

VARIOUS READINGS:

FROM

KILMARNOCK, EDINBURGH, & AUTHOR'S LATEST EDITIONS,

WITH SOME MANUSCRIPT COPIES,

COLLATED.

NEW NOTES ADDED.

[“Holy Fair” and “Death and Doctor Hornbook,” on account of their importance, and the considerable variations in words, orthography, and punctuation which they present, are here reproduced for the reader’s satisfaction, with minutest difference of the text, in full.]

The Holy Fair.*

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

HYPOCRISY A-LA-MODE.

I.

UPON a simmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair,
I walked forth to view the corn,
An' snuff the caller air,

* *Holy Fair* is a common phrase in the West of Scotland for a sacramental occasion.

The rising sun owre *Galston* muirs,
Wi' glorious light was glintin ;
The hares were hirplin down the furs,
The lav'rocks they were chantin
Fu' sweet that day.

II.

As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad,
To see a scene so gay,
Three Hizzies, early at the road,
Cam skelpin up the way,
Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,
But ane wi' lyart lining ;
The third, that gaed a-wee a-back,
Was in the fashion shining,
Fu' gay that day.

III.

The *twa* appear'd like sisters twin,
In feature, form an' claes !
Their visage, wither'd, lang, an' thin,
An' sour as ony slaes :

The *third* cam up, hap-step-an'-lowp,
 As light as ony lambie,
 An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,
 As soon as e'er she saw me,
 Fu' kind that day.

IV.

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, 'Sweet lass,
 'I think ye seem to ken me;
 'I'm sure I've seen that bonie face,
 'But yet I canna name ye.'
 Quo' she, an' laughin as she spak,
 An' taks me by the hands,
 'Ye, for my sake, hae gi'en the feck
 'Of a' the ten commands
 'A screed some day.

V.

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

VI.

Quoth I, 'With a' my heart, I'll do't;
 'I'll get my Sunday's sark on,
 'An' meet you on the holy spot;
 'Faith we'se hae fine remarkin!'
 Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time
 An' soon I made me ready;
 For roads were clad, frae side to side,
 Wi' mony a weary body,
 In droves that day.

VII.

Here farmers gash, in ridin graith
 Gaed hoddi' by their cotters;
 There, swankies young, in braw braid-claith
 Are springin o'er the gutters.

The lasses, skelpin barefit, thrang,
 In silks an' scarlets glitter;
 Wi' *sweet-milk cheese*, in monie a whang,
 An' *farls* bak'd wi' butter
 Fu' crump that day.

VIII.

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

IX.

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
 An' screen our countra Gentry,
 There, *racer Jess*, an' twa-three wh-res,
 Are blinkin at the entry.
 Here sits a raw of tittlin jades,
 Wi' heaving breast and bare neck,
 An' there a batch o' wabster lads,
 Blackguarding frae K——ck
 For *fun* this day.

X.

Here some are thinkin on their sins,
 An' some upo' their claes;
 Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins,
 Anither sighs an' prays:
 On this hand sits a chosen swatch,
 Wi' screw'd up grace-proud faces;
 On that a set o' Chaps at watch,
 Thrang winkin on the lasses
 To chairs that day.

XI.

O happy is that man an' blest!
 Nae wonder that it pride him!
 Wha's ain dear lass, that he likes best,
 Comes clinkin down beside him!

Wi' arm repos'd on the chair back,
He sweetly does compose him;
Which, by degrees, slips round her neck,
An's loof upon her bosom
Unkend that day.

XII.

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

XIII.

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

XIV.

But, hark! the *tent* has chang'd its voice;
There's peace an' rest nae langer:
For a' the *real judges* rise,
They canna sit for anger.
***** opens out his cauld harangues,
On practice and on morals;
An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,
To gie the jars an' barrels
A lift that day.

XV.

What signifies his barren shine,
Of moral pow'rs and reason?
His English style, an' gesture fine,
Are a' clean out o' season.

Like *Socrates* or *Antonine*,
Or some auld pagan Heathen,
The moral man he does define,
But ne'er a word o' faith in
That's right that day.

