads call external guides,
"I'm wiser far without,
"And had I eyes, as others have,
"I'd surely pluck them out.

“ No foreign help do I require,
“ To guide my flights of youth,
“ For *common sense* is all I need
“ To lead me into truth.

“ When in self-cogitation wrapt,
“ I use my Light innate,
“ 'Tis then I search th' eternal laws
“ Of nature and of fate.

“ Your outward light may be of use
“ To yonder herd of fools,
“ The light within is what directs
“ Philosophers and owls.”

An Ass, who long had been his friend,
Pricks up his leathern ears,
And gapes and swallows every note,
Like music of the spheres.

“ So sweet a song so wondrous sweet,
“ Was ever such a strain ?
“ And O ! my dearest Doctor Owl,
“ Repeat it o'er again !”

Charm'd with the sound of booby's praise,
The self-taught Sage agrees,
And makes additions here and there
A second time to please.

Then o'er and o'er like minstrels meet,
 They both in concert act,
 And what the one demurely sings,
 The other echoes back.

And now the Ass is qualified
 To play the Teacher's part,
 Till every ass in yonder wood
 Has got the song by heart.

~~~~~

[Some silly remarks on the foregoing, having appeared in the Newspapers, under the mask of "A Scampering Wolf," produced the following appropriate reply.]

How must fair Science now revive,  
 And Truth lift up her head,  
 When owls thus sing, and asses learn,  
 And wolves vouchsafe to read ?

That birds and beasts in old times spoke,  
 We know from Æsop's page,  
 But never one essay'd to *read*,  
 Till this enlightened age.

Thrice happy age above what has  
 In former ages been,  
 And blest the land, above all lands,  
 Where such rare sights are seen.

Philosophy shall surely now  
Her blossoms wide expand,  
And good old heathen wisdom shed  
Her blessings o'er the land.

Long therefore may Minerva's bird  
Possess unrivall'd fame,  
And long may all the long-ear'd tribe  
Their praises loud proclaim!

And O! that every "Scampering Wolf"  
Would thus employ his time,  
To "sport himself with paper scraps"  
And snarl in harmless rhyme.



## ON BURNS' ADDRESS TO A LOUSE.

These verses were written at the suggestion of a lady who did not like Burns' address to the "crawlin ferlie" which he saw on a lady's bonnet in the church of Mauchline.

A LOUSIE on a lady's bonnet!  
Disgracefu' dirgy! fie upon it!  
An' you, forsooth, to write a sonnet  
    On sic a theme!  
Guid fa' me, man, I wad na done it  
    For a' your fame.

Nae doubt your ballad's wise and witty;  
But fowks will say it was na pretty  
To yoke sic twa in conjunct ditty,  
    Them baith to hit;  
And ca' you but a twa-fac'd nitty,  
    Wi' a' your wit.

For a' your being a bard of note,  
Ye shou'd na minded sic a mote,  
To mak' a warl's wonner o't,  
    As ye hae dane;  
But past it for an orra spot,  
    Whare't shou'd na been.

Your philosophic fitty fies,  
 Tho' clad in sweet poetic guise,  
 The ladies will them a' despise,  
     Gin ye express  
 The least rebaghle ony wise  
     Upo' their dress.

When ye bemoan'd the herryt mousie,  
 Rinning as gin't had been frae pousie ;  
 When couter-nib down-stroy'd her housie,  
     Ye pleas'd us a' ;  
 But thus to lilt about a lousie,  
     Black be your fa' !

What tho' at godly Ayrshire meeting,  
 Sic thing had happen'd past dispeeting,  
 Was that eneugh to fa' a writing  
     About a story,  
 That ladies canna hear repeating  
     Wi' ony glory ?

Its nae mows matter, man, to jibe,  
 Your jeer-cuts at the sweet-fac'd tribe ;  
 Their charms will ay some body bribe  
     To tak' sidè wi' them,  
 Whan shiels like you set up to scribe  
     O'er freely o' them.

The bonny Duchess, seil upon her !  
 That's heez'd you up to a' your honour,  
 And been to you sae braw a Donor,  
     May say " what raiks !"  
 And think ye've flung some wee dishonour  
     At a' the sex.

Fouk wad do well to steek their een,  
 At sights that shou'd na a' be seen,  
 Or whan they see, lat jokes alane,  
     Gin they had sense ;  
 For little jokes hae aften gi'en  
     Fell great offence.

I'se warran' ye hae read or heard,  
 Of an ald hairum-skairum bard,  
 Saw anes a sight was as ill-fawrd,†  
     As your's cou'd be ;  
 An for his sight got sma' reward,  
     And sae may ye.

Sae, ROBIE BURNS, tak' tent in time,  
 And keep mair haivins wi' your rhymc,  
 Else you may come to rue the crime  
     O' sic a sonnet,  
 And wiss ye had ne'er seen a styme  
     O' Louse nor Bonnet.

## LETTER TO A FRIEND.

The following was written, probably in 1765, on giving up the farm of Mains of Ludquharn, near Longside, which Mr Skinner held of the Earl of Errol for several years.

You ask, my friend, whence comes this sudden flight  
Of parting thus with husbandry outright ?  
What mean I by so strange a foolish whim,  
Am I in earnest, or think you I but dream ?  
True, you may think so, but suspend, I pray,  
Your judgment, till you hear what I can say.  
I join with you that there is no great harm  
In clergy-folks to hold a little farm.  
But poverty's the scourge, and I can tell,  
As dire a scourge as any out of Hell :  
The farm indeed can furnish malt and meal,  
But gentry must have more than cakes and ale.  
There's wife, and sons, and daughters to maintain,  
Sons must be bred, and daughters will be vain,  
What signifies, that they can knit or spin ?  
There's twenty needs for all that they can win.  
Thus one needs this, another she needs that,  
Ribbons, and gloves, and lace, and God knows what.  
As far as their own penny goes they pay,  
When that is spent, they then must take a day,  
" Papa will clear't ;" they have no more to say.

You can't imagine how much I'm distrest,  
 There's not a day that I enjoy rest :  
 Except on that blest day the first in seven,  
 That day appointed, as it was in Heaven !  
 Then I'm myself : For when the gown goes on,  
 I'm no more Farmer, than, but Pres'ter John.  
 The folks with pleasure hear me sermonize,  
 And once a week I'm reckon'd learn'd and wise ;  
 The pulpit brings me into people's favours,  
 And Sunday screens from creditors and cravers :  
 But Monday comes, of course, and then begins  
 A new week's penance for the last week's sins.  
 The mistress takes the morning by the top,  
 She must have tea and sugar, starch and soap,  
 Candles and hops, all which are now so dear,  
 I answer nothing, but am forc'd to hear.

In comes the ploughman with important brow,  
 " Well, Thomas lad, and what would you say now ?"  
 " We're out of iron, the horses must be shod,  
 " The coulter needs a lay :"—" That's very odd ;  
 " Go to the merchant"—" He has none come home,"  
 (I know the cause, but must conceal't from Tom,)  
 " Why, then, we'll get it somewhere else."—" That's true,  
 " The pleugh needs claithing and must have it new,  
 " We cannot do without a foremost yoke,  
 " And t'other day the meikle stilt was broke."  
 " Well I shall see about it."—Tom goes out,  
 And I get clear of him for once about.

There's one knocks—"Is the minister within?"  
 The servant answers "yes," and he comes in :  
 "Well, John, I'm glad to see you ; howd' ye do ?"  
 "I thank you, Parson, how goes all with you ?"  
 "Sit down ! what news ?"—"Not much, the times are hard :  
 (I know what's coming now, and am prepar'd,)  
 "I've got a rub, I ne'er got any such."  
 "I'm sorry for't, but hope it is not much."  
 "Why, faith, a great deal, forty pounds and more,  
 I can assure you, will not clear the score :"  
 "What way ?"—"By that damn'd rascal, Duncan Aire.  
 Losses like this must soon make merchants bare,  
 And force them many times to seek their own,  
 Sooner than otherwise they would have done."  
 "Afflictions, John, you know will always be,—"  
 "The little trifle, Sir, 'twixt you and me,"  
 "Betty, bring in a drink—here's to you, John,"  
 "Your good health, Parson," drinks and then goes on :  
 I study all I can to ward the blow,  
 And try to shift the subject, but no—no ;  
 What can I do, but tell how matters stand ;  
 "I cannot pay you,—money's not at hand,  
 As soon's I can I'll do't,"—John in a huff,  
 Says, "Parson, fare ye well"—and so walks off.

Now I expect some ease, when, in a crack,  
 In comes a note, with *Reverence* on the back :

“ Sir, times are bad, I know not what to do,  
I’m in a strait, else had not troubled you,  
Have sent you your account, which please peruse,  
Errors excepted—hopes your kind excuse.  
A draught comes on me, money must be got,  
And I’ll be ruined, if you send it not ;  
At any other time you may command,  
And shall be serv’d with what I have in hand,  
So, Sir, no more at present, but remains.”  
