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FRONTISPIECE.



Stothard del.

Neagle sculp.

*Come under my plaidy, & sit down beside me?
There's room in't, dear lassie! believe me, for twa.*

Published as the Act directs by Longman & Bees, 1. Jan. 1806.

see page 147.

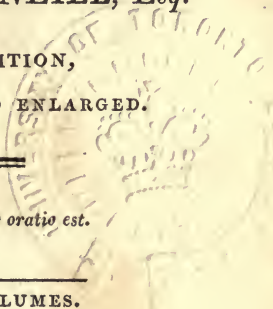
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THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF

HECTOR MACNEILL, *Esq.*

A NEW EDITION,
CORRECTED AND ENLARGED.



=====
Veritatis simplex oratio est.

=====
IN TWO VOLUMES.
=====

VOL. II.

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FOR MUNDELL AND SON, MANNERS AND MILLER,

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SCOTLAND'S SCAITH;

OR, THE

HISTORY OF WILL AND JEAN:

OWRE TRUE A TALE!

So shall thy poverty come, as one that travelleth; and thy
want as an armed man.—PROV.

TO
DAVID DOIG, LL. D. F. S. S. A.

MASTER OF THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL,
STIRLING.

MY DEAR SIR,

AFTER having taken one liberty with you, which your indulgent friendship induced you to excuse, you see I am determined to put your good nature to the test, by taking another. The harmless artifice of an author concealing himself, by ascribing his work to the pen of a friend, is a species of literary fraud, which, as it implies neither vanity nor ambition, may be easily overlooked; but to dedicate, without permission, a performance which has obtained uncommon proofs of public approbation, is a freedom, which, perhaps, by the illiberal, might be im-

puted, not to an impulse of affection, but to a confidence of success. I trust, however, that you and I know one another too well, to require the formality of ceremony to secure our friendship; or laboured apology to evince our motives of regard.—It, therefore, only rests with me at present, to inform the public, that, by this address, my object is not to solicit a patron to what has already been so liberally patronized, but to communicate a fact, which I cannot, in justice, prevail on myself to conceal; namely, that without the kind interference, and friendly assistance of Dr Doig, the poem of Scotland's Scaith, in all likelihood, would never have been published.

My motives for having depicted, and yours in publishing this too faithful portrait of modern depravity, were the same. Impressed with the baneful consequences inseparable from an inordinate use of ardent spirits among the lower orders of society, and anxious to contribute something that

might at least tend to retard the contagion of so dangerous an evil ; it was conceived, in the ardour of philanthropy, that a natural, pathetic story, in verse, calculated to enforce moral truths, in the language of simplicity and passion, might probably interest the uncorrupted ; and that a striking picture of the calamities incident to idle debauchery, contrasted with the blessings of industrious prosperity, might (although insufficient to reclaim abandoned vice) do something to strengthen and encourage endangered virtue. Visionary as these fond expectations may have been, it is pleasing to cherish the idea ; and if we may be allowed to draw favourable inferences, from the sale of ten thousand copies in the short space of five months, why should we despair of success ?

Having said so much on so trivial a subject, allow me, in conclusion, to add a few words to the person who has been the chief cause of the present publication. On this opportunity, I must confess,

I am strongly tempted to say much ; but the recollection of a modesty as remarkable as the genius and erudition of its possessor, restrains the fervour of friendship, and withholds the just tribute of applause. A more lively, and more pleasing recollection of virtues, which are superior to all that literature or talents can bestow, inclines me, however, to think, that indifferent as you have long been to the ‘ obstreperous trump of fame,’ the ‘ still small voice of gratitude’ and esteem will not be unpleasant to your ear ; and that you will believe me to be, without farther profession,

My dear Sir,

Your affectionate

And most obedient Servant,

HECTOR MACNEILL.

EDIN. *July*, 1795.

WILL AND JEAN.

PART I.

WHa was ance like WILLIE GAIRLACE,

Wha in neighbouring town or farm ?

Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,

Deadly strength was in his arm !

Wha wi' Will could rin or wrastle ?

Throw the sledge, or toss the bar ?

Hap what would, he stood a castle,

Or for safety, or for war :

Warm his heart, and mild as manfu',
 With the bauld he bauld could be;
 But to friends wha had their handfu',
 Purse and service aye ware free.

Whan he first saw JEANIE MILLER,
 Wha wi' Jeanie could compare?—
 Thousands had mair braws and siller,
 But ware ony half sae fair?

Saft her smile raise like May morning,
 Glinting o'er Demait's† brow:
 Sweet! wi' opening charms adorning
 Strevlin's‡ lovely plains below!

† One of the Ochil hills, near Stirling. Dun-ma-chit (Gaelic), the hill of the good prospect. It is pronounced Demait.

‡ The ancient name of Stirling.

Kind and gentle was her nature ;

At ilk place she bore the bell ;—

Sic a bloom, and shape, and stature !

But her look nae tongue can tell !

Such was Jean, whan Will first mawing,

Spied her on a thraward beast ;

Flew like fire, and just whan fa'ing

Kept her on his manly breast.

Light he bore her, pale as ashes,

Cross the meadow, fragrant, green !

Placed her on the new-mawn rashes,

Watching sad her opening een.

Such was Will, whan poor Jean fainting

 Draopt into a lover's arms ;

Wakened to his saft lamenting ;

 Sighed, and blushed a thousand charms.

Soon they loo'd, and soon were buckled ;

 Nane took time to think and rue.—

Youth and worth and beauty cuppled ;

 Love had never less to do.

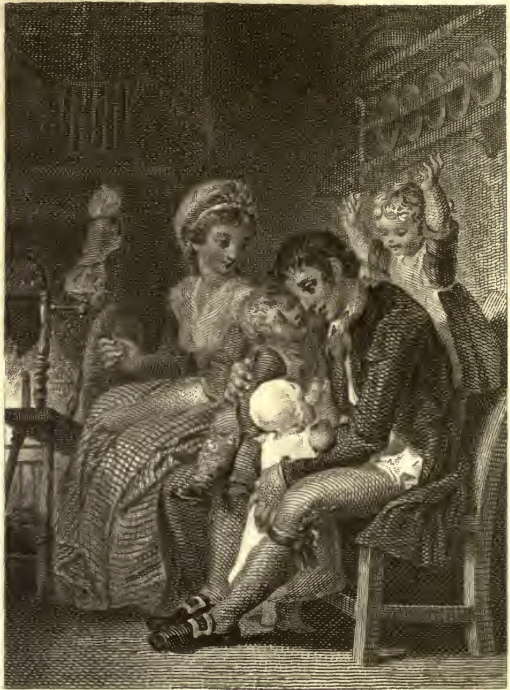
Three short years flew by fu' canty,

 Jean and Will thought them but ane ;

Ilka day brought joy and plenty,

 Ilka year a dainty wean ;





Stothard del.

Mills sculp

Will wrought sair, but aye wi' pleasure;
 Jean the hale day span and sang;
 Will and Weans her constant treasure,
 Blest wi' them, nae day seem'd lang.

Published as the Act directs by Longman & Rees L^o Jan^o 2806.

Will wrought sair, but aye with pleasure;

Jean, the hale day, spun and sang;

Will and weans, her constant treasure,

Blest with them, nae day seemed lang;

Trig her house, and oh! to busk aye

Ilk sweet bairn was a' her pride!—

But at this time NEWS AND WHISKY

Sprang nae up at-ilk road-side.

Luckless was the hour when Willie,

Hame returning frae the fair,

O'er-took Tam, a neighbour billic,

Sax miles frae their hame and mair;

Simmer's heat had lost its fury ;

 Calmly smiled the sober e'en ;

Lasses on the bleachfield hurry

 Skelping barefoot o'er the green ;

Labour rang with laugh and clatter,

 Canty hairst was just begun,

And on mountain, tree, and water,

 Glinted saft the setting sun.

Will and Tam, with hearts a' lowping,

 Marked the hale, but could nae bide ;

Far frae hame, nae time for stopping,

 Baith wished for their ain fire-side :

On they travelled, warm and drouthy,
 Cracking o'er the news in town ;
 The mair they cracked, the mair ilk youthy
 Prayed for drink to wash news down.

Fortune, wha but seldom listens
 To poor merit's modest prayer,
 And on fools heaps needless blessins,
 Harkened to our drouthy pair ;

In a howm, whase bonnie burnie
 Whimperin rowed its crystal flood,
 Near the road, whar trav'lers turn aye,
 Neat and bield a cot-house stood ;

White the wa's, wi' roof new theekit,
 Window broads just painted red ;
 Lown 'mang trees and braes it reekit,
 Haffins seen and haffins hid ;

Up the gavel-end thick spreading
 Crap the clasping ivy green,
 Back owre, firs the high craigs cleading,
 Raised a' round a cozey screen ;

Down below, a flowery meadow
 Joined the burnie's rambling line ;—
 Here it was, that Howe, the widow,
 This same day set up her sign.

Brattling down the brae, and near its

Bottom, Will first marv'ling sees

‘*Porter, Ale, and BRITISH SPIRITS,*’

Painted bright between twa trees.

‘Godsake! Tam, here’s walth for drinking;—

(Wha can this new comer be?)

‘Hoot! quo Tam, there’s drouth in thinking—

Let’s in, Will, and syne we’ll see.’

Nae mair time they took to speak or

Think of ought but reaming jugs;

Till three times in humming liquor

Ilk lad deeply laid his lugs.

Slockened now, refreshed and talking,
 In cam Meg (weel skilled to please)
 ‘Sirs! ye’re surely tired wi’ walking;—
 Ye maun taste my bread and cheese.’

‘Thanks, quo Will;—I canna tarry,
 Pick mirk night is setting in,
 Jean, poor thing’s! her lane, and eery—
 I maun to the road and rin.’

‘Hoot! quo’ Tam, what’s a’ the hurry!
 Hame’s now scarce a mile o’ gate—
 Come! sit down—Jean winna wearie:
 Lord! I’m sure it’s no sae late!’

Will, o'ercome with Tam's oration,

Baith fell to, and ate their fill—

‘Tam,’ quo’ Will, ‘in meer discretion,

We maun hae the widow's gill.’

After ae gill cam anither—

Meg sat cracking 'tween them twa,

Bang! cam in Mat Smith and's brither,

Geordie Brown and Sandie Shaw.

Neighbours wha ne'er thought to meet here,

Now sat down wi' double glee,

Ilka gill grew sweet and sweeter!—

Will got hame 'tween twa and three.

Jean, poor thing! had lang been greetin ;
Will, next morning, blamed Tam Lowes,
But ere lang, a weekly meetin
Was set up at Maggie Howe's.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

PART II.

MAIST things hae a sma' beginning,

But wha kens how things will end ?

Weekly clubs are nae great sinning,

If folk hae enough to spend.

But nae man o' sober thinking

E'er will say that things can thrive,

If there's spent in weekly drinking

What keeps wife and weans alive.

Drink maun aye hae conversation,

Ilka social soul allows ;

But, in this reforming nation,

Wha can speak without the NEWS ?

News, first meant for state physicians,

Deeply skilled in courtly drugs ;

Now, whan a' are politicians,

Just to set folks by the lugs.—

Maggie's club, wha could get nae light

On some things that should be clear,

Found ere lang the fault, and ae night

Clubbed, and got the Gazetteer †.

† The Edinburgh Gazetteer, a violent opposition paper, published in 1793-4.

Twice a week to Maggie's cot-house,

Swift! by post the papers fled!

Thoughts spring up like plants in hot-house,

Every time the news are read.

Ilk aue's wiser than anither,—

' Things are no ga'en right,' quo' Tam,

' Let us aftener meet thegither;

Twice a week's no worth a d—n.'

See them now in grave convention,

To mak a' things '*square and even*;

Or at least wi' firm intention

To drink sax nights out o' seven.

Mid this sitting up and drinking,
Gathering a' the news that fell ;
Will, wha was nae yet past thinking,
Had some battles wi' himsell.

On ae hand, drink's deadly poison
Bare ilk firm resolve awa ;
On the ither, Jean's condition
Rave his very heart in twa.

Weel he saw her smothered sorrow !
Weel he saw her bleaching check !
Marked the smile she strave to borrow,
When, poor thing, she could nae speak !

Jean, at first, took little heed o'

Weekly clubs mang three or four,

Thought, kind soul! that Will had need o'

Heartsome hours whan wark was owre.

But whan now that nightly meetings

Sat and drank frae sax till twa;

Whan she faund that hard-earned gettings

Now on drink ware thrown awa;

Saw her Will, wha ance sae cheerie

Raise ilk morning wi' the lark,

Now grown mauchless, dowf and sweer aye

To look near his farm or wark;

Saw him tyne his manly spirit,
 Healthy bloom, and sprightly ee;
 And o' love and hame grown wearit,
 Nightly frae his family flee;—

Wha could blame her heart's complaining?
 Wha condemn her sorrows meek?
 Or the tears that now ilk e'ening
 Bleached her lately crimsoned cheek!—

Will, wha lang had rued and swithered,
 (Aye ashamed o' past disgrace)
 Marked the roses as they withered
 Fast on Jeanie's lovely face!

Marked,—and felt wi' inward racking,

A' the wyte lay wi' himsel,—

Swore next night he'd mak a breaking,—

D—d the club and news to hell !

But, alas ! whan habit's rooted,

Few hae pith the root to pu' ;

Will's resolves were aye nonsuited,

Promised aye, but aye got fou ;

Aye at first at the *convening*

Moralized on what was right,—

Yet o'er clavers entertaining

Dozed and drank till brade day-light.