XVI.

In guid time comes an antidote
Against sic poison'd nostrum;
For ***** frae the water-fit,
Ascends the holy rostrum:
See, up he's got the word o' G—,
An' meek an' mim has view'd it,
While *Common-Sense* has ta'en the road,
An' aff, an' up the Cowgate,*
Fast, fast, that day.

XVII.

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

XVIII.

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

XIX.

Leeze me on Drink! it gies us mair
Than either School or College:
It kindles Wit, it waukens Lair,
It pangs us fou o' Knowledge.

* A street so called, which faces the *tent* in ———.

Be't whisky gill, or penny wheep,
 Or ony stronger potion,
 It never fails, on drinking deep,
 To kittle up our notion,
 By night or day.

XX.

The lads an' lasses, blythely bent
 To mind baith saul an' body,
 Sit round the table, weel content,
 An' steer about the toddy.
 On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leuk,
 They're making observations;
 While some are cozie i' the neuk,
 An' formin assignations
 To meet some day.

XXI.

But now the L—d's ain trumpet touts,
 Till a' the hills are rairin,
 An' echoes back return the shouts:
 Black ***** is na spairin:
 His piercing words, like Highlan swords,
 Divide the joints an' marrow;
 His talk o' H—ll, whare devils dwell,
 Our vera sauls does harrow,*
 Wi' fright that day.

XXII.

A vast, unbottom'd, boundless pit,
 Fill'd fou o' lowin brunstane,
 Wha's ragin flame, an' scorchin heat,
 Wad melt the hardest whun-stane!
 The half asleep start up wi' fear,
 An' think they hear it roarin,
 When presently it does appear,
 'Twas but some neebor snorin
 Asleep that day.

XXIII.

'Twad be owre lang a tale, to tell
 How monie stories past,
 An' how they crouded to the yill,
 When they were a' dismissit:

* Shakespeare's Hamlet.

How drink gaed round, in cogs and caups,
 Amang the furms an' benches;
 An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,
 Was dealt about in lunches,
 An' dawds that day.

XXIV.

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

XXV.

Waesucks! for him that gets nae lass,
 Or lasses that hae naething!
 Sma' need has he to say a grace,
 Or melvie his braw claithing!
 O Wives be mindfu', ance yoursel
 How bonie lads ye wanted,
 An' dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,
 Let lasses be affronted
 On sic a day!

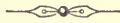
XXVI.

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

XXVII.

How monie hearts this day converts
 O' Sinners and o' Lasses!
 Their hearts o' stane gin night are gane,
 As saft as ony flesh is.

There's some are fou o' love divine;
 There's some are fou o' brandy;
 An' monie jobs that day begin,
 May end in Houghmagandie
 Some ither day.



Death and Doctor Hornbook,

A TRUE STORY.

SOME books are lies frae end to end,
 And some great lies were never penn'd:
 Ev'n Ministers they hae been kenn'd,
 In holy rapture,
 A rousing whid, at times, to vend,
 And nail't wi' Scripture.

But this that I am gaun to tell,
 Which lately on a night befel,
 Is just as true's the Deil's in h—ll
 Or Dublin city:
 That e'er he nearer comes oursel
 'S a muckle pity.

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

The rising Moon began to glow
 The distant *Cumnock* hills out-owre:
 To count her horns, wi' a' my pow'r,
 I set mysel;
 But whether she had three or four,
 I cou'd na tell.

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

I there wi' *Something* did forgather,
 That pat me in an eerie swither;
 An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouter,
 Clear-dangling, hang;
 A three-tae'd leister on the ither
 Lay, large an' lang.

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
 The queerest shape that e'er I saw,
 For fient a wame it had ava;
 And then its shanks,
 They were as thin, as sharp an' sma'
 As cheeks o' branks.

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

It spak right howe,—'My name is *Death*,
 'But be na' fley'd.'—Quoth I, 'Guid faith,
 'Ye're maybe come to stap my breath;
 'But tent me billie;
 'I red ye weel, tak care o' skaith,
 'See there's a gully!'