This must be answered, so I rack my brains,  
And fall to work, part argue, partly flatter,  
Be’t taken well or ill makes little matter ;  
Debtors must still be dungeons of good nature.  
My Lord’s officer comes next, with “ Sir, I’m sent,  
To warn you in to pay the Whitsun’ rent :  
The factor’s angry, and bade tell you so,  
That you’re so long in paying what you owe,  
Expects you will with speed provide the sum,  
And be more punctual in time to come :”  
I hing my head betwixt chagrin and awe,  
For officers, you know, are limbs of law.

Thus farm and house demands come on together,  
Both must be answer’d, I can answer neither ;  
I put them off till Lammas, Lammas comes,  
Our vestry meets, and I get in my sums ;  
The half year’s stipend makes a pretty show,  
But twenty ways poor fifteen pounds must go :

Scarce one night does it in my coffers stay,  
Like Jonah's gourd that wither'd in a day ;  
First come, first serv'd with me, is still the way ;  
Then for my Lord, whatever comes to pass,  
My Lord must even wait till Martinmas :  
Well, Martinmas a few weeks hence comes on,  
As certainly it will : what's to be done ?  
Shoemakers, tailors, butchers, to be paid,  
For shoes, and clothes, and meat, must all be had :  
There's servants' fees, and forty things beside ;  
How then can fifteen pounds so far divide ?  
Why ! we'll set through, and try another year,  
The worst is but the worst, let's never fear ;  
My Lord, God bless him, is a gracious man,  
And he can wait awhile, if any can ;  
We'll sell some meal, perhaps, or spare a cow ;  
But what will be the case, if that wont do :  
Why then I'll borrow ! I have many a friend,  
There's such and such a one, all rich, and surely kind ;  
Well they're applied to, and behold the end :  
They all condole indeed, but cannot lend ;  
They're griev'd to see the minister in strait,  
And fain would help him, but I come too late.  
And, after trying every shift in vain,  
The old distressful life returns again.  
Would any friend advise me thus to bear  
Repeated strokes like these, from year to year ?



No! th' event, be what it will, prepar'd am I,  
And now resolv'd another course to try :  
Sell corn and cattle off; pay every man ;  
Get free of debt and duns as fast's I can :  
Give up the farm with all its wants, and then,  
Why even take me to the book and pen,  
The fittest trade I find, for CLERGYMEN.

## EPISTLE TO CAPTAIN ROBERT BAIGRIE.

Captain Baigrie, who had been an early and intimate friend of the Author, and a frequent visitor at Linshart, from being a Jamaica shipmaster became a farmer. He was for some time in Mill of Rora in the vicinity of Longside, but afterwards removed to Sutherlandshire.

“ Ay, ay, what’s this ?” I ken you’ll say,

“ And whare comes this epistle frae ?”

Forsooth, it comes frae Linshart brae,

Whare anes we twa

Us’d to be merry mony a day :

But that’s awa’.

I want to crack a touchie wi’ you,

Since now I’ve little chance to see you,

It’s a’ the guid that I can do you

To wiss you weel,

And pray the Lord may ever gie you,

Baith hae and heal !

Ye’ve ta’en a jump leuks right gigantic,

To norland hills frae gulf Atlantic ;

And fowk may think ye some wee frantic,

In sic a lowp ;

But tarry breeks was ay romantic,

And lykit scowp.

Better, ye'll say, be telling tales  
 Aneath a reef o' highland dales,  
 Or greaving follows at their flails,  
                   In barns weel thackit,  
 Than hoize and furl at flappin' sails  
                   Wi' droukit jacket.

I doubt na, whan ye steer'd your ship,  
 The bleed has aft gane frae your lip,  
 Now ye may lie upo' your hip,  
                   And tak' your ease ;  
 Or thro' the hills a huntin' skip  
                   As far's you please.

Your hawsers and your fleeand sheets,  
 Ye've turn'd them into sowms and theets,  
 An' a' your sough o' sonsie fleets,  
                   An' shippin' news,  
 Is fawin awa' to coupin breetts,  
                   An' trailin ploughs.

Yet mony a risk's in farmin'-wark,  
 Tho' plough, and purse, and a' be stark,  
 It's but like rinnin' i' the dark,  
                   Whare mony ane  
 Has run fou sair and mist their mark,  
                   When a' was dane.

I wadna hae ye o'er soon boast,  
 Or count your winnin's by your cost,  
 A dreel o' wind, or nip o' frost,  
     Or some sic flap,  
 Has aft the farmer's prospects crost,  
     And fell'd the crap.

Sae live at land's ye did at sea,  
 Uncertain now what neist may be,  
 There's naething sure to you nor me,  
     Aneath the meen,  
 But that we baith sometime maun die,  
     Lord kens how sein !

Nae doubt your schemes may right weel wirk,  
 'Mang girssy glens and braes o' birk,  
 Wi' mony a staig, and mony a stirk,  
     An' fowth o' gear ;  
 But what comes o' ye for a Kirk,  
     Gin I might speir ?

I've spoken to a frien' o' mine,  
 An 'onest aefauld soun' divine,  
 Gin he cou'd sometimes wi' you dine,  
     Ye've seen the man,  
 And do't he will, I ken his stryne,  
     As far's he can.

Be that as't may, keep true and tight,  
 To what ye ken to be the right,  
 An' whare ye hae na best o' light,  
     Tak' what ye hae,  
 But dinna turn a graceless wight,  
     For ony say.

Now binna sayin' I'm ill bread,  
 Else o' my troth, I'll no be glad,  
 For cadgers, ye hae heard it said,  
     And sic like fry,  
 Maun ay be harlin in their trade,  
     An sae maun I.

An' yet I wad on nae pretence,  
 Incline to gie a frien' offence,  
 Nor wad I had sae little mense,  
     As gane sae far,  
 Had ye not been the lad o' sense,  
     I'm seer ye are.

Ye ken or e'er ye got a frock,  
 I took you in to my sma' flock,  
 An' ye and I have had a trock  
     This forty year,  
 Sae what I gab in sooth or joke,  
     Ye e'en maun bear.

My love to a' about *Midgairty*,  
To Menie, Bob, and bonny Bertie,  
I hope ye fin't as braw a pairtie  
    As mill o' Rora,  
Lang may ye a' keep hail and hairtie,  
    An' free o' sorrow.

Now, Robie, fareweel for a time,  
My muse ye see's nae way sublime,  
But's rattled out a leash o' rhyme,  
    Sic as was in her,  
An' a' to tell you just that I'm  
    Your frien', JOHN SKINNER.

TO A YOUNG BOOKSELLER.

I got your letter, honest cock,  
And thank you for your kindly joke ;  
But d'ye think a saughin block  
    The like o' me,  
Can furnish out a decent stock  
    O' poetrie ?

Wad ye hae me be sic a fiel,  
As gin I were but at the skuil,  
To gather ilka rhyme or reel  
    That I hae scrawl'd,  
An' gie them out to ony chiel,  
    To be o'erhawl'd ?

Na, na, my lad, that winna do,  
I ken the warld better now ;  
Whan I was young and daft like you  
    It might hae dane,  
But near threescore wad best I trow,  
    Lat them alane.

Besides, I'm tauld, the singin' Lasses,  
 That heft sae aft about Parnassus,  
 Were never fond o' sober asses,  
                     That cou'd na drink  
 A score or twa o' bumper glasses,  
                     To mend their olink.

Your bucks that birl the forain berry,  
 Claret, and port, and sack, and sherry,  
 Or ev'n as muckle English perry  
                     As they can draw ;  
 I dinna mein them to be merry,  
                     And lilt awa'.

But that camsteary—what-d'ye-caw't ?  
 (I think it's genius, walie fa't,)  
 That helps the Poet to create  
                     Baith form and matter,  
 Will never dreep frae draffy mawt,  
                     Or bare spring water.

An' then there's that ill hadden ghaist,  
 That *Gerard* has sae finely grac'd  
 Wi' stately stile, and ca't her "*Taste*,"  
                     A pox upon her,  
 She winna let a poor auld Priest  
                     Gain muckle honour.



Now baith o' them's aboon my reach,  
 For a' that I can fraise or fleitch,  
 What tho' fowk says that I can preach,  
     Nae that dein ill,  
 I tell you, man, I hae na speech  
     Fer critics' skill.

It's them that fleys me wi' their taws,  
 Their cankart cuffs, and whitty whaws,  
 An' troth the carlies might hae cause,  
     To curse and bann,  
 Gin I were ane that sought applause  
     Frae ony man.

But now and then to spin a line  
 Or twa, nor fash the tunefu' nine ;  
 I'm seir, there's nae man needs repine,  
     Whae'er he be,  
 Critic, or bard, o' hamil kine,  
     Or high degree.

Yet after a' I'm unco' sweir  
 To lat you print the idle geir  
 That I've made up this forty year,  
     And some guid mair,  
 Ye wadna clear the cost, I fear,  
     Wi' a' the ware.