Things at length draw near an ending ;

Cash runs out ; Jean, quite unhappy,

Sees that Will is now past mending,

Tynes a' heart, and taks a—drappy † !

Ilka drink deserves a posey ;

Port maks men rude, *claret* civil ;

Beer maks Britons stout and rosy,

WHISKY maks ilk wife—a devil.

† The author cannot refrain from seizing the last opportunity he may ever have, to caution his female readers against the vice, here intentionally introduced. Women are not sufficiently aware of the danger annexed to the *smallest* indulgence in spirituous liquors. A delicate frame, or a susceptible mind, experiencing a temporary relief from a pernicious stimulus, has recourse to it at a time when the best *cordials* are fortitude and resignation. Hence the deplorable habit of dram-drinking—a habit the most disgusting!—the most degrading to the female character !

Jean, wha lately bore affliction

Wi' sae meek and mild an air,

Schooled by whisky, learns new tricks soon,

Flytes, and storms, and rugs Will's hair.

Jean, sae late the tenderest mither,

Fond of ilk dear dauted wean !

Now, heart-hardened a'thegither,

Skelps them round frae morn till e'en.

Jean, wha vogie, loo'd to busk aye

In her hame-spun, thrifty wark ;

Now sells a' her braws for whisky,

To her last gown, coat, and sark !

ROBIN BURNS, in mony a ditty,
 Loudly sings in whisky's praise;
 Sweet his sang!—the mair's the pity
 E'er on it he wared sic lays.

Of a' the ills poor Caledonia
 E'er yet pree'd, or e'er will taste,
 Brewed in hell's black Pandemonia,
 Whisky's ill will scaith her maist!—

' Wha was ance like WILLIE GAIRLACE!
 Wha in neighbouring town or farm?
 Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,
 Deadly strength was in his arm!

' Whan he first saw JEANIE MILLER,
 Wha wi' Jeanie could compare ?
 ' Thousands had mair brows and siller,
 But were ony half sae fair ?'

See them *now*—how changed wi' drinking !
 A' their youthfu' beauty gane !—
 Davered, doited, daized and blinking,
 Worn to perfect skin and bane ! .

In the cauld month o' November,
 (Claise, and cash, and credit out)
 Cowering o'er a dying ember,
 Wi' ilk face as white's a clout ;

Bond and bill, and debts a' stopped,

Ilka sheaf selt on the bent;

Cattle, beds, and blankets roup'd,

Now to pay the laird his rent;

No another night to lodge here!

No a friend their cause to plead!

HE ta'en on to be a sodger,

SHE, wi' weans, to beg her bread!

'O' a' the ills poor Caledonia

E'er yet pree'd, or e'er will taste,

Brewed in hell's black Pandemonia,

WHISKY's ill will scaith her maist!!

THE WAES O' WAR:
OR,
THE UPSHOT
OF THE
HISTORY OF WILL AND JEAN.
IN FOUR PARTS.

—Felices ter et amplius
Quos adversa docet Sors sapientiam. BOETII.
Thrice happy pair,
Wha wit frae luckless Fortune lear!



THE WAES O' WAR.

PART I.

OH ! that folk wad weel consider

What it is to tyne a—NAME,

What this warld is a'thegither,

If bereft of honest fame !

Poortith ne'er can bring dishonour ;

Hardships ne'er breed sorrow's smart,

If bright *conscience* taks upon her

To shed sunshine round the heart :

But wi' a' that wealth can borrow,
 Guilty shame will aye look down ;
 What maun then shame, want, and sorrow,
 Wandering sad frae town to town !

JEANIE MILLER, ance sae cheerie !
 Ance sae happy, good, and fair,
 Left by WILL, next morning drearie,
 Taks the road o' black despair !

Cauld the blast !—the day was sleeting ;
 Pouch and purse without a plack !
 In ilk hand a bairnie greeting,
 And the third tied on her back.

Wan her face ! and lean and lagard !

 Ance sae sonsy ! ance sae sweet !

What a change !—unhoused and beggared,

 Starving, without claise or meat !

Far frae ilk kent spot she wandered,

 Skulking like a guilty thief ;

Here and there, uncertain, daundered,

 Stupified wi' shame and grief :

But soon shame for bygone errors

 Fled owre fast for ee to trace,

When grim death, wi' á' his terrors,

 Cam o'er ilk sweet bairnie's face !

Spent wi' toil, and cauld and hunger,

Baith down drapt ! and down Jean sat !

' Daised and doited' now nae langer ;

Thought—and felt—and bursting grat.

Gloaming fast wi' mirky shadow

Crap o'er distant hill and plain ;

Darkened wood, and glen, and meadow,

Adding fearfu' thoughts to pain !

Round and round, in wild distraction,

Jeanie turned her tearfu' ee !

Round and round for some protection !—

Face nor house she could na see !

Dark, and darker grew the night aye ;

Loud and sair the cauld winds thud !

Jean now spied a sma bit lightie

Blinking through a distant wood :

Up wi' frantic haste she started ;

Cauld, nor fear, she felt nae mair ;

Hope, for ae bright moment, darted

Through the gloom of dark despair !

Fast o'er fallowed lea she brattled ;

Deep she wade through bog and burn ;

Sair wi' steep and craig she battled,

Till she reached the hoped sojourn.

Proud, 'mang scenes of simple nature,
Stately auld, a mansion stood
On a bank, whase sylvan feature
Smiled out-o'er the roaring flood :

Summer here, in varied beauty
Late her flowery mantle spread,
Where auld chesnut, ake, and yew-tree,
Mingling, lent their friendly shade :

Blasted now, wi' winter's ravage ;
A' their gaudy livery cast ;
Wood and glen, in wailings savage,
Howl and murmur to the blast !

Darkness stalked wi' fancy's terror ;—

Mountains moved, and castle rocked !

Jean, half dead wi' toil and horror,

Reached the door, and loudly knocked.

‘ Wha this rudely wakes the sleeping ?’

Cried a voice wi' angry grane ;

‘ Help ! oh help !’ quo Jeanie, weeping,

‘ Help my infants, or they're gane !

‘ Nipt wi' cauld !—wi' hunger fainting !

Baith lie speechless on the lea !

Help !’ quo Jeanie, loud lamenting,

‘ Help my lammies ! or they'll die !’

‘Wha this travels cauld and hungry,
 Wi’ young bairns sae late at e’en?
 Beggars!’ cried the voice, mair angry,
 ‘Beggars! wi’ their brats, I ween.’

‘Beggars *now*, alas! wha lately
 Helpt the beggar and the poor!’
 ‘Fye! gudeman! cried ane discreetly,
 ‘Taunt nae poortith at our door.

‘Sic a night, and tale thegither,
 Plead for mair than anger’s din:—
 Rise, Jock!’ cried the pitying mither,
 ‘Rise! and let the wretched in.’

‘ Beggars now, alas ! wha lately

Helpt the beggar and the poor !’

‘ Enter !’ quo’ the youth fu’ sweetly,

While up flew the open door.

‘ Beggar, or what else, sad mourner !

Enter without fear or dread ;

Here, thank God ! there’s aye a corner

To defend the houseless head !

‘ For your bairnies cease repining ;

If in life, ye’ll see them soon.’—

Aff he flew ; and brightly shining

Through the dark clouds brak the moon.

PART II.

HERE, for ae night's kind protection,

Leave we JEAN and weans a while ;

Tracing WILL in ilk direction,

Far frae Britain's fostering isle !

Far frae scenes o' saftening pleasure,

Love's delights and beauty's charms !

Far frae friends and social leisure,—

Plunged in murdering WAR's alarms !

Is it nature, vice, or folly,
Or ambition's feverish brain,
That so oft wi' melancholy
Turns, sweet PEACE! thy joys to pain!

Strips thee of thy robes of ermin,
(Emblems of thy spotless life)
And in WAR's grim look alarming,
Arms thee with the murd'rer's knife!

A' thy gentle mind upharrows!
Hate, revenge, and rage uprears!
And for hope and joy—(twin marrows),
Leaves the mourner drowned in tears!

Willie Gairlace, without siller,
Credit, claise, or ought beside,
Leaves his ance-loved Jeanie Miller,
And sweet bairns, to warld wide !

Leaves his native cozy dwelling,
Sheltered haughs, and birken braes ;
Greenswaird hows, and dainty mealing,
Ance his profit, pride and praise !

Deckt wi' scarlet, sword, and musket,
Drunk wi' dreams as fause as vain ;
Fleeched and flattered, roosed and buskit,
Wow ! but Will was wond'rous fain !

Rattling, roaring, swearing, drinking ;

How could thought her station keep ?

Drams and drumming (faes to thinking)

Dozed reflection fast asleep.

But in midst of toils and dangers,

Wi' the cauld ground for his bed,

Compassed round with faes and strangers,

Soon Will's dreams o' fancy fled.

Led to battle's blood-dy'd banners,

Waving to the widow's moan !

Will saw glory's boasted honours

End in life's expiring groan !

Round Valenciennes' strong waa'd city,
 Thick o'er Dunkirk's fatal plain,
 Will (tho' dauntless) saw wi' pity
 Britain's valiant sons lie slain!

Fired by freedom's burning fever,
 Gallia struck death's slaughtering knell;
 Frae the Scheld to Rhine's deep river,
 Britons fought—but Britons fell!

Fell unaided! though cemented
 By the faith of friendship's laws;
 Fell unpity'd—unlamented!
 Bleeding in a thankless cause †!

† Alluding to the conduct of the Dutch.

In the thrang of comrades deeing,
 Fighting foremost o' them a';
 Swift! fate's winged ball cam fleeing,
 And took Willie's leg awa:

Thrice frae aff the ground he started,
 Thrice to stand he strave in vain;
 Thrice, as fainting strength departed,
 Sighed—and sank 'mang hundreds slain.—

On a cart wi' comrades bluiding,
 Stiff wi' gore, and cauld as clay;
 Without cover, bed or bedding,
 Five lang nights Will Gairlace lay!

In a sick-house, damp and narrow,
 (Left behint wi' mony mair)
See Will next, in pain and sorrow,
 Wasting on a bed of care.

Wounds, and pain, and burning fever,
 Doctors cured wi' healing art ;—
Cured ! alas !—but never ! never !
 Cooled the fever at his heart !

For when a' were sound and sleeping,
 Still and on, baith ear and late,
Will in briny grief lay steeping,
 Mourning o'er his hapless fate !

A' his gowden prospects vanished!

A' his dreams o' warlike fame!—

A' his glittering phantoms banished!

Will could think o' nought but—hame!

Think o' nought but rural quiet,

Rural labour! rural ploys!

Far frae carnage, blood, and riot,

WAR, and a' its murd'ring joys.

PART III.

BACK to Britain's fertile garden

Will's returned (exchanged for faes),

Wi' ae leg, and no ae farden,

Friend, or credit, meat, or claise.

Lang through county, burgh, and city,

Crippling on a wooden leg,

Gathering alms frae melting pity;

See ! poor Gairlace forced to beg !

Placed at length on Chelsea's bounty,

Now to langer beg thinks shame,

Dreams ance mair o' smiling plenty;—

Dreams o' former joys, and hame!

Hame! and a' its fond attractions

Fast to Will's warm bosom flee;

While the thoughts o' dear connexions

Swell his heart, and blind his ee.—

“ Monster! wha could leave neglected

Three sma' infants and a wife,

Naked—starving—unprotected!—

Them, too, dearer ance than life!

“ Villain ! wha wi’ graceless folly
 Ruined her he ought to save !—
 Changed her joys to melancholy,
 Beggary, and,—perhaps, a grave !”

Starting !—wi’ remorse distracted,—
 Crushed wi’ grief’s increasing load,
 Up he banged ; and, sair afflicted,
 Sad and silent took the road !

Sometimes briskly, sometimes flaggin,
 Sometimes helpit, Will got forth ;
 On a cart, or in a waggon,
 Hirpling ay towards the north.

Tired ae e'ening, stepping hooly,
 Pondering on his thraward fate,
 In the bonny month o' July,
 Willie, heedless, tint his gate.

Soft the southlan breeze was blawing,
 Sweetly sughed the green ake wood!
 Loud the din o' streams fast fa'ing,
 Strak the ear wi' thundering thud;

Ewes and lambs on braes ran bleeting;
 Linties chirped on ilka tree;
 Frae the wast, the sun, near setting,
 Flamed on ROSLIN's towers † sae hie!

† Roslin Castle.

Roslin's towers ! and braes sae bonny !

Craigs and water, woods and glen !

Roslin's banks ! unpeered by ony,

Save the muses' Hawthornden † !

Ilka sound and charm delighting ;

Will (tho' hardly fit to gang)

Wandered on through scenes inviting,

List'ning to the mavis' sang.

Faint at length, the day fast closing,

On a fragrant strawberry steep,

Esk's sweet stream to rest composing,

Wearied nature drapt asleep.

† The ancient seat of the celebrated poet William Drummond, who flourished in 1585.

“ Soldier, rise !—the dews o’ e’ening
 Gathering fa’, wi’ deadly scaith !—
 Wounded soldier ! if complaining,
 Sleep nae here and catch your death.

“ Traveller, waken !—night advancing
 Cleads wi’ grey the neighbouring hill !
 Lambs nae mair on knows are dancing—
 A’ the woods are mute and still !”

“ What hae I,” cried Willie, waking,
 “ What hae I frae night to dree ?—
 Morn, through clouds in splendour breaking,
 Lights nae bright’ning hope to me !

“ House, nor hame, nor farm, nor stedding !

Wife nor bairns hae I to see !