'Gudeman,' quo' he, 'put up your whittle,
 'I'm no design'd to try its mettle;
 'But if I did, I wad be kittle
 'To be mislear'd,
 'I wad na mind it, no that spittle
 'Out-owre my beard.'

'Weel, weel!' says I, 'a bargain be't;
 'Come, gies your hand, an' sae we're gree't;
 'We'll ease our shanks an' tak a seat,
 'Come, gies your news;
 'This while† ye hae been mony a gate,
 'At mony a house.'

* This rencounter happened in seed time, 1785.

† An epidemical fever was then raging in that country.

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

‘Sax thousand years are near hand fled
 ‘Sin’ I was to the butching bred,
 ‘An’ mony a scheme in vain’s been laid,
 ‘To stap or scar me ;
 ‘Till ane *Hornbook’s** ta’en up the trade,
 ‘An’ faith, he’ll waur me.

‘Ye ken *Jock Hornbook* i’ the Clachan,
 ‘Deil mak his king’s-hood in a spleuchan!
 ‘He’s grown sae weel acquaint wi’ *Buchan*†
 ‘An’ ither chaps,
 ‘The weans haud out their fingers laughin,
 ‘And pouk my hips.

‘See, here’s a scythe, and there’s a dart,
 ‘They hae pierc’d mony a gallant heart ;
 ‘But Doctor *Hornbook*, wi’ his art
 ‘And cursed skill,
 ‘Has made them baith no worth a f—t,
 ‘Damn’d haet they’ll kill !

‘Twas but yestreen, nae farther gaen,
 ‘I threw a noble throw at ane ;
 ‘Wi’ less, I’m sure, I’ve hundreds slain ;
 ‘But deil-ma-care,
 ‘It just play’d dirl on the bane,
 ‘But did nae mair.

‘*Hornbook* was by, wi’ ready art,
 ‘And had sae fortify’d the part,
 ‘That when I looked to my dart,
 ‘It was sae blunt,
 ‘Fient haet o’t wad hae pierc’d the heart
 ‘Of a kail-runt.

* This gentleman, Dr. *Hornbook*, is, professionally, a brother of the sovereign Order of the Ferula; but, by intuition and inspiration, is at once an Apothecary, Surgeon, and Physician.

† *Buchan’s Domestic Medicine*.

‘I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
 ‘I nearhand cowpit wi’ my hurry,
 ‘But yet the bauld *Apothecary*
 ‘Withstood the shock ;
 ‘I might as weel hae try’d a quarry
 ‘O’ hard whin rock.

‘Ev’n them he canna get attended,
 ‘Altho’ their face he ne’er had kend it,
 ‘Just —— in a kail-blade, and send it,
 ‘As soon’s he smells’t,
 ‘Baith their disease, and what will mend it,
 At once he tells’t.

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

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

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

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

* The grave-digger.

The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh,
 And says, 'Ye needna yoke the plough,
 'Kirkyards will soon be till'd eneugh,
 'Tak ye nae fear:
 'They'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a sheugh,
 'In twa-three year.

'Whare I kill'd ane a fair strae death,
 'By loss o' blood or want of breath,
 'This night I'm free to tak my aith,
 'That *Hornbook's* skill
 'Has clad a score i' their last claith,
 'By drap an' pill.

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

'A countra Laird had ta'en the batts,
 'Or some curmurring in his guts,
 'His only son for *Hornbook* sets,
 'An' pays him well.
 'The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets,
 'Was Laird himsel.

'A bonie lass, ye kend her name,
 'Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame;
 'She trusts hersel, to hide the shame,
 'In *Hornbook's* care;
 '*Horn* sent her aff to her lang hame,
 'To hide it there.

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

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

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

SPECIAL VARIATIONS TABULATED.

READINGS ADOPTED.

The Twa Dogs.

READINGS REJECTED.

p. 5, c. 2, l. 23. [KILMARNOCK AND EDINBURGH.]

Till tired at last wi' mony a farce,
 They set them down upon their arse,
 An' there began a lang digression
 About the lords o' the creation.

p. 7, c. 2, l. 9, [EDINBURGH.]