But, may be, gin I live as lang,  
As nae to fear the chirmin chang  
Of Gosses grave, that think me wrang,  
    And even say't,  
I may consent to lat them gang,  
    And tak' their fate.

Remember me to a' your frien's,  
The lads like you that lie their lanes,  
And them that's gotten bonny Jeans  
    To lie aside them,  
Lang may they fitt the causey stanes,  
    An' guid betide them!

## TO A YOUNG CLERGYMAN.

The young Clergyman, to whom these sympathetic lines were addressed, was the late Bishop Torry, for many years Incumbent of Peterhead. They were written at his own suggestion on the death of his mother and a brother, who were crushed by the sudden fall of their dwelling-house.

How hard, Lorenzo, is the boon you ask,  
And how unequal I to such a task ?  
I, whose weak muse, borne down with weight of years,  
O'er common griefs might shed some tender tears,  
But finds her powers of lamentation fail,  
And sinks and sickens at thy doleful tale ?

A Mother ! (ah, the venerable name,  
Which my young lips were never taught to frame,)  
She, whose warm bowels form'd thy infant span,  
Whose tenderest watchings nurs'd thee up to man,  
She, earthly image of the highest love,  
Which ev'n the yearnings of a God could move !

A Brother, too ! the next congenial tie  
Of strongest force in nature's symmetry !  
Thy partner thro' a course of prattling years,  
In all youth's fondnesses, and all its fears !  
Both in a moment robb'd of vital breath,  
And quick and sudden hurry'd into death !

No hasty fever, no slow pac'd decay,  
To snatch the young, or wear the old away ;  
The humble cot, which, for convenience rear'd,  
Harbour'd no mischief, and no danger fear'd,  
Where, by the cheerful fire in peace secure,  
They now had spent the pleasant evening hour,  
Crush'd all at once by one stupendous shock  
Of tumbling rubbish from th' impending rock !  
No sturdy pillars to support the weight  
Of such a burthen, thrown from such a height ;  
The unsuspecting victims, half undrest,  
In preparation for a sweet night's rest ;  
No boding omen heard, no warning giv'n,  
No time to lift their souls and eyes to heav'n ;  
Bury'd beneath th' enormous mass all round,  
And breathing, tomb'd in dust above the ground ;  
Their shatter'd limbs all into atoms crash'd,  
And bones and bowels to one chaos dash'd !!

But why attempt description ? words are vain !  
The dreadful ruin mocks my languid strain—  
And does my friend need counsel how to bear  
This wound so piercing—stroke indeed severe ;  
Then think on what thy hoary sire must feel,  
(For sure thy sire had not a heart of steel)  
When by next dawn return'd from distant toil,  
In hopes of welcome from thy mother's smile,  
He saw, and star'd, and gaz'd at this and that,  
And hop'd, and fear'd, and wish'd he knew not what ?

'Till, like a voice, he heard from menial maid,  
 With wife and son in dire sepulchre laid,  
 Who ten long hours had groan'd an age of pain,  
 And just expiring, breath'd the how and when.  
 Now view him in a gulph of horror cast,  
 His heart-strings breaking, and his eyes aghast,  
 Like pictur'd patience, all benumb'd he stands,  
 And tries to lift, but drops his trembling hands ;  
 No groan his heart emits, his eye no tear—  
 Good heaven ! what more can mortals suffer here ?

'Tis this, you say, that aggravates the smart,  
 'Tis this that doubly rends the filial heart.  
 True, unfledg'd sufferer, thou hast much to do,  
 To act the *Son*, and shine the *Christian* too :  
 Insensible to this what heart can be,  
 Not form'd of marble, or hewn out of tree ?  
 Lorenzo's heart, tho' out, must not repine  
 At what, it knows, comes from a hand divine ;  
 But strive in due submission to comply,  
 Nor boldly dare to guess the reason why.  
 The philosophic sage, from self's proud school,  
 May act, or feign to act, th' heroic fool :  
 At nature's feelings may pretend to mock,  
 And wisely sullen stand th' appalling shock.  
 The heav'n-taught Christian may, and must do more,  
 May grieve from nature, must from grace adore ;  
 Adore the love of ev'n a chast'ning God,  
 And kiss the gracious hand that wields the rod.

## TO THE MEMORY OF A WORTHY FARMER.

What! shall my rural muse in feeble strain  
Of pompous deaths and titled woes complain,  
And shall she be asham'd to drop a tear  
In public, o'er a worthy Farmer's bier?  
A Farmer! name of universal praise,  
And noble subject for the poet's lays:  
This one, a Farmer of superior mind,  
For higher spheres from early love design'd,  
Taught to converse with men of rank and note,  
Yet stooping to adorn the rural cot;  
There, calm and quiet in his humble state,  
Lov'd by the good, and valu'd by the great,  
Disdaining flattery, yet without offence,  
The man of manners, virtue, grace, and sense.  
In agriculture's wide extended tract,  
Skill'd and instructive, punctual and exact,  
Prudent from principle in every part,  
Which or concerns the head, or moves the heart.  
To God religious, to his neighbour just,  
And strictly honest in each branch of trust;  
Ne'er jarring from himself, but still the same,  
Clear in his thoughts and steady in his aim

In speech engaging and in taste refin'd,  
The Farmer's pattern, and the scholar's friend.  
To such a Farmer surely praise is due,  
And all who knew him can declare it true,  
Can tell how uniform o'er life's vain stage  
He stept in virtue's paths to good old age.  
Fair was his life, and blest, we hope, his end ;  
To each good man may Heav'n such mercy send !  
Asks any reader who this man could be,  
So much esteem'd by all, and prais'd by me :  
Know, honest friend, that in thy way to fame,  
A Farmer's footsteps do thy notice claim,  
And JAMES ARBUTHNOT was that Farmer's name.

TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG GENTLEMAN

WHO DIED OF THE SMALL POX.

'Twas winter, and the sickly sun was low,  
Thro' yonder fields I took my lonely way ;  
Musing on many a gloomy scene of woe,  
As oft I wont in evening calm to stray.

With languid step, advancing I perceiv'd  
A passenger of aspect pale and wan ;  
With frequent sighs his labouring bosom heav'd,  
And down his cheek the briny torrent ran.

“ What ails thee, friend ? ” I ask'd in pitying tone  
Of sympathetic mood to speak relief

“ Say, what's the cause that makes thee thus to moan,  
And why thy visage pictur'd thus with grief ? ”

“ Shall I not moan ? ” the stranger sad reply'd,

“ And thus in sighs my inward grief express ? ”

How can my troubled heart its sorrows hide ?

My melting soul conceal its deep distress ?

“ Last week a darling brother was my boast,

The last born product of my mother's womb ;

This darling brother t'other day I lost,

To day I laid him in the silent tomb.



“ Meek his deportment, and his manners mild,

In all his carriage undisguis'd and plain ;  
As virgin chaste, and soft as new born child,  
Comely his features, and his look serene.

“ Steady in principle, and in practice pure,

With modesty and manly sense endued ;  
His honest heart from vanity secure,  
The paths of vice with just abhorrence view'd.

“ Not poorly mean, nor anxious to be great,

His mind tho' lofty, and his genius bright ;  
Yet pleas'd and happy in his humble state,  
And Music, heavenly gift, his dear delight !

“ How gracefully, amidst th' applauding ring,

His well taught fingers mov'd the lyre along ;  
Whether to mirth he briskly struck the string,  
Or on soft psalt'ry touch'd the sacred song !

“ Oft have I seen, when jocund friends were met,

In summer's evenings or by winter's fire ;  
The listening choir in emulation set !  
What tongue should most th' enchanting youth admire

“ But now no more his notes shall charm the fair,

No more his Numbers soothe th' attentive Swain,  
With Tullochgorum's dance-inspiring air,  
Or Roslin-castle's sweet, but solemn strain.

“ In early dawn of merit and of fame,  
 To wish'd-for health, from sickness just restor'd ;  
 The loathsome pustules seiz'd his tender frame,  
 And sudden gave the stroke that's now deplor'd !

“ 'Tis this that grieves me,—this the loss I mourn,  
 Excuse a sorrowing brother's heavy tale ;  
 No more shall he to earth and me return,  
 Nor sighs, nor tears, nor love, can now prevail !”

He stopt, the tears again began to flow,  
 And sigh on sigh burst from his throbbing breast ;  
 My feeling heart soon catch'd the poor man's woe,  
 And soon my eye the rising tear confest.

“ Dear youth,” I cry'd, “ whom heav'n has call'd away,  
 'Midst early innocence from this vain stage ;  
 Safe now, we hope, in fields of endless day,  
 Above the follies of a sinful age !

“ In these bright regions fill'd with many a Saint,  
 Sweet be thy rest, and blest thy wakening be !  
 And may kind Heav'n at last in mercy grant  
 A happy meeting to thy friends and thee !”

## A MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION.

And is she gone, the once so lovely maid,  
Gone hence, and now a dear departed shade !  