House, nor hame ! nor bed, nor bedding—

What hae I frae night to dree ?”

“ Sair, alas ! and sad and many

Are the ills poor mortals share !—

Yet, tho’ hame nor bed ye hae nae,

Yield nae, soldier, to despair !

“ What’s this life, sae wae and wearie,

If Hope’s bright’ning beams should fail !—

See !—tho’ night comes dark and eerie,

Yon sma’ cot-light cheers the dale !

“ There, tho’ wealth and waste ne’er riot,
Humbler joys their comforts shed,
Labour—health—content and quiet!
Mourner! there ye’ll find a bed.

“ Wife! ’tis true, wi’ bairnies smiling,
There, alas! ye needna seek—
Yet there bairns, ilk wae beguiling,
Paint wi’ smiles a mother’s cheek!

“ A’ her earthly pride and pleasure
Left to cheer her widowed lot!
A’ her warldly wealth and treasure
To adorn her lanely cot!

“Cheer, then, soldier ! ’midst affliction
Bright’ning joys will aften shine ;
Virtue aye claims Heaven’s protection—
Trust to Providence divine !”





Stothard del.

Fitt

O'er green know and flowery hill
Till he reach'd the wet house door.

Published as the Act directs by Longman & Rees. 1st Jan. 1806.

PART IV.

SWEET as ROSEBANK'S † woods and river
Cool whan simmer's sunbeams dart,
Came ilk word, and cooled the fever
That lang burned at Willie's heart.

Silent stept he on, foor fallow' !
Listening to his guide before,
O'er green know, and flowery hallow,
Till they reached the cot-house door.

† Rosebank, near Roslin; the author's place of nativity.

Laigh it was ; yet sweet, tho' humble !

Deckt wi' honeysuckle round ;

Clear below, Esk's waters rumble,

Deep glens murmuring back the sound.

Melville's towers †, sae white and stately,

Dim by gloamin glint to view ;

Through Lasswade's dark woods keek sweetly

Skies sae red, and lift sae blue !

Entering now, in transport mingle

Mother fond, and happy wean,

Smiling round a canty ingle,

Bleazing on a clean hearth-stane.

† Melville Castle, the seat of the Right Honourable Henry Dundas.

“ Soldier, welcome !—come, be cheery !—

Here ye’se rest, and tak your bed—

Faint,—waes me ! ye seem, and weary,

Pale’s your cheek, sae lately red !”

“ Changed I am,” sighed Willie till her ;

“ Changed, nae doubt, as changed can be !”

Yet, alas ! does Jeanie Miller

Nought o’ WILLIE GAIRLACE see !”

Hae ye markt the dews o’ morning

Glittering in the sunny ray,

Quickly fa’, when, without warning,

Rough blasts came, and shook the spray ?

Hae ye seen the bird fast fleeing

Drap, whan pierced by death mair fleet ?

Then, see Jean, wi' colour deeing,

Senseless drap at Willie's feet !

After three lang years affliction,

(A' their waes now hushed to rest,)

Jean ance mair, in fond affection,

Clasps her Willie to her breast.

Tells him a' her sad—sad sufferings !

How she wandered, starving, poor,

Gleaning pity's scanty offerings

Wi' three bairns frae door to door !

How she served—and toiled—and fevered,
Lost her health, and syne her bread ;
How that grief, whan scarce recovered,
Took her brain, and turned her head !

How she wandered round the county
Many a live-lang night her lane !
Till at last an angel's bounty
Brought her senses back again :

Gae her meat,—and claise,—and siller ;
Gae her bairnies wark and lear ;
Lastly, gae this cot-house till her,
Wi' four sterling pounds a-year !

Willie, harkening, wiped his een aye ;

“ Oh ! what sins hae I to rue !

But say, wha's this angel, Jeanie ?”

“ Wha,” quo Jeanie, “ but BUCCLEUGH † !”

Here, supported, cheered, and cherished,

Nine blest months, I've lived, and mair ;

Seen these infants clad and nourished ;

Dried my tears ; and tint despair ;

Sometimes serving, sometimes spinning,

Light the lanesome hours gae round ;

Lightly, too, ilk quarter rinning

Brings yon angel's helping pound !

† The Duchess of Buccleugh ; the unwearied patroness and supporter of the afflicted and the poor.

“ Eight pounds mair,” cried Willie, fondly,

“ Eight pounds mair will do nae harm !

And, O Jean ! gin friends were kindly,

Twall pounds soon might stock a farm.

“ There, ance mair, to thrive by plewin,

Freed frae a’ that peace destroys,

Idle waste and *druken ruin* !

WAR, and a’ its murdering joys !”

Thrice he kissed his lang-lost treasure !

Thrice ilk bairn ; but cou’dna speak :

Tears of love, and hope, and pleasure

Streamed in silence dow n his cheek !

To C. L. Esq.

WITH A PRESENT OF A LARGE BOTTLE OF
OLD JAMAICA RUM.

DEAR honest-hearted, Canty CHAIRLIE !
To wham I'd trust baith late and earlie ;
Accept, in token o' regard,
Frae rhyming Mac, your friend and bard,
A gift to raise, on Sunday's even,
Your mind frae earthly thoughts to heaven ;
Or what's far mair, to keep frae quaking
Thy graceless saul for Sunday-breaking,
As reckless ay o' prayer or kirk
Ye ply your sinfu' wark till mirk,

Grunting owre deeds o' black rascality

IN SESSION COURTS and ADMIRALITY;

Till tired o' *horning* and *memorial*,

Ye turn frae tricks to things corporeal;

For lang law-draughts, tak ane that's shorter,

(I mean a draught o' Skae's good porter;)

For desperate debts and pleas unlucky,

Sit down, and carve your roasted chucky,

And helping round ilk friend and cousin

That mak, at least, a round half dozen,

Wi' crack—and joke—and steeve rum toddy,

Lord! but ye turn a dainty body!

Now, Charles, without a Sunday's blessing,

Wi' a' your want o' Sunday's dressing;

Wi' hair unkaimed, and beard unshorn,
 And slip-shod bachles, auld, and torn ;
 Coat, that nae decent man wad put on,
 And waistcoat aft without a button,
 And breeks (let *sans culottes* defend them)
 I hope in God, ye'll change, or—mend them.
 I say, wi' a' these black transgressions,
 (The fruits o' your curst courts and sessions)
 There's yet sic sparks o' grace about you ;
 Sic radiant truth that shines throughout you ;
 Sic friendship firm ;—sic qualms o' honour
 Whan sneaking rascals mak you sconner,
 That ('pon my faith ! I canna help it,
 Though for't ilk time I should be skelpit)
 I find a secret, inward greeting
 O' peace at ilka Sunday meeting ;

And feel—ye hash, wi' a' your duds on,
 For your attractions like a loadstone;
 That warm the heart wi' glows diviner
 Than e'er I find for chiels that's finer.

Come, Charlie, then, my friend and brither!
 When niest we a' convene thegither
 To crack and joke in converse happy,
 I'faith! we'se hae a hearty drappy;
 And though I dinna like to buckle
 Wi' hours owre late, or drink owre muckle,
 Nor think it a' thegither right
 To keep folk up on Sunday night,
 I am resolved, be't right or sinfu',
 To hae at least—'a decent skinfu';'

Wi' heart and hand keep friendship waking,
 And trust to heaven for *Sunday-breaking*.
 And sure, if bounteous heaven tak pleasure
 In harmless mirth, and social leisure,
 And grant us ay the power to borrow
 Some thoughtless hours to banish sorrow,
 To crack and laugh, and drink, nae sin is
 Wi' modest worth and Jamie I——s;
 After a Sunday's feast—or pascal,
 Wi' you, ye kirkless, canty rascal.

Mind then, whan honest, trusty *Peter* †
 (Aboon a' praise in prose or metre)
 Removes ilk dish, whar late, fu' dainty,
 Stood roasted hen, and collops plenty;

† An old man-servant.

And roddickins, and penches too,
 And mussels pickled nice wi' broo;
 And haddies caller at last carting,
 Or rizzered sweet by Mrs Martin!
 —Wi' kipper (branded het and broun)
 A present sent frae Stirling town,—
 I say, whan Pate, wi' solemn face,
 Removes ilk thing wi' steddy pace,
 And brings the reeking burn and bowl
 To cheer ilk presbyterian soul †;
 Whan ance that ye, a' fidging fain,
 Draw the first cork wi' mony a grane;
 And sometimes girning, sometimes blawin,
 Examine gin its rightly drawn;

† The Sunday supper was called the Presbyterian supper.

Whan three times round the port-wine passes,
 And ilka friend has drank three glasses ;
 Nae langer grane, nor fyke, nor daidle,
 But brandish ye the—*lang-shanked ladle*,
 That magic wand that has the knack ay
 To mak us a' sae pleased and cracky ;
 That Moses' rod that weets ilk mouthie,
 And maks streams gush for hearts that's drowthie,
 And has the double power, sae curious !
 To mak chieils pleased and sometimes furious.

Now, as I've heard some hair-brained hempy
 Growl whan your *chappin* bottle's empty †,
 And roar, and swear, wi' aiths that's sinfu',
 For what's ay ca'd—' anither *spoonfu'* ;'

† The usual modicum.

To satisfy sic maws rapacious,
 I herewi' send, o' size capacious,
 A *bottle*, primed, my dainty callan,
 Wi' somewhat mair than half a gallon
 O' precious gear, I've lang been huntin,
 Till caught at last frae WATTIE BR——N.
Fill, then!—and *drink*!—and banish dread
 O' after sair wame, or sair head;
 There's naithing here, our harns to daver,
 But rare auld stuff to mak us claver;
 For here, I swear in rhyming letter,
 D——n me! if e'er ye tasted better!

TO
THE MEMBERS
OF
THE SOBER SOCIETY;
SENT WITH AN ENGRAVING*.

DEAR sober emptyers o' the glass !
Behold your *goddess*—wife, or lass,
De'il hae me gin I ken ;
But weel I wat, gin a' be true,
That here she speaks, ye *select few*
Are unco kind o' men !

* This engraving had been at some period thrown off for the use of a *literary* society in London, likewise called the SOBER SOCIETY. The representation was a female figure, with the finger of one hand pointing to the moon (horned)

To *me* (as frankly in a crack

The ither night the jillet spak

Right cheery owre a glass,)

Though hid frae unpoetic brain,

These hieroglyphics speak as plain

As e'er did Balaam's ass.

Ilk sober brither sure has seen

The moon and *seven* stars at e'en

Glittering in spangled heaven ;

What mean then *sax*?—the meaning's clear.—

Through a' your meetings in the year

Ye're *fou* sax times in seven.

and *six* stars overhead ; and the finger of the other hand pointing to the ground, with this motto—**VIRTUS TANDEM VIGEBAT.**

Na, mair—by yonder *horned moon*,
 Its clear ye're a' horn-mad as soon

As clocks *Beate* fix *;

Sweet! sweet the sounding warning comes!

And, sitting down on stubborn bums,

Ye a' turn—lunatics.

O! then, 'tis said, in canty croon,

A writer chiel ca'd Livingston,

Wi' crack and snuff grows cheery;

And dealing round strong punch and joke,

Good-humoured mad, near twa o'clock

Turns a' things tapsilteery!

* One of the rules of the Sober Club was, that the bill should be called for and paid at eleven o'clock; after which hour every one might do as he inclined; *i. e.* retire, or remain as long as he chose; and as this last liberty was generally productive of *sober happiness*, it was called the *BEATE*.

Here wad I stap, nor langer keek

Into thae *soberings* ilka week,

And hide what I'm no able ;

But yon d——d *fingers*—up and down,

Proclaim whan some are in the moon,

Some lie aneth the table.

In these blessed French perverted days *,

Whan virtue's blamed, and vice gets praise,

And folk wi' *words* are sae bit,

Nae wonder *sober* stands for *fou*,

And drinkers roar out, while they spew,

‘ VIRTUS TANDEM VIGEBAT.’

* These lines were written during the commencement of Robespierre's reign of *justice, virtue, and humanity.*

THE
ROSE O' KIRTLE.

A BALLAD.

IN Roslin's bowers bloom fragrant flowers,
On Yarrow's banks they're mony;
Whar Kirtle* flows ance stately rose
The sweetest flower o' ony!
I've travelled east, I've travelled west,
I've been 'mang groves o' myrtle;
Tho' flowers bloomed fair, nane could compare
Wi' the sweet Rose o' Kirtle.

* A small, beautiful stream, in Annandale.

In secret glade it raised its head,

And fair its leaves spread blooming!

And as they spread, they fragrance shed

A' Kirtle's banks perfuming!

Lured by its fame, the young anes came,

(Some came frae west the Shannon)

And ilk ane swore, nae flower before

Bloomed like the rose o' Annan.—

But wise anes knew a death-worm grew

Deep at its roots consuming;

And while they sighed, they mournfu' cried,

'The rose will fade that's blooming!

'Twas then Fate said, ' frae native glade

We'll pu' the pride o' Kirtle;

In warmer bower we'll plant the flower,

And skreen it round wi' myrtle.'

Sae, Fate updrew the flower, and flew

Where Mersey's* stream rows flowing;

There, skreened frae harm, they plant it warm,

For there *Love's* beams were glowing!

Fair, fair it spread! and gratefu' shed

Its healing balms, sweet smelling!

And as they flew, Affliction knew

Blest HEALTH was near his dwelling.

Oh! had ye been where I hae seen

This rose 'mang myrtles blooming,

Ye wad hae sworn nae canker worm

Was fast its roots consuming:—

But, welladay! looks will betray!