Then bowses drumlie German-water,
 To mak himsel look fair and fatter,
 An' clear the consequential sorrows,
 Love-gifts of Carnival Signoras.

[LATER EDITIONS.]

Until wi' daffin weary grown,
 Upon a knowe they sat them down,
 And there began a lang digression
 About the lords o' the creation.

[KILMARNOCK.]

Then bowses drumlie German-water,
 To mak himsel look fair and fatter,
 An' purge the bitter ga's an' cankers,
 O' curst Venetian b-res an' ch-nres.

READINGS ADOPTED.

READINGS REJECTED.

p. 32, c. 2, s. 7. [KILMARNOCK, &c.]

Ye need na doubt, I held my whisht;
The infant aith, &c.

p. 33, c. 1, s. 3. [EDINBURGH.]

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

[STEWART (STAIR) MANUSCRIPT.]

I trow I instant held my whisht;
The infant-aith, &c.

[KILMARNOCK.]

Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen,
Till half a leg was scrimply seen;
And such a leg! my Bess, I ween,
 Could only peer it;
Sae straught, sae taper, tight and clean
 Nane else cam near it.

DUAN SECOND.

p. 34, c. 1, s. 1. [KILMARNOCK AND EDINBURGH.]

With musing-deep, astonish'd stare,
I view'd the heavenly-seeming Fair;
A whisp'ring throb did witness bear
 Of kindred sweet,
When with an elder sister's air
 She did me greet.

[STEWART (STAIR) MANUSCRIPT.]

All these in colours strong imprest,
I marked chief among the rest,
While favor'd by my honor'd guest
 In converse sweet;
Who, as I said in blushes drest,
 Thus did me greet.

— c. 2, s. 1.

["And when the Bard, or hoary Sage,
Charm or instruct the future age,
They bind the wild poetic rage
 In energy,
Or point the inconclusive page
 Full on the eye."]

And when the Bard or hoary Sage,
Instruct or charm the future age,
They point the inconclusive page
 Full on the eye,
Or bind the wild poetic rage
 In energy.

— o —

Tam Samson's Elegy.

p. 38, c. 1, s. 2. [LATE EDITIONS.]

There low he lies, in lasting rest;
Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast
Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest,
 To hatch and breed:
Alas! nae mair he'll them molest!
 Tam Samson's dead!

[EDINBURGH.]

— o —

Cotter's Saturday Night.

p. 44, c. 1, s. III. [KILMARNOCK AND EDINBURGH.]

His wee bit ingle blinkan bonilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
The lisping infant, prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

[LATER EDITIONS.]

His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his toil.

READINGS ADOPTED.

READINGS REJECTED.

Stanzas, in Prospect of Death.

p. 55, c. 1, s. 2.

[EDINBURGH.]

Again I might desert fair Virtue's way;
Again in Folly's path might go astray;

— — s. 3.

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

[EDINBURGH.]

For all unfit I feel my powers be,
To rule their torrent in th' allowed line;

[STEWART (STAIR) MANUSCRIPT.]

Again I would desert fair Virtue's sway:
Again by Passion would be led astray;

O Thou Great Governor of all below,
If one so black with crimes dare call on thee,
Thy rod can make the tempest cease to blow,
Or still the tumult of the raging sea;
With that controlling pow'r assist ev'n me,
Those headlong furious passions to confine;
For all unfit my native powers be,
To rule their torrent in an allowed line,
O aid me with Thy help! Omnipotence Divine!

[LATER EDITIONS.]

For all unfit I feel my powers to be,
To rule their torrent in th' allowed line;

To a Haggis.

p. 61, c. 2, s. 2.

[EDINBURGH.]

Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae [skinking] ware
That jaups in luggies;
But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,
Gie her a haggis!

[SCOTS MAGAZINE.]

Ye Pow'rs wha gie us a' that's gude,
Still bless auld Caledonia's brood
Wi' great John Barleycorn's heart's-blude,
In stoups or luggies;
And on our board the king o' food,
A glorious Haggis!

A Dedication.

p. 62, c. 1, l. 25.