Snatch'd from this world in early dawn of life,  
When but beginning to be call'd a wife ?

Ye virgin tribe, whom chance may lead this way,  
Where brightest beauty moulders into clay,  
Behold this stone, nor be asham'd to mourn,  
A while o'er MARY ALEXANDER'S urn—  
Then pause a little, while these lines you read,  
And learn to draw instruction from the dead—  
She, who lies here, was once like one of you,  
Youthful and blyth, and fair, as you are now :  
One week beheld her a bright blooming bride,  
In marriage pomp laid by her lover's side ;  
The next we saw her in death's livery drest,  
And brought her breathless body here to rest.  
Not all this world's gay hopes, nor present charms,  
Nor parents tears, nor a fond husband's arms,  
Could stamp the least impression on her mind,  
Or fix to earth a soul for heav'n design'd ;  
Calmly she left a scene so lately try'd,  
Heav'n call'd her hence, with pleasure she complied,  
Embrac'd her sorrowing friends, then smil'd—and dy'd.

ON A FARMER'S GRAVESTONE.

IN THE CHURCHYARD OF LONGSIDE.

HERE lies, consign'd a while to promis'd rest,  
In hopes to rise again among the blest,  
The precious dust of one, whose course of life  
Knew neither fraud, hypocrisy, nor strife :  
A Husband loving, and of gentle mind ;  
A Father careful, provident and kind ;  
A Farmer active, from no sordid view ;  
A Christian pious, regular, and true :  
One who, in quiet, trod the private stage  
Of rural labour, to a ripe old age.  
Lov'd by his neighbours, honour'd by his own ;  
Liv'd without spot, and died without a groan.

Long may his humble virtues be rever'd ;  
Long be his name remember'd with regard ;  
And long may Agriculture's school produce  
Such honest men as ALEXANDER BRUCE.

---

Si musæ fas sit pietatis pangere laudes,  
Quid vetat Agricolas commemorâsse pios ?

TO THE AUTHOR'S GRANDSON,

ON HIS MARRIAGE AT FORFAR, AUGUST 19, 1798.

ONE trifling sixpence more, dear *Forfar* JOHN,  
To pay for this poor scrawl, and I have done.  
The subject opens up a brilliant scene,  
And calls for something from my rustic pen :  
But don't expect a flow of warbling lays  
To charm your ear, or chant your *Fair-one's* praise,  
Unfit for such a task, my torpid muse,  
Were I to ask it, would the task refuse,  
Nor venture to debase the theme sublime  
With fustian stanzas of Paganic rhyme.  
My brink of eighty wears a frozen hue,  
Too sable for the charms of such a view :  
Yet, old and languid, I remember well,  
With pleasing retrospect what you now feel ;  
And can, on memory's chart, the beauties trace  
Of my once blooming, now decrepit, GRACE,  
Tottering tho' both with age, yet both uncloy'd  
With sweets thro' FIFTY-SEVEN long years enjoy'd.  
The rapt'rous flush of youth not fully gone,  
But into solid friendship mellow'd down,

Such be my Reverend Grandson's future lot  
 In brighter life, and line of higher note.  
 Then let me, thus in low, but friendly, strain,  
 Express *my* love, and *your* acceptance gain.

Long may you glad recall the happy hour  
 That join'd you, hand-in-hand to \*\*\*\*\*  
 And gave you solace sweet of mortal life!  
 A young, a lovely, and a virtuous wife,  
 To share your comforts, and to soothe your fears,  
 Your joy in youth, your stay in drooping years;  
 A dear companion thro' the chequer'd path  
 That leads from marriage to the gate of death:  
 May you be long in one another blest  
 With love increasing to adorn the feast,—  
 The feast of matrimonial joys refin'd  
 By mutual sympathy of heart and mind,  
 With soft contentment, and abundance full  
 Of all that can delight the pious soul!  
 And may fair branches, in succession, run  
 From *your* conjunction, as from *ours* have done,  
 With many a flourishing and fertile shoot,  
 Springing in order from the parent-root,  
 Till in decline of years, like mine, you see  
 Descendents down to third and fourth degree,  
 Spreading, some more, some less, their leaves abroad.  
 In ISRAEL'S peace, as promis'd by her GOD!

Be this your conjunct state, on earth's vain stage,  
Thro' bloom of youth-hood to the frowns of age,  
Pleas'd with yourselves, and favourites of Heaven,  
Your conduct worthy, and defects forgiven,  
Ready, when call'd, together to remove,  
By angels led to those blest seats above,  
Where all is harmony, and all is love !

---

*Accipe, chare Nepos, tenuis pia vota Camaenae,  
Nec sperne obscuri nubile munus Avi.*

# SONGS.



## TULLOCHGORUM.

This, as Burns' says, "the best Scotch song ever Scotland saw" was suggested, during a political dispute, by Mrs Montgomery, at whose house in the village of Ellon, Aberdeenshire, Mr Skinner had been on a visit. It was first printed in the Scots Weekly Magazine for April 1776, a considerable time after the date of its composition.

COME gie's a sang, Montgomery cry'd,  
And lay your disputes all aside,  
What signifies't for folks to chide  
    For what was done before them :  
Let Whig and Tory all agree,  
    Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,  
    Whig and Tory all agree,  
    To drop their Whig-mig-morum ;  
Let Whig and Tory all agree  
To spend the night wi' mirth and glee,  
And cheerfu' sing alang wi' me  
    The Reel o' Tullochgorum.



O' Tullochgorum's my delight,  
 It gars us a' in ane unite,  
 And ony sumph that keeps a spite,  
     In conscience I abhor him :  
 For blyth and cheerie we'll be a',  
     Blyth and `cheerie, blyth and cheerie,  
     Blyth and cheerie we'll be a',  
     And mak' a happy quorum ;  
 For blyth and cheerie we'll be a'  
 As lang as we hae breath to draw,  
 And dance till we be like to fa'  
     The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

What needs there be sae great a fraise  
 Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,  
 I wadna gie our ain Strathspeys  
     For half a hunder score o' them ;  
 They're dowf and dowie at the best,  
     Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie,  
     Dowf and dowie at the best,  
     Wi' a' their variorum ;  
 They're dowf and dowie at the best,  
 Their *allegros* and a' the rest,  
 They canna' please a Scottish taste  
     Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly worms their minds oppress  
 Wi' fears o' want and double cess,

And sullen sots themsells distress  
 Wi' keeping up decorum :  
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,  
     Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,  
     Sour and sulky shall we sit  
     Like old philosophorum !  
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,  
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,  
 Nor ever try to shake a fit  
     To th' Reel o' Tullochgorum ?

May choicest blessings aye attend  
 Each honest, open-hearted friend,  
 And calm and quiet be his end,  
     And a' that's good watch o'er him ;  
 May peace and plenty be his lot,  
     Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,  
     Peace and plenty be his lot,  
     And dainties a great store o' them ;  
 May peace and plenty be his lot,  
 Unstain'd by any vicious spot,  
 And may he never want a groat,  
     That's fond o Tullochgorum !

But for the sullen frumpish fool,  
 That loves to be oppression's tool,  
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,  
     And discontent devour him ;

May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,  
Dool and sorrow be his chance,  
And nane say, wae's me for him  
May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
Wi' a' the ills that come frae France,  
Wha e'er he be that winna dance  
The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

JOHN O' BADENYON.

"This excellent song," says Burns, "is the composition of my worthy friend old Skinner at Linshart."

When first I came to be a man  
Of twenty years or so,  
I thought myself a handsome youth,  
And fain the world would know ;  
In best attire I stept abroad,  
With spirits brisk and gay,  
And here and there and every where  
Was like a morn in May ;  
\*No care I had nor fear of want,  
But rambled up and down,  
And for a beau I might have past  
In country or in town ;  
I still was pleas'd where'er I went,  
And when I was alone,  
I tun'd my pipe and pleas'd myself  
Wi' John o' Badenyon.

Now in the days of youthful prime  
A mistress I must find,  
For *love*, I heard, gave one an air  
And ev'n improved the mind :

On Phillis fair above the rest  
Kind fortune fixt my eyes,  
Her piercing beauty struck my heart,  
And she became my choice ;  
To Cupid now with hearty prayer  
I offer'd many a vow ;  
And danc'd and sung, and sigh'd, and swore,  
As other lovers do ;  
But, when at last I breath'd my flame,  
I found her cold as stone ;  
I left the girl, and tun'd my pipe  
To John o' Badenyon.

When *love* had thus my heart beguil'd  
With foolish hopes and vain ;  
To *friendship's* port I steer'd my course,  
And laugh'd at lovers' pain ;  
A friend I got by lucky chance,  
'Twas something like divine,  
An honest friend's a precious gift,  
And such a gift was mine ;  
And now whatever might betide  
A happy man was I,  
In any strait I knew to whom  
I freely might apply ;  
A strait soon came: my friend I try'd ;  
He heard, and spurn'd my moan ;  
I hy'd me home, and tun'd my pipe  
To John o' Badenyon.