And Death love's joys will sever!—

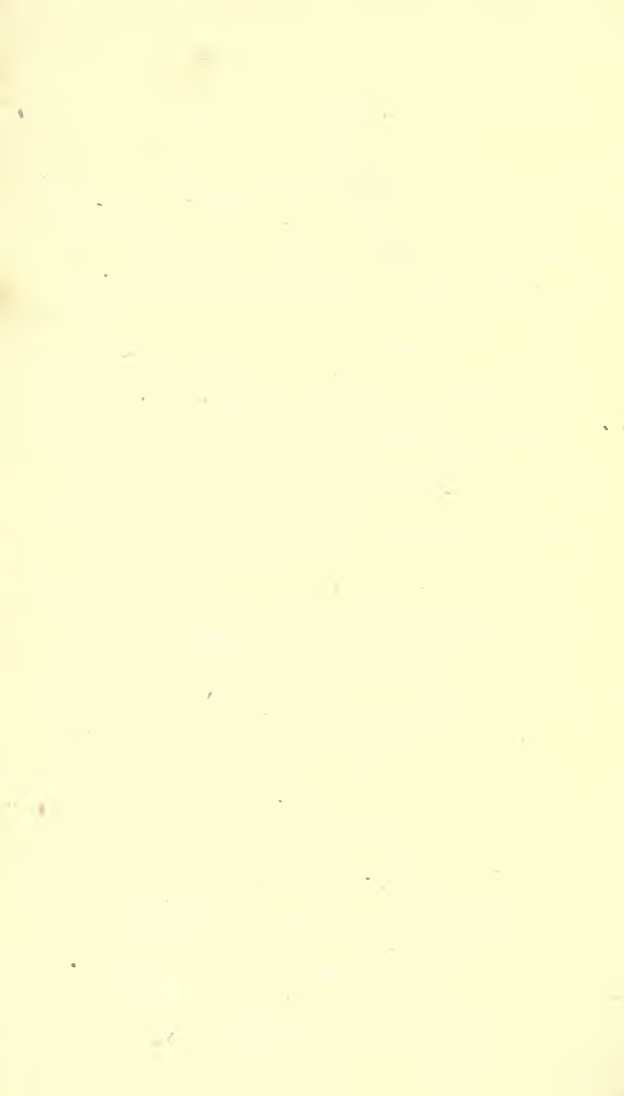
Ere midnight hour, Death nipt the flower!—

Its *sweets* are—gone for ever!

* The river that runs past Liverpool.

Ye, wha can smile at Life's fause guile,
While Health's warm sun shines beamy,
Learn, that the flower o' Mersey's bower
Was LUCY's peerless JEAMIE ;
And ye wha mourn at CURRIE's urn *,
Or weep by Mersey's river,
Learn, that the rose that virtue blows,
Though dead, will——bloom for ever !

* Dr James Currie, late of Liverpool.



SONGS.



THE following small collection of Scottish Songs has, during the author's hours of relaxation, furnished occasional amusement for a number of years back. As they were the first attempt he made to compose in the Scottish dialect, and as the success of some of them was the cause of his succeeding productions in that language, they seem to have some claim to preservation.

Occupied frequently in the execution of what interests and amuses, the mind naturally turns to a consideration of the specific qualities, or distinguishing excellencies of the art that affords pleasure. The characteristic nature of our old Scottish songs and ballads, led the author to a serious consideration of their poetical and lyrical effect; influenced by their peculiar charms, he was indu-

ced to make some feeble attempts at imitation.— Although he was conscious of his inability, he however flattered himself that he had at least discovered the cause of his failure ; and while unable to produce attractions, which, for such a length of time, have captivated the minds of millions, consoled himself with the reflection, that what had surpassed his powers, originated from circumstances which had prevented so many more from succeeding in this delicate and beautiful species of composition. What occurred to him on this subject, he will now freely lay before the public. As his remarks are but few, and these short, he need make no apology for trespassing on the time of his reader ; and as they may possibly lead to farther investigation, and to the improvement of song writing, they may be received with indulgence.

Lyrical composition has furnished subject for a variety of treatises by men of distinguished talents and erudition ; and yet (if the author mistakes not)

the essential requisites, or particular *qualities* necessary for this species of writing, have not hitherto been sufficiently defined. In all our most admired songs and ballads, the distinguishing qualities are, *passion, delicacy, and humour*, expressed in a simplicity of language true to nature, and unfettered by the fastidiousness of art. It necessarily follows, that without the *possession* of similar qualities in the composer, it is next to impossible that he can be successful. *Tenderness*, or the passion of love, as it is not only the most prevalent, but the most attractive, holds the first place in this species of writing; but as the passion is vivid, so must the language be that expresses it. Sentimental love, therefore, or that species of amatory language involved in accompanying sentiment and reflection, is not the right road to the heart. The attack must be instantaneous, and in the fewest words possible, or the influence will be unfelt. Hence the powerful effect of our old pathetic songs and ballads, abrupt in their transitions, and forcible in their

passionate touches; and hence the languid insipidity of our modern sentimental madrigals, that operate like a lullaby. It likewise occurs to the author, that, without a strong natural predilection for *music*, and a mind fully susceptible of its charms, it is unlikely that any poet, however eminent for other qualities, can be successful in song writing. There is so close an union between these sister arts, that to separate them in the present instance, is like the separation of mind from body. A plaintive, a tender, or a lively air, operating forcibly on a true musical mind, produces wonderful effects on poetic composition; but, independently of this influence, a poet, of real musical taste and feeling, is necessarily, and indeed insensibly, led by the particular cadences and expressive passages in an air, to apply corresponding words and sentiments. If there be any truth in this remark, the impropriety of composing airs to words, instead of words to airs, must be obvious.

The nature of the present subject might authorise the author to say something of those modern writers who have devoted a considerable portion of their time to lyrical composition, and furnished the public with a number of their productions ; but as this might possibly give offence to some, and be considered invidious, he has conceived it proper to avoid the subject. A comparative view of their respective merits and defects, might throw additional light on the essential requisites of song writing, and tend to illustrate the cursory remarks thrown out in the present short essay. It may, however, be safely asserted, that the principal defects in most of our modern lyrical compositions, are a want of passion, particularly tenderness, and a want of simplicity. This must proceed either from a deficiency of natural sensibility and taste in the writers, or from a want of due attention to the nature of the music for which they have composed words.—The uncommon excellence of our passionate Scottish airs furnishes such excitements to the various

emotions of the human heart, that no other cause can be assigned for a deficiency of corresponding passion in the words that accompany them. Exclusively of this, our lyrical poets in the Scottish dialect have nothing to plead in their behalf from any defect in the language in which they write, since none can supply a greater number or variety of appropriate terms and epithets of endearment to express the language of love, not only with the utmost tenderness, but with the greatest delicacy. It may likewise be observed (now that we are on the subject), that it is also highly favourable to the humourous. It abounds in phrases, epithets, and proverbial sayings, peculiarly calculated to excite risibility; and, in addition to this advantage, our Scots songs of humour admit of a free adoption of provincialisms and phraseology, which, in subjects of more dignity, would be offensively vulgar, but which, in the present instance, give an additional zest and poignancy to ludicrous composition. In this last walk, a late admired wri-

ter† excels all his cotemporaries, and stands unrivalled; but, in support of our preceding opinions, let it be remembered, that this poet *possessed* true native humour, and was at all times alive to its influence.

These observations, the author, with the utmost candour, gives to the public, merely with the view to improve a species of writing highly interesting and grateful to national taste and feeling. After what has already been premised, it is almost unnecessary for him to remark, that they have no reference whatever to the trifles that immediately follow, nor indeed to any thing in these volumes.

† Burns.

DECEMBER, 1805.





Stothard del.

Fittler sculp.

*I've been by burn and flow'ry brae,
Meadow green, and Mountain grey,
Courtin' o' this Young thing, just come frae her mammy.*

THE LAMMIE.

AIR—*Name unknown.*

‘WHAR hae ye been a’ day, my boy Tammy ?

Whar hae ye been a’ day, my boy Tammy ?’

‘I’ve been by burn and flowery brae,

Meadow green, and mountain grey,’

Courting o’ this young thing,

Just comé frae her mammy.’

‘ And whar gat ye that young thing,

My boy Tammy ?’

‘ I gat her down in yonder how,

Smiling on a broomy know,

Herding ae wee lamb and ewe

For her poor mammy.’

‘ What said ye to the bonie bairn,

My boy Tammy ?’

‘ I praised her een, sae lovely blue,

Her dimpled cheek, and cherry mou ;—

I pree’d it aft as ye may true!—

She said, she’d tell her mammy.

I held her to my beating heart,
 My young, my smiling lammie!
 ‘I hae a house, it cost me dear,
 I’ve walth o’ plenishen and geer;
 Ye’se get it a’ war’t ten times mair,
 Gin ye will leave your mammy.’

The smile gade aff her bonie face—
 ‘I maun nae leave my mammy;
 She’s gi’en me meat, she’s gi’en me claise,
 She’s been my comfort a’ my days:—
 My father’s death brought mony waes!—
 I canna leave my mammy.’

‘ We’ll tak her hame and mak her fain,

My ain kind-hearted lammie !

We’ll gie her meat, we’ll gie her claise,

We’ll be her comfort a’ her days.’

The wee thing gie’s her hand, and says,—

‘ There ! gang, and ask my mammy.’

‘ Has she been to kirk wi’ thee,

My boy Tammy ?’

‘ She has been to kirk wi’ me,

And the tear was in her ee,—

But O ! she’s but a young thing

Just come frae her mammy.’

I LOO'D NE'ER A LADDIE
BUT ANE.

AIR—*My lodging is on the cold ground.*

I LOO'd ne'er a laddie but ane,
He loo'd ne'er a lassie but me;
He's willing to mak me his ain,
And his ain I am willing to be.
He has coft me a rocklay o' blue,
And a pair o' mittens o' green;
The price was a kiss o' my mou',
And I paid him the debt yestreen.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,
 Their land, and their lordly degree;
 I carena for ought but my dear,
 For he's ilka thing lordlie to me;
 His words are sae sugared, sae sweet!
 His sense drives ilk fear far awa!
 I listen—poor fool! and I greet,
 Yet O! sweet are the tears as they fa'!

' Dear lassie,' he cries wi' a jeer,
 ' Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say;
 Though we've little to brag o'—ne'er fear,
 What's gowd to a heart that is wae?
 Our laird has baith honours and wealth,
 Yet see how he's dwining wi' care;

Now we, tho' we've naithing but health,
 Are canty and leil evermair.

' O Marion ! the heart that is true
 Has something mair costly than gear,
 Ilk e'en it has naithing to rue ;
 Ilk morn it has naithing to fear.
 Ye warldlings ! gae, hoard up your store,
 And tremble for fear ought ye tyne :
 Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and door,
 While here in my arms I lock mine !'

He ends wi' a kiss and a smile—
 Waes me ! can I tak it amiss ?
 My laddie's unpractised in guile,
 He's free ay to daut and to kiss !

Ye lassies, wha loo to torment
Your woers wi' fause scorn and strife,
Play your pranks—I hae gi'en my consent,
And this night I am Jamie's for life.

O TELL ME HOW FOR TO WOO.

AIR—*Bonny Dundee.*

OH ! tell me, bonie young lassie !

Oh tell me how for to woo !

Oh tell me, bonie sweet lassie !

Oh tell me how for to woo !

Say, maun I roose your cheeks like the morning ?

Lips like the roses fresh moistened wi' dew !

Say, maun I roose your een's pawkie scorning ?—

Oh ! tell me how for to woo !

Far hae I wandered to see the dear lassie !

Far hae I ventured across the saut sea !

Far hae I travelled owre moorland and mountain,

Houseless, and weary, sleep'd cauld on the lea !

Ne'er hae I tried yet to mak luv to onie ;

For ne'er loo'd I onie till ance I loo'd you ;

Now we're alane in the green-wood sae bonie,

—Oh ! tell me how for to woo !'

' What care I for your wand'ring, young laddie ?

What care I for your crossing the sea ?

It was na for naithing ye left poor young Peggy ;—

It was for my tocher ye cam to court me ;—

Say, hae ye gowd to busk me aye gawdie ?

Ribbons, and perlins, and breast-knots enew ?

A house that is canty, wi' walth in't, my laddie ?

Without this ye never need try for to woo.'

' I hae na gowd to busk ye aye gawdie ;

I canna buy ribbans and perlins enew ;

I've naithing to brag o' house, or o' plenty !

I've little to gie but a heart that is true.—

I cam na for tocher—I ne'er heard o' onie ;

I never loo'd Peggy, nor e'er brak my vow.—

I've wandered, poor fool ! for a face fause as bonie !

—I little thought this was the way for to woo !'

' Our laird has fine *houses*, and *guineas* in gowpins ;

He's youthfu', he's blooming, and comely to see !

The leddies are a' ga'en wood for the wooer,

And yet, ilka e'ening, he leaves them for me !—

O ! saft in the gloaming his luvè he discloses !

And saftly yestreen, as I milked my cow,

He swore that my breath it was sweeter than roses,

And a' the gait hame he did naithing but woo.'

‘ Ah, Jenny ! the young laird may brag o’ his siller,
 His houses, his lands, and his lordly degree ;
 His speeches for *true love* may drap sweet as honey,
 But, trust me, dear Jenny ! he ne’er loed like *me*.—
 The wooing o’ gentry are fine words o’ fashion ;
 The faster they fa’ as the heart is least true !—
 The dumb look o’ love’s aft the best proof o’ passion ;
 —The heart that feels maist is the least fit to woo !’