[EDINBURGH.]

It's no thro' terror of D-mn-t-n;
It's just a carnal inclination.

[KILMARNOCK.]

It's no through terror of D-mn-t-n;
It's just a carnal inclination,
And och! that's nae r-g-n-r-t-n!

Now Westlin Winds.

p. 75, c. 1, s. 1. [KILMARNOCK, EDINBURGH, AND LATER.]

Now westlin winds, and slaught'ring guns
Bring Autumn's pleasant weather;

[THOMSON'S COLLECTION.]

Now westlin winds and sportsmen's guns
Bring Autumn's pleasant weather;

READINGS ADOPTED.

Song—My Nanie, O.

READINGS REJECTED.

p. 75, c. 2, s. 1. [EDINBURGH EDITION.]

The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
And I'll awa to Nanie, O.

[STEWART (STAIR) MANUSCRIPT.]

The sun the wintry day has clos'd,
And I'll awa to Nanie, O.

p. 76, c. 1, s. 7.

Our auld guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, O;

Our guidman delights to view
His sheep and kye thrive bonie, O;

Green Grow the Rashes.

p. 76, c. 2, s. 4. [EDINBURGH AND THOMSON.]

The wisest man the warl' saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

[LATER EDITIONS.]

The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

Song—The Gloomy Night.

p. 77, c. 2, s. 2. [EDINBURGH.]

Chill runs my blood to hear it rave;
I think upon the stormy wave,

[STEWART (STAIR) MANUSCRIPT.]

The whistling storm affrightens me;
I think upon the raging sea;

— — s. 3.

These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonie banks of Ayr.

Those bleed afresh, these ties I tear,
To leave the bonie banks of Ayr.

— — s. 4.

Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those:

Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!
My love with these, my peace with those:

Written in Friars-Carse Hermitage.

p. 113, c. 2, l. 13. [AUTHOR'S EDITION.]

Say, man's true, genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not, art thou high or low?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow?
Did many talents gild thy span?
Or frugal Nature grudge thee one?

[MANUSCRIPT VARIATION.]

Say, the criterion of their fate,
Th' important query of their state,
Is not, Art thou high or low?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow?
Wert thou cottager or king?
Prince or peasant? no such thing.

— — l. 23. [AUTHOR'S EDITION.]

Say, to be just, and kind, and wise—
There solid self-enjoyment lies;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways
Lead to be wretched, vile, and base.

[CURRIE'S EDITION.]

Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to the wretched, vile, and base.

[AUTHOR'S EDITION.]

Beneath thy morning Star advance,
To the bed of lasting sleep;

[GLADSTONE (FASQUE) MANUSCRIPT.]

Beneath thy morning Sun advance,
To thy bed of lasting sleep;

READINGS ADOPTED.

READINGS REJECTED.

Death of John M'Leod, Esq.

p. 124, c. 2.

[BETWEEN VERSES 4-5.]

[ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.]

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

The Whistle.

p. 128, c. 1, s. 5. [AUTHOR'S EDITION.]

And trusty Glenriddel, so skill'd in old coins;
And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines.

— c. 2, s. 3.

Gay pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er;
Bright Phœbus ne'er witness'd so joyous a core,
And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn.

— — s. 4.

Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did.

[CRICHTON (DUMFRIES) MANUSCRIPT.]

And trusty Glenriddel, so versed in old coins;
And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines.

Gay pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er;
Bright Phebus ne'er witness'd so joyous a corps,
And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
Till Cynthia hinted he'd find them next morn.

Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestors did.

Auld Lang Syne.

p. 180, c. 1, s. I. [REVISED EDITION.]

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?

[For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne!]

[ORIGINAL EDITION IN 'MUSEUM.']

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne!

For auld lang syne, my jo,
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak a cup* o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

* Some sing Kiss in place of Cup.

FOR PRINCIPAL VARIOUS READINGS IN SONGS,

See NOTES ON SONGS; or compare Songs in JOHNSON'S MUSEUM with Songs in THOMSON'S COLLECTION,
where Two Sets of the same are indicated.