Methought I should be wiser next  
 And would a *patriot* turn,  
 Began to doat on Johnny Wilkes,  
 And cry up Parson Horne.\*  
 Their manly spirit I admir'd,  
 And prais'd their noble zeal,  
 Who had with flaming tongue and pen  
 Maintain'd the public weel;  
 But e'er a month or two had past,  
 I found myself betray'd,  
 'Twas *self* and *party* after all,  
 For a' the stir they made;  
 At last I saw the factious knaves  
 Insult the very throne,  
 I curs'd them a', and tun'd my pipe  
 To John o' Badenyon.

What next to do I mus'd a while,  
 Still hoping to succeed,  
 I pitch'd on *books* for company  
 And gravely try'd to read:  
 I bought and borrowed every where  
 And study'd night and day,  
 Nor mist what dean or doctor wrote  
 That happen'd in my way;

\* This Song was composed when Wilkes, Horne, &c., were making a noise about liberty.

Philosophy I now esteem'd  
The ornament of youth,  
And carefully through many a page  
I hunted after truth.  
A thousand various schemes I try'd,  
And yet was pleas'd with none,  
I-threw them by, and tun'd my pipe  
To John o' Badenyon.

And now ye youngsters everywhere,  
That wish to make a show,  
Take heed in time, nor fondly hope  
For happiness below ;  
What you may fancy pleasure here,  
Is but an empty name,  
And *girls*, and *friends*, and *books*, and so,  
You'll find them all the same ;  
Then be advised and warning take  
From such a man as me ;  
I'm neither Pope nor Cardinal,  
Nor one of high degree ;  
You'll meet displeasure every where ;  
Then do as I have done,  
Ev'n tune your pipe and please yourselves  
With John o' Badenyon.

## THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKIT HORN.

This song was written to an old Highland reel tune at the request of Dr. Beattie of Aberdeen about the time Mr Skinner occupied the farm of Mains of Ludquharn.

WERE I but able to rehearse  
My Ewie's praise in proper verse,  
I'd sound it forth as loud and fierce  
    As ever piper's drone could blaw ;  
The Ewie wi' the crookit horn,  
Wha had kent her might hae sworn  
Sic a Ewe was never born,  
    Hereabout nor far awa',  
Sic a Ewe was never born,  
    Hereabout nor far awa',

I never needed tar nor keil  
To mark here upo' hip or heel,  
Her crookit horn did as weel  
    To ken her by amo' them a' ;  
She never threaten'd scab nor rot,  
But keepit aye her ain jog-trot,  
Baith to the fauld and to the cot,  
    Was never sweir to lead nor caw,  
Baith to the fauld and to the cot, &c.



Cauld nor hunger never dang her,  
 Wind nor wet could never wrang her,  
 Anes she lay an ouk and langer

Furth aneath a wreath o' snaw  
 Whan ither Ewies lap the dyke,  
 And eat the kail for a' the tyke,  
 My Ewie never play'd the like,  
     But tyo'd about the barn wa' ;  
 My Ewie never play'd the like, &c.

A better or a thriftier beast,  
 Nae honest man could weel hae wist,  
 For, silly thing, she never mist,  
     To hae ilk' year a lamb or twa' ;  
 The first she had I gae to Jock,  
 To be to him a kind o' stock,  
 And now the laddie has a flock  
     O' mair nor thirty head ava' ;  
 And now the laddie has a flock, &c.

I lookit aye at even' for her,  
 Lest mishanter shou'd come o'er her,  
 Or the fowmart might devour her,  
     Gin the beastie bade awa ;  
 My Ewie wi' the crookit horn, -  
 Well deserv'd baith girse and corn,  
 Sic a Ewe was never born,  
     Hereabout nor far awa.  
 Sic a Ewe was never born, &c.

Yet last ouk, for a' my keeping,  
 (Wha can speak it without greeting ?)  
 A villain cam' when I was sleeping,  
     Sta' my Ewie, horn and a':  
 I sought her sair upo' the morn,  
 An down aneath a buss o' thorn  
 I got my Ewie's crookit horn,  
     But my Ewie was awa'.  
 I got my Ewie's crookit horn, &c.

O! gin I had the loun that did it,  
 Sworn I have as well as said it,  
 Tho' a' the warld should forbid it,  
     I wad gie his neck a thra':  
 I never met wi' sic a turn,  
 As this sin ever I was born,  
 My Ewie wi' the crookit horn,  
     Silly Ewie stown awa',  
 My Ewie wi' the crookit horn, &c.

O! had she died o' crook or cauld,  
 As Ewies do when they grow auld,  
 It wad na been, by mony fauld,  
     Sae sair a heart to nane o's a':  
 For a' the claith that we hae worn,  
 Frae her and her's sae aften shorn,  
 The loss o' her we cou'd hae born,  
     Had fair strae-death ta'en her awa'.  
 The loss o' her we cou'd hae born, &c.

But thus, poor thing, to lose her life,  
Aneath a bleedy villain's knife,  
I'm really fley't that our guidwife

Will never win aboon't ava :

O ! a' ye bards benorth Kinghorn,  
Call your muses up and mourn,  
Our Ewie wi' the crookit horn,

Stown frae's, and felt and a' !

Our Ewie wi' the crookit horn, &c.

## THE MARQUIS OF HUNTLY'S REEL.

In mentioning that the "Non-juring Clergyman at Linshart, near Peterhead," composed this Song, Burns adds, "and what is of still more consequence, he is one of the worthiest of mankind." It was written to an air, "The Marquis of Huntly's Reel," by William Marshall, butler to the Duke of Gordon, a distinguished composer of Scottish airs, and also eminent as a violinist.

TUNE your fiddles, tune them sweetly,  
Play the Marquis' reel discreetly,  
Here we are, a band, completely  
    Fitted to be jolly.—  
Come, my boys, blythe and gawcie,  
Every youngster chuse his lassie,  
Dance wi' life, and be not saucy,  
    Shy nor melancholy.  
Come, my boys, &c.

Lay aside your sour grimaces,  
Clouded brows, and drumly faces,  
Look about, and see their GRACES,  
    How they smile delighted ;  
Now's the season to be merry,  
Hang the thoughts of Charon's ferry,  
Time enough to turn camsterry  
    When we're auld and doited.  
Now's the season, &c.

Butler, put about the claret,  
 Thro' us a' divide and share it,  
 Gordon-Castle well can spare it,  
     It has claret plenty.

Wine's the true inspiring liquor,  
 Draffy drink may please the Vicar,  
 When he grasps the foaming bicker,  
     Vicars are not dainty.

Wine's the true inspiring liquor, &c.

We'll extoll our noble MASTER,  
 Sprung from many a brave ancestor,—  
 Heaven preserve him from disaster,  
     So we pray in duty.

Prosper, too, our pretty DUCHESS,  
 Safe from all distressful touches,  
 Keep her out of Pluto's clutches,  
     Long in health and beauty.

Prosper, too, our pretty Duchess, &c.

Angels guard their gallant boy,  
 Make him long his father's joy,  
 Sturdy, like the heir of Troy,  
     Stout and brisk and healthy.

Pallas, grant him every blessing,  
 Wit and strength and size increasing,  
 Plutus, what's in thy possessing,  
     Make him rich and wealthy.

Pallas, grant him every blessing, &c.

Youth, solace him with thy pleasure,  
In refin'd and worthy measure ;  
Merit, gain him choicest treasure,  
From the Royal donor.

Famous may he be in story,  
Full of days, and full of glory,  
To the grave, when old and hoary,  
May he go with honour !  
Famous may he be in story, &c.

GORDONS, join our hearty praises,  
Honest, though in homely phrases,  
Love our cheerful spirits raises,  
Lofty as the lark is :  
Echo, waft our wishes daily,  
Thro' the grove, and thro' the alley,  
Sound o'er every hill and valley,  
Blessings on our Marquis  
Echo, waft our wishes daily, &c.

## THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

TUNE—*Dumbarton Drums.*

This song, the author says, in a letter to Burns, "is entirely descriptive of my own sentiments," and the beautiful picture of contentment---the venerable old man with his children and grandchildren around him ---was fully realised in his own experience.

O! why should old age so much wound us, O?  
There is nothing in it all to confound us, O;  
    For how happy now am I,  
    With my old wife sitting by;  
And our bairns and our oys all around us, O;  
    For how happy now am I, &c.

We began in the warld wi' naething, O,  
And we've jogg'd on, and toil'd for the ae thing, O;  
    We made use of what we had,  
    And our thankful hearts were glad;  
When we got the bit meat and the claithing, O,  
    We made use of what we had, &c.

We have liv'd all our life-time contented, O,  
Since the day we became first acquainted, O:  
    It's true we've been but poor,  
    And we are so to this hour;  
But we never yet repin'd or lamented, O,  
    It's true we've been but poor, &c.

When we had any stock, we ne'er vauntit, O,  
Nor did we hing our heads when we wantit, O ;  
    But we always gave a share  
    Of the little we could spare,  
When it pleas'd a kind Heaven to grant it, O.  