‘ Hae na ye roosed my cheeks like the morning !
 Hae na ye roosed my cherry-red mou !
 Hae na ye come owre sea, moor, and mountain,
 What mair, Johnie, need ye to woo ?
 Far hae ye wandered, I ken, my dear laddie !
 Now, that ye’ve found me, there’s nae cause to rue ;
 Wi’ health we’ll hae plenty—I’ll never gang gawdie,—
 I ne’er wished for mair than a heart that is true.’

She hid her fair face in her true lover's bosom ;

The saft tear o' transport filled ilk lover's ee ;

The burnie ran sweet by their side as they sabbit,

And sweet sang the mavis aboon on the tree.—

He clasped her, he pressed her, and ca'd her his hinny,

And aften he tasted her hinny-sweet mou ;

And aye'tween ilk kiss she sighed to her Johnie—

' Oh ! laddie ! *weel* can ye woo !'

TAK TENT, AND BE WARY.

‘HECH! lass, but ye’re canty and vogie!

Wow! but your een look pauky and roguie!

What war ye doing, Kate, down in yon bogie,

Up in the morning sae airy and grey?’

‘I’ve been wi’ *somebody*!—what need ye to speer?’

I’ve been wi’ young Jamie!—I’ve been wi’ my dear!

—God save me! my mither will miss me, I fear!—

D’ye ken, lass! he’s courting me a’ the lang day!’

‘O Kate, tak tent, and be wary!

Jamie’s a sad ane!—he never will marry;

Think o’ poor Tibby;—he’s left her to carry

Black burningshame till the day that she’ll die!’

‘ I carena for Tibby—a glaiket young quean !

Her gaits wi’ the fallows we a’ ken lang syne !—

The heart o’ my laddie, I *never* can tyne !

He promised to marry me down on yon lea !

‘ O no ! I need na be wary !—

Yes ! yes ! he means for to marry !

Wi’ mony sweet kisses he ca’d me his deary,

And swore he wad tak me afore Beltan day.’

‘ O Kate ! Kate ! he’ll deceive ye !

(The de’el tak the chiel ! he does naithing but grieve
me !)

He’s fou o’ deceit !—gin ye like to believe me,

The fause loon last night tald the same tale to me.’

‘ Dear Jean ! but ye’re unco camstary !

Ye’ll ne’er let a bodie trou ever they’ll marry !—

Ye’ve now gi’en me something that’s no light to carry,

’Twill lie at my heart till the day that I die !’

She gaed awa sighing ! she gaed awa wae ;

Her mither flet sair for her byding away !

She sat down to spin !—ne’er a word could she say,

But drew out a thread wi’ the tear in her ee.

‘ O yes !—it’s time to be wary !

Jamie’s a sad ane !—he ne’er means to marry !

He may rise in the morning, and wait till he’s wearie !

He’s no see my face for this year and a day !’

She raise wi' the lavroc ; she milked her cow ;

Sat down by her leglin, and 'gan for to rue :—

Young *Jamie* cam by—her heart lap to her mou !

And she trou'd ilka word that the fause loon
did say !

—Hech ! sirs ! how lasses will vary !

Sometimes they're doubtfu'—'tis then they are *wary* ;

But whan luv comes louping, they ay think we'll
marry,

And trust, like poor Kate, to what fause loons
will say.

MALLY AIKEN.

AN OLD SONG REVIVED.

AIR—*Gaelic.*

‘ O LISTEN ! listen, and I’ll tell ye *

How this fair maid’s played her part :—

First she vowed and promised to me,

Now she strives to break my heart !

Eirin O ! Mally Aiken,

Eirin O s’dhu ma roon.

* This verse is all the author ever heard of the original.—
The meaning of the Gaelic chorus is, O Mally Aiken, thou art my love.

I coft you silken garters, Mally,
 And sleeve-knots for your tartan gown ;
 I coft you a green necklace, Mally,
 To busk you whan you gade to town :
 You gae me kisses sweet as hinny !
 You gae me words mair sweet than true ;
 You swore you loo'd me best o' ony ;
 —Ah ! why than, Mally, break your vow !

Eirin O ! Mally Aiken,

Eirin O s'dhu ma roon.

Yon auld man came wi' wyles sae bonie,
 He bragged o' land and walth o' gear ;
 He promised braws mair fine than Johnie
 To busk ye for the kirk and fair ;

He gae up tocher to your daddy ;—
 Your mother sighed and thought o' me ;
 But Mally wished to be a *lady*,
 And changed true luvè for—high degree !

Eirin O ! Mally Aiken,
 Eirin O s'dhu ma roon.

He's ta'en you hame ; he's made you gawdie,
 He's busked you for the kirk and fair ;
 But you had better ta'en your laddie,
 For *happiness* you'll ne'er see mair !
 You may gang to kirk and fair, my Mally ;
 Your face and brows catch ilka ee,—
 But happiness you'll *ne'er* see, Mally,
 For breaking o' your vows to mè !

Eirin O ! Mally Aiken,
 Eirin O s'dhu ma roon.

TO GET A MAN.

THIS world is a lottery, as ilk ane may ken;
There are prizes for women as weel as for men:
But as far as my faither and mither can see,
Though the're prizes for some, there are aye blanks
for me!

Though black, I am comely; my een's like a slae!
Odd! I'm sure they're far better than een that are
grey?

Yet the lads they court Katey as fast as they can,
While my father aye tells me—*I'll ne'er get a man.*

I'm held down wi' wark frae morning till e'en,
 My claise ay unsnod, and my face seldom clean !
 How the sorrow ! on me can our lads ever look,
 Whan I gang aye sae thief-like, as black as the crook !

For fairs and for preachings I hae but ae gown !
 (Lord ! I wish I was busked like our queans in the
 town !)

Yet whane'er I stay late—how my father he'll ban,
 Wi' a—' Divil confound ye ! ye'll ne'er get a man !'

My mither ay thinks I'm to sit still and spin :
 Whan the sogers gae by, war I felled, I maun rin ;
 Then she roars, and she flytes (though the sam's done
 by Kate)

Wi' a—' Sorrow be on ye ! ye'll gang a grey gate !'

I fain wad hae Jamie—but then he loos Jean ;
 And I'd e'en tak lean Patie, tho' just skin and bane ;
 But my faither and mither tauld baith him and Dan,
 'That I'm *three* years owre young yet to hae a gude-
 man !

A usage sae barb'rous ! nae mortal can bear !
 —Odd ! they'll drive me to madness wi' perfect de-
 spair !

If I canna get Jamie, nor yet Dan nor Pate,
 Faith ! I'll e'en tak the first chiel that comes in my
 gate.

Gle'yd Sawnie, the haivrel, he met me yestreen,
 He roosed first my black hair, and syne my black een !
 While he dawted and kissered, though I ken he's a fool,
 Lord ! I thought that my heart wad hae loupt out o' hool.

Quo he, ' Bonny Maggy, gin ye war mine ain,
 I hae house and plenty, for wife and for wean,
 And whan my auld daddy staps aff to the grave,
 Faith! we'll then had our head up as high as the lave.'

I dinna like Sawnie—he's blind o' an ee;
 But then he's the first's talked o' *marriage* to me;
 And whian folk are ill used they maun do what they
 can,
 Sae I'll mak them a' liars, and tak a GÜDEMAN.

LASSIE WI' THE GOWDEN HAIR.

AIR—*Gaelic.*

' LASSIE wi' the gowden hair,

Silken snood, and face sae fair ;

Lassie wi' the yellow hair,

Think nae to deceive me !

Lassie wi' the gowden hair,

Flattering smile, and face sae fair ;

Fare ye weel ! for never mair

Johnie will believe ye !

O no ! Mary bawn, Mary bawn, Mary bawn * ,

O no ! Mary bawn, ye'll nae mair deceive me !

* Bawn (Gaelic), fair, white, generally applied to the hair.

Smiling, twice ye made me troo,

Twice—(pōor fool!) -I turned to woo ;

Twice, fause maid ! ye brak your vow,

Now I've sworn to leave ye !

Twice, fause maid ! ye brak your vow,

Twice, poor fool ! I've learned to rue !—

Come ye yet to mak me troo ?

Thrice ye'll ne'er deceive me !

No ! no ! Mary bawn, Mary bawn, Mary bawn !

O no ! Mary bawn ! *thrice* ye'll ne'er deceive me.'

Mary saw him turn to part ;

Deep his words sank in her heart ;

Soon the tears began to start—

' Johnie, will ye leave me !'

Soon the tears began to start,
Grit and gritter grew his heart!—

‘ Yet ae word befert we part,

Luve cou’d ne’er deceive ye!

O no! Johnie dow, Johnie dow, Johnie dow †,

O no! Johnie dow—*luve* cou’d *ne’er* deceive ye.’

Johnie took a parting keek,

Saw the tears hap owre her cheek!

Pale she stood, but coudna speak!—

Mary’s cured o’ smiling.

Johnie took anither keek—

‘ Beauty’s rose has left her cheek!—

† Dow (Gaelic), black, generally applied to the hair.

Pale she stands, and canna speak.

This is nae *beguiling*.

O no! Mary bawn, Mary bawn, dear Mary bawn,

No, no! Mary bawn—**LOVE** has nae *beguiling*.

JEANIE'S BLACK EE;

OR,

THA MI 'N AM CHODAL, 'SNÀ DUISGIBH MI.

AIR—*Cauld frosty morning.*

THE sun raise sae rosy, the grey hills adorning!
Light sprang the lavroc and mounted sae hie;
When true to the tryst o' blythe May's dewy morning
My Jeanie cam linking out owre the green lea.
To mark her impatience, I crap 'mang the brakens,
Aft, aft to the kent gate she turned her black ee;
Then lying down dowylie, sighed by the willow tree,
' Ha me mohátel na dousku me †.

† I am asleep, do not waken me. The Gaelic chorus is pronounced according to the present orthography.

Saft through the green birks I sta' to my jewel,

Streik'd on spring's carpet aneath the saugh tree!

'Think na, dear lassie, thy Willie's been cruel,'—

'Ha me mohátel na dousku me.'

'Wi' luv's warm sensations I've marked your impa-
tience,

Lang hid 'mang the brakens I watched your black
ee.—

You're no sleeping, pawkie Jean! open thae lovely
een!—

'Ha me mohátel na dousku me.'

'Bright is the whin's bloom ilk green know adorning!

Sweet is the primrose bespangled wi' dew!

Yonder comes Peggy to welcome May morning!

Dark wave her haffet locks owre her white brow!

O! light! light she's dancing keen on the smooth
gowany green,

Barefit, and kilted half up to the knee!

While Jeanie is sleeping still, I'll rin and sport my fill,—

‘ I was asleep, and ye've wakened me!’

‘ I'll rin and whirl her round; Jeanie is sleeping sound;

Kiss her, and clasp her fast; nae ane can see!

Sweet! sweet's her hinny mou!—‘ Will, I'm no sleep-
ing now,

I was asleep, but ye wakened me.’

Laughing, till like to drap, swith to my Jean I lap,

Kissed her ripe roses, and blest her black ee!

And ay since, whane'er we meet, sing, for the sound
is sweet,

‘ Ha me mohátel na dousku me.’

THE
PLAID AMANG THE HETHER.

AIR—*Old Highland Laddie.*

THE wind blew hie owre muir and lea,
And dark and stormy grew the weather ;
The rain rained sair ; nae shelter near,
But my luve's plaid amang the hether :

O my bonie Highland lad !

My winsome, weel-far'd, Highland laddie !

Wha wad mind the wind and weit

Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie ?

Close to his breast he held me fast ;
 Sae cozy, warm, we lay thegither !
 Nae simmer heat was half sae sweet
 As my luvè's plaid amang the hether !

O my bonie, &c.

Mid wind and rain he tald his tale ;
 My lightsome heart grew like a feather ;
 It lap sae quick I coudna speak,
 But silent sighed amang the hether !

O my bonie, &c.

The storm blew past ; we kissed in haste ;
 I hameward ran, and tald my mither ;

She gloomed at first, but soon confessed
 The bowls rowed right amang the hether !

O my bonie, &c.

Now Hymen's beam gilds bank and stream
 Whar Will and I fresh flowers will gather ;
 Nae storms I fear, I've got my dear
 Kind-hearted lad amang the hether !

O my bonie Highland lad !

My winsome, weel-far'd, Highland laddie !
 Should storms appear, my Will's ay near
 To row me in his tartan plaidie.

COME UNDER MY PLAIDY;

OR,

MODERN MARRIAGE DELINEATED.

AIR—*Johnie Macgill.*

‘COME under my plaidy, the night’s gau’n to fa’;
Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift and the snaw;
Come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me;
There’s room in’t, dear lassie! believe me, for twa.
Come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me,
I’ll hap ye frae every cauld blast that can blaw:
O! come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me,
There’s room in’t, dear lassie! believe me, for twa.’

‘Gae ’wa wi’ your plaidy ! auld Donald, gae ’wa,
 I fear na the cauld blast, the drift nor the snaw ;
 Gae ’wa wi’ your plaidy ! I’ll no sit beside ye ;
 Ye may be my gutcher :—auld Donald, gae wa’.
 I’m gau’n to meet Johnie, he’s young and he’s bonie ;
 He’s been at Meg’s bridal, sae trig and sae braw !
 O nane dances sae lightly ! sae gracefu’ ! sae tightly !
 His cheek’s like the new rose, his brow’s like the snaw !’