    But we always gave a share, &c.

We never laid a scheme to be wealthy, O,  
By means that were cunning or stealthy, O ;  
    But we always had the bliss,  
    And what further could we wiss,  
To be pleas'd with ourselves, and be healthy, O.  
    But we always had the bliss, &c.

What tho' we cannot boast of our guineas, O,  
We have plenty of Jockies and Jeanies, O ;  
    And these, I'm certain, are  
    More desirable by far  
Than a bag full of poor yellow steinies, O,  
    And these, I am certain, are, &c.

We have seen many wonder and ferly, O,  
Of changes that almost are yearly, O,  
    Among rich folks up and down,  
    Both in country and in town,  
Who now live but scrimply and barely, O,  
    Among rich folks up and down, &c.



Then why should people brag of prosperity, O ?  
A straiten'd life we see is no rarity, O ;  
    Indeed we've been in want,  
    And our living's been but scant,  
Yet we never were reduced to need charity, O.  
    Indeed we've been in want, &c.

In this house we first came together, O,  
Where we've long been a father and mither, O ;  
    And tho' not of stone and lime,  
    It will last us all our time ;  
And, I hope, we shall ne'er need anither, O.  
    And tho' not of stone and lime, &c.

And when we leave this poor habitation, O,  
We'll depart with a good commendation, O ;  
    We'll go hand in hand, I wiss,  
    To a better house than this,  
To make room for the next generation, O.  
    We'll go hand in hand, I wiss, &c.  
Then why should old age so much wound us, &c.

## STILL IN THE WRONG.

*To its own Tune.*

It has long been my fate to be thought in the *wrong*,  
And my fate it continues to be ;  
The wise and the wealthy still make it their song,  
And the clerk and the cottar agree.  
There is nothing I do, and there's nothing I say,  
But some one or other thinks wrong ;  
And to please them I find there is no other way,  
But do nothing, and still hold my tongue.

Says the free-thinking *Sophist*, " The times are refin'd  
In sense to a wondrous degree ;  
Your old fashion'd faith does but fetter the mind,  
And it's *wrong* not to seek to be free."  
Says the sage *Politician*, " Your natural share  
Of talents would raise you much higher,  
Than thus to crawl on in your present low sphere,  
And it's *wrong* in you not to aspire."

Says the *Man* of the *World*, " Your dull stoic life  
Is surely deserving of blame ?  
You have children to care for, as well as a wife,  
And it's wrong not to lay up for them."  
Says the fat *Gormandizer*, " To eat and to drink  
Is the true *summum bonum* of man :

Life is nothing without it, whate'er you may think,  
And it's *wrong* not to live while you can."

Says the new made *Divine*, "Your old modes we reject,  
Nor give ourselves trouble about them :  
It is manners and dress that procure us respect,  
And it's *wrong* to look for it without them."

Says the grave *peevish Saint*, in a fit of the spleen,  
"Ah! me, but your manners are vile :  
A parson that's *blythe* is a shame to be seen,  
And it's *wrong* in you even to smile."

Says the *Clown*, when I tell him to do what he ought,  
"Sir, whatever your character be,  
To obey you in this I will never be brought,  
And it's *wrong* to be meddling with me."

Says my *Wife*, when she wants this or that for the house,  
"Our matters to ruin must go :  
Your reading and writing is not worth a souse,  
And it's *wrong* to neglect the house so."

Thus *all* judge of me by their taste or their wit,  
And I'm censur'd by old and by young,  
Who in one point agree, though in others they split,  
That in something I'm still in the *wrong*.  
But let them say on to the end of the song,  
It shall make no impression on me :  
If to differ from such be to be in the *wrong*,  
In the *wrong* I hope always to be.

## LIZZY LIBERTY.

TUNE—*Tibbie Fowler i' the Glen.*

This song was written during the political commotions which agitated Europe shortly after the great French Revolution of 1789.

There lives a lassie i' the braes,  
And Lizzy Liberty they ca' her,  
Whan she has on her Sunday's claes,  
Ye never saw a lady brawer ;  
So a' the lads are wooing at her,  
Courting her but canna get her,  
Bonny Lizzy Liberty, there's ow'r mony wooing at her !

Her mither ware a tabbit mutch,  
Her father was an honest dyker,  
She's a black eyed wanton witch,  
Ye winna shaw me mony like her,  
So a' the lads are wooing at her,  
Courting her but canna get her,  
Bonny Lizzy Liberty, wow, so mony's wooing at her :

A kindly lass she is, I'm seer,  
Has fowth o' sense and smeddum in her,  
And nae a swankie far nor near.  
But tries wi' a' his might to win her :

They're wooing at her, fain would hae her,  
 Courting her but canna get her,  
 Bonny Lizzy Liberty, there's ow'r mony wooing at her.

For kindly tho' she be nae doubt,  
 She manna thole the marriage tether,  
 But likes to rove and rink about,  
 Like highland eowt amo' the heather ;  
 Yet a' the lads are wooing at her,  
 Courting her but canna get her,  
 Bonny Lizzy Liberty, wow, sae mony's wooing at her.

It's seven year, and some guid mair,  
 Syn *Dutch Mynheer* made courtship till her,  
 A merchant bluff and fu' o' care,  
 Wi chuffy cheeks, and bags o' siller ;  
 So Dutch Mynheer was wooing at her,  
 Courting her but cudna get her,  
 Bonny Lizzy Liberty, has ow'r mony wooing at her.

Neist to him came *Baltic John*,  
 Stept up the brae, and leukit at her,  
 Syne wear his wa wi' heavy moan,  
 And in a month or twa forgat her ;  
 Baltic John was wooing at her,  
 Courting her but cudna get her,  
 Filthy elf she's nae herself, wi' sae mony wooing at her.

Syne after him cam *Yankie Doodle*,  
 Frae hyne ayont the muckle water ;

Tho' Yankie's nae yet worth a boddle,  
 Wi' might and main he would be at her ;  
 Yankie Doodle's wooing at her,  
 Courting her, but canna get her,  
 Bonny Lizzy Liberty, wow, sae mony's wooing at her.

Now *Monkey French* is in a roar,  
 And swears that nane but he sall hae her,  
 Tho' he sud wade thro' bluid and gore,  
 It's nae the king sall keep him frae her :  
 So *Monkey French* is wooing at her,  
 Courting her, but canna get her,  
 Bonny Lizzy Liberty has ow'r mony wooing at her.

For France, not yet her Flanders frien',  
 Need nae think that she'll come to them ;  
 They've casten aff wi' a' their kin,  
 And grace and guid have flown fae them :  
 They're wooing at her, fain wad hae her,  
 Courting her, but canna get her,  
 Bonny Lizzy Liberty, wow, sae mony's wooing at her.

A stately chiel, they ca' *John Bull*,  
 Is unco thrang and glaikit wi' her ;  
 And gin he cud get a' his wull,  
 There's nane can say what he wad gi'e her :

Johnny Bull is wooing at her,  
 Courting her, but canna get her,  
 Filthy Ted, she'll never wed, as lang's sae mony's wooing  
 at her.

Even *Irish Teague*, ayont Belfast,  
 Wadna care to speir about her ;  
 And swears, till he sall breathe his last,  
 He'll never happy be without her :  
 Irish Teague is wooing at her,  
 Courting her, but canna get her,  
 Bonny Lizzie Liberty has ow'r mony wooing at her.

But *Donald Scot's* the happy lad,  
 Tho' a' the lave sud try to rate him ;  
 Whan he steps up the brae sae glad  
 She disna ken maist whare to set him :  
 Donald Scot is wooing at her,  
 Courting her, will maybe get her,  
 Bonny Lizzie Liberty, wow, sae mony's wooing at her.

Now Donald tak' a frien's advice,  
 I keen fu' weel ye fain wad hae her,  
 As ye are happy, sae be wise,  
 And ha'd ye wi' a smackie frae her :  
 Ye're wooing at her, fain wad hae her,  
 Courting her, will maybe get her,  
 Bonny Lizzy Liberty, there's ow'r mony wooing at her.

Ye're weel, and wat'sna, lad, they're sayin'  
Wi' getting leave to dwell aside her ;  
And gin ye had her a' your ain,  
Ye might nae find it mows to guide her,  
Ye're wooing at her, fain wad hae her,  
Courting her, will maybe get her,  
Cunning quean, she's ne'er be mine, as lang's sae mony's  
wooing at her.



## THE STIPENDLESS PARSON.

TUNE—*A Cobler there was, &c.*

The humble parson whose position, pursuits, and wishes are here so happily sketched was no imaginary character, and of the worthy author himself it may be truly said that "contented he lived and lamented he died."

How happy a life does the parson possess,  
Who would be no greater, nor fears to be less ;  
Who depends on his book and his gown for support,  
And derives no preferment from conclave or court,  
Derry down, &c.

Without gleb or manse settl'd on him by law,  
No stipend to sue for, nor vic'rage to draw ;  
In discharge of his office he holds him content,  
With a croft and a garden, for which he pays rent.  
Derry down, &c.

With a neat little cottage and furniture plain,  
And a spare room to welcome a friend now and then,  
With a good humour'd wife in his fortune to share,  
And ease him at all times of family care.  
Derry down, &c.

With a few of the Fathers, the oldest and best,  
And some modern Extracts pick'd out from the rest,  
With a Bible in Latin, and Hebrew, and Greek,  
To afford him instruction each day of the week.  
Derry down, &c.

With a pony to carry him when he has need,  
And a cow to provide him some milk to his bread ;  
With a mug of brown ale when he feels himself for't  
And a glass of good whisky in place of red port.

Derry down, &c.

What children he has, if any are given,  
He thankfully trusts to the kindness of heaven ;  
To religion and virtue he trains them while young,  
And with such a provision he does them no wrong.

Derry down, &c.

With labour below, and with help from above,  
He cares for his *flock*, and is blest with their love :  
Tho' his living perhaps in the main may be scant,  
He is sure, while, *they* have, that he'll ne'er be in want.

Derry down, &c.

With no worldly projects nor hurries perplexed,  
He sits in his closet and studies his text ;  
And while he converses with Moses or Paul,  
He envies not bishop, nor dean in his stall.

Derry down, &c.

Not proud to the poor, nor a slave to the great,  
Neither factious in church, nor pragmatic in state,  
He keeps himself quiet within his own sphere,  
And finds work sufficient in preaching and pray'r.

Derry down, &c.

In what little dealings he's forc'd to transact,  
He determines with plainness and candour to act,  
And the great point on which his ambition is set,  
Is to leave at the last neither riches nor debt.

Derry down, &c.

Thus calmly he steps thro' the valley of life,  
Unencumbered with wealth, and a stranger to strife ;  
On the bustlings around him unmov'd he can look,  
And at home always pleas'd with his wife and his book.

Derry down, &c.

And when in old age he drops into the grave,  
This humble remembrance he wishes to have ;  
' By good men respected, by the evil oft tried,  
' Contented he liv'd, and lamented he died !

Derry down, &c.

THE MAN OF ROSS.

TUNE—*Miss Ross's Reel.*

When fops and fools together prate,  
O'er punch or tea, of this or that,  
What silly poor, unmeaning chat  
Does all their talk engross?

A nobler theme employs my lays,  
And thus my honest voice I raise  
In well deserved strains to praise  
The worthy Man of Ross.

His lofty soul (would it were mine)  
Scorns ev'ry selfish low design,  
And ne'er was known to repine,  
At any earthly loss:

But still contented, frank, and free,  
In ev'ry state, whate'er it be,  
Serene and stay'd we always see  
The worthy Man of Ross.

Let misers hug their worldly store,  
And gripe and pinch to make it more;  
Their gold and silver's shining ore,  
He counts it all but dross:

'Tis better treasure he desires;  
A surer stock his passion fires,

And mild benevolence inspires  
 The worthy Man of Ross.

When want assails the widow's cot,  
 Or sickness strikes the poor man's hut,  
 When blasting winds or foggy rot  
 Augment the farmer's loss :  
 The sufferer straight knows where to go,  
 With all his wants and all his woe,  
 For glad experience leads him to  
 The worthy Man of Ross.

This man of Ross I'll daily sing,  
 With vocal note and lyric string,  
 And duly, when I've drank the king,  
 He'll be my second toss.  
 May heaven its choicest blessings send,  
 On such a man, and such a friend ;  
 And still may all that's good attend  
 The worthy Man of Ross.

Now if you ask about his name,  
 And where he lives with such a fame,  
 Indeed I'll say you are to blame,  
 For truly *inter nos*,  
 'Tis what belongs to you and me,  
 And all of high or low degree,  
 In every sphere to try to be  
 The worthy Man of Ross.

A SONG ON THE TIMES.

TUNE—*Broom of the Cowdenknows.*

When I began the world first,  
It was not as 'tis now,  
For all was plain and simple then,  
And friends were kind and true :  
O! the times, the weary weary times,  
The times that I now see,  
I think the world's all gone wrong,  
From what it used to be.

There were not then high capering heads,  
Prick'd up from ear to ear,  
And clocks and caps were rarities,  
For gentle folks to wear,  
O! the times, the weary weary times, &c.

There's not an upstart mushroom now,  
But what sets up for taste,  
And not a lass in all the land,  
But must be lady-drest.  
O! the times, the weary weary times, &c.

Our young men married then for love,  
So did our lasses too,

And children lov'd their parents dear,

As children ought to do.

O! the times, the weary weary times, &c.

For O! the times are sadly chang'd,

A heavy change indeed!

For truth and friendship are no more,

And honesty is fled.

O! the times, the weary weary times, &c.

There's nothing now prevails but pride,

Among both high and low,

And strife, and greed, and vanity,

Is all that's minded now,

O! the times, the weary weary times, &c.

When I look through the world wide,

How times and fashions go,

It draws the tears from both my eyes,

And fills my heart with woe,

O! the times, the weary weary times,

The times that I now see,

I wish the world were at an end,

For it will not mend for me!

SONG ON THE SCOTCH MILITIA.

TUNE—*Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.*

Saw ye e'er a lawland lassie  
Happy in her lawland laddie ?  
I was she sae blythe and gawsie,  
As though I'd ca'd the king my daddie.  
My laddie was my heart's delight,  
Kind and canty was my Johnnie,  
In liking him had I the wyte,  
Whan a' the warld ca'd him bonnie ?

Our bridal day was set, and a' thing  
Ready made to pit's together,  
My tartan plaid, and mony bra' thing  
I gat frae my honest mither.  
A short fourteen days, Johnnie sware it,  
Wu'd make me a' his ain for ever,  
And right glad was I to hear it,  
We sud now be parted never.

But O! there cam a wearie order,  
About a thing they ca' *militie* ;  
Ye cam frae hyn ayont the border,  
O! waly fa' the chiel that feish ye !  
Cam to tak my Johnnie frae me,  
Left me here to mourn about him,



And till he back again cum to me,  
I'll never easy be without him.

Sae ance I thought, till ae lang night,  
About my Johnnie I was dreamin,  
When i' my sleep I saw him bright,  
Wi' mony gentlemen and wimen ;  
He took my hand afore them a'  
And gae me kindly kisses plenty,  
A saxpence fyte he brak in twa,  
His words were sweet as ony dainty.

"Till my militia days are ended,  
Jeanie ye maun wait wi' pleasure,  
Whan King and Country I've defended,  
Ye shall then be a' my treasure.  
Ye shall hear my gallant story,  
How I fought in Jeanie's favour ;  
Fought wi' Frenchmen a' for glory,  
And from their cruel claws to save her."

When Scotland's faes are fairly frighten'd,  
Never mair to glory o'er her,  
Then our hearts will a' be lighten'd  
Frae ony fear o' the great devourer.  
Sae I'll yield to my country's laws,  
And pray for her and Johnnie's honour ;  
Whan he is fighting in her cause,  
May blessings ever light upon her !

## THE AULD MINISTER'S SONG

TUNE—" *Auld lang syne.*"

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,  
Or friendship e'er grow cauld ?  
Should we nae tighter draw the knot,  
Aye as we're growing auld ?  
How comes it then, my worthy frien',  
Who used to be sae kin',  
We dinna for each ither speer,  
As we did langsyne ?

What though I am some aulder grown,  
An' ablins nae sae gay ;  
What though these looks, ance hazel brown,  
Are now well mix'd wi' gray :  
I'm sure my heart nae caulder grows,  
But as my years decline,  
Still friendship's flame as warmly glows  
As it did langsyne.

Sae well's I min' upo' the days  
That we in youthfu' pride  
Had used to ramble up the braes  
On bonnie Boggie's side.

Nae fairies on the haunted green,  
Where moonbeams twinkling shine,  
Mair blythely frisk aroun' their queen,  
Than we did langsyne.

Sae well's I min' ilk bonny spring  
Ye on your harp did play ;  
An' how we used to dance and sing  
The livelang simmer's day.  
If ye hae not forgot the art  
To strike that harp divine,  
Ye'll fin' I still can play my part,  
An' sing as auld langsyne.

Though ye live on the banks o' Doun,  
And me besooth the Tay,  
Ye well might ride to Faukland town  
Some bonny simmer's day.  
And at that place where Scotland's king  
Aft birl'd the beer and wine,  
Let's drink, an' dance, an' laugh, an' sing, -  
An' crack o' auld langsyne.

## G L O S S A R Y.

---

AITH, oath.  
ATHORT, across.  
AVA', in whole, at all.  
  
BA'ING, balling, playing at the ball.  
BANN, to curse.  
BARKIN'D, coated.  
BAUK, the cross beam in a barn.  
BAULD, bold.  
BEFT, threw, beat.  
BEGECK, trick, disappointment.  