‘Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa’,
 Your Jock’s but a gowk, and has naithing ava ;
 The hale o’ his pack he has now on his back,
 He’s thretty, and I am but threescore and twa.
 Be frank now and kindly ; I’ll busk you aye finely ;
 To kirk or to market they’ll few gang sae braw ;
 A bein house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
 And flunkies to tend ye as aft as ye ca.’

' My father's ay tauld me, my mither and a',
 Ye'd make a gude husband, and keep me ay braw;
 It's true I loo Johnie, he's gude and he's bonie,
 But, waes me! ye ken he has naething ava!
 I hae little tocher; you've made a gude offer;
 I'm now mair than twenty; my time is but sma'!
 Sae gi' me your plaidy, I'll creep in beside ye,
 I thought ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa.'

She crap in ayont him, aside the stane wa',
 Whar Johnie was list'ning, and heard her tell a';
 The day was appointed!—his proud heart it dunted,
 And strack 'gainst his side as if bursting in twa.
 He wandered hame weary, the night it was dreary!
 And thowless, he tint his gate deep 'mang the snaw;
 The howlet was screamin', while Johnie cried ' Women
 Wa'd marry Auld Nick, if he'd keep them ay braw.'

O the deel's in the lasses ! they gang now sae braw,
They'll lie down wi' auld men o' fourscore and twa ;
The hale o' their marriage is *gowd* and *a carriage* ;
Plain luvè is the cauldest blast now that can blaw !

VALOUR SHIELDS THE BRAVE.*

AIR—*An old Gaelic tune.*

I.

J. HARK!—hark! the sound of battle!

Warning thrice, the cannons rattle!—

Fast o'er plain and mountain brattle.

Scotia's thousands brave!

A. Never!—*never* mair to tell

When freedom fought!—where valour fell!

Nor return! till death's sad knell

Toll warriors to the grave!

† Written during the prospect of an immediate invasion. The song represents the parting between a husband and wife on the first signal of the enemy's approach.

J. Awa wi' fear!—stop that tear!

Freedom's cause to freemen's dear!

Valour, Annie!—valour! valour!

True valour shields the brave!

II.

A. What shields the *helpless*? Johnnie,

Wha guards a wife like Annie?

Trembling here, wi' infants bonnie!

Sever'd frae the brave!

Wha smiles to banish fear?

Wha remains to stop the tear?

J. Faithful love, and heaven's kind care,

My Annie's peace will save!

Then banish dread!—tear ne'er shed!

GALLIA's chains for slaves are made!—

Britons, Annie!—Britons! Britons!

Free Britons scorn the slave!

III.

A. Gang—gang! then, dearest Johnnie!

Slavery's ill's the warst o' ony!—

Heaven and virtue guard your Annie!—

God direct the brave!—

This warm kiss before you start!

Place this token near your heart!—

Friendship now and peace maun part,

Dear freedom's cause to save!

J. Then banish dread!—tear ne'er shed!

If freedom fa's, love's joys drap dead!

Freedom, Annie! Freedom! freedom!

Blest freedom! or—the *Grave!*

IV.

Wi' trembling hand, and heart sair knockin,

Round his neck she tied love's token;

Sighed, and cried, in words half spoken,

Heaven shield the brave!

The trumpet blew! the warrior flew;

Met Scotia's freemen, dauntless, true!

Firm their step! ranks RED and BLUE,

Cried, *Victory*, or the *Grave!*

Then, Tyrant, dread ! to conquest led

Bands in freedom's armour clad !—

FREEDOM ! Tyrant ! — Freedom ! Freedom !

Blest Freedom ! shield the brave !

THE

AULD WIFE'S LAMENT—1804.*

AIR—*A rock, and a wee pickle tow.*

THIS warld o' ours has been lang in a low!—

I wonder wha bred the beginning o't?

God send us a rock, and a wee pickle tow!

And let us again to the spinning o't!

Our spinning, God help us! is no ganging right;

Our men they're for *fighting*; our women tak fright;

We're vap'ring a' day; and we're blind-fou at night:

—But wha yet has heard o' the winning o't?

They crack o' our *trade*; and they crack o' our *walth*;

They brag o' our mills that are spinning o't;

But, spite o' our boasting, and spite o' our pelf,

Good faith! I hear few that are winning o't.

Our wabsters are breaking, our looms they stand still!

Our lads are doing little but *tending the drill*!—

I doubt if e'en lairds now their pouches can fill—

—Oh, hon! for the wearie beginning o't!

They're plenty, nae doubt, wha can had their head heigh,

And ay wad be thought to be winning o't;

We're a' ganging fine; but we ay keep abeigh,

When folk wad keek in at the spinning o't.

Our houses are glittering; our lasses gang bra'!

Our tables are costly—our *pride's* warst o' a'!

But gin we gae on, we shall soon get a fa'!

And then we'll hear nought but the tyning o't!

Oh—oh! for the time when we sat at our wheel,
 And ilka ane sang to the spinning o't!
 A canty fire-side, and a cap o' good ale,
 Gaed ay sweetly down wi' the winning o't!—
 We're strutting!—we're blawing! morn, e'ning, and
 noon;
 We're wishing to see our French friends unco soon!
 But gif BONAPARTE gangs on as he's done,
 We'll neither see end nor beginning o't!
 Yet think na, my lads, ye are yet to lye by!—
 Its ay right to try a beginning o't;
 Whan folk are sair put, they maun e'en 'ride and tie';
 Its better than gi' up the spinning o't:
 Then up wi' your muskets, and up wi' your might!
 And up wi' your signals and fires on ilk height!
 If ance we get *steddy*, we yet may get right,
 And, ablins, ere lang prie the *winning o't!*'

THERE'S NOUGHT I SEE,
TO FEAR NOW*.

AIR—*The king sits in Dumfermlin town.*

OUR good king sits in Windsor tower,

The sun-beams glint sae cheerfu'!

A birdie sang in yonder bower,

And O! but it sang fearfu'!

Tell me, my bird, my mourning bird,

What is't you sing so drearie?

I sing o' danger, fire, and sword,

Fell *faes* are coming near ye!

The king stept on his terraced height,

His heart was bauld and cheerie ;

“ I fear no foe, by day or night,

While Britain’s sons are near me !”

The bird ay sang upon the thorn,

And ay its sang was fearfu’ ;

Good king ! your ships maun sail the morn,

For England’s faes are near you.

The king looked frae his castle hie !

His look was blythe and airy !

“ There’s not a foe dares face the sea !

Brave England’s *tars* are there ay.”

The birdie sang ay on the thorn,

But now its sang grew cheerfu’,

Good king ! we’ll laugh your faes to scorn ;

There’s nought I see to fear now !

The birdie flew on blythesome wing,

And O ! but it sang rarely ;

And ay it sang, “ *God bless our King !*

Bauld Britons luvè him dearly.”

It flew o’er hill, it flew o’er lea,

It sang o’er moor and hether,

Till it came to the *north countrie*,

Whar a’ sang blythe thegither.

They sang o’ fame and martial might,

(The pride o’ Scottish story)

The sang o’ EDWARD’S wars and flight,

And BRUCE’S radiant glory !

They laughed at *Gallia’s* threat’ning ills—

(Their shield was Patriot-honour ;)

They rushed down *Freedom’s* heath-flowered hills,

And, rattling, joined her banner !

THE
SCOTTISH MUSE.

JAMAICA, 1798.

THE END OF THE WORLD

ADVERTISEMENT.

UNDER the influence of a distressing state of health, which had continued unabated for six years, the following poem was composed in the island of Jamaica, whither the author went with the view of trying the effects of a tropical climate. If it possesses no other merit, it may at least lay claim to a faithful representation of events during a life of vicissitude, of which the present piece may be considered as a poetical epitome.

THE
SCOTTISH MUSE.

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night :
Methought it did relieve my passion much ;
More than light airs, and recollected terms
Of these more brisk and giddy-paced times.—

SHAKESPEARE.

O WELCOME, simply soothing treasure !
In midst o' pain my lanely pleasure !
Tutored by thee, and whispering leisure,
I quit the thrang,
And, wrapt in blessed retirement, measure
Thy varied sang !

Kind, leil companion ! without thee,

Ah, welladay ! what should I be † !

Whan jeered by fools wha canna see

My inward pain,

Aneath thy sheltering wing I flee,

And mak my mane.

There seated, smiling by my side,

For hours thegither wilt thou bide,

Chanting auld tales o' martial pride,

And luv's sweet smart !

Till glowing warm thy numbers glide

Streight to the heart.

† The author's complaints were such, that, unable either to read or to write above a few minutes without distress, his only amusement was to compose by the help of *memory* alone. It may, perhaps, be worth mentioning, that Will and Jean,

'Tis then, wi' powerfu' plastic hand
 Thou wavest thy magic-working wand ;
 And stirring up ideas grand

That fire the brain,

Aff whirlst me swift to fairy land

'Mang Fancy's train.—

Scar'd by disease whan balmy rest
 Flees trembling frae her downy nest ;
 Starting frae horror's dreams opprest,

I see thee come

Wi' radiance mild that cheers the breast,

And lights the gloom !

the Waes o' War, the Links o' Forth, and the present poem,
 were all composed by memory, previously to the commit-
 ment of a single line to paper.

Heart'ning thou com'st, wi' modest grace,
 Hope, luvè, and pity, in thy face,
 And gliding up wi' silent pace

My plaints to hear,

Whisper'st in turn thae soothing lays

Saft in my ear.

' Ill-fated wand'rer ! doomed to mane !

Wan suff'rer ! bleached wi' care and pain !

How changed, alas ! since vokie vain,

Wi' spirits light,

Ye hailed me first in untaught strain

On STREVLIN's height !

‘—Ah me ! how stark ! how blithe ! how bauld

Ye brattled then through wind and cauld !

Reckless, by stream, by firth and fauld

Ye held your way ;

By passion ruled ; by love enthralled, .

Ye poured the lay.

‘’Twas then, entranced in am’rous sang,

I marked you midst the rural thrang ;

Ardent and keen, the hail day lang

Wi’ NATURE ta’en,

Slip frae the crowd, and mix amang

Her simple train.

‘ ’Twas then I saw (alas ! owre clear !)

Your future thriftless, lost career !

And while some blamed, wi’ boding fear,

The tunefu’ art,

Your moral pride and truth sincere

Aye wan my heart.

‘ He ne’er can lout, I musing said,

To ply the fleeching, fawning trade ;

Nor bend the knee, nor bow the head

To *walth* or *power* !

But backward turn, wi’ scornfu’ speed,

Frae flatt’ry’s door.

‘ He’ll never learn his bark to steer

’Mid *passion’s* sudden, wild career ;

Nor try at times to tack or veer

To *int’rest’s* gale,

But hoist the sheet, unawed by fear,

Tho’ storms prevail.

‘ Owre proud to ask ;—owre bauld to yield !

Whar will he find a shelt’ring beild ?

Whan poortith’s blast drifts cross the field

Wi’ wintry cauld,

Whar will he wone—poor feckless chield !

Whan frail and auld !

‘ Year after year, in youthid’s prime,
 Wander he will frae clime to clime,
 Sanguine wi’ hope on wing sublime

Mount heigh in air !

But than—waes me ! there comes a time
 O’ dool and care !

‘ There comes a time !—or soon, or late,
 O’ serious thought and sad debate ;
 Whan blighted hope and adverse fate

Owrespread their gloom,

And mirk despair, in waefu’ state,

Foresees the doom !

‘—And maun he fa’ ! (I sighing cried)

Wi’ guardian honour by his side !

Shall fortune frown on guiltless pride,

And straits owrtake him !

—Weel ! blame wha like—whate’er betide

Pse ne’er forsake him !

‘ Ardent I spake ! and frae the day

Ye hailed me smiling ; youthfu’ gay

On *Aichil’s* whin-flowered fragrant brae

I strave to cheer ye !

Frae morn’s first dawn to e’en’s last ray

I ay was near ye.

' Sweet flew the hours ! (the toil your boast)

On smiling Salsett's cave-wrought coast :—

Though hope was tint—tho' a' was crossed †,

Nae dread alarms

Ye felt—fond fool !—in wonder lost

And nature's charms !

' Frae east to west, frae main to main,

To Carib's shores returned again ;

In sickness, trial, hardship, pain,

Ye ken yoursell,

Draught frae the muse's melting strain

Peace balmy fell.

† An unexpected change in administration at home, blasted all the author's fair prospects in India.

‘ Fell sweet ! for, as she warbling flew,
 Hope lent her heaven-refreshing dew ;
 Fair virtue close, and closer drew

To join the lay ;

While conscience bright, and brighter grew,

And cheered the way !—

‘ Whether to east or westward borne,

(Or flushed wi’ joy, or wae-forlorn)

Ye hailed the fragrant breath o’ morn

Frae orange flower,

Or cassia bud, or logwood thorn,

Or Guava bower :

'Or frae the mist-cap'd mountain blue
 Inhaled the spicy gales that flew,
 Rich frae Pimento's¹ groves that grew
 In deep'ning green,
 Crowned wi' their flowers o' milk-white hue
 In dazzling sheen !

'Whether at midnight † panting laid,
 Ye woo'd coy zephyr's transient aid
 Under the Banyan's pillared shade²,
 On plain or hill,
 Or plantain green, that rustling played
 Across the rill :

† ————— Seems another morn
 Risen on midnight.—MILTON.

' Whether at twilight's parting day
 Ye held your solemn musing way,
 Whar through the gloom in myriad ray
 The fire-flies gleam^s;
 And 'thwart the grove, in harmless play,
 The light'nings stream !

' Or, by the moon's bright radiance led,
 Roamed late the Guinea-verdured glade †,
 Where towered the giant Ceiba's shade^s;
 And, loftier still,
 The Cabbage ‡ rears its regal head
 Owre palm-crowned hill.