BEIL, home, or shelter.  
BELYVE, quickly.  
BIN, humour or mood.  
BINNER, noise.  
BINSOME, quarrelsome.  
BIRL, push about,  
BIRR, stand upright; also, noise, force.  
BIERLY, big.  
BLAE, pale.  
BLAIZE, blow.  
BLUDDER, to cover with blood  
BOCKING, vomiting.  
BRAW, finely clad.  
BRAIN, angry.  
BRATTLING, running tumultuously.  
BREEKS, trousers.  
BROWDIND, was keen for.  
BRUILZIE, fighting match.

BUMBEES, wild bees.  
BURNS, streams.  
BYKE, bee-hive in the earth.  
  
CADGER, a man who drives fish in a cart for sale.  
CALLANT, young fellow.  
CAMSHACK-KAIR, unlucky concern.  
CAMSTERIE, perverse.  
CANTIE, cheerful, merry.  
CANKART, ill-natured.  
CHAFTS, mouth, lower part of the face.  
CHAP, stroke.  
CLAISE, clothes.  
CLAMMY-HOUIT, heavy blow.  
CLANK, noise.  
COUPING, exchanging.  
COUPIT, tumbled.  
COUTHY, kind, familiar.  
CUIST, cast.  
CUNN, owe, give, pay.  
  
DANG, drove.  
DAWING, dawning.  
DAWRD, push or fling.  
DERF, stout.  
DOITED, stupid with age.  
DOSSD-DOWN, threw themselves down.  
DOWP, dull.  
DOWIE, sad, spiritless.  
DRAFTY, made of malt.

DREE O' WIND, a hurricane.  
 DREED, suffered.  
 DROCHLIN, tottering.  
 DROUKIT, drench'd.  
 DRUMLY, gloomy, muddy.  
 DWABIL, loose, weak.

ERMEST, uppermost.  
 EINDS, refreshment.

FANTIT, fainted.  
 FAT, what.\*  
 FAWT, fault.  
 FEISH YE, brought ye.  
 FEIL, foolish.  
 FELL-BLATE, right foolish.  
 FELL, pretty much, not a little.  
 FERLY, something strange.  
 FETHER'D, flew.  
 FLAIN, feather.  
 FLERP, stupid fellow.  
 FLIRB, gnash.  
 FLETT, afraid.  
 FORESTAM, forehead.  
 FORRAT, forward.  
 FOUAET, polecat.  
 FOU'T BE, however it be.  
 FOUTH, plenty.  
 FRICKSOME-FRAISE, vain talking.  
 FRUMPISH, ill-humoured.  
 FRUSH, frank, forward.  
 FU', why.  
 FUDDER, hurry.  
 FUILZIE, get the better of.  
 FURTH, out of doors.  
 FYKE, shrugg.  
 FYKES, troubles.  
 FYTE, white.

GAB, speak.  
 GAE, gave.  
 GAR, make, force.  
 GARDY, arm.  
 GAWSIE, well-looking.  
 GILPY, blockhead.  
 GIRSE, grass.  
 GLAIKET, over fond, giddy.  
 GLAWE'D, make slippery.  
 GLOWR'D, looked wistfully.  
 GOSSES, dolts.  
 GOWE, blow.  
 GRAIN, groan.  
 GREET, to shed tears.  
 GRUNZIE, sour fellow.  
 GREYTE, big.  
 GULLIE, large knife.  
 GYTE, goat.

HAE AND HEIL, wealth and health.  
 HAFETS, sides of the head.  
 HARLAN, trailing, bringing.  
 HARNFANS, skulls.  
 HARRUM-SKAIRUM, light-headed.  
 HECHT, called.  
 HEELS-O'ER-GOUDIE, heels over head.  
 HEFT, dwelt.  
 HEMPY, name of reproach.  
 HERRYT, beggard.  
 HEEZ'D, raised up.  
 HINCH, thigh.  
 HUILIE, wait, slow.  
 HYNE, far.

IINCH, neat.  
 I WAT NA FU, I know not how.

\* It may not be improper to remark, that in the Aberdeenshire dialect "wh" is uniformly pronounced "f"; as what, "fat"; white, "fite" &c.

ILL-FAURD, ugly.  
ILL HADDEN GHAIST, ill-mannered visitor.

JEE'D moved.

KENZIES, fighting throug.  
KNABLICK, sharp pointed.

LAP, leaped.  
LAVE, the rest.  
LAWING, shot, tavern bill.  
LEIT, gave a stroke, or utterance.

MAIN'D, moaned.  
MANK, fail.  
MAUN, must.  
MAWT, malt.  
MAWTIN'D LOLLS, heavy clumsy fellows.  
MEIN THEM, thank them.  
MENSLESS, without thought.  
MELL, fight.  
MIRD, venture.  
MISHANTER, misfortune.  
MOWS, NAE MOWS, not easy.  
MEEN, moon.  
MUTCH, a woman's cap.

NAIN, own.  
NEIPER, neighbour.  
NITTY, little knave.  
NIEST, next.  
NIZ, nose.

ONKENT, unknown.  
ORRA, idle, spare.  
OUK, week.  
OUTING, abroad.  
OYS, grandchildren.

PAWKY, witty, good humoured.

PENSY BLADES, nice looking lads.

PRANN, to hurt or bruise.

PREE, taste.

PRIMPIT, delicate.

PUTTIN-STONE, a large round stone used in Scotland in the game called putting or (throwing) the stone.

QUEET, angle.

RAIRD, roared.

RAMMAGE, rough set.

RAVE, tore, to rave, to stretch.

RIPTIN, hiccuping.

RIGGIN, the roof.

RAUGHT, reached.

TO RATE, to slander.

RAX'D, reached.

REEF, roof.

REBAGHLE, reproach.

RED, combed.

RED WUD, stark mad.

RINK, run about.

REEZE, to praise.

REIRFU ROUT, roaring noise.

SAIR, very much, sore.

SARK, Shirt.

SAUCHIN, soft.

SAWT, hot as with salt.

SCAWT, scabbed.

SCIB, stroke.

SCOUF'D HAME, went home.

SEIL, blessing.

SIN', since.

SKAITH, hurt, or loss.

SKANCE, view.

SKUNNER, be disgusted.

SKYPEL SKATE, ugly fellow.

SLEE, sly.

SLIP HIS WA, go his way.

SLYPE, coarse fellow.

**SMEDDUM**, cleverness.  
**SMEERLESS**, simple.  
**SNACK**, fit for the purpose.  
**SNAP**, ready, clever.  
**SNEESHIN**, snuff.  
**SNIBE**, a small blow.  
**SNYPE**, smart blow.  
**SOWF**, stroke.  
**SOWME**, the chain connecting  
the oxen in a plough.  
**SPAWL**, leg.  
**SQUEELED**, squale'd.  
**STA**, stole.  
**STAFFY-NIVED**, cudgelling.  
**STAIG**, a young horse.  
**STALWART**, strong, stout.  
**STEEK**, shut.  
**STEER MY STURDY**, trouble my  
head.  
**STENN**, to spring or jump.  
**STOIT**, stumble.  
**STOWEN**, stolen.  
**STRAE-DEATH**, a natural  
death.  
**STRENZEED**, sprained.  
**STRYNE**, turn of mind.  
**STYME**, the least glimpse.  
**SUMPH**, a soft stupid fellow.  
**SUTOR**, a shoemaker.  
**SWANKIES**, clever lads.  
**SWEIR**, slow, backward.  
**SWITHER**, doubt, perplexity.  
**SWYPE**, stroke.  
**SYKE**, bog.  
**SYPE**, run out.  
  
**TED**, toad.  
**TENT**, care.  
**THEATS**, traces by which the  
horses draw.  
**THOLE**, bear.

**THRANG**, busy.  
**THRA**, twist.  
**THUD**, stroke.  
**TINT**, lost.  
**TIRR**, uncover.  
**TOD-LOWBIE**, a fox.  
**TRYPAL**, ill made fellow.  
**TUILZIE**, struggle.  
**TWHEEL**, texture.  
**TYC'D ABOUT**, went slowly  
about.

**UNCANNY**, dangerous.

**VIRR**, force, fury.

**WALLY FA**, woe be to.

**WEEL WYLED WAP**, well cho-  
sen stroke.

**WEEL BEFT**, weel beaten.

**WHAM**, a blow.

**WHAT-RAIKS!** what do you  
deserve!

**WHITTY-WHAUS**, silly pre-  
tences.

**Wow**, an exclamation of  
pleasure, or wonder.

**WREATH O' SNAW**, drift, or  
heap of snow.

**WYLE**, to choose.

**WYTE**, fault.

**WUD**, mad.

**YAP**, forward.

**YARK**, hard stroke.

**YAWFU**, awful.

**YIRD**, earth.

**YIRDLINS**, earthwards.

**YOWFF'D**, drave.

**YOWL**, yell.

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PETERHEAD;  
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

---

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