† Guinea grass pasture. See Edwards' Hist. 8vo, vol. I. p. 186.

‡ The palmeto royal, or mountain cabbage, from 150 to 200 feet in height; a tree, says Mr Edwards, which, without doubt, is among the most graceful of all the vegetable creation.

‘ Still following close, still whisp’ring near,
 The muse aye caught your list’ning ear ;
 ’Mid tempest’s rage and thunder’s rair

Aye cheering sang :—

Touched by her hand (unchilled by fear)

The Harp-strings rang †.

‘ Returned at last frae varied clime,
 Whar youth and hope lang tint their time,
 Ance mair to Strevlin’s height sublime

We winged our way ;

Ance mair attuned the rural rhime

On Aichil brae.

† The second part of ‘The Harp’ was composed during the author’s first passage home from Jamaica.

'Twas then my native strains ye leared †,

For passion spake while fancy cheered ;

A while wi' flaunting airs ye flared

And thought to shine ;

But Nature—judging nature sneered,

And ca'd it—*fine* !

*

'Stung wi' the taunt, ye back recoiled,

Pensive ye mused ; I marked, and smiled ;

Daund'ring depressed 'mang knows flowered wild,

My aten reed

Ye faund ae bonny morning mild

'Tween Ayr and Tweed.

† The author's first attempts in Scottish poetry were the composing of words to some of our most simple pastoral and Gaelic airs.

'Tween past'ral Tweed and wand'ring Ayr,
 Whar unbusked nature blooms sae fair!
 And mony a wild note saft and clear.

Sings sweet by turns,

Tuned by my winsome ALLAN's † ear

And fav'rite BURNS.

'Trembling wi' joy ye touched the reed,—
 Doubtfu' ye sighed, and hang your head;
 Fearfu' ye sang till some agreed

The notes war true;

Whan grown mair bauld, ye gae a screed

That pleased nae few ‡.

† Allan Ramsay.

‡ Alluding to the uncommon sale of '*Will and Jean*,' which, in less than seven weeks after publication, went through five editions of 1500 copies each. Fourteen editions were thrown off before the expiration of a twelvemonth.

• By Forth's green links bedecked wi' flowers †,
 By Clyde's clear stream and beechen bowers ‡;
 Heartsome and healthfu' flew the hours

In simple sang,
 While Lossit's || braes and Eden's || towers
 The notes prolang !

• —Thae times are gane !—ah ! welladay !

For health has flown wi' spirits gay ;
 Youth, too, has fled ! and cauld decay

Comes creeping on :

October's sun cheers na like May

That brightly shone !

† Stirling.

‡ Glasgow.

|| *Lossit*, in Cantyre, Argyleshire, where some of the songs, from their resemblance to the Gaelic, were particularly relished. They were afterwards set to music, and published in Edinburgh.

‘Then, too, wi’ prudence on our side,
And moral reas’ning for our guide,
Calmly we view the restless tide

O’ worldly care,
And cull, wi’ academic pride,

The flow’rs o’ lare.

‘And while, wi’ sure and steady pace,
Coy science’ secret paths we trace,
And catch fair Nature’s beauteous face

In varied view,
Ardent, though auld, we join the chace,

And pleased pursue.—

'Tis sae through life's short circling year,
 The seasons change, and, changing, cheer;
 Journeying we jog, unawed by fear:

Hope plays her part!

Forward we look, though in the rear

Death shakes the dart.

'Catch then the dream! nor count it vain;
 Hope's dream's the sweetest balin o' pain:
 Heaven's unseen joys may yet remain,

And yet draw near ye:

Meanwhile, ye see, I hear your mane,

And flee to cheer ye.

Ane too's at hand, to wham ye fled
 Frae Britain's cauld, frae misery's bed ;
 Owre seas tempestuous shivering sped
 To Friendship's flame ;
 Whar kindling warm, in sun-beams clad,
 She hails her GRAHAM †.

Wi' him (let health but favouring smile)
 Ance mair ye'll greet fair Albion's isle !
 In some calm nook life's cares beguile
 Atween us twa :
 Feed the faint lamp wi' friendship's oil—
 Then—slip awa !

† John Graham, Esq. of Three-mile-river, Jamaica ; under whose kind and hospitable roof the present poem was composed.

The flatterer ceased, and smiled adieu,
 Just waved her hand, and mild withdrew!
 Cheered wi' the picture (fause or true)

I checked despair,

And frae that moment made a vow

To—mourn nae mair.

† Yet griefs will come and wring the heart!

The sigh will burst;—the tear will start;

Friendship-woven ties will snap and part,

Nae mair to twine!

And death, relentless, flings the dart,

And severs mine!

† These additional verses were written immediately after the death of the memorable person here mentioned.

Year after year hope's phantoms fly ;

Year after year life's pleasures die ;

To-day we smile ; to-morrow sigh ;—

In vain we moan !

Yet still I mourn, and, moaning, cry,

“ My CURRIE's gone !”

He's gone !—but yet, tho' lost, the blaze

That waked sae late admiring praise,

Its parting beam's reflected rays

In colours rise,

Bright as warm summer's sun displays

In evening' skies !

And *these* will last, and soft diffuse
Their charms to sooth the SCOTTISH MUSE ;

And while she sheds affection's dews

At Friendship's shrine,

A heaven-shot gleam in bright'ning hues

Through clouds will shine.

NOTES.

NOTE ¹, p. 159, l. 3.

‘ Rich frae Pimento’s groves that grew.’

‘ The pimento trees grow spontaneously, and in great abundance, in many parts of Jamaica, but more particularly on hilly situations near the sea, on the northern side of the island, where they form the most delicious groves that can possibly be imagined, filling the air with fragrance, and giving reality, though in a very distant part of the globe, to our great poet’s descriptions of those balmy gales, which convey to the delighted voyager

“ Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blessed.

Cheered with the grateful smell, old Ocean smiles.”

I do not believe that there is, in all the vegetable creation, a tree of greater beauty than a young pi-

mento. The trunk, which is of a grey colour, smooth and shining, and altogether free of bark, rises to the height of fifteen or twenty feet. It then branches out on all sides, richly clothed with leaves of a deep green, somewhat like those of the bay tree; and these, in the months of July and August, are beautifully contrasted and relieved by an exuberance of white flowers. It is remarkable, that the leaves are equally fragrant with the fruit; and, I am told, yield, in distillation, a delicate odoriferous oil, which is very commonly used in the medical dispensaries of Europe for oil of cloves.—*Edwards's Hist. of the West Indies*, 8vo, vol. ii. p. 297.

NOTE ², p. 159, l. 9.

‘ Under the banyan’s pillared shade.’

‘ This monarch of the woods,’ says Mr Edwards, in his elegant History, ‘ whose empire extends over Asia and Africa, as well as the tropical parts of America, is described by our divine poet with great exactness.

“ The fig-tree, not that kind for fruit renowned,
But such as at this day to Indians known

In Malabar and Decan, spreads his arms,
 Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
 The bearded twigs take root, and daughters grow
 Above the mother tree ; a pillared shade
 High over-arched, and echoing walks between."

Paradise Lost, book ix.

It is called in the East Indies, the ' banyan tree.' Mr Marsden gives the following account of the dimensions of one near Mancee, twenty miles west of Patna, in Bengal :—Diameter, 363 to 375 feet ; circumference of the shadow at noon, 1116 feet ; circumference of the several stems, in number fifty or sixty, 921.—*Hist. Sumatra*, p. 131.

NOTE 3, p. 160, l. 5.

' Hummed saft the bird o' peerless plume.'

' The humming bird, the most beautiful, as well as the most diminutive of the feathered race, is fond of building its nest in the tamarind, orange, or bastard cedar-trees ; on account, I should suppose, of the superabundance of their shade. The nest is made with particular art and beauty. The workmanship, indeed, is no less exquisite than wonder-

ful, and seems to be, in an essential manner, adapted as the residence of this interesting and lovely bird.'—*Beckford's Descriptive Account of the Island of Jamaica*.—For a more particular description, see vol. i. p. 363, 8vo edition of the same work.

NOTE 4, p. 160, l. 10.

'Bepictured o'er.'

The following very animated, though inflated description, of a tropical sky, at sunset, is taken from the same author:—'Of the picturesque representation of the clouds in Jamaica, there is an almost daily and unspeakable variety; and the sunset of that climate has charms to arrest the regard, and fix the attention of every beholder. At this period, when the sun-beams linger on the mountains, and seem reluctantly to withdraw their glories from the plain; when they just begin to die away in the horizon, or glitter by reflection upon the trembling wave; what delightful appearances, or glowing with lustre, or softened by shade, may not be imagined or lamented in the evanescent clouds of that warm and vapoury region! what imaginary islands,

with all the discriminations of hill and dale, of light and gloom, of bays and promontories, of rocks and woods, of rivers and seas, may not be traced in the transcendently beautiful skies of that fervent climate, and treasured up for future embellishments by those who study nature, and who delight to copy her charms, not only in her elevation, but decline !—Vol. i. p. 80.

NOTE 5, p. 161, l. 4.

‘The fire-flies gleam.’

‘In the mountainous and interior parts of the larger islands, innumerable fire-flies abound at night, which have a surprising appearance to a stranger. They consist of different species, some of which emit a light, resembling a spark of fire, from a globular prominence near each eye; and others from their sides, in the act of respiration. They are far more luminous than the glow-worm, and fill the air on all sides, like so many living stars, to the great astonishment of a traveller unaccustomed to the country. In the day-time they disappear.—*Edwards’s Hist*, vol. i. p. 8.

NOTE ⁶, p. 161, l. 9.

‘ Where towered the giant Ceiba’s shade.’

‘ What European forest has ever given birth to a stem equal to that of the ceiba (or wild cotton tree), which alone, simply rendered concave, has been known to produce a boat capable of containing one hundred persons ?’—*Edwards’s Hist.* vol. i. p. 15.

A GLOSSARY;

OR,

EXPLANATION OF THE SCOTTISH WORDS AND PHRASEOLOGY
USED IN THE FOREGOING POEMS.

A

- A, *all*.
Abeigh, *at a shy distance*.
Ablins, *perhaps*.
Ae, *ane, one*.
Aik, *oak*.
Air, or ear, *early, soon*.
Ain, *own*.
Alane, *alone*.
Ance, *once, at a time*.
Amang, *among*.
Atween, *between*.
Awa, *away*.
Aye, or ay, *always*.
Ayont, *beyond*.

B

- Backowre, *backwards*.
Bachils, *shoes down in the heel*.
Bairn, bairns, *child, children*.
Ban, *to curse or swear*.
Bang, *suddenly, violently, in haste*.

Barefit, *barefooted.*

Bauld, *bold, passionate.*

Beek, *to bask.*

Bicker, *a wooden drinking dish, with two handles.*

Bield, *shelter.*

Billie, *a young fellow, a brother.*

Bent, *the open field.*

Beltan, *the third of May, or Rood-day.*

Bide, *stay, stop, remain.*

Been, or bein, *wealthy, comfortable... a been house,
a warm well-furnished one.*

Birks, birken, *birch trees, birchen.*

Blawin, *blowing, puffing.*

Bleezing, *blazing.*

Bletherskait, *a babbling, foolish fellow.*

Blinking, *the alternate opening and shutting of the
eyes in a state of inebriation.*

Bonny, bonie, *beautiful, comely, engaging.*

Brae, *the side of a hill, a bank.*

Brattle, *noise, hurry.*

Brattling, *hurrying, running.*

Braw, *fine in apparel, brave, excellent.*

Braws, *finery.*

Brandered, *broiled.*

Brander, *a gridiron.*

Breeks, *breeches.*

Browst, *a brewing.*

Brither, *brother.*

Brue, or broo, *juice, broth, liquid.*

Brunt, *burned*.

Buckled, *joined together in wedlock*.

To buckle, *to engage with*.

Burn, *water, a small stream*.

Burnie, *a rivulet*.

Busk, *to deck, to dress finely*.

Bygane, *bygone, bypast*.

C

Callan, *a boy, a familiar term of kindness*.

Caller, *quite fresh*.

Caldrife, *spiritless, frigid*.

Camstarie, *cross, ill-natured*.

Canna, *cannot*.

Canty, *cheerful, merry*.

Carena, *care not*.

Cauld, *cold*.

Change-house, *public-house*.

Chappin, *an ale measure, somewhat less than an English quart*.

Chiel, or chield, *a fellow; used frequently with respect and commendation; such as, a fine chiel, an excellent chiel, a dainty chiel*.

Claise, *clothes, wearing apparel*.

Clatter, *conversation, idle tattle*.

Clavers, *foolish stories . . . to claver, to talk nonsensically*.

Claver, *clover*.

Cleading, *clothing, covering*.

Cleek, *to catch as with a hook, clasp, to twine together*.

Coft, *bought.*

Cozie, or cosy, *warm, snug, comfortable.*

Cowrin, *cowering, shivering.*

Crack, *to converse.*

Crackie, *talkative, conversible.*

Craig, *a rock, the neck or throat.*

Crap, *did creep.*

Crook, *a hook suspended over the fire to hang boiling utensils on.*

Croon, *a tune. . . . to croon, to hum a song or tune over.*

Cruce, *brisk, smart, bold.*

Cuppled, *coupled, joined together, wedded.*

D

Daddie, *father.*

Daidle, *to trifle, to be slow or dilatory in execution.*

Dainty, *fine, excellent, charming.*

Dander, *to wander to and fro, to saunter without premeditation.*

Daised, *stupified with drink.*

Daivered, *confused, muddled.*

Dinna, *do not.*

Dizzin, *a dozen.*

Dauted, *caressed, much made of.*

Doited, *imbecil, stupid, superannuated.*

Dool, *grief, sorrow.*

Dowff, *sluggish, dull, inactive.*

Dowie, *melancholy, sad, sorrowful.*

Dowing, *fading.*

Dree, *to suffer, to indure.*
 Dreerie, *frightful, wearisome.*
 Drowthie, *thirsty.*
 Druken, *drunken.*
 Dunted, *struck, knocked.*
 Duds, *rags.*

E

Ear, or air, *early.*
 Ee, *eye. . . een, eyes.*
 E'ening, *evening.*
 Eild, *age.*
 Eerie, *frightful, fearfully, lonely, dreading spirits.*

F

Fa', fa'ing, *fall, falling.*
 Faes, *foes.*
 Fain, *happy, glad.*
 Fand, *found.*
 Fardin, *farthing.*
 Fash, *to vex, or trouble.*
 Fauld, *fold, sheep-fold.*
 Faut, *fault.*
 Fause, *false.*
 Fearfu', *fearful, frightful.*
 Feckless, *feeble, silly, weak.*
 Fell, *keen, biting, horrid.*
 Fell'd, *killed, murdered, knocked down.*
 Fidging, *fidgetting. . . fidging fain, happy, even to agitation.*

Fireflaught, *flash of lightning.*

Firth, *frith, pasturage ground.*

Fleetch, *to coax, to flatter.*

Flyte, *to scold, to chide.*

Flet, *did scold.*

Flinners, or flenders, *splinters.*

Flunkie, *a servant in livery.*

Forgee, *forgive.*

Fou, *drunk.*

Frae, *from.*

Fu' full.

Fyke, *to be restless, to make unnecessary bustle about trifles.*

G

Gae, *to go; ga'en, has gone.*

Gade, *went.*

Gang, *go.*

Gate, *road, way, manner . . . : greygate, a worthless, wicked course of life.*

Gaun, *going,*

Gawky, *an idiotical, idle staring person.*

Gear, *riches, wealth, goods of any kind.*

Gie or gie, *to give. . . gae, or gied, gave. . . gi'en, given:*

Gif, or gin, *if.*

Girning, *grinning, to twist the features, snarling.*

Glaiket, *giddy, wanton, idle.*

Glaive, *a sword.*

Glinting, *gleaming, peeping, transiently shining; pret. glent.*

Gloaming, *the twilight, or evening gloom.*

Gleed, or glyt, *squint-eyed, blind of one eye.*

Glen, *a narrow valley between mountains, or steep banks.*

Gloom, *to frown, to scowl.*

Gowans, *daisies, dandelion, &c.*

Gowany, *flowered, daisied.*

Gowd, *gold.*

Gowden, *golden.*

Gowpin, *handful.*

Grane, *to groan, to grunt.*

Gree, *to agree, concord, prize . . . to bear the gree, to be decidedly the victor or superior.*

Greet, *to weep, to shed tears. . . . greeting, weeping. . . . grat, wept.*

Gude, or guid, *good.*

Gudeman, *husband, master of a family.*

Gutcher, *grandfather.*

H

Ha', *hall.*

Haddies, *haddocks.*

Hae, *to have.*

Haffit, *the temple, the cheek, the side of the head.*

Hafins, *partly, nearly half.*

Hash, *a careless, slovenly person.*

Hairst, *harvest.*

Haiverel, *a foolish, idle babbler.*

Haivers, *nonsense, idle talk.*

Hale, *all, the whole.*

Hame, *home.*

Hamespun, *spun, or made at home.*

Handfu', *a word signifying difficulties in life, struggling with the world.*

Hap, *happen, occur.*

Harns, *brains.*

Harkened, *listened to.*

Haughs, *low lying rich lands, valleys.*

Heartsome, *blithe, happy.*

Hech! *Oh! strange.*

He'd, *he would.*

Heez, *to raise up, to elevate.*

Hempie, *a mad tricky wag, such for whom the hemp grows.*

Hether, *heath.*

Hie, *high, lofty.*

Himsel, *himself. . . . hersel, herself.*

Hinny, *honey, an epithet of endearment.*

Hirple, *to move slowly and lamely.*

Hooly, *slowly, leisurely, cautiously.*

Horning, *the name of a Scotch law paper.*

How, *a hollow, or dell.*

Howlet, *the owl.*

Howm, or holm, *plains, or nooks on river sides.*

Howt! *tut! poh! fy!*

Hummin, hummin liquor, *liquor, brisk, frothy, making a humming noise.*

Huntin, *hunting.*

I

Ilk, *each.*

Ilka, *every.*

Ingle, *fire.*

Ingle-cheek, *fire-side.*

I'se, *I shall, as I'll for I will.*

K

Kaimed, *combed.*

Kepp, *to catch a thing that moves towards one*
kept, caught.

Keek, *to peep.*

Ken, *to know.*

Kilted, *the clothes tucked up.*

Kin, *kindred.*

Kipper, *salmon corned and dried.*

Knows, *knolls, hillocks, or swells.*

Kye, *kine, cows.*

L

Laddie, *a boy, a youth, dim. of lad.*

Laigh, *low.*

Laith, *loth.*

Lamie, *dim. of lamb.*

Lane, *alone.*

Lanely, *lonely.*

Lang, *long.*

Langsyne, *long ago.*

Lap, *did leap.*

Leed, *lead.*

Links, *windings of a river, a large open plain or valley.*

Linkin, or linkan, *tripping along, walking briskly.*

Lint, *flax.*

Lintwhite, *flaxen, fair, a linnet.*

Lintie, *dim. of linnet.*

Loo, or loe, *to love . . . loo'd, loved.*

Loun, *rogue, villain.*

Loupin, *leaping, jumping.*

Lout, *to bend, to bow down making courtesy, to stoop.*

Lown, *calm, sheltered.*

Low, *flame.*

Lugs, *ears . . . deeply laid their lugs, a phrase denoting deep, or long drinking.*

Luve, *love.*

M

Mair, *more.*

Mak, *make.*

Maist, *most, almost.*

Manfu', *manly, bold, dauntless.*

Mauchless, *sluggish, listless, dull.*

Maun, *must.*

Mawin, *mowing.*

Marrow, *mate, fellow, equal.*

Maivis, *the thrush.*

Mealing, *a farm.*

Meikle, or muckle, *much, big, large, a great deal.*

Minny, *mother*.

Mirk, *dark . . . mirky, darkening*.

Mither, *mother*.

Mony, *many*:

Mou, *mouth*:

Mouthie, *dim. of mouth*.

N

Na, *no, not*.

Naithing, *nothing*.

Nane, *none*.

Nappyliquor, *pretty strong, generous liquor*.

Neebor, neeboring, *neighbour, neighbouring*.

News, *newspapers*.

Niest, *next*.

Nick, auld Nick, *the devil*.

O

O', *of*.

Ony, *any*.

Owk, owkly, *week, weekly*.

Owre, *over, too, too much*.

Outowre, *beyond, over*.

P

Painches, *tripe*.

Pawkie, *sly in look, word, or action, witty, cunning
without harm or design*.

Pick, *pitch . . . pick mirk, pitch dárk*.

Pith, *strength, might, force*.

Plack, *an old Scotch coin, in value the third of a penny Scotch, twelve of which make a penny English.*

Plewin, *plowing.*

Plisky, *a trick.*

Ploys, *rural amusement, or merry makings.*

Poortith, *poverty.*

Poutch, *pocket.*

Pou, or pu, *pull.*

Pow, *head, skull, noddle.*

Pried, *tasted.*

Puir, *poor.*

Pund, *a pound.*

Q

Quean, *a country wench, a hussy.*

R

Rair, *roar.*

Raise, *arose.*

Rashes, *rushes.*

Rave, *tore asunder.*

Raver, *a robber.*

Reaming, *frothing, creaming.*

Reekit, *smoked.*

Reckless, or rackless, *heedless, regardless.*

Rin, *run, impter. to run.*

Rizzard, *fish slightly salted and hung up for a day or two.*

Rocklay, *a long cloak or mantle.*

Roddickins, *part of the intestines of a sheep.*

- Roose, *to praise, to commend.*
 Rowpit, *exposed to public sale, or auction.*
 Rowed, *rolled, wrapped.*
 Rue, *to repent.*
 Rug, *to tear, to pull violently.*

S

- Sae, *so.*
 Sair, *sore, hard.*
 Saft, *soft.*
 Sark, *shirt or smock.*
 Saugh, *a willow, or sallow tree.*
 Saul, *soul.*
 Saut, *salt.*
 Sax, *sir.*
 Scauld, *scold.*
 Scaith, *or skaith, harm, hurt, injury.*
 Sconner, *or skunner, to loath, to turn the stomach.*
 Sel, *self.*
 Shaw, *shawing, to shew, shewing . . . shaw, likewise
 signifies a small wood in a hollow place.*
 Sic, *such.*
 Shirpit, *weak, strengthless, spiritless.*
 Siller, *silver, money, wealth.*
 Simmer, *summer.*
 Sin, *since.*
 Sinfu', *sinful.*
 Sinsyne, *since then, since that time.*
 Skelpin, *to run, to walk briskly.*

Skelp, *to strike, to slap, to flog the buttocks.*

Skriegh'd, *screamed,*

Slae, *sloe.*

Slaw, *slow.*

Slee, *sly.*

Slocken, *to quench thirst.*

Sma', *small.*

Snaw, *snow.*

Snell, *sharp, bitter, biting.*

Sneck, *the latchet of a door.*

Snod, *neat, tidy.*

Snood, *the band for tying up women's hair.*

Sonsie, *plump, jolly, comely, fortunate.*

Sodger, *soldier.*

Sough, *the sound of wind among trees, any distant murmuring sound.*

Southlan, *southern.*

Speer, *to ask, to inquire.*

Spate, *or spait, a flood, or overflowing torrent.*

Span, *spun.*

Stalwart, *strong and valiant.*

Stane, *a stone.*

Stot, *to walk with a short irregular step to rebound . . .*
a stot, a bullock.

Stark, *strong, stout.*

Staw, *or sta', did steal, to surfeit.*

Stedding, *the houses belonging to a farm.*

Steeve, *stiff, strong.*

Stown, *stolen*.

Straeberry, *strawberry* . . . , *strae, straw*.

Strack, *struck*.

Strave, *strove*.

Streeked, *stretched*.

Sweer, *loth, lazy, unwilling*.

Swith, *swift, quickly*.

Swither, *to hesitate in choice, irresolute determination*.

Synd, *to wash down, to rinse*.

Syne, *then*.

T

Tak, *take*.

Tane, *taken*.

Tane on, *enlisted*.

Tap, *top*.

Tartan, *cross stripped stuff of various colours, the Highland plaid*.

Tent, *care, caution* . . . to tak tent, *to take heed*.

Thack, theeked, *thatch, thatched*.

Thae, *those*.

Thegither, *together*.

Thir, *these*.

Thole, *to bear, to endure*.

Thowless, *inactive, spiritless, lazy, heavy*.

Thraward, *cross, stubborn, froward*.

Thrang, *throng, a crowd*.

Thretty, *thirty*.

Thud, *a loud intermittent noise, a blast, a stroke*.

Tid, *tide or time, proper or fit time; a term used in agriculture.*

Tine, *to lose.*

Tint, *lost.*

Tirl, *to make a slight noise.*

Tither, *the other.*

Tocher, *marriage portion.*

Trig, *neat, tidy, spruce.*

Trou, or true, *to credit or believe.*

Tryst, *appointment.*

Twa, *two.*

'Twad, *it would.*

- U and V

Unco, *strange, uncouth, extraordinary.*

Upshot, *end, conclusion.*

Vogie, *vain, proud of.*

W

Wa', wa's, *wall, walls.*

Wad, *would; a pledge, a pawn.*

Wadna, *would not.*

Wae, *woe . . . waefu', sorrowful, mournful.*

Waes me! *alas! O! the pity!*

Wair, *to lay out, to expend.*

Walth, *wealth, plenty.*

Wame, *the belly, the womb.*

Ware, or war, *were.*

Wark, *work.*

World, *world . . . warldly, worldly, niggardly.*

Warstled, *wrestled, struggled.*

Wat, *to wit I wat, I wot, I know wat ye? do you know?*

Wawkened, *awaked.*

Wean, *or wee ane, a child.*

Wed, *weeded.*

Wee, *small or little.*

Wee pickle, *a small quantity.*

Weel, *well weelfared; well-favoured, comely, handsome.*

Ween, *supposed, thought, imagined.*

Weit, *or weet, rain, wet.*

Weir, *war.*

Wha, *who wham, whom.*

Whar, *or whare, where.*

Whase, *whose.*

Whilk, *which.*

Whimpering, *wimpling, gurgling, whining.*

Whins, *furze.*

Whyles, *sometimes.*

Wi', *with.*

Winna, *will not.*

Window-broads, *outer window-shutters.*

Winsome, *comely, desirable, agreeable.*

Woo, *to court, to make love to.*

Wood, *mad.*

Wow! *an exclamation.*

Wrang, *wrong*.

Wreaths of snaw, *heaps of snow blown together by the wind.*

Wyte, *fault, to blame.*

Y

Ye, *frequently used for you.*

Yestreen, *last night, or yesternight.*

Yont, *beyond, farther on.*

Yoursel, *yourself.*

Yowe, *an ewe.*

Ye'se, *ye will, or shall.*

Youtheid, *youth.*

THE END.

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